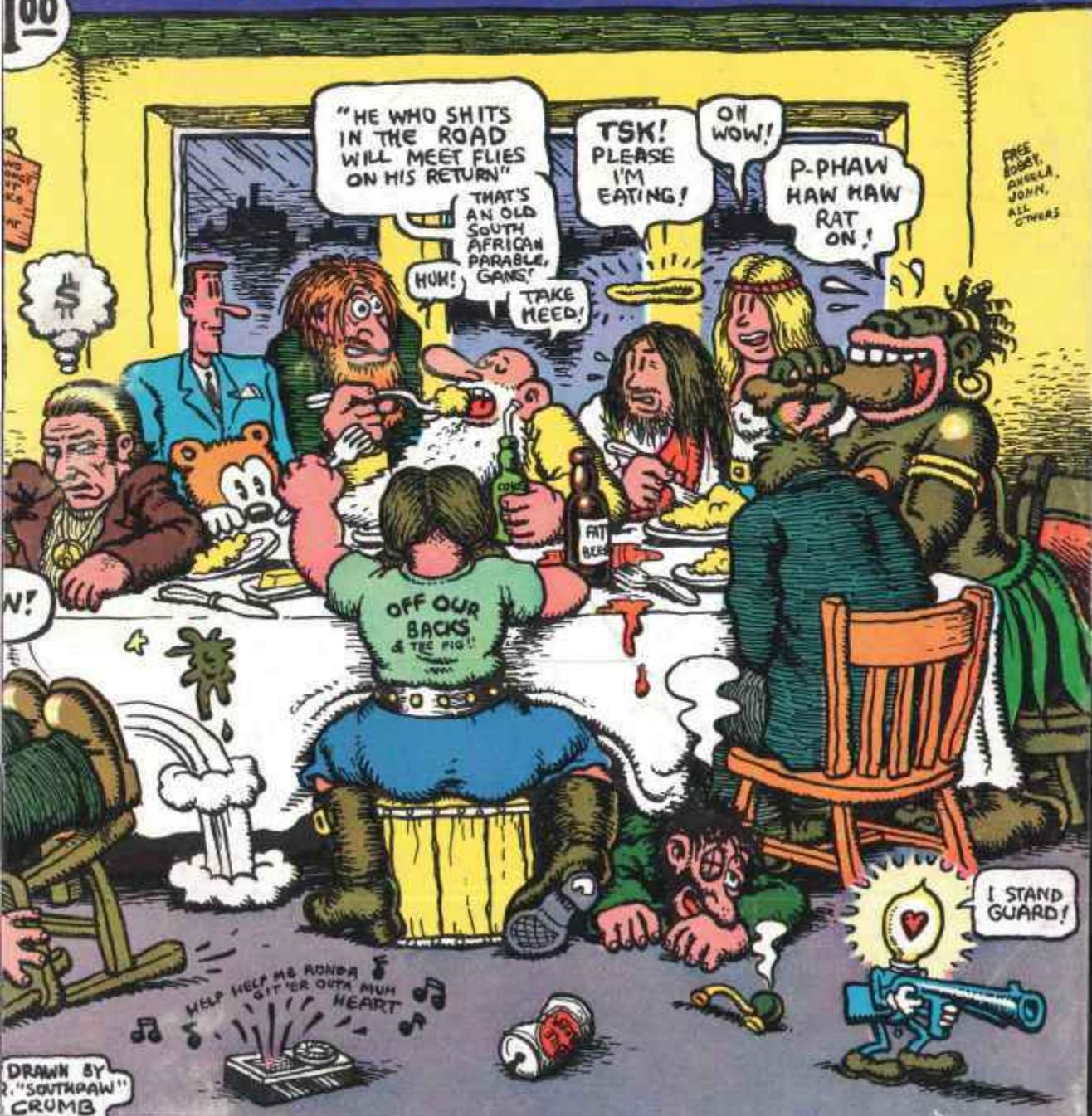


The Last

Supplement

to the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

100



"HE WHO SHITS IN THE ROAD WILL MEET FLIES ON HIS RETURN!"

THAT'S AN OLD SOUTH AFRICAN PARABLE, GANGS? HUH! TAKE HEED!

TSK! PLEASE I'M EATING!

OH WOW!

P-PHAW HAW HAW RAT ON!

FREE BOBBY, ANGELA, JOHN, ALL OTHERS

\$

OFF OUR BACKS & THE PIG!

I STAND GUARD!

MUSIC: HELP ME RONDA GIT 'ER OUTA MUM HEART

DRAWN BY R. "SOUTHPAW" CRUMB

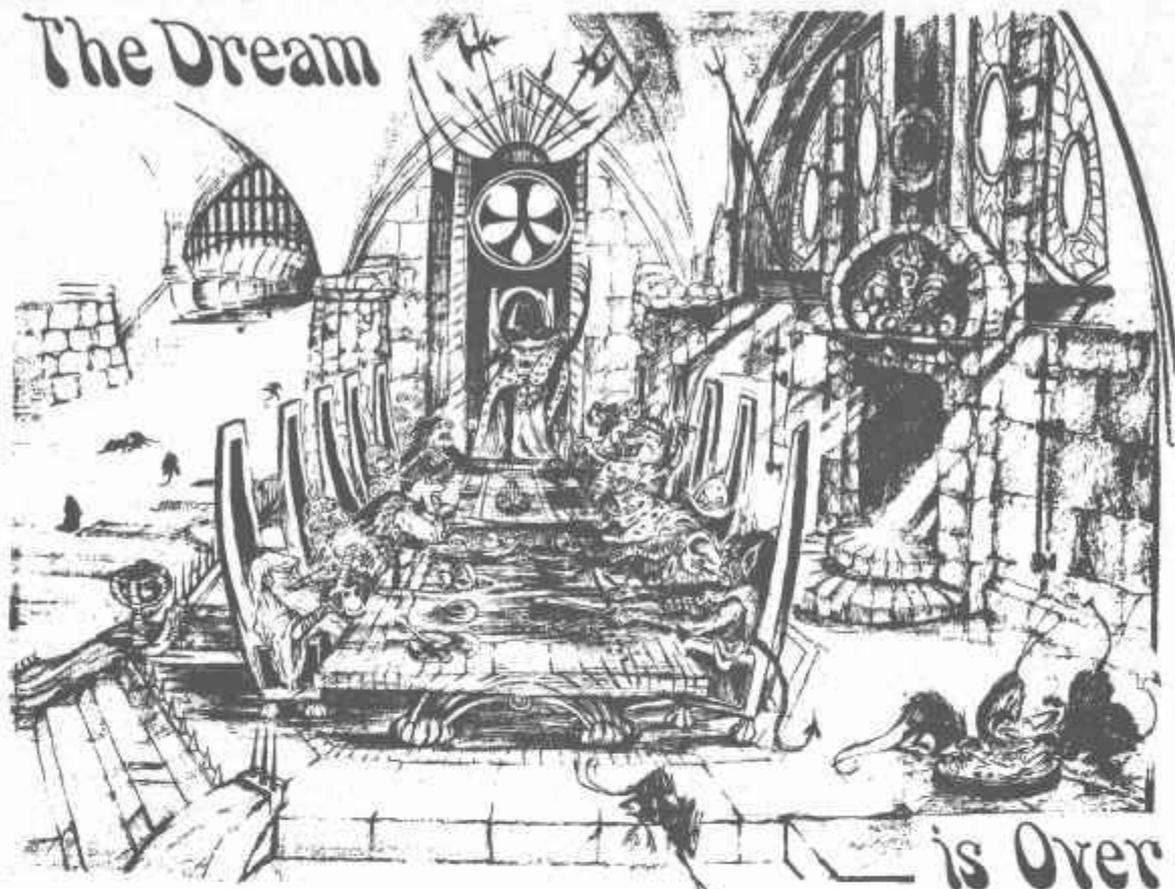
This Supplement to
the Whole Earth Catalog
is dedicated to



LOIS & STEWART BRAND

who helped justify this issue
beyond all measurable cost

The Dream



is Over

by
J Marks

Charles Manson announced the new decade: "Death is psychosomatic," he said. "I am just a mirror. If God is One, what is bad?" he asked. His message is terrifying and inscrutable. It promised the marriage of two outlaw cultures: the hood and the head. Clearing space for the complex metaphysical gangster film *Performance*. Decreeing the ruthless realism of the new John Lennon and the grizzly *cinema verité* of Altamont.

It also resounds of the romantic vision of Death which haunted Poe and Swinburne and the whole romantic movement: "But the decadence of history is looking for a pawn! To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate! A blinding revelation is served upon his plate! That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate"—from *Crucifixion* by Phil Ochs.

And so Death walks among us like a painted Groupie, dusty with old embellishments and faded myths and mysteries. Like the fragile princess who was destined to prick her finger on the needle of a spinning wheel and fall into eternal sleep, our generation has been marked for death almost since its birth. A strange and great impending shadow has fallen over the profile of our generation.

But Death has always been part of our mystique. After all, weren't both Dylan and McCartney 'wished' dead? And isn't the acute awareness of death the prime motive for our nervous sensualism? And hasn't every bumper ended with the Red Spectre himself walking

into our rooms and changing his face fourteen times before he covered us, like a cocoon, with the saliva of demise?

Ceremonies such as the 1968 funeral procession down Haight Street have been an integral part of the theatrical rituals of the children of the bomb. One trip or one earthquake does more in 60 seconds to shake our belief in the stability of all things than two centuries of philosophical reflection. And therefore it is true that we are highly idealistic at the same time that we believe in nothing.

And we are realistic. Realistic enough to recognize that the evolution of our life style into fashion and show biz is a burial in plastic if not exactly a matter of death itself. The hip ideal has been buried alive! Isn't that also a kind of idealized death?

Contrasting with such morbid insights into the eventual and inevitable demise of that pure, innocent and total belief in the inherent goodness of mankind were our celebrations of such heightened optimism and sensual affirmation that they almost succeeded in momentarily obscuring the pessimism which is intrinsic to a finite animal. Monterey and Woodstock, the Be-Ins and Love-Ins and the private festivities of livingrooms and dorms were so involved in the facts of life that they almost obscured the simple fact of death.

Then came the heartless assassination of Linda and Groovy in New York's derelict Lower East Side. Irrefutably demonstrating the innocent stupidity of our belief that you could build a good life in society's dead cities: the slums.

If you couple that small but devastating atrocity with the brutality of the minority attacks on Diggers' free stores and clinics and the slow rage of blacks for weirdos and hippies who were corrupting all the symbols of middle class affluence which they sought—if you couple these things with the indifference of longhair proprietors of head-shops and the meanness of Fillmore East ushers (called the Fillmore Gestapo by the rock fans of 1969) and the inhumanity of superstars which has been gradually revealed in their views of women (Groupies) and money (Capitalism) and politics (Liberals)—then it becomes clear that something has been happening not only to Mr. Jones but also to his street-talking, long-haired, fashion-following kid: and neither of them know exactly what it is!

In fact, not just one world—the Establishment—but two worlds were crumbling. The world of the young, with all its fervent belief in man and myth, was also heading rapidly towards extinction.

Nothing made these unhappy facts quite as clear as the financial politics of the Beatles—who started out wanting to hold our hand and ended up after a couple of pills taking love equal to the love they gave—or the Biblical saga of Charlie Manson or the thoroughly bad vibes of the Mysles brothers' excellent documentary *Gimme Shelter*.

For some of this film was a chronicle of the sexual strategy of the greatest performer and prefabrication of this century's theatre: Mick Jagger. For others who know Jagger better, it was an unheard-of-chink in the fine decorative veneer of his transvestite characterization of himself.

In the awesome presence of the Hell's Angels we gleaned something of that deep, silent terror we had of brutes when we were kids on the playground. And in the scuffles and glares of anger we began to recognize the sheer helplessness of our great pop superfathers and prick-dities who could not turn back the sea with a single command so that we might safely stride uninterrupted towards the magic milieu of their music as we had at Woodstock and Monterey.

The brutalized crowd, cowering from the erratic blasts of motorcycle bravado, reminded us of old movies about juvenile delinquents with beards and leather jackets, about gang wars and drag races and street rumbles: antiques from our elder brothers' nightmares. Monsters arising like rubber models in some Jap si-fi flick: *dinosaurs!*

And when finally the pool cues began to beat back some enormously fat, nude crazy and other demented foundlings who had joined the multitude of hippies, we knew it was all over. We were dying again. Dying of our own massive appetite for humanity: the act of faith which had directed us not only to imbibe mysterious potions which changed our heads, but also directed us to engulf and to absorb huge, fatal doses of derelict humanity.

The huge ranks of alienated, anti-social psychopaths were being naively absorbed into the generation's main flank where they were then turning into mad dogs and destroying those who had welcomed them.

We were not mad. "But if you were not mad," said the Mad Hatter, "you would not be here!" We were the product of education and middle class morality. But we were certain, until recently, that we were not mad. We had simply broken out of the psychological

enclosure of our parents' social order and we had found a new premise for being both politically critical and creatively sane. We were not outcasts—we had cast the past out of our lives. That was sanity.

But the crazies recognized us by our isolation, our contempt for authority, our self-description as *freaks*. We had dropped a couple of caps of this or that, and we were the symptoms of the dementia of which they were the disease. None of us could tell the difference. Not the press which had been searching for four years for the ultimate embodiment of the young maniac, long-haired freak Devil. Not the hippies who had sought the stranger willing to step over the edge.

So it was inevitable that the Charles Mansons would appear in our image and enact their insane rituals in our name. It is even inevitable that we would then embrace them, defend them and care about them since it is our prime virtue and prime weakness to love and to protect the foundlings of our parents' cruel society.

The confusion of dreams and realities have become song in John Lennon's first solo album. We have never tried to separate our individual fate from the fate of our generation, so for John it appears that everything has been a compromise and a record company hoax—that everybody in the world has been playing the role of sideman to somebody's gigantically destructive ego. "The dream is over," John sings. We blew it! We have become media turds.

Behind him John leaves all of our heroes, our sojourn in the confusing and beguiling mysteries of orientalism, our belief in absolute evil (Hitler) as clearly opposed to absolute good (Kennedy), and even our music (Elvis, Dylan, the Beatles).

He leaves everything behind. Except of course our sense of wonder. And that fragile debris ultimately saves us and our most primal ideal. Like Lennon we are fashioning from our disillusionment the bright structure of some kind of new reality. And nothing is lost. . . nothing is lost! Like a freaked-out friend said to me when I was lamenting Altamont: "Ah, yes, it's true, there were some really terrible things that went down in 1970. But just think of it—just think what a bright, strong light it took to cast such a dark shadow!"

Knishes Mogul Is Dead

New York

Elias Gabay, former president of a major knish bakery and designer of machinery to make knishes, died Wednesday in Miami Beach. He was 82.

Gabay was president of Gabala and Sons of Brooklyn until 1966, and served as a consultant to the firm after his retirement. The company produced more than 1 million knishes a day — about half

sold through delicatessens and the rest frozen for nationwide distribution.

Knishes are a mixture of potatoe and spices with a light brown crust and are eaten hot.

Gabay, a Yugoslav immigrant, opened a restaurant in 1921, but soon went into the wholesale knish business. He invented a machine to make knishes in 1932.

United Press

THE BIBLE

by
Ken Kesey

O kkkkk, I think I've got it,

For a week I've been here in this Lemon Street house donated by this woman I have never met perusing everything that has come past, the back issues of the catalog and its supplements, the box of correspondence that came in over the last month down at the Whole Earth Truck Store, the TV channels, the Chronicle, the Barb, KYA hourly news (con-el-rad just rang for the first time in years? what!!!), the various gauges of gage dropping by with various friends (grass getting a grand gold star this season; Luther Burbank has finally made it south of the border), all the books and periodicals left lying about by the absent queen of this little castle on Lemon Street, the phone calls concerning my wife who had been at the airport ready to fly down when complications in her four-months pregnancy sent her instead to the hospital where she has been these three days while I stew and read and pray alone in a strange sunny house six-hundred miles south of her. . .consulting the Ching. . .walking the carpets. . .reading the Bible. . .lying in bed by the phone, polishing my head. . .(Sherry!, the eight-year old daughter of my brother Chuck, once wrote this poem about her father:

"Every morning my dad lies in bed;
Picks his nose and polishes his head.")

And now I think I've got it.

Or at least a lead on it.

Or I hope enough to hold me until Krassner gets here.

Where I get it from, other than the general perusal of the pertinent input, is from the three identical Chings I have thrown to ask the oracle just what the hell I am doing down here away from my unplowed spring and my ailing Faye, and from the first page of the first Whole Earth Catalog, (Fall, 1968) under the heading of *procedure*: *The CATALOG functions primarily as a pointer rather than a seller and prefers to be absent from most of the transactions it encourages.*

And the thrice-thrown Ching was:

18. KU-WORK ON WHAT HAS
BEEN SPOILED (DECAY)

This doesn't mean to me just the catalog; it means, to me, as I find myself almost exactly a decade later right back in the same place involved with the friends in what is, to me, the same task we started ten years ago (usually things come down fast and subtle, demurely slipping past our poor zombied consciousnesses so that all we usually get is the toss of a vanishing coyness to give us a hint of what we've missed, but sometimes things come down broad and imperious as though underlined with ALL RIGHT GET IT THIS TIME FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!) so that I can imagine the WHAT that has been SPOILED to be nothing short of what I shall call THE REVOLUTION and the WORK to be done is to try once again to *function primarily as a pointer rather than a seller.*

Now about *pointing as opposed to selling*: There's an old friend of mine, a big beautiful Sierra Club book called IN WILDNESS from the Walden position that "in wildness there is preservation." It is a book of photographs taken by an octogenarian bird photographer named Elliot Porter. His eerily profound pictures of rocks and flowers and trees convey a concentration so intense that my first time through the book I remember becoming nauseous when I found myself tripping on the pictures to such a degree that I thought I had been dosed. Take, on the other hand, one of the wildlife paintings that have appeared in prime magazine space all my magazine-reading life; courtesy of the Weyerhaeuser family and their tree-eating empire. Compare the two pictures. Do you notice something different in the two pictures? Very good. Now since they are both pictures of the same thing, what exactly is the difference in the two pictures? The consciousness on the other end, excellent! Now, one further question: how do the two consciousnesses differ. Precisely: Elliot Porter is *in relation* to the world he pictures whereas poor old Weyerhaeuser is *in possession* of the forest he pictures.

Now apply these two positions to any revolutionary issue of your choice. Women's Lib? The American Negro? Our ecological fuck-up? Isn't it always the I/Thou consciousness trying to point out the advantages of being *with God* to the I/It consciousness who is trying to *sell* I/Thou some of his groovy possessions because if you can't *sell* that stuff to somebody then what-the-fuck *value* is it?

(cont'd)

THE BIBLE (cont'd)

Send in that Quaker from Omaha again and I'll see if I can't interest him in this nice '64 Thunderbird. . .

So what's new after ten revolting years? We're all older, for one thing, but the double-edge of maturity is not quite as safe as the single blade they let us use to chop with as kids. Here's a poem by William Carlos Williams just in time:

ALL THE FANCY THINGS

music and painting and all that
That's all they thought of
In Puerto Rico in the old Spanish
days when she was a girl

So that now
she doesn't know what to do
with herself alone
and growing old up here--

Green is green
but the tag ends
of older things, *ma chère*

must withstand rebuffs
from that which returns
to the beginnings--

Or what? a
clean air, high up, unoffended
by gross odors.

And certainly one of the things you do notice getting older is that Weyerhaeuser is getting old a lot faster than old Eliot Porter, but I still cannot, in all consciousness, list age as my most valued tool. Steadfastness would take precedent over age. This task of revolution turned to with conscious purpose ten years ago has demanded nothing less than full time effort of everyone aware of the job to be done. No one has fucked off--laid back, maybe, or fucked up, but not really fucked off--because the person who can still take a vacation has never gone to work--and very few have defected back to their former jobs. Who wants to take a train back and forth every day from one schizophrenic life to the other?

Yet, while there's no gainsaying the steadfastness of the workers neither is there any getting around the fact that the industry has suffered some depressions. I have watched faith fly high and fall in shreds, in impossible shreds, in the course of an hour. Movements rolling like a fleet of diesels were to be discovered a few miles further on in steaming, cracked-block and dirty-carburetor dejection. Wise young Davids with a people's future in their pouch set off against Molech's Goliath and were busted halfway to battle in the bus station toilet, tying off with their slingshots. And, while these fuck-ups are blameless and perfectly understandable, they finally get so tedious that we are compelled to learn a few what I believe they call *hard truths* to help us in our work. These are our tools, then, and for me to stick to the CATALOG's purpose of *pointing* to tools rather than *selling* them I intend to point only to the tools I own and use and let other people point to theirs. Sellers are generally people

employed by the *I/IT* possessors and sell because they all secretly feel if they sell enough Betty Crocker instant Devilsfood that they'll be cut in for a slice out of the real cake later on by the Big Boss but I aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more!

In these depression times, however, it's often a long strange time finding work after leaving Maggie's place:

"Sometimes the light's all shining on me;
Other times I can barely see;
And lately it occurs to me
What a long strange trip it's been.

Bob Hunter writing for the Grateful Dead

Certain specially-tuned compasses are then discovered to aid us through the magnetic storms of unemployment:

THE NEEDLE

First, brothers and sisters and spirits of our sphere,
I wish to make one thing perfectly clear;

During these last ten turnings of a year I have been
Jacked-up, jerked-off, brought down, strung-out,
and I've

Holed up, come on, cooled off and hung out,
and I've

Rushed and flashed and flushed and twitched
and I've

Sniveled and snorted and bellowed and bitched
and I've

Been spaced out atoms in the heartless void
And a slightly-plotted tightly-knotted paranoid;
I've watched friends grin goodbye as I spiraled
down the drain?

I've had doctors shake their fingers at the fungus
on my brain;

And I have called, friends and doctors, oh I have
roared out my soul

From the compass busting bottom of the false
magnetic pole,

But it was a place beyond friends or medicine's
reach--

A senseless 3-D cry from a binary breach--
And the heartless void can listen but doesn't seem
to care

And my call was never answered until the needle
turned to prayer.

Robert Service

Jerry Garcia says that a man's theories about himself will build up, like tartar on a tooth, until something breaks the shell or until he succumbs to the twilight security of an armoured blind man. The first drug trips were, for most of us, shell-shattering ordeals that left us blinking kneedeep in the cracked crusts of our pie-in-sky personalities. Suddenly people were stripped before one another and behold! as we looked, and were looked on, we all made a great discovery: we were beautiful. Naked and helpless and sensitive as a snake after skinning, but far more human than that shining nightmare that had stood creaking in previous parade rest. We were alive and life was us. We joined hands and danced barefoot amongst the rubble. We had been cleansed, liberated! We would never don the old armors again.

But we reckoned without the guilt of this country. And when something isn't cleaned up that you know in your heart ought to be cleaned up, you must justify yourself to the mess and the mess to yourself. So, what with justification being the spawning ground of theory and theory being the back-up of justification, it didn't take us long to begin to take on new shells--different shells, to be sure, of dazzling new design, but, if anything, more dangerous than our original Middle-class-American armor-plate with its Johnson's glo-coat finish--because drugs, those miracle tools that had first stripped us, were now being included in the manufacturing of our new shell of theories. The old story.

But something there is that doesn't love a wall. Another round of treatments wasn't long in coming down. Only this time the shocks went deeper. To the heart of matters, so to speak. It's about four years ago in my hometown of Springfield. Summer. Sundown. We've just had a family supper at my folk's house and I'm driving my mom's Bonneville over to my brother's creamery. In the car with me are my daughter, my youngest son and my dog Pretzels. The radio is playing and Shannon is prattling plans and the windows are down to the full-ripened Oregon day. . .

(I've told this tale a lot since, and each telling has drained a little from the event. I've tried to be judicious in my allotment of the tellings because of this depletion. I hope I can tell it this time for good and save what's left for my own lost times ahead.)

We're traveling on old West Q street, which used to be the main artery to Eugene before the freeway came in. The house where my mother and father and brother and I lived all our school years until Chuck and I left to get married is just up ahead, dwarfed now by the freeway that came by a few years ago like a sudden river of cement and Chevies. This was the river that forced my folks to seek higher ground in the tract house where we just ate. I never lived in the tract house so the old house up ahead there on West Q is still what I consider home in my sentimental mind. I used to lie awake late across my bed with my front teeth resting on my windowsill until the sill was gnawed pointless. I could see past the raccoon cage, the blinking radio tower of KEED and beyond that the friendly outline of the Couburg hills where a little logging train used to come from a few times a week at 11:45 and then fewer times and fewer times until, well, I guess it's been clear back in high school I can last remember hearing a train on that track about a block from my house and thirty feet from the front of my mom's Bonneville and when I'd hear that whistle, lying there blinking out past the coon cage at my mysterious futures I'd think, "Someday I'll go someplace on that train. . ." but it stopped running and I grew up and there it is ten feet away coming across the road and the Bonneville is already on the tracks and for once added power is important and I tromp at least the front half of the car across before that awful black noise running on a track red with rusted neglect ripped away everything from the backdoor back and sent the rest spinning on down West Q.

Shannon was crying and bloody. The Walkers, our old neighbors, were helping her from the mangled door. My head hurt but I felt whole. On the floor my little dog whimpered, her teeth through her lip. The train

was stopping somewhere behind me. Where was Jed?

I picked him up and carried him into the Walker's. He didn't look hurt anywhere but *oh* he was such desolate heaviness in my arms. I sat down in a chair, holding him. And he sighed, a curiously familiar sigh though I'd never heard another like it before, and I felt the life go out of him as though that soft sound were wings assigned to bear its essence gently away. My ear found no beating at his chest. I looked up. There I sat across the room in the Walker's big dining room mirror, holding my dead son in my arms. In the middle of my forehead a two-bit sized bone plug had been punched neatly from my skull and hung on a piece of skin like an open trap door; the hole and the plug joined thus formed a bleeding figure eight. I blinked at my garish image and thought "if anything ever counts, this counts." Then I closed my eyes on my reflection and called aloud:

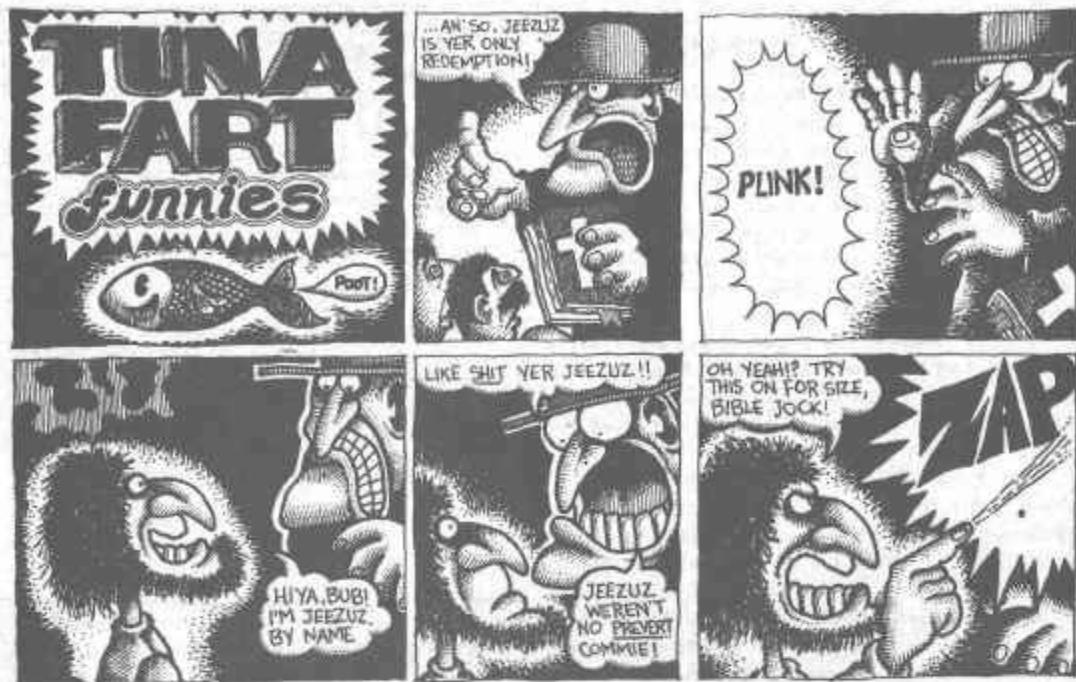
"O dear Lord, please don't let him die."

Then things became completely calm. Shannon was trying to hush her crying; the Walkers stopped rushing about and talking and waited. . .the frantic phoning paused (things will make a space). . .then I knew what to do. Opening my eyes I leaned back to Jed and began to give him mouth to mouth resuscitation. The ambulance drivers came in but made no move to interrupt me, though one of them reached down and neatly popped the plug back in my forehead while I worked over Jed. Finally Jed sighed again, the same soft wings except this time they bore the life back into its sacred vessel.

I knew I had participated in a miracle and I was absolutely amazed. As the days went by and Jed drew out of danger in the hospital I found that it wasn't the miracle that had amazed me. That returning sigh will sound through all the rest of my life and I will be ever thankful. What amazed me, though, was that when the chips were down I knew *where* to call, and that I knew *Who* answered.

The first tool I would like to point out, then, is the Bible. All of it. All the rest of your life. I won't list an address where to send for it. You can pick one up yourself, look in the top drawer of the next motel desk you come across if need be. It's nice to have your own, too. Get familiar with it and it's drama. Take your time. Get a purple satin bookmark and keep your place and ease through a chapter or two before you go to sleep, (it'll wipe the slate of your mind clean of Lever Brothers and you'll dream like Milton), or just cut in here and there now and then during the day, in a little quiet place with a bit of hash and some camomile tea with honey and lemon in it. A little at a time, steadfastly, and maybe a big hit once every week or so, say, for instance, on Saturday (for the Old Testament) and Sunday (for the New). Keep it up a while. You'll be amazed.





The Parts That Were Left Out of the Bible

as told to Paul Krassner

Stewart Brand Name asked me to interrupt *The Realist* and co-edit with Ken Kesey this final Difficult But Impossible Supplement preceding the ultimate Whole Universe Catalog.

Before leaving New York, I was on a TV interview program with a professional evangelist who kept answering questions by quoting from the Bible in his lap, and then I was a guest in a Counter Culture class along with the Hare Krishna gang who kept answering questions by quoting from the Vendetta in their midst.

For many *men* the Book of Job is a pack of rolling papers.

So if you get stoned to get high, light up and we can share a pair of parables preferably to be read aloud to your family and friends who are the same if your Intimacy Quotient is seeking a righteous level.

First, take a poll, any poll, of those around you, posing the question: "What is the life span of a walrus?" For that is indeed the title of the following *Ask Andy* feature in a recent *San Francisco Chronicle*. And try not to think about laughing.

In the past, Eskimos used harpoons, skill and lots of courage to kill walrus, one by one, as needed.

They ate his meat and made fuel from his fatty blubber. They also used his very thick, durable hide to cover tents and boats, to make ropes, dog harnesses and other leather goods.

But his most valuable contribution was a pair of tusks, measuring two feet or more. This hard, smooth

walrus ivory was carved into tools and artistic objects.

In those days, walrus were plentiful throughout the Arctic Ocean, around its icy shores and on lonely islands. The huge herds frequented the coasts of Labrador, Sable Island and as far south as Massachusetts.

Those taken by the Eskimos were not a serious threat to the total walrus population. But those days are gone forever. We regret to report that this gentle giant may become extinct.

It is almost as regrettable that this could happen before scientists have studied the details of his life in his natural environment.

We do know that the female bears one pup in two years. He depends entirely on his mother until the tusks he needs to gather food are 3 or 4 inches long. Some of the youngsters fall prey to their natural enemies, the polar bear and the killer whale. Hence the herd increases slowly.

The males that survive mature at the age of 5. The females are ready to mate at 4 and bear their first pups about a year later.

We do not know the average life expectancy of adults in nature. But we do know that man-the-hunter has certainly reduced their chances of reaching old age.

And now, ladies and chauvinists, with a pictorial salutation from good old Dick Tracy, we are proud to present *Science Today*, a UPI-dated department by Joseph L. Myler.

If you have a mind's eye picture of drug-crazed

hippies endlessly indulging in heroic sex orgies, wash it right out. As a matter of fact, according to Dr. Thaddeus Mann, use of drugs reduces sexual drive.

Mann is Professor of The Physiology of Reproduction at Britain's Cambridge University. He discussed sex and drugs in a recent issue of the United Nations quarterly, Impact of Science on Society.

"Drug dependence in a man," he said, "is often traceable to his incompetence in coping with the opposite sex, to his unbalanced desire which stems from low-grade capability and an expectation that some drug or other will rid him of his sexual inhibition."

A lot of people in many parts of the world and in all ages have had the notion that certain drugs can make better performers in the realm of physical love.

Those who have tested this belief may think the results bear out the predictions.

Actually, according to Mann, "Mainly visual and euphoric rather than strictly bodily sexual after-effects are probably the essence of the allegedly pleasurable erotic experiences of the habitual opium or hemp (hashish or marijuana) user."

"Young people," Mann said, "frequently seem to indulge in drugs for their presumed pleasure-giving properties, and in the hope, however ill-founded, of prolonging sexual gratification. To them the drugs serve as sex substitutes."

In the case of LSD, "There is general agreement," Mann said, "that the sexual emotions evoked by psychedelic drugs are in the nature of illusory platonic affections and do not lead to sexual arousal."

In short, what the psychedelics induce is "an orgy of vision rather than real sex," he said.

To get back to opium and hashish (or marijuana), Mann quoted the testimony of a 19th Century drug-taker, Theophile Gautier, the French writer:

"A Romeo who took hashish would quickly have tired of Juliet. For a hashish addict, the most beautiful girl in Verona isn't worth bothering about."



THE LAST JUDGMENT

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



PARENTS,
WHERE THERE'S
SMOKE-CHECK!

BURNING CANDLES AND BURNING INCENSE OFTEN ARE COVER-UPS FOR ODORS OF HARMFUL SMOKING MATERIALS.

Dick Gray

Wait'll Eldridge Cleaver finds out about *that*.

Of course it's easy for me to play this observer game sitting here at an IBM Selectric Kool-Aid Acid Typewriter, caught comfortably somewhere in Kesey's solar value-system, refereeing a tennis match to the finish, where love means nothing, between Another Nut With a Gun and Another Mother for Peace.

True, folks take up arms according to the degree to which they feel themselves to be in danger, but Leonard Cohen has strung out a prophecy inscribed with dedicated calligraphy on the canvas of his drip-dried foreskin, warning:

Every time you use the word revolution
it gets delayed by seven seconds

Well, whattaya expect from a pushy Jew?

Especially one who suckled into Scientology because he heard it would improve his smile?

Whatever tool turns your consciousness on is okay, I guess, but don't forget that Charlie Manson is being tried in latterday Salem for practicing hard-core charisma without a license, though not necessarily above and beyond the call of Nature, because he was able to exploit his girls in erect proportion to the oppressive conditioning of their needs.

Good is not only Love, God is also Pig.

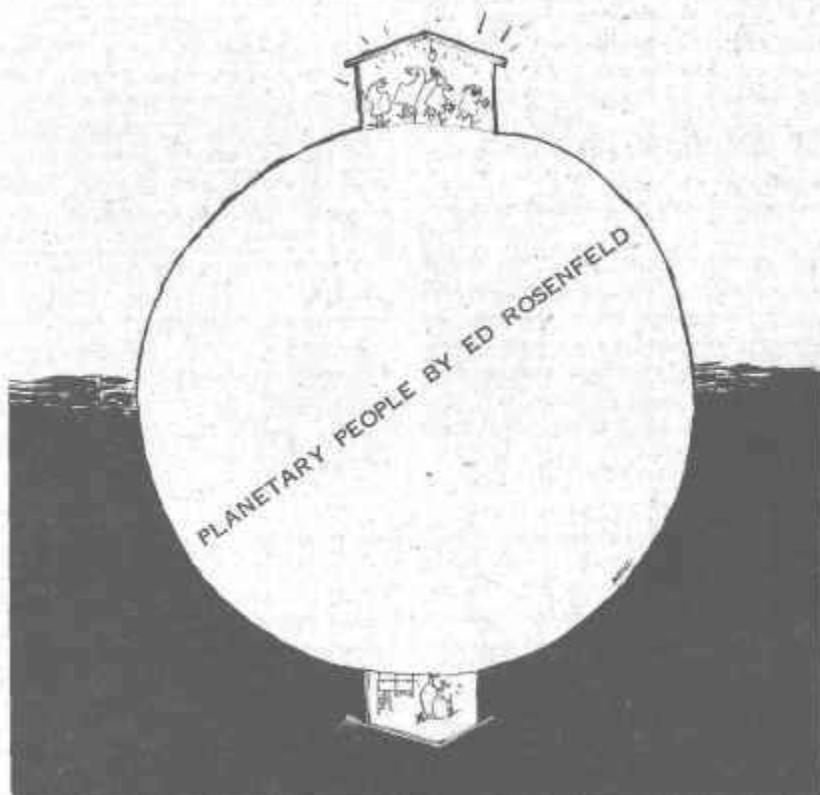
There is a linear connection between the Vietnam psychosis and the FDA doctor who would rather live with cancer than approve of Lsetrile. They have in common an obsolete organ of competitiveness that secretes the bile of dehumanization, and it is currently thrashing about like a dinosaur fighting against an increasing awareness of its own impending extinction.

Lenny Bruce died so that Lily Tomlin could play a telephone operator speaking to a Mafia chieftain long distance from Rome while thinking that she's talking to the Pope.

The evolution of irreverence toward authority is liberating a spirit which cannot be defeated by a culture whose technology is literally running out of fuel, but whose inhabitants still believe that all those dogs howling before the earthquake were actually responding to President Nixon alone on the throne blowing his Little Orphan Annie slide whistle at a pitch imperceptible to the human soul.

Richard the Generic. I mean it's no accident that in a film, *The Projectionist*, Adolf Hitler is lip-synching John F. Kennedy's infamous placebo: "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country."

And the Second Coming is all just a big publicity stunt.



The initiation and termination of this publishing project, the Whole Earth Catalog, is one of the clearest indications of the unique characteristics and needs of our age. What the Catalog has attempted to do is to get out the essential information that is necessary for life on a planet. In many ways the Catalog has succeeded; where the Catalog has failed perhaps the successors it has mid-wifed, by the early announcement of its intended demise, will someday find the answers required.

Our historical position is unique, as has been pointed out by many others, notably Bucky Fuller, because we are members of a closed planetary system: *Earth*. In the past the fragmentary behavior of man could be held to relate specifically to his essential disconnectedness.

Since the connection of original telegraph lines the world has slowly, electrifyingly become interconnected. What has not been accomplished by radio, telephones and television will soon be force fed by satellite systems to many unprepared Earth people.

Though perhaps less than half of our world's population is aware of our essential connectedness, there is no turning back. All problems and all solutions are now local, that is, global.

When Yuri Gagarin was able to look at our planet from space he was the first man to experience a physically perceived, holistic view of one planet. There are no borders here, no boundaries.

Those of us who are aware of our global interconnectedness have certain planetary responsibilities. We are the first of the planetary people. We must begin to perceive in planetary patterns. A tremendous amount of cultural assimilation will be necessary to mold and shape

already existing planetary energies.

I am currently finishing a book that will be published later this year under the title *Turning On Without Drugs* by Trident Press. Most of the book will be devoted to the social consequences of a turned-on social situation and to a manual that will describe and delineate several hundred methods, old and new, for altering consciousness without drugs.

The last section of the book is an essay in which I explore what we do *after* we've become turned on. By that I mean: what do we do after we've discovered some basic and verifiable "truths" about ourselves and relations with our universe?

I mean what happens after we've become adept at altering our consciousness by choice so that we now have insights and intuitions and scenarios for new ways to operate in our present world? I am also referring to the strategy of the psychedelic consciousness that so paralyzes most adults, Timothy Leary's "Turn on, Tune in, Drop out."

I would like here, to consider some of the themes treated in greater detail in my book.

In the past two decades we have witnessed an extraordinary transformation of psychology, the science of mental processes and behavior. Many origins of psychology relate to information abstracted from the behavior of sick people. The beginnings of some forms of psychology go back, essentially, to psychopathology. Since the 1950's, and largely due to the work of the late Abraham Maslow, psychology has begun to incorporate into its theories and strategies information abstracted from the behavior of healthy people.

"The science of psychology has been far more successful on the negative than on the positive side; it has revealed to us much about man's shortcomings, his illnesses, his sins, but little about his potentials, his virtues, his achievable aspirations, or his full psychological height."

-Maslow in *Motivation and Personality*

At the same time that Maslow was delivering the theoretical foundations for a psychology based on health, rather than illness, a number of systems that provided methods and techniques for being and staying healthy were being formulated, or, in some cases re-discovered. These included the Gestalt Therapy of Perls (both Perls and Maslow draw heavily in their work from the organismic gestalt findings of Kurt Goldstein), the bio-energetic systems of Reich and Lowen, the physical integration systems of Rolf and Alexander, and many others.

At this same period there also began the experimentation and spreading sub-culture use of psychedelic drugs. Perhaps these agents, more than any methods or techniques, therapies or theories, did more to open up American society to the rapid-paced cultural and technological change that it was already experiencing but attempting to ignore. For many, psychedelics provided "answers" for what seemed to be unanswerable questions pertaining to identity, life, meaning and the universe.

After a great deal of psychedelic experience I found that I was facing an extreme dilemma: I didn't know what to do, I didn't know how to apply the insights I had digested under psychedelics and bring those insights into working relationships and applications with day-to-day life. It was one thing to turn on, quite another to tune in but somehow the dropping out did not seem to answer the problem.

The above may be somewhat misleading. I myself "dropped out" but this was merely an intentional separation from my culture in order to allow the processes of integration to become active.

But there are many who took the "turn on, tune in, drop out" message very seriously. Coming down from psychedelic cosmic journeys, these voyagers looked with clear eyes at a culture in the throes of disintegration and chaos. Many of them decided that it would be better to separate from that culture and try to live life as sanely as possible, as much in accordance with cosmic principles as was possible.

Slowly others who had made similar cosmic expeditions came back to perceive the same scene. Fortunately there were some who decided it would be better to set up communications systems so that information about the potentials and possibilities for our planetary environment could better be disseminated. The Whole Earth Catalog has been one of those vehicles of such information flow.

The third phase of psychological evolution has already begun. We no longer need adapt from the data of psychopathology. And this third phase will add to the

data on healthy man. The third phase of psychology, the phase of planetary people, will draw its data from the behavior and mental processes of the enlightened individuals of our past and present.

But this psychology will not be an assembly of the teachings of the great teachers. Though these teachings are important, equally important and often overlooked material is available in the way these men and women have become enlightened, how they have retreated from society and, most essential for us, how they have brought their insights and enlightenment back to their culture and made these "truths" that they have perceived "live" in their own worlds.

This material is essential for our ongoing situation. If the ecological, resource management, distributive and political systems of our planet are to function successfully on a planetary basis we will need wisdom.

This wisdom will need to deal with the everyday realities as well as the special case situations. It is our relationship to our planet that we must consider, not the individual habits that have caused destruction or decay. No symptomatic bandaging of our problems will be successful. What is necessary is a systematic transformation of what we do and the way we do it.

I am hopeful that the findings, theories, techniques, and systems of the psychology of planetary people will enable us to bring back to our community, Earth, the insights and intuitions that so powerfully alter our perceptions and change our ways of being. It is through journals such as this Supplement that planetary psychology will begin to grow. It will be through electric media that the findings of planetary psychology will be quickly delivered to a perhaps unsuspecting world population.

"...how hard it is to keep the mind open to surprises!"

-L. L. Whyte in *Internal Factors in Evolution*

The future of our planet depends on the integrations that will have to take place in the next decade. May we be guided in these times by the wisdom of great men and women of all times.

"In their search for self-realization they (great men and women) discovered that man has always had the same illness, and he has rarely faced it; for he has found it easier to live partially than to develop his fullest potentialities. Despite his ever-expanding scope of reason and increased area of awareness, the situation remains the same. Total cure can only be attained when all men are "born" or when every individual fully develops his capacities, that is, when he can identify himself with mankind."

-A. Reza Arasteh in

Rumi the Persian: Rebirth in Creativity and Love

The psychology of the sick and the psychology of the healthy will now be supplemented by and integrated with the psychology of the enlightened: planetary psychology. We will use planetary psychology as a guide to the transformations and changes of our nature that will bring about the true awakening of planetary people.

The I Ching



by
Ken Kesey

Before I point to my second entry in the CATALOG allow me first to introduce our country correspondent, Davlin (or, as he is more commonly called, "Old Man") Deboree, on whom we shall occasionally rely for that Natural American wisdom found sometimes in our moody men of the soil. Look; out past the watering tub to the field; Old Man Deboree. See him transfixed there, his feet in the furrows of a day's labor, squinting at the cloud galloping full tilt down from the dark mountains toward his fields. The house behind him is empty; his wife has left again, taking his children to try out for a current psychodrama in the more stimulating south. He works his land alone, except for, of course, his dogs, and cows, and horses and chickens and the clouds that drop by, and for the huge catfish that lives in the bathtub where the other animals water at the pump. The fish was caught months before by Deboree's son and secured here in this tub where the boy planned to train the huge whiskered creature to do Marineland tricks but had to leave with his mother when she went south. Driving out the main gate the boy remembered his captive: "Mom! my fish in the watering tub!" The crest of the woman's drama made no allowances for the absurd. She remembered Lot's lingering wife: "Forget all this," she advised grimly so the kid forgot the fish and Old Man Deboree never had found out about it in all the months of its incarceration because one end of the tub is covered with a plank where the float valve is attached and the fish has chosen to secret himself

under this moss-dark overhang whenever Deboree is about, reasoning, in his fishy way: "If the son would cast me in a tub then wouldn't the father cast me in a pan?" . . . laying low yet always keeping an eye on the man from the crack between plank and tub. All this spring day the fish has watched Deboree rave about the field with tractor and plow to celebrate the end of the long rainy season, plowing and grunting and swabbing the furious sweat with his blue kerchief and steadily pulling on the home-made apple wine which dangled from the tractor's throttle in a plastic gallon milk jug.

Now the field is plowed and the sun is setting, and the jug is empty and a dark rain is stampeding down from where it has hidden in the mountains all the clear blue day. If it comes through Deboree's new-plowed ground, the hooves will tear the naked soil to muddy running shreds and the running will peel away another precious portion of topsoil from Deboree's already thread-bare acres, and from the looks of it it's coming through.

Old Man Deboree, with his overalls still dropped to his ankles for the crap he was getting ready to take when he spotted the cloud, stands bent forward, outraged and forlorn, a molting heron, and watches the cloud approach, and the catfish watches Old Man Deboree. The catfish speaks first, to itself:

CATFISH

This ought to be classic. This ought to be *distinguished!* The old man's riper than the day he

broke the axle on the dump truck and had to spread three tons of manure by wheelbarrow, and he's riper than the time he swallowed the honeybee. If that rain hits his ground there's a grand oath in the offing.

The fish twirls a whisker and waits with secret glee. The cloud rolls, rears a moment in snorting indecision when it reaches the fork in the canyon where the river angles on west of Deboree's land. West is an orchard of freshly bloomed cherry trees. A rain could strip those petals in an hour and leave nothing but a handful of fruit for the famished summer. Yes, the orchard is tempting, a pink garden party of Japanese virgins, but Deboree's nude fields give off a dark and fertile musk that flares the nostrils and fires the flanks. This is no day for a giggling garden party.

CATFISH

Here it comes. Zut alors,

There is no sprinkling build up, no patter, no soft kiss of heaven. With a running jump the rain clears Deboree's fence and is all four feet at once into the innocent earth. Deboree stands blinking with the straps of his overalls pulled straight behind him by the rushing brown rivers of the furrows and his thin and hairy legs wriggling with raindrops. Slowly he wipes his face with the soggy kerchief in his hand and in a low but rising voice addresses the churning black sky overhead.

DEBOREE

I'm pushed by the pump and pulled by the plow I plant carrots to raise gophers. When I finished burying the pipe to the new septic tank the actual earth tipped so the septic tank began to run to the toilet. Where's the sonofabitching sense? I play the odds and lose. I play *against* the odds and lose. I swear off ever playing another lick again and break a tooth on the Parcheesi Game dice lost in the oatmeal! But don't get me wrong! Complaining I am not; I refuse to give the pleasure. Nor am I asking for any quarter, neither! I just don't want it thought that any of this is slipping past unappreciated. I would ask, though--I mean I Mother of God goddammit *will* ask, by God, for an occasional *hint* when I come to these forks leading one way to perhaps at least a little peace and contentment and the *other* way to Dan Patch's

asskicking funhouse! (*He swabs at his sky-lifted eyes with the kerchief and wrings torrents of water into the mud*). No help, mind me now; just a hint now and then. (*Deboree hunkers and completes a disgruntled toilet. From his tub the catfish is beside himself at the spectacle.*)

CATFISH

You don't need a hint, Devlin old boy, you need an oracle!

The catfish was not always stationed in this watertub to soliloquise advice to our Country Correspondent, but hails originally from the Orient (how he migrated to his present position may or may not be related later) hence, in all likelihood, his suggestion that Deboree might have use of an oracle was a referral to a book called the I Ching, and having consulted the oracle of the I Ching myself now with increasing frequency and faith for nearly a decade, I feel I can personally second the fish's sagacious suggestion.

Say, for example, there is the Light, and also the Way, the Prayer and the Action (and that, perhaps, the Way does not necessarily move at all times toward the Way) then we need tools in two areas. The Bible is, for me, a tool of Light and the Ching is most practical day-by-dawdling-day tool of the Way. The oracle works on the cybernetic gestalt principle that when you stand at the free-throw line that the information concerning the future and distant relationship and outcome of ball-and-basket is contained in *your physical state at the moment of the shot*. We always know down in our cells which fork in the road to take but the knowledge is usually not permitted audience in the tight-assed regime of the courthouse of ego and attachment that we recognize, in a kind of diplomatic dither, as our consciousness. . . ("The cells say they got a lotta useful information, Captain, but great scott! you start listening to advice from that mob and the next thing you know they'll be demanding voting rights and vacations in Atlantic City and plasma pensions and god only knows *what* all. . .!") so we are sometimes forced to rudely bypass the red-tape media garble of our city hall for some grassroots opinion. So we give the Ching a ring. Of course we can't stop the boys in the smoke-filled rotunda from tapping our line but then neither have they figured out a way to stop the call so we toss the coins and figure, What the hell; go ahead and listen, Captain. You get good advice from the Ching even when you're eavesdropping.



HEAR THE SOUND OF MY FEET WALKING...
DROWN THE SOUND OF MY VOICE TALKING...
an Odd Bodkins book by Dan O'Neill



ODD Bodkins

it's not all colorful

and it's not like a comic book

and it's not ^{very} funny.

why i like it

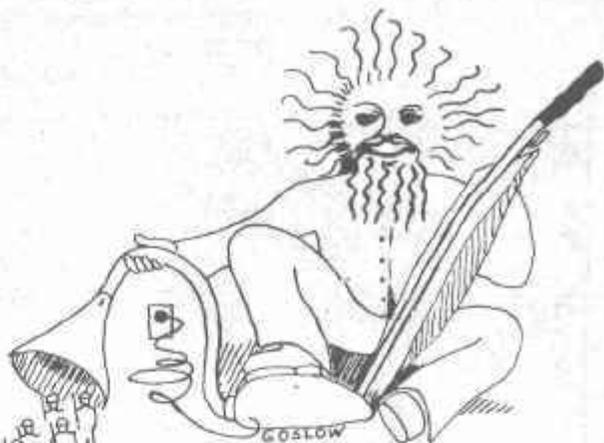
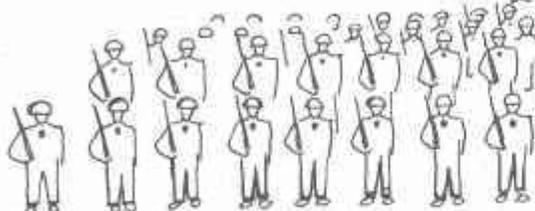
because some of it is colorful.

because the sun and the moon and the ocean talk.

because Fred knows where a magic cookie bush is.

Jed

THE HOOVER VACUUM



CONSPIRACY

In the early subversive hours one December morning, a pair of raids occurred at two local Selective Service headquarters in New Jersey.

The Hoover Vacuum Conspiracy did 'em.

The FBI was called into the case. They are still looking for the group named in honor of their own eternal leader.

This statement was left in place of the draft board files:

We are American citizens of conscience exercising our right as declared in the Declaration of Independence that when a government becomes destructive of the ends for which it was created it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government.

Let the act be interpreted as a pledge of solidarity with young black, brown, red and white Americans who are fed into the war machine of ever-escalating conflict in Southeast Asia. We refuse to accept the Nixon myth which speaks of winding the war down.

The destruction of these documents of death makes us one with the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives and the ever-widening circle of conscience in this country which opposes genocide of black, Puerto Rican, Indian and Chicano communities of America, manipulation and dehumanization of Middle America, raping of countries in Asia, Africa, South America and Europe, and cooptation of American physical and spiritual resources into a culture which deals them death.

Nixon nonsense and Hoover harassment does not deter us nor does prison prevent us from declaring that we stand firm against repressive American policies. Therefore we choose a life style which espouses peace in the international community, values life over property and insures justice for all.

We seek the freedom to conspire toward these ends.

Beside the statement, members of the Hoover Vacuum Conspiracy left behind Christmas greetings and the ever-popular "End the War Now!" They called various news media, including listener-sponsored WBAI-FM in New York City, whose News Director, Paul Fischer, requested an interview with members of the group.

He was phoned again and told to present himself at the southwest corner of 2nd Avenue and 49th Street at 9 p.m. He did so. At 9:20 contact was made and he was taken to a midtown motel where a room reservation had already been made in his name.

To protect themselves, the members of the Hoover Vacuum Conspiracy used pseudonyms: Billy, Robin (female) and Bob. The interview follows:

Fischer: Well, on the night of December 18th, a group of people went into two draft offices in New Jersey, one in Elizabeth and one in Union City. And in the Elizabeth office thousands of files were destroyed, particularly the files of those nearest to induction, while in Union City the same files were carried out with all the cross reference material. What made you decide in one case to destroy the draft files and in another to take them with you?

Robin: Well, I think it was expediency in Elizabeth. It was a situation where we felt we could do the work right there without too much difficulty and in Union City it seemed better to take them out rather than stay in there and destroy the files within the office because there was more a possibility of being caught within that office.

Fischer: Well, you have these draft files. What do you plan to do with them?

Bob: We don't exactly—we no longer have them. It would be hard to say who does at the moment, but I assure

you they're not in the hands of anyone where they might be captured. Or recaptured, shall we say.

Fischer: In other words, you've handed over the files to somebody else?

Bob: In a roundabout manner—who might be, shall we say, in the disposal unit of New Jersey. They've been destroyed, in other words.

Fischer: The Hoover Vacuum Conspiracy—that's obviously meant to be facetious, and one doesn't usually think of these actions as being in any way humorous. Why did you choose that name?

Robin: Well, we chose the name because, I think we did want to have a tone of humor to it. I think although our actions are very serious, they also have a tone of joy about them in the sense that we are trying to stand for life and joy and in light of the fact that Mr. Hoover had recently made his statements regarding the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives, we felt that we would dedicate this action especially to Mr. Hoover.

Fischer: Do you consider yourselves the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives, actually?

Robin: Well, I think we're all united in a very real way because we stand for the same principles, we're striving for the same ideals, and in that sense I think we are all part of an East Coast Conspiracy, but as has been said before, conspiracy is broader than east coast. It's a conspiracy that is west coast, southern, midwest, northern.

Bob: Universal.

Robin: Yeah, I think it's universal right now.

Fischer: How do you get together and decide to take an anti-draft action like this? How do you go about, you know, getting such a group together? How did you do that? Did you know each other beforehand or did you just kind of get together one night and start talking about it and then decide, "Well, let's do it!"

Billy: Some of us knew each other and others didn't. I think it's just a matter of what is happening all over the country, namely that like-minded people are getting together and trying to discover new and sometimes old ways of saying no to the death machine. I don't think it's a matter of some vast underground organization as the authorities seem to think, but just a group of friends doing something that seems positive and useful.

Fischer: Actually, what do you consider the main motivation for what you did?

Bob: I think the motivation varied from person to person. For many of us it's a new way, for many it's an old way which they wish to continue—they see a great deal of personal meaning in it as well as a positive tone to it, unlike maybe a demonstration out on the street or writing a letter to a congressman or something that has been done and done and done, and really with very little results.

Fischer: In terms of philosophy, where do you lie? Are you in the non-violent activism of the Berrigans or the more active activism of the SDS Weather Bureau? Where do you stand on that continuum?

Billy: Well, I don't think we necessarily would need to be classified or see ourselves fitting into some kind of slot. In some way I do believe we see ourselves as part of the non-violent tradition although I hesitate to use that word because it's much abused and has certain connotations with it. I think we feel that non-violent responses are really nothing very new. That's just kind of reproducing

the foreign and domestic policy of the United States. So I think that people all over the United States and all over the world are trying to come up with new options, new ways of surviving and helping other people to survive. The problem is that the non-violent tradition all too often has been a very *passive* tradition, you know, it's been the kind of thing where you lie down in front of trucks, or perhaps sit-in. What really needs to be developed is a kind of non-violence that is militant, that is gentle but is also strong, a non-violence that is in some way proportionate to the violence, so perhaps at one time a demonstration might have been proportionate to some of the social evils but this is no longer the case. I think it's a way of inviting others to a point of realizing that laws need to be broken—laws that stand in the way of life, stand in the way of a future for the human race, need to be broken as a way of *keeping* the law.

