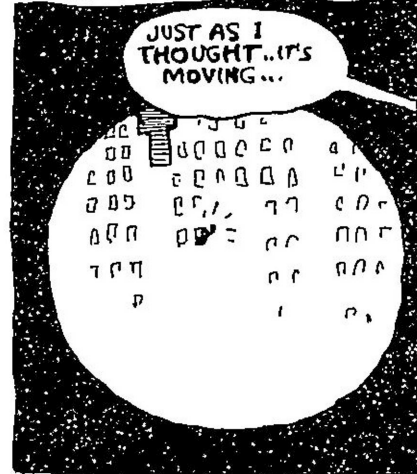
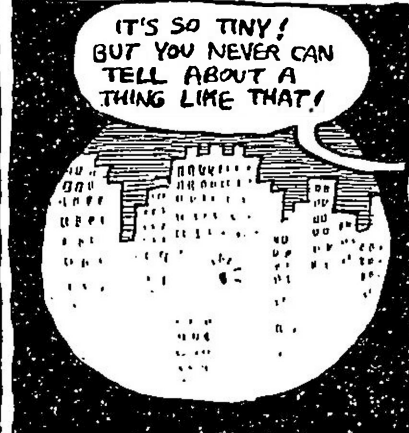
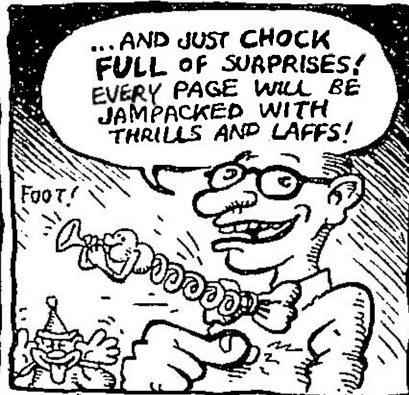
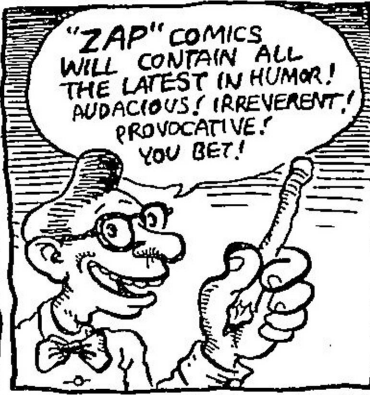
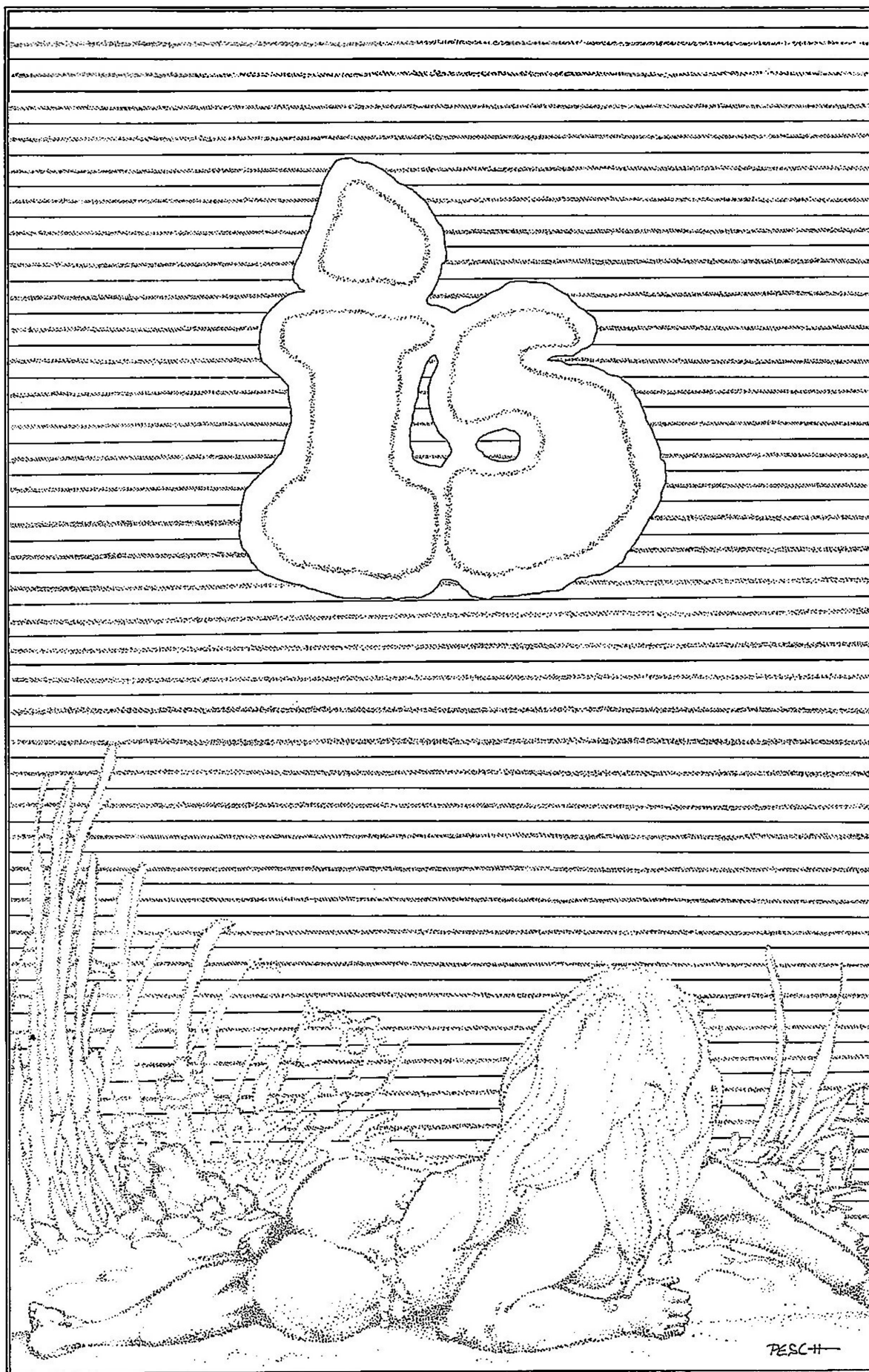




# MR. SKETCHUM IS AT IT AGAIN!





PESC-H



TALKING OF INDIANS AND INDIANS, WHILE LIVING IN INDIA, A SUFI MYSTIC SEERESS NAMED RAIHANA TYABJI LAID A STORY ON ME ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE INDIANS TO THE HIPPIES IN AMERICA! RAIHANA, A TOOTHLESS 70-YEAR+ OLD BHAKTI-YUGINI WHO RADIATES AN ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE THAT FILLS A ROOM ALMOST VISIBLY, IS INTERESTED IN BRIDGING THE GULF BETWEEN EAST AND WEST: SHE WAS A FRIEND AND FOLLOWER OF MAHATMA GANDHI, AND LIVES NOW IN HIS MEMORIAL ASHROOM, WHERE SHE IS CONSULTED BY DEPLOMATS, MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, INDIAN CABINET MEMBERS, TIBETAN LAMAS, WANDERING HIPPIES, STRAIGHT FOREIGNERS OF ALL KINDS AND PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER INDIA. SHE FELT THAT THE HIPPIES WERE TRAVELING THERE TO SERVE AS A LINK BETWEEN THE EAST AND WEST. I TALKED TO HER A LOT ABOUT THE SCENE IN AMERICA, AND SHE TOLD US WHAT HER GURU HAD TOLD HER IN A VISION: THAT THE VIOLENCE IN THE AMERICAN SCENE IS THE KARMAKIC RESULT OF THE KILLING AND MISTREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS, THE RAPE AND DESTRUCTION OF THOSE WHO WERE THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND. NOW WE ARE WORKING OUT THE RESULTS OF THAT BAD KARMA, SHE SAID, AND ALL OF THOSE INDIANS WHO WERE DONE IN THEN ARE BEING REBORN AS THE CHILDREN OF THOSE WHO OPPRESSED THEM: THE YOUNG OF OUR GENERATION WERE THE INDIANS, ARE INDIANS. IT IS UP TO US TO RECONCILE THEM, TO WORK OUT THE AMERICAN KARMA.

THAT IS THE WORD FROM INDIA: MAKES SENSE TO ME. MICHAEL ABRAMS

THE IMAGE  
THUNDER COMES RESOUNDING OUT OF THE EARTH.  
THE IMAGE OF ENTHUSIASM  
THUS THE ANCIENT KINGS MADE MUSIC  
IN ORDER TO HONOR MERIT,  
AND OFFERED IT WITH SPLENDOR  
TO THE SUPREME DEITY,  
INVITING THEIR ANCESTORS TO BE PRESENT.

CHURCH OF ONE  
EASTER SUNDAY 1967 SAN FRANCISCO  
PLANET EARTH



IS 2, published for the Spectator Amateur Press Society, April, 1971, by Tom Collins, 43 Butler St., Meriden, Conn. 06450.

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It is not to be supposed that authors endorse the opinions which are expressed in other articles than their own, nor that the editor is in agreement with all of the opinions expressed herein.

Of this magazine, printed hither and yon, by one method or another, 250 copies exist, of which no copy is for sale.

This is number 142 for ompa



## CARTE du JOUR

COVER: DUO by Rene Magritte

Luna Ink, ca. 1928

Mr. Sketchum

Robert Crumb

From Zap #0, "The comic that plugs you in."

JS

Helmut Pesch

Harcbill

From That Wonderful Year, 1967

Chester Anderson's Communications Company strikes again.

Carte du Jour

Before Your Very Eyes

A Lunar Episode

On Page 8

The only known "science fiction" by O. Henry. It's only previous publication was February 2, 1895 in Rolling Stone, the weekly newspaper he published in Austin, Texas.

Why I Accept Astrology

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Walter Breen sets for the case for man's earliest proto-science.

It's a Hard Life for the Unorthodox

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Marion Zimmer Bradley makes a few points of her own about the widespread belief in mumbo jumbo.

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A mantram "received" by a powerful clairvoyant while she was sitting at the kitchen table talking with a friend. A matrix of words to be recited aloud before a quiet period. With introduction.
- A Ceremony of Marriage 21  
Michael Bacon weds Gloria Acosta, November 20, 1971.
- Religious Sensibility 23  
Ronald Laing, from a BBC series, "Is there a Future for Religious Belief." Taken from The Listener, April 23, 1970. The Divided Self and The Politics of Experience are two of the author's books which you should know about.
- Death on the Gallop 25  
Carlos Castaneda describes a trip with don Juan which occurred between the events of The Teachings of Don Juan and A Separate Reality, which will be out in May. I published this in The Weekly Magazine, Nov. 27, 1968.
- Essay in Memoriam 29  
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- The Freedom Meal 33  
Rev. Daniel Berrigan's famous tape from underground. Contributions to the Berrigan Defense Fund may be sent to Thomas Beeson, 404A Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. 06520.
- The Diggers and the Love Revolution 37  
On our way to a Haight-Ashbury community meeting one of the Diggers gave me a carbon of this article by someone named Alex Forman. It all seems so long ago.
- The New Breed on Campus 41  
Johnny Reb offers an alternative to supporters of statist coercion.
- Who'll Die for Gluch? 45  
Arthur Hoppe's column for the San Francisco Chronicle, July 5, 1970, with the author's kind permission. America's leading humorist is also the author of The Perfect Solution to Absolutely Everything. It's wonderful, and every home should have a copy.
- The Immortal Enemy 47  
Robert A. W. Lowndes returns to the amateur press association (apa) after an absence of 20 years, with an appreciation of Fu Manchu.
- Two Book Reviews 54  
In which I introduce two people who should need no introduction, Robert Heinlein and John William Corrington, in reviews commissioned by the Chronicle, but which somehow never made it into print.

Letters to the Editor

From Hugo nominee Poul Anderson (author of Tau Zero), Robert A.W. Lowndes, Helmut Pesch in Germany, Johnny Reb, Seth Dogramajian, Carl Helbing (a montage), and Tim Kirk--1970 Hugo winner and all-around hero.

Letter to a Draftee

Robert W. Knapp

A perfectly legitimate letter actually sent out by a local recruiter, who promptly learned it doesn't pay to tell it like it is. Not always.

Now I Know

Tim Kirk

#

Artwork:

Helmut Pesch 5, 41  
Terry Jeeves\* 14, 44  
William Rotsler\* 8  
Carl Helbing 62, 63  
Tim Kirk 57, 64

Titles and Calligraphy  
By Fred Phillips

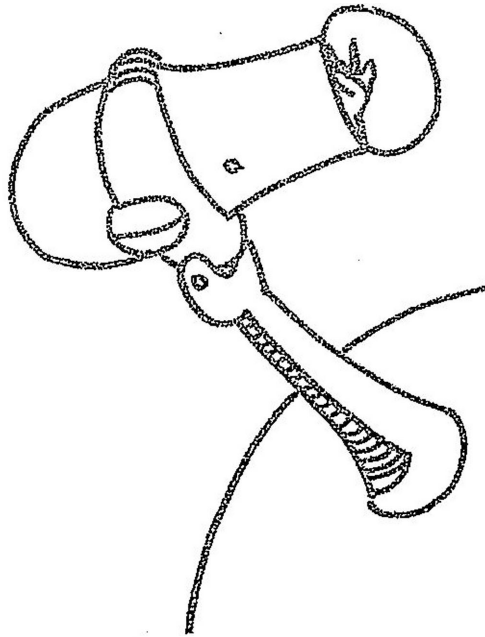
Works by artists marked with an asterisk were obtained through The artists exchange. See page 61.

Those who appreciated the "Scenario" in IS #1 may be interested in subscribing to War/Peace Report, where it first appeared. Five dollars a year from 218 East 18th St., New York, N.Y. 10003.

In the last issue I remarked that I felt I resembled Goldmund in the novel by Hesse. I should have said Narcissus.

This issue appears because of the great kindness of the many authors and artists who contributed their work so generously.

Those who do not like the proofreading should not blame me; I didn't do any. And, Roscoe help us, the repr is something else.



#### A LUNAR EPISODE

THE SCENE WAS ONE OF supernatural weirdness. Tall, fantastic mountains roared their seamed peaks over a dreary waste of igneous rocks and burned out lava beds. Deep lakes of black water stood motionless as glass under frowning, honeycombed crags from which ever and anon dropped crumbled masses with a sullen plunge. Vegetation there was none. Bitter cold reigned, and ridges of black and shapeless rocks cut the horizon on all sides. An extinct volcano loomed against a purple sky, black as night and old as the world.

The firmament was studded with immense stars that shone with a wan and spectral light. Orion's belt hung high above.

Aldebaran faintly shone many millions of miles away, and the earth gleamed like a new risen moon with a lurid, blood-like glow.

On a lofty mountain that hung toppling above an ink black sea stood a dwelling built of stone. From its solitary window came a bright light that gleamed upon the misshapen rocks.

The door opened, and two men emerged, locked in a deadly struggle.

They swayed and twisted upon the edge of a precipice, now one gaining the advantage, and now another.

Strong men they were, and stones rolled from their feet into the valley as each strove to overcome the other.

At length one prevailed. He seized his opponent, and raising him high above his head, hurled him into space.

The vanquished combatant shot through the air like a stone from a catapult in the direction of the luminous earth.

"That's three of 'em this week," said the Man in the Moon, as he lit a cigarette and turned back into the house. "These New York World inter-viewers are going to make me tired if they keep this thing up much longer."

# Why I Accept Astrology

By Walter Ereen

EVER SINCE I BEGAN editing SYBIL LEEK'S ASTROLOGY JOURNAL (elven issues, April 1970--Feb. 1971), the commonest question I've had to deal with, both from fans and the general public, is without doubt the same question every professional astrologer has had to face ever since the 18th century Encyclopedists began their materialist attacks on astrology: "How can any sane, thinking man, let alone any scientist, take all this unscientific rubbish seriously? How can you believe in astrology at all?"

Of course it would be easy to dismiss question and questioner with a knowing smirk and a veiled, off-hand phrase about how pros have to do the damndest things to make a living, and anyway it beats writing pornography for Corinth or Olympia. But somehow I feel this would not be fair. When Hans Santesson approached MZB and myself with the proposition to edit this ill-fated magazine, one of the givens was precisely that we were not only editors, but astrologers--or at least knowledgeable enough about astrology to distinguish good, technically sound stuff from claptrap in the slushpile.

Obviously, no matter how experienced an editor coming in from some other field, he would be a beached fish in astrology unless he knew the field; and he could not know it well enough for this purpose (pace John Boardman) merely by reading the usual materialist attacks. Which is why Hans approached us; he had learned from Adrienne Martine that we knew astrology, whereas most of the other free-lance editors either didn't know the field or at best didn't know enough about it to do a competent job. And astrology magazines being what they are, on the one hand, everything comes in via the slushpile so that one can't use the usual rule of thumb and prefer agented contributions. (Agents won't usually handle astrology articles as they don't know the magazines. We received agented contributions only from Garon-Brooke, by Brad Steiger, and even then only because Brad was doing material for us as a favor to Hans.)

On the other hand, frequently the publisher will give you a sob story over the phone two days before the final deadline, to the effect that he has just discovered in makeup a hole which can only be filled by another 4,000-word feature article, and can you try to get it in by noon tomorrow? So that when you look over your tiny stockpile of accepted contributions, you find nothing even nearly filling the bill except, for instance, one article apiece by Jim Hayes and Jean Day, both of them already represented in this issue; one piece quite unsuitable for use this month, being alanted at Capricorn and (with the author's consent) being held over until that issue, the other one too much like two other articles already in type for this issue. So you have no choice: you write one yourself. Which is quite impossible if you are a materialistic opponent of astrology....

Let me say at the outset that I don't "believe in" astrology the way I believe in the existence of Red China or Outer Mongolia--which is the way most people believe in God, though that is another matter. In this sense, you can only "believe in" something about which you have no experiential knowledge. Once the latter has become possible, belief is



no longer the proper term at all. I have to believe in the existence of Red China because I've never been there; but because I've been to Hawaii, I don't believe in the place, I merely accept its existence--and can use my knowledge of Honolulu, at least, to good purpose should I ever become lucky enough to go back there. In the same way I don't have to believe in the multiplication table; I use it instead.