Fischer: If you thought you could achieve your political end by bombing something, would you do that?

Robin: Well, that's a hard question to answer. I personally don't see bombing as such as a violent act. My concern with it is that it does endanger human life, but I think groups that have used this technique have taken every precaution in order to preserve life in order not to harm any human being. So in that sense I don't see it as a violent action, because I don't see the destruction of certain property as violent. At this point I don't see bombing, at least for myself, as a way, because I feel that it's very important to be able to talk to people and try to eliminate some of the fear that is existing and I think that bombing has terrorized many people. But I really can't answer as far as—like I couldn't sit here and say no, I would never use that method.

Fischer: Is that the way the rest of you feel?

Bob: Yeah, quite the same.

Billy: Pretty much. As I said before, it isn't a matter of having some clearly worked out ideology but rather responding to the need of the moment, and presently the political atmosphere is such that bombing gives off this feeling of terrorism and right now I think tends to have a counter-productive effect, politically and humanly.

Fischer: Let's take a concrete example of that. The University of Wisconsin, the bombing of the Mathematics Research Building—one person was killed in that. How do you feel about that?

Billy: My personal feeling is that any kind of action that endangers a human life even minimally must be avoided at any cost, certainly at this point, and I hope we would be able to maintain that kind of stance. The fact is that although I am *delighted* by the destruction of a university center that is primarily dedicated to war-military research, I think what that says to so many people is that—let me put it this way—for one thing we know that there are all kinds of examples of terroristic bombings of this kind eventually being used by the very powers against which one is using them. I mean we have a history of that in Algiers, in Vietnam and so on. So I think one's action must not only be concerned exclusively with destroying a certain target but also with communicating a certain stance and a certain vision.

Fischer: A moment ago I asked if you would bomb something to achieve your political end. I guess I put the cart before the horse. What are your political ends?

Robin: Well, our political ends are to somehow try to help to build a society that is going to care more for people than for things, and I guess that's kind of a trite statement, but our actions, for example, although they've been toward the Selective Service, they reach far beyond that. I think most of us who have been involved in such actions have seen human suffering in many areas, and we see our country as becoming more and more a nation that is out for its own gains, its own profit, while at the same time killing people, not only by killing them in Vietnam, but on the streets of our city, killing them through the unfair welfare practices, poor housing, substandard education--and we want to try to build a society that is going to really begin to care for people and to see that, as people, we have a right, an absolute right, to live, a right to have homes, a right to have enough food to eat, a right to have good education, that this isn't a privilege, so that this is what we're striving towards, and I guess it's a very idealistic statement, but I think it's possible, I think it's really possible to have a society where people begin to care for each other and don't degrade people because they're in need, which is what we do now.

Fischer: Do you consider yourselves as part of the so-called underground--does that phrase mean something to you?

Bob: Yes, I'd have to say that we are part of an underground, probably part of the underground that was formed when Dan and Phil Berrigan refused to turn themselves in back sometime in April, but it is not the underground commonly referred to by the *Daily News* and other mass media of terrorists, bombers and killers, but something gentle but militant, as said before.

Fischer: In terms of your underground, are you underground at night and overground during the day? Do you hold down civilian jobs, any of you, or what might be considered straight jobs?

Billy: Yes, some of us do have straight jobs and others devote more of their time to the movement. But I think it's a mistake to consider this underground in the traditional meaning of that word, because the underground is really overground--what we represent is a new consciousness developing all throughout our society and through our world--a consciousness that is not concerned merely about political change in the narrow meaning of that word, but about cultural and human change, about a new life style, about a way of life that is concerned about--well, that says, for one thing, that people are more important than property, a principle on which our society was theoretically founded back during the revolutionary days when people dumped tea into Boston Harbor.

Fischer: So FBI Hoover's statements to the effect that an underground conspiracy does exist is thus in fact true, though Hoover's conception of the conspiracy is probably different from yours?

Robin: I think there is such an underground but probably I would say Mr. Hoover has it a little distorted. As was said before by Billy, I think this underground is a growing consciousness. It's the kind of underground that all the prisons in the world and all the Hoovers in the world are not going to be able to stop. It is not the kind of underground where if you clamp down on a few people and put them in prison you stop it, because it's

something that is beyond the realm of all the technology that I think the FBI even has. You may put a few people in jail, but it's still going to grow, and even in jail it's going to grow. People outside, they're going to continue it. So that, yes, it's an underground and it's one that's going to keep going.

Billy: I think it's difficult for a man like Mr. Hoover to fit us into his preconceived categories such as underground and conspiracy, because I suppose the FBI depends on Hoover or some other equally charismatic figure; this movement that we belong to doesn't depend on charismatic leaders. I think it's extremely naive to think that it depends, let's say, on the Berrigans, who are conducting this underground from their prison cells. We respect and admire men of that caliber, as we respect Angela Davis and many other people who are behind prison walls, but the difficulty is, as Robin said, that you can't imprison an idea, you can't imprison a vision, you can't imprison a dream, you can't imprison what is happening in people's guts. And that is precisely what is happening right now.

Fischer: Well, then, are you saying that it's not exactly that the Berrigans are consciously directing this East Coast Conspiracy but that the idea of the Berrigans has been taken up?

Billy: I think all the ideas that have created whatever is good and lasting in western civilization have contributed to what we're doing--I mean you can probably attribute what we're doing to Jesus and Socrates and so on. It's regrettable that these people are out of the hands--not within reach--of the federal authorities right now, but it seems to me that while the FBI and CIA and people like that have all the mechanical equipment, what they lack is imagination and what they lack is probably humor and our movement depends on those resources, not upon electronic equipment.

Fischer: Is the Hoover Vacuum Conspiracy part of a network, an interconnected one? Does it have contact with similar groups or does it work in isolation?

Robin: Well, I think, again, that depends on individuals. I think there is in some cases contact with other people who have taken like action, in the sense of support and, you know, saying, "Great, we're with you all the way!" As far as an organization, if that's what you're referring to, I don't see anything like that. Again, it can't be labelled, I don't think. Getting back to the idea of it being a growing consciousness--this is what it is. Groups are kind of coming together all over. It's not a case of a few people, you know, organizing these groups, or a special organization trying to pull members in, but it's something that is growing spontaneously and in some cases I think there is a contact of support to let people know, "We're with you, we believe in this, and we're trying to carry it on." At this point, I don't think there has been that much contact, but there is definitely a growing sense of solidarity. As far as actual contact, that remains to be seen, I think, but there is a definite sense of solidarity with all groups right now who are struggling for the same ideals we're struggling for--for freedom and for life.

Fischer: Do you consider there is a point beyond which the ends would not justify the means? In other



GUNS



When I was a child
I spake as a child
I understood as a child
I thought as a child;
But when I became a man
I put away childish things.

—1 Cor. Ch. 13:11



\$2

Abbie Hoffman

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words, how far would you consider going in terms of tactics? Are you in sympathy with the tactics supposedly associated with Bernadine Dohrn's group?

Billy: Yes, I think so. There may be some actions and some tactics to which we-or I-would have to say no, but I think the more important point at issue is that we consider Bernadine Dohrn our *sister*. We may not always agree with her in her tactics, but we fully understand the kind of moral outrage and compassion from which the actions of the Weatherpeople and the Panthers and the Young Lords, and other similar groups, come. And there is a deep respect we have for these people. We know that we have to work together. And factionalism, narrowness and ego trips are precisely what we do not need. This is what our society thrives on--divisiveness--and what we are about is creating unity.

Fischer: Let's go back to the action you took at Union City and the Elizabeth draft boards. Is this the first such action you've taken? Have there been others?

Robin: For me there have been others. I was involved in another action which was similar to this.

Fischer: Can you say where?

Robin: No, I would rather not say where.

Fischer: Would it be some place that's generally known to the public, or is this an action that hasn't been discovered yet--can you say that much?

Robin: It is an action that has been discovered and is known to the public.

Fischer: Does the same go for the rest of you--have you also tried your hand at taking draft files before?

Bob: No, I haven't.

Billy: I haven't. You see, the Hoover Vacuum Conspiracy represents a large number of people coming from all kinds of different backgrounds. It would be a great mistake to understand this in some narrow movement sense, you know, that there are *professional* movement people. I think that what our leaders have to come to understand is that there is an increasing number of middle class people from all kinds of background, all kinds of experience, who now have reached the point in which they understand that so-called legal activity is no longer relevant, is no longer meaningful, no longer accomplishes anything. And I think our society has to begin to deal with this mass movement which is slowly coming into being.

Fischer: Well, we know where you've been now. Where are you going? Would you consider taking such actions in the future? Are you glad that you took those records from Union City and Elizabeth? Do you have any bad feelings, any remorsefulness, or do you think it's a good thing and that you're going to continue to do that?

Robin: Oh, I think it's a *delightful* thing, and yes, I do plan to continue, and again, I think it's a case of trying to respond. This may not necessarily--I'm *sure* it won't be--my only form of response. What future responses will be, I don't know right now, but as far as this action itself, I think it is absolutely delightful.

Fischer: Do you ever worry about getting caught?

Bob: Of course you worry about getting caught.

You take precautions not to. But it's not foremost in your mind. I would not have worried too much about getting caught once the job was done.

Fischer: In line with that, do you have rehearsals? I don't know what the counterpart term would be, but do you have any dry runs for anti-draft actions?

Billy: Well, you don't just get up one morning and say, "Let's rip off a draft board!"--if that's what you mean. There is a certain amount of intelligent planning and so on. I think it would be a mistake to center in on the action in an isolated way. We consider the action in itself important but we're not naive enough to believe that we are able to stop the Selective Service System per se. We know that the military authorities are prepared to drag people off the streets, as the Army in Saigon does. What is important is using these actions as a focal point for heightening people's awareness. So, for example, presently, we are sending out letters to the young men whose files were destroyed in Elizabeth and Union City, making them aware of what has happened, helping them to understand their rights, for example, their right to be drafted in order, because we know, and many people know this, that the Selective Service System regularly violates its own laws--that's just an example--so I think it's important that the educational dimension of actions like this be emphasized perhaps *over* the concrete action itself.

Fischer: From what I understand, at first they were saying that they cross-reference files, so your action wouldn't matter much, and then somebody mentioned to me that actually they'd have a good deal of difficulty putting the files back together, and in the meantime they would start drafting people whose cards weren't destroyed, so do you think in that sense the action kind of postponed the drafting of some people but actually meant that other people went into the draft pool instead?

Bob: I don't know if any definite statement could be made about what was done, what duplicates they have, what exactly we did to them, but it was more of a speaking out against, rather than a destructive act. A positive act, speaking for people. We didn't act alone. We were just representatives of a growing mass movement in this country saying no.

Robin: On that same point, I'd like to say first of all, as Billy mentioned, letters are going to be going out to the men whose files were destroyed, and this in itself is, I think, an action, because it is giving these men a chance to make their own choice. Also, as far as the files that were destroyed, while they are claiming that duplicates exist, we're kind of doubtful about that, particularly on many of the files. A large number of those files were brand new files--they were hardly even touched--that was very obvious, and it just seems very doubtful that they could've had duplicates on those files.

Billy: In addition to that, in one of the offices we found a memo from state headquarters requesting that all the offices in the state of New Jersey, all the local offices, send in the names and addresses of all registrants to their central office, and on the bottom of this particular memo the local board had made the notation, "Negative"--in other words, indicating that perhaps because of the Christmas rush or being understaffed they had *not* sent those duplicates in.

Fischer: What other kinds of memos did you find in the files you confiscated?

Billy: Well, there was one amusing kind of memo

that warned the offices—apparently this had been sent to all offices—warned them against the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives, namely that this group would be attacking or harassing draft boards around a certain date—actually it was during November—apparently that never happened so perhaps their information wasn't solid and they need better informants or have to oil up their electronic equipment, whatever. But they did point out that draft boards in shore areas and in ethnic areas, as they put it, would have to be particularly careful and they should make the local police and law enforcement authorities aware of that.

Fischer: Do you know, in fact, how many files you did destroy at those two draft boards? Did you get a chance to count them?

Bob: I know in Union City that around, say 40% of the 1-A's were destroyed as well as 106,000 cross reference files dating, I believe, back to 1935 registration dates, so the entire cross reference file for Union City was destroyed, and about 40% of the 1-A's and a smattering of other files—2-S, 1-Y, whatever—but no exact numbers for sure.

Fischer: When I first spoke to you—you called me the day that the action was done—you also called a number of other news media, I believe you called UPI and AP, and at the time you told me—I don't know whether you said this to the wire services as well—the draft files you'd taken from Elizabeth, you were thinking of destroying them but would hang on to them in case you should think of some other purpose for them, and apparently you've destroyed those too. What were you thinking of doing with them?

Billy: No, those were the files from Union City that were carried out, and one of the things that will be done will be those letters we were talking about that the young men whose files were destroyed, they will receive communications.

Fischer: What will these communications say?

Robin: Well, the communications will first of all inform the men of the action and what happened, telling them—well, in the case of Elizabeth, for example, telling them that all the 1-A files were destroyed, telling them what options are open to them regarding the draft. We plan to list all the deferments and what they mean. We also plan to go into the legality of the fact that the Selective Service System doesn't have the full file, that they have a right to look into this, that they're called out of order, and it simply will be explaining their legal rights and advising them to go to draft counselors.

Fischer: Are there people that you associate with you know would frown upon this—who might even turn you in—I wouldn't put it that strongly, but people who would say, "Gee, I wouldn't do something like that!" Do you know people like that?

Billy: I don't believe in becoming so elitist in my association that I only group with people who either are ripping off draft boards or who believe that this is the most important kind of activity. I think our problem right now is communicating with all kinds of people and trying to explain to them what is happening in our society today—what we are doing in Indo-China, what we are doing in our black and poor communities in our own country—and I do believe that actions like this provide a

very useful focal point for talking in some kind of concrete way about what is going on and what needs to be done. You see, this is not the *only* kind of thing that needs to be done, this is not the only way of confronting the law. I think tax resistance is a *very* important thing, and it's a growing thing. The willingness of people to give hospitality to all kinds of people on the lam—military deserters, people in the underground, what-have-you—and we need to grow in our creativity, we need to come up with more imaginative ways of building a movement of resistance.

Fischer: A lot of people talk about left-wing paranoia. Do you find yourselves walking down the street and looking over your shoulders? Do you have no fear of being caught or that you're under surveillance?

Bob: Well, some of us have had that feeling now and then, but I certainly wouldn't say that anyone is looking over their shoulder constantly or really worried about being followed because I would think the most important thing about that tactic of following people is to stop their acting through their consciences instead of apprehending them.

Robin: Before, Billy mentioned that we're part of a much larger group. I would just like to mention that this larger group is going to claim responsibility for the action at a future date. They will make themselves known and will talk openly about the whys of the action.

Fischer: Tactically I suppose this means that you will be apprehended.

Billy: Well, there's no way of predicting what will happen. I mean if the FBI is willing to think in terms of mass arrests, that's the type of thing that they will be confronted with, so we have no way of predicting what will happen.

Robin: They're also going to run into a problem if they wanted to do such a thing, and that is that they're

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BEAUTIFUL...**



GET A HAIRCUT!

going to have to come up with some solid evidence, and I think they're going to have a little difficulty with that.

Fischer: This seems to be in line with something that was printed in Liberation News Service—it was run as the latest communication from the Weather Underground—and it said many things. It represented a change in what is believed to be the tactics of what is now called the Weather Bureau rather than Weathermen because the Women's Liberation movement—it had been called the Weathermen and in fact there are just as many women in the Weathermen as there are men, so it's now called the Weather Bureau—but, that aside, it did make note of some tactical changes, and part of that treatise was that no longer should it really be an underground, that actions should be taken out in the open and responsibility claimed in the open, and I'm wondering if this announcement on your part that you plan to in fact come out into the open—did you read that? Is that the reason why you're doing this?

Robin: Well, I read the communication, but this isn't the reason why we're doing this. We had planned this before. But regarding that communication, I would really just like to comment that I just thought it was absolutely fantastic. Before, you were talking about Bernadine Dohrn, it was going through my mind that when we talk about her most of us know Bernadine Dohrn as the media have presented her, and I think it's a very unfair presentation, whereas in that communication I think Bernadine Dohrn as well as the other Weatherpeople come out clearly as being very beautiful people.

The Blue Phantom Strikes Again

Some incredible draft evasion stories are beginning to filter out of the grim New Jersey abyss. One of the most imaginative involved a recent college graduate who went to his local board for a physical exam. As he strolled in, he was handed the usual forms and told the usual things. His approach, however, was somewhat deviant.

Ten minutes after he had completed the forms, he was ushered into the office of the presiding psychologist. There was a problem. On each of his forms, the word "blue" appeared after each of the questions. Frankly puzzled, the shrink asked his patient a question.

"Look," he joked, "why did you do it? I mean... what's so great about being blue?"

"Nothing... Nothing at all," he answered, deadpan. "I was just tired of being beige."



From The Weather Bureau

A thoughtful friend sent us a tape of the Hoover Vacuum Conspiracy dialogue, a transcript of which we understand is going to be published in the final supplement to the *Whole Earth Catalog*. There is an impression conveyed by the interviewer that our New Morning communique stated we should no longer be an underground. However, we were never naive enough to have so Utopian a dream so prematurely.

We were not "surfacing" when we shared the Senate lavatory with the Viet Cong.

Yet we do move around freely. Recently a group of us went to see *Ramparts of Clay*, a Bertucelli film about a village in southern Tunisia immediately after independence in 1962. Since this is not intended as a movie review, we shall not indulge ourselves in an extended abstract discussion of its social and political implications.

But we did relate sharply to the Unknown Sister whose face was splattered with chicken blood in order to exorcise the evil spirits assumed responsible for her attempt to break away from the traditional culture. For her strength was rooted in a lack of all those comforts we have taken entirely for granted.

As we participate in the crumbling of this empire, we must simultaneously be prepared to view more and more artifacts of civilization as expendable luxuries. Ironically, the government itself is a prime source of re-education for that eventuality.

Example: The "Climates of the States" series, prepared by the Department of Commerce, Environmental Sciences Administration, Environmental Data Service, Silver Spring, Maryland, deals with geography, population density, topographic features, effects of topography on climate, effect of general circulation on climate, precipitation, snowfall, temperature, growing season, winds, waves and surf, relative humidity, thunderstorms, tornadoes, floods, droughts, water supply and agriculture, for each state.

You really *don't* need a weatherman to tell which way the wind is blowing.

The irony is brought clearly into focus if you try to pick up a copy of one of those pamphlets in person.

Federal buildings now use single or twin entrances. Packages and briefcases are inspected. All to protect the judges' chambers from disturbance.

It is symbolically appropriate to the struggle for hu-

mane priorities that a co-defendant's low I.Q. provided the vehicle by which the judge in the Angela Davis case disqualified himself as prejudiced. The actual motivation of that judge-fear-remains as a monument to our commitment.

Weather Underground



There Are No Blueprints

Militants in America must become aware of the dead-end that they are boxed into by policies based on classic revolution. Study of Fanon has revealed that the American continental landmass is not Algiers. Studies of Mao, Lenin, Giap and of the Sierra Maestra may have awakened dreams of genuine revolution but efforts to implement guerrilla tactics do not work in a Constitutional Democracy with no "center of power" to overthrow. The capture of an American radio station is absurd when hundreds more surround it. The seizure of a state capitol is foolhardy with forty-nine more to go. Each state capitol has a House, Senate, Governor, U.S. Representatives and U.S. Senators; each State Militia is reinforced by Federal units backed up by National Reserves capable of waging war in the Far East for ten years without once calling for

full mobilization. Behind this array of might is the world's most destructive Air Force with capabilities ranging from napalm to the H-bomb.

"The fundamental principle is that no battle, combat, or skirmish is to be fought unless it will be won."

CHE

Militants now know that guerrilla warfare as practiced by Che or the Tupamaros may be effective in countries the size of Rhode Island where a single-city Seat of Power permits of seizure, but in the U.S.A., the Super-Power, a country sprawled across half of the globe with governmental control divided, checked, balanced, split, chopped and shredded geographically, temporally and personally, there is nowhere to start or finish.

-L. Clark Stevens

from "est" (Capricorn Press, Santa Barbara, Calif.)
recommended by Buckminster Fuller and Wavy Gravy



Photo by John Manos

LAW AS A REVOLUTIONARY TOOL

by
Jim Wolpman

One way to see it is in the good case, *the* good case. On a scale of one to ten, ten. It's all there; the rest: 7,5, maybe 2 have some of it so it's instructive besides, 10 is. It's known around these days as the *political* case, but that's only part of it so it won't be called that here. The fact is, we'll play that down because it's so played up... that ought to make it come out about right in the end.

The whole thing—case and all—could be talked of as a tool, but there is a product there—a production—that shouldn't be missed. I mean number 10 can stand on its own two feet, let someone else *use* it. Here the lawyer is the tool; he *is* the law, at least a big part of it. Which is to say, what he does goes a long way toward making the law whatever it is. He's other things too, like a human being. That does thicken the plot and will have to be dealt with. In fact, that might just be what he is or should be doing all the while: being human.

To be, a case has first to be recognized, and recognition comes hard. It's easy to say and see in an abstracted way how wrong and rotten what's going on is, but to see each strand of the spider's web, the particular web which

surely caught this particular person, that's much harder. Here the client knows better than the lawyer: It's his life and the web was invented just for that life. It's all there, the whole thing, every thread of it.

You know those books from when you were a kid, the kind with dots and numbers, you drew lines from dot to dot following the numbers and eventually a picture came. That's one thing that can be done. Anything as fucked as what's going on now, is really ugly and awful, and the harder it tries to hide that ugliness, which it spends more and more time doing, the more monstrous it becomes. In a good case you can pick out all those dots and give each a number, then slowly and carefully guide the hand that holds the pencil. See the monster.

Another thing it'll do is feed on itself. It's getting pretty paranoid these days, more and more insatiable, and a little dumber. Or, as they say, contradictions are emerging. Just a little honey on the tail. (There is a temptation here: watch out if you enjoy watching.)

Now a courtroom will only hold so much. The primary job of the bailiff and the law of evidence is to keep too much from happening. "We don't want any of *that* in here." But if you fill it up softly, stealthily, using the rules of evidence like the zen rules they are, you can fill it

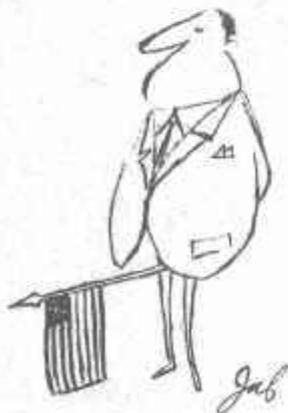
too full, just a little. Then there's the thing which can be done: the right cough or a certain question. . . Overload! Makes it harder for judge and jury to think along their old rut. (Moral: even if you blow up the courthouse, sooner or later, someday, goddamit, you're still going to have to blow the judge's and jury's minds, else it ain't revolution, only more bullshit, I'm sorry to say.)

There is another thing which can be said in a couple of ways. Bob Dylan's is the neatest: "To live outside the law you must be honest." Inside the courtroom it reads, if you lie you had better be telling another, truer, truth. Shucking and jiving won't do, for justice may have nothing to do with what goes on inside a courtroom, but it has everything to do with the people who walk in and out.

This one can't help but be a little corny when it's said; that's why you can't ever come out and say it. Understand the thing is a ritual; we don the garb of judge, juror, prosecutor and defense lawyer and become possessed, dancing out justice. The dance now is become demonic and monstrous and just a bit incredible. Maybe and only just maybe you can reach out and touch—that being no part of this particular dance—another dancer; or even a look of regret, as when two persons who wanted so much to meet, part.

Then there's pace: always enough and never too much. Most of the other things follow, in some way, from it. Good athletes don't learn it, they perfect it; white anglo-saxon males are short on it, and court is a white, anglo-saxon male place; blacks got it but it's become too self conscious to last; women, mmnn, maybe, we'll see. There isn't much to be done about it except to have a look at your own.

Finally, there are a couple of temptations which shouldn't be yielded to: the easy trick, it's so cute, so winsome. It *would* be nice if it worked, so nice, so easy. Another is elation, the hit that comes when you've brought it off, an argument or whatever. Enjoy it, but let it go. Then there's grease; it's all over courtrooms and criminals and judges and D.A.s and defense attorneys. Just walk in and you can feel it. It lubricates the operation to keep it going in the same way. It's the slime of death; scrape it off.



"A lot of things wrong with society today are directly attributable to the fact that the people who make the laws are sexually maladjusted. 'Why should those dirty teenagers have all the fun?'" —Frank Zappa

EVOOLUTION means selecting and therefore choosing and deciding, and this means valuing . . . We must have better human beings or else it is quite possible that we may all be wiped out, and even if not wiped out, certainly live in tension and anxiety as a species . . . No beautiful constitutions or beautiful programs or laws will be of any consequence unless people are healthy enough, evolved enough, strong enough, good enough to understand them and to want to put them into practice in the right way . . . There is a kind of feedback between the Good Society and the Good Person.

ABRAHAM H. MASLOW
Psychologist (1908-1970)



King Kong Died For Our Sins

He was just a kid when
They got 'im.

(It was a Spad wasn't it?
Wasn't he nailed by a Spad?)

Who didn't know about it?
Why doesn't anyone speak of it?

So what if he would of
Married the broad?

What buildings he could have
Climbed.

Bucky Fuller would have
BUILT him a world to swing in.

—Yabe Yablonsky

1989 is here

13 years early

The following call has been issued to peace and activist groups. In addition we urge all computer people to join us in Atlantic City in May.

Computers are increasingly being used as a means of oppression. They are at the heart of every military and police system. They are at the core of every major corporation and are used to maximize profits with little regard for human needs.

The Spring Joint Computer Conference (SJCC) is an annual trade show-technical conference-public relations gimmick-sales event which brings together representatives of major corporations (IBM, GE, Honeywell, RCA, Litton, Rand, AT&T, etc.), high level representatives of the military and government, and the technocratic elite that serves their interests.

Obviously the event is overwhelmingly dominated by white males.

SJCC is being held at Convention Hall in Atlantic City, N.J., on May 18-20. Attendance is expected to exceed 30,000, making the conference one of the largest military-industrial gatherings in the country.

Computer People for Peace proposes a mass multi-issue series

of actions, meetings, and demonstrations during the SJCC. The issues to be raised include:

- US genocide in South East Asia, particularly corporate involvement. (Honeywell is the prime manufacturer of anti-personnel fragmentation bombs.)
- Repression at home, specifically the use of computer based information systems as a means of social control. (Military Intelligence keeps data banks on civilians--including all of us.)
- Corporate racism (IBM plans to expand its South African market while the rate of unemployment among Third World people in the US continues to increase.)
- The present misuse vs. the constructive potential of computer technology (as applied to health, education, welfare, housing, ecology, and urban planning).
- The role of automation on the rising level of unemployment.



"Oh my goodness! The sky is falling!"

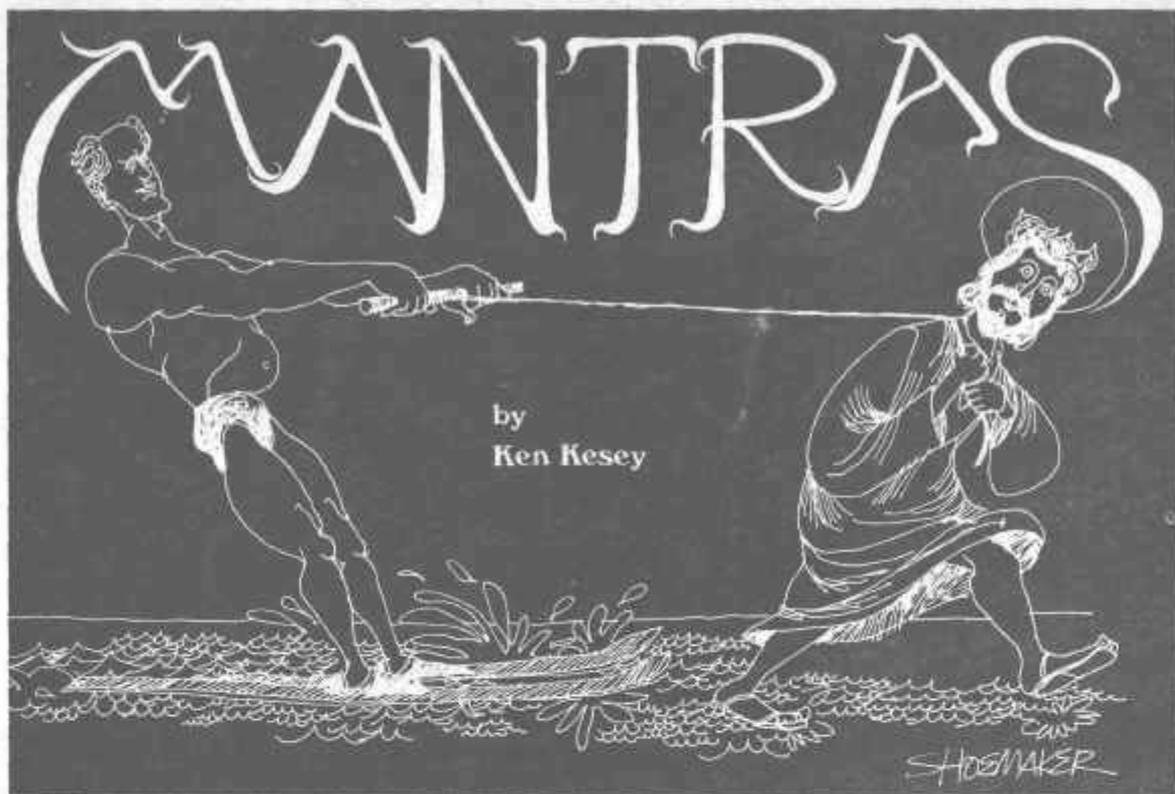
INTERRUPT

february, 1971

14

newsletter of
computer people for peace

Computer People for Peace
The Dolphin Center
137 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011



by
Ken Kesey

My mantra rap runs thus: Oh, I'm speeding, see, and have been speeding and working to apply that rampant energy to the turning of the barn we finally crept into into a livable home. . . and for days now Gordon Fraiser and I have been trying to put in this big plastic window to let some light into this great cold cavern where grain was once stored, and once the frame was too little and twice too big, and we've drilled our thumbs and lost our tools and frothed and fumbled but finally, as you sometimes can on speed if you keep carefully pure along with calmly diligent, we accomplished our task. The big window was tightly in and snug. We parted, wired but triumphant, Gordon driving back south and me going back to trying to finish Capote's *IN COLD BLOOD* which impressed and fascinated me till dawn when I went outside to turn off the radio someone had turned on and it was playing Pink Floyd's *Season of the Witch* and my crippled raven, Basil, was eating a baby chick!

All the rest of the day was like that, grossly negative, with a taste in my mind like. . . like. . . that's it! It was the same flavor of mood I had been fascinated by in *IN COLD BLOOD*! Because if literature has any validity at all it is of a consciousness-influencing nature. And if one entertains a fascinating but negative influence won't one, then, project back into his surroundings that same influence?

Okay, then; now that I have my eye on it how do I take my eye from it and turn it toward something take my eye from it and turn it toward something positive. How does one *not think* about the left eye of a camel? Old zen parlor trick which I once worked out by saying "Okay, let's say the camel happens to be dead? our task, then, would seem to think of the left eye of a *live* camel."

And if Capote was my dead camel who were my live camels?

I started rummaging through the piles of musty paperbacks about the barn. I chose three, Stienbeck's *Cannery Row*, *THE COLLECTED POEMS of ee cummings*, and Salinger's *FRANNY AND ZOOEY*, three old friends any one of which I had faith could displace the rotting orb of thirty camels of Capote's stature.

Lying in bed hoping to drop off to sleep I read a few poems of *cummings* and started to feel good again. I switched out the lights remembering the triumph of getting the window in and thinking how nice the place would be when I finally got some carpet down and then a kind of circular rise around the fireplace made of stone I knew where to drive and find in the Ochoco Mountains mortared in with mortar that glowed beneath my black light because I would add day-glo cerise to the mortar and in fact have different colored day-glos that, when the lights were on looked very matter of fact mortar but when the lights were off and the black light came on would describe a pyramid ascending to the fireplace as it's summit representing the eye that appears on the top of the Great Pyramid that appears on the back of our National Seal that you can find on the back of every Yankee dollar—hold on! I can't be thinking like this! It is exactly this type of idle fantasizing that makes us sharecroppers every year deeper in debt to the crooked company store of Desire, Attachment and Snodgrass! I've built enough speedy castles in tomorrow's clouds to know that a tiresome two-headed ogre is the only tenant that ever takes a room, and he argues all night with himself about which head gets to eat *tonight's* here-now of the boob designing this dream castle and which gets to eat *tomorrow night's*



SUFISM

by
George de Alth

So we have come to the realization, understanding, or belief (experience, intellectualization, or faith) that there are other levels of consciousness. And maybe, like all the Masters said, there is one Place, one Consciousness. And we want to know what to do. I mean we have read the Bible, the Upanishads, and the Koran but what do we do? What is there to do? We've got to do something, right? What can we do to get to the right? What can we do to get to the State of Love, Harmony, and Beauty?

Well, for thousands of years some men have used definite, proven methods to become One. Through exercises of self-understanding, control, and discipline, level upon level of consciousness become part of personal reality. The systems teach us to be of the levels and not of them, until the center becomes the circumference and I is We.

"Truth is One; sages call it by many names." (Rig. Veda.) For as many names, there are Ways. Sufism is one Way. It draws its Spirit of Guidance from all the Masters, all the messages. Its basic tenet is that different men gave man Truth, all the same Message but with different emphasis for the people and the times at hand. There is a golden thread which runs through the words of all Teachers, and it is Sufism; it is as old as man; its history is lost in pre-history.

Some practical information. Sufism was brought to the West by Hazrat Inayat Khan during the first part of this century (so many masters came to us in the early 1900's—what a release of energy!). He founded the Sufi Movement which was dedicated to the following objectives: (1) To realize and spread the knowledge of unity,

the religion of love and wisdom, so that the bias of faiths and beliefs may of itself fall away, the human heart may overflow with love, and all hatred caused by distinctions and differences may be rooted out. (2) To discover the light and power latent in man, the secret of all religion, the power of mysticism, and the essence of philosophy, without interfering with custom or belief. (3) To help bring the world's two opposite poles, East and West, closer together by the interchange of thought and ideals, that the Universal Brotherhood may form of itself, and man may see with man beyond the narrow national and racial boundaries. Individual practices include rhythmic breathing, bod postures and exercises, concentrations, and meditations. Meetings happen regularly in a lot of places.



IDRIES SHAH

I would like to suggest for inclusion in the Catalog, *The Sufis*, by Sayed Idries Shah, Anchor paperback edition, January 1971 (\$2.45). To the best of my knowledge this is the most complete and authoritative book in the field, and the first paperback edition in this country. It can be ordered from Doubleday.

Shah has written eleven other books which deal with various aspects of Sufism, including translations of authen-

tic Sufi teaching material, most of which are worthy of inclusion in the Catalog, but which have not been easily available. If you can obtain them, the books I found the most useful were: *The Way of the Sufi*, *Tales of The Dervishes*, the two Mulla Nasrudin books, and *Reflections*.

Here is a quote from the author's preface to *The Sufis*, which I like to think applies to the Whole Earth Catalog:

"A Sufi school comes into being, like any other natural factor, in order to flourish and disappear, not to leave traces in mechanical ritual, or anthropologically interesting survivals. The function of a nutrient is to become transmuted, not to leave unaltered traces."

-Dean S. Nordquist



THE MAN WHO WALKED ON WATER

A conventionally-minded dervish, from an austere pious school, was walking one day along a river bank. He was absorbed in concentration upon moralistic and scholastic problems, for this was the form which Sufi teaching had taken in the community to which he belonged. He equated emotional religion with the search for ultimate Truth.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a loud shout: someone was repeating the dervish call. "There is no point in that," he said to himself, "Because the man is mispronouncing the syllables. Instead of intoning *Ya Hu*, he is saying *U Ya Hu*."

Then he realized that he had a duty, as a more careful student, to correct this unfortunate person, who might have had no opportunity of being rightly guided, and was therefore probably only doing his best to attune himself with the idea behind the sounds.

So he hired a boat and made his way to the island in midstream from which the sound appeared to come.

Sitting in a reed hut he found a man, dressed in a

dervish robe, moving in time to his own repetition of the initiatory phrase. "My friend," said the first dervish, "you are mispronouncing the phrase. It is incumbent upon me to tell you this, because there is merit for him who gives and him who takes advice. This is the way in which you speak it." And he told him.

"Thank you," said the other dervish humbly.

The first dervish entered his boat again, full of satisfaction at having done a good deed. After all, it was said that a man who could repeat the sacred formula correctly could even walk upon the waves: something that he had never seen, but always hoped--for some reason--to be able to achieve.

Now he could hear nothing from the reed hut, but he was sure that his lesson had been well taken.

Then he heard a faltering *U Ya* as the second dervish started to repeat the phrase in his old way. . .

While the first dervish was thinking about this, reflecting upon the perversity of humanity and its persistence in error, he suddenly saw a strange sight. From that island the other dervish was coming towards him, walking on the surface of the water. . .

Amazed, he stopped rowing. The second dervish walked up to him and said: "Brother, I am sorry to trouble you, but I have to come out to ask you again the standard method of making the repetition you were telling me, because I find it difficult to remember it"

-From *Tales of The Dervishes*

FROM BINDU TO OJAS

by
George deAlth

Baba Ram Dick Dass Alpert has put together for us a very tasty hot fudge Sunday school (you know how hot fudge sundaes came about? It seems this little princess once demanded of the King's cooks something absolutely new to tittle her jaded palette: "It must be both black and white and hot and cold," she pouted. Pow! They soaked a sundae to her. . .) *From Bindu to Ojas* is western in flavor, Eastern in content and sprinkled generously with the kernels of wisdom gleaned from ten years of dedicated nutcracking. Rum Dum (as his father calls him) has over the past four or five years become a true disciple of Vedanta and Yoga, and in his box we get it all: a history, a cookbook, a record, a bibliography and a collection of daily meditations hung together in beautiful layout. Though the box is clearly founded in Eastern Philosophy, Rum Dum's background is tennis shoes and bikes and cars and trying to get laid and gaining prestige, just like all of us, so his meditations are as familiar to us as our own bathwater. He makes the Message of the East comfortable for our coffee table.

studies with his references to drugs we have all taken, books we all have read and flashes we all have experienced. This warmth and dedication makes the Lama Foundation

the most personal and reliable-seeming school of psychedelic thought that has so far surfaced in our hemisphere, and Baba Ram Dass shines forth from the box looking as though he may be our first true guru.

THIS WHOLE TRIP I'M TALKING ABOUT IS FRAUGHT WITH



THE MOST EXQUISITE PARADOX AS SOON AS YOU GIVE IT ALL UP YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL

HOW ABOUT THAT ONE?

AS LONG AS YOU WANT POWER YOU CAN'T HAVE IT.

THE MINUTE YOU DON'T WANT POWER YOU'LL HAVE MORE THAN YOU EVER DREAMED POSSIBLE

WHAT A WEIRD THING!

AS LONG AS YOU HAVE AN EGO YOU'RE ON A LIMITED TRIP

YOU'RE ON A TRIVIAL TRIP THAT'S GOING TO LAST ?MAYBE WHAT? 60 — SAY 70—MAYBE 80 YEARS AND PULL WITH FEAR OF ITS END TRYING TO MAKE ITS OWN ETERNITY.

WELL: IF I AM NOT SPEAKING IF I AM NOT WHAT I THOUGHT I WAS HOW DID I GET INTO THIS WHO AM I



FOR ONLY WHEN I KNOW WHO I AM WILL I KNOW WHAT IS

POSSIBLE

ॐ

DO YOU THINK THAT WHEN CHRIST IS LYING THERE AND THEY'RE NAILING THE NAILS IN HE'S SAYING, "OH MAN, DOES THAT HURT?" HE'S PROBABLY LOOKING AT THE GUY WHO'S NAILING HIM WITH

ABSOLUTE COMPASSION

HE DIGS WHY THE CAT'S DOING IT. WHAT HE'S STUCK IN HOW MUCH DUST COVERS HIS EYES WHY HE'S GOT TO BE DOING IT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS HE SAID THE NIGHT BEFORE: "WELL, TOMORROW IS THE BIG TRIP. YEAH-RIGHT-THESE ARE THE NAILS WOW! LOOK AT THAT!"

AM I HE WHO IS BEING PAINED?

NO! THAT'S THE THING. ONCE YOU KNOW THAT THEN: PLEASURE & PAIN LOSS & GAIN FAME & SHAME ARE ALL THE SAME



YOGA SUTRAS of PATANJALI

by
Hassler

Of all the How to Do It books my favorite is *How to Know God*. There have been lots of different forms of this tool. Vivekananda commented on the sutras in *Raja Yoga* early in this century. The form I've used is called *How to Know God, The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali* by Prabhavananda and Isherwood, Vedanta Press, Hollywood. Lots of book stores stock it.

Sutra means thread unadorned by any bead. Esti-

mates of the age of the sutras range from 400 B.C. to 400 A.D. and it is uncertain who Patanjali was. References to yoga practices—spiritual disciplines and techniques of meditation which enable a man to achieve unitive knowledge of the Godhead are to be found many centuries earlier. Patanjali restated yoga philosophy and practice for his own time—now. These pithy sayings have been passed along orally for a long time hence their reduction to the barest form necessary to communicate their essence. The various commentators have fleshed the threads with beads. The initial sparseness of the sutras

gives way to symphonic richness through use.

The sutras are laid out in four parts: Yoga and Its Aims, Yoga and Its Practice, Powers and Liberation. The following are sutras from the first section.

2. Yoga is the control of thought-waves in the mind.
3. Then man abides in his real nature.
4. At other times, when he is not in the state of yoga, man remains identified with the thought-waves in the mind.
5. There are five kinds of thought-waves—some painful, others not painful.
6. These five kinds of thought-waves are: right knowledge, wrong knowledge, verbal delusion, sleep and memory.
7. The right kinds of knowledge are: direct perception, correct inference and scriptural testimony.
8. Wrong knowledge is knowledge which is false and not based upon the true nature of its object.
9. Verbal delusion arises when words do not correspond to reality.
10. Sleep is a wave of thought about nothingness.
11. Memory is when perceived objects are not forgotten, but come back to consciousness.
12. Thought waves are controlled by means of practice and non-attachment.
13. Practice is the repeated effort to follow the disciplines which give permanent control of the thought-waves of the mind.
14. Practice becomes firmly grounded when it has been cultivated for a long time, uninterruptedly, with earnest devotion.
15. Non-attachment is self-mastery: is freedom from desire for what is seen or heard.
16. When, through knowledge of the Atman, one ceases to desire any manifestation of Nature, then that is the highest kind of non-attachment.

Then from Yoga and Its Practice:

1. Austerity, study, and the dedication of the fruits of one's work to God: these are the preliminary steps toward yoga.
2. Thus we may cultivate the power of concentration and remove the obstacles to enlightenment which cause all our sufferings.
3. These obstacles—the causes of man's sufferings—are ignorance, egoism, attachment, aversion, and the desire to cling to life.
4. Ignorance creates all the other obstacles. They may exist either in a potential or a vestigial form, or they may have been temporarily overcome or fully developed.
5. To regard the noneternal as eternal, the impure as pure, the painful as pleasant and the non-Atman as the Atman—this is ignorance.
6. To identify consciousness with that which merely reflects consciousness—this is egoism.
7. Attachment is that which dwells upon pleasure.
8. Aversion is that which dwells upon pain.

I am spirit. I am part of the Great Spirit. Through a mistake in apprehension of Reality I believe that I am apart from God. When I realize my mistake, I am liberated from the fetters of ignorance.



Not Even God Is Ripe Enough

Human Chauvinism is a variety of blost using a complicated mechanism of reasoning to not only generate its own gas but to defend its own nasty condition; expelled in noxious bursts of self-justification the gas creates a protective smokescreen of such effective stench that most normal probes are diverted. Only such efforts made from healthily divergent areas of consciousness are able to slip through the screen and prick some relief in the patient. Africa seems to be one of these healthy areas. . .

Bakare Gbadamosi was born in Oshogbo in 1930. He is assistant ethnographer for the Nigerian Museum in Lagos having worked as a letter writer, stage magician and actor. He has published Oriki a book of traditional poems (Mbari, Ibadan 1961) and a book of stories Oro Pelu Idire (Mbari Mbaya, Oshogbo 1966). He has collaborated with Ulli Beier in two other books.

Ulli Beier, having acted as a catalyst in the publication of Nigerian writers and the showing of Nigerian artists, is now in charge of the teaching of literature in English in the University of Papua and New Guinea. He was the editor of Black Orpheus and was a founder of the Mbari Clubs of Ibadan and Oshogbo. His publications are numerous, vital and important.

This collection of Yoruba stories is as full of fierce amusement as the title would have one believe. Lovers escape in cooking pots, and wry retribution is the order of the day. Sample one and you will find you have to read the rest.

He who shits on the road will meet flies on his return

There was once a beautiful woman named Folake, whose husband was a wealthy trader. Now the husband loved money past beauty and he went about his trade and did not attend to his wife as much as she fancied. Now the wife began to think that the farmer who has a hoe and does not till the ground has only got himself

to blame if others start to trespass on his land. Soon she found two lovers, Ojo and Kunle, with whom she enjoyed herself alternatively. Ojo and Kunle were very jealous of each other and they hated each other. But Folake dominated them both, because she threatened to reveal their secret to their wives.

Now one day Folake was playing with Kunle and they were going to forget the world together, when they suddenly heard the voice of the husband who had returned unexpectedly from a trip. Folake quickly told Kunle to hide in a large pot. The husband entered and thought that Folake was excited because he had returned. As he started to sit down to a meal of pounded yam Ojo suddenly entered. But Folake's mind was quicker than a hawk pouncing on a chicken, and before the husband could grow suspicious she immediately told Ojo: 'This is the pot you have come to collect. Please give my greetings to my mother.' Now stupidity is no crime, but it calls for punishment likewise. The husband, whose mind was slower than a tortoise walking uphill, went and helped Ojo to put the pot on his head.

As Ojo was going along the road, he was about to release Kunle at some lonely place, where people would not see them. But then he began to reason with himself: If the antelope walks into the lion's den, will it not expect to be eaten? Shall I be forced to share Folake with this useless fellow forever? So he quickly went towards Kunle's house. When Kunle noticed what was happening he said from the pot: 'Ojo, have we not been brothers in love all this time? Shall we not now be brothers in escape also?' But Ojo said: 'Do you want me to be like a wife who waits for her turn to cook for her husband?' and before Kunle knew what was happening, Ojo had already placed the pot in Kunle's house and he said to the wife: 'I deliver greetings from your good friend Folake and she is sending you this pot as a present.' With those words he quickly left. When Kunle was discovered by his wife, she threw the hot amala which she was cooking in his face and she tore his shirt and screamed and called in the neighbours. Kunle was blamed by all, and above all he was ashamed to go and see Folake, because he looked ridiculous with the skin peeling off his face.

For a while, then, Ojo enjoyed himself alone with Folake, whose husband was still in ignorance. Anybody who looks down will surely see his nose. But what can you do when a fellow insists on staring at the sky all the time?

In the end Kunle's face was healed and he went back to Folake. Now Folake was glad because she could not be satisfied with only one lover. Before Kunle could even say: 'I greet you for the other day'—she was already taking off her wrapper. Suddenly the voice of her husband was heard. Folake being already naked, quickly jumped into a large pot and left Kunle to explain himself.

Kunle greeted the husband politely and said: 'I saw your wife on the market and bought this pot from her and she asked me to come and collect it.' So the husband helped Kunle to put the pot on his head. Now as Kunle was walking along he was thinking of the best way to release Folake. But then he began to think: 'Why did Folake try to save herself while she left me to face danger? And he decided to punish her. So he directed his steps towards Ojo's house and he met Ojo together with his wife. And he put down the pot and said: 'Folake's husband has asked me to send you this present.' And he quickly left before the naked woman was discovered in the pot. Then there was fighting and screaming as if fifty cocks were quarrelling over the same chicken. At first the women beat and scratched each

other, then they fell on Ojo, who looked like an owl after rain before the neighbours saved him.

In this way Kunle got his revenge, but he also lost Folake. Because the husband was like the man who is looking for his trousers and discovers that he is wearing them. As he was wise at last, he made sure that his wife was carefully watched.

Thus Ojo was like the man who shits on the road, and finds flies on his return. But Kunle was like the palmwine tapper, who cuts his rope in order to punish the palmtree.



A BRIEF EXEGESIS OF CERTAIN SOCIO-PHILOSOPHICAL THEMES IN ROBERT HUNTER'S LYRICSTO "NEW SPEEDWAY BOOGIE!"

by

ED McCLANAHAN

The Grateful Dead were deeply involved in planning the Rolling Stones' disastrous Altamont concert—they it was, according to most sources, who suggested that the Hell's Angels be employed to police the area around the stage—, and Robert Hunter's lyrics to "New Speedway Boogie" may properly be regarded as their "official" public statement about the meaning of the grisly events of that unhappy day.



Grateful Dead (cont'd)

First, then, the lyrics, as sung by Jerry Garcia on the album *Workingman's Dead*:

*Please don't dominate the rap, Jack,
If you got nothin' to say.
If you please, don't back up the track;
This train's got to run today.*

*I spent a little time on the mountain,
Spent a little time on the hill.
Like some say, better run away;
Others say better stand still.*

*Now I don't know, but I been told,
It's hard to run with the weight of gold.
Other hand, I've heard it said,
It's just as hard with the weight of lead.*

*Who can deny, who can deny
It's not just a change in style.
One step's done, and another begun,
And I wonder how many miles.*

*I spent a little time on the mountain,
Spent a little time on the hill.
Things went down we don't understand,
But I think in time we will.*

*Now I don't know, but I was told,
In the heat of the sun, a man died of cold.
Keep on comin' or stand and wait,
With the sun so dark and the hour so late. . .*

*You can't overlook the lack, Jack,
Of any other highway to ride.
It's got no signs or dividin' lines,
And very few rules to guide.*

*I spent a little time on the mountain,
Spent a little time on the hill.
I saw things gettin' out of hand;
I guess they always will.*

*Now I don't know, but I been told,
If the horse don't pull, you got to carry the load.
I don't know whose back's that strong;
Maybe find out before too long.*

*One way or another,
One way or another,
One way or another,
This darkness got to give.*

The song is, on the one hand, an expression of apprehensiveness and confusion and, on the other, an exhortation to a new order of wisdom, a higher and truer vision. However, unlike the authors of most of the journalistic post-mortems on the Altamont debacle (especially those hand-wringers and breast-beaters who insist on "dominating the rap" even though they "got nothin' new to say"),

Hunter is not of the Altamont-as-Götter-dämmerung persuasion, and he does not agree that the quest after salvation--the voyage that began in the Haight-Ashbury and carried us all the way to Woodstock--has dead-ended at last in the molten yellow hills of California just twenty miles east of where it started, impaled on the point of a Hell's Angels rusty blade, skewered there like one of those suicidal Siamese frogs that travel great distances only to fling themselves upon the spikes of some rare thornbush. Rather, the poet suggests, the journey has only just begun, and the way is long and arduous and fraught with peril; Altamont is but one dark moment in the community's total experience, the first installment of the dues that we must pay for our deliverance. On the Big Trip, the poet warns, the pilgrims will encounter suffering as well as joy, and those who have no heart for the undertaking would do well to stand aside, because "this train's got to run today."

The song's thrice-repeated refrain, "I spent a little time on the mountain, /Spent a little time on the hill," bespeaks the poet's (or, if you will, the singer's) modest claim to having made a private, careful consideration, *hors de combat*, of the Superior Man's obligations in a time of public turmoil*; in fact, we must seek guidance within ourselves, since public advice--"Like some say, better run away, /Others say better stand still"--is likely to be hysterical, and paralyzingly contradictory. And in the next quatrain that contradiction blooms into a full-blown paradox:

*Now I don't know, but I been told,
It's hard to run with the weight of gold.
Other hand, I've heard it said,
It's just as hard with the weight of lead.*

Metaphorically, these lines describe and define the two equally seductive--and equally treacherous--temptations that beguile the truth-seeker, the Scylla and Charybdis between, which he must thread his perilous course: on the one hand, Fortune, represented at Altamont in the opulent persons of the Stones, seen here as listing dangerously beneath "the weight of gold"; and on the other, Violence, the way of the Angels, burdened as they are with chains and helmets and Iron Crosses and all their weaponry, the hardware of their sullen calling. Then too, of course, there is the more literal reading of the passage, in which the relative subtlety of the metaphor is overridden by the ominous, code-of-the-Old-West caveat to the effect that he who is so foolish as to make off with his brothers' gold may end up carrying their hot lead as well, cut down by the heavy-handed irony of a Fate which any admirer of *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* could have warned him of right from the start.

Nor may we shrug off the events at Altamont as harbingers of a mere "change in style;" rather, the minstrel contends, the change is *substantive*; and the death of Meredith Hunter signals that, when the pilgrimage arrived at Altamont it entered new and hostile territory, the

*A very literal interpretation of the refrain might also make reference to the fact that the Dead, scheduled to go on after the Stones, never actually played that day; thus they had ample opportunity to climb "the hill" overlooking the scene and see for themselves that things were indeed "gettin' out of hand."

Ron Boise's *Thunder Machine* at Altamont
photo by Peter & Helen Ready



twilight of its own dark night of the soul. Yet "One step's done and another begun." and so the song, even as it grieves one emblematic death and dreads the miles and trials ahead, directs us to turn our eyes to the changes yet to come: for, the next verse reminds us, "Things went down we don't understand, /But I think in time we will"-that is, however weary we are of mistakes and wrong turns and, most of all, of the terrible burden of our desperate longing for the destination, we can only comprehend the meaning of present events-and of the judgments they pass-from the perspective of the next change.

And now, with the following quatrain-

Now I don't know, but I was told,
In the heat of the sun, a man died of cold.
Keep on comin' or stand and wait,
With the sun so dark and the hour so late. . .

-an almost *literal* shadow sweeps across the trackless yellow landscape of the song, the spectre of some nameless thing so unspeakably awful that its very shadow casts a deadly chill, a pail from which no escape is possible, no matter whether we "keep on comin' or stand and wait." It is, of course, the spectre of our own inhumanity, our selfishness, our passionless indifference; and now at last the lesson of the song-and of Altamont-is clear: The Angels are the dark aspect of ourselves, reflections of the beast that skulks behind our eyes; we created them as surely as we created the Rolling Stones, fashioned them all of the mute clay of our need for Heroes and Villains as surely as we created Altamont itself that fateful day. Thus we can no more excise the bloody-handed Angels from our midst than we can cut away some vital part of our own psyche, lobotomize ourselves.

Nevertheless, that hard lesson learned the hard way, our course remains set, fixed by the iron resolve of destiny, and there can be no turning back; we can only

face up to "the lack. . . / Of any other highway to ride," and, as R. Crumb puts it, "keep on truckin'." True, we travel this treacherous road at our own risk; but could we ever have supposed it might prove otherwise? And if the absence of "signs" and "dividin' lines" and "rules to guide" guarantees a hazardous journey, it also promises times when this Heaven-bound ride is indescribably wild and sweet and free; things *will* get "out of hand"-"always"-, but even that inevitability has its compensations, so long as we are among friends.

Still and all, "If the horse don't pull, you got to carry the load"-that is, if the communal vehicle and the full power of the community's combined energies will not bear one safely through, then the whole burden of care and growth must rest upon oneself. And, the minstrel cautions, it may well be that none of us is capable of that effort, that the whole enormous enterprise will come to nothing. But this is a time of testing, of pitting our strength against all the forces that oppress us-our guilt and our despair, our selfishness, our failures and our fear of failure-; for, "one way or another," relief *must* come, these gloomy times *must* pass, the darkness *will* "give."

Thus "New Speedway Boogie" is at once a sober-if highly subjective-study of a violently traumatic moment in the course of human events, a desperate prayer for deliverance, and a hymn of hope. And when those final fervent lines-

One way or another,
One way or another,
One way or another,
This darkness got to give.

-come echoing and re-echoing down like "Excelsior!" from the heights, it also becomes an anthem quite as stirring, in its own somber, introspective way, as "Onward Christian Soldiers."



ATLANTIS ALMANAC

MARS DAY

Sun Rise: 5:23 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:01 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 3:04 pm (D)
Moon Sets: 1:34 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak at 1:20 pm

20

MERCURY DAY

Sun Rise: 5:20 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:03 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 3:32 am (D)
Moon Sets: 2:16 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak

21

JUPITER DAY

Sun Rise: 5:18 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:04 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 3:52 am (D)
Moon Sets: 2:43 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak at 1:08 am

22

SUN ENTERS TAURUS AT 10:00 AM

For Sun Day, Venus enters Aries on 19th

"The only hope we have for the future is an old friend and the only way to plant together with them."
— Pliny the Elder

LET A THOUSAND PARKS BLOOM



Sun Rise: 5:11 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:06 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 4:20 am (A)
Moon Sets: 1:42 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak

27

OBSERVING THE PLANETS

Venus rises at 4:35 am (D)
Mars rises at 12:37 am (D)
Jupiter rises at 9:52 pm (D)
Saturn sets at 5:11 pm (D)
Mercury is not visible

Sun Rise: 5:08 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:11 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 4:46 am (A)
Moon Sets: 1:50 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak

28

May: Many more gardens bloom. Planting time is good. It is also the best time to plant. It is a good time to plant.



Sun Rise: 5:06 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:11 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 5:06 am (A)
Moon Sets: 2:04 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak

29

According to astrology, Taurus is a fortunate fixed Earth sign in the zodiac chart. The land is the Mother that never dies. Taurus is ruled by Venus, the Earth's water planet, which represents beauty, attraction, strength and refinement. Venus brings wide bringing softness and tenderness to primary which can only be in Venus. Venus is the Latin name for Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of Love and Beauty. The Mayans call this planet Quetz.

Sun Rise: 5:02 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:12 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 5:26 am (A)
Moon Sets: 2:22 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak

4

Sun Rise: 5:01 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:14 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 5:51 am (A)
Moon Sets: 2:41 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak

5

Sun Rise: 5:00 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:15 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 6:07 am (A)
Moon Sets: 2:59 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak at 2:00 am

6

Uranus in Taurus, Mars in Aries

INCREASE

Cher, an astrologer, says: "Your planet is powerful, your is the most powerful. Most powerful planet has brought the greatest increase in the world. Increase shows fullness of character, it shows the growth of fullness in your character. This increase is what is good."

Earth,

Sun Rise: 5:01 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:14 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 6:24 am (A)
Moon Sets: 3:07 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak at 12:01 am

11

Sun Rise: 5:02 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:14 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 6:42 am (A)
Moon Sets: 3:24 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak

12

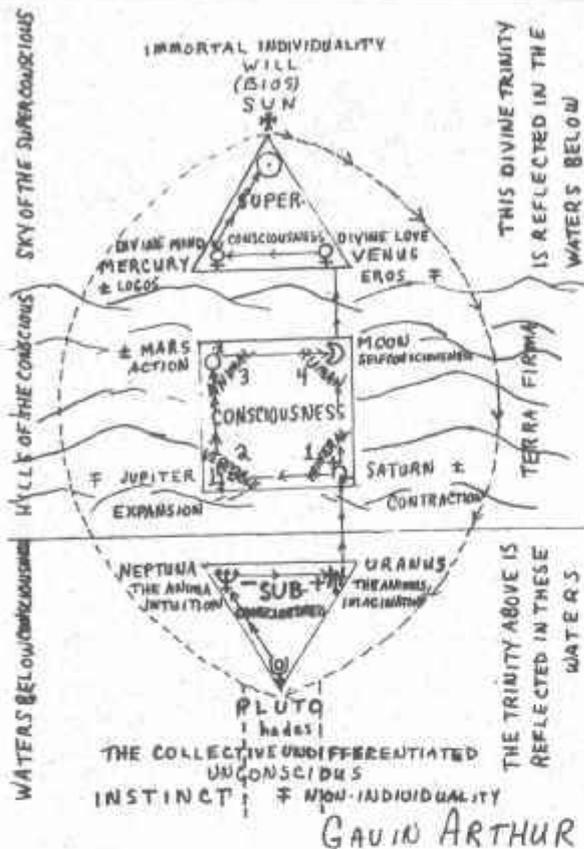
Sun Rise: 5:01 am (D)
Sun Sets: 7:15 pm (D)
Moon Rise: 6:57 am (A)
Moon Sets: 3:41 pm (D)
Moon on its Peak at 1:01 am

13

GARDENING
-Collect straw from summer winter quarters for mulching compost and earth.
-Incorporate leaf stabs with nitrogen bacteria.
-Check lettuce for slug (leaves and slug traps for dry spots of lettuce spots).
-But measure some a little for the following month so you can warm the earth.
-10:30 is said to be a good time for planting turnips, leek, radish, carrots, and all plants whose edibles are in the ground.



SONG



ARE THE STARS IN TONIGHT? 🎵

by
Marga Piaggio

(With a special word for those who are lost in the crystal day-glo forest.)

"Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in the sands of
the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.

The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?"
--W. B. Yeats

A night of roar and din and scream and tear—a lumbering fog envelops man—still a sense of a first faint breathing—a flash of future dawn. The end of the Piscean Age and the beginning of the Aquarian Age. And we continue to live out the destruction process—an emptying out, and a flowing in of a new consciousness. The trip man has been on in the last twenty centuries, is described by astrologers as an attempt to transcend the material. We've had dozens of great mystics and spiritual leaders, but man was still struggling to survive, and a man with a hunger belly-ache can't dig no metaphysics. So we tried to transcend the material by conquering it and ended up enslaved to materiality.

I live in a quiet college town, close to San Francisco, where I study Astrology with Gavin Arthur. Palo Alto is in reality an armed camp. The grocer has a gun, the barber has a gun, the radical right have guns, the radical left have guns, the Baptist Preacher probably has a gun (do you have a gun?). Everybody is protecting their goods 'cause their goods are their identities. So little aware that we're all here together, and so unsure of themselves, that they'll kill you if you try to take any of those goods away.

"We are leaves on the Tree of Humanity.
One of three billion beautiful leaves.
Pale green bud leaves. Big emerald green leaves.
Yellow leaves. Orange leaves. Red leaves.
Brittle brown leaves about to fall off. . .
. . . Each leaf is a consciousness. Each leaf is a life.
And the Tree the Collective Unconscious.
From our Father the Sun we get green magic
That makes us burgeon into big green leaves.
Now we must measure much of this magic
Out of ourselves into the Tree of Humanity."

--Gavin Arthur

The concept of the Age of Aquarius is a nebulous thing in most peoples heads. A new Consciousness? A blending of the energy or spirit of Pisces into that of Aquarius.

Neptune, Uranus and Pluto, the three outermost planets in our solar system, represent the unconscious in man, according to Jungian Psychology and Astrology. Using Carl Jung's archetypes; Neptune is the Anima, the Feminine, Receptive-yin*, nature, the mother of all; Uranus is the Animus, masculine, Creative-yang*, the heavens, the father of all; Pluto is the collective undifferentiated unconscious, "we are all one." Astrologically speaking, Neptune, ruler of Pisces is the planet of intuition, hypersensitivity, and represents the ability to transcend boundaries, compassion, self-sacrifice, glamour, illusion and decay. Uranus, ruler of Aquarius, is the lightning bolt which creates life. It represents inspiration, dynamic self-expression, inventiveness and eccentricity. Pluto is a blending of the two and represents the urge to transform, new beginnings; regeneration, and the group as a source of power.

*Hexagrams I and II of the *I Ching*.

When all this Piscean energy and knowing, that is

mankind's harvest for the last 2,000 years, has received enough of intruding Aquarian electrical energy, we'll probably be able to communicate telepathically. . . WHICH WOULD PUT AN END TO A LOT OF BULLSHIT.

Some of us have found our tao; many more of us are still searching. A lot of us took so much acid that we became not just one far out freak, but seventeen different far out freaks in one-and can't decide who to be next. Carl Jung says:

"Whenever the narrowly (delimited), but intensely clear, individual consciousness meets the immense expansion of the collective unconscious, there is danger because the latter has a definitely disintegrating effect on consciousness. Indeed, according to . . . the *Hul Ming Ching*, this effect belongs to the peculiar phenomena of Chinese yoga practice. It is said there: 'Every thought-fragment takes shape and becomes visible in color and form. All the powers of the soul unfold their traces.' One of the illustrations accompanying the book shows a sage sunk in contemplation, his head surrounded by tongues of fire, out of which five human figures emerge: these five split up again into twenty-five smaller figures. This would be a schizophrenic process if it were to become a permanent state. Therefore the instructions, as though warning the adept, say: 'Figures formed out of the fire of the spirit, are only empty colors and forms. The light of the essence streams back to primal truth.'"

All of our different selves can be focused in a living, turning mandala, the center of which is our own primal truth. The question of who to be, is resolved by listening to your own "still small voice" the one Jesus rapped about. Jesus also said: "Know Thyself," which is no easy thing, in the midst of all the confusion and conditioning.

T.V. says that if you use deodorant; own 2 cars, and twenty appliances, buy life insurance, look like a movie star, eat Cheerios, drink beer, smoke cigarettes; and learn to lie so it sounds like the truth, you've got it together. Astrology is not the panacea to this plethora of crap; it simply *relates* the Cosmos to each person. An understanding of your own natal chart is a tool to help you rediscover your Karmic path; because at the moment you were born, a great Kosmic Kode was laid out in the sky. A macrocosm of your own self-microcosm. A reinforcement of the "still small voice"; brushing away all the psychedelic cobwebs, giving you a crystal clear certainty of who you are; and strengthening your resolve to be.

"Reach out your hand, if your cup be empty,
If your cup be full, may it be again.
Let it be known, there is a fountain
That was not made by the hands of men.
There is a road, no simple highway,
Between the dawn and the dark of night.
And if you go, no one may follow
That path is for your steps alone."

-R. Hunter

MEMO TO HEALTH NUT ORGANIZATIONS

Think about what all those anti-cigarette commercials have done to the American consciousness.

Now think about what anti-soft-drink commercials could do, for instance.

The FCC's equal time doctrine ought to apply to sugar as well as nicotine.

-Fidel Castro



by
The Modesto Kid

In art I can rearrange, in life I can smile. Hitchhiking. "My eyes were fucking wall to wall." That's what a rail-roading dude said to me as we were moving north through the redwoods in Northern California. We were riding in a silver Toronado, a few years old but still in the fine car class. I was happy, I'd been sitting around for a few hours at a freeway on-ramp at the edge of Guerneville. The morning was sunny, the sky deep blue off the green and brownish-red trees and here I was back in motion riding with a stranger on a freeway.

Hitchhiking. . . I was driving south along the Oregon coast with Ingela-smoking dope, rapping, thumbing the radio, picking up hitchhikers, talking travel, and driving. The road along the coast was getting steeper with more and more mountains and there were Ingela, seven hitchhikers and me doing third gear and then second up these hills in a V. W. bus and then getting too speedy down, and it's raining outside with a cold wet wind and I'm thinking about the clutch-then there's two heads and a thumb sticking out from under a wet poncho and pained faces saying, "For the love of God stop! it's cold, wet and miserable." I did the slow slowdown of a heavily loaded V. W. bus. They climbed in. Seven of us spent that night at their commune outside of Laytonville.

Hitchhiking. . . Share the energy of the freeway. Stranger contacts stranger for help, contacts touch-communication happens. Hitchhiking. . . If I've got my head about me I sometimes use hitchhiking as a yoga. There is simply no rushing thumbing-although I can get a rush off a car stopping for me. Then too it's nice sometimes running and doing leg stretching after standing around. Running to where a car has stopped and relaxation in a Chevy sedan driven by an off-duty G.I. with a joint and a tape deck. Hitchhiking. . . Spooner or later you get there. Hitchhiking. . . Berkeley always has backyards. On University Avenue in Berkeley at the last light before the freeway on-ramp trip, the last place possible on University for hitchhiking out are groups of people thumbing, standing, sitting, with beautiful dogs, with signs for America. I'm in Berkeley now.

Hitchhiking. . . "The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense; take what you have gathered from coincidence."



by
Shirley Abicair

Virginia Beach—The shelves in the library are full of bound readings by Edgar Cayce. Rows of filing cabinets with little drawers full of cards. "This drawerful just on Karma, for instance," Mrs. Sinclair says.

I wonder if there's something on how to cut out cigarettes.

In the book room there are tapes of Hugh Lynn Cayce reading from his father's readings. Edgar Cayce books on Atlantis, Religion, Medical...so many. It's really a beautiful sunny room with Edgar Cayce coming out at you from all directions.

I meet James Alwyn Baraff. He works there. We sit on this big comfortable sofa in the sitting room. People are wandering in and out. Some young beards. Some old respectables. One Hell's Angel. Everyone is met and shown around if they wish it.

Questions are asked. For example, the Hell's Angel asks for a cigarette. Jim gives him one and shows him where the pamphlets are and takes him into the back room.

Every day at 12:15 there is a meditation session in the auditorium, which is in another building, quite nearby, just a little garden between. On the way I see the room where they do their printing. I go to sleep and wake up coughing and unable to sleep.

So as not to disturb the meditating I go back to the main building and drink a lot of coffee. A young man named David starts talking to me. He is studying carpentry because he likes it, and from the Cayce readings he has developed a critical physical ability. I asked him if that's what he said and he laughed. I am so tired I'm going deaf now.

What he really wants to be is an astrologer. Someone on the staff of A.R.E. teaches astrology. I walk around snapping pictures of everyone and everything in case I remember nothing of the whole day.

Jim takes me up to meet Edgar Cayce's grandson, Charles Thomas Cayce. The three of us sit around and they tell me about the 10,000 study groups they have all over the country.

Cayce's readings cover organic farming, music, palmistry, numerology, health and countless others. But they have a oneness. Because of the Law of One we are One. Cayce's readings show an awareness of the power of the small group when it has to do with a shared ideal, interpreted in action in many ways but always towards a common goal—love—peace.

I'm feeling good now and awake. Laughing, taking things in; hopping about the room. They tell me about their summer activities coming up for children, youth and family. Charles asks can he send me some children's books to read and give my opinion on their value to children?

There is just time before I leave to catch the first 15 minutes of a talk on reincarnation by Everett Iron. He investigated this subject very fully in 1929-30 and rejected it. He returned to it in 1959, investigated it again and stayed.

In Biblical times the word resurrection meant reincarnation. I had to tiptoe out.

"THE WORK"



It would be very difficult to enter into the work of the A.R.E. without sooner or later coming into contact with the life and personality of Edgar Cayce. For it was this man who not only provided a channel for the information that makes up the basis of the A.R.E.'s work, but whose personality and criticism were to this day mold the direction of the Association.

Edgar Cayce appears as a rather improbable and reluctant psychic. After becoming acquainted with his story it is hard not to wonder at his courage and strength. He was an unschooled man—but by no means an unintelligent one. A man deeply religious in his beliefs, who overcame his own doubts only after an agonizing search within himself.

Perhaps most interesting of all, however, is that once he did resolve his doubts, and had committed himself to the unorthodox road of the psychic, he never sought the limelight. He preferred instead to let the readings and the results they produced become the center of attention.

EDGAR CAYCE (cont'd)

For a man who lived such an unconventional public life, Edgar Cayce came from deeply traditional American roots. Born in 1877, in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, of an old Kentucky family, he led a normal childhood except for a vision he had when he was seven years old. He was asked what he wanted to do with his life. He said simply that he wanted to help others, especially children. He was told his prayers had been answered but it was seventeen years before he realized just what lay before him, and even he himself said later that he had no concept of the implications of what was to come.

Through the loss of his voice, and a subsequent attempt at a cure through hypnotic suggestion, he discovered that he could go to sleep and answer questions put to him. He lay down and entered a sleep-like state and talked, spoke on any subject about which he was queried, at any length necessary to answer the question.

The talking was hard enough for him to accept, — but the fact that he seemed to have contact with a river of infinite wisdom—much of which was in conflict with his upbringing and beliefs, was even more disturbing. The fact that the information known as readings, proved correct time and time again did not make the problem easier.

It is this relation between Edgar Cayce and his work that provides one of the most poignant aspects of the whole story. He himself never heard a word he said, nor remembered it when he woke up; and he freely admitted that he did not know how it worked. He said only that if it ever hurt anyone he would stop, but that as long as people asked and were helped he would continue.

For most of the next forty-three years, until his death at 67 in 1945, he lay down and entered this sleep state at least twice each day. "The Work," as he called it, came before all else, and to it he sacrificed privacy and all hopes for financial achievement. His dream is coming true, however, for through his efforts thousands have been and are being helped.



THE READINGS

The Edgar Cayce readings were given from 1901 until 1944, shortly before Edgar Cayce's death. It is estimated that he entered his sleep-like state at least 16,000 times during those years, although there is no way of definitely knowing the total. The earliest reading in the files dates back to 1909, but regular records were not kept on a systematic basis until Cayce's lifelong secretary, Gladys Davis, joined him in September, 1923.

With but few exceptions all the readings given from that time on, a total of 14,249, are on file along with related correspondence and reports. The great majority of this has been carefully cross-indexed, and a compilation of over 200,000 file cards makes location of a given reading or topic mentioned in a reading possible at the Virginia Beach Headquarters library.

The records defy easy precise categorization, since each one may deal with many topics, and the range of material, when viewed as a whole, is as broad as man's history and man himself. For the purpose of explanation, though, rough categories are traditional.

Of the entire number by far the largest section, totaling 8,985, is concerned with the mind and the body. This group, popularly known as the "physical readings", deals with diagnosis of a specific individual's problems in this area, and a specialized recommendation for his treatment.

The next largest group is generally known as the "life readings". These 2,500 readings deal with vocational, psychological, and human relations problems. It was in this group, which Cayce only began giving many years after he had started the "physical readings" that the concept of reincarnation was introduced.

There are also 667 readings dealing with dream interpretation. The information indicated that dreams were powerful tools for man to use in his search for inner knowledge, and that interpretation of the symbols contained in the dreams was the key to understanding their content.

Of the remaining 1,995, a rough break-down would yield almost as many categories as there are readings. This miscellaneous group covers a diverse field ranging from comments on geology to organizational advice on the A.R.E. itself.

Perhaps the most generally applicable information given by the sleeping Cayce is contained in the thousands of references to the Bible and the message it carries to all men. These references suffice the readings in all categories, and serve to point up the unifying principle that underlies all the Cayce material. While advocating no specific philosophy, religion or ism it expresses a deep belief in a Divine Creator of whose plan man is a part. The readings make it clear that if man would know himself, he must seek to live in harmony with this Creator's plan.

The ordinary Group



by
Peter Friedman

The Crest man talked to each of us individually and then announced who was in which group. Then he said to me, "From now on you will brush with the Crest formula without flouristan, like ordinary toothpaste."

Why was I selected to brush with ordinary toothpaste instead of with Crest? Have I been too pushy, or too retiring? Do my eyes betray the dull gleam of an ordinary toothpaste user? It seems hard to believe as I've seldom brushed with any toothpaste.

At first, distinctions between Crest and ordinary brushers were subtle and went by almost unnoticed: perhaps a slight smile of recognition as one Crest user greeted another in the hallways before a class, and the hint of cheerfully coated condescension with which a Crest boy acknowledged an Ordinary boy.

Then a new lilt appeared in the gait of the Crest users; they smiled to annoy.

My own group slouched as it walked. Gradually we drifted to seats in the back of the classroom. We now hang our heads when saying "Good morning" to the teacher, while the Crest students open wide their mouths, curl back their lips and smile white.

One day, I asked myself, "Who is this Crest man to think he can arbitrarily condemn me to brushing with ordinary toothpaste? Why should I stay in the experiment and wind up with 37% more cavities?"

I marched off in disgust to my local drug store to buy a family-size tube of Crest. Only then did the full horror of the experiment manifest itself.

"No," said the druggist; he regretted deeply, but he couldn't sell me any Crest. My name and picture had been given to him by the Crest people, and they had forbidden him to sell me any but the ordinary brands of toothpaste.

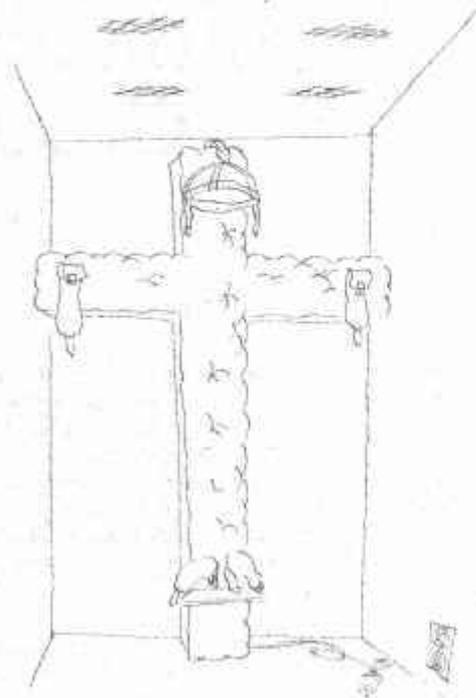
They may restrict me to buying ordinary toothpaste, but they can't force me to brush. I must take the only course morally possible: to stop brushing entirely. My cavities may mount, but the test shall prove invalid.

With others like myself all over the United States putting down their toothbrushes in spontaneous protest, there is still a chance, at least for the next generation, to return to normality.

If the telling of my story serves to help others to better understand us, to know why we've become a retiring breed, then I shall feel that I have not not brushed in vain.



"I was a Zen Buddhist in the 9th grade, a Hindu in the 10th, I just smoked dope in the 11th grade, then I became a vegetarian, but now I've found the Lord."—an 18-year-old Jesus freak.



by
Maureen Orth

"Bless you," says the hip teenybopper. "Have you accepted Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Are you saved, girl?"

If you believe *Look*, *Newsweek*, CBS News and even the *Wall Street Journal*, this teenager has snuffed out his last joint. In an ecstatic burst of ole-time religion, he has taken up the Bible to follow the Lord. He is a Jesus freak. I wondered how traditional hell-fire-and-damnation fundamentalism adapted itself to the '70s dope-rock-teeny culture so I started talking to Jesus children.

The first thing I realized was how different it is to go to high school today: acid trips in the 7th grade, sex in the 8th, the Vietnam war a daily serial on TV since you were 9; parents and school worse than "irrelevant"—meaningless. No wonder Jesus is making a great comeback. But on the freak's terms. This time he's a Trip.

They sit around and quote scripture to each other, enthusiastically witness to non-believers on street corners, speak in tongues or read the Word and all the time the Jesus children get high on the Lord. It was beautiful to see their faces shone with the light of their faith. The experience of Jesus, the utter certainty of the knowledge that they were saved forever, helped remove any self-doubts and the need to worry about "things."

Here is part of a letter from one of the movement's newspapers, *The Way*:

To All Saints:

"I love you and hallelujah. Isn't life gorgeous? We

know Jesus Christ, and Our Lord is The Lord. He'll straighten out everything.

"In this age where everything is mechanized, psycho-analyzed and legalized and the stock market inflation/depression and the latest ecological survey is the bustling center of the people of the world, how beautiful we have an out. We needn't hassle with the problems, changes or hang-ups involved, for we have a God who can see everything. . . We need never gamble, never worry, never be depressed. . . Hallelujah."

Among themselves, Jesus children who are fervent-in-the-spirit and loving-in-the-heart take a Crusades-like attitude on divergent interpretations of the Word. Either you believe according to the script of the righteous believers or you don't. Theological hairsplitting is rampant; heretics abound and must be condemned. They generally frown on Catholics, and any traditional organized religion is suspect.

In California one of the great questions presently facing the saints is the controversy surrounding the issue of dunking in Baptism; the Total Immersers versus the Dry Heads. Those in Southern California tend to go for mass dunking festivals by wading into the warm Pacific off the Orange County coast or going under in Pat Boone's Beverly Hills heated swimming pool (Boone is apparently the Jane Fonda of the Jesus movement), while others in the colder clime of northern California think that view is all wet.

"I saw those Total Immersers on TV," said one girl, shaking her dry head. "They are way off, so inaccurate. Father doesn't want us to do that."

And woe to ye of Eastern faith. Evidently the current spiritual revival among the saints extends about as far as the Bible Belt.

"My God does not make me shave my head, put on a sheet and jump up and down on street corners singing. My God is rational. As far as I'm concerned, George Harrison is doing Satan's work by singing 'My Sweet Lord'. That's nothing but a Krishna song."

Absolute beliefs tend to demand rigid behavior from the saints, who cheerfully endure sacrifice as an act of faith.

"What about smoking?"

"I don't smoke, well maybe a little grass sometimes."

"How about sex?"

"Well the Word says you only have intercourse with the person you marry."

"Do you believe that?"

"Well, I think of the person I'm with as the one I'm married to."

"Right on!"

"Praise Father!"

MODEST PROPOSAL

People cannot compete with corporations, but they have equal housing needs. To resolve this unfair situation the following is proposed.

All new office buildings must allocate a reasonable amount of space (why not one-half?) for housing, of which a significant amount (why not one-half?) will be for low-income housing. (Example: The World Trade Center.)

This plan should help solve three of the city's problems:

1. The housing shortage
2. Overcrowded subways
3. Excess office space

All space to the people who need it!

—Anonymous Tenant

Alternative Education In The Seventies

by
Neil Postman

(co-author of "Teaching as a Subversive Activity")



The alternative school movement has two uses—as "reality" and as metaphor. As reality (i.e., a continuing, practical education alternative), the movement does not have much of a future.

Let me put it this way: If you took all the kids in the States and Canada presently attending "free" or "independent" schools, then doubled the number, they would just about equal the number of kids who live between Coney Island Avenue and Ocean Parkway in Brooklyn.

Or: If the Parkway School in Philadelphia had the capacity to accept all the kids who applied to it last year (about 11,000), you would still have 240,000 kids attending conventional Philadelphia schools.

In other words, unless there occurs a structural transformation of American society, of an unprecedented magnitude, we cannot expect the alternative school movement to grow to a size where it actually offers what its name promises: a really different mode of schooling for a substantial portion of our population.

I say this regretfully, but the fact does not make me despondent.

In the first place, there are an awful lot of kids who live between Coney Island Avenue and Ocean Parkway in Brooklyn, and if free schools can offer even that number another route to education, the effort is worthwhile. (Mike Rosman estimates there may be as many as 340,000 kids attending free schools by 1973.)

In the second place, I may be wrong. "Community control," vouchers, constitutional changes permitting public funding for private schools, the rising cost of building and large centralized schools—these developments and others may lead to a restructuring of the schooling process, even if not accompanied by similar changes in other social institutions.

But I doubt it. Historical analogies can be a drag, but a look at the progressive education movement of the first thirty years of this century does not encourage great optimism.

The progressive movement began as a reaction against

a system of education just as stultifying and oppressive as the present education machine. In fact, more so (due to the fact that the schools at the turn of the century were pre-Freudian).

The leaders of that movement were as charismatic and clever and committed as those of today. If you made two lists, consisting of the top ten people in each movement, and then compared them—man for man—the comparison would be embarrassing to the moderns.

John Dewey, William H. Kilpatrick, Boyd Bode, George Counts, Harold Rugg, Goodwin Watson, and early Sidney Hook, all by themselves, would be a match for the entire subscription list of the *New Schools Exchange Newsletter*.

Moreover, although the figures are hard to come by, there were probably as many alternative or experimental schools generated by the progressives as there have been by the moderns. In fact, the progressives had *whole cities* go "experimental." For instance, Gary, Indiana, and Menomonie, Wisconsin. (It's hard to conceive of it today, but fifty years ago "Middle America" was a most congenial region for radical ideas.)

With all this going for it, the progressive education movement, *as reality*, was pretty much washed up by 1940. Just about all the experimental schools were gone. Those that have hung on through the years—like the Walden School and Bennington College—long ago lost their radical spirit and have become elitist institutions.

What happened? Why didn't the progressive movement leave behind a *structure* for alternative education? There are many reasons, some having to do with the internal workings of the movement; for example, its leadership became fragmented. But mostly, the movement failed because of external factors.

There were just too many kids to educate. There were all those buildings that had to be used. There weren't enough teachers who understood. And there weren't enough teachers, period.

And then, the philosophy of the progressives, in

its purest application, just wasn't acceptable to most of the population. (Dewey, Counts, Watson, Hook, and Jane Addams, among others, eventually found themselves listed in Elizabeth Dilling's *The Red Network*. In fact, so was the Progressive Education Association itself.)

The philosophy of the progressives did not take into account the fact that most people do not want *too much* spontaneity or creativity or even individuality for their children. Neither do most people despise the Great American Dream Machine, and they very much want their children to *fit in*.

In other words, the conditions which made it impossible for the progressive movement to sustain popular support and to become a continuing presence are very similar to the conditions of today.

So, as I said, I could be wrong about the prospects of the present movement—but I doubt it. Nonetheless, as I also said, I am not discouraged—and mainly for the following reason. The progressive education movement did not leave behind an alternative school structure, but it did leave us several important things.

First, it left us evidence, in the eight-year study and others, that "open" education works, and works better than conventional schooling.

Second, it left us models of education (e.g., Dewey's Laboratory School, Marietta Johnson's Organic School, Kilpatrick's project method, etc.) which, whether present-day reformers know it or not, are the blueprints for just about all the varieties of alternative schools currently in existence.

Third, it left us a vocabulary and an ideology which make it possible for education criticism to be conducted on a continuous basis and in the most vigorous terms. Holt, Dennison, Kozol, Kohl, Leonard, et. al. (including me) would hardly be able to talk if not for the progressives.

Finally, and most germane to the point I want to make, the progressive movement influenced the conduct of conventional education to an extent not fully recognized. For somewhere between 30 and 40 years after the movement reached its crest, American schools were better than they had been. Not as much as everyone had hoped, but better, nonetheless.

Schools were more child-centered. Discipline was less harshly imposed. Teachers were less authoritarian. There was a greater variety of "subjects," including "vocational" education—which, in its time, was considered a plank in the progressive platform.

If the schools fell apart again in the '60s, it happened *not* because they had not been reformed in the preceding 35 years, but for the same kind of reason that the schools had fallen apart at the turn of the century: their inability to adapt to a changing society.

The aim of the progressives was to reform the schooling process to harmonize with an industrial society. But the society has continued to change, and now the aim of the new reformers is to get the schooling process to harmonize with the growth of an electric-electronic society.

And that brings me straight to my point: Like its predecessor, the present movement has its most promising opportunity as *metaphor*, rather than reality. All of the reforms that will take place in education in the next decade will have their origins in the present alternative school movement.

The movement is creating vivid images of what education should be like or could be like. The conventional system will accept those images, reduce their intensity, distort their shape to some extent, and then remake

itself along the lines those images suggest.

The alternative school movement is to the American school system what the Socialist Party was to the Democrats and Republicans. I have been told, although I haven't verified it, that the platform on which Republican Dwight Eisenhower ran for President in 1952 was very similar to the platform on which Socialist Norman Thomas ran in 1928.

In any case, it is well known that America became a kind of socialist country during the first 50 years of this century, and that, while it was moving in this direction, *socialism* remained an undesirable word. And this is how I see education reform happening in the decade ahead. The movement will provide the ideas. The education machine will resist and denounce them, but ultimately accept them in some bowdlerized form.

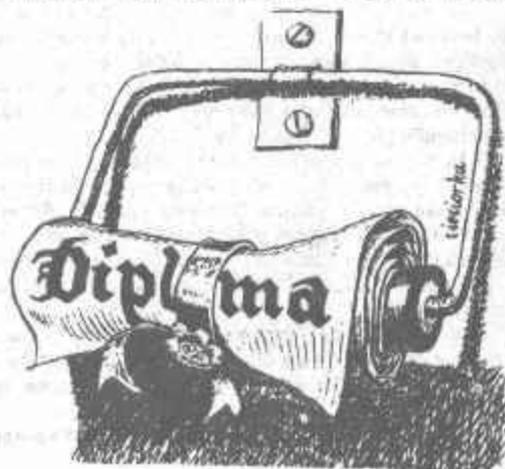
The process is well under way. During the week in which I wrote this article, there appeared on the education page of the Sunday *New York Times* an advertisement/article by Albert Shanker, President of the United Federation of Teachers. In it Shanker denounced the "destructive" education critics (Kozol, Kohl, Friedenberg, et. al.), and then went on to praise the concept of an "open classroom"—while reminding his readers that not all teachers can work effectively in such an environment.

He did not mention, of course, that the most useful book around for teachers who want to work in such an environment is Kohl's *The Open Classroom*. Neither did he discuss the rationale for *having* an open classroom. His main purpose was to reassure his constituents that they are doing a good job, that everything is under control, and that it wouldn't hurt them to experiment a little. Probably not a bad idea.

In any case, one must not demand too much from bureaucrats such as Shanker. They are the agents through whom education will be reformed, and presumably they know how to do it. It is probably unreasonable to expect them also to know *why* they are doing it, and what are the sources of the ideas they must work with.

We are all specialists. Shanker's specialty is in changing a system. The specialty of the leaders of the alternative school movement is in knowing why the system needs changing and in what directions it needs to go.

What all of this means for those of us in the movement is that we need rather more humility about ourselves and our goals than we are inclined to express. We cannot, by the force of our ideas and our moral rectitude, change the American educational system. We can only be part



of the process of changing it. It is no small thing to be a metaphor-maker. But it is not the whole thing.

Now that the sermon is finished, I want to conclude by specifying what ideas I think are most likely to be used by the system in the years ahead.

The first is the deprofessionalization of education. The movement is demonstrating that reasonably intelligent, highly motivated adults need no special "training" to be effective "teachers." Even as I write, this trend is under way.

In New York City, for example, the Board of Examiners is under attack, and will not survive the next three years. Certification laws are being loosened in most states. We may even see the end to the Bachelor's degree requirement, and by the second half of the '70s it may be commonplace for high school seniors to be teaching.

The second is the de-emphasis on grading and record-keeping. The movement has not yet shown how it would be possible to manage a large school operation without labeling kids, but it has pointed up the dangers of the labeling process—particularly grading. We may end up, before the decade is out, with some sort of pass/fail coding system—an entirely inadequate compromise, of course, but better than what we presently have.

Third, there will be a redefinition of what constitute the "basic skills." At present, the schools, for all practical purposes, equate intellectual competence and interest with skill in reading. The experimental schools, though, have tended to let kids display their intelligence through a wide variety of communication skills—e.g., photography, motion pictures, videotape, audiotape, and so on. This fact is sure to have an influence on the assessment of student ability in the future, as well as on the definition of what the "fundamentals" are.

Fourth, there will be a redefinition of what it means "to teach." Experimental school "teachers" are providing a variety of models as alternatives to the subject-matter, test-centered, talk-centered, information-giving teacher. By the end of the '70s, we may find that the "teaching" styles developed in experimental schools will be as common in the public schools as the more traditional methods.

Fifth, although the experimental schools have not emphasized the teaching of "subjects," the interests of teachers and students in the movement are much inclined to ecology, film, race relations, urban affairs, and other "subjects" not commonly treated in conventional schools. As a result, we can expect to see such "subjects" infiltrating the schools very soon. (They already are.)

Sixth, the free school movement has changed the role of parents from pests and interlopers to participants and decision-makers in the whole education process. This fact will lead to greater militancy on the part of parents of children in the public schools. Their militancy will be a form of education in itself—for them, for their children, and for the school community. By the mid-'70s, we may see the end of afternoon teas and cake sales sponsored by the PTA.

Seventh, the legitimization of emotions is one of the major contributions of the alternative school movement. That is to say, in the experimental schools, the feelings of students are not viewed solely as a matter of social concern, but are taken to be a legitimate area of inquiry on the part of student and teacher alike.

At present, about the only concession the public schools make to the emotional lives of children is to hire people known as "guidance counselors." But by the end of the '70s, it is entirely possible that most teachers

in the public schools will be at least as much concerned with their students' acquiring self-knowledge as any other kind of knowledge.

Finally, if a structure for alternative education does exist by, say, the end of the '70s, I expect it will take the form of the school-within-a-school arrangement. The Parkway School is an example of this. So is the Village School in Great Neck, and the special program in New Rochelle. In these instances, you have an educational program based on entirely different assumptions from those of the conventional schooling process, but which is connected legally and financially to the conventional system.

I trust that nothing I have said will be taken as a criticism of the alternative school movement. The movement is, of course, necessary, because bureaucracies cannot reform themselves.

Moreover, alternative schools must experiment with the most far-out styles of education they can invent. If they don't, their metaphorical function—their image-making role in the change process—will be diluted, and their chance of ultimately influencing the education of millions of children will be considerably reduced.

And that is the point to keep in front of us: Unless our work can make a difference for most kids, it won't make much difference.

PRICE CORRECTIONS TO PREVIOUS CATALOGS

Item	Price Now Is
ABC of Bee Culture	\$ 5.75
Art of Organ Building	20.00
Apocastical Foundations	9.75
Basic Graphics	11.50
Be Expert With Map and Compass	Out of print
Book of Country Crafts	3.95
Building a Log House	
Correct address:	
Extension Editor	
Coop. Ext. Service	
University of Alaska	
College, Alaska 99701	
Classic Guitar Construction	6.95
Directory of Information Resources	Out of print
Direct Use of Sun's Energy	10.00
Domestic Rabbit Production	6.25
Economic Analysis Vol. I	12.95, Vol. II 6.95
Field Guide to Rocky Mountain Flowers	4.95
Field Guide to Western Reptiles	4.95
First Steps in Winemaking	1.25
Geology Illustrated	10.50
Handbook of Chemistry and Physics	24.95
Handbook of Obstetrics	6.50
How To Live On Nothing	.95
Human Engineering Guide	12.50
Living On The Earth	reprinted at 3.95
Museum of Early American Tools	7.50
Northern Cookbook	3.50
Osage Built Home, from him or us at	5.00
The Photograph	Out of print
Piglet and Knowledge	6.05
Plans and the Structure of Behavior	9.50
Pregnancy, Childbirth & The New Born	Out of print
Process and Pattern of Evolution	3.95
Reader's Advisor	18.50
Sierra Club Wilderness Handbook	.95
Sinister Garden	Out of print
Stars	2.50
Structural Design in Architecture	18.05
Your Dairy Goat	Out of print

Everything You've Ever Wanted to Know About Radio and Television (Which Your Friendly Local Broadcaster Would NEVER Tell You. . .)

by
Lorenzo W. Milam
KTAO, Los Gatos, Calif.

Broadcasters aren't about to tell you how you can scare them, or about how you can demand (and get) time to express your own views on their radio or television station. They aren't about to tell you how you can start your own broadcast operation; and they aren't about to give you any insight into the enormous profits they make by turning the American aether into a whore.

They won't tell you that—and *Broadcasting Magazine*—the madam of the whole whoring industry isn't about to tell you either; for *Broadcasting* militantly protects the line 19th Century robber baron tradition of the radio and television peoples: their (apparently) god-given right to enrich themselves forever, at the expense of those who care for the art of transmission. The transmission of generations, and generations of ideas. The art of carrying your idea from here to there—without having to pay the freight imposed by the pirates called professional broadcasters.

For you and I tend to forget (of course we forget—because none of those whores will tell us) that the aether is free. The act of transmission (spark runs coming out of the minds of those who love words and music) is as free as the cost of erecting the few instruments necessary to turn this room into a universal room: with one microphone, and a turntable, and a few records, this room's magic sounds can be transmitted as far as you and I can see; and, if we are right and wise in choosing our equipment—it can go around the world.

Lee deForrest, and Sr. Marconi, and Maj. Armstrong. Maj. Armstrong! Sometime get one of the old men of radio to tell you how the wretch Sarnoff took crazy Maj. Armstrong for a ride, took all his patents (and his girl, too)! Sometime see if you can find how the early history of radio is littered with the bodies of the make-a-buck artists screwing the inventors—and those who hoped for some chance to use broadcasting for the beauty of words, and the thousand thousand voices of the poor, and scared, and hungry. Ask an old radio man about how that didn't happen!

Or, really—if you care for us now, and the present: listen to me as I tell you the how-to-do-it; that brief chance for you to gum up (and maybe improve) your local neighborhood broadcaster-telecaster—with his gross monopoly of the spectrum. For the motives (if not the actions) of the U. S. Government are often benign and caring—if the reality is not; and there are contained in the rules of the FCC a few dubs and dabs for those who want to try to do something with the spectrum. Listen.

FAIRNESS DOCTRINE

You are listening to station KGOD—your friendly local purveyor of the Truths of Jesus. And as you listen, you hear (for the 900th time) some dido talking about The Communist Menace, and Long Haired Gooks, and the Veet Nam War (as if it were the last and greatest in our present series of wars). And you think: if I could only do something to that goddamn station. And You're right: you can. Much better than turning it off.

Because under the Fairness Doctrine of the FCC you

as an individual (or as a representative of some group) can ask for and get time to reply to controversial views presented on any broadcast or television station in the United States.

The Fairness Doctrine was conceived by good and thoughtful men who believed that since broadcasters in this country enjoy a quasi-monopoly (through the scarceness of the frequencies)—they should be required to give time to those who disagreed with some pertinent view of current social, political, or economic commentary.

Now as I say, The Fairness Doctrine is a good device where you can get from your local right-wing radio station (or your local left-wing radio station, if your tastes happen to run that way) time for free in order to present your views on some subject.

You are listening to KGOD and Rev. Smartz starts talking about how local schools are teaching anti-god, pro-Maoist propaganda. Now you know that is a blatant falsehood. So you write a letter to the owner of KGOD, and you ask for equal time: that will show your ignorance. Equal time applies only to political races.)

Keep a copy of your letter to KGOD. Wait for a few days. If nothing happens, call up and ask about what's happening to your request.

Please believe me: KGOD's owner will do everything possible to keep you from getting that time. He sees you as an enormous threat; and he's right. You are. If you know what you are doing. Just remember that in controversies of this nature, the FCC, more likely than not, will stand behind you.

The owner of KGOD will tell you that he does not have to give time to reply to Rev. Smartz. He is wrong. Even if the reverend is paying for his time, he must give time to you—if your request is bona fide, and if you say that you or your group cannot afford to pay.

O God: He'll lie and he'll rant and he'll rave. He'll tell you that he is not required to help you, that you are a fool, that the FCC will never back you. Keep right on a-pushin'. Tell him that you know that the Fairness Doctrine allows contrary viewpoints to be heard. Allows, hell! requires. And if he still refuses—start writing to the FCC (William B. Ray, Office of Complaints and Compliance, Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D. C. 20564).

Write at great length. Write sensibly, state your position; write as a reasonable, concerned citizen—just asking for your chance to be heard. Send carbons to the radio station. Keep on pushing. Don't give up. When things get scary, call me. I'll tell you what to do. If I know.

Because, see: there are almost 10,000 broadcast and television stations in this country. And each of them is treated individually at renewal time. They have to conform to certain requirements of the FCC. And if they don't—their license renewal gets held up. And universally, broadcasters hate it, loathe it, turn green and pale—whenever anyone threatens their license renewal. It's their license to milk the golden goose the aether—remember?

PUBLIC FILE

This one really freaks broadcasters. You can give them a few sleepless nights—and get a potful of information for yourself. It's called the Public File ploy.

During regular business hours, every radio and TV station in the U.S. is required to keep available to the public a "Local Public File." This is material which describes in detail most representation and correspondence that the station has had with the FCC.

What is neat about the Public File is all the information that it gives you about who owns the station, and how much they paid for it (if they bought it) and what they have promised to the FCC in the way of programming of public affairs and educational programming. And it drives most broadcasters looney to have someone show up at the door and ask for the Public File.

Once again—believe me—they'll lie. O God, they'll lie. You ask for the Public File, and they'll say, "It's confidential." Or, "It's with our lawyers in Washington." Or, "The secretary isn't in today—she's sick." Or, "Who are you, anyway?"

Remember: any member of the public can look at this file during regular business hours. And you do not have to identify yourself. And if you ask, and they give you the brush-off, or fabricate some sort of lie to keep you from looking at it, then you can complain loudly *and with telling effect*, to the FCC.

BROADCAST SCHOOLS AS A WAY TO GET INTO RADIO-TV

Forget it. Most broadcast schools are devillish shucks—designed to lift \$500 or \$900 from you and your desperate need to communicate. All they will do is turn you into a plastic person with a plastic voice and plastic ideas about broadcasting.

If you really want to get into putting your ideas and music out on the air, start hanging around some station in a small town. Offer to do things for free. Don't ask for a job unless your father knows the owner; each station in this country gets between 5 and 500 applications a week (mail, visit, telephone) asking for a job.

Hang around. Get to know some of the other employees. Be obnoxious, but quietly and efficiently so. Become useful. Most stations have 24 hours a day to fill. And there will come a time when they want you to go on the air. Unless they hate you for being so obnoxious.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STATIONS

Most schools and colleges have a broadcast station—either closed circuit or low power. That is a nice place to begin, to get the feel for talking at the cold mesh of a microphone, putting on a record you really like, or even doing some production work. But there are limitations.

For, most powerful radio-TV stations belonging to schools or colleges fall into the sickening hands of the bureaucracy in 'communications' or 'journalism.' And those fuckers are programmed to keep you from putting life out on the air. Their business is to keep the school facility from being controversial, or alive, or meaningful. There are rare exceptions—but most of them run a machine as bad as the shuck broadcast schools—but they pretend they are purveyors of free information and 'culture.'

Except for most of them, 'culture' is playing one of those nurdy 'documentaries' ground out by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters or the 8,000th playing of Beethoven's 7th Symphony. The real stuff of real life? Hell, they have to worry about the Regents, their jobs, retirement. Bureaucracy is your enemy if you think or feel—and 'communications' bureaucracies are champion deadwood-deadheads.

Sometimes you can stage a brief coup of a college

station. Larry Yurdin (wild man behind the Alternative Media Conference, summer, 1970) and a raggle-taggle crew took over the FM station of Upsala College (serving New York City) for a few months because the school didn't even know they had it. Strange interviews, and rock, and weird talk finally gave the administration to know that it was *their* voice being used for live (and lively) programs so they moved in and shut it down. Natch.

Another direction for you to go is to set up a non-profit corporation and ask for a low power station on the educational portion of the FM band (88-92 mc). But Christ: I don't have time to write a book. If you want to do it, contact Poor People's Radio in San Francisco, or Al Schwartz at KBOO (Portland), or Gary Margason at KRAB (Seattle), or Jeremy at KDNA (St. Louis), or Mitch Green at KPFT (Houston), or me, or God.

It is a funny way to go about getting your words cast the magic seed to the winds of change—but it might work, and it might not take more than a few thousand dollars you can snitch from your old lady in the night.

Speaking of good stations, there are more and more. I don't mean those jobbies run by ABC or Metromedia pretending to talk to the world. I mean the mavericks. The Pacific Stations are the earliest and in some ways (mainly professionalism) the best: KPFA (Berkeley), KPFK (Los Angeles), WBAI (New York), and KPFT (Houston—you remember them: they keep blowing off the air; then blowing right back on again; the last time they did it with about \$150,000 in contributions, which proves that TNT may be a friend in time of need).

Then there's the crab nebulae stations—KRAB (Seattle), KBOO (Portland), KTAO (Los Gatos), WYSO (Yellow Springs-Antioch-Ohio) and KDNA (St. Louis). The last one is interesting—they have the police put them in jail every now and again (preferring that to being bombed) because of their outrageousness, but seem to keep on going anyway. It is largely a cooperative-live-in effort, with the door open to anyone who cares to be heard on the air.

I know there are more: Only there is no journal with which these stations who are really *trying* to be alive can keep in touch. I've heard random stories filtering in from Phoenix and New Haven and just outside Boston—about stations who are not in the business of squeezing the bucks out of their listeners and the hope out of the employees. But they are rare.

A MILLION OTHER THINGS

There are a million other things I have to tell you about broadcasting, and broadcast law, and the media robber barons, and the thieves in advertising and radio sales. I could tell you about the million dollars just paid to a 'religious' group for an FM station in Los Angeles, or the sale of a daytimer in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. I could tell you about the joy of running a broadcast station—just as you have wanted to run a broadcast station, or the silliness of working for a station where all the employees were thieves and alcoholics (I worked for such a tea-kettle in Florida).

I could tell you about tapes that you can get from Radio Moscow and Radio South Africa and New Zealand Radio and Radio Malta. I can tell you about being able to buy records from any and all record companies for \$1 each. I can tell you about the gusher of 45s pouring in our door—where we have to give them to the retardees across town.

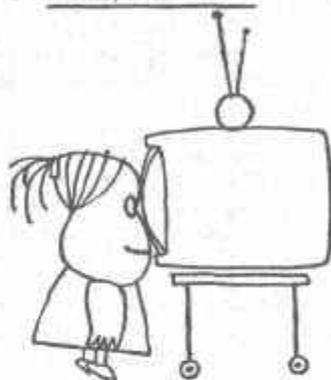
Or, I could tell you about the tragic gusher of people coming in our door—asking, begging, for a chance to be heard on radio; begging for a chance to broadcast, to com-

municate just a word or a statement or an idea or a record. We, trying to be more open than most—finding ourselves deluged with bodies and voices and minds begging to carry their ideas beyond the next room.

Or, best of all, I could tell you about the secret ministrations of the Great Aether God, a creature who comes on the wind and turns our minds to porridge, our souls to putty, making us a slave to the means of transmission—so that we scheme/plot/plan to make ways so that we can broadcast.

Broadcasting, the act of communicating, is as vital to some as eating and sleeping; it is as important to us as doom, flagellation, and the meaning of life. In the act of being so important, it has come to mean millions of bucks for the shameless rapists; but for a few—especially outside of the U.S.—it has come to create an artform all its own.

An art that is so subtle that you and I may not even know it exists. As it may not.



You Own the Airwaves

Applicability of the Fairness Doctrine in the Handling of Controversial Issues of Public Importance, Public Notice of July 1, 1964, available from FCC, Washington, D.C. 20554.

Use of Broadcast Facilities by Candidates for Public Office, Public Notice of April 27, 1966, available from FCC, Washington, D.C. 20554.

Personal Attack Rules, FCC 67-795, adopted July 5, 1967, available from FCC, Washington, D.C. 20554.

How to Protect Citizen Rights in Television and Radio, available from Office of Communication, United Church of Christ, 289 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010.

The National Association of Broadcasters, an industry group formed by the broadcasters, is located at 1661 N Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. The NAB has established programming and advertising codes for the industry and can provide information about them upon request. The agreement to comply with the codes is voluntary on the part of each broadcast licensee.

The Citizens Communications Center, at 1816 Jefferson Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, has recently been established to provide citizens with free legal assistance on selected communications matters. Free materials are available.

—Nicholas Johnson

How to Talk Back to Your Television Set

recommended by William F. Buckley and Tommy Smothers



For the past few years a growing number of groups and individuals throughout the U.S. and Europe have been discovering portable video tape equipment—in essence, a portable, self-contained “TV station,” accessible to groups or individuals who can get together an initial \$1500 investment.

Once people have obtained the tool, it has naturally lent itself to explorations of the environment which are most immediate and personal to the experiences and informational needs of the people who are using the equipment—thus, the basis for a *high-variety* (as varied as the people who have equipment) and *decentralized* (for \$1500 thousands of people can have equipment) *information network* (the exact opposite of what broadcast TV now offers us).

Inherent to the tool is the outlet for individual expression. However, as with any attempt to implement a new concept it's important to avoid isolation and to get the information feeding back and forth.

Furthermore, it seems clear that a communications system such as broadcast TV with its commitment to high cost, basically immobile studio equipment, and its professional actors and news crews, would be a deadly means of transmission for the new, fresh, “unprofessional” materials being made on portable video.

The people and the technology and the means of transmission must be compatible, and mutually supportive.

Thus far in “Radical Software” we have attempted in print form to make people aware of this new technology, of the uses to which it has been put, and access to the people aware of this new technology, of the uses to which it has been put, and access to the people all over who are using it. Now it seems time, since enough people have acquired the equipment, to begin an alternative to existing distribution systems. Thus we are offering a Video Information Tape Exchange, encouraging the development of many high variety information centers throughout the country, with people being able to select and request the information which seems most vital to their needs.

Issue No. 3 outlines this plan, as one information node, of implementing this exchange, while encouraging others to do the same. For more information, help, advice, write to us, *Radical Software*, 24 East 22nd St., New York City 10010, or call 212-982-5566.

FEET

by
Chloe Scott

Stand up. . . Stand up and be counted. . . Stand for something. . . Stand for office. . . Stand your ground. . . Stand Forth. . . Stand out. . . Stand up for Jesus. . . Stand on your own two feet. Feet are at the bottom of everything. The very fact of standing has great significance. Every time a child finally drags itself up off the floor and *stands up* it has completely reenacted the evolutionary history of Man. First it is a fertilized egg; then a floating fishy creature with gills; it becomes a crawling 4-legged animal and finally a 2-legged creature that stands up. And feet are the supports, the foundations on which to stand, then walk and run. They are the first, the oldest, and were once the only form of transportation, and in much of the world they still are. Feet are very special, but we don't treat them right. . . we don't have enough regard for them. The humblest thing you can do is to wash someone's feet.

The bone structure of a foot is a marvel of engineering. The delicate bones of the metatarsal arch can support enormous weight and sustain great shocks without breaking. Most civilized peoples' feet have become insensitive from wearing shoes and we are quite out of touch with our toes. Toes are wonderful. They can do a whole lot more than you realize. Wiggling them, and stretching them and spreading them out and *recognizing* them is a real trip.

And everyone knows
how sensual and
super a

foot
massage is.

Nijinsky (Russian ballet superstar of the '20s) whose leaps were legend, was said to have very square feet with his toes all the same length, which was part of the reason he could jump so high. His toes, the last things to leave the ground as he jumped, propelled him into the air like strong pistons. The Bushmen of the Kalahari can recognise each other's footprints as easily as we recognise voices. Do you even know what *yours* look like?

If your feet are neglected or mistreated the whole rest of you, body and psyche, will suffer. Think of all the 'funny' stories about cranky old ladies whose feet hurt. The nerve endings in the bottoms of your feet connect up to all sorts of different parts of you. When I was Rolfed I was told that sometimes working on the bottom of the feet can make you have a bowel movement because of some nerve connections to the colon! Feet also have a spiritual aspect. There are religions that include ecstatic dance as part of their rituals, especially the Sufis, and their Whirling Dervish dances. "The principle of PATH appears in several religions. . . The very word 'path,' signifies that which comes from feet treading—it almost means, 'what is footed.' It is now important to study the Walk both as a physical exercise and as a super-physical endeavor. . ." (from the writings of Sufi Ahmed Murad).

So be conscious of your feet and perhaps they will lead you on the Wayless Way.

Living Creatures Associates:



we are all endangered species

by
Ellen Sander

The press conference to announce Living Creatures Associates—a public information service center for all life forms of the Earthly biosphere—became more than a press conference, with a feeling of identification and community among LCA people, press, speakers, a visiting baby fox and Jerry Rubin.

"As disasters to the biosphere increase in scope and frequency," it was stated, "journalists are called upon to develop the talents of poets and emerge as storytellers in the best manner of the oral traditions."

"Because there were not enough storytellers in Santa Barbara at the time of their vast oil spill two years back, the full feeling of the thing did not get transmitted even up to the Bay Area. Consequently our skills and awarenesses and preparations were no more advanced here in 1971 during our huge spill than those in Santa Barbara in 1969.

"We did not even have the good sense to ban movements of tankers in the bay during fog or at night."

A perceptual shift, an increase in awareness among all affected Earthlings, must precede and generate action against the ecological crisis. We are, all of us, endangered species. We have created and must remove the danger. Information must be available from which action can be proposed and carried out.

There is no time for hysteria. We may already have taken too much time.

The telephone number of Living Creatures Associates is 415-391-7664. A call or a note to LCA at 710 Montgomery St. in San Francisco will put an inquirer in touch with a source of information or action for a specific problem regarding endangered species or alarming ecological circumstances. The emergency number is 415-771-0079.

Freelance and career naturalists spoke on behalf of herons, egrets, the pygmy forest, the kit fox and Hopi Indians. The conference ran long. "We can't oversimplify this without coming up with a course of action that's inadequate," said Rō-Non-So-Te.

Entrepreneurs want to log the best acreage of the pygmy forest staircase; grazing land for Navajo sheep is gone; the life and death of the Southwest wilderness rests on the electricity needs of Los Angeles and other aspects of Earth-rape were discussed. Sterling Bunnell, holding the kit fox in his arms, was close to tears as he explained how the arid environment this animal needs is being destroyed by the proposed California water plan.

Michael McClure said "there is only one war" and read a poem entitled "Sticks"—

... scarlet eyes of dying birds
thank you Standard Oil...
if only one monster died with each bird
it would all seem worthwhile...

by
Rō-Non-So-Te

Your loaves come floatin back, all right, but they're smeared with oil now and there are lots of feathers of dead birds stuck to the smear. East Coast, West Coast, Gulf Coast, it hardly matters where you live anymore.

Our surroundings have become so poisoned we have to learn tricks like bathing-in-the-Ganges-healthfully. Those are tricks of the spirit. But watch you don't manifest the spirit too flamboyantly or the folks with the automatic and nuclear weapons—more frightened than we are—will come down hard Inquisitorially onto our butts.

There's a great West Coast psychiatrist/ecologist who provides this field theory: we began individually with the egocentric, moved past it into the ethnocentric, then rebelled furiously and made it into the anthropocentric—and now we must get fast into the biocentric and can no longer even afford to rebel furiously because fury is too wasteful of precious rapidly disappearing natural resources/energies/clarities.

We must move as gracefully and coolly as, say, Fred Astaire.

The people at Living Creatures Associates (LCA), a press relations firm recently set up in San Francisco "on behalf of all lifeforms of the earthly biosphere," chose the label Habitat Thinking to represent the crucial biocentric perspective: "the beginnings of a flexible and informal and partly intuitive rationality which will allow decisions to be made on the basis of all affected lifeforms simultaneously."



To stay effective we're all going to have to know approximately what poets should know:

What You Should Know to Be a Poet

all you can about animals as persons.
the names of trees and flowers and weeds.
names of stars, and the movements of the planets
and the moon.
your own six senses, with a watchful and elegant
mind.

at least one kind of traditional magic:
divination, astrology, the *book of changes*,
the tarot;
dreams.
the illusory demons and illusory shining gods;

kiss the ass of the devil and eat shit;
fuck his horny barbed cock,
fuck the hag,

and all the celestial angels
and maidens perfum'd and golden-

& then love the human: wives husbands and friends.
children's games, comic books, bubble-gum,
the weirdness of television and advertising.

work, long dry hours of dull work swallowed and
accepted
and livd with and finally lovd. exhaustion,
hunger, rest.

the wild freedom of the dance, *extasy*
silent solitary illumination, *entasy*

real danger. gambles. and the edge of death.