The situation with astrology is entirely similar. Once you have made tentative predictions based on empirically tested principles of chart interpretation, and seen the predictions come true, often enough so that you can learn to rely on the technique, it's no longer a matter of capital F Faith, but of something much nearer to weather forecasting. Nothing supernatural at all.

An example of the kind of prediction I mean: MZB and I were guests at the Mystery Writers of America dinner (NY Overseas Press Club, April 8, 1970) where the after dinner feature was to be a lecture on how detective fiction writers and law enforcement people could use astrology. I was making the point that between the chart erected for the exact moment of a crime and the birth chart of the guilty party there are characteristic correlations far transcending anything chance could produce, such correlations conceivably usable to identify the most probable suspects. (I was using the birth chart of Charles Manson, compared with that for the moment of the Sharon Tate murders, as my examples.)

A drunken heckler kept interrupting with scatological remarks, at length varying them with, "Hey, yoush guys got any predictions for (hic) Apollo Shirteen?"

I said, "Yes, and I wish I didn't."

To dead silence and consternation I explained how on hearing the announcement of launch time for Apollo VIII and XI, I had--like many other astrologers--constructed the charts, only to conclude not merely that these would be fantastic successes, but that someone at a policy-making level in NASA must have either used astrology or taken advice from an astrologer, as these charts were too good to be haphazard. They looked like times specifically "elected" or chosen on astrological principles. In much the same way for Apollo XII, a week before the launch time, Sybil Leek and I were on the phone about the event, she sinsisting that it would have to be delayed a month, whereas I said that if the people could get beyond some kind of trouble at the beginning, they would have no further difficulty in getting "there and back again."

But Apollo XIII's chart was that of a catastrophe. So at the MWA dinner I said that here, before 43 witnesses, I was sticking my neck out far enough to predict specifically that if this particular launch ever did get off the ground (and there was still some doubt in my mind that it would), the rocket would never get to the Moon, and it would have its troubles even getting its men back to Earth. This was three days before the actual launch, and you know what happened. I recall saying at the time that probably (1) someone in NASA had disregarded astrological advice as bunk, and (2) probably they decided at the last minute to go ahead anyway just because Mr. Agnew and that German political leader were present, no matter what difficulties were found in the countdown.

So much for prediction. The point is not that I made one lucky hit, but that the prediction could have been made by any astrologer knowing the technique. Prediction of at least certain types of timed events is

a routine function of astrological work; furthermore, it yields a readily testable method for ascertaining if the given birth time or launch time are in fact accurate. This places astrology, properly formulated and practiced, definitely within the purview of scientific method. Note the parallel: in Establishment science the basic procedure is to formulate hypotheses, devise experiments, and predict the results of such experiments as a test of one's hypotheses. In astrology, the hypothesis takes some such form as "If the given birth time is accurate, then on the 6th of July, 1964, this person must have come into a large sum of money following a period of financial difficulty." Clearly an event of that kind, particularly within the context, is objectively verifiable.

Other types of predictable events in a given life history include crises, fulfillments, bereavements, certain types of illnesses, etc.; and I have also found predispositions to certain diseases plainly indicated in charts, unknown to clients, but later verified in medical checkups. These are obviously far out of the usual realm of personality variables, so long the subject of attack by the unknowing--and of justified attack by those impatient with the more fuzzy-minded, vague and inarticulate thinkers in the field.

But of course most of you haven't any particular experience with modern scientific astrology; this is after all not the kind of thing that gets into newspapers or into the popular astrology magazines. Even practitioners learn about new developments in it only by way of articles in limited-circulation printed fanzines such as AFA Bulletin, Kosmos, or Spica--journals not available in any public library. As a result, most of what follows will be unfamiliar, and some of the more materialistic skeptics will simply deny that it happens at all. But denials here are futile, being based on ignorance of what actually goes on among professional astrologers.

It is probably significant that the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, when asked why he had originally come up to Cambridge, replied that he began his mathematical studies "to test judicial astrology" (the kind I used in making the Apollo XIII prediction--now called "mundane" astrology to distinguish it from the "natal" kind used for analyzing individual birth charts). Newton, forty years later, when scoffed at by Sir Edmund Halley (the one who plotted the orbit of the comet which bears his name) for accepting astrology, said quietly without annoyance, "Sir, I have studied the matter; you have not." Halley, at least, had the grace not to attempt further scoffing, especially as Newton was then president of the Royal Society, then as now made up of the leading Establishment scientific minds of the time.

We might as well begin with the anti-astrology argument most often advanced by scientists, disregarding the ones brought up by ignoramuses (e.g., that astrologers confuse the signs with the similarly named constellations, as though unaware of the precession of the equinoxes):

"How can distant planets have any physical effect on people?" This argument dates back to the 18th century, when certain difficulties in the Newtonian laws of motion were already being investigated--difficulties summarized by the concept of "action at a distance." These difficulties lead conventional physics first to the "luminiferous ether," a construct made up to account for transmission of light, gravity, and other energies through vacuum, and one so vital that when the Michelson-Morley experiments failed to measure it (rendering its existence doubtful) Einstein had to

come up with far-out concepts to make up for its loss! More recently, modern theories of interacting electromagnetic fields serve much the same purpose as the ether.

When astrologers learned that the vacuum between us and the planets supposedly precluded any interaction between them and us, they dropped the term but had to continue to talk as if such interaction still existed. Conventional scientists were doing the same. The illustrious Carl Jung met the problem head-on, in a council of despair, by devising the theory of synchronicity of "meaningful coincidence," a noncausal link between cosmic and mundane and personal events occurring simultaneously; and his tremendous reputation has given synchronicity a certain respectability even though he was himself an astrologer. After all, only some such theory is possible to account for business cycles, weather cycles, etc., which are correlated in time with planetary rhythms, if one cannot assume any kind of physical action. These cycles are too well established to ignore. The evidence ranges from fluctuations in animal populations to statistics of mental hospital admissions to tree rings.

The first breakthrough in this line dates to 1914, when O. Petterson showed that there is a 1668-year cycle in submarine currents, accounting for major climactic changes. It is now called the Stacey Zero-Check cycle and definitely established to be connected with planetary rhythms. Petterson believed that the shifting gravitational fields of planets caused these fluctuations in such currents as the Gulf Stream, the Japan Current, the Humboldt Current, etc., both in volume and location.

Not long after that, Schove, Abbott and Stacey showed that the notorious sunspot cycles also corresponded in time to these weather changes and to the planetary cycles themselves. Here was the long mooted physical interaction. It works equally well in the short range, just as one would expect. The IGY studies showed much about the effect of solar magnetic storms on human populations; but in 1962 the famous Adderley-Brown study in SCIENCE (Sept. 7, 1962) finally and conclusively demonstrated the effect of Sun-Moon phases on local weather changes (rainfall, temperature, humidity, winds, etc.). Other more recent studies by Bradley and others show that at least the nearer planets also play a role. As astrologers claimed long ago, so now even Establishment scientists are calmly accepting that at least Sun and Moon have physical effects on man.

But it is not limited to Sun and Moon. As early as 1868 planetary configurations were used now and then for predicting earthquakes, most famously in 1933 (Long Beach). The technique is difficult and time-consuming but quite easily programmable, so that eventually it should be possible to use the Pearce-McCormack method with a computer, say in the Fordham Seismology Center, for setting up earthquake watches for particular days and locales just as the Weather Bureau now sets up hurricane watches. The basic principle is that quakes occur when many planets are aligned in a massive T-formation and with little or no latitude, at the particular region where the T involves the local east and west horizons and midheaven, and generally at the precise moment when the Moon moves into alignment with one of the three members of the T.

Now comes Michel Gauquelin, no friend to astrology, but a perfectly orthodox statistician-psychologist in the French scientific Establishment, sheepishly confessing that he has just learned that his own major breakthrough has merely confirmed what astrologers knew 2,000 years earlier!

What Gauquelin did was to summarize researches of recent years into biological clocks, only to learn that they proved that hundreds of species of plants and animals are simply responding to horizon or mid-heaven positions of Sun, Moon, and nearer planets. He also found, to his own amazement, that there is an extremely strong correlation--enough to rule out chance--between occupational choice and planet rising or reaching the midheaven at one's birth moment; and that there are hereditary patterns in these choices/rising planets: "the child inherits...a tendency to be born when Mars rises." Probability that the result is due to chance is 1 in 500,000. The occupations commonest with a rising or culminating Mars included military careers, professional athletics, certain types of scientists and physicians--and in general they were the very types of hazardous, demanding occupations called for by traditional astrological theory!

Jupiter rising at birth went with journalism, playwriting, acting, etc.; Moon went with careers in writing or politics; and so forth, each planet with its preferred work. Saturn rising at birth was common in certain types of scientific careers, but Gauquelin's own data indicate that here Saturn is never exactly on the rising point (eastern horizon). The reason is now known: Saturn exactly rising produces delays in the birth process, usually with fatal or near-fatal results.

Here, in short, is independent scientific confirmation of astrological generalizations, some of them known since the 2nd century A.D. Now if planets are established to have this kind of physical effect on humans, the main traditional objection to astrology is demolished, and one might as well study the field afresh to find out what else can be empirically proved.

A promising line of research, summarized by Goodavage (Astrology: The Space Age Science) is the parallelisms in fates of astrological twins, i.e. people born in the same city at the same day, hour and (as near as possible) minute, even though unrelated. This is the kind of research which can be confined to objectively verifiable events of known timing. The British school (Faculty of Astrological Studies, under the late C.E.O. Carter, Margaret Hone and Jeff Mayo) has used this kind of research to ascertain the actual effects of planetary rhythms, often quite other than what one might have expected from theory, and thus begin to purge astrology of a large quantity of medieval rubbish.

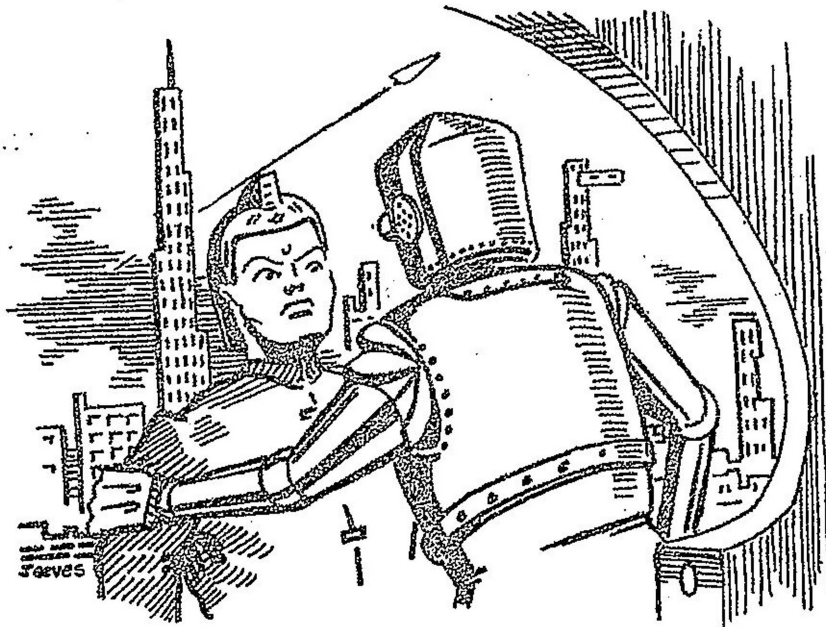
It is only fair to say, then, that at least some of the claims of modern astrology deserve scientific investigation. A discipline which can produce reliable predictions of timed events, despite a thousand years of accretions of superstitious rubbish, and which can anticipate such extraordinary scientific findings as those of Gauquelin, obviously has something, however crude it may be.

What it has, evidently, is the credit for being our earliest proto-science. For reasons far too lengthy and technical to go into here, I have come to the conclusion that the development of astrology took place independently some time between 3000 and 2700 B.C. in Egypt and (apparently) various places in the Middle East, and again between 1900 and about 1100 B.C. in northern Europe, in both regions as a method for making accurate weather forecasts after drastic climactic changes had made earlier weather knowledge fatally inaccurate. Farmers, then even more than now, like hunters and fishermen, were at the mercy of the weather. Tribes

starved if weather ruined crops; knowledge of some kind of predictive method was the price of survival. Stonehenge was built between 1900 and 1500 B.C. for making just such predictions, using the equinoxes and solstices as the astrological basis (like today's astrology of signs), rather than the constellations which were used in Egypt, India and the Middle East.

The conclusions reached by such research were naturally put to the test at once, and only those that proved empirically correct survived. The body of ancient astrology, at least that part of it which antedates the medieval accretions, appears to have come down as an oral tradition; what is correct in it is exactly what had managed to survive decades and generations of empirical testing.

In other words, astrology began as man's earliest adumbration of scientific method, and it retains at least some believers to the present day precisely because it has been found to work. This is essentially why I began with an open mind--ready to find it a mixture of shrewd observational psychology, empirical fact, and superstition--and have ended up by becoming a professional practitioner. Though eventually more and more of astrology will be taken over by Establishment science, still I believe that astrology's characteristic methods can and will continue to produce reliable results. As long as it does, I will continue to retain an open mind about it.





# It's a Hard Life for the ANDrThodO#

By Marion Zimmer Bradley

BACK WHEN I WAS preparing for a degree in counseling psychology, one of my favorite professors, Dr. Hoyt Ford, introduced me to the study of parapsychology with a caution that I must prepare to be disapproved of by the rigidly orthodox psychologists. He quoted one of the orthodox as saying, "On any other subject, one-tenth of the evidence would have long since convinced me. On this one, I frankly admit that ten times the evidence would not convince me."

I have had to keep this very much in mind during my study and practice of the rejected scientific disciplines; that those who call themselves scientists have decided long since that no amount of evidence would convince them of certain things which they have made up their minds not to believe.

But it makes it hard for me to continue in the company of science fiction people, either. Most of them ask me why I believe in astrology. If I were to counter by asking them on what evidence they base their disbelief, they would consider me frivolous. If I asked them if they have examined any of the recent studies of cycles by impeccable scientists such as Michel Gauquelin (The Cosmic Clocks) they would doubtless tell me they had not? Why not? Because, since it supports astrology, his work is not scientific.

I submit that this is the same sort of reasoning I met up with among the Godly of West Texas. I asked someone why he believed this or that. "Why, because it's in the Bible." "But why do you believe in the Bible?" "Because God wants us to believe it." "How do you know God wants you to?" "Because it says so in the Bible."

I can no longer count the number of books I have read about psychoanalysis, all the way from the early popular tomes before I became a student, to the weighty original books by the Master, Freud himself. Now let me tell you something funny. Freud postulated the existence of the id, the superego and the libido. He assumed a universal fear of castration among males, an Oedipal situation based on sensual love of the mother and hate of the father, and a universal penis envy among females. Now hear this: he never submitted the faintest shred of scientific evidence for any of these. They were theories. He never was required to prove their existence--yet they found their way into textbooks. No one can get very far in psychology without at least tentatively and hypothetically accepting their existence--yet I have never found where the clinical evidence lies for their existence. (And believe me, if I didn't find it, it doesn't exist. I'm a speed reader, and I've gone through the literature damn exhaustively.)

Bear with me, even though this seems to bear no relation to astrology. I once asked a psychologist on what evidence he accepted these things. He was an unusually honest man. He said, "Because by assuming them I can understand my patients and help them; because it helps me to unlock the key to their personalities; because, in short, I can make it work."

Therefore when asked why I, a long-term student of science (I began as a biology major and had some training in pharmacology as well as being very close to qualifying as a psychologist) accept astrology, I might say very simply, because it unlocks a key to personality, because it helps me to understand people, and helps them to understand themselves. Because, in short, I can make it work.

Let me qualify that. I do NOT believe in newspaper or magazine astrology which tells you each day that if you are a Virgo it's a good day to buy stocks and bonds, or if you are a Gemini you should take advantage of a Saturn transit to clean your closets! That's rubbish and nonsense. The astrology I accept is a study of timing, synchronicity and cycles. Whether these cycles are caused by the movement of the planets, or whether they simply occur in predictable relation to them (as the overheating of an engine is not caused by the flashing of the car's warning light, but can be kept track of by the light) is not important.

I also use astrology as a sort of Rorschach blot--a symbolic frame of reference which helps me to codify and clarify my own clairvoyant or psychic insights about the person whose horoscope I am doing. I don't know whether the word "psychic" simply means "a spontaneous adding-up of factors not consciously accessible to me, by the use of subliminal clues," or whether it means knowledge transmitted to me by direct extra-sensory perception. Furthermore, I don't care. IT WORKS. That's all I care about.

Because I do believe in ESP, psychism, clairvoyance or what have you. I have no choice about believing in it, and I fought belief for years. I kept a determined skepticism for many more, and even now do not believe there is anything supernatural about it. It is, simply, a natural mechanism whose exact scientific rationale is not known to me. (The doctor who first discovered that antisepsis would prevent puerperal fever did not know the "why" of it either; and for his pains was laughed at as a crank by many doctors who knew there were no such things as germs.)

I have only theories about how all these things work. I have, for instance, observed many cases of spontaneous spiritual healing. I don't believe they were due to the direct intervention of a Divine Being in human affairs--although I haven't any evidence on which to disbelieve it, either. But from what I know of psychosomatic medicine, I know that there is a healing force in the human body which is seldom tapped. People can die simply because they have nothing to live for--I have seen it happen. Or they can live when the doctors all say they are fair game for the undertaker, seemingly from sheer determination that they will do so. (Captain Bligh and his crew in the Bounty launch are a classic case.)