Now look at the interesting "shadow place" to which
an American Indian poet takes G. S.'s poem:

To Be A Thing,

eating all I can of animapersons,
wishing you & me into trees & flowers
& weeds of stars
& movements in a sense
of a watchful & elegant mind.

while demons & magic are of mind,
translated by turtle tremors,
dreams,

a feast of devil shit
concocted by celestial cells
each possesses,
in love with all but self
firstly,
lastly,

to sit & write in the wild
freedom of dream-dance
upon the rim of death,
eating all we can
of animapersons.

Hard work, but we must get there too. Also we must
stop being such *heads* and learn the art of the follow-
through. "Where were you? Why weren't you there?
Why were you so late? Why didn't you finish it? Why
don't you remember?" Hemp is a tool, not a separate
universe.

Meanwhile, the politics of Left and Right give way
more and more to Centralist and Decentralist. During
the transition you can often recognize your brothers and
sisters better by a certain feeling of neural closeness than
by the particular rhetoric they happen to accept at the
moment. Are their eyes hale and keen, i.e., are they good
conservationists of *themselves*?

Though the big oil spills are relatively insignificant
compared to the thousands of smaller ones each day,
they nevertheless act as epiphanies for those who witness
them. Epiphanies in the sense of a manifestation so huge
and astonishing it creates neural change.

Those who witness such huge things must learn to
communicate the awe-full feeling of them effectively
enough so that others elsewhere can prepare effectively.
Journalists must experiment boldly to find ways of clear
transmission. Interrupt conventional expectations of time
and sequence. Twenty minutes of Cronkite show devoted
(*devoted*) to silent footage of oily waters sloshing against
clinging limpets. *LIFE Goes to the Death of a Tide Pool*.

It was a bunch of freaks, not the hapless folks at
Standard Oil, who got a boom together in time to save
Bolinas Lagoon from most of the oil threatening it last
January. They did their thing with love, thoroughness,
humor, deftness, communality and confidence.

Which indicates that in the present circumstances
certain freaks with helpful specialties may wish to drop-
back-in. By now, so many of the brightest people have
dropped out there often are no models for those still
trapped inside the shell of the old. Once you are sure of
your motivations you can regard your return to a profit-
oriented competitive organization (e.g., a university) as a
form of missionary work or as (energy) tithing or simply
as a phase of the bodhisattva cycle.



Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring

Out of sixty students in psychology, thirty-seven re-
ported a feeling of "superiority" to the animals in this
picture; twenty-three had no such feeling. How do you
feel?

ALMONDS, APRICOTS, CANCER & THE **F.D.A.**

by
George Walker

Attributed to Edger Cayce is the claim, eat an almond a day and you won't get cancer. Underlying this is the basic fact that cancer, like most bodily malfunctions, is the result of a dietary deficiency in certain natural substances. Supply these substances, and the adverse condition won't develop. This is fine (if it works), but what about the millions of people who already have cancer? My friend Barclay, dying of cancer 10 years ago, got the flash: The only thing that will cure an ailing body is that which will keep it healthy in the first place. This was Hippocrates' (remember him? the father of medicine, the Hippocratic oath?) basic theory a couple thousand years ago.

The doctors had all come to the same conclusion regarding Barclay's case: more and stronger pain killers for the remaining few months of his life. His cancer was not the kind they could chop out or burn out with radium. For Barclay, it was more morphine, or the search for "that which will keep it healthy. . ." Some choice! But he found that there are places in the world where *nobody* ever gets cancer. Convinced that diet is a factor, he looked to see what they all had in common. He read everything he could find relating diet to cancer, and found out about a chemical substance found in almonds, apricot seeds, lima beans, and many other foods. Isolated by Dr. E. T. Krebs at the same time Hoffman discovered LSD, the substance was called amygdalin. It is now being marketed (but NOT in the U.S.) under the name Laetrile, and is also known as vitamin B-17. To prevent cancer, we need only include in our diet those foods rich in B-17, *provided* our diet is balanced in other respects. However, once cancer has developed, it takes more to suppress it, and the use of the concentrated substance becomes necessary for control.

Cancer cells have the interesting ability to obtain oxygen directly from sugar; normal cells depend on the oxygen supply in the blood. It is through this sugar metabolism that cancer starves the body, ripping off all the available sugars. The more sugar eaten, the more the cancer feeds, the more it grows and the more there is of it to rip off sugar. (Does this tell you anything about eating lots of sugar?) It is also through this sugar metabolism that B-17 works against cancer. B-17 is a complex sugar-cyanide molecule. Cancer cells metabolize it for oxygen, and free the bound up cyanide, which kills the cells. The normal cell, unable to break down the complex molecule, is unaffected. Further, the normal cells contain a substance, which protects them against small amounts of cyanide, and which cancer cells lack.

The Laetrile (B-17) treatment is effective in a high

percentage (90%?) of cases, usually in this pattern: almost immediate reduction or cessation of pain; gradual reduction and disappearance of growths; regaining of health and strength, where proper diet is maintained. Even in the best cases, it does not constitute a cure. A maintenance dosage of B-17 must be taken or the cancer returns. This, however, is no problem, as the substance has been shown to be totally non-toxic in one of the most exhaustive toxicity studies ever undertaken.

Or rather I should say it *should* be no problem. B-17 is not approved in this country. You can't get any legally unless you go to Mexico or West Germany—or Russia—or the Philippines—or any one of perhaps 100 other countries where they are either using it or testing it; and then you would have to smuggle it in. In the U.S. the government won't even allow it to be tested. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA), for unknown reasons, takes a particularly hard line on cancer drugs. The official policy seems to be to suppress such drugs, label them "quack cures", and prosecute anybody who tries to provide them to the hundreds of thousands of dying cancer patients. A program for testing Laetrile (B-17) was begun last year, after 25 years of testing and use in other countries, and then stopped two weeks later when somebody high up in the government (Surgeon General?) found out the program had been approved "through clerical error"! Meanwhile, millions are spent yearly on cancer research, all in attempts to "prove" that cancer is caused by a virus (it's not!); total evidence found so far; none. Billions are spent yearly by the million or so people receiving the same treatments: surgery, radiotherapy, and a few drugs so toxic they are only used in "hopeless" cases to keep the patient alive a little longer, and prolong the expensive treatments. The number of these people is increasing rapidly—on the order of 100,000 more every year.

So keep eating those almonds. When you eat fruit, eat the seeds (that's where the B-17 is and it's needed to balance the fruit sugar)—apples, pears, etc. In apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, etc., break open the pit and eat the seed inside. Smuggle B-17 from Germany if your friends get cancer. If you want to know more about the technical aspect, what cancer is and how it develops, how Laetrile is effective against it, read *Laetrile: Control for Cancer*, Kittler, G.D., Astor-Honor, Inc. 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. This book is excellent on the technical-cellular-chemical-biological aspects of cancer generally, and of the Laetrile treatment. I'm not sure the history is accurate. Lots of big words like glucosidases and glucuronidases, trophoblasts and metaseses—but clear enough if read carefully. If you ask your doctor, don't be surprised if he gives you the straight official line: Laetrile, like a lot of other substances (remember Krebiozen?), is a

worthless quack drug, part of a fraudulent conspiracy (some drugs are just that, frauds), and that ONLY the Doctor Trip is effective. The Government claims, and it has been publicly announced, that Laetrile/B-17 has been tested and found to be ineffective against cancer. This is an out and out lie. All attempts to test it in the U.S. have been suppressed. I leave it to you to decide where the conspiracy lies.

Barclay, meanwhile, is strong and healthy, in his 50's. He has found that he has no cancer symptoms as long as he takes his B-17 and eats well. He has tried stopping it, and immediately grew new cancers—which went away when he resumed his dosage. He further found it much more effective (up to 10 times) if chewed and swallowed than injected, as it is usually administered. His only fear is that the government's attempts to totally suppress the substance will be successful—for without it he will quickly die.

Pennyroyal essential oil is a fine organic flea repellent. It smells like super pepperminty gum, really intense, and is available through most head shops. Put a *little* on your hands and rub into your brother's coat once each day for two weeks. Right Arff

DAWGS



by
Old Man Deboree

After a late poker game in town where he drank twenty odd cups of coffee and beer, Old Man Deboree returned home broke and mean and passed out on his bed in his long underwear to dream that he is being plagued by creatures from other worlds. He sweats and sniffs under the barrage of his nightmare as a dog worries the night in question:

Electric mosquitoes fuss about the air before me, sparking visible there for a fraction of a second as they collide, or copulate, or perhaps just die. How can we know? An instant there, a spark, pinpoint, white bright absolute point and out, then just buzzing again, flicker flicker all over the room around my sweating head. Static distraction.

Their bite not really so terrible—a quick tiny shock over before his hand can reach the spot—but the sound of them something relentless, like a hundred tiny darting police sirens, pulling his ragged thoughts up and down an irritating maze of tiny scales.

Actually the sound of the bastards doesn't bother me that bad, either. Random discontent. Random discontent you say. One shouldn't volunteer for one of these outposts, you say, and expect a bed of daisies. Listen, You can cram your daisies one by one. . .

Maybe it isn't the electric mosquitoes. Maybe it's that thing squeaking off in the night there with his rimmy timmy tim and *let the tables loose again, will you have them tearing up the carpets again will you!*

Squeaking out their torment and when I say in the moonlight don't get the idea there's a nice big round white ball in the. . . *forget it! Excuse my excitement! draw back the shades! Hmm. . . as I feared. . . empty. . .*

Whistling out there and I don't know what it is and it probably isn't as big as me anyway and there's even a bounty for bringing in certain of the weirder ones—the magnetic beaver pelt brings a long time of wages down at the inter-dimensional docks. And the one they call the gas mouse is worth the price of a trip back to earth if he's bottled safe and still swirling. Yeh, they're worth stuff, these alien beasties, almost all of them, and not that dangerous either for all that stuff you hear.

But nothing you'd want to have curl up at the foot of your bed. Or even somewhere outside your dome squooking in the dark. Nope, it cannot be laid on the you-really-can't-call-them-animals because they're more like *messes of stuff*, thorns and scales, balls of smoke and hot little tangles of lightning tossed all together, down Ratso, down old fellow. . . *eeek eeek* and having a little bed made in the corner *eeek eeek eeek* and a little dish with his name and a dusty old dead baby to play with. . . *eeek eeek*

Nor are the living conditions (quick! a volcano on the front porch! spewing red hot ants that eat brass except with the drain clogged again, it slips out in the night—more of this soft wiggly metal we mine out here—and ingests spoons and crescent wrenches and slips back into the ground like a gorged snake. Where *are* my teeth, I been wondering. . . ?) all that bad.

So what, you ask, is the root of my evidently ungrateful complaint? Well, the long and loony tale lies at the back of this, as you might have guessed, a hellish account to curdle the blood in the old home office veins. why, quite so, how could you have guessed. A story as it were.

My mind's a blur of outrage and desolation, a used life-lot. I shall begin it where?

Last year when she left again in total stance against my absolute vacillation was when I discovered the crack. Or the day before, when I wish it into our dimension, or this morning when I entered the terrible rip in our shield for the last time again.

Memory, you lying librarian! Not just any ragtag rambling old maid with a QUIET PLEASE sign, but pregnant memory! gashed open! And guzzled down.

(Years before and I am young, a student, in earth time then, and crowding back the walls of a warm spring night. I'm out in it and astriding along like putting heart beads on a string and happy with spring and my studies and all

the orange juice I was raised on. On my way to assail the marble-hard maidenhead of a lovely first cousin waiting with her ankles crossed on the front steps and popcorn in her heart. Let the cottonwoods ravel there in the warm night, silent and soft, and the sidewalk snap beneath my heels. Are my spirits nimble? My eyes clear?

A dog comes padding across the empty street of my intentions. The cars all home watching TV. . .

The dog, a young, big-footed hound-and-beagle breed, glances up into my face and decides to join me on such a nice evening. We go stepping along. The cottonwood ravel down. All pretty good. Sweetly laid out like a fresh bed. And--suddenly--Now what?

Next. Something will happen. But moments before it does, did: a screen porch door squeeks open and an old hunched-over man came running down the dim steps and across the lawn to me. "Young fellow! Quick! I need a help!" snagging at my orange juice arm. Awful old dirty roots. "Is a life and death, young fellal!"

He chattered grimly as he pulled young Deboree into the garlic-smelling house: "Me and mama come to visit the children and grandchildren. The children took advantage to the free baby sitters to take a week-end vacations and leave the grandchildren home with the old folks. One of the kiddees pulled a kettle of the mama's hot brew off the stove and burned herself terrible!" They were in the kitchen, flanked by two other wide-eyed kids. An old lumpy-headed woman held a tiny girl pinned between her knees, her big bony hand over the child's mouth so the child couldn't make a sound and the skin of her little belly and thighs burnt wrinkled and red.

"Hey!" Deboree pulled free from the grandfather's clutch; "Whatcha holding her mouth like that? She can barely breathe!"

The grandfather started to stammer in another tongue but the woman interrupted.

"Please." She said gently to Deboree; "Hold her mouth for us. Try not touch the burn. . ."

She stood, making the chair available to him. Still holding the infant's mouth. "I don't know. . ." Her other hand came up; gracefully old bug knuckles and thumb. "Please," she said again, with a tone of authority so humble and certain that no more hesitation was possible. Deboree took the poor child and exchanged his hand over the mouth for the old woman's and sat down to best hold the child squeezed between his legs while the old couple went to their knees on that slippery linoleum. One of the other children began to whimper and the old man shook his head and whispered: "No more of sounds now. All shh."

And their fathomless hands clasped and heads bent under the milky kitchen light; they prayed. In silence. With such effort Deboree could feel the shudders travel through the floor. *All that poor child's screams trapped like steam in a pressure pan. Old pair of trembling necks. I want to think this is crazy and go to the phone, but I know it is hopeless.* The struggles of the child ceased, snap, focus. A second, the child sighed. *I see her skin go smooth and the awful red turn to white.*

In the living room later, drinking tea with the old man. The three children all to bed, calmed and dreaming. The grandmother in mopping on the kitchen floor. A slice

of lemon in Deboree's saucer. "If she cry," the old man was explaining to the young mystified inductee with patient difficulty, "then would have fix it there, where the cry come from. You understand. . .? fix it there before we could pray."

Then something gripped the soaked front of old Deboree's long underwear and shook him, demanding: Have you ever felt a ghostly old hand try to plug your scream like that?

He roused himself to his elbows and blinked. The room was empty but there was something yapping hysterically down by the storage shed. He lay back but the yapping continued, higher and louder and higher and louder.

"One thing I hate," warned old man Deboree as he launched himself into the dark space of his room, "is a lying dog!"

It was one of the things she had brought and left, this barking bitch; a sorry little picked-up half poodle, loved for awhile again and abandoned again and given to midnight hysterias that were sometimes actual--as when the cows broke into the corn--and sometimes fanciful. Most time fanciful.

"A good dog is God's gift of a servant." Old Deboree tugged mud-caked overalls on over his underwear. "No. Any dog is God's servant to man; a good dog is man's thank you." He stomped into his boots. "But a lying dog is an all around abomination! And I know you" he shouted in the direction of the yap. "You, filling the sky out there with falsehoods and phantoms, you crazy bitch; but I'm obliged every time to heed the noise." He shook his hat at the dark above him and roared "Why does the fill fall here? I wanted no servants, neither black-skinned or hairy. I would gladly have spent a life minding my own fences. And as for you" he addressed the dark, "you regiment of sullen ancestors; I take no debt for dogs you raised in other ages, either. I won't pick up after the fool running the kennel! We weren't created needing servants to warn us in the night! Light, light it's fair to ask for but to ask for nightwatchmen is certain to breed bureaucrats and increase the dark as well! Piss on both your houses!" His ancestors gasped in the shadows. Old Man Deboree plopped his hat on his head and stalked from their august outrage, muttering, "After an incorrigible I'll pick up, or after a cripple, but not after a fool. I've too much regard."

The half-poodle was backed between two garbage barrels, yammering dementedly into the warm spring night.

"Bitch's bitch!" old man Deboree yelled, kicking the end barrel into a domino flourish of trash that fell about the little dog like the wrathful dandruff of a diety. She squealed and shot beneath the pick-up where she resumed her tirade, with even more dedication because this time she had the very palpable threat of Deboree to rail at as he cursed and kicked gravel under the pick-up until he cracked his shin on the running board. He collapsed over the vehicle's hood in pain. "Galloping Fury," he said, through his teeth as though speaking the name of a familiar mustang "what brings you like a fire horse to every alarm rung in fear? Why do you rear snorting at a little frightened dog?"

He could feel the knot on his shin begin to ooze

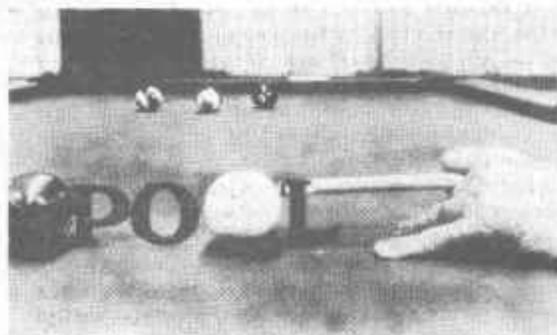
into his underwear, and the bedewed hood of the pick-up vibrate with his words as "You fire-chasing stallion, tricking us time after time into believing you have finally retired to pasture only to come stampeding back at the first whimper of senseless terror. Damn you, you stud I hate you worse than the lying dog. At least the dog has never claimed retirement."

The half-poodle had ceased barking to listen now that the man's chiding had changed direction. She listened a moment then as Deboree soothed his anger, then, with a sigh of surrender, bellied from beneath the vehicle to roll over at the man's feet. He picked her up and carried her to the box in the garage, limping across the gravel.

"Hard to say, though" he mused; as he bore her. "Maybe Galloping Fury is what some little dog was sent to night-watch for."

He placed her in the box of rags and stroked her until her shivering ceased.

"Power to the pups. Arf the fleas."



by
Huevos Rancheros

The basic rule is to keep your eye on the ball. Applied to anything, this ever-ready slogan will linger in the back of your mind only manifesting itself at the proper instant. You've already breezed through two racks, easy nine ball catches the corner, you could feel your thumb wiggle. "It's a wonder I ever make a shot." It's the free choice birthright, you've got to make it, right, or miss it, right, every shot, right, and I've already accepted that I'll never make them all because I've already missed, right?

You can feel the felt with your fingertips and tell how old the cloth is: True Knowledge.

In the bathroom you wash up and count your crinkled dollar bills or you take a breather. If we don't blow it this time, which we surely will if we keep on, we'll be stronger for that next time.

I don't run around with no mob.
I got myself a little job.
I'm gonna buy myself a little car.
I'll drive my girl in the park.
Don't bother me; leave me alone.
Anyway we're almost grown.

Pretty soon you're thinking about playing position. It's not enough just to make the shot. The last motion of the last shot is the first motion of the next shot. Some shots you just sidle right up to and some you spin around

Whither Litter?

Protein politicians should not only demand free abortions and sterilizations for people—but also emphatically for pets. American pets (and livestock) rip off huge quantities of proteins from the protein-deficient peoples of Peru and of other nations.

Those who still accept the idea of a central legal authority should demand laws forbidding sales (but not gifts) of dogs and other pets—except as meat. One of the prime reasons for the canine population explosion is that increasing numbers of people are raising dogs for profit.

—Keith Lampe
Earth Readout



and away from using your true knowledge to give actuality to the past. You don't drive nails with the *I Ching*. Some folks don't have anyone they think they can play with. The change gradually takes place:

Ever gently growing, always knowing,
Sometimes showing, early crowing,
Emotions flowing, style slowing. . .

"Sorry mister that's my dog he goes where I go."

"That's all right, son there's plenty of room, so long as you're on the side of the Lord."

You become in tune with whatever you give your attention to. If you give your attention to the highest source, you can with inner confidence, wiggle your cue tip at any likely looking ball expecting its arrival at the chosen pocket without fail. However, if upon discovering you've actually missed the shot, do not give way to despair. Remember these famous words of Borten Bier, "Our despair only goes as far as de spare in de trunk."

Of course the trunk is usually full of all sorts of peripheral stuff, that is to say cats have kittens.

Oh, man,
is it ever gonna be sweet.
Coming joyousness,
misfortune.

Who would have known, those cats have turned the old tables on us.

"Hey man, you rack 'em down at that end of the table."

"Uh huh, you just thought you were gonna get to break 'em." And about five years after that little racket, "The first thing we've got to do is cut off old Louie's head."

And about twenty years after that, "What ever happened to the good old days Jacques?"

"grunt"

"Remember that raid on the capitol when there were more knitting needles than guns, and after we managed to miss most of the head wallopin' we ended up in the viaduct, with the good grapes and honey taste?"

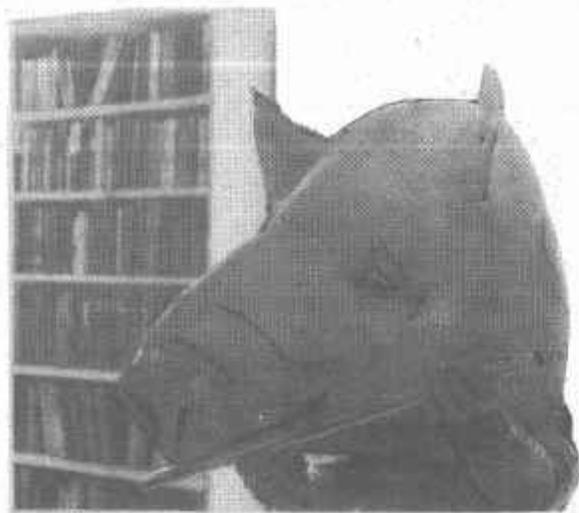
Meanwhile under the green lights, Willy the Weasel is

jacking his partner around for twenty. It was the same way in Prehistoria you know, lots of big critters ambling about, flying above and tyrannosorissing around. Also there were the weird dark places, undergrowth, you understand, where the sun never shone, the mire, the deep deep mire, where twenty's twenty and you, Weasel, skedeedle.

And just as it got black, old man Deboore comes along with one easy oops of his old pitchfork uncovers a piece of the crust that has been lying about in the most bottom active enigma undergrowth for about as many years. And does it ever squirm under the warm, warm sunlight, eventuating into, after becoming a snake, a gloworm, and then, on through dog-doom. Doing time in all whereabouts and manner of situation, without ever letting his retina wander from the ever-present sphere.

Application of the basic rule, again you see will get you through this mess to be.
This piece of messy megs to be,
the out there for him, and you, and me.
What will it be?
What willed to be
not mine own but,
thine to be.

The FLUTE



by
Paul Robertson

Make music with that exhaust! If you can make a sound by blowing over the top of a bottle you can play the flute. If you have wished you could make music without frightening the neighbors you should give the flute a try.

You can rent a beginner's flute at any good music store for eight to ten dollars a month to try yourself out. If you decide to buy a flute and the store is reputable you can apply past rentals to the purchase price. Gemeinhart, Artley and Armstrong are the most popular models and are all adequate. They all cost between \$120 and \$150, and

are made of a nickel alloy. Will not depreciate much unless you beat them up. Better flutes are made of silver or gold. If you have \$400 to spend buy a King Sterling Silver flute with gold plating. If you have \$1000 to \$3000 consult the Haynes Company for a custom job. If you buy a used flute take it to someone knowledgeable before you buy.

When putting your flute together avoid putting pressure on the keys. They bend. Don't clean it; you'll only bend the keys.

The flute runs on air so you must breathe correctly to play it with satisfaction. Yoga breathing techniques are a help, but you must use your mouth as well as your nose to inhale. Consult Ramacharaka, *The Science of Breath* for breathing techniques and exercises. Fill the lungs every time you breathe and use up each breath completely before taking another.

Begin playing with the "head joint" or mouthpiece only. Make a small aperture with your lips without puckering or swelling them, drawing the lips into a slight smile. Rest the mouthpiece gently under your lower lip and blow both into and over the hole adjusting the position of the head joint and the airstream until you get a note. A common error is jutting the jaw out or pulling it in too far—try to keep the lower jaw flush with the upper. Don't be afraid to blow hard and long. When you get dizzy rest. Pretty soon you will not get dizzy and will have to revert to other tools to acquire this effect.

When you have mastered the head joint put the flute together. Buy a beginner's flute book with a picture of a person playing and a fingering chart. Remember that the weight of the flute rests on the third joint of the left index finger and the right thumb. You will need your left thumb for keying so don't get it tied up supporting the flute. Play standing for fifteen minutes at a time. Play every day until you acquire some strength. Keep the flute out of the case at home so it is easy to pick up and play when you feel like it. Take it with you *in* the case when you go places. When there is a lull you will want to play. The fingering is tricky so if you need help give me a call or find a teacher in your local area.

I'm Paul, 415-328-7450

Intermediate players will prosper exercising with Oliver Nelson's *Patterns for Sax* available thru Noslen Music, P. O. Box 705, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. \$7.00 Best place in S. F. Bay area to look for music, solos, duets, trios and quartets is House of Music in Berkeley.



by
Shannon Kesey

Since I am not old enough to drive a car I ride a bike. It's not as fast of course but it gets you someplace and it does not cause pollution. I practice riding my bike every day that I can. I can ride without hands pretty good. The first bike I got was when I was six. I couldn't ride good then, but now I am ten and I can ride pretty good. I used to think I liked to ride in a car but now I would rather go bike riding. I like bikes because they are better than walking and cleaner than cars.

Poison in Mother's Milk

Accumulation of Pesticides in Human Body

by Laura Tallian

Pesticide poison at conception, pesticide poison in mother's womb, pesticide poison in mother's milk — such is the fate of babies. Can a nation which deals such horror to helpless infants survive? Will it not dwindle in weakness and disease more horrifying than holocaust?

To understand the twin problems of birth deformity and cancer, one should go to the institutions where afflicted children are hidden, children with limbs malformed, halting speech, or minds quenched of light. There is a hospital in Boston which specializes in child cancer patients. To visit it is like going to the realm of the damned, but only thus can one achieve compassion. This is birth deformity in the language of science. Paul Kotin, M.D., Associate Director of Field Studies, National Cancer Institute, testified in 1963 to the Ribicoff committee: "In the large classes of pesticides, there exist compounds that are structurally similar to compounds known to produce mutations at one extreme and to produce mutations at one extreme and compounds known to be carcinogenic (cancer-producing) as well as mutagenic (birth-deforming) is epoxides. We know that they specifically react with the bases that make up the DNA, and they are said to alkylate them....These alkylating agents can cause cancer, too. Dieldrin, endrin, and heptachlor have epoxide linkages as part of their molecular structure."

to mental retardation.

DDT and related chlorinated hydrocarbons are time bombs in the body. Since they are fat soluble, they store in body fat and the fat of milk. Thus a mother may poison her own baby before birth by DDT released from the fat of her body into the blood stream, or after birth by poison concentrating in her milk from the food that she eats.

W. Coda Martin, a physician in Los Angeles, asks this question: "Will the continued accumulation of insecticides in the fatty tissues of mothers during pregnancy, which acts as an inhibitor of oxygen supply to the cells, cause an increase in these congenital anomalies in the future? An opinion based on the above facts must come to this conclusion. The chance of a similar prediction can be made for congenital cancer, which is already on the increase — as well as cancer in young people."

The Mendelian theory of inheritance, now universally accepted, postulates that all life flows in the same current — vegetable, insect, animal, and man. Mendel experimented with peas, and animal breeders follow his rules. It should follow, then, that warnings discerned for animals should have meaning for humanity.

Nature is filled with such warnings. Mosquitoes develop into malformed creatures, half male and half female, after several generations of exposure to DDT. DDT deposits in the gonads and germ cells of birds and mammals; embryos suffer mutations causing them to die. Plants treated with benzene hexachloride or lindane develop tumorlike swellings on roots as cell division becomes abnormal; the weedkiller 2,4-D has the same effect.

Which fares better — the human child nursing his mother or the calf? The

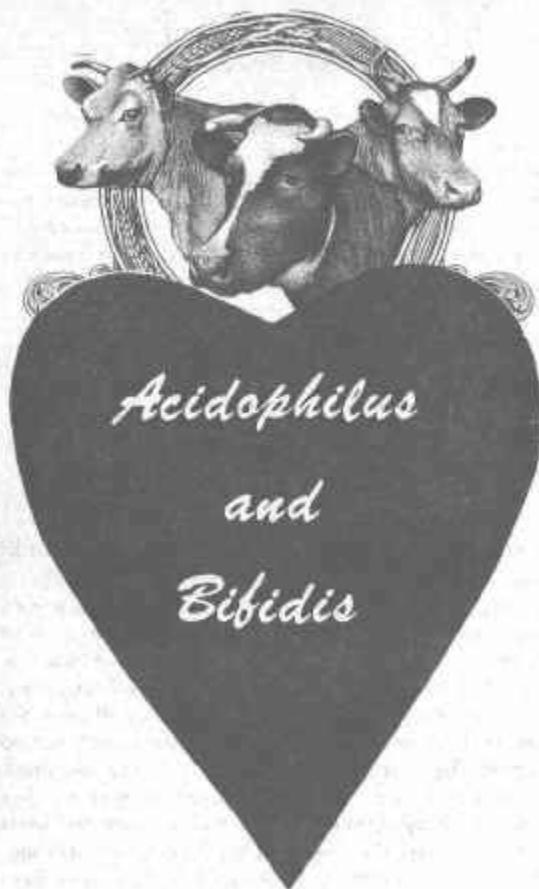
degree of concentration of chlorinated hydrocarbons in milk depends upon the fat content; for cows it is three or four times the amount of DDT in alfalfa consumed by the animal. Although DDT has been prohibited recently on both alfalfa and food crops, it is still permitted on cotton, and applied by airplane it will drift in lethal clouds over adjacent crops. Both human and animal consumer are menaced by the persistent character of the chlorinated hydrocarbons: DDT and other similar pesticides applied years ago still remain in the soil and blow as dust upon the crops. This situation is reflected in the increase of tolerance of DDT in milk from zero to 1.25 parts per million in butterfat and a total permitted residue of all pesticides to 2.5 parts per million.

The calf is better protected than the human infant because of the limited nature of the cow's diet. The human mother, eating all manner of fruits and vegetables upon which many pesticides such as dieldrin, aldrin, and lindane may be applied, is in constant danger. Tolerances, such as .1 part per million for each of these pesticides or .3 part per million for chlordane protect him inadequately, for the human body bears the total assault of these poisons, while tolerances are set as if each operates singly. Total prohibition, as is done with alfalfa, is the only answer. Would that the human child reflect a commercial interest!

These in part are the grave reasons motivating the People's Lobby to restrict the use of persistent pesticides in the initiative petition now offered to the public.

(Laura Tallian is author of The Pesticide Jungle, \$1.50. The People's Lobby Inc., 1524 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.)





by
 Paula Bevirt and Carolyn (Black Maria) Hannah

A few years back I was living on the Creamery Farm in Pleasant Hill, Oregon. Chuck Kesey, the owner of the farm, owned and operated a creamery in Springfield which is near-by. We decided to buy some day old, orphan calves. We could get the milk cheaply at the creamery to feed them. Chuck had raised calves in the past. He said the biggest problem was getting them through the first couple of weeks when they are very susceptible to colds and diarrhea. He said he had the solution to that problem, acidophilus milk. As soon as we got the calves, Chuck started bringing out 10 gallon milk cans of acidophilus (pronounced acid-awful-us) milk. We fed the calves this milk three times a day. We raised about 20 calves altogether and only one of those died, and he was tiny and bad off. The other farmers around us were amazed at our success. One man told us he had lost half his calves that spring. That was my introduction to cultured milk products. The results were so dramatic that I became determined to find out more.

In all the mucus membranes of the body there are friendly bacterial flora. *Lactobacillus Acidophilus* is one of the most important ones that live in the large and small intestines. It was first discovered in the stools of infants. It is first supplied to us by our mothers in breast milk, and it is present too in cow's milk. It uses lactose (milk sugar) for its food. It can be cultured in cow's or goat's milk to make a drink like buttermilk or a custard product

like yogurt. It is a much more beneficial bacteria than *Lactobacillus bulgaricus* which is the bacteria which is used in combination with *Lactic streptococcus* to make yogurt. At one time there was a great deal of importance attached to yogurt as a therapeutic product. This was based on the hypothesis that the bacteria in yogurt could be established in the lower intestine. It has been found that the yogurt bacterias can't be implanted in the intestines, but that the intestines are the natural habitat of the closely related *Acidophilus* organism.

L. Acidophilus keeps the digestive processes in efficient working order. Specifically the growth of *L. Acidophilus* produces conditions that are unfavorable to the growth of putrefactive bacteria, which are harmful bacteria. Acidophilus also helps in the synthesis of folic acid, one of the B Complex vitamins and vitamin K. Acidophilus aids in the breakdown of food particles in the lower intestines. It destroys toxins resulting from the accumulation of waste in the lower intestine. It also synthesizes acids which aid in the utilization of minerals. All in all acidophilus milk products are super food. *L. Acidophilus* and other intestinal flora are killed by penicillin and most other antibiotics as well as sulfa drugs. One time my Poopsie became very constipated after taking a round of sulfa drugs. After trying many different remedies he ate some acidophilus yogurt and very soon was unconstipated. After taking any of the mold drugs eat some acidophilus yogurt!

L. Acidophilus can be cultured like yogurt culture. I always add four tablespoons of powdered milk to a quart of whole milk to make a thicker more custardy product. Acidophilus takes 12 hours to culture. It grows well at temperatures from 90 to 100 degrees fahrenheit. Liquid or powdered cultures of acidophilus are available at most health food stores. I get my culture through:

Christian Hansen's Lab. Inc.
 9015 West Maple St.
 Milwaukee, Wisc. 53214

Hansen's have several different acidophilus cultures. They also make about 10 different kinds of yogurt cultures each of which is developed for different conditions. They have a culture that grows at eighty degrees fahrenheit so that a batch could be cultured outside on a warm day.

Lactobacillus bifidis is another bacteria which is most beneficial. It, too, was first discovered in the stools of infants, but only in those that were breast fed. *L. Bifidis* can survive well in human milk and gets along in goats' milk but cows' milk isn't a good medium for *L. Bifidis*. Once an infant stops eating breast milk exclusively *L. Bifidis* tends to be replaced by *L. Acidophilus*, as people past infancy tend to drink cows' milk rather than goats' milk and never drink human milk. *L. Bifidis* provides the same benefits as acidophilus. It is very hard to get cultures of it though. One source is a powdered product from Europe called Eugaan. Eugaan is distributed and imported by Gordon Fraser who has a company called Primaterra.

Primaterra
 2115 Ocean Street Extension
 Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060

Meanwhile Chuck Kesey continues experimenting at the Springfield Creamery with Acidophilus by adding it to buttermilk, cottage cheese and yogurt. Chuck's theory

is that a daily low-level dose of *L. Acidophilus* is better than sporadic large doses for building up and establishing this bacteria in the intestinal system. Chuck is now trying to culture *L. Bifidis* in a yogurt-like culture using goat's milk as a base. All of Springfield Creamery's products are sold through Chuck Kesey's Health, Food and Pool Store. They will sell cultures, and give away a lot of good information and help.

Chuck Kesey's Health, Food and Pool Store
145 North 3rd St.
Springfield, Oregon 97477

THE STUPID WOMEN'S LIB Steve's Story

Me and my mommy were visiting the Statue of Liberty, when about 50 women were saying: "This is our island!" with their stupid signs. They just didn't look at me—they went right past me. Their stupid signs pushed me right into the sea. They didn't look and that's cuckoo! When I was down in the sea, I saw a most peculiar thing. Some fish were parading with signs. But I couldn't read them because I couldn't read fish language. I almost fainted but I had to get some air. So me and mommy went home.

PRODUCTION OF ALGAE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

by
Barbara Boyden



"The trickiest deodorant problem a girl has isn't under her pretty little arms." It's in her pretty little crotch. At least that's what I assumed from those coy advertisements for that wonderful new product. Then one day there it was at the back of the drugstore between the rectal thermometers and tampons. Instinctively, I knew what it was. It comes in a spray can that is decidedly phallic.

Which is a rather appropriate shape, as the ads refer to its being used in the "vaginal area," and "the nicest thing about it is the way you'll feel." I just bet it is, because I consider my vaginal area to be inside me. Therefore, I assume I'm to stick this thing up me and spray away those "troublesome vaginal odors." Obviously the women they've developed this product for are that rare breed with their "vaginal area" in the place I have my genital area. Or pretty little crotch.

All the ads profess that their product was "developed out of intensive research and tested in leading hospitals under the supervision of gynecologists." I imagine it was developed by some poor scientist who had the misfortune of repeatedly doing God-knows-what with some well-used whore. And while muttering to himself, "Whew, that smells," he assuaged his feelings of guilt by developing this deodorant. Now it's being foisted off on the rest of

us who usually get to wash our pretty little crotches often enough to insure our "peace of mind about being a girl." Anyway I'm inclined to believe that anyone sniffing around down there deserves what he gets. Which brings to mind the testing of these sprays. Now that must have been fun. Sort of Masters & Johnson, only with human machinery.

The mere fact they've made this stuff and are passing it off as "essential to your cleanliness," not to mention "peace of mind," is enough to make you break out in a cold sweat under your pretty little arms. Just think of all those men you've offended over the years with your "vaginal odors" smelling the place up. On the other hand, I wonder how Henry Miller could ever have written those great passages on the wonders of the female crotch had his women been spraying at every sign of "tension" and their "own natural body functions."

I'm not knocking these deodorants because I'm an old fuddy-duddy resisting yet another advancement of science. I mean, I do believe that tampons are an improvement. And it didn't take all those ads showing girls in white dresses for me to get the hint. It's just that I don't think these deodorants are necessary. Except maybe when keeping company with some freaky pervert who can't get an erection without thinking of Lysol and hospitals.

Maybe "your Teddy Bear loved you no matter what" as the ad says, but I'm sure most men would be rather surprised if, instead of smelling like a woman, there was a certain aura of SOS scouring pads about you. And besides, there's that question that immediately springs to mind and is persistently avoided in the ads. What does it taste like?



The Tassajara Bread Book

by

Edward Espe Brown

1970

Shambala • Berkeley

reviewed by
Kit McClanahan

We first went to the Zen Mountain Center four years ago (got stranded on the winding dirt road, hung over the precipice until rescued by Stewart and Lois)

Flowed from hot springs water to cold creek water And took away loaves of beautiful rich bread I have never been able to duplicate the taste and quality using recipes from plastic bread books (remember Henry Miller: "if the bread is bad the whole life is bad")

The Tassajara Bread Book is a superior bread book, logical, orderly, Whole, loving, and the results are SATISFYING. The book is good to look at, brown ink, and illustrations perfect.

The breadmaking process may take just a little longer, but it's worth it

Salt and oil are added after the dough has formed a sponge, since salt inhibits the functioning of yeast.

TASSAJARA YEASTED BREAD

The fundamental Tassajara Yeasted Bread recipe. (Four loaves)

- I. 6 c lukewarm water (85-105°)
2 T yeast (2 packages)
1/2-3/4 c sweetening (honey, molasses, brown sugar)
2 c dry milk (optional)
7-9 c whole wheat flour (substitute 2 or more cups unbleached white flour if desired)
- II. 2-1/2 T salt
1/2-1 c oil (or butter, margarine, etc.)
6-8 c additional whole wheat flour
2-4 c whole wheat flour

Dissolve yeast in water.

Stir in sweetening and dry milk.

Stir in whole wheat flour until thick batter is formed.

Beat well with spoon (100 strokes)

Let rise 60 minutes.

Fold in salt and oil.

Fold in additional flour.

Fold in additional flour until dough comes away from sides of bowl.

Knead on floured board, using more flour as needed

to keep dough from sticking to board, about 10-15 minutes until dough is smooth.

Let rise 50 minutes.

Punch down.

Let rise 40 minutes.

Shape into loaves.

Let rise 20 minutes.

Bake in 350° oven for one hour.

Remove from pans and let cool, or eat right away.

One day we made Tassajara whole wheat bread at Peninsula School and the kids, eight and nine year olds, really got into it. Rosy said, "Bread feels like a baby when its just been born." Sarah said, "I wish we had a big tub of flour and could swim around in it."

TIBETAN BARLEY BREAD

The only bread you need to know how to make, the greatest. (One large loaf)

- 2 c barley flour
- 4 c whole wheat flour
- 1/2 c millet meal (or roasted sunflower seeds or roasted sesame seeds)
- 1-1/2 t salt
- 2 T sesame oil (for flavor and lightness; if no sesame oil, you can use all corn oil)
- 2 T corn oil
- 3-1/2 c boiling water

Pan roast barley flour in 1 T sesame oil until darkened. Mix flours together with salt. Add oil, rubbing flour between hands until oily. Add boiling water, using spoon to mix until dough begins to form, then mixing with hands, keeping hands cool by dipping them in bowl of cold water. Mix until earlobe consistency. Knead until smooth. Place in oiled pans. Cut tops lengthwise. Proof 2-6 hours or overnight. Bake at 500° for 20 minutes on middle shelf, then 450° for 40 minutes on top shelf. Crust will be tough but inside tender. If at first you don't succeed, don't be discouraged. Try baking at 350° for 1-1/2 hours.

ABOUT ED BROWN

Writing about myself: pretty difficult. The whole book is about me; but here goes.

First came to Tassajara when it was still a resort

in May 1966. Got a job as the dishwasher, learned to make bread, soups, and scrub the floor. I could never understand the cooks. One of the cooks quit. Offered his job, I jumped right in over my head. Instantly I understood--in fact I acquired--cook's temperament. What a shock!

During that summer my friend Alan and I did zazen together. One time Suzuki Roshi came down with several students. "The first thing to do in setting up camp is to carry water and gather wood. Now we have carried water and gathered wood," he said.

The next spring I was suddenly head cook of a monastery. Twenty-two years old and about as sure of my position as a leaf which falls in the winter creek. Proceeded to do a lot of things which I didn't know how to do, learning first-hand, the blind leading the blind. Bumped my head quite a bit, and a few other people's heads also. The actual cooking, I discovered, was the easiest part of the job. I was head cook at Tassajara for three summers and two winters, until being completely devoured, bones cast aside, I was finally exhausted of food.

Now I build stone walls, which is really not such heavy work after all.

ABOUT TASSAJARA

Tassajara is a valley not quite lost in the mountains: natural hot springs, creek, maple, oak, alder, sycamore, and bay, rocks and hills, yucca, sage, and manzanita, quietly changing with the flow of season, now the site of Zen Mountain Center, the first Zen Buddhist monastery in the Americas. Located in Monterey County, California, Tassajara was for many years a resort, a health spa, and an exotic far-out place to imbibe liquor. Zen Center of San Francisco purchased Tassajara in December 1966; what was the bar is now the meditation hall.

Here at the monastery fifty to sixty students, both men and women, practice zazen, the traditional Zen method of sitting meditation, and follow a daily schedule which also includes services and lectures, meals, work, bathing, and sleep. Students eat a comparatively simple diet consisting chiefly of grains, beans, vegetables and fruits. Though lately brown rice is generally served for lunch, in the past bread was served daily, and leftover pieces frequently disappeared at night.

Closed to the public during the winter months so that formal "practice periods" may take place, the Center continues to accommodate guests during the summer months, May through September. Guest food has always been highly complimented, often with the remark, "It's too good. I can't stop eating." Milk, cheese, eggs, occasional meat, and a monkish enthusiasm for good taste make the guest diet more suited to American tastes than brown rice, miso soup, and garden greens. Visitors are delighted that some form of home-made bread is served every meal (accustomed as many have been to "bread" being that pure white, bland, airy, non-substantial filler that comes in plastic, cello, or wax paper). "My, it's good!" they exclaim, and purchase a thousand loaves a summer to take home with them.

Both foods which are primarily part of the guest diet and those which are primarily part of the student diet are included in this book. These recipes arise naturally

out of the Tassajara life situation. Isolated, we make our own bread. Working together, we develop many possibilities: food which is earthy, honest, coarse, fulfilling, food which is more refined, soft, soothing, enjoyable. Devoting ourselves, we nourish, satisfy, and please.

Zen Mountain Center's address is Tassajara Springs, Carmel Valley, California 93924.

How To Tell The Niggerlovers From The Pigfuckers



1. Check for cash in the ass be-stashed.
2. Check for presence of poor white trash.
3. Check surrounding area for absence of friends.
4. Look for tracks in the trail of trends.
5. Observe the future; who intends to make amends?
6. Watch the eyes; do they stare, or connect?
7. Watch the mouth for everyone's misery.
8. Check in the back for a key.
9. affect, effect, defect, infect, perfect, abject, subject, eject, reject, inject, project, elect, select, deflect, reflect, inflect, neglect, collect, respect, inspect, prospect, expect, suspect, erect, direct, correct, bisect, dissect, detect, protect, disaffect, misaffect, disinfect, interject, re-elect, intellect, circumflect, genuflect, recollect, reconnect, disconnect, self-respect, introspect, indirect, misdirect, incorrect, resurrect, insurrect, intersect, architect. . .
10. Check in front for ecstasy.



for thought by clifford yudell

It all began seven months ago, at New York's famous Top Of The Six's restaurant. What started as a typical evening in one of the city's finest dining establishments ended in chaos, cracked heads and numerous arrests. It was also the beginning of a national movement.

To be sure, we had been reading occasional newspaper reports for nearly a year, signaling that the latest minority group to demand civil rights was making its way slowly into the mainstream of American life.

We read of a sit-in at a small Southern diner, reminiscent of the birth of the black struggle so many years ago; a small news item following the skirmish at the Chicago stockyards last May renewed our attention; civil court cases here and there kept the matter before the public eye.

Still, no one was really prepared for the mayhem that broke out at the Top Of The Six's—no one, including those movement leaders who planned the happening, would have predicted the events that have followed. In the words of one demonstrator who was there, "That was the night Cannibal Lib got off its ass."

Judging from last week's demonstrations in our major cities, the speaker was right. In New York, an estimated 11,000 Cannibals marched down Central Park West towards the Bethesda Fountain cafeteria, where they held an eat-in.

In Provincetown, approximately half that number took over the normally quiet restaurants that line the picturesque oceanfront, declaring "We are who we eat!" and urging other members of this oppressed minority to come "Out of the kitchens, into the streets!"

Equally impressive showings were made in Cincinnati, Los Angeles and Dubuque. "Get the law out of our dining rooms!" read one marcher's sign in Hollywood. "Better Fred than bread!" counselled another.

Following hot on the heels of the women's and homosexuals' liberation movements, Cannibal Lib is here to stay. There are those who say this country's estimated three million Cannibals will never make headway, neither with the public nor with legislators, both of whom are reluctant to meet their demands. But to any astute observer, the movement has come a long, long way since that night at the Top Of The Six's.

Mrs. Shelly Kramer, the petite 37-year-old blond who is generally regarded as the "Chef" of Cannibal Lib (she is founder of the conservative organization CHEW—Cannibals Health, Education and WellDone), recalls the historic evening this way:

"It was really the first time Cannibals banded together to demand their rights in a public restaurant of any esteem. A group of us—I think there were 16 before dinner, 12 after—got together and reserved a large table. Of course, we didn't announce who we were, or why we

were there, until after we had checked our coats and sat down.

"Well, after cocktails, we refused to accept the restaurant's standard menu. We had already seen it, actually, because we have the menus of virtually every well known restaurant on file at the CHEW office. So we knew in advance that there was not one single item listed that would appeal to the average Cannibal.

"Much to the surprise of the maitre d'," Mrs. Kramer continued, "we announced that not only had we brought our own dinner, but that we had every intention of using his kitchen to prepare it."

According to Mrs. Kramer, that was when someone at the table started shouting, "Eat-Now! Eat-Now!" It wasn't long before the police busted things up.

"In the past," said Mrs. Kramer, who until recently was consulting nutritionist for the Chock Full O' Nuts chain, "Cannibals would have left peacefully. But there were a few among us—myself definitely *not* included, since I am nonviolent—who wouldn't put up with harassment any longer. In a sense, the other civil rights movements had paved the way. Anyway, they refused to leave the table and some began fighting back with forks. Before you knew it, the cops were beating heads and uncollected blood was everywhere. It was a terrible waste.

"Needless to say, we were booked with the usual humiliation. All were freed on bail and, as we were starved by then, we retired to headquarters to eat."

The rest is history. Buoyed by the next morning's headlines and the ensuing TV coverage, spontaneous eat-ins began springing up at every "establishment" restaurant, all over the nation, culminating in the country's first Cannibal Pride Day.

And as the movement grows, a veritable redwood of splinter groups, often at odds with each other, are following the pattern set by minority factions of the past.

At the extreme right are strictly educational and legal groups such as CHEW, which have been fighting silently for years, through under-the-table literature and individual court actions, but avoiding any physical confrontations.

In the middle is the newly formed CA (Cannibal Activists), which believes that an end to political oppression is the only way to achieve full social acceptance.

And on the left, showing little patience for either of these two groups, is the militant Eaters Liberation Front, which has as its avowed purpose, "The culinary overthrow of all chauvinist, non-man-eating pigs"—in short, the vast majority of the American public.

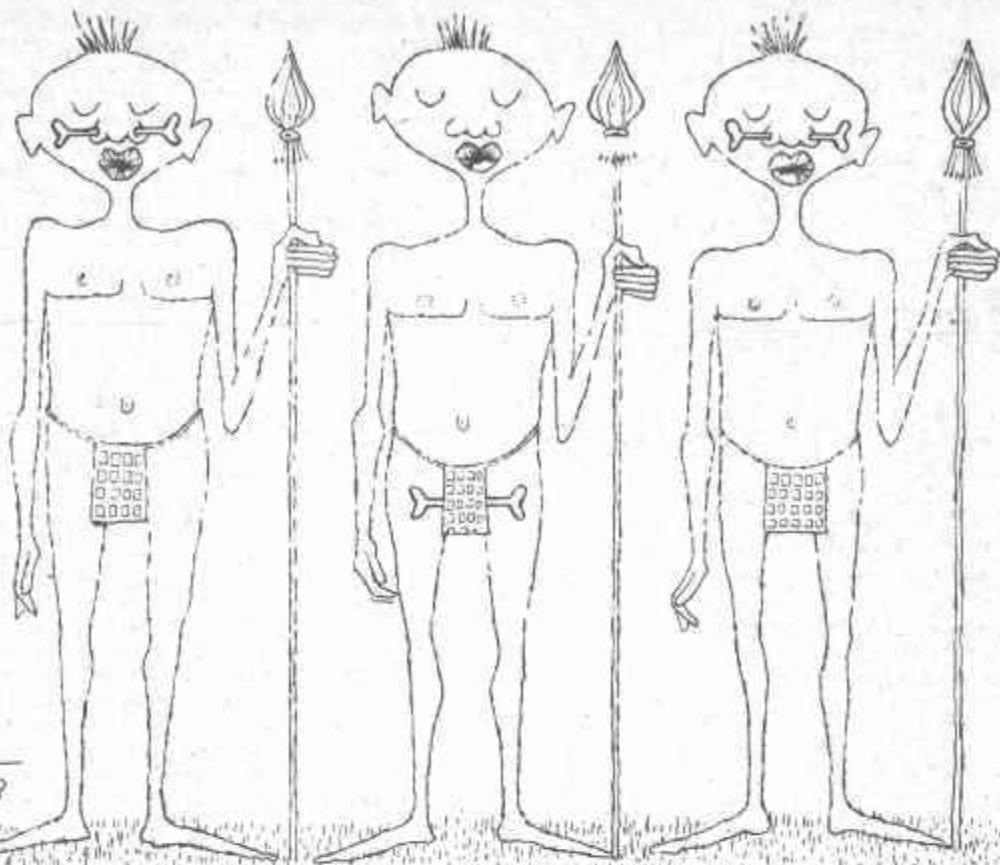
(It is this group which reportedly souffled the wife of the mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut last month, following her appearance to publicize a hamburger cookbook she had written. The case is still pending.)

Just what are these groups demanding? What is Cannibal Lib all about?

We spoke with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spiegelman, of Hewlett, Long Island. The attractive couple have been active members of CA since its inception.

"The position of the American Cannibal is not even that of the black a decade ago," said Mr. Spiegelman as we watched his wife boil an infant. "Ask the man on the street what he thinks of Cannibals and he's likely to pass some smart-ass remark about not wanting his sister to have one to dinner. As for our legal position, forget it."

"Did you know that Cannibalism is still prohibited by law in 49 states?" asked Mrs. Spiegelman, who prefers the midi. "And this is 1971! That's to say nothing about job discrimination. Aside from certain frozen food companies, no self-avowed Cannibal can get work without hiding his eating preferences. And in some states, the marriage laws have been interpreted to prohibit Cannibals from obtaining civil licenses, although there's nothing



Cannibal Lib (con't.)

specifically on the books denying them that right."

The Spiegelmans represent a growing number of American Cannibals who refuse to live in shame and fear. "Our one wish," said Mrs. Spiegelman, "is that all the in-fighting will stop, so this movement can do all it should for our brothers and sisters."

"There are many different points of view on how this thing should be run," said her husband. "For example, at any Cannibal Lib convention there are far fewer members at the end of the gathering than at the beginning. A hard core of us who see the folly of this bring the matter up time and again. We're saying that eating friends is one thing, but it's just self-defeating to devour fellow members, at least at this point in the movement's development."

"It's no way to get things done," said Mrs. Spiegelman.

The pretty brunette had finished cooking the tot and proceeded to tell us a little about the eating habits of the typical Cannibal.

"Some people think Cannibals are hungry all the time," she said. "That's bigoted nonsense. It's as prejudiced as saying you can tell a Cannibal just by eating with one. Why, Cannibals have been sitting next to you in the company cafeteria for years. We just didn't make any bones about it. Most of us brought lunch from home. God, how I was filled with self-hatred when I had to lie my way through lunch hour. It just sickened me, when someone asked what kind of sandwich I had brought, to say, 'Oh, tuna fish.'"

"But isn't there cause for alarm," we asked, "among fellow employees who feel that they may not make it back for the afternoon if they lunch with a Cannibal?"

"Don't be ridiculous," Mr. Spiegelman countered. "Look, in most places you only get an hour for lunch. It just isn't realistic to think we could find someone who appeals to us, prepare and eat him, and make the

time clock. But then, bigotry is never realistic."

"An interviewer asked me last week if Cannibals eat every part of the anatomy," said Mrs. Spiegelman, who is author of the soon-to-be-published *People's Cookbook*. "I almost spit up. What does he think we are? And then, after I gave him complete instructions about preparing an adult male head, he had the gall to say that we don't pluck the beard. Do you wonder why more and more Cannibals are becoming militant?"

One young man who is indeed militant about Cannibal rights is George Allen, who, at twenty, is president of Eaters Liberation Front.

"We're ready to do anything—and I mean anything—to get rid of this picture of Cannibals as savages who wear bones through their noses!" said Allen at a recent press conference. "I'm not denying that there were a few bones at the recent parades, but there are a showy few in any movement. We are responsible citizens who want to lead private, but honest, lives. But the important thing now is, we're not going to put up with oppression in any form. If one restaurant manager harasses one Cannibal, he'll find himself facing ten of us from the wrong side of the stove."

The challenge, it seems, is all too clear. As one CHEW member put it: "There are still enough of us who are willing to eat within the system. But if you don't open up your laws, your economic institutions, your whole oppressive society, there's no telling what you'll have to deal with next."



"Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck by the difference between what things are and what they ought to be."

—William Hazlitt

Saving The Earth

by
Chloe Scott

If you want to save the Earth, start at home. Now. Here are some of the ways we are into it (we are 2 adults and a dog living in the suburbs of San Francisco): **Composting:** all kitchen garbage, leftovers etc. (except meat & bones) goes to the compost pile, plus wood ashes, leaves, grass cuttings, etc., etc. **Recycling:** there is a recycling center in Palo Alto run by Ecology Action, and we save all cans, remove labels, cut off tops & bottoms (save them) flatten cans (step on them) and when we get a box full, we take them to the center. Same with glass. Remove labels, wash and take to center all jars, bottles and containers of glass. Now all we have in the way of trash is PAPER. And we are working on ways to cut it down. Newspapers can be taken to another recycling agency. We reuse paper as far as possible; we use both sides of note and scrap papers; reuse envelopes when feasible; use cloth instead of paper



napkins, handkerchiefs and towels; reuse paper bags and get a large mesh or canvas bag to take to market and don't put everything in separate bags and so on. I've started to fight back against the onslaught of junk mail by sending back a lot of it marked 'refused', or 'return to sender' or something and they have to pay return postage.

The more you get into this the more things you find to do. You have to get 'conservative' in the original meaning of the word. Like, we try not to leave lights burning unnecessarily (save power, power plants burn coal, thus adding to pollution) and there are lots of electric gadgets we really don't need (toothbrushes for instance?) **Save water.** Don't let water run while you brush your teeth, wash hair, dishes etc. Put a brick in the toilet tank and save gallons daily, and you don't really have to flush every time-try not to leave hoses running overtime, get a timer and use it. We are also trying to use non-polluting substances of all kinds, from the obvious things like not buying chemical fertilizers and pesticides, (never use chlorinated hydrocarbons, DDT, Enrin, Lindane, etc.) to not buying colored household tissues

(paper dissolves, dye lingers and pollutes), using soap in place of detergents, and no pre-soaks, enzymes, or water softeners-they're heavy on phosphates-you can get non-polluting stuff for the dishwasher at New Age and probably other healthy food stores. We buy stuff in returnable bottles as much as possible. (Like, you can buy beer by the case, 24 returnable bottles, cheaper, convenient and you always have lots of beer!) We bought a live Christmas tree last year. More expensive, and smaller, but we still have it.