The "spiritual" element of the healing evidently goes even further and sets that healing force into action--possibly by turning off any psychic inhibition against its use? Thus "incurable" cancers are healed, the blind see, and the lame walk. The scoffers say "suggestion." Sure--but so far orthodox medicine can't produce even a temporary cure to make the hysterically blind see, the hysterically lame walk, or the hysterically deaf hear, even for a day. If "science" cannot heal psychosomatic or

hysterical ills, maybe they should find out how religion manages to do so even on a temporary basis!

Timothy Leary began his work of LSD therapy by curing heroin addicts. If he had stopped there, he might still be regarded as a very great psychologist. My own experience with LSD suggests that it simply "tunes out" the factors in the environment which have fouled up the person's potential; with his mind temporarily cleared of stresses of that kind, the self-healing factor goes into action. I have known cases of long-standing asthma, migraine, and occasional allergies to vanish under LSD, as well as some cases of frigidity. Maybe the LSD experience simulates whatever it is in the religious experience which stimulates inner healing.

As I say: theories. It's a thousand pities that the brainless "tripping" of adolescent kooks stampeded pointlessly restrictive legislation; it also cut off short, perhaps for decades, the most fruitful field for psychological investigation of the century. Like the astrologer, like the parapsychologist, Leary has suffered from his championing of the unorthodox. His recent bitter proclamations are understandable in view of the unfair and unjust treatment he has received.

The unknown forces of the human mind and their relationship to the otherwise inexplicable, seem to me a field equally worthy of investigation, and a far better field than some of today's psychology! The same Dr. Ford I spoke of above once said with great bitterness that the University of California had taken some of his best counseling students and "turned them into rat-runners."

The current psychological emphasis on such things as brain-washing, operant conditioning and aversion therapy have caused me to abandon any thought of completing the less-than-one-more-year-of-training which would allow me to go forth and legally commit psychology upon my fellow man. I renounced the American Psychological Association and all its works with the same fervor with which at the age of seven I renounced the devil and all of HIS. (Now I wonder if I should go back and get that diploma; maybe if I could write those magical letters after my name--"member A.P.A."--my writings on psychology and parapsychology might take on the glamour of expertise? Get thee behind me....)

But someone once asked me why I believed in astrology, and I cannot improve on the answer which was printed in the East Village Other when I was writing for that publication:

"Astrology is believed in by people who know very little about it, and rejected by people who know absolutely nothing about it--like psychoanalysis."

And yet;

\* When a student at school misbehaves, or refuses to conform, he has not been sent to the school astrologer and threatened with expulsion unless he submits to astrological counseling.

No court has ever required anyone to have compulsory astrological therapy as a condition of life and liberty.

No astrologer has ever sentenced anyone to confinement in an institution, or submitted him to restraints, tranquilizers, strait-jackets, electro-shock therapy, then pronounced him "cured" and set him free to go forth and molest children, blast innocent passers-by with shotguns, or disrupt his family's whole life.

No astrologer has ever proclaimed that astrological counseling and

group therapy are the answer to juvenile delinquency or sexual derangement.

No astrologer has ever lent his name to make a filthy, pornographic novel respectable by writing a "learned preface" which gives it redeeming social importance.

No group of astrologers ever sat around a table and discussed a case history, ending up admitting that although they cannot really determine whether the patient in question is paranoid, schizophrenic or manic-depressive, nevertheless they all agree that he needs much more astrology before he can be restored to the bosom of his family.

No astrologer has either given or denied a prisoner parole before a prison board, or defended him in a murder trial, by explaining his Oedipal situation and his mental state at the time, and had the parole board, or the jury, listen to his pointless jargon and believe it because he is an "expert," even though they cannot understand a single word of what he says.

Therefore, I condend that my belief in, and practice of astrology is likely to do far less harm to my fellow man than the average qualified psychologist does by the practice of his specialty....And when I am asked why I believe in astrology, the logical answer is, "Why not?"

Because, in general, people believe pretty much what they have made up their minds to believe. Fashions in science come and go much as fashions in religion came and went during the Middle Ages. In fact, one can learn much about science by reading a good history of religion, and realizing that science is today's religion for all practical purposes.

My aim in life is the understanding of myself--an aim demanded by the oldest of religions, which carved over its main temple the precept KNOW THYSELF--and after that, the understanding of my fellow man.

As for what I do with the knowledge, whether it is writing science fiction, making horoscopes, or founding a witch's coven, that is immaterial. The important thing is that my religion (and I have a religion) demands one thing of me: that I know myself and that I leave the world a little better place than I found it. Understanding is the first step on that road, and most of the roads to that goal run parallel, no matter what they are labeled.

If each human soul is in harmony with itself, it will create harmony within its family;

If each family is in harmony with itself, it will create harmony within the village;

If each village is in harmony with itself, harmony is created in the nation;

If each nation is in harmony with itself, harmony is created in the world.

--Confucius

Meditation is going to the Source. Like going to the well to draw water. And we are going into meditation to draw the water of Infinite Life. However, in order to draw water, we have to know where the well is.

True meditation begins with an understanding of a few universal principles: GOD, by whatever name we call Him, Is the Father and Creator of all things and goods that exist in all the worlds. But in order to receive the goods which are in existence at each moment of manifestation, we must meet certain qualifications. The first requirement is to learn what goods we are eligible to receive. What are we to draw from the well of Life? What do we have the right to ask for?

If we know that GOD is the Father, then we know that we are His Children. We have been created by Our Father for ONE ETERNAL LIFE down the ages. And that is the abundant life--every need provided for, in complete beautiful wholeness for every moment of manifestation as related to ourselves and our environment, for the good of all concerned.

So we begin to tell ourselves: I am a Child of the Infinite Life. Infinite Life flows through me day and night, no matter what I think or do not think. We have to learn, experience and know that GOD exists in entirety in each separate thing of the universe... in every rain drop...every sparkle of a star...in everything, because each thing contributes to the beauty and usefulness of what is not itself.

At times we feel separated from the Infinite Life and Infinite Good; but we are never separated. At such times we must do something ourselves to become aware of the continuing reality of the Good Life.

Meditation is for the purpose of receiving the things that belong to us where we are. And we wish to use the things for the good of all concerned, for we know that there is abundance for all. But in meditation each one reaches out to receive his share to be used for his needs in the expression of the Infinite Life. Meditation then gives us Consciousness to receive the GOOD and LOVE that was at our door all the time. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

In the following meditation, we start with the salutation. This is a recognition of what GOD IS. Then we establish ourselves as a unified company of souls. We cannot give what we are not conscious of having, so in meditation we receive the Power and the Wisdom for the expression of the Infinite Life. Thus we make our individual claims. And like a water wheel, as the fresh water of Life comes into us and floods our being, so we must keep the flowing of water in and out, by sharing with others in order that more fresh water can come in and fill our emptiness. It is impossible to fill a full cup, so we must give in order to receive the fresh water of Life.





h Thou Great Eternal Light, Our Father, Mother, GOD... Omnipresent, Omnipotent, Omniscient... May we realize that we are Children of the Infinite. That GOD alone is Real and the Goal of Life is to Unite with Him through Love...

That Life, Infinite Life, flows through us -- that Infinite Power surrounds us and protects us... That we are Children of the Infinite, Safely Guided, Guarded and Protected.

As I become still... as the Divine Spark in me becomes One with the Central Fire, I will realize the Omnipresence of GOD. I will see GOD everywhere, evenly present, instantly available. I will know that in GOD I live and move and have my Being. I will know that GOD'S Divine Love is always flowing through me... Transmuting every atom, making perfect every cell, pervading every outer activity until everything works in Harmony and Perfection.

Because GOD IS in the midst of me, I know that... All Power is Mine... All GOD is Mine... All Health is Mine... All Life, Infinite Life, is Mine. I know that Divine Power undergirds me and sustains me... that there is only One Power and that Power is within me.

I feel Divine Love filling my Being and Radiating Through me... blessing every one and everything that comes into my surround. Divine Compassion, Wisdom, and Love radiates from me, blessing, healing all who think of me -- blessing, healing, lifting my brothers and sisters in pain or sorrow... Divine Love and Wisdom is radiating, uplifting, and directing those who make laws and decide policy for my brothers and sisters all over the world.

May this Healing take place NOW, Instantly and Forever. Ask this because I AM a Child of the Infinite... Safely Guided, Guarded, and Protected.

The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

Be still and Know that I AM is GOD...

A CEREMONY OF MARRIAGE

For Michael Bacon and Gloria Acosta, November 20, 1971  
Commenced by Rev. Richard Boylan

MICHAEL

To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.

GLORIA

To know the pain of too much tenderness.

MICHAEL

To be wounded by your own understanding of love: and to bleed  
willingly and joyfully.

GLORIA

To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day  
of loving.

MICHAEL

To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy.

GLORIA

To return home at eventime with gratitude:

MICHAEL AND GLORIA

And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song  
of praise on your lips.

PRIEST

You were born together, and together you shall be forever more.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love,  
let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.  
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.  
Give one another of your bread, but eat not from the same loaf.  
Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone  
Even as the strings of a lute are alone, though they quiver  
With the same music.

Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping  
For only the hand of life can contain your hearts.  
And stand together yet not too near together:  
For the pillars of the temple stand apart, and the oak tree  
And cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

Gloria and Michael, tonight you are consummating a year of loving one another. You have given everything, body, mind and soul to each other's keeping. Now you will exchange vows of marriage.

PRIEST TO GLORIA

Will you Gloria take this man to be your husband? In good times and bad, in sickness and health, in patience and trust, with freedom to grow and know himself and God? I DO

PRIEST TO MICHAEL

Will you Michael take this woman to be your wife? In good times and bad, in sickness and health, in patience and trust, with freedom to grow and know herself and God? I DO

PRIEST

Gloria and Michael will you take care not to burden the earth with the number of your children, and to educate them in the ways of man? WE WILL

Gloria and Michael will now exchange vows to each other.

MICHAEL

I Michael, take you Gloria to be my wife; to know and to love, in good times and bad, in sickness and health, in patience and trust, till death do us part.

GLORIA

I Gloria, take you Michael to be my husband; to know and to love, in good times and bad, in sickness and health, in patience and trust, till death do us part.

PRIEST

These rings formed from the earth by a friend now become symbols of this marriage. (EXCHANGE RINGS)

WHAT LOVE HAS JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER

# Religious Sensibility by Ronald Laing

I grew up, theologically speaking, in the 19th century: lower-middle-class Lowland Presbyterian, corroded by 19th-century materialism, scientific rationalism and humanism. The books were Darwin's *Origin of Species*; Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*. The figures were Voltaire, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Huxley. I listened to and later partook in long arguments on the existence or non-existence of God, the veracity of the Old and New Testament narratives. Who moved the stone? A man, one angel, or two? Did miracles happen? Could they? What does happen, and what might happen should God, if God exists, so permit or command? I remember vividly how startled I was to meet for the first time, when I was 18, people of my age who had never ever opened a Bible. The stories of Jacob, Joseph, Samuel and all the others were further from them than I am now from the mythological systems of the pre-Aztec inhabitants of Mexico.

For the first time in my life, I could see myself being looked at rather as I imagine a native may see himself looked at by an attentive, respectful anthropologist. I could see myself regarded with incredulity by an 18-year-old French girl, a student from the Sorbonne, as some idealistic barbarian still occupied by issues of religious belief, disbelief or doubt, still living before the Enlightenment, exhibiting in frayed but still recognisable form the primitive thought forms of the savage mind. And this was in 1948, when Lévi-Strauss was about my age now. It seemed to me then that these contemporaries of mine must be right. What future could there be for religious belief, except a place in a museum of the mind? Objects to be studied, understood, correlated, compared, placed in economic, sociological or other contexts, admired—the best of them, sometimes—for a certain formal elegance, wondered at as amazing products of the creative imagination of man, and viewed not without nostalgia for a capacity that has been lost to spin illusions to which we could never, never revert, unless we were to abdicate our critical reason, or crucify our mind on the Cross of the altar of such absurdities.

We've just become able to glimpse, in the last few hundred years, connections between forms of mind and social organisation. And we're only beginning to develop cognitive forms and social structures. The

cognitive forms we are developing to grasp the relationship between cognitive forms and social structures are themselves, so we conceive, at least rendered possible, and even necessitated, conditioned or demanded, by the social structures in which we move. What I think happened to me and to many people in the last 150 years is that, in seeing this in terms of our own society, and in seeing the spatial spread-out of societies across the world in some little temporal depth of a few thousand years, we immediately applied our old form of cause-and-effect thinking to our attempt to understand the connection, and so we immediately supposed that our cognitive forms and religious beliefs could themselves be nothing other than an effect, an epiphenomenal superstructure, which rested upon, and was entirely the product of, the socio-economic conditions of a particular society. But in doing this, I think we made the error, and many of us are still inclined to do so, of naively applying an old cognitive structure, derived and conditioned by a particular social structure. And despite the efforts of some of the best recent thinkers, I am not sure that we have yet found an adequate way to conceive of such relationships.

But whatever way we go about such a task, and whatever preconceptions we bring to our studies of those verbal formulae that are regarded as specifically religious formulae, whether creeds, catechisms, or mythic dramatic presentations of the relationship between the divine and human, eternity and time—whatever way we go about this is going to be irremediably biased by whether we continue to take such 'religious' propositions seriously in any sense whatever, and particularly whether we take them seriously in what we may continue to suppose is their own terms. If we don't, then we are faced with a set of issues not essentially different from: Is the moon made of Gorgonzola or Danish Blue? Answer yes or no. Does the dragon swallow the sun or not when it goes down? Is the Virgin Mary immaculately conceived? Did Jesus Christ have 48 or 24 chromosomes?

If one has been brought up to take religious propositions seriously, one will never be able, I think, entirely to get away from the attempt to find ways in which religious formulae as we receive them may be true. If one does not believe them, one calls this merely an attempt at rationalisation. If one has not been brought up to take religious propositions seriously, it is almost impossible to do so, short of a radical transformation of one's whole mind—what in the New Testament was referred to as *metanoia*, a fundamental change of mind, whereby one discovers what they are about. If one does not have some inkling of what religious propositions are about,

one is studying them like a stone-deaf musicologist studying music. It may be easier to discover what they are about without the benefits of being misled by a religious education.

This doesn't mean that someone who thinks, despite himself even, in religious terms may not study religious beliefs, but he will necessarily, unavoidably, have to do so in a different way. I don't think there's any neutral ground. I am sure if one continues, in whatever way, to take religious formulae seriously as worthy of possible belief, one will continue to seek within religious forms in what sense, in what way, one might believe them. The future of religious belief depends, therefore, if I may be allowed this apparently crashingly bathetic proposition, on whether the human mind will continue to find no other forms in which to express what it regards as a type of truth otherwise incommunicable.

'God is a spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' I believe this to be a verbal formula pointing (as finger to moon) to what I believe is the case. Perhaps I wouldn't if my father hadn't told me; but since I do, I have to allow the words to stand, and to find out in what sense I can justify my assent to them. Putting new wine into old bottles? But until, or if, from a religious point of view, there is a new dispensation giving rise to new forms of revelation, those of us who cannot help ourselves are compelled to continue the impossibly absurd project of keeping these alive. We do not know whether they will die out as other forms of life have done and will do. But in any case the future of religious belief in this sense seems to me irrelevant to their truth, in most senses of the word.

Some of us have a sense of ourselves and of the world as we perceive it, as not derived ultimately from any of the things we can sense. Myths give expression to this sense. Myths are essentially dramatic. And I haven't come across any better way: as far as I know, human spiritual sensibility has not yet found another form to clothe itself. It may do. What form it may take is beyond my power to imagine. It is certain, however, that its forms will change. They will undergo transformations as social forms change; and we can only very imperfectly recognise such transformations in ourselves and others, though we know they're happening. To express myself in a Christian form for the moment, one says that sin is a very special form of ignorance: the more one is in it, the less one is aware that one is in it. If one believes that, how can one tell to what extent one is immersed in it, if the more one is immersed in it, the less one is aware that one is?

Spiritual sensibility derives its forms, but not its substance, from the forms of society.

The social forms of Europe have clearly been mapped onto spiritual metaphors—such as the family, father and son, mother and infant, a king, the kingdom: we have a hierarchical structure of spiritual powers allotted functions and responsibilities in the Kingdom of Heaven, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the distribution of powers and functions in the societies of Europe over a period of hundreds of years. We can now see from our vantage-point that the earthly allotment of power has often found its justification, sometimes perhaps entirely cynically, and sometimes not so cynically, in its projection onto its heavenly analogue.

All that is dead. Those images can be believed in now, if at all, only as historically transient metaphors, as images in which religious belief in a particular time and place, within a particular social context, clothed itself. The boss is not God, even if we may think so, and God is not the boss, even though some people have thought he was. We cannot believe that an exploitative, or at the very least extremely imperfect, economic, social command-obedience structure can possibly carry the burden of religious truth. God is not anything that can be said about him. There is nothing new in this realisation, central to the perennial philosophy from Lao Tse, to Dionysius the Areopagite, Meister Eckhart and many others, Sufis, Buddhists, Jews, all over the world.

And so it's no longer a question of comparative religion, but a question of a comparison of the forms that religious sensibility clothes itself in in different so-called religions very much in the manner of, let's say, Plutarch's essay on Isis and Osiris. This entails a shift from complete enclosure within one religious form which we may take to be absolute truth. It's usually the religion we've grown up in or become converted to; and we take this as the standard and compare all other religions with it as more or less in error. Or we regard ourselves as adopting an attitude of *scientific* enlightenment: we compare all forms of religious sensibility and find them all more or less imperfectly reaching towards the truth that we feel we now possess, if not positively, then in the negative sense of knowing that we don't know what religions presume to reveal to us. We cannot get away with that now either. We do not need, in order to employ them, to accord our cognitive structures a privileged position, in relation to the correlative forms the best minds of humanity have employed. We realise that the forms in which we all cast distinctions between inner and outer, heaven, earth and hell, righteousness and evil, gods, archangels, angels, man, the creator and the created, are distinctions which just possibly have the very faintest claim to convey to us some fleeting shadow



# DEATH ON THE GALLOP

By Carlos Castenada

IN MEXICO THEY ARE called "brujos." The Spanish word "brujo" (pronounced bruho) can be translated in English as herbalist, medicine man, curer, sorcerer, witch, shaman. Essentially, the word denotes a person who is known to have extraordinary powers and dealings with things regarded as "supernatural." It is almost a rule of thumb in Mexico that only an Indian can be a genuine brujo, the rest, the non-Indians who may be described sometimes as brujos are considered in reality only "curanderos," that is, curers or folk medicine men.

At first sight it may seem that being a brujo is merely an occupation but it is more, much more than that; a brujo is a connoisseur of what we call the unknown, the tremendum; in fact, he lives under the auspices of the tremendum, thus, being a brujo is a way of life very unlike anything known to us.

I know one of such men, a Yaqui Indian from Sonora, Mexico. His name is Juan. I call him "don Juan" using the Spanish form "don" which implies respect. Don Juan is a man of strangely haunting eyes. He rarely looks straight at people, but when he does his eyes seem to glow with a light of their own. He is very old now, over seventy. His hair is all white, and short, and it grows a bit over his ears accentuating the roundness of his head. He is very dark. The deep wrinkles on his face give him the appearance of age, yet his body is strong and fit. His muscular prowess is a source of amazement to me, and the only way I can describe it is by saying that it is an eerie, slow and deliberate nimbleness.

Don Juan and I have been friends for many years now, and under his guidance I have experienced and seen many things. For me, every meeting with him has been an "uncancellable exchange," that is, it has been a lesson I cannot cancel out, or discard, or forget, as one can do perhaps with the majority of things in one's life.

Don Juan does not call himself a brujo, but "a man of knowledge," or simply "one who knows." Being a man of knowledge entails for don Juan seeing the world and proceeding in it in a very specific manner. Among many other things a man of knowledge is a warrior. Once I asked don Juan what it meant to be a warrior and he said: "A warrior is a man capable of taking responsibility for his acts, for even the most trivial of his acts."

\* \* \*

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON, the sun was almost on the horizon. I felt it on my neck and wished I had a Venetian blind in the rear window of my car to shut it off. From the top of the hill I could see down into a huge valley; the road was like a black ribbon laid flat over the ground, up and down innumerable hills. I followed it with my eyes for a moment before I

began descending; it ran due south until it disappeared over a range of low mountains in the distance.

Don Juan sat quietly looking straight ahead. We had not said a word for a long time. It was uncomfortably warm inside the car. I had opened all the windows, but that did not help. It was an extremely hot day. I felt very annoyed and restless. I began to complain about the heat.

Don Juan frowned his brow and looked at me quizzically.

"It's hot all over Mexico this time of year," he said. "There is nothing one can do about it."

I did not look at him, but I knew he was gazing at me. The car picked up speed going down the slope. I vaguely saw a highway sign, "Vado," Dip. When I actually saw the dip I was going quite fast, and although I did slow down we still felt the impact and bobbed up and down on the seats. I reduced the speed considerably, we were going through an area where livestock grazed freely on the sides of the road, an area where the carcass of a horse or a cow run down by a car was a common sight. At a certain point I had to stop completely to let some horses cross the highway. I felt I was getting more restless and annoyed. I told don Juan that it was the heat, that I had always disliked, especially in the summer, even as a child because it used to suffocate me and I could not breathe.

"You're not a child now," he said matter of factly.

"I know it, but it still suffocates me."

"Well, hunger used to suffocate me when I was a child," he said softly.

"How could hunger suffocate anyone, don Juan? You're kidding me."

"No, I'm not. To be very hungry was the only thing I knew as a child. I cannot be suffocated now, neither can I swell like a frog when I am hungry."

I didn't know what to say. I felt I was getting myself into an untenable position and soon I would have to defend a point I really didn't care for. The heat was not that bad. What annoyed me was the prospect of our trip. I was taking don Juan to central Mexico, and that meant driving in the heat for over a thousand miles and then walking with him for at least a hundred miles to his destination in the heights of the Sierra Madre. It was not that I resented the trip. I myself had urged don Juan to take me along, but just the same I felt annoyed at the thought of having to exert myself.

"Let's stop and get something to eat," I said. "Maybe it won't be so hot once the sun goes down."

Don Juan looked at me smiling.

"I understood that your policy was not to eat from the stands on the roadside," he said. "Don't you fear diarrhea any more?"

I knew he was being sarcastic, yet he kept an inquisitive and at the same time serious look on his face.

"There is no place to stop here," he went on. "There are no clean towns for a long stretch."

"I am not that afraid, don Juan," I protested.

"You must be. According to the way you carry yourself one would think that diarrhea is lurking out here, waiting for you to step out of the car to jump you. You're in a terrible fix. If you escape the heat, diarrhea will eventually get you."

Don Juan's tone was so serious that I began to laugh.

"I always wonder how you can go through life with so many petty fears," he said with a genuine tone of seriousness.

"All right," I said. "Let's stop at the first stand we find and I'll eat everything they have."

"You don't have to do that. To look for trouble deliberately is stupid and wasteful. To look for your death is a meaningless act, but so is to be afraid of your death."

We were silent for a long time.

It was quite dark when we arrived at a highway stop for trucks called "Los Vidrios," which means Glass.

Don Juan shouted from the car, "What do you have to eat today?"

"Carnitas. Pork meat," a woman shouted back from inside.

"I hope for your sake that the pig was run down on the road today," he said to me laughing.

We got out of the car. The road was flanked on both sides by ranges of low mountains that seemed to be the solidified lava of some gigantic volcanic eruption. In the darkness the black, jagged peaks were silhouetted against the sky like huge, menacing walls of glass slivers.

While we ate I told don Juan that I could see the reason why the place was called Glass. I said that to me the name was obviously due to the glass-like shapes of the mountains.

"You're wrong," don Juan said convincingly. "This place is called Glass because a truck loaded with glass overturned on this spot and the glass shreds were left lying around the road here for years."

I felt he was being facetious, and I asked him if that was the real reason. He laughed.

"Why don't you ask someone here?" he said.

I asked a man who was sitting at a table next to ours, and he said apologetically that he didn't know.

I went into the kitchen and asked the women if they knew, but they all said they didn't, that the place was just called Glass.

"I believe I'm right," don Juan said in a low voice. "Mexicans are not given to noticing things around them. I'm sure they can't see your glass mountains, but they surely can leave a mountain of glass shreds lying around for years."

We both found the image funny and laughed.

When we had finished eating, don Juan asked me how I felt. I said fine, but I felt somewhat queasy. Don Juan seemed to detect my feeling of discomfort. He gave me a steadfast look.

"Once you decided to come to Mexico you should have put all your petty fears away," he said very sternly. "Your decision to come should have vanquished them. You wanted to come, didn't you? Or, why did you come?"

"I wanted to take you to your destination, don Juan. I wanted to help you."

"I don't need help! You came because you wanted. Only because you wanted. That's the warrior's way. I have told you time and time again, the most effective way to live is as a warrior. There is no other way I know. Worry and think before you make any decision, but once you make it, be on your way free from worries or thoughts; there will be a million other decisions still awaiting you. That's the warrior's way."

"I believe I do that, don Juan, at least some of the time. It's very hard to keep on reminding myself, though."

"A warrior thinks of his death when things become unclear."

"That's even harder, don Juan. For most people death is very vague and remote. They never think of it."

"Why not?"

"Why should they?"

"Very simple," he said. "Because the idea of death is the only thing that tempers our spirit."

By the time we left Los Vidrios it was so dark that the jagged silhouette of the mountains had merged into the darkness of the sky. We drove in silence for more than an hour. I felt tired. It was as though I didn't want to talk because there was nothing to talk about. The traffic was minimal. We drove for long stretches neither meeting nor passing any cars. Few cars came upon us from the opposite direction. It seemed as if we were the only people going south on the highway. I thought that was strange and I kept on looking in the back mirror to see if there was another car coming behind, but there wasn't any.

After a while I stopped looking for cars and I began to dwell again on the prospect of our trip. Then, I noticed that my headlights seemed extremely bright in contrast with the darkness all around, and I looked again in the back mirror. I saw an area of bright glare first, and then two points of light that seemed to have emerged from the ground. They were the headlights of a car on a hilltop in the distance behind us. They remained visible for a while, then they disappeared into the darkness, as if they had been scooped away; after a moment they appeared on another hilltop, and then they disappeared again. I followed their appearances and disappearances in the back mirror for a long time. At one point it occurred to me that the car was gaining distance on us. It was definitely closing in. The lights were bigger and brighter. I deliberately stepped on the gas pedal. I had a sense of uneasiness. Don Juan seemed to notice my concern, or perhaps he was only aware that I was speeding up. He looked at me first, then he turned around and looked at the distant headlights.

He asked me if there was something wrong with me. I told him that I had not seen any cars behind us for hours and that suddenly I had noticed the lights of a car that seemed to be gaining on us all the time.

"A car?" he said. "Do you really think that it is a car? You must feel it is more than a mere car since you're so concerned about it."

His tone was very strange; it was a sort of mocking bewilderment.

"I think it is a car," I said. "What else can it be?"

"What else can it be! You're no better than the Mexicans in Los Vidrios. You see only a car! And you're the one who saw glass where others could see only jagged peaks."

"Well, I doubt it's a truck, don Juan. It's coming too fast for a truck."

"Why a truck?" he said cuttingly.

"Why not? It can be anything from a car to a fast truck, or anything else that moves on wheels."

Don Juan's probing had put me on edge.

"You don't know whether that is really moving on wheels," he said.

"And you don't know either whether that is only a car."

"What else, don Juan?"

He turned all the way and looked straight at me, then he nodded his

## ESSAY IN MEMORIAM

By Tom Collins

WHEN MY FATHER MOVED to Texas about four years ago, he said he had come to stay. No one knew then how truly he spoke. The Bible says a man's years number three score and ten, but on February 8, 1971, at approximately 2:30 in the afternoon, while returning from a business trip to Bryan, Texas, my father died.

He was not yet fifty. He always said he would retire when he got that old, but his birthday would not have been until June. He had no history of heart disease, so when the attack came it gave no warning. Perhaps if he had been for a checkup within the previous year there would have been some sign. As it was, the only thing the doctors told him was to lose a little weight. He had done that.

The transition occurred while he was driving the company car at some sixty miles an hour on his way back to Austin. He had seemed cheerful and happy about the way business had gone that morning, but did pick up some stomach tablets after lunch. He and his brother Raymond had the same meal--a hamburger and coffee--before beginning the ride home.

Raymond was looking to the right and shading his eyes from the sun while Dad talked. He always spoke in a strong, clear voice, so when he fell silent, Raymond glanced up. Although he could never swear to it, he said later he thought my father murmured "Oh my God" just before he fell sideways across the seat.

For Raymond it then was a matter of grabbing the wheel of the car, turning the key, and steering to a stop while his dying brother lay against him. Only the physical details of those next few minutes survive. At one point Dad's heart beat normally for a few seconds; then it suffered another spasm. He vomited. His bladder muscles relaxed. And his soul, unseen, began to ascend from the body on its silver cord as it continued its eternal life in the hands of God and his ministers of grace. May it rest in peace.

No one will ever know what thoughts and feelings were at work in those final minutes, but it is certain the tragedy began then. Suddenly the awesome mortality of man, the mystery of life and seeming cruelty of death were brought home again to those poor sufferers who are left behind.

It fell hardest on Raymond, in whose arms my father died. He called an ambulance and followed it to the hospital. He drove the car back to Austin afterwards, a lonely terrible eighty miles with the smell of death around him. It must have been the hardest thing he had ever done.

Back in Austin his wife Minnie Lee went to Mother and told her. Mother told Andy when he came home from school, holding his hand and beginning, "Sit down, dear, I have something to tell you." He clenched her hand firmly and bore up. Coming soon after one of those disappointments in love that seem so funny in cartoons, but which are so terribly shattering in real life, the news served only to harden him. Throughout the days that followed he was to be a steady support.

The efforts to telephone me must have begun almost immediately. About five o'clock local time a knock came. I had a telephone call at the

firehouse next door. No one knew I lived next to a firehouse. It could only be something tragic. Mother was in tears. "T.J.," she said, "something terrible has happened."

"What is it Mother?" Gently. Perhaps I already knew, somewhere beneath consciousness.

With a rush. "Your father--has had a heart attack, and he's dead. But the awful thing...he didn't even get home...."

I said I would be there tomorrow, and hung up. It was interesting to see how calmly I went about the business of washing clothes that wouldn't dry before I finished packing. I laid out papers to take and then forgot them. Several times I went out in the rain to try to telephone one of Mother's particular friends but couldn't find the number.

Finally I went several blocks through the drizzle to get to my office where there was a telephone I could use to arrange transportation. The business details went by in a dream, but they seemed clear enough at the time. I phoned friends in New Haven to help me get to the airport. I seemed to be doing very well until Mary Lou asked me what was wrong. Suddenly I was struck dumb and for several seconds I tried in vain to tell her. Until then I had managed to lose myself in details and not think about what had happened. After that the thought which repeated itself through the night was "In the midst of life. In the midst of life we are in death."

She insisted I spend the night in New Haven with her and her husband "so we can love you." I packed and left on the next train. In the morning a limousine took me to the airport in New York, and by afternoon I was in Texas.

Andy drove Mother to the airport to meet me. He was taller and older than when I had seen him last. He had just entered the University of Texas and was old enough for his appearance to be changing rapidly. Mother, short, with middle-aged spread, looked as well as I have ever seen her. The natural grey streaking her hair added a touch of distinction of its own, and I realized almost for the first time what a striking figure she made. I kept repeating, "you look so well."

Andy drove, slipping obsequiously into the background to perform the necessary chores, his role a silent counterpoint to grief. They had waited for me before going to the funeral parlor--the undertaker's--to choose a casket.

I hated it. I hated the disgustingly lush organ music welling up from the chapel. And I hated the solemn unctuousness which suggested in a thousand subliminal ways that at such a time it really wasn't proper to talk about such details as money.

I talked about money. There was nothing left, not even enough insurance to pay for the funeral. The man's attitude was that I was intolerably crass, but he would humor me. It turned out that it takes a thousand dollars to be buried, what with one thing and another. Like the embalming which is required by state law--a wicked bit of manipulating which goes against my religious principles and has no justification beyond profiteering.

And the casket. After I had us conducted past the gilded marble monstrosities into the far corner, it turned out that \$300 is the going rate for wooden boxes, \$350 unless you'll settle for a delicate pink....



Death is a part of life, a changing from the physical body to a finer existence in a world of spirit. It demands respect, not such obscene deference, not the black coats and hush of men who make their living pandering to the excesses of grief.

We asked for donations to the heart fund, but I think the notice was left out of the paper. Certainly the several hundred dollars worth of flowers made an impressive display in token of the number of friends Dad had, more than I could have imagined. Probably more than even he would have realized. But the thought of all that money kept nagging in the back of my brain, and I kept thinking it would have been better spent trying to save some other life.

Before going home we had to drive to the cemetery to pick out a plot. We circled it once and then walked directly to the place as if it were the one we were meant to choose.

Mother warned me what was in store, so I was prepared for the vaudeville show that followed. Raymond cracked jokes and needled unmercifully. Minnie Lee handled the thousand details of keeping house while Mother entertained the throng of well-wishers who came. Cakes and casseroles, hams and buckets of fried chicken were brought in such a stream we were hard pressed to cope with it all. We were overwhelmed with generosity.

Then the family came, those who were able. Curtis and Odis flew down from Detroit, announcing themselves as two of the handsomest Collinses we were ever going to be lucky enough to meet. Later Cecil and his wife drove in. My cousin Ron flew down from San Francisco, and in time Juanita and her husband brought Grandmother--"Mrs. Collins"--smaller and frailer and more evanescent than ever. She too joined in the mirth that followed.

The fun was the Collins equivalent of a wake: a constant stream of jokes, and stories on themselves they have had a lifetime to rehearse. To an outsider looking on, it might have seemed a heartless way to act, but in fact the laughter was a measure of their desperation. If sobriety had been allowed, the world would have fallen in on each of them. It was all part of a brave conspiracy in which each tried to out do the others to prevent them from breaking down. And Grandmother, who fell sobbing by the casket saying "it should have been me" recovered enough to do her part and not let on how deeply she was hurt.

"I suppose when I go you'll fall all over yourselves telling stories," she said, hoping it would be true and that they would be able to bear up at the last.

Dad did look older than I remembered, but that was the first time I had ever seen a dead man. Perhaps bodies always look waxy and empty after the soul has deserted them. Mother rearranged his hair. Grandmother patted his cheek. We all cried.

The funeral was awful. They sneaked us into "the family room" through a side door after we had made it clear we didn't want to go there and be cut off from the rest of the people. At graveside it turned out the casket is not put in the ground until everyone has gone. It is all part of the conspiracy to treat death as if it were some hideous secret best hidden away from the feelings of decent people. When I die I want to be cremated and my ashes scattered over Berkeley, and I'll leave enough money behind to pay the fine the undertakers lobby has rigged up for whoever does so. Some things are none of the state's business.



Curtis stood looking at him for a while and said softly, "You know what I see when I look at him? I see Okinawa and Tarawa and Saipan." My father hated war and hated killing, but he hit a lot of islands and came through with barely a scratch. He was part of the 2nd Marines that retook Guadalcanal from the Japanese after the Army lost it. He never talked about the war. He told Curt about it in San Diego when it was just over and they got drunk. Maybe no one else ever heard the truth, the horrors too terrible to repeat.

Dad did what he felt was necessary, but never let on how much suffering he had seen. His innocence protected him the way his experience protected us all our lives so that we never guessed the truth about the real terrors of the world, the dangers and emptiness of a society which has no bottom.

I said he left us nothing, by which I meant no money, but of course that isn't true. The corporation he had spent his last years building was on the verge of success. He never saw it become a paying proposition, but like Moses and King, he had been to the mountain top, and seen success almost within his grasp. Which does not imply failure. He had left one career as a corporate executive in his mid-forties to start another one from scratch where he could work with his hands and be his own man. He had come a long way from being a poor farm boy in Arkansas; the first one in his family ever to earn a college degree.