We haven't yet solved the transportation problem. We have 2 cars for 2 people, but we are trying to get rid of one and ride bicycles as often as possible.

There are lots more things we could be doing, I know. As we learn about them, we try and do them. It really begins with a whole new attitude, a whole new way of thinking about and relating to the Earth, and about taking responsibility for it. 'They' aren't going to solve the environment crises, *we* are. After all you aren't doing anyone any favors when you recycle and you can't expect pats on the back for composting-it's your Earth you're protecting, it's your Earth that is in dire need and it's the only one we've got or are likely to have. And I don't really mean its *yours* or *ours*, its part of us, we're part of it and it's all the same thing and we must love it and take care of it now and for all time.

THE PICTURED-KEY NATURE SERIES

- "How to Know the Insects," Jacques, 1947
- "Living Things-How to Know Them," Jacques, 1946
- "How to Know the Trees," Jacques, 1946
- "Plant Families-How to Know Them," Jacques, 1948
- "How to Know the Economic Plants," Jacques, 1948, 1958
- "How to Know the Spring Flowers," Cuthbert, 1943, 1949
- "How to Know the Mosses and Liverworts," Canard, 1946, 1956
- "How to Know the Land Birds," Jacques, 1947
- "How to Know the Fall Flowers," Cuthbert, 1948
- "How to Know the Insecture Insects," Chu, 1949
- "How to Know the Protozoa," John, 1949
- "How to Know the Mammals," Booth, 1949
- "How to Know the Beetles," Jacques, 1951
- "How to Know the Spiders," Easton, 1952
- "How to Know the Grasses," Pohl, 1953
- "How to Know the Fresh-Water Algae," Prescott, 1954
- "How to Know the Western Trees," Baerg, 1955
- "How to Know the Seaweeds," Dawson, 1956
- "How to Know the Freshwater Fishes," Eddy, 1957
- "How to Know the Weeds," Jacques, 1959
- "How to Know the Water Birds," Jacques-Ollivier, 1960
- "How to Know the Butterflies," Ehrlich, 1961
- "How to Know the Eastern Land Snails," Burch, 1962
- "How to Know the Grasshoppers," Heiver, 1963
- "How to Know the Cacti," Dawson, 1963

QUEASY QUANDARY

Food manufacturers have perfected and are marketing artificial meat. The problem is, what will the vegetarians do? This stuff is entirely synthesized out of soybean meal and other vegetable products so there will be no meat in it-that is, no animal products. But, if they do a good job (and let's, for the sake of argument, suppose they do), it will look, taste, feel and give one the sensation of eating a rare T-bone steak. Now, is the purpose of vegetarianism simply not to eat animal products, or is it to avoid completely the savage implications and feelings involved in tearing a steak apart? I foresee a split right down the middle of the Vegetarian Party.

-Sam Case

From Compost to Shampoo

An upcoming magazine, to be titled *City Life*, will deal with urban and group living in alternate life styles. A couple of excerpts from the first issue appear below. For more information contact Tony Vellela, 749 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10025.)

Try composting in a plastic bag.

It's one way to make compost in your apartment for those flower boxes, potted plants, or whatever.

Take some kitchen scraps and dog or cat manure, put in the bag with some humus or peat or topsoil, and add about four or five times that amount of leafy vegetable matter.

Moisten thoroughly, but don't wet. Close up the bag and put it in a garbage can with the lid on or sit it in a corner. Shake the bag every few days, for the first two weeks. Shake every week thereafter. In about two months you should have good compost. Remember to add a little moisture every once in a while. The composting won't take place if the material is dry. —Jeff Cox

After living in New York City for some time, I realized I was spending four dollars a month on shampoo alone! Of course, city living makes you need a shampoo every other day, but as clean as it was, my hair was also starting to look like "a walking mountain range." Eventually, my purse succumbed to my vanity, and I became a victim of the creme rinse and conditioner market, which essentially undoes what my shampoo just did.

After spending an hour one morning going through the processes of doing and undoing, I decided that I truly resented the level of complexity which such a simple function had acquired. Something was wrong here.

Shortly after this revelation, I was sauntering around a health food store when I hit on the cosmetic counter. Organic cosmetics. It sounded very logical. As I panned the shelves, a mint julp green hue caught my eye. Avacado shampoo. Can you imagine? Avacado shampoo. I immediately took to the idea of dousing my head with such a beautiful creamy green liquid.

Well, Hains Avacado Shampoo is delightful. No more creme rinse; if you want more conditioning, you just give your hair two doses of avacado. The bottle costs \$1.50 and lasts a full month.

—Linda Foley

What to Do With Leftover Karma

There was an item in the paper about how pets aren't allowed in old age homes, yet they could lavish untold affection on each other that would otherwise go down the karmic drain.

But think of bringing together actual orphans and senior citizens as if they were grandparents and grandchildren in some huge extended grandfamily?

It is something to be pondered by architects and social workers alike.

—Billy Joe McAllister



"When you look at things in a positive manner, everything can work out perfect. You know, like as fast as man can go, he is destroying everything he can destroy. The pace that he's picked up in sawing the trees down, killing the animals and shooting everything. You know, I go live out in the desert and I see a lot of madness. I see big fat people coming around with guns, shooting lizards, spiders, birds, anything they can get their hands on. Just killing and killing. They're all programmed to kill." —Charles Manson

FILIPINO FOOD

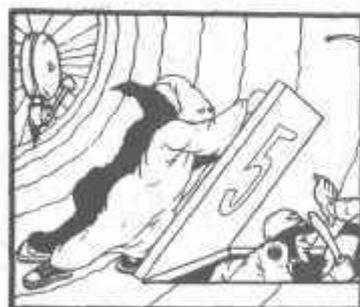
After swearing we won't take anything else into the East Supplement—no more time! no more room! No more!—we arrive at the office and discover these nice little wooden-covered packages tied with hemp cord, and a note "Dear Ken and Paul: Gene Schoenfeld thought you might appreciate these. Ed Badajos drew 'FILIPINO FOOD'. This is a limited edition of 1000, though the paperback will be out shortly. (\$1.25) Yours, David Dawdly."

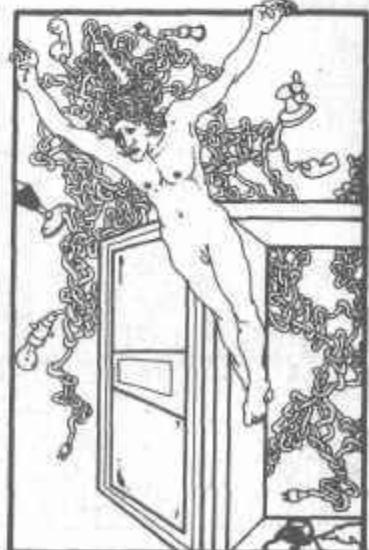
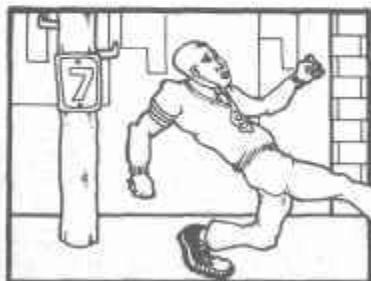
We untied the string, figuring it's a cookbook, some kind of esoteric food trip, then, BAM we're into this fantastic saga of Modern Man in Search of a Soul, any soul at all! Done entirely in ink drawings, this book takes you on a series of trips that makes your eyes pop and your brain burn. Badajos is like a cross between Kafka and Burroughs gifted with the sustained precision of Escher. The book is a joy and I thank whoever sent it our way.

—Ken Kesey

It made me say "Far out!" for the first time.

—p.k.





EFFICIENCY IN DEATH

Janis Joplin knew she was gonna die when she wailed out her precarious passion which the radio is now playing to help make the world safe for Muhammad Ram Gravy.

This CIA spy has brought up a tank of nitrous oxide from Childhood. I've never sucked gas before, but a nozzle in the mouth is worth truth in the moment. I first took acid because the Gold Dust Twins, Tim Leary and Dick Alpert, had so thoroughly nurtured my trust. Now Ken Kesey has gone and done likewise.

Although, it's a funny thing about trusting your own perception.

Several years ago, Howard Shoemaker sent me a cartoon of Jesus walking on water and pulling along a guy on water skis who almost looked like an unintentional caricature of Kesey. So today the Lord giveth a belly to the water-skier and the Lord taketh away some hair from the middle of his head.

Shoemaker saw his creation heading the *Mantras* review elsewhere in these pages and, until he reads this, may well have been totally convinced: either he originally drew it that way or else his creation has aged of its own accord.

Anyway, this is a powerful sweet high.

There's a few phone calls, but I'm able to handle them with the appropriate schizoid amenities.

I ask Kesey what would happen if the gas were taken through a bodily orifice. He predicts disaster. I point out that the mouth is a bodily orifice. Whereupon he correctly guesses when I was born, Zodiac-wise.

Someone in the group says to me, "I'm glad you're Jewish," which if serious would strike me as equivalent in offensiveness to anti-Semitism.

"I gave up Judaism for Lent," I reply, adding, "And I gave up Lent for Keeps."

I've just fallen in love with a girl named Hathayoga who arrived with Mr. CIA. My exercise for this trip will be to try and stop wanting her.

The best I can do even at the depth of disorientation is to channel my selfish desire into a noble urge to continue the species beyond all culturally-determined role-playing, be it astrological sign, religious affiliation or romantic property.

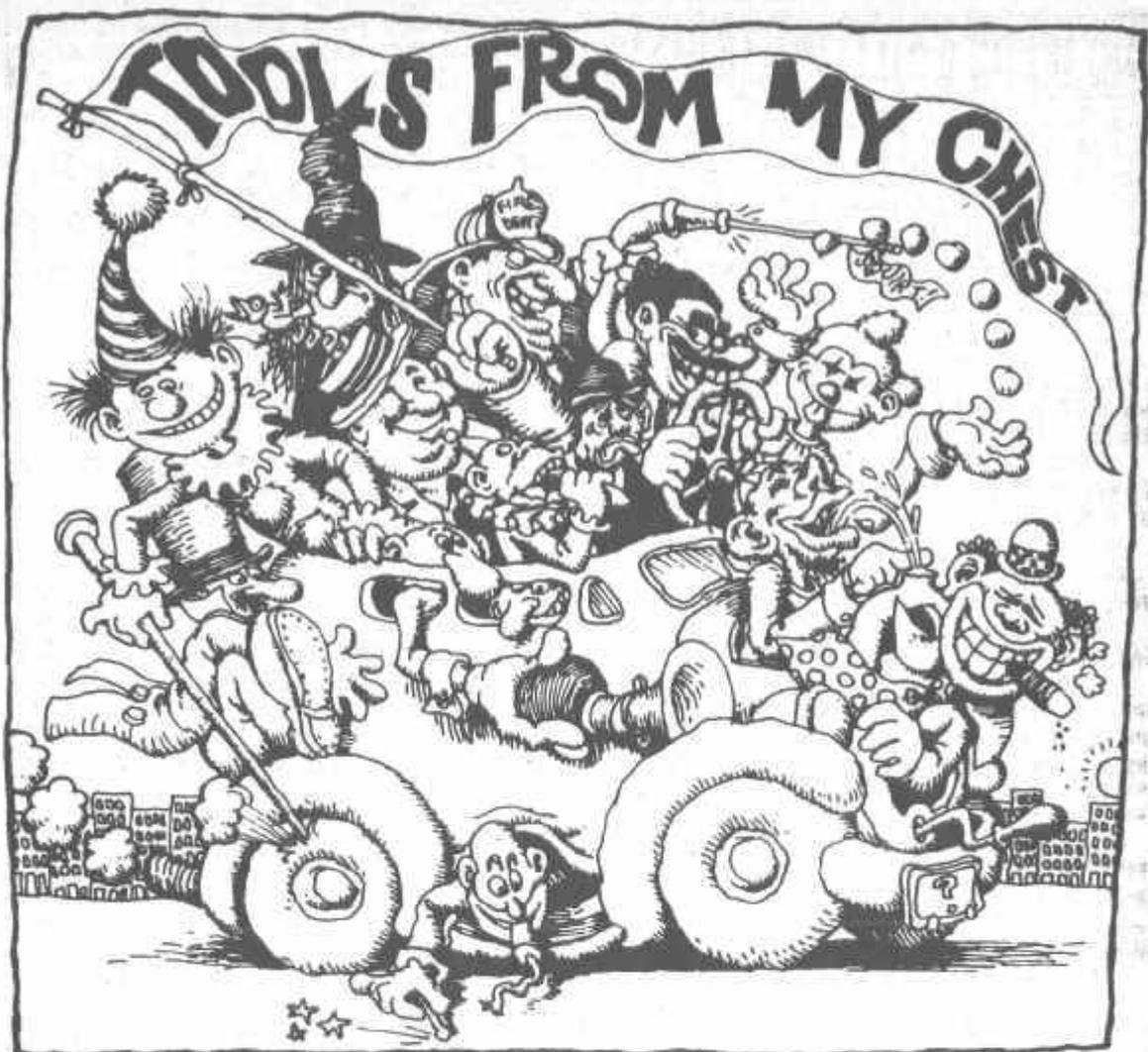
Seeping through our decadence-in-the-guise-of-insight come the totally related scents of responsibility to pass on this book choice: *Efficiency in Death* (Harper & Row, \$1.50), a documented analysis of 105 ordinary business firms that have been manufacturing and assembling anti-personnel weapons for the Department of Defense.

Naturally, this suggestion is offered purely as an amoral tool. Does a blunt instrument know whether it's hitting a head or a nail any more than the *Ching* intends its coincidences to be taken personally?

"Freedom's just another word"—Janis has taken her chants on that great Mercedes-Benz in the sky—"for nothin' left to lose."

—Bobbie McGee





by Ken Kesey

You can read *I and Thou* in two hours and not get over it for the rest of your life. Buber tells you how you stand, either in a dialogical relationship with the Creative Force or in a position of "havingness" where you are a thing bounded by other things. "If history is a dialogue between Deity and mankind, we can understand its meaning only when we are the ones addressed, and only to the degree to which we render ourselves receptive. The meaning of history is not an idea which I can formulate independent of my personal life. It is only with my personal life that I am able to catch the meaning of history, for it is a dialogical meaning." It's exciting stuff as you discover yourself in a drama that's been playing to packed churches for thousands of years. Out front, you see, is where the action is, not in the groggy congregation. Who wants to nod down in the pew while life's awkward knocking:

MARTIN BUBER

A thing to keep in mind, as we plunge ever deeper into our task of revolution, is the wonderful and singular *area* wherein this labor is being waged. All too easily we are distracted by issues so demanding and righteous in an earthly plane that we end up devoting most of our energies to picking up plastic cups from the roadside or breaking out Bank of America windows in Berkeley. And don't get me wrong; both those endeavors are noble in commitment and scope, but are effective only if they communicate with the *areas of diseased consciousness*

that led us into our trash-filled blind alley and built the bank that financed the trash. Everything short of the toe-to-toe Truth and Love that comes from real confrontation of individual consciousnesses is just playing with Barbie dolls. Let me, then, in the course of this cataloging list some consciousnesses I consider capable of strong-arming Truth out of even the most rascally knave and coaxing Love from hearts callused like leather by some gummy-eyed eunuch cops all the cream up in the pulpit? Remember the frowns of the jugglers and the clowns who did their tricks for you? Read Martin Buber and you're on your way to firing all those malcontents. Storm the pulpits! Short circuit the projection booths! Dose city hall and dismiss all those poor senile old pharisees driven crazy on their rickety judges' benches by all the demented decisions made in their misguided and overweening blasphemy-cut loose all these pityful anachronisms! Remember the frowns of the jugglers and the clowns!

Here's some of I/Thou as a quick sample:

To man the world is twofold, in accordance with his twofold attitude.

The attitude of man is twofold, in accordance with the twofold nature of the primary words which he speaks.

The primary words are not isolated words, but combined words.

The one primary word is the combination *I-Thou*.

The other primary word is the combination *I-It*; wherein, without a change in the primary word, one of the words *He* or *She* can replace *It*.

Hence the *I* of man is also twofold.

For the *I* of the primary word *I-Thou* is a different *I* from that of the primary word *I-It*.

Primary words do not signify things, but they intimate relations.

Primary words do not describe something that might exist independently of them, but being spoken they bring about existence.

Primary words are spoken from the being.

If *Thou* is said, the *I* of the combination *I-Thou* is said along with it.

If *It* is said, the *I* of the combination *I-It* is said along with it.

The primary word *I-Thou* can only be spoken with the whole being.

The ordinary word *I-It* can never be spoken with the whole being.

There is no *I* taken in itself, but only the *I* of primary word *I-Thou* and the *I* of the primary word *I-It*.

When a man says *I* he refers to one or other of these, The *I* to which he refers is present when he says *I*. Further, when he says *Thou* or *It*, the *I* of one of the two primary words is present.

The existence of *I* and the speaking of *I* are one and the same thing.

When a primary word is spoken the speaker enters the word and takes his stand in it.

The life of human beings is not passed in the sphere of transitive verbs alone. It does not exist in virtue of activities alone which have some *thing* for their object.

I perceive something. I am sensible of something. I imagine something. I will something. I feel something. I think something. The life of human beings does not consist of all this and the like alone.

This and the like together establish the realm of *It*.

But the realm of *Thou* has a different basis.

When *Thou* is spoken, the speaker has no thing for his object. For where there is a thing, there is another thing. Every *It* is bounded by others; *It* exists only through being bounded by others. But when *Thou* is spoken, the speaker has no *thing*; he has indeed nothing. But he takes his stand in relation.

It is said that man experiences his world. What does that mean?

Man travels over the surface of things and experiences them. He extracts knowledge about their constitution from them: he wins an experience from them. He experiences what belongs to the things.

But the world is not presented to man by experiences alone. These present him only with a world composed of *It* and *He* and *She* and *It* again.

I experience something. If we add "inner" to "outer" experiences, nothing in the situation is changed. We are merely following the uneternal division that springs from the lust of the human race to whittle away the secret of death. Inner things or outer things, what are they but things and things!

I experience something. If we add "secret" to "open" experiences, nothing in the situation is changed. How self-confident is that wisdom which perceives a closed compartment in things, reserved for the initiate and manipulated only with the key. O secrecy without a secret! O accumulation of information! *It*, always *It*!

The man who experiences has no part in the world. For it is "in him," and not between him and the world, that the experience arises.

The world has no part in the experience. It permits itself to be experienced, but has no concern in the matter. For it does nothing to the experience, and the experience does nothing to it.

As experience, the world belongs to the primary word *I-It*.

The primary word *I-Thou* establishes the world of relation.



Well ya know, it's a shame and a pity
If you are raised up
in the city
And never know nothin' 'bout country ways.
-Country Joe McDonald

more

TOOLS FROM MY CHEST



Out of this class and African-identified Pan-Africanism came the steady, unerring gaze of Frederick Douglass, the straggled slave who became the first true leader of his race in America. Douglass had been and knew himself to be a mixed-blood with some good African genes and some of his own.

Malcolm X
Somewhere in Soul Central,
Atman

Dear Malcolm:

I wish I could have met you. I couldn't have known you, really, not in those years; you would have fingered a guilt so deep in me that I would have puffed up and spit blood from my eyes like my uncles always told me horned toads would do when absolutely nonplussed, and me thinking to myself, "What good does it do to blind yourself with your own blood?"

But now I wish I could have met and known you, without guilt or fear of the consequences of that guilt's assuagement, because I have learned some things since those years.

Let me speak to you, man; I mean you're dead and all of course but who really knows? So let me really level with you: I was never cognizant of the words in Aratha Franklin's *RESPECT* until one long gritty weekend Friday night and summer Saturday and then summer Saturday night in the holding tank at the San Mateo County Jail with a dozen other dudes and me the only one with a skin of white. That long and sleepless hot night while somewhere else low riders licked fingers clean of spare ribs and red neck relatives shot pool with cronies. . . (and the moon outside, pressed against the bars of our only window like the reddened face of a drunk Irish bull) I finally realized what it was she was spelling: are ee ess pee ee see teal

For hours my cellmates rendered sides of *The Miracles*, *The Temptations*, *The Four Tops*, far into the night, past lights out, and the time when the guard will usually come to order things quieted down, past the time when the badder dudes in the security block will threaten mayhem if somebody doesn't shut the fuck up. Nobody raised a protest to singing. Because on a Saturday night in a county jail every-

body is doing time, black and white, cop and con alike, and respect goes to those who do it well, and with the style and honesty that is drawn from roots that go down past the topsoil to the bedrock of humanity. It does something to the voice and everyone can hear it. King had the same roots nourishing his voice, so did Woodie Guthrie and Hank Williams, and your voice must have had the same bedrock ring if so much of it comes through your writing.

I'd be nervous now still, could we meet on the eye-to-eye plane, but because of Saturday nights like this I don't think I would be so afraid as to blind myself with my own blood. Things change hard. It's taking me a while to get through your autobiography. It's not a work a person can breeze through the way one does a work of fiction because actual development is taking place, on your end as you do it and on mine as I have it done to me. But I'll get it.

Respectfully,

Ken Kesey



Hemingway



Sometimes it's hard to tell if Hemingway was writing the Judy Garland Story or if it was Janis Joplin writing the Ernest Hemingway Story; they're all such tragically similar tales of what happens to people who stare a trace too long into the Spotlight. There are some hints, though, to help the necromantic sort the *real* corpse from the pile of hollow husks: don't be misled by the bodies of bullfighters or the riddled remains of soldiers; look instead for live trout on the bottom vibrating against the clean current, or bacon fat going cold on a veteran's breakfast plate, or old boards going sharp into focus through a pair of binoculars; in those delicate transitions where nothing actually moves you may find something of the slow and gentle old giant. Even in his last book, which is, apparently, heavily put down, you'll find gleaming deposits of these intensely true perceptions. Even when you watch his media-maddened ego begin to lead him astray you still feel you can trust your head to go along with him; he never crossed anybody except himself.

more

TOOLS FROM MY CHEST



The Beatles

Upstairs at Apple there is this one room where you make it if you got juice enough to get past the receptionist. A couple of years ago when America exported a round 13 sampling of psychedelic monsters to London on a kind of Good Will shoot-out, it was in this room that the Beatles awarded them office and sanctuary. The baker's dozen parked their sleeping bags in the room, put their motorcycle boots on the coffee tables and fixed B-12 in the bathroom. It was a nice life. Then one day upon arriving at the office the Americans discovered, to their surprise and restrained chagrin, that the office had acquired a secondary wave; about ten more Americans had arrived that morning and had had the juice to get this deep into the Apple. There were some big, grinning, bearded, ragged dudes, and some naked noisy kids and this queen mama on the sinewy side of thirty—"We're a family! We've been travelin' an' wanted to see the Beatles. I had this dream me'n John Lennon was nude runnin' through the electric blue waters of this island they haven't discovered yet in the Carribean, y'know? We was on acid. Let's chant now, chillun. . ."

Immediately they all stopped fussing and began chanting,"

chanting, "John and Yoko Ringo too-oo. John and Yoko, Ringo too-oo. . ."

She undulated to the rhythm. "We know that they's in the building; the kids was runnin' in the halls and seen them. Y'know, the Beatles is the most blessed people on earth; how many times have you been comin' down and had a Beatle tune come on the radio and thought to yourself: God Bless the Beaties. That's exactly what I said when I saw Yellow Submarine after my abortion: 'God Bless the Beaties!' And how many folks all over the world have done more or less the same thing? God Bless the Beaties. See? Who on earth in this day and age has been blest more times?"

The kids were still chanting—"John and Yoko, Ringo too-oo. John and Yoko, Ringo too-oo"—and the woman was swaying and the bearded dudes were nodding to the beat.

Pete, the old president of the Frisco Hell's Angels was gathering up his roll to leave: "Blessin' them's all right, but I don't guess we have to get right up in their face to do it."



S. Clay Wilson

Outrage just isn't enough, folks, so don't give me any more of that catharsis con. Outrageous is only a by-product. Sometimes a work is so charged with our calculated aversion it's hard to tell if the artist had any more in mind. To facilitate judgment, then, the best bet is a momentary moratorium on all judgment; if this is successful, the human being on the other end of the work will usually shine through unencumbered. S. Clay Wilson, perhaps the most outrageous of the novo cartoon, comes through to me as very human.



ROXX SALAD

My daddy was born and raised in Texas and Oklahoma, mother in Arkansas; they met in California and I was born in Colorado. When I was nine we moved to Oregon. Still, the polk salad trickles through, and from both sides. We'll make-out. . .

FAULKNER

Our tragedy today is a general and unindividual phenomenon, for we have individualized by name that we can even love it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. . . . He must teach himself that the bloom of all things is to be avoided, and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving an room in his workaholic for something but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. . . . I believe that man will not finally conquer, he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a soul capable of compassion and sympathy and endurance.



Faulkner is my favorite. A flute is blowing, hand-carved and illegitimate from the abject, desolate and terrific overgrowth of the slough down in the bottom. The brute clubhead of a plowhorse is lifted, listening. The fertilizer rusts by the chickenhouse in stunned outrage as the wild notes trickle to a silence. Yes he thought, lifting lidded eyes to the morning sun, yes yes if *Southern Comfort is overcloying in honeysuckle sweet decadence it is still one of the few hundred proofs that a man can sip and not be burned by; yes, Faulkner is my admitted favorite.* . . .



JIMMY DURANTE

One mistake; don't give up in despair;
One little flop don't mean ya can't reach the top;
-You gotta keep on tryin' . . .
-Easter Seal Song

WOODY GUTHRIE

The songs you likely know, but his prose is less widely recognized. *Bound For Glory* is a rollicking testament of how a hick's lyrical heart can laugh its way into even the impending darkness of hereditary derangement.



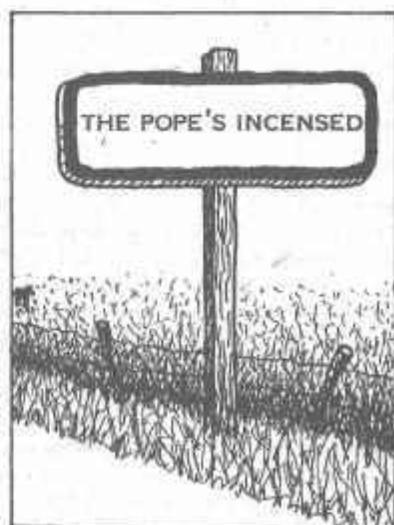
Bobby Zimmerman
Singing Somewhere
In the Strung-out,
World

Dear Bobby:

It's storming fierce here and I just went outside in the wind and rain with a saw of chain to remove the tree threatening my window pane, and I got to thinking about poetry; sometimes even things planted with inspiration and reared in truth must be felled when the weather gets rough, just to preserve the house from the branches that were intended to protect it. But with this species conifer the ever green runs beneath the earth unseen. Redwood roots don't die.

Peace and love to ya,

K.



more

TOOLS FROM MY CHEST



GINSENG

Scene: Huge conference room occupied by all the heavies of the Red world, Occidental and Oriental alike. Delegates and generals argue with diplomats and premiers on how to bring about the downfall of the capitalistic nations. Vodka is sloshed into saki cups; turkish tobacco smoke swirls together with the blue spiral of opium. Tempers rise. Teeth are bared. Suddenly, from an alcove behind a hanging tapestry depicting the rise and flourish of the Wen Dynasty, comes an ancient oriental, bearing a jade platter loaded with steaming teapots. "Gentlemen," he says, smiling. "Be not worryful. In another fifty years without the aid of ginseng the capitalistic fools will be at each others throats like dogs deprived of water."

Wild Ginseng will seek a radioactive soil to grow in, the radioactivity manifesting itself finally after seven years in a tiny blue flower that glows in the dark but is so sensitive that it closes immediately at the approaching footsteps of nighttime ginseng hunters. For this reason it used to be hunted after dark with a bow and arrow; the arrow was shot at the blue glow and then searched for by daylight. I don't know about this, but I know that when you give thirty mice a hit of strychnine apiece all thirty mice die; then you give thirty more mice some ginseng and then the same hit of strychnine that they don't die. I get this from my brother who gets it from the abstracts library at Oregon State University where he graduated in Food Technology, a background that makes him shy away from most of the usual food trips people put on him unless he is able to check them out in the extensive abstracts the library provides. From these abstracts he has deduced that ginseng is a substance that

enables the body to pass poisons rapidly, also pass excessive amounts of adrenaline which build up in beings under conditions of tension and over-crowding. ("...at each other's throats...") Next time you're up-tight, run-down, strung-out or fucked-up drink a cup of ginseng; in minutes you'll feel your adrenaline block give way. Sometimes we're trying so hard our heads are jammed against the ceiling; we need only back off a moment to see there are holes all around us that go on up into the attic.

Here are some abstracts and references from my brother's files if you're interested in further pursuing the root:

GINSENG CULTURE by W. W. Stockberger
GROWING GINSENG Farmers' Bulletin No. 2201
RECENT ADVANCES IN OUR KNOWLEDGE OF
THE MORPHOLOGY, CULTIVATION
AND USES OF GINSENG (*Panax ginseng*
C. A. Meyer) by A. Baranov

And the abstracts (which are, by the way, a very useful tool in their own right).

MISCELLANEOUS AND MIXED CROPS

40855. BARANOV, A. (Arnold Arboretum, Harvard Univ., Cambridge, Mass., USA.) The morphology, cultivation and uses of ginseng. *ECON BOT* 20(4): 402-406, 1966. --The Chinese ginseng is a botanically interesting plant. Besides, its root is highly valued and often has been employed in Eastern Asia since the times of remote antiquity to cure different severe diseases. Although some amount of work in this line has been done these eastern-Asiatic practices await further scientific investigation and evaluation, since ginseng is highly valued medicine the demand for it not only is great but is ever increasing. However, the natural supply for it is very limited and is rapidly dwindling because of the intensive digging of the roots, felling of the forests, and forest fires. This prompted the improvement of the methods of ginseng cultivation and the search for some cheap substitute. --Author.



82293. STROKINA, T. I. (Vladivostok Med. Inst., Vladivostok, USSR.) Vliyaniye zhen'shenya na tonus skeletnykh myshits i ves tela bol'nykh s posledstviyami poliomielita. [Effect of ginseng on skeletal muscle tone and body weight in patients with the aftereffects of poliomyelitis.] PEDIATRIVA 44(6): 32-35, 1965. --Of 152 children suffering from the aftereffects of paralytic polio, 79 received a fluid extract from ginseng root (one drop for each year of age) half an hour before meals for about 1 1/2 months in addition to other treatment. The other 73 children served as a control group. A series of measurements of the total tonicity of muscles in the hip and knee showed that there was an increase in the tonicity in both sets of muscles which was significantly greater in the experimental group than in the control. The mean increase in body weight was also significantly higher in the group receiving ginseng extract. --M. M. Tu.

92407. PETKOV, V., and D. STANEVA-STOICHEVA. (Post-graduate Med. Inst., Sofia, Bulgaria.) The effect of an extract of Ginseng [Panax] on the adrenal cortex. In: Pharmacology of oriental plants. PROC INT PHARMACOL MEETING 1(2): 39-45, illus, 1955. --All the data obtained indicate that the Ginseng extract investigated by us had a stimulating effect on the adrenal cortex. This was especially evident from the results of direct quantitative determinations of the corticosteroids excreted in the urine. These data indicate the adaptive reaction of the organism can be actively regulated by pharmacological methods. In the experiments in which the animals were subjected to severe stress, we obtained a statistically significant increase of the eosinophil count in the control animals. This reaction was probably due to severe, rapidly appearing insufficiency of the adrenal cortex. In this case one of the most important defense reactions can lose its biological purposefulness and can become dangerous as was found in our experiment in which 3 of 10 animals died. The experimental animals reacted quite differently to the same stress. Their eosinophil count did not rise but even fell to the same extent. It must be assumed that in this case there was no insufficiency of the adrenals in spite of the severe stress. In view of the results obtained by one of us (V. Petkov) which have shown that Ginseng increases the reactivity of the cerebral-cortical cells (as can be seen from improved cortical functions, such as excitation, inhibition and mobility), we consider it very likely that the effect of Ginseng on the adrenal cortex is of neurogenic origin. This makes it appear that Ginseng may facilitate the adaptation of adrenal cortical function to the needs of the organism under changing conditions. Our discovery of a stimulating action of Ginseng on glyccorticoid production throws light on its anti-inflammatory and anti-oxidative effects which have been observed by other investigators. --Authors.

111661. GOLIKOV, P. P. O vliyani kazoznata inditskogo i zhen'shenya na prodolzheniye zhen'shenya na tonus skeletnykh myshits i ves tela bol'nykh s posledstviyami poliomielita. [The effect of Indian trumpet flower (Croxyton) (Calosanthus) Di and ginseng on the duration of life in white mice with strychnine poisoning.] In: Materialy k izucheniyu zhen'shenya i drugikh lekarstvennykh sredstv Dal'nego Vostoka. [Information for a study of ginseng and other drugs of the Soviet Far East.] Vladivostok, 7, 279-281, 1966. From: REF ZH OTD VYP FARMAKOL KHEMOTER SREDSTVA TORISKOL, 1967, No. 3, 54, 503. (Translation) --Convulsions were caused in male mice by the intraperitoneal injection of strychnine. One hour 30 min. before the injection of strychnine, the mice were injected with an alcoholic or alcohol-free extract of ginseng root or of the root of the Indian trumpetflower. Extracts of ginseng and trumpetflower (without alcohol) increased the duration of life in animals injected with the LD of strychnine. The effect of the extracts increased with the dosage of them. The prophylactic administration of alcohol or of an alcoholic extract of trumpetflower prevented the death of mice from the LD of strychnine. The alcoholic extract of ginseng prevented the death of 50% of the mice given an LD of strychnine. In almost all the surviving mice

sometimes a sip of something soothing will cool the poor bastards in the engine room who are trying to keep up with commands the bridge doesn't even realize it is sending out.

I like a little peppermint schnapps over ice. The trouble with that sweet stuff, though, is that it always seems to leave you thirsty. I wonder. . .



Walking across the lush Stanford Golf Course, past the riding stables and the thoroughbreds loafing in luxury; I saw this foursome of longhairs and thought, "It isn't getting high you're against, Cleaver; it's playing golf! Tell you what: you drop a little acid and I swear I will never play another game of golf until Bobby Seale is out of jail, Weyerhaeuser is out of the McKenzie River and America is out of Viet Nam. There is a season for every purpose under Heaven, you are saying, and this is not the season to work on our putting. I'll shake to that."



Booze

Denver Dan says we have three (count them) consciousness centers; our belly, where it all starts, our throat, where our center rises to as we begin to talk to ourselves, and our third eye. The third eye is what we're shooting for. That throat thing, though, is a bitch to leave behind. As your head goes through its secret schemings your poor throat is trying to keep up with the back orders. A mantra will quiet the scheming, which is of course the seat of the problem, but while waiting for your mantra to out in

more

TOOLS FROM MY CHEST



BURROUGHS

I used to say that I thought Burroughs was the only writer that had really done anything new with writing since Shakespeare. I don't say it so much anymore but I still think it's true. Here's a sample from NOVA EXPRESS:

PRISONERS, COME OUT

"Don't listen to Hassan i Sabbah," they will tell you. "He wants to take your body and all pleasures of the body away from you. Listen to us. We are serving The Garden of Delights Immortality Cosmic Consciousness The Best Ever In Drug Kicks. And *love love love* in slop buckets. How does that sound to you boys? Better than Hassan i Sabbah and his cold windy bodiless rock? Right?"

At the immediate risk of finding myself the most unpopular character of all fiction—and history is fiction—I must say this:

"Bring together state of news—Inquire onward from state to doer—Who monopolized Immortality? Who monopolized Cosmic Consciousness? Who monopolized Love Sex and Dream? Who monopolized Life Time and Fortune? Who took from you what is yours? Now they will give it all back? Did they ever give anything away for nothing? Did they ever give any more than they had to give? Did they not always take back what they gave when possible and it always was? Listen: Their

BRAUTIGAN

Kesey says I've got fifteen minutes to read and review Brautigan's newest novel (THE ABORTION: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE 1966) before the presses roll. Ok: it looks to me like a melancholy little book, luminous and sad and droll and serious, bittersweet

Garden Of Delights is a terminal sewer—I have been at some pains to map this area of terminal sewage in the so called pornographic sections of *Naked Lunch* and *Soft Machine*—Their Immortality Cosmic Consciousness and Love is second-run grade-B shit—Their drugs are poison designed to beam in Orgasm Death and Nova Ovens—Stay out of the Garden Of Delights—It is a man-eating trap that ends in green goo—Throw back their ersatz Immortality—It will fall apart before you can get out of The Big Store—Flush their drug kicks down the drain—*They are poisoning and monopolizing the hallucinogen drugs—learn to make it without any chemical corn*—All that they offer is a screen to cover retreat from the colony they have so disgracefully mismanaged. To cover travel arrangements so they will never have to pay the constituents they have betrayed and sold out. Once these arrangements are complete they will blow the place up behind them.

Throw back their ersatz Immortality—It will fall apart before you can get out of The Big Store—Flush their drug kicks down the drain—*They are poisoning and monopolizing the hallucinogen drugs—learn to make it without any chemical corn*—All that they offer is a screen to cover retreat from the colony they have so disgracefully mismanaged. To cover travel arrangements so they will never have to pay the constituents they have betrayed and sold out. Once these arrangements are complete they will blow the place up behind them.

"And what does my program of total austerity and total resistance offer you? I offer you nothing. I am not a politician. These are conditions of total emergency. And these are my instructions for total emergency if carried out *now* could avert the total disaster *now* on tracks:

"Peoples of the earth, you have all been poisoned. Convert all available stocks of morphine to apomorphine. Chemists, work round the clock on variation and synthesis of the apomorphine formulae. Apomorphine is the only agent that can disintoxicate you and cut the enemy beam off your line. Apomorphine and silence. I order total resistance directed against this conspiracy to pay off peoples of the earth in ersatz bullshit. I order total resistance directed against The Nova Conspiracy and all those engaged in it.

"The purpose of my writing is to expose and arrest Nova Criminals. In *Naked Lunch*, *Soft Machine* and *Nova Express* I show who they are and what they are doing and what they will do if they are not arrested. Minutes to go. Souls rotten from their orgasm drugs, flesh shuddering from their nova ovens, prisoners of the earth to *come out*. With your help we can occupy The Reality Studio and retake their universe of Fear Death and Monopoly—

"(Signed) INSPECTOR J. LEE, NOVA POLICE"

as only Brautigan can be and make you love him for it. As near as I can tell, this novel is *exactly* what its title says it is. I think I'm gonna like it. And I think you will too.

— Ed McClanahan

Quicksilver Messenger Service

Five years ago Quicksilver was so slick and subtle that very few realized how good they were, even then, in time to keep them from trying for what they already abounded in. Stymied lately with too mucho macho they seem to be now biding their time while the billboards on Sunset Boulevard peel away under the L.A. smoglight as they wait for the long-suffering Virgo moon to rise anew. Who Do You Love on Happy Trails is a classic.



1981

City Lights Book Store

If the important revolutionary events could be charted across the past decade there would be a decided tribulation indicating this little shop in North Beach a fountainhead.

Larry McMurry



This is the guy that wrote *Hud*. He can write of Texas and our great southwest with an eye both on how it is and how it was; he sees whatever good there was in our fast fading lone prairie dream, and sees as well the present plastic pestilence carpeting the plains like a variety of astro-turf crabgrass. He's a beautiful writer. *Leaving Cheyenne* is my favorite.



still more

TOOLS FROM MY CHEST



"It requires more than a day's devotion to know and possess the wealth of a day,"--Thoreau

Near the northern Washington border is a small town called Bellingham where thrives a mellow little wilderness-locked college. On his way to a speaking engagement there Allen Ginsberg stopped in Oregon and acquired for the remainder of his trip the bus Further, a bus driver, and a small platoon of Merry Commandoes, thus pulling into the little Washington campus a day later in fine high style to the accompaniment of flutes, horns, harmonicas and the high octane knocking of Neal Cassady.

Ginsberg spent the day speaking in various classes with the help of competent non-coms (Cassady: "I never even got out of the eighth grade what's for lunch;") and cocktail partied the evening away. The next day was Saturday most of which was spent helping prepare for the visit of the Jefferson Airplane who, it so happened, were booked coincidentally for a concert. Preparation consisted mainly of grass, a little psilocybin, then, as evening gathered itself like an Olympic elk before leaping a dark chasm, a great deal of lysergic acid diethylamide number twenty five.

The concert was being held in the college gymnasium. As the bus lurched and swerved to a halt in the parking lot the sounds of the preliminary group greeted the passengers like clumsy thunder. The response from the group inside the bus was a total groan. This was going to be fucking miserable! All the energy and excitement that had held itself so diplomatically in check during the visit of these dignitaries had finally come loose; the result was a growing bumpkin gloat that was embarrassing and somewhat frightening. Inside was even worse; acquaintances made in the last couple days were pressing to continue certain academic discussions that sounded, above the pounding out on the basketball court and the whirring of chemicals in the head, like indictments from a literary purgatory. Long tubes of unsympathetic light filled the halls outside the gymnasium with icy-cheeked creatures seeking to score blood plasma at a front called CON-CESSIONS! Drunken loggers drooled at back-country

beauties with creamy breasts and sawdust brains. Psychedelic vampires shot barbed glances in all directions in their hysterical angling for identity. Where were the beautiful people of the last few idyllic days? Whose head were those electric ogres dribbling up and down the hollow-floored court under the auspices of music?

Finally Ginsberg and his once-brave band were reduced to huddling on the floor in the hall under the pitiless glare of fluorescents as well as adolescents in the first accusing stages of dawning disillusionment. It was here they were discovered by Bill Laudner, the Airplane's top sergeant lugger, as he bopped in to study the set up. "Uh-oh," he said, upon discovering the grim clot of captives. One of the seated circle looked up into Laudner's face and recognised an ally behind the beard.

"Do you guys realize," he asked Laudner and the rest of the Airplane now beginning to trickle in, "just how good you have to be to bring relief?"

They did. And they did. With the first bars of *You Need Somebody to Love* all the ogres and vampires fled into a herd of nearby swine and the swine rushed into Puget Sound where they drowned themselves.

Exorcists have always existed, both false and real. The false, unable to be deeply effective, are finally brought down by their own personal demons; the real are more hardy.



FLOWERS



All our symbols rust and fall; our flags fray; our banners are ripped off by Seville Row; our slogans are snapped up for Coca-Cola commercials. . . only the flower has survived, just as potent as the first time we put a jonquil in a pop bottle for the third grade teacher. Flower children change but the affect of the tool that gave them their name remains the same. How about more flower adults?



Ashley Automatic

This is a mighty good little hard-heatin' cheap-workin' wood stove.



JAMES HANER/REALL

WENDELL BERRY

Wendell Berry is the Sargeant York charging unnatural odds across our no-man's-land of ecology. Conveying the same timber innocence of young Gary Cooper, Wendell advances on the current crop of Krauts armed with naught but his pen and his mythic ridgerunner righteousness. One after the other he picks them off, from the flying bridges of their pleasure boats as they roar through his native Kentucky rivers, from beneath the hard hats in the Hazard County strip mines, from the swivel chairs in the Pentagon where they weigh the various ways to wage war on all forms of enemy life beyond the end of their own

friendly chin. He's a crackshot essayist and, for those given to capture, a genial and captivating poet. He boasts a formidable arsenal of novels, speeches, articles, stories, and poems from his outpost in one of the world's most ravaged battlefields where he writes the good fight and tends his family and his honeybees. Consider him an ally. Here are some samples from *The Long-Legged House*:

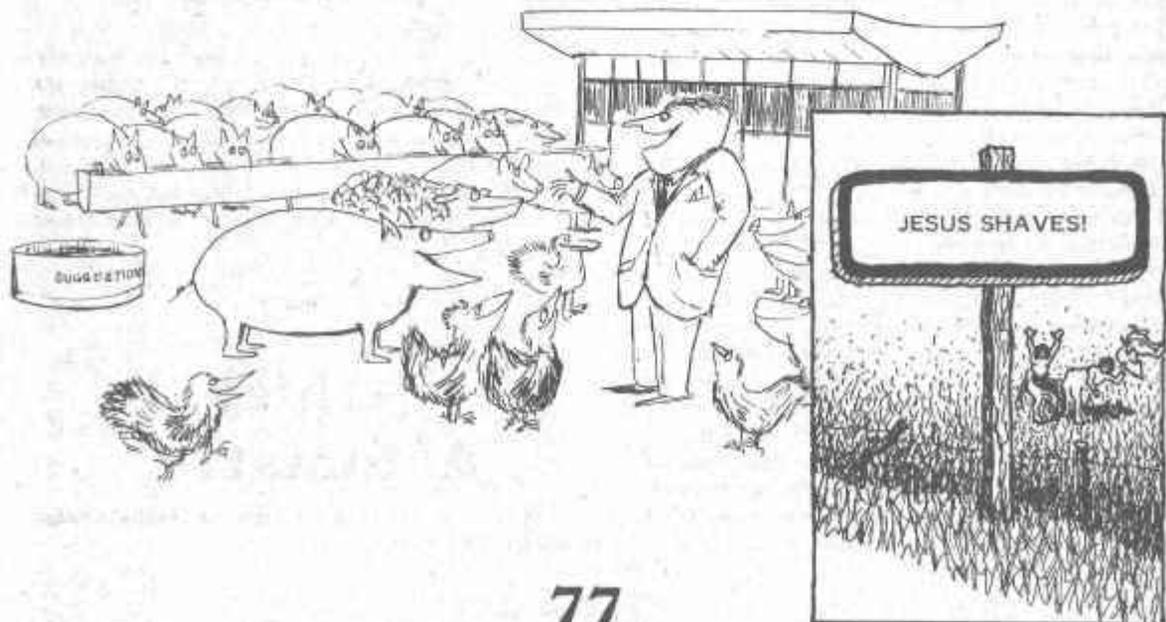
"... as a nation we no longer have a future that we can imagine and desire... We have become the worshipers and evangelists of a technology and wealth and power which surpass the comprehension of most of us, and for which the wisest of us have failed to conceive an aim. And we have become, as a consequence, more dangerous to ourselves and to the world than we are yet able to know."

"For do not all our rights have as their ultimate expression and meaning the right of a man to be secure in his own home? When this right is no longer defended by a power greater than himself, his days begin to come to him by accident, in default of whatever caprice of power may next require his life."

"Man cannot be independent of nature. In one way or another he must live in relation to it, and there are only two alternatives: the way of the frontiersman, whose response to nature was to dominate it, to assert his presence in it by accident, in default of whatever caprice of power may next require his life."

"Man cannot be independent of nature. In one way or another he must live in relation to it, and there are only two alternatives: the way of the frontiersman, whose response to nature was to dominate it, to assert his presence in it by destroying it; or the way of Thoreau, who went to the natural places to become quiet in them, to learn from them, to be restored by them."

"Until we end our violence against the earth—a matter ignored by most pacifists, as the issue of military violence is ignored by most conservationists—how can we hope to end our violence against each other? The earth, which we all have in common, is our deepest bond, and our behavior toward it cannot help but be an earnest of our consideration for each other and for our descendants."



more

TOOLS FROM MY CHEST



Anonymous Artists of America

Somewhere like a flea on the hide of this great groaning continent a group called the Anonymous Artists of America are hanging-out cooking rice, raising kids and making music. They'll play anywhere, garages, warehouses, jails and weddings, and having never allowed their gigs to get bigger than the group they have that back-road courage that seems more friend than phenomenon.

Dear anonymous artists, I know who you are. Where, however, is always another question.

Dear Ken—

I am writing this letter to you, because we just heard from Gloria, the luscious one, that "Ken is going to review you guys in the Whole Earth Catalog." None of us are any too sure of what that means, but we sure hope that it doesn't mean that you're gonna tell anyone where we are, or who we are too much. I mean, of course we are thrilled that you're thinking of us, and I'm pretty much sure that you are not going to do anything uncool like draw a map to our house, but nevertheless I do feel sufficiently paranoid to write this letter. Here's why: we just found some land, finally, that we are in the throes of buying—it is adjacent to the piece that we mentioned in the letter in the WEC last summer, and it is out of sight. We have a ton of work planned for ourselves in the months ahead—a big garden, the construction of innumerable houses, and we're even going into the cattle ranching line!! The A bar A bar A, dontcherknow. SO, it would be best that the energy that flowed through our scene this summer be work oriented, rather than Trip oriented, if you dig what I mean—if the people who come visit get into what we're doing, we'll really get into it, and vice versa.

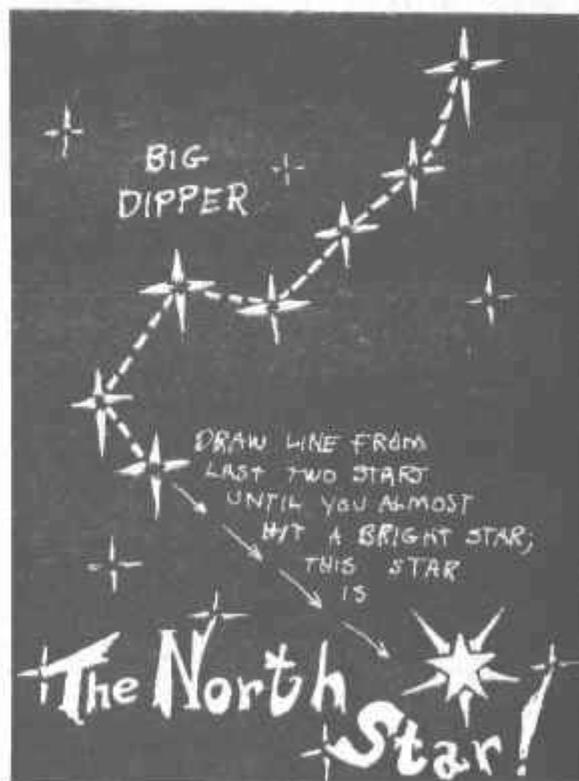
So far, we've started disassembling old adobe buildings. We're gonna build predominantly out of adobe, using Vegas and Lattia just like they all do out here, but we're thinking of some small domes on top of things.

The barn and garage compound will incorporate a dome, as will the community kitchen-dining-sewing-nursery compound, and probably the woodworking shop, too. Norman has great plans for a fabulous bath house, Len a heated swimming pool, me a meditation house, and, ultimately, a climatron. And, of course, everyone is going to build their dream house. Our dreams have shrunk a lot, which is nice—everyone wants simplicity and function—you don't want to have to heat too big a space. And solar heat—everyone is into solar heat for most of their warmth.

We gonna have a milk cow, rabbits, some pigs, goats, sheep (got the last two already) and chickens—we had some of them, but the dogs ate all them up. We're-gonna keep the doggies in a kennel, in the event that they don't go on extended vacations to friends and relations in sunnier climes, hem hem. We hear Julius Karpen is planning to visit us. Wow.

Love and kisses to everyone—yosell incl.
Lars, Toni and all of us.

EBI



I've never been lost in the desert or cast adrift in a cruel sea but I've always been comforted that I could find the North Star nevertheless. Like Stonehenge on the Solstice sun up, the North Star gives one a sense of one's bearings in the Solar System, and the turning of wheels and meshing of gears of the universe. Not everyone can enjoy a Stonehenge sunrise, but any clear night will afford anyone who is interested a shot at Polaris.



Lynd Ward



Lynd Ward was an artist of the twenties who turned out some novels done entirely with woodcuts. Their effect is unlike anything else in fiction. These are four pages from *God's Man*:



Fred Neil



Outside of Carson City, Nevada, about fifteen miles if you go the right direction, you come to a sign indicating that someplace called SUTRO'S is back somewhere along the dirt road meandering back through the sage. It seems that during the great silver rush in Nevada they were troubled with water from a lake atop a silver-loaded mountain seeping into their shafts and collapsing mines. This young German engineer named Sutro proposed to build a tunnel from the bottom of the mountain up to the lake, drain it for the miners and render their mines safe. By the time the tunnel was completed the silver had played out and young Sutro had picked up a fancy fee and headed for San Francisco, leaving behind him a great hole in a mountain. At the lower end of this 5 mile tunnel were left the sun-blasted buildings and the destitute machinery of its making. Some years ago a guy named Robin turned one of these buildings into a Saloon.

Now let me mention in passing that this Saloon is the best public drinking place I have ever been in. Something of the rusted mining machinery lying baffled in the desert sun, of the wind rattling the bored sage and the sky so blue it might have been mined from the very mountain it covers like armorplate, some secret alloy dust of Nevada's bleak motive that is tracked into the big drafty clutter of the saloon and sifted into the very beer. Also, they have a good sound system, through which this guy is singing blues into the static air as if from behind the bars of sun jammed through the crucial dust of his incarceration. In this fortress against time his voice finds its perfect stage; something is serving a term behind those bars and singing out his sentence like scratching days from a calendar. Fred Neil, doing slow time for our sins in the Ultimate Junkyard.

yet more

TOOLS FROM MY CHEST

ELDRIDGE

CLEAVER

Cleaver's insights and standpoints and metaphors are of the sort born of long, hard and unselfish thinking. This sense of distillation has been absent in his taped communiques and I hope he thinks some more and writes some more; it's hard to communicate through the soap opera-oriented media. SOUL ON ICE cuts across very clean.

The Allegory of the Black Eunuchs

I sat down to eat my beans at a table for four with two of my contemporaries: young, strong, superlative Black Eunuchs in the prime. Soon after we were seated, an old fat Lazarus, with sleek, grayish hair that had been artificially straightened and a jolly, ebullient smile which made him resemble a chocolate Santa Claus, invited himself over to our table and sat down in the chair opposite me. I exchanged glances with my contemporaries. Ironical smiles lit our black faces, while an intenser fire blazed in our eyes as we scrutinized this Lazarus interloper.

A few minutes passed in silence.

My contemporaries and I, we had a thing going about elderly Negroes like this one sitting opposite from me. There was something in his style, the way he carried himself, that we held in contempt. We had him written down as an Uncle Tom—not that we had ever seen him buck dancing or licking the white man's boots, but we knew that black rebels his age do not walk the streets in America: they were either dead, in prison, or in exile in another country. Or else, and this is how we sized this one up, they had turned

into a type of fake that proliferates in the Negro ghetto. Not a passive resister (and he wasn't non-violent), he was death on another black, and although the white man had ripped off his whole existence, his whole race, he was always talking about what he would do if the white man ever did something to him personally. If talk alone could overthrow a government he would be in power. From a certain point of view we hated this black, but in a subtle way we were fascinated by the curious terms at which he had arrived with the world.

Just then, and with no apparent provocation, the young Eunuch on my left said, pounding his fist on the table for emphasis, "Old Lazarus, why come you're not dead?"

"What?" asked the Infidel, startled more by the suddenness of the question and the menacing tone in which it was hurled at him than by the question itself. (After all, his entire generation was being asked the same question in a million different guises: Charlie Parker asked Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie asked Louis Armstrong, Mao Tse-tung asked Chiang Kai-shek, Fidel Castro asked Batista, Malcolm X asked Martin Luther King, Robert F. Williams asked Roy Wilkins, Norman Mailer asked the Totalitarian Squares.) The question sank in slowly, and as it did his Santa Claus smile dissolved, with a hint of panic, into a twitch at the left corner of his fat mouth. His dark, beady eyes darted from face to face.

"I asked you why aren't you dead?" repeated the Eunuch on my left.

"Why should I be dead? I don't under—"

"If you had laid down your life," the Eunuch cut him off, "at least we could respect you. At least we could say you were a man—a great man. At least we could point to your grave as a sign, a standard, with pride—with reverence! But no, you cringing cunctator, you dared to cling to your miserable life, to grow old and gray and fat and funky!" The Accuser broke off and started eating his beans with a vengeance, as though each bean were a white man, and he downed them by the spoonful.

"What's wrong with this cat today?" asked the Accused, his face screwed up in nervous bafflement.

"He's sick," I offered, to see how the Infidel would take it.

"He must be sick," said the Accused, stirring his coffee uncertainly. "All this stupid talk about death and dying."

"Yes, I'm sick!" erupted the Accuser, almost choking, talking through his beans. "You make me sick, Methuselah! What are you trying to do, win a longevity contest? How did you get that gray hair—how did you manage to survive? Yeah, I'm sick, sick, sick!"

"I'm sick, too," said the Eunuch on my right, speaking for the first time. "I'm sick, sick, sick!"

"I'm sick, too," I said.

"What's the name of this game?" asked Lazarus, trying to inject a note of levity, on the sly. "This is a new one on me."

It was a cruel thing we were doing and we knew it because we had done it before to others. In one sense we were only playing with him, probing him, examining him, studying him, but on another level we were deadly serious. The Lazarus, detecting the ambiguity, was confused.

"Do you know the difference between a gorilla and a guerrilla?" the Eunuch on my right asked the Accused.

The Accused appeared to be contemplating an answer. "I'll make it easy for you," the Eunuch said. "You're a gorilla, and a guerrilla is everything you are not."

The Accused opened his mouth to reply, but the Eunuch

on my left, who had cast the first stone, cut him off. "A guerrilla is a man," he snapped, his eyes flashing, "but you're some kind of freak!"