He took that little company of his and moved it single-handedly to the verge of success. And through it all, he enjoyed his work and took pleasure in it. He was a happy man. When I read in the Wall Street Journal about other executives who find themselves out of work and have to put their families on food stamps, I realize that he was a successful man too.

Thinking back, I can only remember a couple of times when he and Mother fought. They never stayed angry more than an hour or two. It was a marriage of equal partners, and happier than any other I can think of. He always said he had never done anything he was ashamed of. That alone is a record few can compete with. It pleased me to hear that this good man had respected me.

We all must face the future, and ultimately we all face it alone. For Mother, freed from domestic duties for the first time, it is necessary to invent new reasons for living. It is hard to realize Dad isn't there any more, as if I were walking in the rain with no umbrella.

I think Tom Parkinson felt that way when he wrote the following poem. It's in his book Men, Women, Vines, and is reprinted here by his kind permission. It seems to be a proper place to end.

#### My Father's Death

Father, you're three years dead today,  
And I older by three years move  
Toward you as once I moved from you  
Into the distinct and blinded  
Spirit of my youth, now toward darkness.

Father, in this house you built I  
Sit angling in the dark stream of  
Our blood, recalling the cool night  
Your heart struck its last hour, the world  
Fell utterly into my hands.

# The Freedom Meal

Sermon by Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J.  
(transcribed from a tape recording)  
October 29, 1970

DEAR FRIENDS, this is Father Daniel Berrigan speaking. I might say, speaking from the Underground. I want to greet many old and new friends, as well as to express regret at not being able to be with you for your worship. By way of consolation, I can at least think of you and pray with you as you gather in Christ's name.

In times such as we are enduring, it seems necessary above all else, I think, to allow the Word of God full play in our lives and our minds. For myself, I know beyond any doubt that I must sink or swim by virtue of a very simple act of faith, drawn from our Testament. For my present, as you must know, is obscure to the point of darkness. I have no real idea of what my Underground state may mean for others, where it is meant to lead me, or what contribution it may be supposed to make for peace, for justice among men. As far as the future is concerned, that is all too clear. It means prison; it means a harsh sentence and no mercy entailed. It means for me the fate of my brother Philip, already entered upon, as well as the fate of so many friends who are paying a very heavy price for an equivalent witness.

Well, if I bring all of this up before you, it is not, dear friends, in order to wage an assault upon your compassion. It is merely to share with you one Christian's understanding of what the faith is exacting in these times. For I think this is always the burden of such times as we are enduring--the faith which is at once dark, and yet undeniable and clear in its demands; which is costly, and yet is generous in its return upon us; which is the call of a jealous God upon his sons and yet a love of that prodigal Father returned to us a hundredfold.

But what is it like, practically speaking, to live as I do these days?--to try to be faithful day after day to those demands that are made upon one?--to believe, to believe simply in the breach, or as a young resister put it to me recently, "What does the Underground do to your head?"

You know, it was strange, but that question came to me with something of a shock. I had not thought of this decision of mine, of this style or direction as something that might possibly be deranging to my purported sanity. No, I had taken my choice in a clumsy, unformulated way. I had judged that it was in a sense self-evident that one's head could only benefit by such a move as mine, attempting as I did, literally to use my head, to weigh the evidence on the war, on national policy, on the crossing of frontiers, especially on the continuing death game of the nation, a game that continued whether the losers were to be Cambodians or Panthers or students or resisters, or finally clerics themselves. Well, I assure you, as I tried to assure my young friend, that my head is in good order. I am able to face the facts of life and death.

Those facts include, undeniably, the fact that my brother is in

prison, that I will eventually go to prison, that our lives are sharing in some small degree in the suffering dislocation of our brothers across the world. Which is to say, simply that things with us are normal. They are, we believe, as they should be, insofar that is, as we allow the grace of Christ full play in hand and heart, and do not block his will with our willfulness.

But I don't want to lose my original intent here. I began by suggesting that it is in the Word of God one finds the resources to keep going in such times as these. I have been asking myself in prayer, asking the Lord for a clue as to the meaning of this strange existence I am leading. I would like to share with you a few insights that the past months have granted me.

It seems to me that we start with a literal fact. The "Underground" is a kind of rehearsal, a metaphor I think, for Death itself. It is in that Underground that man is literally ground under. Dust to dust, we are told. Prison, of course, is another such image. So is illness, serious incapacity, so is poverty, so is race in a racist state.

But I think what makes this metaphor of particular interest to me is that non-violent life outside the law, a definition of the Underground as I see it, is a kind of life outside the law of Death itself. I hope this sentence is not too complicated. I think that non-violent life outside the law, as I am trying to lead it is a kind of life outside the law of Death itself.

We can put the same thing another way. By becoming an outlaw, I am seeking to outlaw Death. This, I think, is an insight our Testament grants us. I think this is one way of putting the Savior's view of his own life. That reign of Death he saw as all but universal, all but omnipotent, all but omniverous, carnivorous in its intention and method, claiming all flesh for itself. No one, but no one, could stand aside from those claims or show cause for exemption from Death, no one, not in all our history.

Death is even a kind of universal military service, debasing to the free will of men and to God's intent for life. It mobilizes every man and woman born. To die, not to live--a formula which puts death simply where it belongs: in direct and willed antithesis and conflict with the Will of God in our regard.

Now suppose for a moment, as indeed I think our Savior supposed, that one finds the presumptions of Death presumptuous. Suppose one wishes to play another game. Suppose the implications of the Death game stink in one's nostrils, with all their assorted smells and whiffs of duplicity, of political corruption, of promises broken, and life destroyed, and property misused, and racism encouraged, the poor benignly neglected, and the rich seated unassailably in places of power. And religion in the midst of this game ambiguous in its own voice, and the spiritual gods of the people diminished beyond recognition.

Supposing all this to be true, what is the tactic of the believer? of a man? Quite simply, I think, reading the New Testament, one says, No. Quite simply, one puts his life where the Gospel tells him it should be, if indeed the Gospel has something to say at all. One submits in a very true way to Death, in order to destroy the power of Death from within.

There are, of course, as many ways of doing this as there are men capable of opening the Book of Jesus and reading what it says there. What

our Savior says to us, it seems to me, may be translated in many ways: as jail, as exile, as Underground, as tax-resistance, as courageous public action of any kind, which costs,

"I am seeking

to outlaw Death...."

which diminishes one's freedom of movement or place or action. But as the Savior reminds us, with a certain vigor, based upon a certain unkillable vision of his own, our reaction had better be something--something of this sort. That is where you saw, as we say in the ancient creed, "He was crucified, died, and was buried;" which is to say he submitted before the imperial power that claimed his life. He preferred to suffer violence in his person rather than to inflict it on others. He died a criminal, his body placed in a tomb. He was shoveled into the inert grave. Or as we say in the Resistance, he acted and went underground and some days later when it was expedient for others, he surfaced again, and with great pains, identified himself as the One of the Friday we call Good.

I am struck by all this as an exemplary action and passion for ourselves. That is to say, that Jesus, by a method that was breathtakingly realistic and right, sought to break the universal dominion of Death over men. Which translated simply and historically to his times and ours, has something to do with the claims of the militaristic and imperial state; the stigma placed upon his forehead, the slaveries forged by the powerful of this world, the notion that the lives and deaths of men are the crude properties and chattels of whatever Caesar.

To confront all this, Jesus refused again and again to raise against Caesar an army of his own. He refused again and again to confront the sword with his own sword. No, he drew back from that method--that mirror game, in a gesture of ineffaceable dignity. "My kingdom," he said, "is not of this world." And to illustrate, by way of contrast, his own dynamic, he offered a figure of speech: unless the grain of wheat, falling to the ground, die, it remains alone. But if it dies, it brings forth much fruit. Here, his tactic and method is reconciled to the organic world itself in its cyclic cheating of death. "Let the man who would live, die! Let him go underground if he would rise to the life of God and of mankind."

My dear friends, you recall that strange mythology that surrounds the Lord's descent into the nether regions after his death. In a place of thick shadows and encompassing darkness, spoken of by Job and the Psalmist, the early Christians saw him as rejoining the throngs of the ancient just men, awaiting through him release from Sheol. Then in the words of the primitive hymn of triumph, having rejoined his own, "captivum duxit captivitatem," a marvelously syncopated phrase which we must transliterate as something like this: "He led the enslaved free in service now only to him." An immensely intriguing and powerful insight, I think. History, that is, had become the field of force playing around the violated and restored flesh of Jesus. Men are repulsed by these energies; men are attracted. Slaveries are relieved or are twice forged. Man is captive to Death or to life.

But in any case, at the very eye of history, at his immediate hand, stand those freed from death by the man who submitted to death in the primal image of things to come. The underground has become the very root and spring of the Kingdom of God. As Paul later tells us, "Sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

Dear friends, I would not have any child born into this world, into this nation, into this church, in order to bear arms, in order to belong to the stratagems of death, in order to obey the Pentagon, in order to raven the poor in distant lands, to die there, in any sense, in any case, to perish there, as man. Neither would I have any parent approve of such disposition of the lives of others. Nor would I have the churches support it, nor clerics remain silent before it, nor congregations argue on its behalf. Nor would I have such a tearing apart of the right order of things as condemn the poor here and throughout the world to lives of utter degradation and hopelessness while we stand idly by, our ill-gotten goods turned to weapons, our weapons turned against men. And all this despite our Gospel and the stern claim of Christ upon us, in life and in death.

Both my brother and myself, Philip in prison and myself in hiding, wish that our resistance, narrowed as it is to the issue of the war, be seen as a service for all our brothers in the world. Indeed, we could not but wish that that service could have taken a less obscure and anguished and ambiguous form. We would infinitely prefer to be free, about our Father's business, in what one might call the ordinary errands of the Gospel: to be clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry, and housing the homeless. Alas, the times are twisted. In the kingdom of death we could not but resist death with all our means and might.

Thus are we outlawed, forbidden free access to the community of decent men. I cannot help but reflect today how, were the promises of those in power truly kept and peace achieved in Southeast Asia, we would never need have gone to Catonsville. Or were later promises kept, and the peace at length achieved, our trial might have resulted in our vindication, as men who burn papers in protest against the burning of children. Or were the latest promises kept and the peace at last achieved, Philip and I might have submitted with good grace to prison under the greatly reduced sentences of a benign court, soon to issue again from jail with that peace which comes to hearts whose goal is achieved. Alas and alack! The promises are broken, as the lives are broken again and again. The peace is more distant than ever, drowned in the barbarism and deception and blood of the last months. In such a time the perverse logic of power dictates that men such as we must be hunted down and locked away. We, who are without weapons or riches or a stake in this world, are become a danger to the masters of the kingdom of death.

But, dear friends, if the keepers of that kingdom have their logic, so do we. We may be hunted and locked away. We will be, according to their plan. But we will also break their locks, which are the very bolts and rivets of death, for the wielders of such power are as dead to history and to mankind and to the future as any Caesar. Their claim is declared null and void by Christ himself. We are forbidden to serve in their wars. We are forbidden, that is to say in Biblical language, "to worship their gods." And as far as Philip and I are concerned, we shall never do so, so help us Christ.

May your prayers then, follow our struggle as bretheren in the Lord, and may that Lord of history and men's hearts grant you also a measure of courage and of light in perplexed and anguished times. We salute you and we thank you, with all our hearts, in Him.

# *The Diggers and the Love Revolution*

y Alex Forman

WHEN A SMALL GROUP of men began to plant and dig upon the Commons on St. George's Hill in Surrey, in 1649, it marked the radical culmination of the new forces of change resulting from the Reformation in Germany. For with the breakdown of the total supremacy of the Roman Church, these new forces were to go far beyond the moderate rebellion of Martin Luther. The destruction of the rationale for the Church's omnipotence led suffering people to question the power of other elements in the collapsing power structure. This can best be seen in the peasants' revolt in Germany and in the English civil war. For not only was the Church questioned but also the institutions of the state and the system of land ownership.

The Diggers, as the small group of men came to be known, questioned the existing order in its totality. They had grievances against the clergy, the judges, the lawyers, parliament, and the nobles. They requested that the common land, which had belonged to the king who had been executed, be turned over to the people. The people could run the commons collectively and set up a cooperative commonwealth along side the existing system. The Diggers believed that their system would prove to be so peaceful and filled with reason and love that soon the whole country would join them. They saw no need for violence and refused even to defend themselves when attacked.

The Diggers had two distinct arguments for their cause, one religious and the other political. The religious argument stated that God had not created the earth to be enjoyed by certain men only, but rather as a common treasury for all. The ownership of the land in England had been achieved, from William the Conqueror on, by the use of the sword--indirectly when not directly. Thus land ownership, based upon blood, was immoral. Diggers believed man to have two opposing instincts in his spirit: self preservation, which accounted for greed and bloodshed; and common preservation, represented by sharing and love. To act in a morally correct way meant living a life based on common preservation. Diggers also believed that if men lived for a while in accordance with common preservation, their bad instincts would disappear because of the supreme power of universal love.

The Diggers' political argument was that since the common land once belonged to the King it now belonged to all those who had fought to end the monarchy. Thus, since masses of people had fought, the masses were entitled to former royal holdings. It's important to note that Gerald Winstanley, the Diggers' leading spokesman, showed an increasing tendency to base their cause on the more concrete political arguments during the movement's brief history. The last important document to come out of the Digger movement was a long appeal from Winstanley to Oliver Cromwell calling for the creation of a cooperative commonwealth in England. This included



concrete proposals on how to organize the economy, the schools, the state and judicial system. It favored private property within the home, family-based settlements, universal manhood suffrage, common ownership of all crown lands, and common storehouses for all products.

"A new tribal love culture took root...."

Although the original Diggers didn't succeed in their goal, their thoughts have survived over three hundred years and appeared again in remarkably similar form. Growing out of give-and-take between the New Left and the old beat generation, a hippy culture blossomed in San Francisco in late 1965. Two new factors which made the hippy culture a very distinct phenomenon were, first, a feeling of community (emphasized by individuals frustrated in the New Left), and second, the use of LSD. Cutting across the economic and social differences of many Alienated Americans, almost all quite young, a new tribal love culture took root in the Haight-Ashbury district of the city. The new force unleashed by LSD constituted the primary unifying factor in a grouping which ranged from the sometimes violent Hells Angels motorcycle club to meditating Zen Buddhists. The new culture was a first amorphous but it soon took on the shape of a bohemian community complete with its own merchant class: the hip merchants.

Haight-Ashbury's new love community acquired members primarily from the swollen ranks of alienated young people who also were discovering the "love trip." Conversations on streets in the Haight-Ashbury became filled with talk of love, and then suddenly appearing in the fall of 1966 was a group calling itself the Diggers. It began to distribute free food in the local park--food donated by individuals and collected from the surpluses of local markets. The new group also attempted to provide housing for the growing number of young people who had become convinced that they should create a new, loving society.

The important point is that the new Diggers began similarly to the original ones, by simply showing up on the scene and declaring that they acted in accordance with the spirit of universal love. The fact that this love was found partly through LSD--not derived from the Bible--isn't crucial. The original Diggers were also said to be influenced by mystical ideas during their religious gatherings.

At first the coming of the new Diggers was lauded by the entire hippy community. The "Digger thing" of giving things away spread into the community--and beyond into the high schools and colleges of the city. There was a powerful new force in the air as one walked down Haight Street and saw people giving away flowers, fruits and candies. The Diggers in a sense became a new morality, the opposite of industrial capitalism's grab-bag marketplace morality.

The moral position of the Diggers can be seen in the fact that after they had been pushed out of various offices by the police and health departments, they were given an office and kitchen privileges by a neighborhood church. They were looked upon soon as the most beautiful part of the community and then began to be labeled by some as a "community service." It was at this point that an inevitable split occurred, for the Diggers did not want to be a community service--they wanted the community itself to be based on the new morality. A conflict began between the Diggers and the hip merchants.

It was fairly obvious that the merchants were getting rich without helping the hippies on the streets, many of whom were dependent on the

Diggers. At a meeting one of the more vocal Diggers asked why, if they were a community service, did they find it so hard to get aid from the community. They wished to see money used to buy space for people--living space, growing space, space to create the new world. Such aims conflicted with those of the business-minded merchants. A full-scale break was developing.

"A full-scale break

was developing

Meanwhile, the Diggers' magic acquired them two farms which are now being established as future food suppliers as well as colonies of freedom from the city hassle. In April of 1967 the movement jumped across an ethnic barrier with the beginning of a Black Man's Free Store in the heart of the Negro ghetto. It was at this time--with the establishment of free-stores in the black community and the Haight-Ashbury, with the beginning of farms and the break with the merchants--that the Diggers repeated Winstanley's course by putting stress on concrete political realities. They spoke now of need for some kind of revolution--and especially in the Black Man's Free Store the work is viewed as the beginning of a revolution. This new tone can best be described by quoting the close of a Digger leaflet distributed in early May, 1967.

...well love is a slop-bucket and we are the children of awareness but our courage has not yet manifested itself within our floating community. We put down the merchants, the bullshitters, the hustlers and we sit around and it's all the same and there's nothing new under the sun and free food seems a long time gone because we're playing the game of the 1930's, we're the new cry babies and James Dean's tears have finally taken root in a shallow weak kneed series of cabals which expect someone to take care of their living ...some revolution.

This is not to imply that the Diggers are giving up on love. If anything, there's now more love than before. But they're becoming more aware of the system that prevents love, more aware of the strength of competitive industrial capitalism, since it's threatening their own community. This awareness was demonstrated when four individuals associated with the Diggers, each from a different section of San Francisco, sent a letter to the city government echoing Winstanley's demand for a system of free storehouses to be replenished when empty. The letter argued that our industrial system is capable of feeding everyone if organized for that purpose, and stated that it's a moral and psychological necessity that this be done. Reading this leaflet in the Black Man's Free Store, gazing out the window at prostitutes selling their bodies--beautiful black bodies on a sunny afternoon--I realized that such changes were indeed a necessity. But the Diggers alone can't implement them. It will take a massive alliance of the alienated young people and the political left. Yet the Diggers continue working toward their goal--working through the medium of love, as illustrated by the following exchange heard in the Black Man's Free Store as it opened in April:

Rembrandt (a sign-painter passing by): I see that you guys are opening a store. Do you want a sign painted?

Roy (a former freedom-fighter in Mississippi, now an organizer of the store): Well, this is a free-store so we can't pay you anything, but if you want to paint a sign...you see, we give things away.

Rembrandt: I never give anything away and nobody has ever given me anything.

Roy: Nobody's ever given you anything? ...See that box of spray paints-- if you can use them they're yours. Do you have any money? Here's thirty cents for bus fare.

Rembrandt: I don't understand. What are you guys doing here?

Roy: See that big appliance and furniture across the street, with the sign about cashing welfare checks? Well, that's where all the people on welfare go....I've taken them there myself. The woman who runs the place came in here a while ago and asked what we were doing. When I told her we were setting up a free-store she told me that I was in the wrong neighborhood--that we didn't need a free-store here. She said I should go to the Haight-Ashbury. Then she became really excited and said that we just couldn't do this here and she would stop it. Well, the point is that we're here to give things away so that people on welfare can have enough money to live better than now. It's the beginning of a revolutionary movement for change.

Rembrandt: I see. Well, why don't I paint a nice big sign on the window saying "Watch For Our Grand Opening Day" and write "Free Food, Clothes, and Appliances"--that'll really scare her.

Rembrandt (after painting): Listen, I have a truck I can borrow so I'll come back and give you guys some glitter and help move some stuff. (He leaves.)

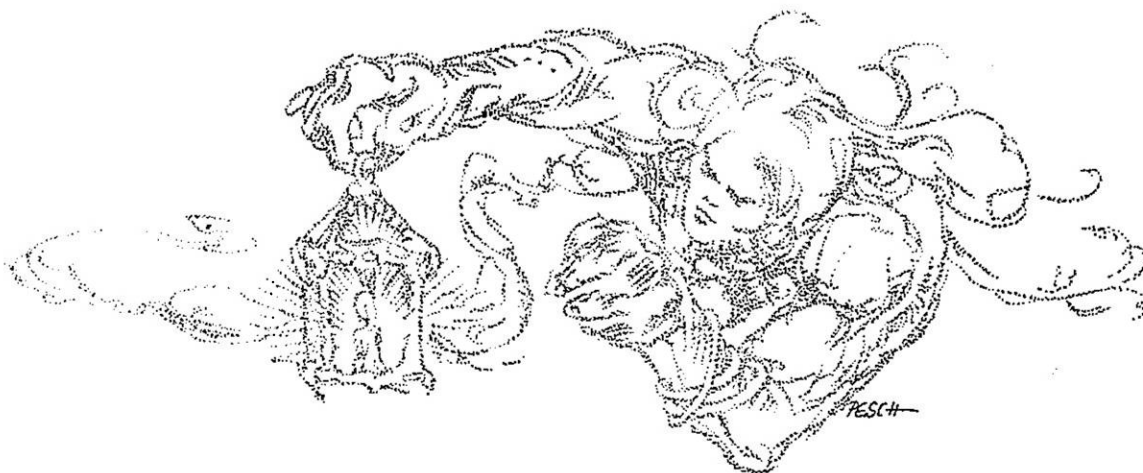
Roy: He really did his thing, didn't he? Did you dig it? We turned that cat on to doing his thing and he did it, man, he really did it.

## Religious Sensibility

of that which is not contained in any one of the images we use in our attempts to allude thereto, but itself contains them all.

The alternative position is to say that any form of religious belief in the sense used here is in itself, in its own terms, invalid. At best a comparatively harmless illusion, an opiate to which many people are addicted: it serves to shield them from reality or from their fantasy of reality--a primitive childlike protection against the nightmare of their primitive and childlike mind. I think that every effective reductive attack from this position on what is called religious belief can do nothing but clear the air. If such a position enables one to see through anything that is an illusion,

then it has to be welcomed unequivocally. It can only destroy what is perishable. What is imperishable can't be destroyed. I don't see that we need to worry: in any event destroying the statues does not destroy the idolatry. Some of them are very beautiful. If we do not make idols of our own images, will there finally be anything left in any conceivable verbal formula called religious to which we may give our total assent? I've no idea. And I'm not sure that it matters ultimately. For that to which the content of any articulated form of religious belief alludes is certainly not itself a content of any religious belief. To believe that is to turn one's form of worship into an object of idolatry.



# THE NEW BREED ON CAMPUS

By Johnny Reb

THEY CALL THEMSELVES Libertarians, largely because all the more accurate descriptions have been pre-empted; and you have probably never seen their names in the newspaper. They are the heirs of Thomas Jefferson, although many of them don't know it, and Ayn Rand is their prophet.

You don't see their names or pictures in the press because they don't sit-in at lunch counters or invade college offices in hopes of defenestrating the dean (both of which they would condemn as immoral violations of the property rights of others). They do hold meetings and attend the meetings of other groups in the hopes of making converts; at which time the press almost invariably ignores them.

Their writings circulate on the mimeograph and duplicator circuit. Fortunately, they advertise in each other's magazines, or they'd have a hard time finding each other. Prose stylists they are not; although the best of them write with a reasonable clarity. They write like mathematicians, with formulae and all, and many of them seem to have come out of such majors as statistics or engineering. They discover economics like Capt. Cook discovering some remote and backward island, and proceed to tell the natives what they are doing wrong. There is something of a moral fervor about their attacks on the orthodox economists; one is prepared for their complaints that the new economists can't analyze their own statistics, but their reduction of economic equations to a moral issue is something that has not been seen often in the dismal science since Thomas Aquinas. They don't agree with Aquinas either, by the way.

It is virtually impossible to classify them on the standard left-right political spectrum; some consider themselves far to the left of the anarchists; others far to the right of the reactionaries; and a few in between. But they do not consider the left-right political spectrum valid; they would point out that the Nazis, for example, were National SOCIALISTS, and that the opposition inside Germany came not from the Communists and Social Democrats, who flocked to Hitler in droves, but from the Centre (Catholic) and Conservative parties, who came within inches of

overthrowing the Nazis in 1944 (at Rastenburg). But the Nazis today are considered "Right-Wing Extremists," while the more conservative parties, now the Christian Democrats and Free Democrats, are considered moderates.

The Libertarians are a phenomenon of the 1960's. One of their first big appearances was in the Goldwater campaign of 1964 as part of the groundswell among the young and college-bred FOR Goldwater. Now I know what you have heard about Goldwater. Most Libertarians would tell you that most of it, about 99.44%, is pure fantasy, and would proceed to try to prove it to you. Then they would go on to cite statistics to show that the likelihood of a vote for Johnson was inversely proportional to the voter's education and income, and directly proportional to his age. I will spare you further argument; there are several whole books on the subject.

Most of the Goldwater Youth Movement were traditional conservatives; the Libertarians were the fringe. And, of course, not all Libertarians were for Goldwater; some were against both candidates. The main importance of Goldwater for the Libertarians was that he introduced a lot of them to each other. They had been awfully lonely before, not knowing that anyone else had the same wild ideas that they did. The Establishment satire that they were "The bright young men, who want to go back to 1910...." merely served to set them off on a disquisition on how the country was better off in 1910, and how the policies of the government since that time have served to cripple progress by interfering with the smooth operation of the economy, etc. etc. Whole books have been written on that, too.

Their premises are few and simple. They hold that coercion of the individual is wrong, especially when it is done by the state, except in self-defense to prevent someone from coercing you. They hold laissez-faire to be the most moral as well as the most efficient and productive form of economy, as it is based on free exchange of goods and services. These are not new ideas, they are part of a Great Tradition, but they are new for the Libertarians, who had to discover them for themselves. As I said, many of the Libertarians are self-taught economists and political theorists; they were trained in science and mathematics and practical subjects instead. And so they escaped the Liberal brainwashing (or if you prefer a more polite term, indoctrination) that passes for instruction in these subjects in so many American colleges and universities.

From their basic assumptions, they have not by any means come to the same conclusions. And therein lies the excitement of the movement: before your very eyes they are hammering out a system of doctrine, or maybe more than one--it is too soon to tell. But their conclusions are totally incomprehensible without bearing in mind their basic assumptions. Their logic is usually impeccable, even though their knowledge of history may be rather limited. Already they have, here and there, their own economists. And they are growing steadily; some exciting things are in store when they penetrate the lawyers or the historians or the philosophers.

Let me introduce you to the Silent Revolution, for these people are revolutionaries, perhaps the only revolutionaries left. They are silent only in the sense that they have no access to the ears of the public at large. Many are known only by pseudonyms even inside the movement; they live in a very real world where there are those who want to force them to conform for their own good. Here is what they are saying:

"Such a gang can only support itself by taking its wealth directly through production and trade in some black market. Thus, organized crime depends for its existence on black markets...which are the result of government prohibitions. Without government-caused black markets, criminals would have to operate singly or in small groups because they would have no area of production and trade to furnish support for large and complex organizations. (Libertarian Connection #5, page 7. Italics and hiatus in the original.) "Libertarians must direct their coldly tempered and finely tuned hatred towards the proper and culpable target, towards the criminals against the people--the ruling elite in control of the state apparatus." (Idem, page 16. Italics in the original.)

"If the authorities start watching people's mail on a large scale, making communications difficult, one can start sending large numbers of messages that consist of pure random five-character groups, "obviously" in code, to random names from the telephone book. If a real "witch hunt" of anyone receiving such "messages" develops, the messages can be sent, not to random names, but specifically to people you wish to get rid of, letting the police do your dirty work." (Idem, page 31.) "The police are in charge of internal clubbing, the army of external clubbing. The tax bureau is devoted to clubbing everybody into paying the cost of all this clubbing." (Idem, page 32.) "The nation should come to recognize that no democracy exists until an elective choice includes the end of government as an alternative." (Idem, page 38.)

"And then there is the draft--that obnoxious system of slavery and forced murder. There is nothing anyone even remotely calling himself a libertarian can say about the draft except that it is slavery and must be combatted." (Libertarian Forum, Aug. 15, 1969, page 2.)

"Or maybe one day I'll look up from my Yin revolution of nonconfrontive diversification and see that you have passed me by again, that urban activists are then building Living Universities in every major center of population--not just low-budget copies of establishment robot factories....Curriculum: the economics of individual independence; applied authoritarian psychology; parallel communications; black market business administration; elementary self-liberation; basic humanity; anarchy appreciation; defensive law; creative tax refusal...." (Libertarian American, March, 1969, page 14.)

"But can't you see that 'selfish private interest' can be defined as any damn thing you please? The motto of the Third Reich was 'Commonweal over private interest.' Anyone who didn't freak out over Adolf was 'against humanity.' It is this element, the presumption that some 'higher authority' has a prior claim to man's natural right to life or death as he pleases, that is inhumane about the draft." (FYE, March, 1969)

"Most people came to the United States to escape tyranny in their native lands. With totalitarianism gaining the upper hand and internal revolution almost a certainty, has the time come now to start a new country, so that those who love life and liberty can escape the evils which the collectivists have created all around us?" (A New Constitution for a New Country, May, 1968.)

"But we don't leave self-protection to chance or the whims of 'public servants.' ...We prefer rolling wooded land that was once logged over for its numerous seldom-traveled trails and countless spots where a free man can hide." (Innovator, Autumn, 1969, page 7-76) "I work as an



independent contractor with no taxes withheld: I offer my client a lower rate in return for cash payment and flexible working hours." (Ibid.)

"While our California squat-spots would be secure in most 'emergencies,' we believe in extra 'disaster insurance': well-hidden alternate identification, gasoline stores sufficient to take us to a far-off wilderness of our choice, a supply cache waiting for us there...." (Idem, page 7-77)

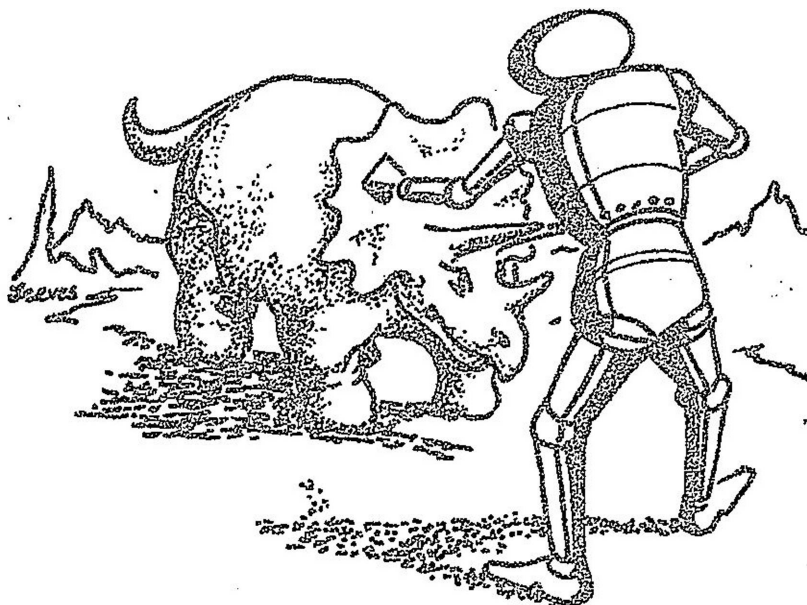
"An individual puts part of his savings in a cache or Swiss account accessible to a friend and makes the following agreement: if he is arrested, so long as he remains incarcerated, his friend each month withdraws a certain sum and spends this for whatever will cause the offending agency maximum annoyance and disability....The agency and individual bureaucrats would, however, be told for what they were being punished..." (Free Trade, November, 1969, page 7-84.)

"There is a 'viable local solution' if the Mayor wants to avail himself of it. For a start he can begin to disentangle city government from the business of health, charity, education, and housing. He might turn fire prevention, garbage removal, and mass transportation over to competitive private industry." (Rational Individualism, Sept., 1969, page five.)

"If we are all that free, we then ask, have you ever tried to--plant more wheat than the government says you may, or--ride a motorcycle without wearing a crash helmet, or--mint silver coins, or--own gold, or--raise fares on your own bus line, or--lower freight tariffs on your railroad, or--fire an employee for union activity, or--start a bank?" (Atlantis News, February 7, 1969, page 1.)

This, then, is their dream: not Utopia or the New Jerusalem or the Worker's Paradise, but ATLANTIS!

Don't sell them short. They have brains, and youth and money, and they are as tough-minded a group as any that ever came out of the Czar's prisons. They may not agree on many things, but they want the government to leave them alone, totally, and they will not "go quietly" as the Jews did. The future, perhaps, is with them.



# Who'll Die for Gluch?

By Arthur Hoppe

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a country called Gluch. It was unique among all the countries of the world. It was unique because not a single solitary Gluchian was patriotic.

No one owned a Gluchian flag. No one knew the words to the Gluchian national anthem. And no one had ever died for Gluch. In fact, the whole idea was ridiculous.

On the rare occasions when some screwball would cry out: "Forward men to do or die for Gluch!" people would start snickering. "Die for Gluch?" they'd say. And they'd slap their thighs. And pretty soon they'd be rolling on the ground, holding their sides.

Conversely, no imperialistic neighbor ever even tried to conquer Gluch. "Who," as Charlemagne the Great put it in 803 A.D., "wants to be known as the Conqueror of Gluch?"

SO GLUCH DWELT in peace. Every four years a lottery was held to select a new Glumph (or King) of Gluch. Naturally, no one wanted to be known by such a dumb title. So the loser of the lottery, moaning piteously, got the job.

The duties of the Glumph of Gluch were to enforce the law and collect taxes. There being no legislature to pass laws, there weren't any laws. And there being no Army, Navy, Department of Highways, or Gluchian National Band, there weren't any taxes to collect, either.

So you can see why Gluch had no patriots. It had nothing to be patriotic about. It was neither rich nor powerful nor feared nor envied. In fact, patriots from rich and powerful countries thought of Gluch as kind of a joke.

Well, this couldn't last. One day a spellbid Spellbinder rose up. "Let us change the name of our country from Gluch," he said with fiendish cleverness, "to the United Republic of Goldenland!"

"Why?" asked a little boy.

"Because young men will march off to do or die for Goldenland!" explained Spellbinder. "Then we can seize Spitzbergen, Siam and Schenectady."

"Who needs them?" asked an old man.

"We will become rich and powerful and feared and envied!" cried Spellbinder. "We will have the biggest Army and the strongest Navy and the most freeways, telephones, airports, television antennae and topless dancers of any country in the whole world!"

"Whatever for?" asked a sweet young thing.

"Why," said Spellbinder, somewhat surprised, "so that we can all take pride in our country as true patriots, of course."

FOR THE FIRST and only time in the history of Gluch the citizens were roused to action. Their first action was to ride Spellbinder out of the country on a rail.

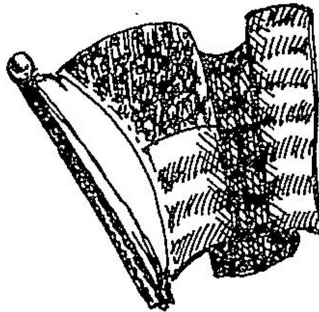
Their second was to change the nation's name from Gluch to Gludge-- on the grounds that it should prove even more difficult to die for Gludge than Gluch.

The Gludgians then lived happily ever after.

MORAL: It's fun to be a patriot, but it's better to love your country.