A self-searching, inward-looking silence ensued. One thought of blood and guns and knives, whips, ropes and chains and trees, screams, night riders, fear, nightsticks, police dogs and firehoses, fire, wounds and bombs, old women in pain and young women defiled, lies, jeers, little boys frozen in their first heat and young men *destudded* and old men burnt out, little girls psychically vitiated and physically massacred . . .

After a while I asked the Accused, in a neutral voice, "Have you ever hit a black woman?"

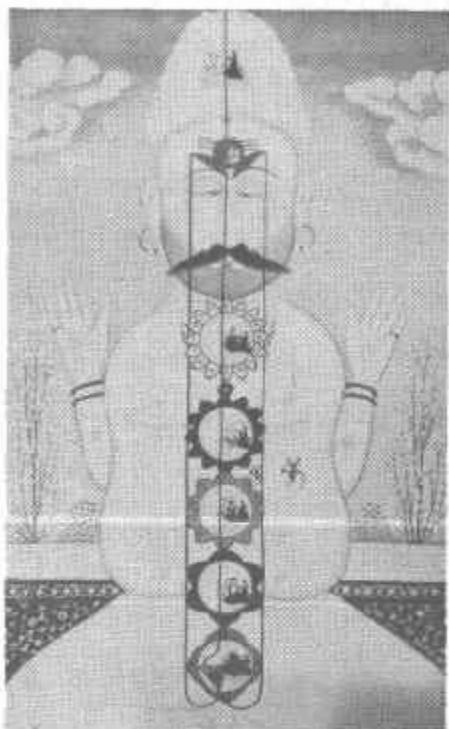
As if his switch had been flipped, his eyes lit up and, anxious for what in his death he took to be a change of subject, the Lazarus took the bait. The twinkle in his eye turned evil as he leaned across the table and said, in a confidential way: "I wish I had a nickle for every bitch whose ass I've put my foot in! I'd be so rich right now that you lames would have to put in your requests six months in advance just to get to see me, let alone sit down at the same table with me!"

"A home-run slash at your neck with a scimitar is the solution to all your problems. Lazarus!" hissed the Accuser, the Eunuch on my left, his lips trembling with rage.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Accused, affecting not to have understood.

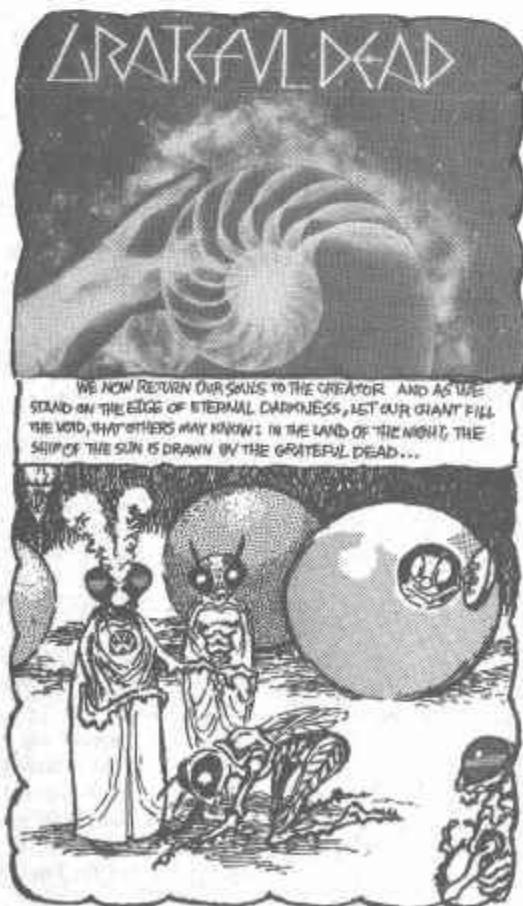
"He means what I mean," said the Eunuch on my right, "that for four hundred years you have had the fear of the slavemaster in you, but now it's time for you to know the fear of your own kind!"

TANTRA_a ART_t

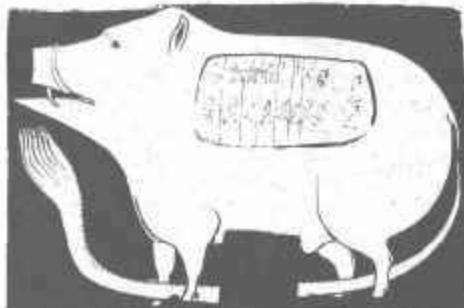


by
Ajit Mookerjee

A mantra takes care of the words in your head, keeping them from tying you in knots, and a tantra takes care of the pictures so you don't have to watch ragged reruns of Candy Barr. Tantra Art is a fantastic, high-rent, unattainable and even out-of-print book of this very stabilizing visual form. I can't tell you how to get hold of a copy. I don't have one. Maybe the publishers would respond to enough inquiries by putting out a lower-rent and available edition.



WE NOW RETURN OUR SKINS TO THE CREATOR AND AS WE STAND ON THE EDGE OF ETERNAL DARKNESS, LET OUR GRANT FILL THE VOID, THAT OTHERS MAY KNOW: IN THE LAND OF THE NIGHT, THE SHIP OF THE SUN IS DRAWN BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD...



JOAN BAEZ

It was a long time before anyone noticed the short-haired girl standing in line with other assorted freaks, waiting in the Woodstock rain for her chance to perform on the little rinky-dink free stage set up in the suburbs by Ken Babbs and the Pranksters and Hogfarmers.

"Hey! That couldn't be Joan Baez, could it?"

Music by & Lyrics by Joan Baez

VAGABONDS

Words & Music by Joan Baez

When the mist rolls in on Highway One
Like a curtain to the day
A thousand silhouettes hold out their thumbs
And I see them - Mum - And I say
You are my children, my sweet children, I'm your post.
It's not the orphans in an age
of us to - mor - row -
And with your walk - ing - you wage a war -
A - gainst the sor - row - Your fa - ther -
left you - a row to hoe - And you'll hoe it,
You'll hoe it

1. A. When the mist rolls in on Highway One
Like a curtain to the day
A thousand silhouettes hold out their thumbs
And I see them and I say
You are my children, my sweet children, I'm your post.
2. A. With hair just like the burning trees of Moses
The girl beside you is your twin
Behind your fiery wake up you should know this
I am your sister, I am your kin, your flesh and kin
I'll make this tune in matching phrases just to show it.
3. B. You are the orphans in an age of no tomorrows
And with your walking you wage a war against the sorrow
Your father left you a row to hoe
And you'll hoe it, you'll hoe it.
4. B. If I could write you easy directions on a list
You would not read it, you could not see it for the mist
Beside my pen is very righteous
And I know it, I know it.
5. A. So walk to the edges of a dying kingdom
There's one more summer just around the bend
The seaber in your sails is brave and wise
For though your highway has no end (it never ends)
There's still the sky and the windy cliff, and the sea below it.
I'd take an angel's rasher trumpet and I'd blow it, I'd blow it.

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- LAST LONELY AND WRETCHED -

Words & Music by Joan Baez

I think that - and you're poor - you long -
to be free - from - this - forsaken - land -
For - as - long - as - you - find - no - home - no - family -
the - way - made - that - you - wan - dered -
since - the - day - of - your - birth -
You've - be - come - one - of - the - last - lonely - and - wretched -
Your - face - and - clothes - are - dirty -
The - years - that - you've - toiled -
Must - number - centuries - near - thirty -
The - de - pending - of - a - sadness -
brought - finally - into - madness -
You - are - truly - one - of - the - last - lonely - and - wretched -
Your - eyes - are - wild - and - frighten - ing -
At - the - same - time - they - are - blessed -
And - I - wonder - if - God - died -
Turned - his - back - so - only - just - re - sisted -
When - you - walked - out - on - the - sev - en - ty - day -
Through - the - big - gates - and - on - your - way -
To - be - come - one - of - the - last - lonely - and - wretched -
For - once - you - were - a - child -
Your - cheek - were - red -
You - were - well - fed -
You - laughed - and - played -
Till - you - got - lousy -
Ran - to - your - father -
When - you - were - scary -
But - some - where - you - were - for - saken -
Alone - I'll - not - hear - the - blame -
And - some - how - all - was - taken -
Your - mind - your - body - your - name -
For - give - us - our - un - kind - ness -
Our - de - ser - tion - and - our - blind - ness -
With - you - the - last - lonely - and - wretched -
(Coda) For - give - us - oh - the - last - lonely - and - wretched -

1. You're tired and you're poor
You long to be free
But in this God-forsaken land
You find no home, no family
The way made that you've wandered
Since the day of your birth
You've become one of the last lonely and wretched
2. Your face and clothes are dirty
The years that you've toiled
Must number centuries near thirty
The depending of a sadness
brought finally into madness
You are truly one of the last lonely and wretched
3. Your eyes are wild and frightening
At the same time they are blessed
And I wonder if God died
Turned his back so only just resisted
When you walked out on the seventy day
Through the big gates and on your way
To become one of the last lonely & wretched

Bridge

For once you were a child
Your cheek were red
You were well fed
You laughed and played
Till you got lousy
Ran to your father
When you were scary

4. But somewhere you were forsaken
Alone I'll not hear the blame
And somehow all was taken
Your mind, your body, your name
Forgive us our unkindness
Our desertion and our blindness
With you the last lonely and wretched

(Coda) Forgive us, oh the last lonely and wretched.

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more
TOOLS FROM MY CHEST

DOPE

I can't really recommend acid because acid has become an almost meaningless chemical. I mean, the first acid I took was Sandoz, given me by the Federal Government in a series of experiments (what now, Uncle? don't give me that anti-American drug fiend bullshit; you turned me on, . . .!) and it was beautiful. With perhaps the exception of Owlsey's work every bootleg batch I've tried from then on down have been interesting, enlightening, agonizing, bizarre, etc., but never since anything as *pure*.

The same holds for psilocybin.

And I can't recommend speed and coke because I'm not a booking agent.

And I put a definite HOLD on STP; I don't think there's anything wrong with it karmically but it's such a long and juiceless trip that it damages the bearings.

And I can't recommend downers because I've had too many friends go down and out. Do you know anybody yet who's gone up and out?

And I can't recommend tranquilizers because my only experience with them was working in the nut-house where they were used essentially as chemical bilies and cuffs.

But good old grass I can recommend. To be just without being mad (and the madder you get the madder you get), to be peaceful without being stupid, to be interested without being compulsive, to be happy without being hysterical. . . smoke grass.

LORD BUCKLEY,
ROLAND KIRK

and,

especially by all means um yas, considering the way things have been up to *now* I've got it,



◆ neal cassady ◆

-dum de dum de dum goes the old head most of the time just plain old ordinary what-else-is-new? dum de dum de dum all the time it's no big thing because it's always gone dum de dum de dum and even when it seems to be going dum de diddle it's actually still going dum de dum de dum under that particular corficus, still going dum de dum de dum and none would be the wiser if it wasn't for certain undomesticated and fuckers come humming past with a dum de dum de train too late mate-step lively now; don't wait!—you're on the wrong tracks anyhow *particularly* considering that that dum de dum clinker in fact done *quit* choo-chooing past this station when MacArthur left Bataan in '42 so I'm steering you straight, mate; best thing is just keep on truckin' nimble always out there on the tip of your *own treacherous tongue*, right?

Such minstrels are among our most rare and precious tools. Tongues free-flapping and frictionless; consciousness without stashes. No need to edit. Nothing is nothing to lose so it's never kept back. Who needs a snakey little editor got his nails gnawed to the quick, checking the comode? It's all good shit whatso'mever



aint it? and if it aint how else we gonna get it out to work on it? Meditation? Yeah, yeah but you ever try meditation with a case of crabs? Cutting and pasting, Burrough's fashion? You, maybe, but if what you really crave is the good clean thrills and delight and completely dedicated positive-if, perhaps, ah um, yas, possibly just a *leettle bit wired* (speed? horror!)—energy then climb in, hang on—*watch* that idiot microbus!—but even, granted, speeding a leettle bit nothing that can't be—whup! whazoop? Watch it, idiot!—most adequately handled if that frizzled right front don't rupture round this *full left!*—full left it is, *sir—full ninety degree left* ("trick is, chief, to zig when they zag.") into full tilt satori.

Lord Buckley can be found in lots of records if you look hard, and if you're lucky you can still experience Roland Kirk coming on LIVE like a purple volcano subject to spew music in all directions the minute you think it's dormant, but Neal Cassady is being woefully scattered. Tapes and films have been ripped off and borrowed from the pfankster archives until there is very little left of what was once a healthy fund of Cassady originalia. It's the fault of librarians, God knows, if fault must be laid; one can't for too long expect to signify the possession of a most precious stash without inviting inspection. To rectify the situation all us librarians can do is vow to mend lazy ways and solemnly swear that if all the folks now holding Cassady tapes would send them to Intrepid Trips Information Service, 11th and Jefferson, Eugene, Oregon, that we'll make copies and send whatever you sent back to you postfree, *plus* promise to do our damndest to edit a record of Neal's best. As added incentive we'll send a free record to all contributors.

He was far out, folks. I realize more and more just how far out he was as the years pass since his death and each time I penetrate what I thought was virgin territory I find Neal's familiar restless footprints messing through the choicest glens. I mean, friends and neighbors, I mean he was *far out*, just one hell of a hero and the tales of his exploits will always be blowing around us (one night in the dark Grant Avenue pavements an ebullient Cassady raps circles around a Lennie Bruce too strung-out to appreciate that this t-shirted maniac weaving words like a carpet before him was paying Lennie his own respect. . .) or: a muni court judge once made the mistake of asking, "Mr. Cassady, how is it *possible* for one man to incur *twenty-seven Moving Violation Citations* in the course of one month!?", and Neal duly launched into response, detailing precisely how the first came about when he was ticketed for not stopping at a stop sign, which, y'understand, was later proved in previous court action—you'll find it on the Dec. '67 records for Marin County, yer honor, if you care to check—had been knocked down by a pole truck a few minutes previous to the ticket in question, and, though innocent proven, the license was suspended in the interim foul-up of red tape and the *next ticket* led to subsequent puncture of the right rear as the patrol officer pulled us over into an A&W parking lot on I think it was the corner of Grove and University, the lot being strewn with broken beer bottles—not faulting the officer, of course; it was dark—and this puncture drew the third citation for impeding traffic in as the puncture didn't manifest itself until an hour later in the going-to-work Bay Bridge traffic. . ." and on and on, through

debacle after debacle, calling all the proper dates, times, street numbers, officer's names casually to mind for the judge's edification (Cassady had read all nine volumes of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* and could quote long machingunning bursts when tempted) as the judge leaned further and further over the bench to gape at this feat ("T'weren't nuthin', Chief," Cassady later confided, "even a bad dog won't bite if you talk to him right.") in amazement. When Neal finished there was nothing for the judge to do but grant complete dismissal) but the stories really veer one from the mark Neal had in mind. Only through the actual speedshifting grind and gasp and zoom of his high compression voice do you get the sense of the urgent sermon that Neal was driving madcap into every road-blocked head he came across.

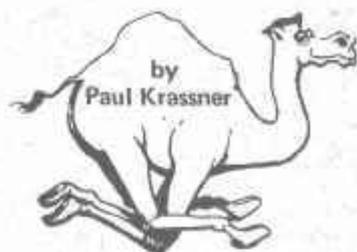
So those with tapes please send them, and those that haven't heard Cassady come on put the pressure on; that come on is yours. How can one person keep something obviously meant for all? Gulf doesn't own the moon no matter how many commercials they run during the moon shots. Van Gogh's wicker chair changed the perception of all the world. Let's get up off our treasures; even the most comfortable wicker chair in the world will eventually give you hemorrhoids. IT IS, 11th and Jefferson, Eugene, Oregon. Archives for all.



+++ enough!



TOOLS FROM MY CHEST



A loaf of bread, a jug of carrot juice and this fur-covered cup, saucer and spoon are all I need.





CLASS "C" CHAMPIONS. The Jugs, Springfield Creamery's basketball team, won the Willamalane Industrial C League championship Thursday with a 88-79 win over Farrell's at Springfield Junior High School. In front from left are David Caldwell, Luke Freeman, Sheryl Kesey, Leslie Block, Isaac Babbs, Moose Babbs, Billy Block, Kit Kesey, and Ken Babbs. In

the second row are Joe Baker, Ken Garrison, John "Jaybird" Martin, Dave Smiloutze, Don Kushin, Zodiac Carl and Sue Kesey. In back are Garrett Rosenthal, Bill Block, Terry Trenom, Gary Mikkelsen, Steve Van Brasch, Jay Crittenden, Bobby Steinbrecher and Ken Babbs.

Long-hairs' offense slowed as sheriff's 'posse' moves in

Law, 'Jugs' tangle--in wild game

By RAY MYERS
Of the Register-Guard

"We'll start the second half when we find out who ripped off with the basketball," the perspiring referee said to no one in particular.

Swirling around the perplexed official Friday night was a scene of wild, foot-stomping, yelling fun in South Eugene High School's gymnasium. It was the mid-point in one of the most unusual basketball games in town this season.

The match-up involved the cops vs. the long-hairs.

The long arm of the law — the Lane County Sheriff's Office team — battled in friendly, exuberant combat with the heroes of communal living — the Springfield Creamery-sponsored Jugs. And it was all done to the accompaniment of the crowd and the Amazing Grace rock band up in the balcony.

Jammed into the bleachers, the more than 1,300 spectators paid \$1 each to watch the charity game that raised funds for the Eugene White Bird Socio-Medical Free Clinic.

And out on the hardwood floor, once the ref found the lost basketball (a couple of three-foot Bob Cousseys were shooting baskets with it) the colorfully outfitted Jugs team overcame their own problems to whip a rugged green-and-yellow-togged sheriff's team to win in overtime, 104 to 84.

The two-hour game was recorded on television video tape by some Lane Community College students "just for the heck of it," one said. It was conceived and produced by a Eugene drug salesman, Gary Middelsen, who also played

for the Jugs. And it was interrupted many times by dozens of little kids who just couldn't keep off the playing area. Nobody seemed to mind.

Mostly it was exciting, hard basketball. And judging by the free-wheeling "vibes" of the capacity and largely pro-Jugs crowd, the game was just great fun.

The sheriff's team, led by guard Gary Stewart and player-coach Don Lighty, was hot in all but the last minute of the first half. The Jugs trailed by as much as eight points until they started getting through the deputies' zone defense to tie it up at the half, 44-44.

During half-time, the Amazing Grace group played, spectators milled and danced over the basketball floor and the public address announcer threatened to auction off a set of Ford car keys if the owner couldn't be found.

The second half was all Jugs. Bobby Steinbrecher, John "Jaybird" Martin, Chris Cotton, player-coach Ken Babbs and Dave Smiloutze drove the Creamery team past the sputtering sheriff's office to a 79-72 lead with 2:46 left in the game.

Then Stewart and guard Frank McCartt scrambled through piles — literally — of Jugs for enough points to catch the creamery guys at the 83-all game-ending tie.

The game-winning insanity was all with the Jugs. They stayed ahead of the hard-pressed deputies to win easily.

But the overall victory belonged to everyone in that crazy-fun gym.

Monologue with Future Shock

The future is bought with the present.
Samuel Johnson

by
Jerome Agel

"Current events take up too much time,"—10-year old public school student,

"If that's the way it's going to be, I don't want to be here."—Alvin Toffler's mother on learning content of her son's book *Future Shock*.

Alvin Toffler is a fugleman, and what he's fugling is his theory that rate of change is the single most important environmental force in high-technology nations (i.e., in most of the world's northern hemisphere).

"Somebody," says Toffler, "has to decide that the rate of change needs to be moderated, controlled, regulated—and not just unleashed. I am not a Luddite. I am basically pro-technology, but I want it responsibly controlled. I want to know what it is going to do to the individual and to his life-to-me. *Future Shock* focuses principally on the individual and his interactions with the micro-environment in which he lives."

Toffler defines future shock as a time phenomenon, the dizzying psychological shock suffered by people when they are forced to adapt and re-adapt repeatedly to an accelerating pace of changes in society. Hippies, for example, are already suffering from future shock, "the primary disease of the future."

The malaise, mass neurosis, irrationality, and free-floating violence—already apparent in contemporary life—are merely a foretaste, says Toffler, of what may lie ahead "unless we come to understand and treat this psychological disease. Change is avalanching down upon our heads," he writes, "and most people are utterly unprepared to cope with it."

Alvin Toffler rapped with this reporter:

The environmental teach-in is excellent—it's positive politics. But it will boomerang unless we reach beyond dead fish, smog and billboard-cluttered highways. The pace of life produced by runaway change is itself a form of psychological or cultural pollution—and something must be done about that, too.

It is no longer a matter of controlling technology in the traditional sense. Quite apart from the impact of this nuclear reactor or that supersonic jet, there is the impact of decreasing time spans between innovations. We need to look at whole chains and sequences of technology—and the pace at which they force people to adapt.

Everyone talks about change. You can't attend a professional meeting these days without hearing someone sound off about it. But hardly anyone has thought deeply about it. The economists talk about accelerating scientific and technological change. The historians talk about the increasing "velocity of history." But until now the psychologists have ignored the impact of high speed change on the inner life of the individual—on his ability to reason, for example.

Future shock is culture shock in your own society. It arises from the rapid superimposition of a new, alien culture on our familiar one. We are all "strangers in a strange land."

High speed change affects your physiology, the whole biology of the human organism—and it can produce strange and menacing consequences. Pump change and novelty into a population and you alter its biochemistry. You also run the risk of seriously damaging it psychologically.

Many of the young people who have lit out for rural communes or have turned inward are fleeing future shock—trying to get away from the high levels of environmental stimulation produced by the acceleration of life. They are also fleeing the future.

The new interest in environmental quality represents a healthy shift in our thinking. Until now, much of the protest has been almost-pathologically past-oriented.

The back-to-the-earth movement is only one manifestation of this past-orientation. Instead of probing the future, trying to humanize it, we have copped out and tried to escape into the past.

Three central forces are generating high speed change today, forcing the levels of stimulation up, causing stress and future shock, and intensifying the malaise, violence and sickness in our midst. These forces are, first, the uncontrolled scientific and technological lunge into the future; second, population increase; and third, the shift in age distributions that has produced a larger youth component in the society. This "youth bulge," as the demographers call it, has not been absorbed by society.

Runaway change—not just at the level of machines but of human interaction—leads to personal and social sickness. Today, despite all the talk about power structures and elites, the fact is nobody is in charge. As a British MP friend of mine puts it: "Society's gone random."

We can't hope to control change, to modulate it, to make it go in decent, humane directions, until we stop being nostalgic about a glorious yesterday that was, in fact, brutal, gloomy, stultifying and miserable.

The nostalgia sweeping through the society today is pathological—and it is being exploited by what I call the nostalgia business. Why are so many people wearing the hair styles, rimless glasses and deerslayer boots of past eras? The art nouveau craze, the Humphrey Bogart thing, the Bonnie and Clyde fashions, the Tiffany lampshades and campy gimcracks are all references to a past that are, by and large, well rid of. There are parts of the past that are, no doubt, worth preserving. But the wholesale adoption of yesterday's styles and fashions is a sign of illness rather than civilization.

Another sign of sickness is an education industry that was obsolete a generation ago. To create adaptive human beings, people who thrive on change, we need a new kind of education.

We need to teach the future—to alter the time perspective of the student. Progressive educators half a cen-

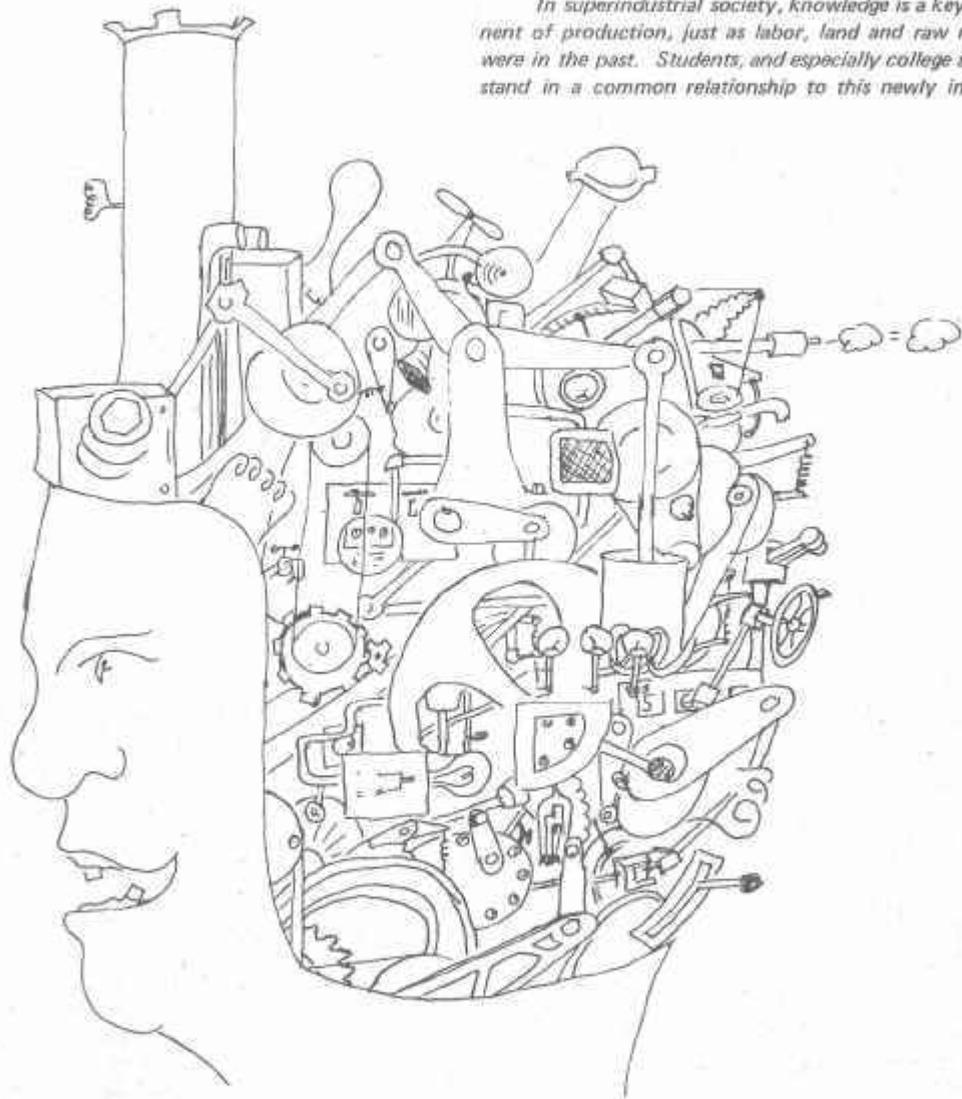
ture ago said that history had to be made relevant to the future made relevant to what we call the present. Probing the future helps make sense of the present.

In another 15 or 20 years—maybe much sooner—the Diploma Society, the whole antiquated system of educational accreditation, the points and credits and pieces of embossed paper, will be a shambles.

The idea that young people should be incarcerated for increasingly long sentences in obsolete institutions called schools needs to be reexamined immediately. The devastating extension of adolescence—a kind of enforced

East 60s. The air is unbreathable. Traffic, an abomination. Millions of old and lonely people, a whole hidden nation of Eleanor Rigbys, languish and die. But whenever you go to a politician with a proposal for doing something about it, you're told, "We don't have the resources." We are the richest nation in the world and still we supposedly lack the resources to take care of elementary needs. This is absolute absurdity. The fact is that we are not making use of the single biggest, most energetic and potentially constructive resource we have—50,000,000 young people currently packed away in ice-in school.

In superindustrial society, knowledge is a key component of production, just as labor, land and raw materials were in the past. Students, and especially college students, stand in a common relationship to this newly important



immaturity—is one of the horrors of today.

One alternative would be no school at all. A far better one, however, would be the transformation of the school into a totally different organism—one that permits the child, from the youngest age, to learn while performing useful services for this community. Depending upon age children could help regulate traffic, take care of the aged, worry about pollution, noise and garbage—help make the city a more livable place.

Rats run rampant in Harlem and dog turds litter the

factor of production. This, by any reasonable definition, makes them a class. But, as a class, they are disenfranchised. For longer and longer periods, they are held in cold storage and prevented from making a serious contribution toward the solution of community problems.

The demand for student power on the campus is an exact index of student powerlessness off the campus.

It's very popular today to be anti-technology. We blame everything on the machine, from war to mass mis-education. Often the same people who run off at the

mouth about smashing the machines talk about feeding the starving millions—a stupid contradiction. We need not a gang of Luddites, but a future-oriented youth movement for the responsible control of technology.

If we could regulate technology, we could shape not only decent human communities, but whole societies. Technology-poor nations have to take what they can get. But we have so many technological options pouring out of the laboratories that we could never exploit them all in a thousand years. We exercise choice. But the criteria by which we select tomorrow's technologies are shallow and econocentric. Will it make a buck? Or give us a bigger bang for the buck? We need far more complex criteria for selecting from the technological cornucopia.

By making intelligent choices, we can create at least 57 varieties of technological society, rather than a single standard model.

We've got to anticipate the consequences of our choices. McLuhan forced us to pay attention to the second-order consequences of communications media. Instead of just thinking in terms of what was on the TV screen, we had to begin thinking about sense ratios and things like that. Change, too, has second-order consequences. One of these lies in the word pace. Pace is part of the "content" of change.

All change carries cost. Even when the change is "good" for you, it does something to your physiology and your mental capacities. If the change comes too fast, it may overload you and do damage.

All accelerations tie together in peculiar and as yet unexplored ways: they trigger each other. What you get is a chain reaction of change that explodes out of control.

I was in Berlin talking about future shock. A young German got up in the back of the auditorium and asked how come it is only the "capitalist" nations that seem worried about the future?

My answer was simple: there are more revolutions per square inch happening in the capitalist countries than in the communist countries.

Change is more rapid, more disturbing, and more unsettling where the race toward superindustrialism is fastest. The fact that the communist countries are not yet as shaken by the impact of rapid change only measures how far behind us they are in the advance toward the next stage of human development.

We see in Washington an Administration elected by the frazzled gut feelings of an electorate that feels itself hard pressed by change. Jobs, communities, sexual standards, information, organization are changing rapidly. Masses of Americans are bewildered and frightened by it. They can't adapt fast enough. But if the Administration thinks it can impose a moratorium on change, it is making a dangerous mistake. Nothing could be more stupid than an across-the-board effort to dam up the forces of change. Rather, they need to be directed, accelerated here, decelerated there.

Part of the process of making change tolerable is to involve people in planning it. We really haven't scratched the surface of what's possible in the way of involving masses of people in designing their own futures.

The only political questions worth asking are those that have to do with non-immediate futures. *Asking a

voter what he thinks about immediate issues is often a waste and a fraud: the decisions have already been taken that will determine their outcome. This is true even when the politician doing the asking doesn't know it.

Revolutionary movements in the past usually held some image of the future worth fighting for. Today's New Left—which is already the Medium Old Left—has failed to formulate worthwhile images of the future.

Anticipating the future is one way to ward off future shock. Rather than being jolted by change when it arrives, the person who has learned the habit of anticipation can ride with it, master it.

Anticipating futures—both personal and social—is a survival technique. It requires both imagination and hard rationality.

The government goes to great expense to prepare astronauts—to cushion them against future shock. It immerses them in their own future by simulating for them, in advance, the environment they will have to inhabit. Before they set foot in the real capsule or touch foot on the moon itself, they have fully explored them through the use of simulations.

They enter a simulated future before they enter the real one. Giving astronauts a taste of their own future is a key to their adaptive ability. They couldn't accomplish what they do and survive if they weren't prepared for their own tomorrows. There would be too many surprises, too much information to process, too much novelty. There is no reason why we, here on earth, should not also be given a taste of alternative futures. We, too, should be immersed, at times, in our tomorrows.

Today's kids are going to have to live a long time in their future, and they should have a right to participate in planning what it should be like. Kids in the past didn't face this issue. The future for them was frozen—destined to be a simple replication of the past. But our future is still open.

Democracy means the right to participate in shaping that future.

Kids, from the very youngest age, should be encouraged to envision desirable futures, to compare alternative futures, to examine likely futures, and to plan actions based on these.

Assumptions about the future are essential to effective action in any field. All the talk about the "now" generation ignores one simple fact; there is no now. The past ends and the future begins. The idea of the present is just a convenient crutch.

We make assumptions about the future all the time. When you raise your hand to flick on the tape recorder, you assume the machine will still be there a moment in the future. It is precisely this ability to imagine things as they will or may be that differentiates conscious from unconscious behavior.

To "live in the present" is to abdicate autonomy. Hanging loose means responding like a passive object to whatever outside forces happen to jostle you.

I don't dig Zen, existentialism, psychoanalysis, or any of the other currently fashionable obscurantisms.

If I were asked to run a school and were foolish enough to accept, I would begin by calling in students, faculty, community people and futurists to sketch a set of tentative futures. We might play games and design

simulations. We would speculate fancifully about the world as it might be 20 years from now. We would make some assumptions about the way it will be. We would lay out some ideas about how it should be. We could then, and only then, start to deduce a sensible curriculum.

The present curriculum in most schools is pasted together out of bits and pieces left over from the last century. Its prime assumption is that the world of tomorrow will resemble the world of today. It is a stupid anachronism nailed into place by academic guilds horrified at the thought of reallocating budgets and prestige.

Any curriculum that is not deduced from a set of coherent assumptions about the future is irrational.

Every school ought to have a Council of the Future. All power to the Councils! (Well, not all power.)

The only sensible schools for the future will be age-segregated. We should start now to design generational-bridging into the education process.

Television will be an important source of instruction and education in the future. But even the best imaginable TV is not enough. Education should be a social process, not just the processing of an individual child in his solitary learning carrel.

check one:

BANG!

WHIMPER

We'll use contrived experiences, games, simulations and group tasks as key methods in tomorrow's education, and we'll refocus curriculum so that it begins to deal with the future. An education based on the future is a powerful tool for warding off future shock.

Futurists are probing the perimeter, sending us advance warning of the problems we will face in 10, 20, or 30 years, shining the mirror of the future on the present and thereby lighting up the present. But most futurists tend to be overly technological in their orientation.

Most of the literature on the future bulks up under the heading of technology: What will the transportation systems of the year 2000 look like? Will we have luminescent wall panels and modular kidneys? That sort of thing.

There is a smaller literature on social and political problems—usually on questions like what will happen to Red China in the next 40 years? What we're lacking is good, insightful writing about the "soft" side of the future... the daily life of the individual, the changes in friendship patterns, family, sex, values, religion and art.

These are the things I write about, and that is why

I describe myself, when I'm forced to do so, as a social futurist.

The people who think most deeply about the future are going to have an influence out of all proportion to their number. Those who help create future-consciousness in ourselves and in society help us adapt to change. In that sense, they are future-shock-therapists.

One has to go back to the French Revolution for a recent period filled with the kind of upheavals we are now witnessing. But even the French Revolution was a local, short term manifestation of rapid change, rather than an example of the kind of systemic change that's sweeping through the high technology nations today. We live in a special moment of history—one in which the discontinuities are multiplying up to and beyond our ability to cope with them.

Historians and social scientists tend to focus on the continuities. They thereby blind themselves to what is most distinctive about our time. Futurists focus on change.

We are moving into a superindustrial stage of society that will be characterized by the most rapid pace ever experienced by man. To cope with this, we shall need a new consciousness. Futurists are helping to create this.

One of the most imaginative and useful thinkers we have is Kenneth Boulding. Peter Drucker and John McHale are first-rate. Robert Jungk in Germany, Fred Polak in the Netherlands, Olaf Helmer and Ted Gordon in this country, Bertrand de Jouvenel in France are examples of people who have learned to think in terms of discontinuity and change and are helping to prepare us.

Margaret Mead talks a great deal of inspired sense. McLuhan is too much the Catholic mystic for me. Buckminster Fuller is a technological transcendentalist. I am neither a mystic nor a transcendentalist. Nevertheless, both these men have compelled us to think in fresh ways—and that's paying one's dues to society. Ken Boulding once made the single best remark anybody has made about McLuhan: "He hit a very large nail not quite on the head!" I would be well satisfied if anyone said that of me.

Nobody should be allowed to corner the market on the future, however. Most futurists today are white, middle class, intellectual and, above all middle-aged. But there are beginnings of change, here, too. More young faces are beginning to turn up. In Europe and this country a handful of young people are beginning to take the future seriously—seriously enough to devote themselves to studying it and designing plans for it.

In London next summer, we may witness something radically new on the face of the earth: a gigantic futures festival. I know a group of hip young people who are hoping to bring half a million participants to this festival next July. They are planning to have rock concerts, avant garde and classical music, theater, dance, games and other events all built around the theme of tomorrow.

They are talking about special pavilions or programs about ecology, communications, science, human development, information, health, etc. They plan to turn whole sections of the city into teaching machines, drawing all kinds of community organizations and youth groups into the action. They hope to design games that will help thousands of people participate in the examination of

alternative futures.

The futures festival will be a Woodstock with brains and point to it. If the plan succeeds, the media will report it all over the world and multiply its impact. Of course, anything on so large a scale has to be planned responsibly to make sure no one is hurt or unfairly inconvenienced. But that can be done. If this futures festival comes off, it will be a positively historic event—that is, if a future-oriented future event can be said to be historic. They need all the help they can get.

The humanization of technology, the guidance of human evolution itself, cannot begin until the human race develops a new sense of time, a new future consciousness. We are at the earliest stages of this development. The futures festival is just one sign of this new, vast shift of consciousness. By encouraging this new view of time, we help minimize the risk of future shock as well. And that is a precondition for survival.



On Politics and Communes

by
Mason Dixon

"There is no escape—either into rural communes or existential mysticism—from this dynamic of world confrontation."

—Tom Hayden in *Ramparts*

I've heard it all before, and Hayden's language is typical—communes are escapist, a political cop-out. As one friend succinctly put it when I told him I was moving to B. C.: "What you are doing is a purely private act without interesting social consequences."

After a year-and-a-half in the bush, Mr. Hayden et al., I beg to disagree.

To be sure communes are escapist in the sense that its participants are escaping a polluted and pathological urban environment. But it is my thesis that a return to the land does not necessarily mean turning our backs on the North American political landscape. Rural communes do and will have a role in proto- and post-revolutionary North America.

In the first place, someone is going to have to feed the cities now and in the future. And the quality of food is an important factor in the quality of life overall. By next summer we hope to be able to ship free vegetables to Vancouver to be distributed by the VLF or YIPPIE! Good spuds are not as spectacular as Molotov cocktails, perhaps, but one does what one can.

Second, a hefty percentage of North America's population still remains in rural areas where reaction to any sort of revolution is most severe. (As an old Nebraska boy I know whereof I speak.) It is more difficult to categorically censor hippies if you have to relate to them every day at the store, pub, or gas station, than if you merely read about their antics in *Life* or the *Province*.

So, if heads on the land are responsible to their environment and its inhabitants (and not all of them are), then potential opponents at the barricades may have second thoughts.

Thirdly, heads in the back country can and should be organizing their areas. In our valley, for instance, B. C. Hydro planned to spray 2,4-D along its tower right-of-way. But someone axed their defoliant stockpiles one night, and several days later when they tried to bring more in, several ranchers met the Hydro choppers with shotguns, and refused to allow storage of the stuff on their land.

We seized upon this natural issue and printed a protest letter which we distributed up and down the valley, pointing out that the spraying demonstrated ecological irresponsibility, and was intended to get more profits to Hydro stockholders, at the expense of whoever happened to live among the transmission lines. Hydro finally dropped the spraying idea in our vicinity, grumbling about "too many angry farmers."

Keep in mind, too, that most rural inhabitants seem to have a streak of stubborn individuality and dislike of restraint that rivals our own. (After all, I was a Goldwater supporter in '64 for much the same reason.)

But I know the mental set that Hayden is talking about—the beautiful dream of moving into the promised land with a few beautiful people, chanting "OM" over the

garden, and everything's gonna turn out all right.

Wrong. I'm all for good vibes, but if you think they're going to stop Hydro's D-9's from plowing up your greens about the time you're 60 and looking forward to a bucolic organic old age, brothers, forget it.

More than any place, B. C. is a heavy land-rape scene. And they think *big*. I've talked to too many old-timers who have found themselves in housing developments because Hydro wanted to build dams on their traplines or Cominco found a nice copper deposit. . .

There is *no place, repeat no place* you can go and be assured of living in peace. Lest we forget on our own farm, there are four high voltage power lines buzzing across our land to remind us that this is not the best of all possible continents. . .

I don't know, maybe it was the old civic bullshit about "responsible citizenship" being drilled so deep, but I still feel a responsibility to my community, and not just the hip one, either.

Anyway Hayden, we're here, we're staying, and one of these days you may even be glad. Right.

-From *Eternities*
D'Arcy, B. C.

Letter From a Competent Freak

Dear Paul;

I wrote you the article on some of the changes I went through (had to go through) when I left the Lower East Side to become a farm boy.

Then I ripped it up to start a fire last night.

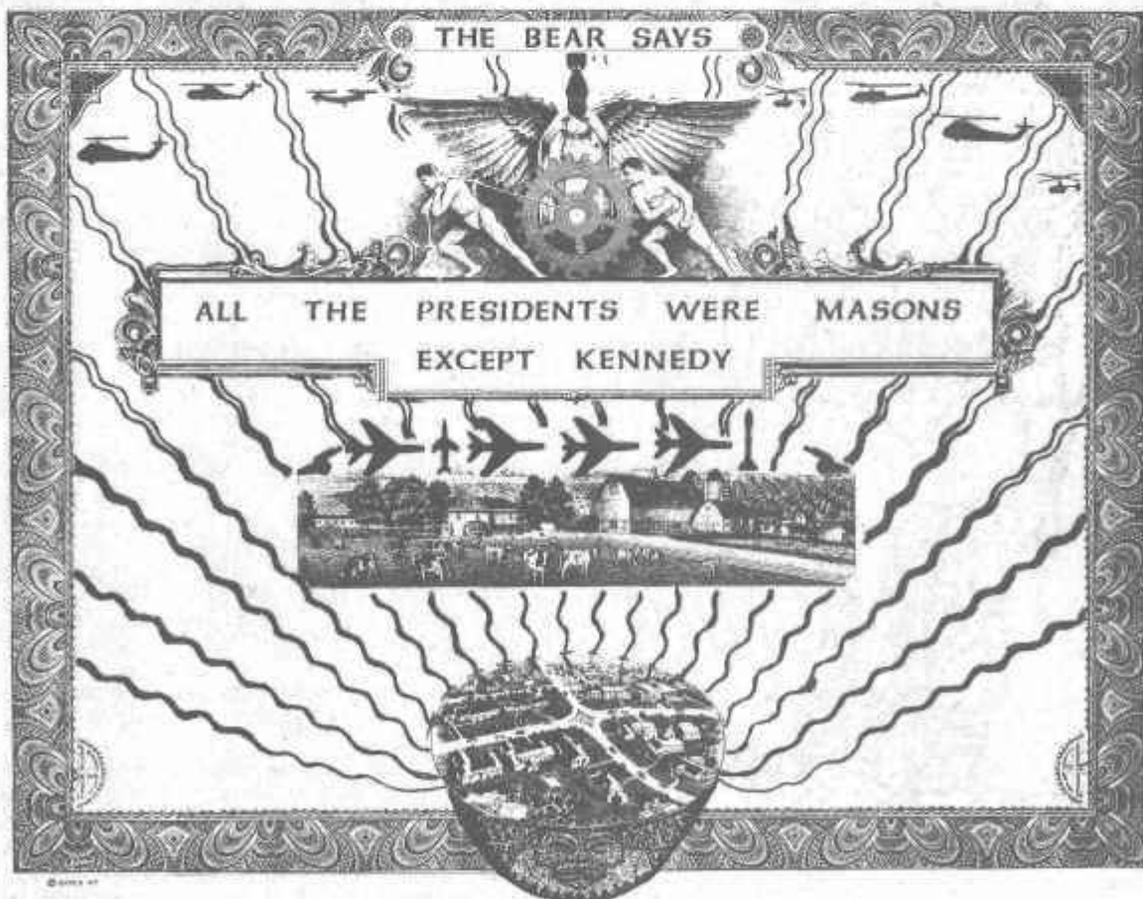
Enough bullshit.

I was thinking that one of the reasons that this is the last *Whole Earth Catalog* is that Stewart and friends are tired of talking about things and want to start doing them.

We need more competent freaks and less articulate freaks. Ray Mungo in *Total Loss Farm* and Pete Gould in *Burnt Toast* say what needs to be said about how it's oh so good livin' on the farm—now we got to learn how.

I'm gonna pawn my typewriter and buy a 2-man saw and turn this noisy sword into a ploughshare, then fill up the sugarhouse with wood.

Love,
Marty Jezer



YOUNG POETS TELL WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BLACK, PUERTO RICAN, INDIAN, ESKIMO, CUBAN, JAPANESE, CHINESE-AND AMERICAN • EDITED BY VIRGINIA OLSEN BARON • WITH 42 PHOTOGRAPHS

HERE I AM!



APRIL 4, 1968

war-war
why do God's children fight among each other
like animals

a great man once lived
a Negro man
his name was the Rev. Martin Luther King.

but do you know what happened
he was assassinated by a white man
a man of such knowledge as he
Martin Luther King
a man of such courage
to stand up and let a man hit him
without hitting back

yes—
that's courage
when you fight back of course you're brave
but do you think you yourself can stand up
and let someone beat you
without batting an eyelash
that takes courage.

shot him down
that's right
one of God's children

well you can count on a long hot summer
one of our black leaders has been killed
murdered
down into the gutter.

I will long remember this dark day.

It's funny it's so you can't even
walk out in the street anymore
some maniac might shoot you
in cold blood.

What kind of a world is this?

I don't know.

MICHAEL GOODE - age 8
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

WINTER SOLDIER READING TOOLS

Here are some books highly recommended for your private consciousness-raising sessions:

Revolutionary Non-Violence by Dave Dellinger—morality reports that should be required reading in all high schools, colleges, communes and barracks.

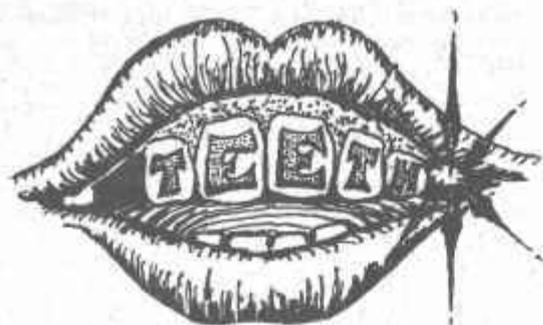
No More Lies by Dick Gregory—the truth about American history (and be sure to hear his album, Frankenstein).

Sisterhood is Powerful edited by Robin Morgan—a collection which provides the kind of inspiration that transcends gender.

How to Talk Dirty and Influence People by Lenny Bruce—an autobiography of the funny prophet which makes you wonder what he'd be saying if he were alive now.

Johnny Got His Gun by Dalton Trumbo—my personal Bible.

—p.k.



by
Ron Bevirt

If I don't take care of my teeth, who will? I have been for some time in the process of discovering that I am a food junkie. Long before any glimmering of this reached my consciousness I was an admitted tooth freak. My earliest heavy tooth awareness followed the failure of my second set of upper incisors to appear on schedule. My 'adult' teeth were there but three other teeth were there too, preventing the descent of my permanent teeth. One thing led to another and a dental surgeon numbed my gum and rooted out those unnatural intruders with a silver hammer and chisel. That all worked out just fine. My apple biting teeth appeared and continue in good service to this day. The thing that made a believer of me, though, happened during the period before I was to go into the Army. I decided to get any dental work done by a slick civilian rather than trust such an important part of my form to experimentation by some young dental school graduate enthralled by the military. Zounds! A mouth full of caries and broken margins. Two months of two times a week followed. Whereupon, I emerged with row upon row of clean, neatly filled teeth and four healing wounds where the wisdom teeth had intruded. A specimen 'after' mouth and a *believer*. Hallelujah, brothers and sisters, I repent of bad treatment to my teeth. I won't tell you how I don't ever want no more drilling.

I began cleaning between my teeth with dental floss and then brushing carefully after every meal. I have continued this practise as best I have been able for about nine years. I have had a couple of caries during that time and I need a good cleaning and examination as soon as I can get to it. I think a good nutritious diet is marvelous for the general maintenance of the form.

I have used an Oral B 60 for as long as I can remember. When the bristles get fairly bent I get a new one or even two. Some folks say regular toothpaste has so much sugar in it that it can cause decay. I hear that baking soda is best of all. Tooth decay is a chemical action in the mouth and the baking soda makes an impossible environment for this chemical action. If you brush your teeth with baking soda at bedtime they can get a good nights rest too.

Dental floss is really important because it removes particles of food from between the teeth which can't be dislodged by the brush. It's this crap between the teeth that really causes decay. I don't know whether anyone besides Johnson and Johnson makes dental floss but that's the kind I've always used. Floss comes in two thicknesses: thin called Dental Floss and thick called Dental Tape. Recently, I found Dental Floss Unwaxed. All the floss and tape I've used in the past were waxed. I find that I prefer the waxed because it slips in and out between my teeth cleanly without leaving any of the

floss behind which I find to be a problem with the unwaxed floss. Both floss and tape are composed of many tiny fibers. Getting these fibers caught between my teeth is a wildly frustrating experience since I never can get them out without getting more in. I read recently that the use of Dental Tape can cause your teeth to have a transcendent experience. Using Floss one develops a touch since it is thin enough to cut the gum at a certain velocity. Floss is packed in several different sized dispensers, but my favorite is the 200 yard size which lasts for two or three months. Available in most any drug store.

Recently I've realized the importance of my teeth



in the service of my habit. Munch, slurp, stobber, drool...



Prison Reform

by
James H. Lawton

For anyone into the very necessary changes needed in prison reform the magazine *The Cage and the Doorkey* is one hell of an insight into the prisons in California (and I would think many other states as well).

Imprisonment is an unknown quantity even to Courts who sentence people to it. It can entail so many kinds of treatment—from the martial to the sentimental, from the ruinous to the fortunate—that no Court can know to what it is sentencing the offender, or what effect it will have on him. This uncertain justice, disconcerting to Courts, whose purpose in sentencing is to have some specific effect on offenders, and indeed, some specific benefit to society in general, and some satisfaction to the victim of the offense too. The effect of the Courts, which should be sure, known and respected, is rendered weak, chancy and dubious by the indefinite character and role of prison.

Persons interested in Prison Reform should contact: California Citizens Committee for Prison and Parole Changes, Casa Correro Station, Concord, California 94521.

The Cage and the Doorkey is published about every month or so (when funds are available). The cost is \$1 per issue or free to inmates and others who cannot afford the cost. Contributions are most welcome. It is published by Volunteer Enterprises, 21275 Casa Correro, Concord, California 94520.

The Crime of Punishment, by Karl Menninger, M.D., 350 pp (approx.): Punishing for punishment's sake is itself a crime in our times. The crime of punish-

ment is suffered by all society because punishment regularly gives rise to subsequent criminal acts inflicted on the public. The use of prisons to punish only causes crime according to Dr. Menninger.

Today, in America, we practice no theory of penology. We do what we do. And what we do has almost no relationship to what we say we do. Essentially, we use penology to confine as inexpensively as possible and thus separate from society people who have committed crime. Simultaneously, if incidentally, we punish by providing an unpleasant experience. The combination tends to turn the prisoner from concern for anyone but himself. In prison, abuse of the individual's integrity and personality is almost total. *When men leave this environment, no other individual seems very important to them. They will take what they want or need.* Hanging over most all released men there lingers a personal disorganization, an emotional instability and the threat-almost the expectation-of returning to prison. So most return. Society almost seems to want it to happen this way... and so it does.

Three years ago, a person was found guilty of selling about five ounces of marijuana to a friend (it was actually given to him, no money changed hands). After being found guilty this person was turned over to the California Department of Corrections for a 90 day study of what made him tick and a probation report was to be forwarded to the court for the judge's benefit in sentencing. During an interview with a probation officer, this person (the inmate) stated that he would obey all marijuana statutes, but only out of fear of what the courts would do to him. He further stated that he would always be resentful of these laws. This statement seemed to be a pivotal factor that led the probation commission to recommend imprisonment for this fellow. His "negative attitude" and his feelings that he had been "committed unjustifiably," they felt, indicated a lack of proper respect for authority. This was the crucial issue when this man came before the judge for sentencing.



The attorney representing this man argued that his attitude was one of a very honest person who expressed himself frankly and candidly, that he was following the dictates of his own conscience and that, just as he would not lie about his future behavior, he could therefore be

trusted to stay away from marijuana. This did not satisfy the judge, who said that he was resisting the process of rehabilitation. The opposite was true: The probation report stated that this inmate's "relationship with officials had been courteous and cooperative. His personal appearance is clean and presentable. Living quarters are neat and orderly. He volunteered for work. Assigned to the library, where he works well with a minimum of supervision." His only resistance to the process of rehabilitation, then, was his insistence on maintaining the freedom of his own thoughts.

Karl Menninger's book will give you a lot of insight into the workings of the penal system and the waste that is taking place every day.

Some additional reading for anyone who is interested in the systems of jails and prisons:

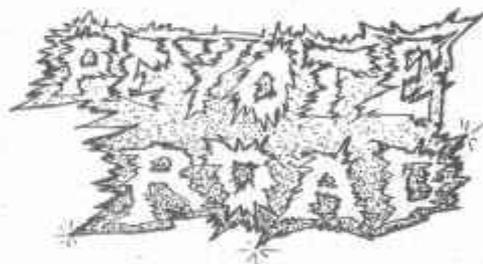
Bansom: A Critique of the American Bail System
by Ronald Goldfarb
Harper & Row 1965

Arrest
by W. R. LaFave
Little, Brown & Co. 1966

Was Urto You Lawyers
by Fred Rodell
Pagent Press 1939-57

Cross Examination
by John A. Appleman
Coiner Publications 1963

The American Jury
by H. Kalven, Jr. and H. Zeisel
Little, Brown & Co 1966



by
Pancho Pillow

Each one of the peyote plants on the field shone with a blue scintillating light. One plant had a very bright light. I sat in front of it and sang my songs to it. As I sang Mescalito came out of the plant-the same manlike figure I had seen before. He looked at me. With great audacity, for a person of my temperament, I sang to him. There was the sound of flutes, or of wind, a familiar musical vibration. He seemed to have said as he had two years before, "What do you want?". . . I walked through the peyote fields calling the name Mescalito had taught me. Something emerged from a strange starlike light on a peyote plant. It was a long shiny object-a stick of light the size of a man. For a moment it illuminated the whole sky above, creating a portentous, marvelous sight.*

References to peyote go back to 1539 when Cabeza de Vaca spoke of them as objects of trade amongst the Indians of what now is Texas. It is native to the deserts of central and northern Mexico, claims centuries of use

**The Teachings of Don Juan, a Yaqui Way of Knowledge*-Carlos Castaneda 1969, UCLA Press, pp 152-153.

and was basic to pre-columbian religious practices of the Aztec and other Mexican Indians.

About 90 years ago, plains tribes from the United States, especially Kiowa and Comanche discovered the cult and imported peyote. They formed new cults incorporating native and Christian elements. In 1922 the Native American Church was founded with some 13,300 members. Now 250,000 strong, the church teaches high morals and abstinence from alcohol. Formed originally as a self-defense organization against political and missionary repression, it continues to protect the right of peyote sacrament to church members.

Lophophora Williamsa (peyote) is a gray-green spineless cactus with a small dome shaped head bearing poisonous tufts of whitish hair and a long carrot-like root. The small crown is sliced off, cleaned of white tufts, and is either eaten green or dried to form hard, brownish disks, known as mescal beans or peyote buttons.

The Indians of the southwest prefer peyote to mescaline. The hallucinations it produces are important to the rites, but they believe that peyote is the divine messenger enabling the partaker to communicate with the Gods and a sacred medicine. In fact many Indians consider the practice of either reducing peyote to mescaline or selling peyote a crime against Mescalito.

"The therapeutic uses of peyote are various. At Taos it was used for snake bites. The Caxcanes of Teocaltiche employed it for fainting spells and cramps. The Chichimeca use it externally for bruises, snake bites and rheumatism. The shawnee chew peyote into poultices for sores and eat it for colds, pneumonia, rheumatism, and aches and pains."[†]

Another important practice which exists among groups living near peyote fields is the ritual of harvest. As it occurs in the Tarahumari nation from two to a dozen men make the month long trip to the region around the mouth of the Rio Conches. They first purify themselves with copal incense. On the way anything may be eaten, but in the hibul country they eat only pinole. Speech is also forbidden. Arrived they erect a cross near the first plant found, in order to find an abundance of others. They cut off the tops of the cactus with wooden sticks to leave the roots uninjured. They sing and eat green peyote while gathering it. In the evenings they dance the dutuburi around the cross and a fire.^{††}

The most important peyote ritual is the meeting which is held both as a communion and for the purpose of healing. Among the Mescalero Apache they enter the teepee at nightfall. The peyote chief is sitting west of the fire facing the door, with a gourd rattle in one hand and an incised wooden staff in the other. The staff is his protection against witchcraft and he "sings to it"; he exchanges the gourd for the drum of his assistant, but retains the staff in his left hand. In front of him on an eagle feather or a piece of buckskin lies the large talismanic chief peyote. He is assisted by a door keeper and a fire tender, who builds a crescent mound of earth around the fire pit with the horns east, and keeps the fire going all night. The peyote, in a sack or woven tray, is first eaten by the peyote chief, who then administers their first buttons to novices. He uses two eagle feathers as a spoon, with three ritual chants, after which these "fly" into their mouths. Then after "smoking" the peyote is passed around by the assistants as the leader prays. Beginning at the southeast the drum is passed clockwise as each person sings four songs of ceremony or vision, while the leader or his assistants shake the rattle. The leader sings most of the songs.