### I LOVE MY FLAG

*I love my flag, I do, I do,  
Which floats upon the breeze  
I also love my arms and legs,  
And neck and nose and knees.  
One little shell might spoil them all  
Or give them such a twist  
They would be of no use to me  
I guess I won't enlist.*



*I love my country, yes, I do,  
I hope her folks do well.  
Without our arms and legs and things,  
I think we'd look like hell.  
Young men with faces half shot off  
Are unfit to be kissed,  
I've read in books it spoils their looks;  
I guess I won't enlist.*

ANONYMOUS, *Industrial Worker*  
April 14, 1917

# The Immortal Enemy

By Robert A.W. Lowndes

IT WAS AROUND 1928, (meaning that it could have been either 1927 or 1929, but the earlier or middle date seems more likely than the later one), that I went into a big drugstore in Stamford, Conn. one evening to see a counter piled high with books, with a sign over them warning purchasers not to read them after midnight. The books were The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu, The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu, and The Hand of Fu Manchu. I believe that in those days it was Fu-Manchu, but somewhere along the line the hyphen was dropped and now you do not see it at all.

A few years later, the first talking film based upon the stories came out, The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu, starring Warner Oland, with Neil Hamilton as Dr. Petrie. Not having read the books as yet, I found the movie quite wonderful, and still fancy Oland as Fu Manchu, even though he does not follow the description at all. "Imagine a person, tall, lean and feline, high shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan...." And, to my everlasting regret, I missed the following film, The Return of Fu Manchu, although I did get to see Daughter of the Dragon, wherein Anna May Wong plays Fah Lo Suee, and her father is finally killed off for keeps.

Perhaps it is just as well that Warner Oland did not resemble the description of Fu Manchu, for these films were brutal travesties of this delightful series. The Mask of Fu Manchu was somewhat closer to the story and Boris Karlov closer to the description, but the three early films have the banal motivation of personal revenge upon the Petrie family, with some sinister incidents taken from the novels. If they have not been revived, the neglect may be quite justly deserved.

Numerous commentators have stressed the obvious fact that Nayland Smith is not much of a detective, and it's too bad that Fu Manchu wasn't up against someone whose competence was at least within a few streets of Sherlock Holmes. The complaint is not unfounded in some ways, but I find it irrelevant; why should these stories be blamed for something they were never intended to be in the first place? They are not detective stories at all; they are mystery-adventure-suspense novels wherein the matter of the reader anticipating any part of the mystery or its solution is quite unimportant. The questions are always, "How will Fu Manchu be foiled this time?" and "How will Fu Manchu get away in the end?"--for it is the insidious doctor, not his antagonist, who

is the star. This is underlined by the fact that the narrators change during the series.

The first three novels were told by Dr. Petrie, and one suspects that Sax Rohmer may originally have intended to let the series close with the end of The Hand of Fu Manchu. "In the dim light I bent over a battered and torn mass of timber that had once been the bow of a boat; and in letters of black and gold I read: 'S.Y. Chanak-Kampo.'"

At the end of the first novel, it is apparent that Fu Manchu has escaped; in the second, Karamaneh shoots the doctor and he is presumed dead; Smith, Petrie and Karamaneh are now in danger only from Fu Manchu's servants in the vicinity. However, Petrie does not get to examine the body, so that when we are told specifically in The Hand of Fu Manchu that our old enemy is "the man with the limp," it is not difficult to swallow.

Shan Greville is the narrator of Daughter of Fu Manchu and The Mask of Fu Manchu. This makes sense in more ways than one; Daughter was written nearly fourteen years after The Hand of Fu Manchu, and the insidious doctor no longer considers Petrie either a fool or someone to be eliminated. There is thus no point in his taking an active--or starring--part in the series thereafter; the author is keeping up to date. More than that, Dr. Petrie isn't a fool, and for full effect we need to see events through the eyes of someone who does not know as much about Fu Manchu as Petrie. Rohmer thus solved two problems at once--eliminating the necessity of the narrator having to be someone who has learned nothing, and giving a fresh viewpoint for the reader who remembers the earlier stories. Explanations to Petrie at this point would be tedious; to Greville, they are natural.

Alan Sterling is the narrator of The Bride of Fu Manchu. The Trail of Fu Manchu and President Fu Manchu are told in the third person, though Sterling re-appears in the first of these two; Mark Hepburn is the romantic lead in the second. Bart Kerrigan is the narrator of The Drums of Fu Manchu and The Island of Fu Manchu, while The Shadow of Fu Manchu, Re-Enter Fu Manchu, and Emperor Fu Manchu are told in the third person. Whether Re-Enter or Emperor Fu Manchu is actually the final book in the series remains mysterious to me. Re-Enter Fu Manchu is copyright 1957 by the estate of Sax Rohmer; Emperor Fu Manchu's earliest copyright is 1959, by Fawcett Publications. In the Pyramid soft cover series (all of them now available, I believe) both are called "the twelfth of the perilous adventures of Nayland Smith." Lin Carter, who is an expert on Rohmer, declares that Re-Enter Fu Manchu is actually the final one that Rohmer wrote. Perhaps some reader can furnish us with proof; lacking that, I prefer to consider Emperor Fu Manchu the final one--partly, I'll admit, because I consider it the better of the two.

On the whole, I find the novels told in the first person superior to the others, although one of the finest in the series for me, President Fu Manchu, is a third person story. Since these are not, as I said before, detective stories in the mystery-puzzle sense, but thrillers, the personal viewpoint throughout a novel makes for far greater effectiveness, even if other matters may be handled better in the third-person novels. Fu Manchu himself remains of surpassing interest. Nayland Smith, I'll admit, we more or less have to put up with (although he improves), but Dr. Petrie is sympathetic from the start. Tony McKay, romantic lead in

Emperor Fu Manchu; Brian Merrick, lead in Re-Enter Fu Manchu; Dr. Morris Craig of The Shadow of Fu Manchu; and Mark Hepburn of President Fu Manchu are all well handled--particularly McKay--but something is lacking nonetheless, even as something is lacking in the otherwise splendid handling of Holmes and Watson in His Last Bow.

Sax Rohmer (for the newcomer perhaps we'd better mention that his actual name was Arther Sarsfield Ward) kept the series up to date, each novel taking place in the "present." His writing style also changed with the times--the series runs from 1912 or 1913 (when The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu was first published) to the late 50s. Obviously the style of the first three novels became less appropriate to the average reader of thrillers (and the series was slanted toward the average reader, not the aficionado who might like to see more with the pre-Great War flavor), and in this sense there is something of a loss, but such loss is made up for by other strengths which appear as we go along.

I want to say that I do recommend all thirteen of the novels, for even Re-Enter Fu Manchu has its positive aspects. It is not a deterioration or self-caricature in the sense that some of the later Tarzan novels are; it's just less strong than others, Emperor Fu Manchu in particular.

The evolution of the character of Dr. Fu Manchu is a fascinating one. This is not a template series at all, and the general notions about the doctor that one gets from movies, etc. as nothing but a super-scientific monster genius are entirely false. When you've read one, you haven't read them all by any means.

He is malignant and mysterious, of course, in the first three novels; and there about the only thing that can be said in his favor is that you trust him to keep his word, to the letter. If he gives you a five minute leeway you can be sure that you will be safe for five minutes--but don't count a second beyond that. Nonetheless, no matter how inconvenient his word may turn out to be to him, under no circumstances will he violate it, no matter to whom it is given. Here is the Confucian ideal of the superior man, the perfect Chinese gentleman, personified. An interesting sidelight on this comes up in President Fu Manchu, which I'll get to in detail later, but want to say now that it is quite normal for Fu Manchu's servants to fear him and trust him absolutely at the same time.

We find in the early trio that Fu Manchu is an emissary, under obedience to the organization of which he is a part--the superbly sinister Si Fan. He is a mandarin, and there are suggestions that the doctor may be a member of the Manchu dynasty, which was overthrown in 1911. He is subject to recall, discipline, even execution by the Si Fan. In The Return of Fu Manchu, the doctor tells Smith and Petrie, "You come at an opportune time...when the greatest man in China flatters me with a visit. In my absence from home, a tremendous honor has been conferred upon me, and, in the hour of this supreme honor, dishonor and calamity have befallen...." He has been admitted by the Sublime Prince (the Manchu Pretender?) to the Sacred Order of the White Peacock.

What is the calamity? "Learn, my two dear friends, that the sacred white peacock brought to these misty shores for my undying glory, has been lost to me! Death is the penalty of such sacrilege; death shall be my lot, since death I deserve."

His only hope is to resign all offices, withdraw from all honors,



and put an end to Nayland Smith, who is regarded as the chief enemy by his confreres. But Petrie has the winning card. He has found the white peacock, quite by accident; he cries out, "Stop!" just as Fu Manchu is about to clap his hands, whereby Smith will be dragged away and done in without delay. And Fu Manchu replies softly, "Dr. Petrie...I shall always listen to you with respect."

This is quite an elevation from the doctor's opinion of Petrie as a fool, for whom he was sorry in the first novel of the series. Alas, memory falters--I have read a million other words since I started, two years ago, to go through the entire series; perhaps some reader can tell us precisely what Petrie does to alter Fu Manchu's first judgement. I believe it is also in The Return that Fu Manchu is addressed as "Prince" by a visitor from China, but it may be later in the series.

In any event, Fu Manchu is head of the Council of Seven (the Si Fan), a dozen plus years later, at the time of Daughter of Fu Manchu, wherein the main plot is Fah Lo Suee's attempt to gain control of this organization for her own purposes.

The objectives of the Si Fan may vary so far as any particular novel is concerned, but I think it is safe to assume that the over-all aim of restoring China in her greatness as a nation dedicated to the principles of Confucius, and thus a light to all mankind, is never entirely forgotten. In The Drums of Fu Manchu (1934) the doctor's aim is to preserve peace, either through controlling or removing such dictators as Rudolf Adlon who threaten war. In The Island of Fu Manchu (1940), the doctor tells Bart Kerrigan, "I shall restore the lost grandeur of China. When your civilization, as you are pleased to term it, has exterminated itself...I shall stir. Out of the fire I shall rise. The red dusk of the West will have fallen, the golden dawn of the East will come...." Yet in this novel he is not only willing but eager to help the Allies against the Axis. He is anti-Communist, even though not averse to co-operation with Soviet agents for his own purposes. And he might have put an end to the People's Republic of China in Emperor Fu Manchu had not the tireless and sometimes tiresome Nayland Smith (who, by now, Fu Manchu has come to have the highest respect for--as we must ourselves; there has to be something more than sheer luck here) interfered. However, the West (as represented by Smith) seems to feel that a restored Manchu Dynasty in China, under Emperor Fu Manchu would be little improvement over its (then and still) present condition. I must confess that I find the question moot at least.

How often is Fu Manchu "killed" during the series? We noted that his shooting by Karamaneh in The Return was at best indecisive, but death at sea in The Hand seemed almost certain. Thereafter, only on two occasions is his demise suggested at the end of a novel--in President Fu Manchu and The Island of Fu Manchu. In all the others, we know at the end of the book that he has escaped. He has discovered a means of renewed and extended mortality; everyone else in the series ages normally.

That there is a subsurface mutual respect between Smith and the doctor is unmistakable; and as time goes along, Fu Manchu's attempts to kill his enemy seem to become more routinely taken; one can almost feel that a slight margin for escape has intentionally been left open (not to mention the number of times when Smith has been a helpless prisoner in the doctor's domain) and that Fu Manchu isn't too angry about it. He really wants to win Smith over to his own side, or to win the current

campaign despite Smith, who is, shall we say, the commanding general of the anti-Fu Manchu forces. Others do more of the running around and getting into scrapes as Smith grows older, though at no time is he confined to the armchair. And be it noted that Smith also passes up opportunities to kill Fu Manchu. Though not a Confucian, Nayland Smith has his honor too. This may be annoying to the reader at times, but in a sense it is one of the things these stories are about--two divergent views of life and civilization which nonetheless agree that dishonor is worse than defeat. This is one of the reasons why Smith and Fu Manchu are momentarily in agreement in relation to common enemies, totalitarians for whom "honor" is just a word with which to deceive someone who believes there is such a thing.

Fah Lo Suee, also known as Madame Ingomar, and later as Koreani, Fu Manchu's rebellious daughter, makes a fascinating sub-menace in the series inasmuch as at times Nayland Smith and the doctor are moving jointly against her and each other. She first appears in Daughter of Fu Manchu, of course, at the end of which we have this vivid portrait of the doctor, nearly fifteen years after his apparent demise in The Hand of Fu Manchu. Petrie is not present; Shan Greville is telling the story:

"...a very tall old man, emaciated to a degree which I had hitherto associated only with mummies. His great height was not appreciable at first glance, by reason of the fact that he stooped very much, resting his weight on a stout stick. He wore a plain black garment, resembling a cassock, and a little black cap was set on his head....

"His skull--his fleshless yellow skull--was enormous. I thought that such a brain must be either that of a madman or a genius. And his face, a map of wrinkles, resembled nothing so much as the shriveled majesty of the Pharaoh Seti who lives in the Cairo Museum!

"Deeply sunken eyes emitted a green spark."

After the confrontation with Fah Lo Suee, Fu Manchu tells Smith that for the moment, they stand together. He says:

"My methods are not your methods. Perhaps I have laughed at your British scruples. Perhaps a day may come, Sir Denis, when you will join in my laughter. But, as much as I have hated you, I have always admired your clarity of mind and your tenacity. You were instrumental in defeating me, when I planned to readjust the centre of world power. No doubt you thought me mad--a megalomaniac. You were wrong."

"He spoke the last three words in a low voice--almost a whisper:

"I worked for my country. I saw China, misruled, falling into decay; with all her vast resources, becoming a prey for carrion. I hoped to give China that place in the world to which her intellect, her ideals entitled her. I hoped to awaken China. My methods, Sir Denis, were bad. My motive was good."

And speaking of his wayward daughter, who certainly has no such motives in her attempt to wrest control of the Si Fan into her own hands permanently, he says, "The woman you know as Fah Lo Suee--it was her pet name in nursery days--is my child by a Russian mother. In her, Sir Denis, I share the sorrow of Shakespeare's King Lear....She has reawakened a power which I had buried. I cannot condemn her. She is my flesh. But in China we expect and exact, obedience. The Si Fan is a society older than Buddhism and more flexible. Its ruler wields a sword none can withstand. For many years Si Fan has slumbered. Fah Lo Suee has dared to awaken it."

Then he turns to Shan Greville and tells him that misdirected, at such a crisis of history as this (1931, when the Japanese invasion started, with Korea), it could only mean another world war. Fu Manchu says, "I dragged myself from retirement,"--he looked at Nayland Smith--'to check the madness of Fah Lo Suee. Some harm she has done. But I have succeeded. Tonight, again I am lord of the Si Fan."

Fu Manchu would never retire again, nor apparently permit the Si Fan again to become dormant. And Madame Ingomar remains a menace, though apparently submissive to her father in The Mask of Fu Manchu and The Bride of Fu Manchu. In The Trail of Fu Manchu she goes too far again, and is slated for execution along with Smith, who is a prisoner at that moment. It is here that Smith confesses that he loves her, and she acknowledges that she reciprocates. In The Bride, when Alan Sterling first sees the doctor he describes him as "aged but ageless," for Fu Manchu has made use of biological discoveries to effect something of a renewal and extension of vitality. (He is never the lecherous sort of villain, although he did intend to have a child by Fleurette--"the bride"--for eugenic-dynastic purposes.)

Fah Lo Suee, however, has not been killed except as a person with a will of her own. She plays a part in both The Drums of Fu Manchu and The Island of Fu Manchu, and is now known as Koreani, one of Fu Manchu's zombies--which are not magically animated corpses but brainwashed cataleptics. I do not recall her demise in the latter, but am pretty sure that she does not reappear in the final trio of novels.

Dr. Petrie and Karamaneh (now Mrs. Petrie) have guest appearances in Daughter of Fu Manchu. I believe after that Mrs. Petrie is only referred to. Petrie himself is a featured player, with a most important part in The Bride of Fu Manchu. Herein we learn of the tragedy that befell him and Karamaneh in the years following the end of The Hand of Fu Manchu: their only child, a girl, was kidnapped in babyhood and all efforts to find her were in vain. The discerning reader will realize rather soon that Fleurette is the missing girl, whom Fu Manchu has raised as a foster daughter, and to whom he has been a kind father.

Petrie apparently dies in his attempts to find a remedy for the gruesome new disease that Fu Manchu is experimenting with, but the doctor saves him. In the following novel, The Trail of Fu Manchu, wherein the tale of Fleurette is completed to a satisfactory conclusion, Petrie saves a dying Fu Manchu at the end of the story. Of course the doctor is then able to escape. If Petrie appears in any of the later novels, I believe it is little more than to wave at the audience.

One of the finest scenes in the series, however, is in President Fu Manchu, where another side of the doctor comes forward. Moya Adair is in his service because of fear, which Fu Manchu regrets, but acknowledges that she serves him admirably. The hold he has on her is her small child, Robbie, who calls the doctor, "Yellow Uncle." Fu Manchu has guaranteed his safety, but toward the end of the novel, Robbie is on the point of death due to a physician's incompetence. Fu Manchu performs an operation while Mark Hepburn, there to arrest him, "witnessed a feat of surgery unique in his experience. Those long yellow fingers seemed to hold magic in their tips. Smith's assurance became superfluous. Dr. Fu Manchu, the supreme physician, was also the master surgeon. He was, as Hepburn believed (for Nayland Smith's computation he found himself unable to accept),

a man of over seventy years of age. Yet with unfailing touch, exquisite dexterity, he had carried out an operation in a way which Hepburn's training told him to be wrong. It had proved to be right. Dr. Fu Manchu had performed a surgical miracle--under hypnosis."

There follows an example of why, should you ever have occasion to shake hands with Dr. Fu Manchu, there would be no point in counting your fingers afterward; the only thing to do would have been to have them photographed before. After the operation, Fu Manchu assures Hepburn he has nothing to worry about, says to him, "Call your headquarters at the Regal Tower. Ensure us against interference. Allay any doubts respecting your own safety; I shall require you here. Conceal the fact that I am present, but accept responsibility for handing me over to the law. I give you--personally--my parole...."

So later, when Smith and others show up, Fu Manchu delivers instructions for Robbie's further care, then says, "'I desire, Captain Hepburn, to be arrested by Sir Dennis Nayland Smith, who has a prior claim. Will you be good enough to hand me over to him?'