[†]*The Peyote Cult*, Shoestring Press, Hamden, Conn.,
^{††} *Ibid*, p. 33

The concept of eating peyote is to attempt achieving the spiritual communication with the spirit Mescalito. This is ideally done at a meeting. If this is not possible eat ten buttons on an empty stomach in a harmonious environment.



by
Ken Babbs

It wasn't long after I bought my bus from John Muir that I ran out of gas. There was no gas gauge in the bus, so John kept a can of gas in the stairwell, and as I drove from Santa Fe toward Truchas, I didn't worry when the engine sputtered and died. I would merely pour some gas from the can into the tank and soon be on my way.

However, when I removed the cap from the gas tank, I noticed a problem. Even though there was a small nozzle on the gas can, it wasn't long enough to reach the filler neck of the tank. Not even when I tried to use a funnel to stretch from the can to the tank. I was stuck but found the answer to my problem in the spare parts box John Muir had willed to me along with the bus.

First, I found a straight piece of heater hose which fit into the filler neck of the gas tank. The filler neck is almost horizontal, so the heater hose fit in like this:



Here's a handy tip Bobby Steinbrecher gave me today when I put a full tank of propane onto the kitchen stove:

"Rub those threads with soap," he said.

I had just hooked up the regulator, and lit a match to check for leaks. There was a bright blue flame, indicating the threads were not sealing.

"Let's give it a try," I told Bobby.

He took the bar of soap out of the soap dish over the kitchen sink and rubbed it across the threads of the regulator, which I had unscrewed with the crescent wrench.

He filled the spaces between the threads, going all the way around.

I screwed the regulator back onto the propane tank, opened the valve, struck a match, and held it to the joint. Nothing happened. The soap had indeed sealed the leak.

A high lead level in unlikely place

by
Bruce Buckley
Chelsea Clinton News, N.Y.

Last month, after an article appeared in this paper about a little girl in Clinton who was discovered to have an abnormally high level of lead in her body, Mrs. Doris Guenter, wife of the Chelsea Democratic Leader, suddenly became concerned about her own children.

The reason for her concern: Natasha Babayan, the girl, does not live in a tenement where years of neglect had exposed underlayers of leaded paint—the usual source of lead poisoning. Natasha's home is a renovated apartment in a brownstone facing St. Clare's Hospital on West 51st Street. The building is well maintained. The walls are freshly painted.

A disturbing possibility suddenly opened up: children in middle-class homes might be victims as well as those in slums. Mrs. Guenter talked to the teacher and some of the other mothers at St. Peter's Nursery School, where her younger son Joshua goes, and it was decided to have all the children there tested at the Lower West Side Health Center.

On January 6 two groups of youngsters trooped over to the center and had blood drawn for the test. Last week Mrs. Guenter received a letter from the Health Department which said in effect that Joshua was due to return for re-testing.

Since Joshua had just been tested, Mrs. Guenter knew a mistake had been made and she called the center to find out what the letter meant.

It turned out that Joshua's test had detected a high lead level. It was .04 milligrams, the same as Natasha's.

In two cities, Baltimore and Chicago, a .04 level or above is considered to be lead poisoning. Not in New York. Here a child must reach a level of .06 milligrams before his case is considered serious enough to warrant treatment. Between .04 and .06 is considered abnormally elevated and the city pursues a course of watchfulness. The child is retested regularly to make sure no dangerous rise occurs.

Joshua will have to return in two months to be tested again, but Mrs. Guenter said she would take him to her pediatrician in about a month. Her older son, Jeremy, 5, a kindergarten student at P.S. 11, will be tested this week. Other youngsters at P.S. 11 will probably be tested as well.

"I'm sort of numb about the whole thing," Mrs. Guenter said last Friday. "But I'm not overly surprised. I would have been absolutely shocked if it hadn't been for that story about Natasha Babayan."

Natasha, 17 months old, was tested last summer in a mobile lab during the Health Department's campaign to uncover undetected cases of lead poisoning. The level she tested at

level traffic.

In any event, the prospect that lead in the air is a primary cause in elevated lead levels in young urban children is a frightening one.

Paul DuBrul, an aide in Bronx Borough President's office and the man largely responsible for initiating the citywide campaign to uncover lead poisoning, said last week that "We've got to recognize that people in automobiles are natural enemies."

DuBrul asserted that "we have to say no to the automobile industry; we can't phase out lead from fuel, we have to do it now. 'We've already done inestimable damage to our children.'"

He pointed out that recent research soon to be published will show that many children are born with levels of .03 milligrams—which means they are getting the lead through the placenta of their mothers.

This is particularly disturbing, he noted, because it doesn't take a great deal more lead through breathing to raise the level to a dangerous point and it doesn't take much more than that to raise the level in slum children enough to cause the severe and crippling form of lead poisoning.

The Environmental Protection Administration, he contended, has allowed itself to be lulled by the propaganda of the automobile-oil complex.

"It is now clear that lead is a major pollutant," DuBrul said.

"It is present in the food chain. Significant amounts have been found in fish off the coast of Los Angeles. We're breathing it, we're drinking it, we're eating it."

DuBrul pointed out that the problem is turning out to be of far greater magnitude than anyone realized. Last year, the Health Department tested 80,000 children for lead poisoning. Twenty-six hundred were found to have a level of .06 milligrams and above in their blood. Twenty five percent of the total tested at .04 or higher and 50 percent, by extrapolation, were at .03 and above.

He pointed out that while the effect of concentrated lead levels in young children is all too clear—irreparable brain damage is often the result—it is not at all obvious what lesser amounts will do. Children may turn out somewhat duller than they might have been, he said, or they may someday develop chronic kidney disease and lead would have been the cause.

He suggested one way to cut the lead emissions in the city's atmosphere: the City Council should prohibit taxis from using leaded fuel as part of the taxicab settlement. That, he said, would immediately eliminate 50 percent of the lead in the air since 50 percent of the passenger miles traveled are in taxis.

One positive step that has been taken in Chelsea is the formation of a committee called "Get The Lead Out."



SPACED OUT ON EARTH

The above excerpt from the pen of Gary Grimshaw appeared in the first issue of *Slow Death*, an underground comic book.

The following exchange of letters appeared in the second issue.

Dear Mr. Grimshaw:

Concerning your cartoon in the 1st edition of "Slow Death on Eco-trip in Babylon," you picture Scott Carpenter as a Babylonian patriot. I feel this is unfair because your information about his personality is quite wrong, to the best of my knowledge. I know him as a father and as a very liberal person—and no admirer of Nixon and his ways. He is an engineer and somewhat scientist—I think his knowledge on the "x 720 Z" is not unbiased. He explained it to me and talked to many scientists about it and it does work. He is also President of Sea Sciences Corp., which is mainly concerned with stopping and cleaning up pollution and sustaining the masses. He's really into the kids and what they're doing, so I was offended when you obviously put him down.

Sincerely,
Kristen Carpenter

P.S. His and my last name is spelled CARPENTER—not CRAPENTER.

Dear Kristen:

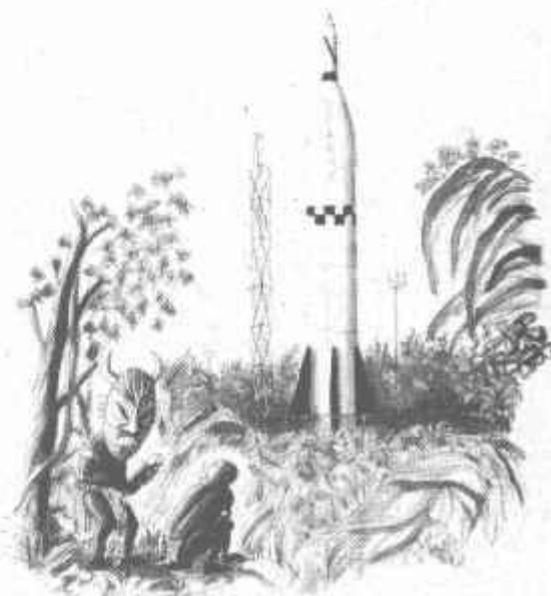
Thanks for your letter. It has been forwarded to Mr. Grimshaw. The Visual YoYo Tribe checked out F-310. It is a shuck according to the Federal Trade Commission. It is rumored to create phosagenes (mustard gas). It appears that it does not increase nitrous oxide (Earth Times No. 3) or decrease it (Ecology Information Group). It is only a detergent that would have no application if the carburetor was kept in adjustment. If Standard Oil had spent those millions on teaching the public how to tune their carburetors, instead of duping people like your father, the world would be a better place. We trust Sea Science Corporation and your father and you will continue to strive for the same goals as *Slow Death*.

Power to the People,
Ronald E. Turner, Editor

THE MILITARY

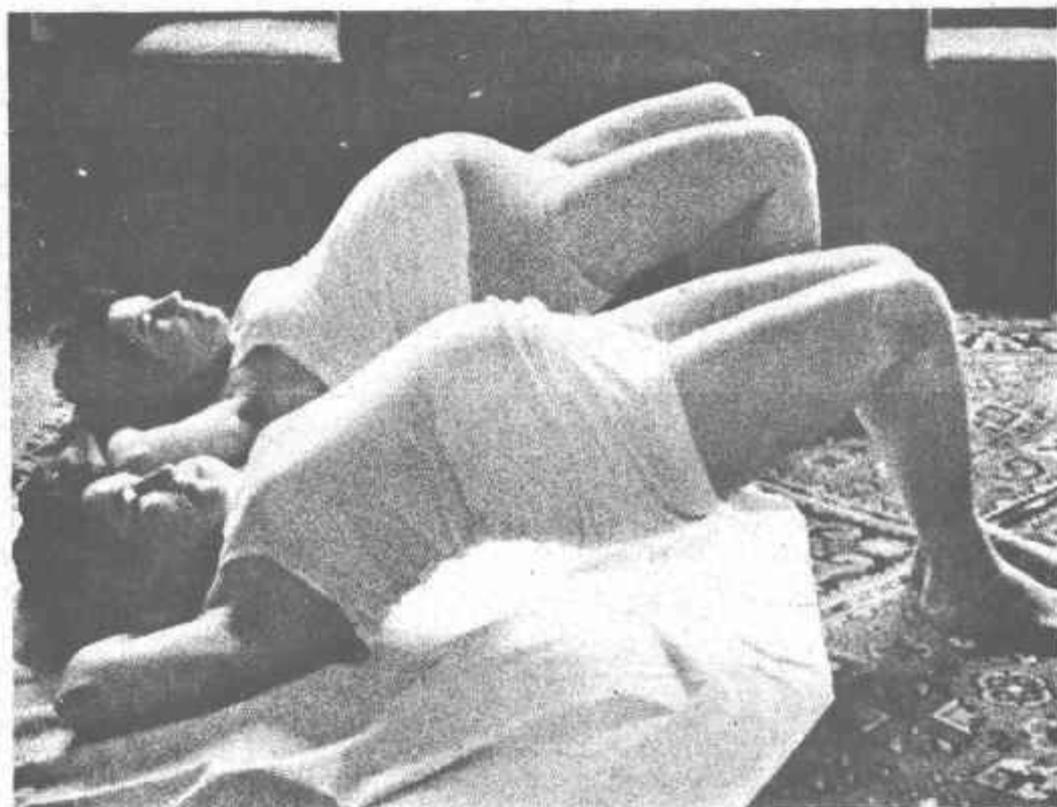
There is nothing wrong with the army, you army guys. You're just not using your strength against our true enemies. Think how many houses you could build in total retaliation to the Pakistanian earthquake. Or rushing to the rescue of the disappearing Kentucky topsoil. Or replanting the ocean's dwindling kelp. Or even directing traffic after football games. (How would it be, you army guys, if *everybody, all ages*, was subject to serve six months sometime as traffic cop, or park attendant, or garbage collector?)

So come on, you big brass army guys; please pull out of where the dollar wants you and launch a campaign in the fields where *man* truly needs you!



"Wait till they light the fire. It's the most fantastic fertility rite you've ever seen."

WOMEN AND THEIR BODIES, A COURSE



by
Diana Shugart

If anyone has any doubts left that women can really get it together, they should have a look at this book. It's written by and for women and is a masterpiece. The subject is our bodies—our relationship to them, to ourselves, to men, to each other, and to our society. It makes me feel very special but in no way unique—a warm and wonderful feeling. It's a political book in the best sense of bringing it all back home and making it clear how we got here and where we need to go. It's full of good solid information which is presented in a tone totally different from either the usual medical presentations, or the "just relax sweetie, and I'll tell you where it's at" tone of some women authors. If you don't think you have any questions about your body, you'll probably be surprised. And if you're looking for a stronger, clearer sense of yourself as a woman, you'll be satisfied. What it reminds me of most is a woman's body—intelligent, warm, soft, inviting.

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Boston Women's Health Collective
791 Tremont St.
Boston, Mass. 02118
\$.90 ea. including postage
\$.80 ea. in quantities of five or more

Is Natural Immunity Sufficient?

by
Jack Soltanoff, D.C.

For some time now "scientists" have been interested in spontaneous or artificial immunity much more than in building up and strengthening natural immunity. This artificial immunity has been intensely studied, refined and of course used for many years and now forms the basis of all the various forms of vaccination and immunization.

If an individual has not been subjected to artificial immunity, (vaccination or immunization) the body tends to adjust itself to the activities of the environmental microbes and bacteria, and it does so by producing natural body anti-septics (antibodies) that apparently inhibit these activities.

The immunization theory is based on the fact that when an individual suffers from various symptoms of a so-called "infectious" disease associated with microbe activity—such as measles or smallpox—a *second attack is unlikely or will not occur for some time.*

What scientists have discovered through the study of these disease reactions is that by injecting the body with dead, attenuated microbes, viruses or bacterial poisons he is thus able to artificially induce this adaptive process and immunize the individual against the full force of that particular disease.

This is the premise upon which all the various forms and types of artificial immunization are built and although the future is certain to bring about new and different procedures, we must accept the fact that at the present time these methods have for the most part the whole-hearted approval of the orthodox healing professions throughout the world.

According to some bacteriologists, the main objection to this method, aside from the fact that there is always a definite amount of pollution of the blood stream and therefore a certain element of risk involved—a recent statement from an authority in this field stated that mass vaccinations in the U.S. would kill at least 100 infants annually and probably damage the nervous systems of at least 500 more—is that so long as this method is used there will be little if any chance of humankind ever acquiring *natural immunity.*

Worse, as long as these methods are relied upon, other factors will not be taken into consideration. For example, the important environmental factor of proper nutrition could have such a positive effect in upgrading American standards of health that it might be the key to unlocking the natural immunity problem and *making artificial immunization unnecessary.*

Here, history can teach us an important lesson.

Let us take a few acute diseases such as diphtheria and smallpox and examine them.

As time has come and gone and great environmental changes have taken place, the mortality rate from these two dangerous diseases has almost totally diminished. Artificial immunization methods have been employed and some will confidently claim that this is the reason for their decline, as if environmental influences played no part at all.

In a recent issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine* Drs. J. M. Lane and J. D. Miller stated: "The benefits of routine childhood smallpox vaccine no longer outweigh its risk; consideration should be given to its discontinuance."

But serious outbreaks do occur anywhere in the world—regardless of immunization or vaccination—wherever environmental conditions deteriorate as with floods or famine, or where social upheavals such as war or revolution break down existing sanitary or hygienic safeguards.

It is wise, therefore, whenever trying to evaluate any type of preventive health measures, especially those based on artificial procedures such as vaccination or inoculation, to give some credit to certain advancements in the social and hygienic areas, especially in new standards of living (shorter work week, refrigeration, faster and safer transportation of food, improved sanitation).

Yet the uninformed public is always more inclined to credit only scientific "advances" or new forms of "treatment" without realizing that scientific grounds alone are never the entire answer.

In Europe centuries ago, social, political and hygienic conditions for the masses were in a chaotic state; many forms of disease ran rampant, including leprosy, plague, cholera, smallpox, the "swating" sickness and many more.

Today, they have all almost disappeared.

For some, it is claimed that artificial preventive methods are the reason for their disappearance. But this argument loses its validity when it must be admitted that many other equally serious diseases have also been eradicated *without the aid of specific treatment.*

Once it is admitted that social and environmental changes are factors in the elimination of disease, (sanitary engineers, political and social changes, and trade unions for example) then the argument for specific "preventive" treatment is left on very flimsy ground.

In order to preserve health and prevent disease humankind should be considered not in isolation but in the entire environmental setting. Nor can we therefore think of disease as being the result of *one single cause.*

We should think of life on earth as a biosphere in which all of us are entwined and enmeshed together and to which adjustment and adaptation to all other creatures and organisms is essential.

This ability or inability to adapt ourselves to our physical, social and environmental surroundings is in large part responsible for our individual capacity for health and disease.

Since human beings have developed intelligence and learned to exercise extraordinary technical skills, unlike any other living creature, they have been able to alter their environment greatly.

This has helped their ability to survive, often under adverse environmental conditions, and to do so in comfort, but the manipulation of the environment has created ser-

ious difficulties which now actually threaten *all* existence on earth.

Due to environmental changes some forms of disease have disappeared altogether, while others such as heart disease, cancer, hardening of the arteries and diabetes baffle the best scientific minds and skills and are now as rampant as cholera, plague and leprosy were many centuries ago.

The nature and quality of our food has been radically changed, supposedly making it more pleasing to the eye and taste, but far less nutritious. These gradual and insidious changes have more and more brought on the deficiency diseases which have undermined the health of hundreds of millions.

Nutritional studies have shown that the eating and overeating of highly refined and concentrated foods such as sugars, starches, fats, milk, fatty meats, ice cream—especially in the more affluent countries—has increased the cholesterol count of the body so that athero-sclerosis (build-up of fatty substances in the arteries) start to develop in the teens, and its accompanying destroyer, heart attacks, are now beginning to toll the death bell in the thirties and forties.

Digestive, kidney, bowel, and liver function tend to be broken down in mid-life thus creating a fertile soil for tumors and malignancies.

We should also note that in some of the more primitive societies, living in a more natural and harmonious environment with a minimum of our civilized needs and wants, people are usually free from these degenerative diseases for which science has little or no answer today.

In recent years we have developed the power to change our environment still further.

In the need for more food production—most Americans eat at least twice to three times the amount of food necessary for health, placing a heavy burden on the digestive, circulatory and eliminative systems—and of course the necessary profits that go along with more production, we have found ourselves in a life and death struggle with other creatures and organisms who share our world with us.

We have arbitrarily decided that we just do not have room for them.

They are the so-called "pests" and "weeds"; so in turn we produce pesticides and weed-killers to eliminate them.

Of course, this solution sounds as if it were simplicity itself, but it means in fact that we have seriously upset the balances of nature which have been built up for many thousands of years. Thus we are creating a new environment to which we will have to quickly adapt ourselves, or else.

No one can tell at this particular moment in time exactly what the future holds for us, but one thing is quite clear: In the near future the human body will be called upon to adapt very quickly to rapidly changing environmental conditions, and disease as we know it today will of course change out of all recognition.

And—every living thing will of necessity share in this change so that the entire biosphere—life as we know it today—must ultimately also be changed out of all recognition.

Are there no other alternatives?

Shall we allow this uncontrolled juggernaut called Science to ride roughshod over our lives and over every living thing on this planet, dragging us down whether we want

to or not, to an unplanned and unknown future?

Should not scientific, social, political and individual progress be measured not only by its contributions to a "better" standard of living, but also oriented toward:

- a better standard of health?
- freedom from disease?
- the living of a worthwhile, creative life?
- an ethical relationship with all other living creatures?
- the soil from which we receive our food and sustenance?
- our responsibilities to the world—whether "civilized" or "underdeveloped"?
- and, finally, as caretakers for future unborn generations?

(The author is director of the Soltanoff Chiropractic Office in New York City; founder of Biopractic, a new natural therapy combining the sciences of chiropractic and nutrition; a member of the New York Academy of Sciences? and on the Board of Directors of the School of Living Commune, Freeland, Maryland.

(He has started a weekly column, including questions from readers regarding the natural approach to health, and publishes a bi-monthly newsletter (\$5 yearly) which covers all areas pertaining to natural health. Dr. Soltanoff's address is 136 W. Houston St., New York, N. Y. 10012.)

SEAWEED CHEMICAL PREVENTS POISON

by
Peter Calamai

A purified chemical from common brown seaweed can prevent human poisoning from radioactive strontium and possibly other toxic metals such as mercury and cadmium, two Canadian scientists reported here Tuesday.

The seaweed compound is also successful in treating animals already poisoned by strontium and cadmium, the scientists told a session at the American Association for the Advancement of Science annual meeting.

Dr. Yukio Tanaka, a chemist at McGill University's Gastro-intestinal Research Institute in Montreal, warned that belated anti-pollution moves by governments may not show positive effects in the lifetimes of most adults now living.

PROTECTION

"We must find means to protect ourselves in these polluted surroundings and to survive until our air becomes clean enough to breathe and our water safe enough to drink," he told the scientific gathering.

The seaweed research, funded by a grant from the U. S. Public Health Service, also involved Dr. Stanley Skoryna, a surgeon and biologist at McGill and Dr. Jerry Stara, a specialist in veterinary medicine with the U.S. air pollution administration.

The McGill researchers developed techniques of selecting the best seaweed for the production of the chemical, sodium alginate, and methods to strengthen poor alginate preparations.

Dr. Stara, working in Cincinnati, Ohio, tested the alginate preparations on cats and rats to ensure the chemical did its job without interfering with bone growth.

In an interview with Southam News Services, Dr. Tanaka said, "We want to prevent absorption of pollutants when they are introduced into the body."

He said that by adding the tasteless alginate to the

daily diet would mean that people need not worry about strontium poisoning.

Radioactive Strontium-90, mostly from A-bomb testing, deposits in bones and causes leukemia. A recent U. S. study has implicated Strontium-90 from all sources as contributing to increased deaths in infants but a Canadian survey found no such evidence in mortality rates for Canada.

JELLY FORMED

The alginate combines with strontium to form an insoluble jelly which is excreted through the bowels without having an opportunity to get into the bones; Dr. Tanaka said.

Work by Dr. Stara shows that alginate treatment will remove strontium already in the bones of cats.

Dr. Tanaka said in the interview that the alginate also blocks poisoning of rats given a fatal overdose of the metal cadmium, now being pinpointed as a toxic air pollutant in North America after disease outbreaks in Japan.

"Pollution is already too bad--everything is polluted," Dr. Tanaka said.

The McGill chemist said stockpiling of alginate would provide an insurance policy against the outbreak of nuclear war and the spread of Strontium-90 in the atmosphere.

"We have to be prepared," he said. Dr. Tanaka said the McGill laboratory has only limited supplies of the alginate on hand but he estimated that production costs on a commercial basis would not be prohibitive.

A related substance, carrageenin, is extracted from seaweed in Nova Scotia for use in the food industry as a stabilizer in dairy products such as ice cream and cheese.

--suggested by Helen Newland

Sioux Sweat

AN INVOCATION

by
Coyote 9

At 9000 feet we walked half a mile along the creek climbing into the forest. The running water getting thicker and louder as we go up. And we stopped where the road/trail makes a wide spot as it crosses thru the creek. The wicki-up that Peter had made a few weeks (days) ago is standing there when we arrive. Wicki-up is made of thin aspen poles stuck in the ground (circle five feet across) and bent over to make a high dome shape. In the center is a hole in the ground filled with rocks (hot).

Peter begins to make a fire with dry aspen matchstick size pieces of wood. Like at the wedding that time. We have brought with us two old sleeping bags, a blanket, the sun is shining bright, an axe, a hatchet and a bucket. Also some sage that we cut on the trail. The fire grows into a roaring log fire. We put some more big logs on it. We came to sweat.

From the willow trees growing on the creek bank we cut some young new branches (like pruning). Short ones with plenty of leaves. To use as whips on the flesh inside the steam. I start pulling the rocks out of the hole and put them into the fire. Peter says not to use any of the sandstone rocks lying around and especially not the rocks lying in the steam bed. They will explode (grenade) from being

heated and then doused with clear creek water.

We talk very little (doing things). I can see clearly the difference between Working Together (in the woods here) and the ego trips one might go on. One does go on much. We trust each other. Like each other. Like what we're doing.

Angela has come with us. She is cutting some bark strips. We are taking turns cutting, stripping, tying sage and willow together in little bundles to make fans to beat the body when the steam scorches. Taking shoes off. The sleeping bags and blanket go up over the wicki-up. Big stones all around the bottom seal it. I have a forked stick in my hand picking the red hot stones out of the fire, transferring them to the hole inside the wicki-up. The pail gets filled up with water. Willow fans go in the pail. Float a little. Fresh cedar tips in a little pile near the door. Take off clothes and go jump in the creek to get real cold.

I crawl into the wicki-up with some apprehension. It's a very small space but Peter says seven people can get in there. I am afraid of the steam. How to control it. How do I get out if I can't breathe. I go in and move around in a left circle. Angela follows. Peter squats in the doorway with the pail. Begins to put cedar tips on the hot rocks. Smoke rises. Good smoke. In the shrouded light Peter begins the ritual "Thank you-Grandfather for this way of getting clean inside and out, for this good smoke that clears the head, for this earth and these good people. . ."

He hands to Angela a willow sage fan from the bucket and says "give this to Paul." Everything moves around the circle to the left. Like the sun. Like the peyote meeting. He passes the heavy bucket and says drink some water. When the bucket comes back around to him he reaches up and closes the doorway. We are in darkness and my fear has passed completely away. The ritual drew me into the circle of all by a few simple actions. Passing the fans. Drinking the water. Some simple words. My consciousness, which had been a ring, a tight ring around my own personal survival being was pushed out to a larger ring which did not *include*, but actually was, was made of us and the thing we were doing here together. The small ring of consciousness was dissolved by ritual. "I" went up with the smoke, the smoke.

Peter began throwing water on the rocks. Steam engulfed us. Stung a little at first and we breathed it in and sweated in our bodies. Sounds began to come from Peter. Sounds began to come from me. I don't know where they came from. First grunts and groans. Then longer cries, rhythmic chants, singing, then shouting and screaming. I felt called upon to bring Heaven and Earth together with my voice--this invocation--my whole body--so that Heaven and Earth came together in me and around me. The wet earth beneath me I spoke to. The Sky was there airy and expansive and light. I called to it with my (our) voice. Everything came together for the Beauty all around me and in my spirit walking body.

The bucket was empty and we came slowly to rest beating our bodies with the fans. Peter opened the doorway (light) and one by one we crawled out. The sunshine on the ground met my hands knees dripping into the earth and I smiled. We walked down to the creek and plunged in to the cool pools. Cold pools. High. Deep to the core me high. Not chemical in me high. Me not afraid. The aspen leaves twinkled in the wind. The white cloud moved in blue sky. The brook rushed down over the rocks. Over us, laughing.

POTTERY

by
Jon Kaplan



vase by Zane

As a potter, I thought I'd give you some thoughts about some materials, equipment, books, etc., which people might find useful.

The kick wheel made by Pacifica Wood Crafts which you had in Spring 1970 is a fine piece of equipment. It's reasonably cheap, durable, and a good tool. I know people who have them and they have a lot of good things to say about them. The only bad thing though is the cost—the standard wheel is now above \$100 plus shipping. Check the latest issue (number 6) of the Mother Earth News for wheel plans which I developed along with a potter friend. Total cost—about \$65.

Estrin Wheels—a Canadian corporation which also has other potter's equipment. They offer four wheels of different flywheel weights with or without motors, from \$109 to \$164 plus a \$6.00 crating charge on all models.

Oak Hill Industries—1301 North Utah Street, Davenport, Iowa 52804. They offer a standard kick wheel in a kit form. You can get fly wheel weights of 80, 110, and 140 pounds. It has a plywood frame with a cast aluminum wheel head. You can either buy it as a kit or preassembled. It seems like a good wheel.

Westwood Ceramic Supply—14400 Lomitas Ave., City of Industry, California 91744, has a dynamite electric wheel with an automatic feedback circuit which proportions out the amount of electricity relative to the force being generated by the potter on the clay. It's an electric wheel with a gear reduction system. Seems like a fine tool. Unfortunately, their catalog doesn't have a price for the wheel.

Skutt Ceramic Products—2618 East Steele Street,

Portland, Oregon 97202. They make one electric wheel for \$324.95 which is a pretty heavy price. I have used one and know other potters who have and it's really beautiful, except for the price.

Oscar Paul Corporation—522 West 182 Street, Gardena, California 90247. They make three electric wheels which have different motors in them. Prices range from \$275 to \$350. Has a nice mechanical drive system.

Randall Pottery, Inc.—Box 774, Alfred, New York 14802. They make perhaps one of the finest kick and motor driven wheels around today, except for the price. They have a standard kick wheel for \$270 which can be motorized for an additional \$155 so the grand total comes to \$425 for their motorized wheel. They also have a special wheel for \$565 with a bunch of accessories totalling about \$100 so there's a wheel going for \$665. I have used a Randall electric for a long time previous to one I built now and it is a really fine wheel, except for its price.

Kilns:

If you're into gas kilns, build your own. Don't buy a gas kiln, cause you'll be ripped off by its overwhelming price. You can get 1000 K-23 insulating fire brick for about \$300, or less if you shop around for seconds. I got 1000 of these for half price. You can make your burners out of standard pipe fittings and use a vacuum cleaner for forced air. For burner plans, write to Alfred University, Alfred, New York 14802 (Ceramic Dept.) and ask for the "Alfred Burner". They will charge you for a Xerox copy (probably).

You can get burners from Pyronics Incorporated, 17700 Miles Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44128. You can pretty much get a burner designed to your specifications cause they have a lot of designs. I bought two of their 10ET torches with pilots, safety switches, and some other garbage for a total of about \$160 which was the most expensive part of my kiln.

Books:

The only trouble with Rhodes Kilns is that it leaves a lot out which you either have to find out for yourself or find out by trial and error. Other than that, it is quite good.

Clay and Glazes for the Potter by Rhodes is a fine book, and that's about all you should really need.

Nelson's Ceramics, a Potter's Handbook is ok if you'd like a historical development of the art included with the technical.

Other ditties:

If you're into building a kiln, write to the A. P. Green Company, 1018 East Breckenridge St., Mexico, Missouri 65265 and ask for their Pocket Refractories Catalog. It's free and has tables, product information, details of constructions, etc., all about refractories, and is about 200 pages for free.

Documents on Police Bureaucracy's Conspiracy Against Human Rights of Opiate Addicts And Constitutional Rights of Medical Profession Causing Mass Breakdown of Urban Law And Order

compiled by Allen Ginsberg, Scribe

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MATERIALS

For Study of History & Consequences of Criminalization of Opiate Addict

Population Including Political Documentation of Narcotics Bureau's "War against Physicians" & Police Opposition

to Radical Treatment of Opiate Addiction,

Thus Encouraging a mafia-dominated Black Market Cash Nexus

Junk Business Thus Creating Epidemic Addiction,

with a Cure for this Social Disease Proposed

Narcotic Drug Addiction, Speech of Hon. Lester B. Volk (M. D.) of New York in the House of Representatives, Friday, January 13, 1922; Washington Govt. Printing Office, 1922, B2923-22138 (map).

(Detailed analysis of N. Y. State Medical politics of that day based on pressure from "private" hospitals exploiting questionable 'cures,' . . . "Apparently it takes but a twist of the wrist of the Revenue Department at the bidding of ignorant and egoistic, self-centered, and perhaps criminally inclined professional men and administrators to put in force in these United States a set of regulations, drastic in their inception, unethical in their administration, and calamitous in their effect." History of Clinic success, 1920, aborted by Revenue Bureau. Instances of early persecution of medical specialists. Outline of most medical and social issues presently under discussion with information on specific professional politics of "a particular small group or clique" of bureaucratic lobbyists, names named.

The Narcotic Drug Situation as it Affects the Penal Institutions, with Remarks on Conditions and Treatment Thereof: A Special Report Submitted to the N. Y. State Prison Commission by Ernest S. Bishop, M. D., F. A. C. P., Consulting Physician to the N. Y. State Prison Commission, New York City, p. 170 of seq. Annual Report of the New York State Prison Commission, February 17, 1922, reprinted also in *American Medicine*, New Series, Vol. XVII, No. 9, 1923. "The whole situation as to the handling of drug addicts in New York City is a deplorable one." Dr. Bishop recommends proper medical care of addiction as a disease. As Volk points out *Vide Supra*, "For this opposition Dr. Bishop was indicted. . . His persecution in a medical and political scandal and an obstruction to the solution of the drug problem." Volk, p. 11.

Federal Law and Drug Addiction, Alfred H. Lindesmith, at Indiana University, Social Problems, Vol. VII, No. 1, Summer, 1939, pp. 40-57. Historical discussion of administration of Harrison Act by repressive Federal bureaucracy rebuked by Supreme Court Lindner Decision 1925 and interpretations thereof, including Federal Judge *Wasson*, 1926: "I am satisfied therefore, that the Lindner case and the cases that interpret it, lay down the rule definitely that the statute does not say what drugs a physician may prescribe to an addict. Nor does it say the quantity which a physician may or may not prescribe. Nor does it regulate the frequency of the prescription. Any attempt to so interpret the statute, by an administrative interpretation, whether that administrative interpretation be oral, in writing, or by an officer or by a regulation of the department, would be not only contrary to the law, but would also make the law unconstitutional as being clearly a regulation of the practice of medicine." (*Ull v. Anthony*, 15 F Supp. 533 (1934))

The Addict and the Law, A. L. Lindesmith, reprinted paper, Random House (reprint V in 1963)—Classic sociological history of problems and solutions.

Narcotics Law Violations, A Policy Statement, Advisory Council of Judges, National Council on Crime and Delinquency, 1964. "Accordingly, the Advisory Council of Judges recommends that necessary action be taken, either by statute or by the appropriate bureaus and departments, to have the interpretation of the Harrison Act, as set forth in Lindner v. United States carried out administratively and the regulations of the Bureau of Narcotics amended to conform thereto. . . . "The nature of [present] administration of the Harrison Act detests physicians from performing their ethical duties." (p. 14)

Dereliction of the Medical Profession Concerning Narcotic Addiction, Opinions and Views by Robert C. Stokes, M. D., *Texas State Journal of Medicine*, September, 1953, Vol. 59, pp. 625-642. (Includes excellent reading list). "Society has accepted for 40 years the idea that the word 'drugs' existed to modify the word 'need'. . . . The Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914 was passed as a tax measure and its intent and purpose was to bring under

control and force into legal channels the flow of narcotic drugs. . . . No one suspected. . . a federal police bureau dictating the terms under which a doctor can prescribe a narcotic drug for a patient. . . . The driving force in the big "bais over" has been Harry J. Anallinger, who was the first commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics and the only commissioner from 1930, when the Bureau was established, until his retirement in 1942. . . . Julius King suggests that the Bureau of Narcotics has "succeeded in creating a very large criminal class for itself to police (i. e. the whole doctor-patient-addict-peddler community) instead of the very small one that Congress had intended (the smuggler and peddler)." The latter quote from Kolb, L., *Drug Addiction: A Medical Problem*, Springfield, Ill., Charles C. Thomas, 1942.

"Report on Drug Addiction--II," Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine, July 1933, Vol. 33, No. 7, pp. 422-37, 447, 466.

"From the year of the Harrison Act to 1938 it is estimated that 75,000 physicians were arraigned and 3,000 served penitentiary sentences on narcotics charges. About 20,000 were said to have made a financial settlement. . . . For most . . . it should be restated that they were following the then accepted medical practice. . . .

"It is evident that the Supreme Court opinion in the *Lindner* case, removing restrictions on treatment of addicts, had no noticeable restraining effect on the Treasury Department in its war on physicians. . . .

"The abandoned addicts, in order to satisfy their compulsive needs, were driven to the illicit traffic. . . .

"Dictation, threats, hounding and oppression from the narcotic force over the years, and still continuing, were so indelibly fixed in physicians' minds as not to be easily forgotten or readily braved again. . . .

"So thoroughly has the mess job on addicts been done, so outrageously but erroneously have they been depicted that the mere mention of their name has conjured up an image of dangerous criminals or fiends. . . .

"This is what happens when revenue agents become dictators of medicine. . . .

"It is reaffirmed that profit is a major force in the spread of addiction. . . .

"Forty years' valuable time has been lost; what new and better methods of treatment might have been found by research will never be known. . . ."

New York State Department of Health, mailing October 21, 1970, Regulations Regarding Administration of Narcotics Drugs to Addicts, signed Hollis S. Ingraham, M. D., Commr. Health, 4 pps. including on p. 4: "80.22 Methadone maintenance programs (a) Methadone maintenance programs may be conducted only by physicians or groups of physicians authorized by physicians or groups of physicians authorized by State and Federal Authorities to administer Methadone to addicts as part of a research program.

"(b) Methadone maintenance programs shall require the following authorizations:

"(1) certification by New York State Department of Health, Bureau of Narcotic Control, to conduct a 'laboratory for the purpose of using narcotic in research, instruction, and analysis,'

"(2) a class VI narcotic registration issued by the United States Internal Revenue Service Special Tax Section, with the approval of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, United States Department of Justice; and

"(3) an investigational new drug license from the Food and Drug Administration of the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare."

New York Civil Liberties Union, The Narcotics Control Act: A Two Year Old Failure, September 1970, Vol. XVII, No. 1, p. 4: "For \$15 million--less than a third of the Commission's yearly budget for compulsory treatment--about 21,000 addicts can be enrolled in ambulatory methadone programs. A four-year-trial of the methadone treatment has shown 94 per cent success in ending the criminal activity of former heroin addicts. . . . In this instance, our Civil Liberties concern coincides with what is known about the effective treatment of addiction and the effective prevention of crime. Compulsory commitment doesn't help the addict and it doesn't protect the society."

Methadone Patients on Probation and Parole, by Herman Joseph and Vincent P. Huls, K. D., *Federal Probation*, June 1970, reprinted in 7 pps. "Analysis of the records of 612 patients admitted in the program over a 4-1/2 year period showed a 90 per cent drop in criminal convictions."

The New York Times, May 25, 1938: "C'Dwyer Calls for Giving Free Narcotics to Addicts," by Clayton Knowles. ("Simply put," Mr. C'Dwyer said of his proposal, 'the results must be the end of profit for the gangster and the pusher, and thus the end of the pusher salesman, and, therefore, a vast reduction in new young addicts. . . . The cost of Administration by a government agency would be much less than the cost of any one of the major law-enforcement bodies now involved in the attempt to suppress addiction.'")

Report to the United Nations by Her Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland on the working of the International Treaties for Narcotic Drugs for 1959. (Contains statistics on containment of addict population and analysis of paper rise in new addict statistics "partly attributable to the operation of two new factors: (1) The system of compulsory notification of addicts by physicians brought to notice addict patients who might otherwise have remained undetected by the Central Authority. (2) The system of allowing only specially licensed physicians to prescribe heroin for addicts, and the consequent reduction in the amounts individually prescribed, forced a number of undetected addicts to present themselves for treatment instead of continuing to rely for their supplies of heroin on other addicts. . . .")

Report to United Nations, as above, 1959: "These statistics give ground for cautious optimism" on registered addict statistics leveling out.

Hansard (House of Lords), Speech by Lord Stotham, Undersecretary of State, Home Office, 26 March 1958, pp. 1279-1284. (Description of decline in new addiction statistics, "and we direct attention to this and to other encouraging pointers to a diminution of the heroin problem. . . . The notification scheme brought to light more than 1,000 possibly addicted persons previously unknown, most of whom have been seen by the treatment centers. The number who remain unnoticed is anyone's guess, but it does not appear likely to be substantial. The weekly rate of notification has been steadily dropping for some time. . . . Of course it is too early to say whether the spread of heroin addiction has been checked or is petering out.")

The New York Times, April 25, 1959 (Bradford, England): ". . . according to C. G. Jeffrey, the Home Office's chief inspector for narcotics, . . . 'A certain amount of over-prescribing goes on, . . . but if anything it is better than under-prescribing, which could lead to an illicit market.'"

A Little Anthology of Statistics relating Breakdown of Law & Order & Epidemic of Crime in Streets with Consequent Police-state Hysteria to the Original Site of Denial of Citizenly Constitutional Privacy & Freedom in Medical Relations between Doctor & Patient in Cases of Opiate Addiction.

"From the year of the Harrison Act to 1938 it is estimated that 25,000 physicians were arraigned and 3,000 served penitentiary sentences on narcotics charges. About 20,000 were said to have made a financial settlement. . . . For most . . . it should be reiterated that they were following the then accepted medical precepts.

"It is evident that the Supreme Court opinion in the (1936) Linder case, removing restrictions on treatment of addicts, had no noticeable restraining effect on the Treasury Department in its war on physicians. . . .

"The abandoned addicts, in order to satisfy their compulsive needs, were driven to the illicit trade. . . .

"Dictation, threats, bounding and oppression from the narcotics force over the years, and still continuing, were so indelibly fixed in physicians' minds as not to be easily forgotten or readily flayed. . . .

"So thoroughly has the smear job on addicts been done, so outrageously but erroneously as they been depicted that the mere mention of their name has conjured up an image of dangerous criminals or fiends. . . .

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"It is reaffirmed that profit is a major force in the spread of addiction. . . .

"Forty years' valuable time has been lost; what new and better methods of treatment might have been found by research will never be known. . . ."

"100,000 ADDICTS REPORTED IN CITY--Hearing Is Told Their Theft Total \$10 Million A Day."--The New York Times, December 14, 1967

"Assemblyman Fodell, linking the estimate of Dr. Ramirez and Mr. Pierce, said this meant the city's addicts would have to steal \$10-million a day. . . . He said the discrepancy between his estimate and the official police figure could be explained by the large number of victims of criminals who do not bother to report to the police." The New York Times, December 24, 1967

"Justice Botsis said that half the crimes committed in New York City every year were by addicts. . . . 'We will have to give the addicts narcotics legally rather than have them roam the streets.' . . . He

*Report on Drug Addiction--II, Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine, July 1967, Vol. 36, No. 7, pp. 432-33, 447, 466.

emphasized that /court/ calendars were clogged and that there were not enough judges to handle them."--The New York Times, Monday, May 9, 1966.

"Adopt the recommendations of the New York Academy of Medicine given long ago, to stop drug addiction. Protect the law-abiding Harlem inhabitants from that 25 percent of the crime they are having inflicted on them by their fellow residents. I raise my voice to seek protection for the black masses who are unable or who are too intimidated to speak. . . . Free us from violence."--Letter to The New York Times, March 30, 1966, Geo. D. Cannon, M.D., Secy. Board of Directors, NAACP Legal Defense & Educational Fund.

"British regards her addicts not as criminals but as sick people. There is no accurate count on the number of addicts here, but one estimate is that the figure has tripled in the last five years. The Government's last official estimate of the total of known addicts was more than 1,400. But officials concede that the real figure is several times that." The New York Times, February 9, 1968.

"The U. N. estimated that 35,000 to 55,000 addicts live in New York. The study, prepared under a UN World Health Organization fellowship, printed out. . . . There were no more than 2,000 addicts in Britain by the end of 1968." New York Daily News, April 13, 1969.

"New Jersey has perhaps 7,000 narcotics addicts, who may need at least \$30 a day . . . to buy heroin, according to the State Law Enforcement Program Assistance Agency."--The New York Times, February 13, 1970

"More than 40% of the men and 70% of the women in our jails are addicts," New York Correction Commissioner George McGrath, New York Daily News, February 4, 1970.

"Calling narcotics 'the single most important element in terms of the breakdown of criminal justice,' /U.S. Attorney Whitney North Seymour Jr./ said addicts are responsible for at least half of the major crimes in the metropolitan area. . . . Only about 10% of the estimated 62,000 addicts in the metropolitan area have any contact with the various treatment programs. . . ."--New York Daily News, July 25, 1970.

"The New Jersey State police began a statewide survey today, said to be the first of its kind in the country, to determine how many crimes are committed by drug users. . . . Estimates of how much crime is related to narcotics use range from 30 to 70 percent. . . ." The New York Times (UPI), August 4, 1970.

"STUDY HERE FINDS POLICE TIME DOMINATED BY NONCRIME TASKS--. . . Some other surveys show time spent by patrolmen on different jobs were: burglary, 41.7 minutes; intoxicated persons, 32.9 minutes; fire alarms, 36 minutes; traffic violations, 21.7 minutes; rapes, 59.9 minutes; and narcotics, 220.2 minutes."--The New York Times, August 3, 1970.

"In New York County alone, 8 /heroin/ accounted for 9,000 arrests for trafficking in the first four months of this year, and that was about 48 percent of the cases disposed of by the supreme court of that county. . . . The result is that the whole system of criminal justice has become bogged down there. And these Supreme Court cases do not include another 25 percent, such as burglaries and muggings reserved to addicts to feed their habit." Rep. Claude Pepper (D. Fla.), The New York Times, August 7, 1970.

"From time to time Congress adds more judges but the total judicial organization never quite keeps up with the caseload. Two recent studies alone added thousands of cases related to commitment of narcotics addicts and the mentally ill."--Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, A. R. A. Convention, St. Louis, August 10, 1970.--The New York Times, August 11, 1970.

"TOMB: AN IDEAL BREEDING GROUND FOR HEYTS--First, the inside is crowded and filthy. Built to house 900 prisoners, the 1,900 inmates who linger there sleep two and three in a cell designed for one. . . . Now, if any of the 1,900 prisoners who were in the Tomb on Monday, when the rioting started, were there because they had been convicted of a crime. . . . Rather, they had been denied bail or were unable to raise bail and were merely awaiting trial. Many of them, convicted of no crime, spend six months, nine months, a year waiting their day in court. . . . Where, they ask, are the due process and speedy trial provisions of the Constitution?"--The New York Times, Sunday, August 30, 1970, Martin Arnold.

"Michael J. Pollina, President of the city Criminal Bar Association, said that the population of the Tomb could be reduced by 25% if inmates charged solely with narcotic violation could be moved to other institutions, which he did not specify. Defendants are pressured. . . . but then more defendants state on the record that no such deal exists. 'The Judge is party to a transaction which is illegal,' /Assemblyman/ August declared."--The New York Times, August 20, 1970.

"Since Jan. 1 thru June 30, we have recorded a total of 26,157 narcotics arrests, an overall increase of 78.2 percent, compared with the previous year's figures of 14,694 for the same six-month period. . . ." Police Commissioner Howard R. Loney, The New York Times, August 20, 1970.

"The /Corrections/ Commissioner /George McGrath/ cited the enlargement of the police force in recent years as another factor adding to

the overcrowding because of increased arrests. -- The New York Times, August 11, 1970.

"... the whole judicial machinery, not just the judges... is bogging down nationally, but it is almost brought to a halt in the city of New York and other large urban areas." City Commissioner of Correction, George F. McGrath, "Man in Office," WNBC TV. The New York Times, col. 3, August 24, 1970, p. 34.

"COURT OFFICIAL SEES IMPENDING CRISIS IN CASE BACKLOGS-- Justice Saul E. Street warned yesterday of an impending crisis in the administration of justice because of huge backlogs of civil and criminal cases. . . . The report gave striking evidence of the association of narcotics with felony crimes of all types. Justice Street said a study by the Probation Department of the 3,195 persons convicted last year in Manhattan of major crimes showed that at least 60 per cent were in one way or another involved with narcotics." The New York Times, August 23, 1970.

Brief Bibliography of News Reports Showing that Narcotics Agents, Federal, State & Local, the Bulk of Each Group, Are Themselves Involved in Dope Trafficking

("This situation went back a quarter century." -- Ramsey Clark, in conversation with undersigned Scribe, May, 1970.)

See The New York Times as follows:

On Federal Narcotics Police

- December 14, 1968: 38 U.S. NARCOTICS AGENTS RESIGN IN CORRUPTION INVESTIGATION HERE*
- February 25, 1970: A LEADER OF A KEY DRUG INFOSUR EB UNDER INTEREST INVESTIGATION HERE . . . last year the Federal Bureau dismissed 48 of its agents and got indictments against 14 of them for trafficking in drugs." By Joseph Lelyveld, p. 25, col. 6.

*"Altogether there were 80 agents assigned to N. Y. area." (Ramsey Clark, above.)

On Municipal (N. Y.) Narcotics Police

- November 21, 1967: 2 POLICEMAN HELD IN A SHAKEDOWN -- "double arrested" on narcotics charges."
- December 14, 1967: 4 NARCOTIC AGENTS SEIZED AS SELLERS-- 3 City Detectives, 3 Kansas Investigators and Federal Man Indicted Here. By C. Gerald Fraser.
- December 15, 1967: HOGAN TO SCREEN NARCOTICS CASES OF 3 DETECTIVES--He Orders a "Fresh Look" at Pending Trials Involving Men Under Indictment. A Matter of Hundreds. By Sidney E. Zion.
- December 14, 1967: ACCUSED DETECTIVES WERE ASSIGNED A SPECIAL TASK. By David Burnham. ("The three detectives arrested on charges of selling narcotics were members of one of the Police Department's smallest, most sophisticated, and least known operations. . . . Special Investigating Unit of Narcotics Bureau. . . .")
- December 14, 1967: TOUGH FOES OF NARCOTICS: Ira Blath, A cool crusader ("The man who heads the Police Narcotics Bureau, Deputy Chief Inspector Ira Blath. . . . I feel as if someone in my family had been arrested.")
- December 15, 1967: \$2,783 THEFT FROM SUSPECT CHARGED TO 2 NARCOTICS DETECTIVES. By Sidney E. Zion.
- January 25, 1968: COURT TOLD NARCOTICS UNIT BOUGHT BRIBE. By David Bird.
- February 5, 1968: POLICE DIVIDING NARCOTICS BUREAU INTO 5 SQUADS. By David Burnham. ("... allegations by a former captain in the bureau that it was 'riddled with corruption.'")
- February 14, 1968: CITY AUDITS POLICE NARCOTICS FUND. By Richard E. Mooney.
- February 17, 1968: SHAKEUP IN POLICE SHIFTS 3 TOP AIDES IN NARCOTICS UNIT--Renshan Replaces Blath as Four Inquiries Go On--Force Is Shamed. By David Burnham.
- March 7, 1968: 4 MORE POLICE OFFICERS SHIFED IN INQUIRY ON NARCOTICS FUND. By David Burnham. ("Another captain and 14 detectives are scheduled to be transferred from the bureau today. . . .")
- March (8?), 1968: 12 MORE DETECTIVES IN NARCOTICS STUDY SENT TO NEW POSITS ("With an experienced strength of 230, the New York Narcotics Bureau

is the largest narcotics enforcement agency in the world. Two and a half weeks ago, the three top men of the bureau were relieved. . . . 34 the number of men removed from the bureau during the present investigation. . . .")

- June 10, 1969: ACCUSER OF POLICE TELLS OF THREATS ("... incident in which Mr. Vidal's establishment. . . was badly vandalized and Mr. Vidal arrested on narcotics charges . . . dismissed. . . .")
- April 23, 1970: GRABT PAID TO POLICE HERE SAID TO RUN INTO MILLIONS--Survey Links Payoffs to Gambling and Narcotics. By David Burnham. ("... because the potential profits are higher, individual narcotics detectives are constantly tempted. . . . charges of selling . . . trying to bribe . . . totaling \$1,300 in cash, 105 'decks' of heroin and a variety of personal possessions. . . . But there is some evidence that a more regular kind of corruption is not entirely unknown. . . . one of his fellow detectives arranged payoffs to policemen from the largest heroin dealer. . . . These payoffs, he said, ranged from \$5,000 for changing testimony . . . to \$50,000 for sale of a 'wire'--the recorded conversation . . . police wire-tap or bug. . . . they had the evidence and then waited for a bid from the criminals. The bid came and the money was collected. . . . many narcotics detectives . . . to meet a quota of 4 felony arrests a month . . . resort to stealing drugs from one addict and giving it to another to buy information. . . . In addition, . . . pressure on owners of bars . . . because a narcotics arrest . . . means the owner can lose his license . . . a top commander in the narcotics division chastising another official for not demanding and receiving regular payoffs from the bars in his jurisdiction. . . . This sort of corruption . . . is woven into the very fabric of the policeman's professional life.")
- May 17, 1970: INDICTMENTS NAME 6 CITY DETECTIVES--Narcotics Subunit Charged--2 Accused of Stealing A \$250 Weekly Payoff. By David Burnham.
- May 19, 1970: POLICEMAN DEILED AS EXTORTIONIST--Victim was Allegedly Target of Narcotics Arrest Threat-- ("A plainclothes policeman was arrested in Brooklyn yesterday in a charge of extorting money from a cab driver by threatening to accuse him of selling narcotics.")
- August 2, 1970: POLICE REWRITING MANUAL OF RULES AND PROCEDURES. By David Burnham. ("Just last week, for example, a suspended detective . . . indicted for perjury and contempt in connection with his contacts with a reputed major New York bookmaker, Hugh Mulligan. According to Detective Keeley's testimony, he met with a uligan. Five, six, or seven times to discuss 'police investigations.' Also indicted in the case was the former commander of the Narcotics Division, Thomas G. Renshan, a retired assistant chief inspector.")
- September 14, 1970: JUDGE SAYS POLICE FREQUENTLY LIE IN DRUG CASES. By Lesley Oelmer. ("... frequent lying in court to conceal violations of the Fourth Amendment ban on illegal searches and seizure. . . .")
- November 24, 1970: CORRUPTION JURY INDICTS GAMBLER--Mulligan is Arrested after Refusing to Testify. By Arnold H. Lutsch. ("Mr. Mulligan, did you offer payment of a bribe to former Assistant Chief Inspector Thomas Renshan during the summer of 1969, thru Detective John J. Keeley, in order to obtain the assignment of a certain Detective Lawrence Sangardi to the Special Investigations Unit of the Narcotics Bureau?") /Ref., Dec. 14, 1967/
- ADDENDA: New York State Narcotics Control Bureau was dismantled in recent years because of corruption, & responsibility for narcotics arrests given to State Police. One relevant News Item was:
- September 23, 1968: NARCOTICS BUREAU SCORED ON TACTICS--State Agency is Accused of Using Illegal Methods. By Sidney E. Zion. ("... entrapment . . . frame up! That's the judge's opinion," Mr. Hellock John Z., Dir. of State Bureau Narcotics Control, said when reminded of the crime.")

PRELIMINARY BIBLIOGRAPHY:

CIA Involvement Indochinese Opium Traffic

Providence Journal, April 29, 1968, p. 19: "Baigon--(AP)--... report before a US Senate subcommittee alleging that Marshall Ky took advantage of a Central Intelligence Agency-backed sabotage operation to smuggle opium from Laos to Saigon. The report was disclosed April 15 by Sen. Ernest Gruening, D.-Alaska, head of the subcommittee on foreign aid expenditures. The report accused Marshall Ky of using U.S. planes for the al-

leged smuggling while he commanded Vietnamese pilots in Operation Haylift in 1963-64."

Daily World, March 2, 1970, NY, p. 1: "Narcotics and gold" is the US stake in Laos, declared Gary Beach, international affairs representative of the United Auto Workers, ... He said US elements in Laos regularly 'pay off' their debts in narcotics, 'the most viable currency in Southeast Asia.'"

"Air America: Flying the U.S. into Laos," by Peter Dale Scott, **Harvard**, p. 39, February, 1970, S.F.: "... in Viet-Nam and even more in Laos, it is the chief airline serving the CIA in its clandestine war activities. ... Air America's planes also serve to transport the Meo's main cash crop, opium." (See also the role of Air America co-founder, Madame Anna Chennault, "with the China Lobby and the CIA's complex of private corporations.")

Christian Science Monitor, May 29, 1970, section of series by John Hughes, p. 3: "In Laos, some of the main growers of illegal opium are tough mountain tribesmen upon whom the American Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) relies heavily. ... Clearly, the CIA is cognizant of, if not party to, the extensive movement of opium out of Laos. One charter pilot told me that 'friendly' opium shipments get special CIA clearance and monitoring on their flights southward out of the country. ... two or three flights without this 'protection' crashed under mysterious circumstances. ..."

Letter, P. D. Scott to A. Ginsberg, June 17, 1970: refers to "the important Corvian element in the Saigon prefecture of Police, allegedly involved at the receiving end of the 'Air Opium' line from Vietnam."

Speech, March 24, 1970 by Rep. (later Sen.) John V. Tunney, D-Calif. to Wilshire Chamber of Commerce, L.A., Calif.; text available Tunney office, also quoted in **The New Yorker**, Talk of the Town, April 11, 1970: "We are ... engaged in a secret war in Laos, a tribal war in which the CIA has committed the United States to support a faction of Meo tribesmen led by General Vang Pao whose sole function is to dominate other factions of this opium producing Meo tribe throughout northern Laos. ... The Administration has deliberately veiled its secrecy or deepening involvement in an opium tribal war. ... clandestine yet official operations of the United States Government could be aiding and abetting heroin traffic here at home."

The **New Yorker** attributes information to Prof. John T. McAllister, Jr., Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, Princeton, N.J.

Vietnam: The Origins of Revolution, by John T. McAllister, Jr., Alfred A. Knopf, N.Y., 1968, p. 228 gives clear background: "The Chinese 82nd Independent Division took up positions in the highlands of Laos ... so that it might control the opium poppy harvest. The division refused to leave Indochina until September, 1948, a year after its arrival, when a second crop became available."

The New York Times gives additional background information: "Opium is Called A Factor in Laos," June 16, 1970, **Vientiane**, Laos (UPI).

"Two General Leads Tribesmen in War with Communists in Laos," by Henry Kissinger, Oct. 27, 1969.

"Subversion by CIA," editorial, June 10, 1970.

"Big Crime Also in Worrying Hong Kong," July 14, 1970.

"Asia Leads Opium Output," August 5, 1970, **Kuala Lumpur**, Malaysia (AP)—Southeast Asia accounts for 1,000 tons—83 per cent—of the world's illegal production of opium, an Iranian Government official told a United Nations seminar on narcotics control. Turkey is the second major producing area, he said."

"The Vietnamization of Laos," **Banning Barrett**, **Longoria**, June 1970, pp. 34-35: "This trade is international, supposedly involving the Burmese, the Chinese, and the Kuomintang from Taiwan, as well as the Laotians. Opium politics are probably the only relatively autonomous sphere of action for the Laotian elite, and probably the major preoccupation for most of them."

Dr. Joel Fort, **The Pleasure Seekers**, Grove Press #257, NY, 1970, pp. 60-63: "The world's biggest illegal opium-producing area centers in Northern Thailand and also includes portions of Burma, Laos, and the People's Republic of China. ... Several United Nations--and World Health Organization--sponsored studies, including my own investigation for those bodies, have shown that hundreds of tons of opium are being produced each year in the tens of thousands of acres under cultivation in Thailand by hill tribes, including the Aho, the Yao, and others. ... The distribution of the rest of Asia and to the United States. ... Along the more dangerous part of this journey, the opium products are guarded by Chinese Nationalist troops who settled in the area following Chiang Kai Shek's expulsion from the mainland and who have subsequently maintained themselves with illicit narcotic profits and, according to some reports, with additional subsidies from the American Central Intelligence Agency as a 'bulwark against Communism!' ... The layer upon layer of intrigue, duplicity and corruption which profitably maintain this opium traffic is rarely surpassed in modern spy novels. In effect, the United States is covering up and sometimes subsidizing the opium traffic which it purports to be eradicating."

"Opium," by Stanley Karnow, **Saturday Evening Post**, February 22, 1969, pp. 80-82: "Opium buyers ... Many, the dressed in mufti, are Chinese Nationalist officers who command about 5,000 irregulars, remnants of the 82nd Division who retreated into this

region when Communists took China and have earned their livelihood by smuggling ever since." [Considerable more detail on routes, methods, & U.S. destruction of much Nationalist Chinese-smuggled opium, & on corruption in Subohness governments.]

Laos, **War and Revolution**, Eds. Winn Adams & Alfred McCoy, Harper & Row, N.Y., 1970 (CM 221 Paper). See survey article by D. Feingold for background survey of narcotics traffic includes:

Koen, **Rosen X**, **The China Lobby in American Politics**, MacMillan Co., N.Y., 1969-81, 6,000 copies burned, according to conversation with Author, November 10, 1970 because of assistance in preface asserting existence of "substantial evidence that high officials in Nationalist Chinese Government engaged in opium traffic in late '40s and early '50s." See **Biography**, **China Lobby** by: **Alfred Kohlberg** by **Joseph Kewley** for statement by **Drug Clear** Aminger contesting Koen's assertion.

Time, November 30, 1970, pp. 31-32: "... Mrs. Chennault, the petite Chinese-born widow of General Claire Chennault of the World War II Flying Tigers, was a major money-raiser for Nixon's 1968 campaign ... her connections are said to be excellent--particularly in Saigon. ... 'The Dragon Lady of Watergate East' is very much in rapport with such men of power as Attorney General Mitchell, Secretary of Defense Laird and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover." Vide **Supra**, "Air America" by P. D. Scott, **Harvard**, February 1970, p. 39: "Madame Chennault's husband, General Claire Chennault, had fought in China with General Chiang Kai-Shek; after the war he formed a private airline company, both husband and wife have, through their involvement with the China Lobby and the CIA's complex of private corporations, played a profound role throughout our involvement in Southeast Asia. ... In its evasion of Congressional and even Executive controls over military commitments in Laos and elsewhere, the CIA has long relied on the services of General Chennault's 'private' paramilitary arm, Civil Air Transport or (as it is now known) Air America, Inc. ... Air America's planes also serve to transport the Meo's main cash crop, opium."

APPENDIX: See also **International Other Scenes** section by Neil Phillips, ed. **John Wilton** London-N.Y., November 1970 for full gossip re CIA--KIP--Consular & Admiral, short hair personal involvement with Heroin traffic, factories in Albanian subsonic Kefauver making Kiloos since Greek Cypriot's coup, KIP secret police & CIA making to state offices.

"... The center of organized heroin production began to move to Greece almost immediately after the Junta grabbed power there three years ago, and at this time it is nearly all centered there. ... It doesn't take many people to manufacture and import the nation's most heroin needs; they must only pass borders freely. The CIA and the Greek government are totally involved, the agents passing freely by the score on their business of manipulating the affairs of Greece, and the Colonels have total control of their own fuxz-buzz. The Colonels only exist by the grace of the CIA. There are two known separate laboratories in Kefauver, a wealthy suburb of Athens. They are tight operations. No known smuck leaks out, but is simply manufactured there, picked up by us delivered to middle-aged Americans, and plugged into the nation mechanism in America hours later.

"How does one know these things which the 3 a.m. beat won't believe for another twenty years if ever? Greece is a small country, all in jail while and you meet everybody. Throughout those last years I was visited in jail by a wide variety of American consular officers, diplomats and other fuxz. Several times these visitors were seen by inmates who were close to the center of the heroin scene in Greece and instantly identified by name, occasionally by address, and always by role. A man named Mr. Pederson (Pederson was the regular pickup man for while, and when he later visited me in the political prison on the island of Agosha he was instantly identified by the members of the trumped-up Agosha conspiracy as the CIA agent who had interfered behind the scenes in their scandalous trial and through cynical trickery coaxed them into giving testimony which was guaranteed to free them, but instead convicted them of treason to suit somebody's right-wing political purposes. That political prison also contained several members of KIP, the Greek equivalent of the CIA which in fact shares a common office with the CIA in Athens. These ex-agents had looked politically shaky in their fellow fuxz and ended up in their own prisons.

"They all knew of the CIA heroin operation, since in tight detail, but did not make a big issue of it in their minds because dope traffic and police have always been invited together in their society, as in any other where both exist. There was enough devil-may-care detail in their casual and independent descriptions of the operations to withstand anybody's skepticism, and in fact two of them had been involved in the operation themselves at various times in small ways, including a couple of deliveries of fifty kilos of smuck heroin on the same day in a rear Admiral in the U.S. Navy.

"There are also people who have walked out of Turkish jails from time to time who know that Americans who are supposed to be monitoring the poppy-fields of Turkey are in fact selecting and pricing the flowers there and arranging for delivery to Greece. Amazing, perhaps by the innocent, but we are no longer that!



The Typewriter
- by Lee Quarnstrom

It may seem anachronistic in this day of Marshall McLuhan and electronic media to think of a typewriter as a "favorite tool." But despite the immediacy, the visual impact and the psychokinetic qualities of television, there still seems to be a place for the trusty old typewriter. My favorite is an Underwood Five, a few years old. All non-electric Underwoods are good and while I used to think the old, black Standards were the best, I now ~~now~~ think the durability of the Model Five is superior.

A good typewriter can be depended on for writing novels, news stories, scenarios, love letters, poems, threatening letters, legal documents, letters to the editor and, in a pinch, Dear John and suicide notes. Typewriters are also handy for job applications, letters of resignation, typing tests, term papers, and sonnets.

As is true with most tool purchases, a wise typewriter buyer tries them all and buys the best he can afford. Used typewriters are not particularly cheap but are considerably less expensive and often much better than brand new models. Electric machines are wonderful to use but my experience with a Smith-Corona 250 has been frustrating since repairs have been frequent and expensive.

PRESENT SHOCK

Here's an example of how the rush of events can render information in this Supplement outdated even before it's published. Following is a letter from my daughter, whose self-portrait in this issue has only one tooth missing. -p.k.



Mar. 16.

Dear Daddy

I can't wait to see you.
I hope you got my letter. DID YOU?

I'm glad that your having fun working.
-I LOST another TOOTH*
I've got three teeth

MISSING .I

Please get me something great from Mexico, get yourself something too. Maybe a beautiful Mexican blouse or doll for me. Mommy says you'll know what she get for her, down near Acapulco.

The weather is so nice I hav&ing been riding my bike all weekend. I'm learning how to divide so if you have any divide problem send them to me.

The dentist was going to pull some of my back teeth to make room in my mouth, he say's its like a subway in there. But now he is not going to because I'm losing so many teeth. If he pulls some more I'll be the first seven year old with false teeth.

Please say Hi to Ken Kenny Ferns, and blow in his ear HE HE.

Your just so nice I ~~can't believe it~~
can't ~~believe it~~ believe it Oh sorry Daddy
I mean I can believe it I'm silly ~~aren't I?~~
aren't I?
LOVE Holly TOMOLLY





all turn it ivs

by
**ROBERT
WOLF**



This Is a Report of a Conference at Columbia University
On Various Alternatives, Coordinated by Jane Garney

Education

The LEAP Alternate High School--going into its 3rd year as an extension of the Lower Eastside Action Project, a ghetto youth self-help project begun nearly a decade ago by Larry and Michelle Cole--makes raising funds for the perpetuation of the school a part of the education in realities. The student-faculty Hustle Committee has put the bits on 25 corporations so far, and has gotten free ads in Sports Illustrated, whose publisher has joined the LEAP board.

LEAP also holds title to some land in upstate New York, where it hopes to begin a commune that can raise food to aid the city project. They're looking for volunteer radical farmers, and are considering making a course in farming part of the LEAP school experience.

One of the hassles the school is dealing with at present is that any school in the state which enrolls kids under 15 is supposed to have a state charter. To be eligible for the charter the school must provide such things as four drinking fountains, an observance of Arbor Day, and a 5-week course on the evils of alcohol. Several courses must be provided at least in the equivalent. So LEAP is teaching an equivalency course in Contemporary American History, for instance, that is called Freak History. Another course is called Media Bullshit.

Another resource person at this session was the hip-looking dean of 4-year-old Ben Salem Experimental College, an infected appendix of Fordham University. (If you pay us your \$5,000, you're sure to get your diploma.) He kept from his students knowledge about the conference. He said privately that it was because it conflicted with a night when the students were supposed to meet to discuss student government, but still he denied them the right to make a choice.

Another resource person present was a representative from the Elizabeth Cleaners Street School, recently established in a former dry-cleaning shop. He said his school has been able to raise money so far by charging fees to researchers and reporters who come asking for interviews.

A female panelist had been a veteran of experimental college at Barnard and is now part of a 33-member commune where participation is credited as a college course. She was concerned about the problem of how an alternative avoids eventually becoming an institution. (LEAP avoids the problem by periodically throwing its entire structure out and starting over.)

It was suggested that what radicals need to learn for survival in the future is carpentry, plumbing, etc. Someone from LEAP said that construction of

their school--a supermarket undergoing conversion--had been going on while classes were in session, so the kids are picking up construction techniques without really trying.

Meanwhile, the construction workers have begun to eavesdrop on the classes, and are now doing some remedial math

and reading. While the workers and the street kids nearly came to blows at first, now some of the workers are sponsoring three of the kids in the building trades. And the workers are doing a little extra work so they can continue to hang around the school.

Someone from LEAP pointed out that it's an elitist and unnatural separation to designate some people "teachers" and others "students"--presumably we all continue to learn from each other and to grow throughout life. "Some people just know things that some others don't."

Medicine

One panelist--a radical young black woman who is active with the two-year-old Health Revolutionary Unity Movement said, "I've been thrown out of most of the hospitals in New York City." She refers to the nation's program of crisis medicine as "our sickness service" instead of "our health service." Her belief is that "everyone who is being treated should have a right to determine how they're treated, as the rich people do at present."

A member of a radical professional's collective at Lincoln Hospital was less interested in seeing community clinics set up than in teaching each person, as possible, to be his own physician. In their practice, they try to provide each patient with as much information about his condition as possible, so the patient can make intelligent choices: "Power to the people begins with power over your own body. If you've learned you have control over that, it's easier to believe that you may be able to control the government."

Another panelist--a former nurse who's now active with the Militant Medical Committee on Human Rights--had thought she would try to do something that had social meaning. She said she soon learned that "a nurse's job is to do only what you can't get the nurse's aides to do," just as the doctor considers his job to be anything he can't get the nurses to do, and the aides consider their jobs to be whatever they can't sneeze the orderlies to do.

"A nurse's role is determined by what the doctors don't do. And what the doctors don't do is care about the patients as people." She had noticed that when doctors oppress nurses, the nurses oppress the aides, who take it out on the patients.

A white pediatrician at the Martin Luther King Health Clinic in the South Bronx, one of 50 government-funded ghetto health pioneer projects in the U.S., works "within the system," but likes to think that "we lean on the structure until it bends." He's a member of a team of doctors whose objective is to provide all the health services a family needs on a continuing basis. Asked how many of his team members live in the 35-square-block area of the experimental project, he said none--but three-quarters of the aides do.

If this showcase project works, it will probably--if the establishment follows its usual pattern--be plunked down in several more communities across the land until all possible publicity has been squeezed out of it; then the funding will dry up. A black in the audience said that what he objects to about such projects is that "they experiment on the people in the ghetto, then these new doctors take their expertise to the suburbs."

The New York Times had shown a photo of the nameplate on a clinic, taken in an area of suburban Westchester where there are 320 doctors for a population of 50,000. The nameplate showed six M.D.s and four dentists in this one clinic alone. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare says that in the inner city, the national average is a ratio of only 25 doctors to every 50,000 people.

HCW also reported that while the consumer price index has risen generally by 30% in the past 10 years, physicians' fees have risen 60%.

A woman said that the poor--possibly with the takeover of Lincoln Hospital by the Young Lords in mind--would be unlikely to wait for doctors to talk their way out of their superior roles.

The Law

The session on radical lawyering had a panelist who went from a Wall Street firm--where I thought I could bore from the inside--into disillusionment in VISTA, and he now specializes in poverty cases. He has considered dropping out of law, but feels that being a radical lawyer who rubs shoulders with the establishment lawyers makes it difficult for them to dismiss the movement as silly.

He urged that those who are not sure if they want to go into law might dip a toe in the water by doing draft, tax and housing counseling.

A 3rd-year law student at NYU who clerks in her spare time at the Law Commune said there are six male and three female lawyers in the commune, plus four intern students and six

Alternatives (cont.)

office workers, who are continually trying to work out their attitudes of elitism toward others. One of the ways they do it is that they all work on the cruder cases as well as the glamour cases.

She feels that a lawyer ought to participate in radical movements as a member first and a lawyer second, and she indicated that if the movement goes underground she might consider abandoning lawyering altogether.

An organizer for the Metropolitan Council on Housing, a radical organization in sheep's clothing, has been an attorney for three years and directs a project of 15 NYU law students to receive credits for spending half their time working as interns at a ghetto legal-aid society. "Almost every criminal case is really a political case, where the best defense is to put the state on trial."

He said that he wouldn't have gone to law school if he'd known that it is possible to work as a law clerk for four years and then to take the bar exam. There's even a cram course available for those who take this route.

Another panelist, a lawyer for 30 years, felt that the proper thing to do for indigent ghetto clients is to force the Bar Association to provide the spare-time legal defenders that they ought to be providing if they believe in the Constitution as much as they say they do; it's possible to spend all year winning rights for a ghetto client, such as an increased welfare clothing allowance, only to have the legislature sweep it away with a broader bill the next year. For that reason he does not consider it practical to confine his activities for change only to his law practice, but to be involved in a movement which continually works for broader, permanent social change.

He has no illusions about the possibility of reforming the system through law, but he can meanwhile help to take the burden temporarily off the necks of the oppressed.

Media

The session on media heard mostly from a young woman who was representing the 20-year-old Radio Free People collective, which operates out of a basement studio. She said the 75 members support themselves with outside jobs and contribute funds to the project, which produces audio tapes in lengths ranging from 15 minutes to one hour: music, poetry, documentaries. For instance, from their catalog:

"This statement may be one of the most important political documents of our time. Recorded in jail on March 1, 1970, the Panther Manifesto is powerfully read by Michael Cetewayo Tabor of the Panther 21, after Judge Hurtzagh suspended pretrial hearings in their case. The Manifesto traces the record of injustice in this country from 1619, when slaves were first brought to America, to the present."

The tapes sell for \$5, which she said is about half the cost of the usual commercial air tape. The market so far has been mostly college stations.

What makes it attractive to the media guerrillas is that the FCC does not regulate material which goes into a home on a subscription basis.

Third World

An Indian woman pointed out that each foreign graduate who fails to return to his own country and develop its resources is making it increasingly more difficult for his fellow countrymen to find work. And the vicious circle widens, as it becomes increasingly difficult for the returning graduate to find people back home who can afford to hire his services. Even when an Indian just writes a book here, few people back

home can afford to buy it.

She said that if she returns to India, probably the only job she'll be able to find will be with a foreign company. She sometimes thinks that the money that's spent on her education could better build a clinic back home—but who would staff it?

Another problem is that as long as developing countries insist on patterning themselves after the apparently successful nations of Russia and the U.S., there will not be the experimentation that's necessary to find increasingly more-adequate forms of government as alternatives to the extremes of communism and capitalism.

A Blafian said that if he were to return home, he would just put a native out of work. At least here he can send those valuable dollars home.

A young panelist from the Dominican Republic pointed out that nearly 10% of the students at Columbia are from foreign countries and said that his courses had taught him only to solve problems in the U.S., not at home. In addition, his courses had taught him to use expensive equipment which is not available at home.

Even by just going to school abroad, he will automatically be considered to be in the upper class when he returns. If nothing else, after having



spent four years in the U.S., all his friends are now here and he'll be a stranger among the youth his age back home when he returns. Who there will now understand the liberal attitudes he's absorbed here, except maybe others among the American-educated?

She described the products honestly as "propaganda," defining that word to mean "material with a distinct point of view." She said the project hopes to make cassette tapes which GIs could take on base and plug into the public-address system. It was suggested that a mobile van could also cruise outside a base and beam a broadcast in. "The advantage of guerrilla broadcasting is that you can catch listeners who wouldn't ordinarily tune in.

One person said that there's a WFT station in Chicago, Channel 44, which gives a half hour of time each day to a collective called TV Media Group. The Group has found sponsors for their programs, and they create their own commercials. So far, their programming is booked up through 1972. There's a similar outlet for radicals in Detroit, Channel 62.

A professional media consultant said that just about any station you hear which has no paid commercials between, say, midnight and 5 a.m. can be approached with the proposition, "Let our group program those hours and we'll pay you \$200 a week." That's probably someone's salary at the station,

You then go around to 20 hip merchants and ask them to give you \$10 for each one-minute spot. Anything above the \$200 can be put into expanded programming.

Someone in the audience said that cable TV is especially susceptible to this pitch. Their subscribers pay \$6 a month for the cable and they don't like to see empty channels. The cable promoters would like nothing more than to book some controversial programming which will get the cable service talked about.

It was suggested that maybe he should try to form a network among the radical students of his nationality who are here now, so that he'll have a working base through which to put into practice some of the political-reform ideals he's picked up here.

Social Economics

A graduate of the Columbia uprisings of a few years ago—an anarchist who lived in a commune for a few months and is now a doctoral candidate in social psychology—has an interest in the mythologies of the movement. "For instance, referring to 'the movement' instead of 'the movements.'"

A native Harlem sociologist who has done parole work and community counselling said that for some of his kids, the "alternative" was "survival." Being able to drop out, he said, implies being able to get in. He also said he thinks most poor people have had all they can stand of "communal" living.

An economist on the panel described herself as "from the generation that worried about how to build structures, not how to undermine them." She said she thinks the best that can be hoped for is "each generation being one standard deviation better than the one before it." And she said that to drop out only means to live "in the cracks of society."

A graduate student in anthropology who has dropped in and out about five times, and is now living in a commune in Vermont which he is writing about for his dissertation, said that when you live in a commune, survival again becomes your primal interest. It also makes it possible for you to integrate your vocation with your avocation. He said he sees communal life as "cooperative anarchy."

In New England, some of the communes have begun to work together in a network. Examples: they buy the same type of vehicles so they can buy parts in quantity. When city communes get organized in networks, hopefully they'll be able to trade off surpluses with those in the country. For instance, city kids could do farm work in the country in exchange for some of the produce, making the city/country kids "amphibious".

Some of the communes in this network, though, still have disagreements with each other. Gunfire was nearly exchanged when one commune in Vermont decided that it had to settle on the mountaintop on another commune's acreage, because the end of the world was coming. This dispute was finally settled by the network council using moral persuasion on the would-be invading zealots.

In the audience were people with experience in communes. One woman was living in a year-old commune which had been formed around the participants' children.

"Isn't a commune just a form of group therapy?"

"No, you go into therapy when you get out."



Alternatives (don't)

Planning & Building

An engineer who founded the Architects Technical Assistance Center. This is a group of about 100 volunteer architects who work in their spare time on about 50 projects.

For example, for a community group to get city money for a day-care center, the group has to show the city that it has architects' plans. But such plans cost money, and by the time a ghetto group raises the money, the property in question has often risen so high in price that the city can no longer afford to pay for it anyway. So ATAC provides the plans for free, much of the detail work providing training for students.

Of the 1,500 members in the American Institute of Architects, which had been solicited to help out on such projects, only 30 had volunteered.

What an architect is trained for in college is to work as a draftsman for three years in a big corporation's office. Even when the architect finally gets out on his own, he learns that every assignment has its root in politics: there's always some politician who'll tell you how the design should be.

An urban design consultant for a small private firm said that new commercial construction in a city widens the tax base, but not necessarily by enough to pay for all the additional problems that over-expansion brings. A city's tax base can also be widened by increasing workers' wages. He said that instead of the city searching around to provide more sites for power plants, maybe the city better start thinking about limiting power use.

One recent graduate confessed that he had learned that it's fruitless to work 40 hours in an office that's destroying the city, while donating 20 hours a week of his spare time to try to undo the damage.

"Aren't there some alternatives to cities?" Applause.

Communes & Lunch

Most of the panelists, or "resource people," were anarchists, so no one would take responsibility for beginning the meeting, until one called out, "Well, would somebody like to begin?" There was no chairman to recognize those who raised their hands.

Many of the questioners seemed to want to know everything about the sex life of the communists but were afraid to ask. The area of questioning that was of major concern was how the various communes supported themselves. There was talk of growing and selling organic food; firewood; and crafts.

There was a suggestion that each commune might try to find a way of servicing the others. For instance, in New England, a mobile medical team is being set up to visit communes on a rotating basis, "but of course no one is able to perform surgery yet." Hopefully the team will be able also to service the rural poor, too.

The sin of one Boston commune is to provide a retreat for discharged soldiers who wanted to get back in touch with their youthful emotions.

And a year-old city commune numbers a health department inspector among its members.

A woman from a Quaker commune in Brooklyn said she'd learned that a person who's working all the time is as much of a pain in the ass as someone who never works.

One afternoon during the conference was set aside for a pot-luck health-food buffet lunch. A number of people prepared and brought home-cooked dishes of

organic, vegetarian or macrobiotic foods.

One person's contribution to the buffet table was a bottle of Vitamin C tablets.

The informal discussion during the luncheon was probably the most contentious of all the sessions, with nutritional advice flying back and forth on everything, including: "Chew your food 40 times." If there was general agreement on one thing, it was that no diet is absolutely perfect for everybody.

The vegetarians and health-food advocates got most hostile and intolerant when a man joined the circle who disdained everything on the table in preference to the lunch he had brought with him. From his pocket he took a paper bag and unwrapped from it a piece of wax paper. He began to eat several cubes of nearly raw lamb, just slightly braised, and to take bites from a bar of rendered animal fat. I sampled the fat; it was like unsalted margarine.

He said that for years he has been living on a diet of 20% protein and 80% fat. He said he avoids starches and sugar "like the plague they are" and he called vegetables and fruits "garbage for the rabbits." He was trim, had clear pink skin, a ready smile, and looked younger than the nearly-50 years he said he was.

He jokingly called himself a "Food Fattist," and had under his arm a book written some years ago by a Scandinavian, *Fat of the Land*, which he called "my movement's Bible." The book, he said, told how the Eskimos had lived on such a diet for centuries and how they had few diseases until the white man brought them sugars and starches.

When the vegetarians told him that he must be nuts, that nobody could live on such a diet, he retorted, "Hitler was a vegetarian." That ended the dialogue.

Toward the end of the lunch hours, a couple of resource people answered questions.

The Greenhouse Organic Food Co-op buys a plane-load of produce from California each week, its director explained, and also handles organic meat and vitamins. With 300 members (and four paid employees), many of the prices have been brought down to half that of health-food stores (e.g., 35¢ for a head of lettuce), and more variety is available.

The co-op had some trouble at first with marketing deceptions. They bought chickens which were said to have been grown organically (that is, not fed with feed that had been sprayed) but they learned later that the chickens were being injected with a tenderizer. Now they buy chickens that aren't treated, but the meat is tougher.

They plan this year to begin to test and certify the land of the local growers they buy from. Land on which organic produce is grown must be shown to have been free of pesticides for five years.

Pests are kept out of organic fields by growing a ring of marigolds around the perimeter. The marigold smell is repugnant to pests.

Another resource person was a woman who's written a book about bread-baking. She urged food shoppers to read every label: "The law says that ingredients must be listed in the order of their magnitude; so if the product is mostly water, that must lead the list." Also, "When something isn't being taken out of your food, something is being put in." She mixed, "It must be an extension of racism in the West that we prefer only the whitest flour,

sugar, rice, etc." And she said that rats will not bother to eat white flour.

Someone in the audience gave an inexpensive recipe for a roach powder: two thirds of a cup of sugar to one third of a cup of Borax, sprinkled in cracks and around pipes.

Yoga

Duami Satchidanada, a former auto mechanic and film-worker who occasionally appears on the rock-festival circuit, is head of two Integral Yoga Institute centers in New York City, four in California, five in other states (including Texas), and three in Europe. Laura Hyre is said to be a devotee. And Satchidanada's brand of yoga, according to a newsletter, is now being offered in Danbury Federal Prison, in Connecticut.

After the audience gathered, a disciple counted the house, lit some incense, and began a chant that few could follow. When the chanting had ended, he turned on a TV set which played a video tape of the Swami, who was away at the moment on a world tour. The tape too began with a long chant. Then, with his flowing white beard moving in contrast to his long black hair, the Swami spoke in a way that made clear the difficulties of describing spiritual insights in language which can be understood universally.

A similar presentation was provided the next day by Kunga Dawa, a young man with an English accent and a gleeful laugh, who sat crosslegged and wore an Indian blouse. He's founder of the Tail of the Tiger community of Zen enthusiasts in Vermont.

This session was held in a white-washed stone crypt, looking like a bomb shelter, in the basement of a cathedral on the Columbia campus. The audience sat on styrofoam strips on the floor. Among them was a priest who took notes.

"Maybe some of you came here because you're fascinated with meditation. But fascination can be a barrier to meditation."

If you have a goal, you are in search of something. If you are in search of something, your mind is not at peace. But even when your goal is not to search, you must not make that your goal.

If you can let something be, you're not being possessive of it. Most of us at least want to possess the present.

He told the story of two monks who walked along a road. They came to a river where a girl at the edge asked that she be carried across. One monk put her on his shoulder, and put her down at the other side. Later his companion said, "you know, we're not supposed to touch women in our order." The other monk replied, "are you still carrying her? I put her down miles ago."

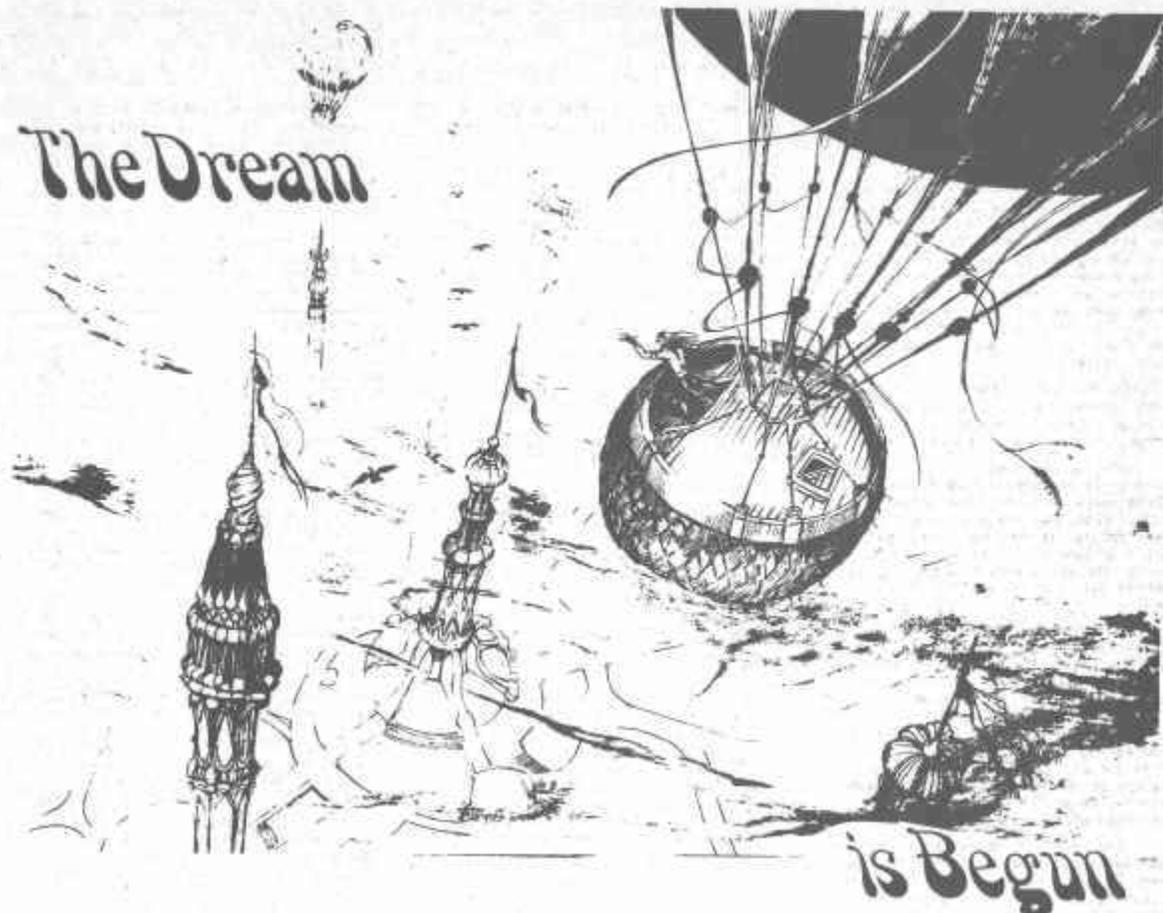
You try in meditation not to cut off the outside world but to be able to take it all in without it disturbing you. "Watch, without watching for something."

Someone asked, "If your goal is to neither have a goal or not have a goal, how do you prevent that from becoming a goal?" He broke up in laughter. "I guess the answer is that you have to develop a sense of humor about it. You can't become overly concerned with whether you get results. And you can't try to just choke off your goal-oriented thoughts. Whenever you try to choke something, it struggles. Struggle causes thought."

Or, as someone had asked earlier, "What has all of this discussion been an alternative to?"

And a voice replied: "To being at the dance upstairs."

The Dream



is Begun

by
William Hjortsberg

The stretch of road behind our house at Playa Bonita is part of the only three miles of paved highway along the entire Caribbean coast of Costa Rica.

It is the road (the rest of it gravel and, when it rains, impassibly muddy) which eventually links Limón, the country's eastern port; a ramshackled, red tin-roofed town whose sister-city, I'm told by visiting U.S. seamen, is Danaang, with the capital, San José, one hundred miles away over the humped, green mountains.

There is no regular bus service between Limón and San José; the bus we take into town on market days comes only from as far up the road as Liverpool, a shanty village built on stilts above the knee-deep mud.

The bus is on its second career; a hand-me-down. Like so many other third-class vehicles (old Whites, Internationals and Fords) a traveller encounters in Mexico and Central America, the Liverpool local was once a school-bus in the States.

Transformed by a fresh coat of paint and a new name (*El Gitanito*; *La Perla*; *Nuestra Señora de la Ascension*; *Moby Dick*), on the side, these venerable machines endure for generations, nursed through innumerable breakdowns by the sort of uncanny mechanical ingenuity people acquire when they are too poor to buy replacements.

(Limón is so poor that one of the city buses has

not yet been repainted and still bears on its rear door the familiar black-on-yellow legend: STATE LAW REQUIRES A FULL STOP WHEN WARNING LIGHT IS FLASHED.)

I mention all this local color as background for an incident on the Liverpool bus not many days after my 30th birthday. Turning 30 is, even for people who don't watch clocks, something of an event to be reckoned with; there is the uneasy suspicion that this is a landmark of sorts in one's life; a time for summing things up and setting the record straight.

To be honest, there is an element of the bring-down about the whole affair and I was feeling a bit melancholy about it all that morning, cramped uncomfortably into a metal seat designed to accommodate the knees of a 5th grader.

It was noisy in the bus; the road full of pot-holes; the driver speeding in a mad, *macho* race to nowhere. I was watching the world like a movie when a soft Jamaican accent behind me interrupted, "Excuse me, sir, but would you be so kind as to answer a question for me."

The man who leaned over my seatback was easily 70. He wore a pith helmet and a rumpled khaki suit; a character out of a short story. He was the color of stained oak, with eyes that Yeats best described: "ancient, glittering . . . gay." I have called his accent soft; it was, but his voice was loud enough to carry throughout the bus. "I was wondering if you hippies subscribe to any particular philosophy or religion; something that links

you together spiritually as a group?"

What a question!

My first instinct was to protest; an innocent, "Who, me?" It's not healthy to be too hip south of the border these days. Haircuts are required in Guatemala and Panama; hitchhikers are turned away from Costa Rica; a pair of bell-bottoms or a knapsack invites an instant shake-down by Mexican *federales*; the Golden Age of smoking weed with the shoeshine boys in the plaza is over.

The mass-media's first attempt to pin an easy label on the counter-culture (kounter-kultur?) never quite caught on in Latin America; "beatnik" was too hard to pronounce, and it almost sounded like a compliment to be called an "existentialista."

But "hippie" has an ominous sound in Spanish. Even coming from a small child it seems derisive and vulgar; and the way it is spelled on official documents (HIP) is the classification the Mexican *Departamento de Migracion* types on your deportation orders) evokes an image of letters stenciled on prison uniforms; rubber stamps; acronyms; all that fascist efficiency.

But I knew the old man didn't mean it that way. He was talking about the Mormon trek, Quaker communes, Mennonites (these were his own clarifications), Brooks Farm, Harbinger Hot Springs (those are mine). Were the hippies such a group? Had they a common aim?

At the time, I didn't know what to answer, other than a flip comment about style.

Even now, as I write this, I'm not sure there really is an answer, because the West Indian gentleman in the pith helmet was talking about style after all. He picked me as a spokesman on the basis of a pair of gaudy striped pants and a mustache.

Perhaps I should have told him that in order to avoid any repetition of last winter's difficulties in Mexico, I had made some half-hearted attempts at sprucing-up my image and now looked rather more like a Hollywood agent than a hippie. A case of mistaken identity.

But that would have meant explaining long-haired business executives, paste-on sideburns, boutiques-alas, the *Whole Earth Catalog* on coffee tables across America-fads, style, the top-40; in short, consumerism, our oblivion treadmill.

The only difference between the "System" and the "Counter-Culture" is whether it's over the counter or under. Linked together spiritually as a group, sir? The only thing linking us, and linking us all, hip and honkie alike, is the universal myth that progress is our most important product; that come-what-may, technology will somehow solve everything in the end; that access to tools is all it takes to keep old Spaceship Earth forever in orbit.

John Lennon (age 30) recently said the dream was over, and if he was talking about the maharaja life-style of rock stars, I most emphatically hope so. In terms of generations though, the dream is only just beginning.

I remember my friend Freddy, in his own way as much a prophet as Buckminster Fuller. When Freddy was 10 years old he wanted to be an Indian. He spent hours in the Museum of Natural History, alone in that dark room with the war canoes.

At home in Queens, he made Iroquois moccasins

out of car-polishing chamois from Woolworth's. He knew the names and uses of every tree and shrub in the city. (I remember a bitter, cranberry-red drink made from the tops of spindly, vacant-lot sumacs.)

Dressed in a fringed, beaded vest, a strand of bird claws and mouse skulls around his neck and a few blue jay feathers tied in his hair, Freddy roamed secret paths in the city parks like Nesmuk reincarnate. The year was 1951. Harry S. Truman was the president.

What was prophetic about Freddy, other than choosing to be an Indian when everyone else was siding with the cowboys, was a project he had when he was 10 of stealing baby turtles (the kind they sell at the circus) from the neighborhood 5-and-10 and releasing them in a lake in a park in Flushing. I went back to that lake when I was in high school and saw turtles as big as dinner plates. It seems to me that this should be part of the dream; learning how to put things back. Johnny Appleseed is a better myth than Henry Ford.

Turning 30 is a time for questioning, and the question I've been asking myself most often as a writer these days is, "Are my ego-wrung words worth the number of trees sacrificed for each printed page?" Slightly rephrased, it is a question everyone should be asking. We might then learn to think less about style and more about substance; the old man would have his answer, and the dream of Earth People inhabiting a Global Village would no longer be just another slogan.



GUINJON

"Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up, and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right, which we hope and believe, is to liberate the world."

—Abraham Lincoln

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WHOLE EARTH CATALOG mailing list (voluntary)
September, 1969, we wrote:

The CATALOG has but 20 months to live
Plans change, but as this writing our plan is to cease publication of the *WHOLE EARTH CATALOG* in the Spring of 1971. At that time we will gather the best of the CATALOG and Supplement and publish a good big reference mass-market book, probably distributed by some New York house.

If by that time there aren't people and ideas around doing a better job than us, then we'll have failed: we won't have replaced ourselves. Most likely though we'll be obsolete and in the way, and our departure will be occasion for sighs of relief and a party.

The Truck Store in Meads Park will probably stay active as a mail order service and base for further similar activities by the devoted CATALOG staff.

We've been called a community in error, and I guess that means something, or will when we burn the town down. If subscribers are willing, replace our last Supplement in 1971 could be our mailing list.

Meanwhile, the press is greater when it's about supply. Suddenly more seems possible when the doing is finite. If our hypothesis is right, the CATALOG and Supplement should get a lot better with this new schedule. The function of the prospect is to get as high as possible before it follows.

18 months and a lot of names later, here we are with the promised regular price, free mailing list access to our mailing subscribers. The 2,000 or so here represent about 1/7 of our current list, who indicated on their re-subscription cards that they were willing to be published. The remainder of our subscription list will neither be sold, given away, or handed to authorities.

So far as I know, no one else has published their subscribers' names and addresses in this big a way before, or whatever happens will be some kind of new information. Keep us posted, will you, and we'll continue some way to report on your experience.

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ON SILENCE

Silence has greatness deeply because it is
It is, and that is its greatness, its grace, its richness.
There is no beginning to silence and no end.
Man does not get silence in the text, silence path
near to the text.

Silence contains everything within itself, it is not
waiting for anything, it is always wholly present
in itself and completely fills out the space
in which it appears.

Silence is original and self-sufficient. Like the other
basic phenomena, like love and liberty and
death and life itself.

But it existed before all of these and is in all of
them.

And there is more silence than speaks at three, more
of the invisible than the visible.

There is also more silence in one person than can be
read in a single human life.

—Max Frisch

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Arnold Sato
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Whitstone, British Columbia

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Sudbury 714, Ontario

Edwin Townsend
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Sturdt East, P.E. I.

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University of British Columbia
Vancouver 8, British Columbia

Peter Wason
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Montreal 110, Quebec

Elgin County Library
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St. Thomas, Ontario

John Wisco

John Wisco
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Toronto 10, Ontario

Vicki, British Columbia

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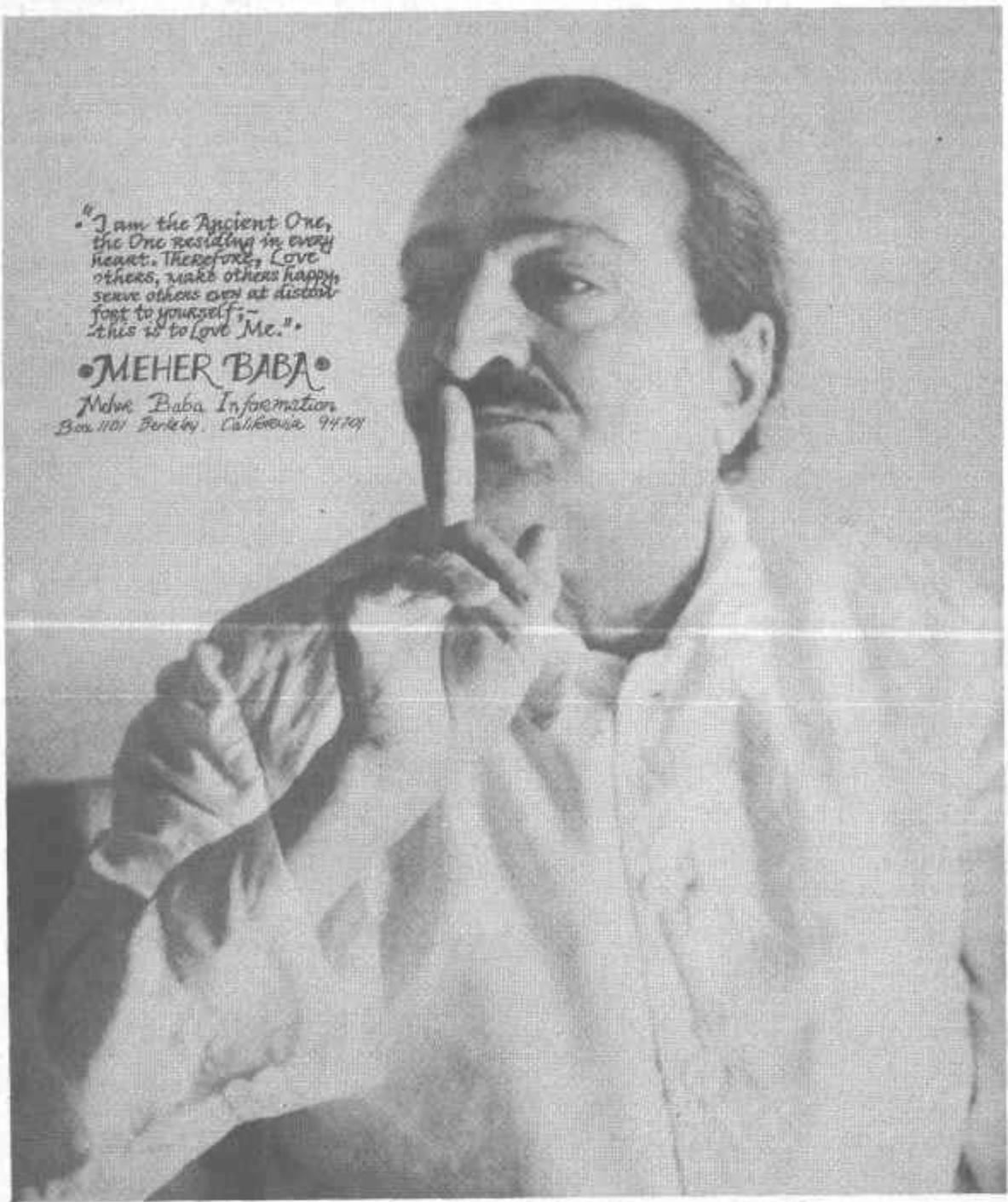
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Switzerland



*"I am the Ancient One,
the One residing in every
heart. Therefore, Love
others, make others happy,
serve others even at discom-
fort to yourself.
This is to Love Me."*

•MEHER BABA•

*Meher Baba Information
Box 1101 Berkeley, California 94701*

We the spirit and body of Whole Earth, the Whole Earth Catalog staff need a place to settle. We want to build a school, a farm, a life--supporting and using the principles of Whole Earth and the inspiration of so much fine communication from good friends around the world who are also attempting to do deal helistically with everything. We have accumulated little in the way of financial resources. As of June our spirit and body will have none. If you know of land or a trip into which we would fit--there are twenty strong of us. Please write Troll c/o Whole Earth Truck Store.

If you would like to be informed about what the Vietnam people are really about, there is literature to be bought, periodicals to be subscribed to and film files to be rented. For information write to the U.S. Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, Box C, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011, or call 212-702-7162.

Graduate students on the spiritual trip wishing to expand some along lines of human bio-computer and esoteric traditions write to J. C. Lilly, 8910 Beverlywood St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90034.

The Environmental Law Digest--A document service of the Environmental Law Institute, 1346 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. First Edition Sept. 1970, \$1. Intended for use to locate documents related to environmental cases which are digested in this book. EII also puts out a periodical--\$50. per year.

The finest piece of environmental literature I've found--moving, true story--**The Man Who Planted Hope and Grew Happiness** by Jean Gioia, Friends of Nature, c/o Miss Ellen R. Riggs, 92 Arlington St., Winchester, Mass. 01890, 75¢/copy, 60¢/3-24 copies, 50¢/25-49 copies, 45¢/50 and up copies all post paid.

The difference between listening to FM radio, without commercials, and listening to AM radio, with commercials, is like the difference between drinking a cool glass of mountain spring water and drinking a glass of piss. I say mountain spring water because city water is recycled piss.

(At the party June 11, Stuart Brand will deny charges of his candidacy.)

Women's History Research Center, Inc., 2325 Oak, Berkeley, Calif. 94708

A research, lending, corresponding, and selling library of women's literature: books, periodicals, pamphlets, bibliographies, articles, clippings, tapes, and pictures. Topics include women in countries, in women's groups, specific women, roles, subjects, women in history, action projects, specific men's statements on women. Work done by women using it.

A running catalogue including addresses to order materials is available at cost to other groups to avoid having to start from scratch. Send stamped self-addressed envelope for literature list. 415-524-7772.

Ken Kern's outstanding book **Owner-Built Home** is now available for \$5. directly from Whole Earth Catalog. If you want the book **plus** preliminary design by Kern for your particular project, send \$10. to Ken Kern, Sierra Route, Oakhurst, Calif. 93644.

The Marijuana Review (\$2 a year) is available from its editor, Michael Aldrich, California Institute of Arts, 7500 Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, Calif.

The St. Alfred Memorial Page



I want to sell my house in La Honda, a great house and five acres of redwoods seven miles from the ocean. It'd be nice to do it straight across without the banks getting a finger in it. You can take a look at it by asking anybody in La Honda, and call me in Oregon if you're interested. It'd make a fine boy scout camp or home, complete with creek, trees and memories.

Ken Kesey
503-746-9230

Outside the Hat is a magazine in education 'edited from a radical perspective' (\$4 for two years, PO Box 184, Lansing, Mich. 48901).

'Chicken Run' (England's Harold Rate) is already marketing a kit which frees automobile from the surly bonds of gasoline, having unleashed the power inherent in humble manure. (See classified section.)

'Aqua Ran' is Spanish inventor Eduard Estevel. On Saturday, January 23rd, 1971, Eduard Estevel unveiled on European television, an engine fueled... by water. No, not a steam engine, but a power unit fueled by plain, ordinary water. It works, according to the inventor, on a principle of breaking down the water to the basic elements: hydrogen as a combustion fuel and oxygen expelled through the exhaust pipe. Oxygen expelled through the exhaust pipe!!!

Here is an invention then, which not only does not pollute, but could actually dilute the fumes from other engines a little. Whoever heard of an engine improving the atmosphere?

Furthermore, Senor Estevel claims 400 miles per gallon for the automobile mounted version, and says that as a car motor it could be mass-produced for only \$25.

Within days of the Spanish unveiling, Lullie Sternin and Giovanni Zabbia, two South African engineers, demonstrated in Cape Town their base-style converter unit which allowed a 250 c.c. gasoline engine to run on hydrogen gas liberated from ordinary water. They also hurriedly took out provisional world patent rights for 'water combustion engines. Sternin and Zabbia claim their device to be easily adaptable for automobile conversion.

Their system involves removing the carburetor and substituting a simple hydrogen-gas feeder device which admits a gas-air mixture to the cylinders. A converted automobile would carry two fuel tanks; one of plain water, the second to develop, store and feed out hydrogen gas under pressure. The secret is the additive which goes periodically into the pressurized tank to keep up 'fermentation' of hydrogen gas from water. Naturally, the additive's composition is being kept under wraps; but it is known that only two ingredients are involved and that both are in common use. One is a metal, the other a 'household chemical'. by Red Chadwick

The Harold Rate conversion kit along with his blueprints for at-home chicken fueled production and everything else needed to put a gasoline-less car or truck on the road (you mention this on page 17 of the September catalog), is already available in the U.S. The address is Earth Move, PO Box 10121, Portland, Oregon 97210 and the price for the whole deal by mail is \$35.

The Movement Speakers Bureau takes care of all arrangements to book al-

ternate culture people--from Krassner to Kesey, from lectures to celebrations, from Momen's LIB to the Black Panthers, from the Chicago 7 to the Indianapolis 500, from here to eternity--at your campus or organization. Address: Suite 900, 1029 Vermont Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005 Phone: 202-628-8057

Underground Railway Express Tools

One way of not being a latterday Good German is to support the underground media in your area while they're still aboveground alternatives.

In addition, here are a couple such periodicals of a more specialized nature:

The Great Revolution--"the worldwide effort for decentralization and rural revival" (\$4 per year, School of Living, Rural Route 1, P.O. Box 129, Freeland, Md. 21053).

Homad--"for hitchhikers making their way across country and around the world, on foot, by bicycle, boat, bus, train or horseback. . . and for those living in the woods on boats and barges, in trailers and tents, domes and tepees. . . press cards are free for the asking" (Homad, 41 Union Sq. W., New York, N.Y. 10003)

Finally, if you'd rather do it yourself, mother, a fine guide titled **How to Publish Your Very Own Underground Newspaper** is available from the Free Ranger Press, Box 26, Village Sta., New York, N.Y. 10014

Here on solar energy: there is a Solar Energy Society, an "international professional organization devoted exclusively to the science and technology of solar energy applications", to quote the their statement of purpose. They disseminate information on solar energy applications through the quarterly 'Journal Solar Energy. Solar membership in the Society is \$5 per year, which includes a subscription. Alternatively, subscriptions can be ordered at \$5 a year from the Subscriptions Manager, Pergamon Press, Headington Hill Hall, Oxford, England. The Journal is of high scientific quality and the technical articles are probably a little too technical for the layman. The Society just moved its world headquarters from Arizona State University, Tempe, to the National Science Center, 191 Royal Parade, Parkville, Victoria, Australia. There is a newly-formed US section, c/o Smithsonian Radiation Biology Laboratory, 12001 Parklawn Drive, Bethesda, Md. 20852. Write there for membership info in the USA.

Steve Gorgent

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For All Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables & Shrubs

Tested by commercial orchardists for 10 years with excellent results.

During the rapid early growth of a fruit or flower blossom, the bud hungers for food so much that it is capable of absorbing great quantities of food and minerals through its tissues. If the bud is sprayed on a warm day (above 50°F) during its rapid growth period, it will absorb enough food into the cells to lower its freezing point. Also, the embryo is nourished to the point that it produces a better fruit.

BLOSSOM ANTI-FREEZE is made up of 39 plant foods and is entirely organic and non-toxic. By using this spray to ward off the bud-killing frosts, it becomes unnecessary and obsolete to use the pollution-creating sauge pots.

BLOSSOM ANTI-FREEZE can be purchased at \$2.98 per gallon plus shipping costs in single gallons or in 5-gallon boxes. Also, additional and detailed information will be furnished upon request.

IT REALLY WORKS!!!

Write to: Pool Store, 145 N. 3rd, Springfield, Ore. 97477



The LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOG is 448 pages of all we know, costs \$5, and will be out in late July 1971.

Order from:

Whole Earth Catalog
558 Santa Cruz Ave
Menlo Park, CA 94025

or

Random House, Inc
201 East 50th St
New York, NY 10022



- SB

REASONABLE FACSIMILE

Rolling Stone said that this final *Whole Earth Supplement* "will also be mailed to subscribers of Krassner's irregular periodical *The Realist* as its long-awaited Anniversary Issue." Ain't so. This is serving as just another issue of *The Realist*. Next month there will be still *another* just-another-issue featuring "An Impolite Interview with Ken Kesey", then a trilogy of "Reporter at Small" issues; and then, this summer, the legendary behind-its-time 13th Anniversary Issue. Stewart Brand was quoted as saying that "This will also be Paul's excuse for finally moving to California." Yup. I expect to continue editing *The Realist* from San Francisco, although the circulation department will remain in New York. Subscriptions entered now will begin with the Kesey issue and include the anniversary issue. You may also reserve a copy of my book. And in the outside lobby, friends, you will find on display my jellies and preserves. . .



- \$3 for a one-year (6 issues) subscription to *The Realist*
- \$5 for a two-year (12 issues) subscription to *The Realist*
- \$7 for a copy of *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*—a collection of Paul Krassner's stuff from *The Realist*, including the notorious "Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book" plus impolite interviews with George Lincoln Rockwell, Dick Gregory, Dr. Robert Spencer, Joseph Heller, Norman Mailer, Mort Sahl, Terry Southern, Woody Allen and Timothy Leary

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NOTICE NOTICE

All makers of the **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG**

*You are invited to an
Exclusive Party
to celebrate the
DEMISE
of the*

Whole Earth Catalog

*in San Francisco
on Friday, June 11, starting 7 pm.*

The following are invited:

All present and former employees of Whole Earth Truck Store & Catalog in Menlo Park and Portola Institute.

All employees of Nowels Publications, Book People, Smith Co (mailing), East Wind, the Bohannon P.O., and Random House who have dealt with the CATALOG.

All reviewers, letter-writers, and suggesters who have been published in the CATALOG or Supplements.

All authors and creators of items that have been listed in the CATALOG or Supplements.

All sustaining and retaining subscribers.

All participants in LIFERAFT EARTH and in ALLOY.

All media-persons who have reviewed or reported about the CATALOG or LIFERAFT EARTH.

RSVP: *send your name, address, and how many you are to:*

DEMISE
Whole Earth Catalog
558 Santa Cruz Ave
Menlo Park, CA 94025

and we'll tell you where the party is.

Dress: *you could come as a tool.*

Bring something nice for somebody else to eat or drink.

Attention Internal Revenue Service: this event is an educational occasion whose exact nature may not be revealed until 10 pm, June 11. You're invited too of course.

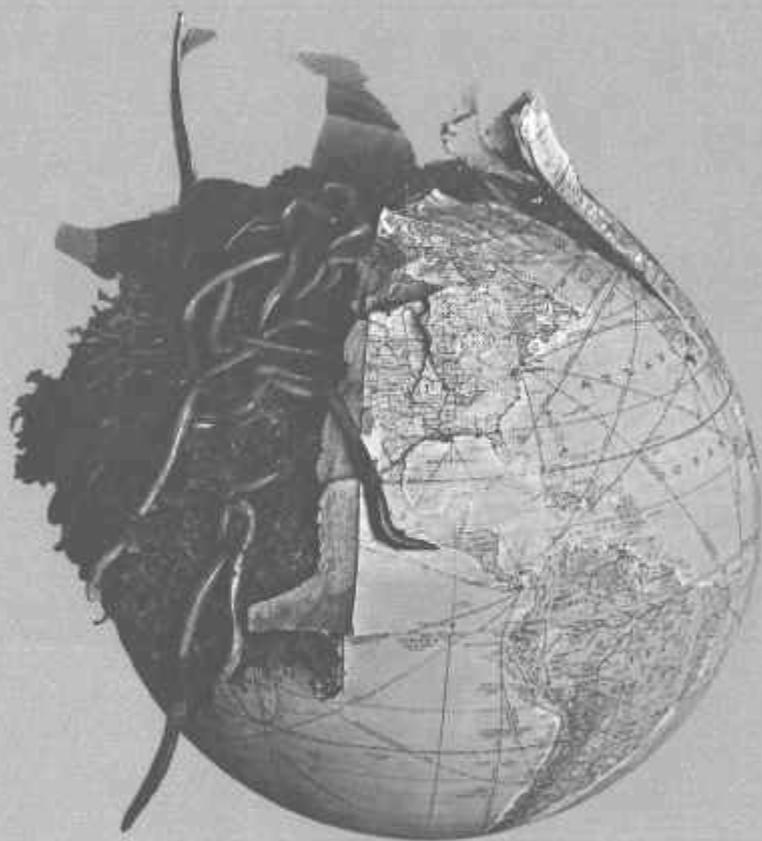


"I've used Cornstarch on my balls for years!"

states noted author and theologian, Ken Kesey. "Y'know how it is when you're swarthy anyway and maybe nervous like on a long freeway drive or say you're in court where you can't unzip to air things out, and your clammy old nuts stick to your legs?" Well, a little handful of plain old cornstarch in the morning will keep things dry and sliding the whole hot day long. Works better than talcum and you don't smell like a nursery. Also good for underarms, feet, pulling on neoprene wet suits and soothing babies' bottoms. And it's biodegradable."

WHOLE EARTH CATALOG
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And The Meek Shall Inherit The Whole Earth...