"Hepburn spoke hoarsely. 'Yes...Smith, this is your prisoner.'"

The alert reader will realize that since Fu Manchu gave his parole to Hepburn personally, and since Hepburn turned him over to Sir Dennis Nayland Smith--to whom the doctor had promised nothing--he is now free to escape if he can, since he is no longer Hepburn's prisoner. Which he does in fine style very shortly thereafter, right under their noses.

I hope that I am correct in my feeling that Emperor Fu Manchu is the final novel in the series that Rohmer wrote, for at its end Nayland Smith has finally obtained a list of every Si Fan lodge master in China. This would be the proper occasion for the doctor to retire again, for I do believe Smith is correct in thinking that the loss of this list will shatter Fu Manchu's dream empire. However, I'm prepared to accept proof that Re-Enter Fu Manchu takes place later, if adequate proof is forthcoming.

In any event, it's a wonderfully entertaining series of novels which should not be berated as poor detective fiction when it isn't supposed to be detective fiction in the first place. It deserves better than the travesties of it that have appeared on film and in the comic strips, etc. Fu Manchu has become a household word, like Sherlock Holmes, recognizable to millions who may never have read a page of the original stories and who associate these wonderful characters only with the vile caricatures that have been so prevalent.

I'm fortunate in having a peculiar memory. I can recall irrelevant details for many years after reading a story or a series, while the more important details drop out. This is embarrassing at times, as it gives the appearance of remembering far more than I actually do about almost anything I may have read. But the advantage is that I can re-read and rediscover the pleasures of such diversions as these a few years from now.

#

## TWO BOOK REVIEWS

I Will Fear No Evil by Robert A. Heinlein  
Putnam's. \$6.95

Almost an entire generation of science fiction fans in this country grew up with Robert Heinlein's vision of the future. His books have sometimes become enormous underground best sellers, and have permanently affected our ideas of the future. Yet in I Will Fear No Evil he has written what promises to be his most unpopular novel.

Heinlein has never shunned controversy in his works, and is famous for a rightist, militarist vision of world politics. One novel begins with a family surviving a nuclear war in its fallout shelter. Another describes a society in which only veterans may vote. Both provoked squawks of outrage when they appeared.

At the same time, his "waldo" has stuck to the device used to handle radioactive materials at a distance. His terms "grok" and "water brother" are beginning to enter the language. TANSTAAFL--"There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch" is scrawled on walls.

It's hard to see any such impact from this story of a rich old man who has his brain transplanted in an all-out effort to escape his useless body, even by dying if necessary. The operation is a success, and he finds himself inhabiting the body of a beautiful young woman.

Although she had been murdered, somehow her personality survives. One quarter of the book is devoted to a dialogue between the man, nearly a century old, and her. Then they set out to get laid.

That plot is terribly slender to hang that much heavy social analysis on, and the book suffers as a result. Though double-entendres the book explores the thesis that sex is fun and should have no barriers--a kind of Harrad Revisited, or The New Adventures of Michael Valentine Smith. But for all that, the book is curiously devoid of sex, partly because Heinlein can't write a sex scene as well as he can suggest one, and because all those ambi-sexual group gropes would probably turn people away from his message if spelled out in full. Still, one gets terribly tired of "We've got fifteen minutes, let's hurry."

That's not to say there are no interesting ideas, no predictions or caveats worthy of considering. The story takes place against a background projected in vague terms by the National Violence Commission. People live in armed enclaves, carry personal guards and armored cars whenever they go outside their. The outlaws live in abandoned areas where restaurants offer a list of drugs as well as drinks, and shootings are as common as gamblers.

Even so, the background is curiously flat; the future has failed to come as alive as it has done so often before. The book must stand almost entirely on its sexual speculations and adventures, and on that ground it fails badly. It is a novel whose appeal will be limited by that failure, even among science fiction buffs, even though second-rate Heinlein is better than many author's top work.

In a way it is rather sad to think of him at the top of his field, an old man who will never get to the moon, lying in a university hospital writing about the joys of being young, the joys of being old, the need to learn sophistication without cynicism and to take love while it flies.

This book has something about it which feels like a final statement. It is a testament that life will be renewed, that in some real way men live on, and that human renewal is possible in the midst of worldly chaos. It is not a political book like many of his others, but personal, and more philosophical tract than novel. Its failure is the general failure of men to pass on their wisdom. It's the failure of trying too hard.

--tjc

The Bombadier by John William Corrington  
Putnam's. \$5.95.

"It was all now the fragmented memory of an improbable novel I had read once....A novel full of monsters who awoke early in the morning to ride forth and kill thousands of people, to obliterate whole cities, to alter the world's maps...."

They were not monsters, and being men each had his own reasons to go to war, his own reasons to bomb and bomb again until Dresden, until the war ends and they return home with the seeds of final solutions sown within them.

Boileau was a Louisiana aristocrat who learned because he couldn't help it, and who succeeded to revenge himself on the North. Poole was black, and carried his war training to the Chicago convention. Krepinski was more animal than man; he killed best because he hated best--and became a cop. Jacobs was a Jewish kid looking for a home. Boyd was a musician who could do anything on the piano except be original. Like the others, he learned a new trade.

The one who taught it was Michaelis, who turned five random volunteers into bombadiers, on a bet. He packed them off to the desert until their loneliness and personal fragmentation drew forth a dark magic to fill their vacuum of belief and taught them to kill.

The book is divided into sections told by the six men who were drawn together in the war to be bombadiers and who came together once more, in Chicago, to finally work through the lessons they had learned.

John William Corrington is one of the strongest new voices from the South, both as poet and as novelist. In The Bombadier he has taken apart American society and put it together as a mosaic of people from different backgrounds--each of them truly American, yet truly alien--who trace in final solitude the fears and pains of us all, each strangers in our own land.

What emerges is a vision of life in which everything can become a metaphor for bombing. Fragments of the war, the past, explode continually in the heads of the living. Dead hands reach out toward the present, haunting the living, until at last there is some acceptance of life.

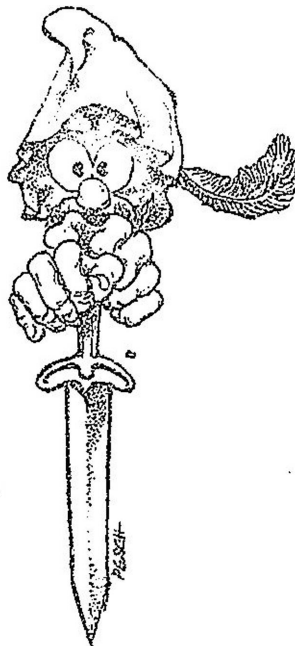
"One can sit amidst the world expecting nothing and everything, knowing that from out there His things were falling minutely into the world to explode within our hearts, our minds, our freeways, our institutions."



This is a powerful and important novel which traces the fallout as it affects the lives of a handful of men, from war and the Dresden inferno to the hell of riots and discontent at Chicago. But it is a novel which could actually be about any of us; we are all equally liable to be corroded by violence, equally able to find release in destructive action.

Even though "we run the risk...of becoming a nation of assassins," it is still possible to work out a separate peace, to realize the dark corners of our own natures as we go out on our daily missions. Ich bin ein bombadier.

--tjc



#### DEATH ON THE GALLOP

head slowly as if measuring what he was going to say.

"Those are the lights on the head of death," he said softly. "It puts them on like a hat and then it shoots off on a gallop. Those are the lights of death on the gallop gaining on us, getting closer, and closer."

A chill ran up my back. After a while I looked in the back mirror again, but the lights were not there any more. The car must have stopped or turned off the road, I thought. I told that to don Juan. He didn't look. He stretched his arms and yawned.

"No," he said. "Death never stops. Sometimes it turns off its lights, that's all."

After a while my petty fears seemed very remote. I was there because I wanted to be there. The idea that my death, either with its lights on or with its lights off, was on the gallop gaining on me, gave me a strange sense of vitality. I remembered what don Juan had said earlier: "The idea of death is the only thing that tempers our spirit."



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Tom,

Please excuse the belatedness and brevity of this reply to your letter. Partly I was busy--writers make dreadful correspondents--and partly I was waiting for the publication you said you would send--but Lord knows when the Puny Express will deliver that, if ever. When an available time slot comes along, it must be used.

Anyway, thanks for your kind remarks regarding SATAN'S WORLD and all. You're right, I'm quite biased in favor of liberty, though not so much in favor of unbridled capitalism. (In the series to which SW belongs, the League is eventually destroyed by its own excesses.) At the same time, one must recognize that liberty has never endured long at a stretch.

Lord Ragland may have been right when he said that the natural condition of man is a state of low savagery, and only under rare and special circumstances is he capable of anything else. Of course, some agricultural regions have remained agricultural for thousands of years; but empires and societies blow through them like winds.

However, one doesn't have to accept this idea with a resigned Bismillah. It could be wrong. Or it could be made wrong. It's not so long ago that people said, "I could no more do \_\_\_\_\_ than fly to the moon."

In my opinion, the greatest invention of the eighteenth century was the social contract. Nota Bene, that's invention, not discovery. Obviously men in the beginning didn't agree freely to establish governments as Rousseau fantasized. But thinkers like Locke pointed out that men could so agree; and the Philadelphia Constitution made it a reality.

Jefferson was horrified by the idea of judicial review. He foresaw quite accurately what it would lead to, in our day. To be sure, the Supreme Court bears only some of the blame for the erosion of the contract. In the long run, no doubt, most of the fault has been in the people.

I shall continue to snipe in the cause of liberty as long as possible; if and when the cause is unmistakably, irrevocably lost, I'll look for the least horrible Caesar to enlist with. You know the old criterion: "He may be a son of a bitch, but he's our son of a bitch." Meanwhile, it can be fun.

Science fiction has sketched out various ideas about alternative orderings of society. Heinlein is by far the best and most varied. See especially the old "future history" series, BEYOND THIS HORIZON, and THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, in which last he has a character toss off a whole string of possibilities like firecrackers at a Chinese New Year.

Then of course there are the anti-utopias that were so fashionable 10 or 15 years ago, but most of them were dismal reading--dull stories, I mean. On the side of better fiction, one thinks of Kornbluth's THE SYNDIC (in which mobs have taken over in America but evolved into an easygoing popular government) and various by Frederick Pohl whose names elude me at the moment.

I haven't done much along those lines myself. In a novella called STARFOG I did somewhat explore the idea of the "Corporality," a private corporation which would undertake many functions of government for a fee; some of its clients were governments. Like the Polesotechnic League, though, it postulated star travel and thus plenty of elbow room. A novelet called LICENSE, years ago, suggested that any crime, including murder, could be legal if it were done under proper license and regulation. A forthcoming novel, THE BYEWORLDER, depicts a near future wherein a superficially managerial state is in practice split up into wildly diverse sub-societies. And a novel currently under construction shows people borrowing and adapting the social arrangements of a nonhuman race. That's about all which comes to mind. It could be interesting, for me at any rate, to attempt more.

Enough. This has already gotten longer than intended. Best wishes.

Cheers, Poul Anderson

Dear Mr. Collins:

March 9, 1971

As I promised during our telephone conversation this morning, here is my article, "The Immortal Enemy," which was written originally as the editorial for the 19th issue of STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES--an issue which will never appear, as the magazine was killed before it could go to the printer for the final run-off.

This was to be among the series of articles on favorite detectives of fiction that I was running in SMS, although strictly it does not belong there, as the Fu Manchu series are not detective stories. I included it because I am fond of Fu Manchu, and I know that many of my readers are also. However, since Sir Dennis Mayland Smith cannot be considered a detective solving mysteries in the sense that Sherlock Holmes, Hercule

Poirot, Nero Wolfe, etc. do, I shall not include this material in the book I am working on, otherwise derived from and intended to complete the series.

You asked for a little personal data....Very well: I've been a professional editor since 1940, when I took over FUTURE FICTION from Charles D. Hornig, and then found I was to edit SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY as well. In 1942 I was made editorial director of the entire chain of Columbia Magazines; this included numerous western, sports and detective titles (although we would not have more than one detective title for a number of years to come), some romance titles and an air-war title.

The science fiction titles were suspended in 1943, then revived in 1950 when we brought back FUTURE. SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY was revived in 1951; we added DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION in 1952, then SCIENCE FICTION STORIES later on when DSF failed to go over due to the glut of titles on the market. The entire chain folded up in 1960 when the distributor threw us out.

In 1963 I started MAGAZINE OF HORROR for Health Knowledge, Inc., and later such titles as STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES, WEIRD TERROR TALES and BIZARRE FANTASY TALES were added. While each title had its own individuality, there was an essential resemblance about them all. All were mostly devoted to reprints of various sorts of weird, fantastic, and the horror type of science fiction published in the pulps of the 20s and 30s, but not confined to the pulps even if the bulk of the material came from the old WEIRD TALES and STRANGE TALES. In 1970, Acme News (of which Health Knowledge, Inc. was a subsidiary) went bankrupt and was taken over by Country Wide Publications, although the name Acme News was retained. I was retained during this period, as a preliminary checkup indicated that my magazines were doing well enough, and we expected to continue them. A second checkup revealed that the first one was in error. We had started production again, and one issue each of MAGAZINE OF HORROR, STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES, BIZARRE MYSTERY TALES, and our psychic-occult magazine, EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN, which I had been handling since 1960, appeared. In February, 1971, the figures came in and all the titles were discontinued immediately. I was released.

I've been a science fictionist since 1928, when I first managed to obtain a copy of AMAZING STORIES; a lover of bizarre puzzle-detective fiction since the same year, when I first read a Philo Vance novel; and a fan of WEIRD TALES and similar fiction since 1931. Became an active science fiction fan in 1935; was an initial member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association in 1945, and the Spectator Club in 1948. I have not participated in apa activities since 1950, when the Spectator Club dissolved, but still occasionally do material for such fan magazines as WARHOON and SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.

Have published millions of words, most of them under pseudonyms, and most of my fiction (western, sports, detective, romance, science fiction, fantasy) originally appeared under aliases. Four novels (one in collaboration with James Blish) have been published under my own name. Most of my published material has been non-fiction.

While I still retain a fondness for science fiction and the puzzle type detective mystery, neither one constitutes either my chief or favorite reading matter any more; although for the rest of this year I will be

reading and re-reading favorite detectives for the sake of the book. I'm doing it as I feel it needs; whether anyone will want to buy it is another question.

Whether I'll ever write any more science fiction or fantasy, or ever edit any further science fiction, weird, or fantasy magazines is an open question. Right now, it doesn't look that way, but I've assumed my career as a science fiction editor was over at earlier periods, and found it wasn't after all. If it is, I've had an enjoyable thirty-odd years with it, even if I never did get rich at it.

Sincerely yours, Robert A.W. Lowndes

Dear Tom,

February 16, 1971

Thanks very much for your letter. I hope you didn't worry too much about the address. It was not quite right, but I once even got a letter with only the name of the town--you can trust to the intelligence of the mail.

I am very glad that you took an interest in my works....I nevertheless must confess your letter arrived when I had just given away my last full-page drawings. Fan artists are rare and I am mostly sold out since I cannot draw too much. But never mind. I tried to do something for you, and now I can but hope you will like it.

I have been busy drawing for about two years now, though I should say that the older pictures did not have a very high standard. But I decided to make it a profession one day in the future. It has to be the future for I am probably (probably sounds good: I'm sure I am) somewhat younger than you, eighteen years old in fact, and just now have to take my final examination in school. It has not been the right time, I am afraid, to try to run the German SF Club's Overseas Bureau, too. But it was worth trying.

I can assure you that German fandom is not falling apart, in spite of the rumors that have been spread all over the United States, it seems. Still going strong. I cannot suppress the feeling that some of the American HeiCon visitors were shocked by those political groups in our fandom, especially by that "left wing." I cannot understand why: there is room enough for them all.

You are right when you say the German fandom has slept for several months after those WorldCon days, and even I have been afraid that it could be a deadly coma, but it has recovered. I think it is only a natural reaction. For months and years before a flyer or something reminded you every four weeks or so of the convention. Afterward, many people were disappointed; some were disappointed about that laughable fan-dress show or that Bavarian Night or similar events, and others were disappointed that they had not been able to convert it into something else.

But I can tell you that the radical group that attracted so much attention in Heidelberg has withdrawn from fandom and now everything is running even more traditionally than before. Besides, there are some more promising new fanzines, edited mostly by young fans, so there is still much hope for the future.

Note: Since you should like well-made editorial work, I just have to recommend something to you. Did you ever hear of ANABIS, the German

fanzine for fantasy and science fiction? Last number (since it's folding) 25 was out January 21, with a wonderful cover in full color and a lot of artwork, mostly done by professionals and semi-professionals. 230 pages. Even if you are not able to understand a single word of German, it is worth buying. I never saw a better magazine, not even professional ones.

If you are interested, write to Horst Christiani, 1000 Berlin 41, Lefevrestr. 10, W. Germany.

Meanwhile I stay with kindest regards,

Sincerely, Helmut Pesch

Tom:

March 11, 1971

Let me explain. The "querulous comments" about the news media are there because I wrote the thing originally for a British student magazine which has long since vanished, taking the original M.S. with it. I felt that a British reader would need a small shock, chiefly because the British news media are limited (by space and readers' interests) in their American coverage. A casual reader, in Britain, might never have heard of "Libertarians."

I normally print my political articles under "Johnny Reb" or my own name. I don't really care; I started using a pen name when I was writing for a local weekly to keep my friends and relatives off my back for discussing the family misadventures in public.

I am worked to death now, but will try to get you some other things about May or June. April is the cruelest month, especially in the accounting business.

Sincerely, Johnny

Dear Tom,

March 2, 1971

Normally I require that a copy of a fanzine be sent along with a request request for art, thus allowing me to see the repro and assure myself that a fanzine exists....I'm sure you know that getting material isn't easy. I have a whole bunch of material that the better zines couldn't use but that new zines can. Some of the better zines do receive material from me if they need it.

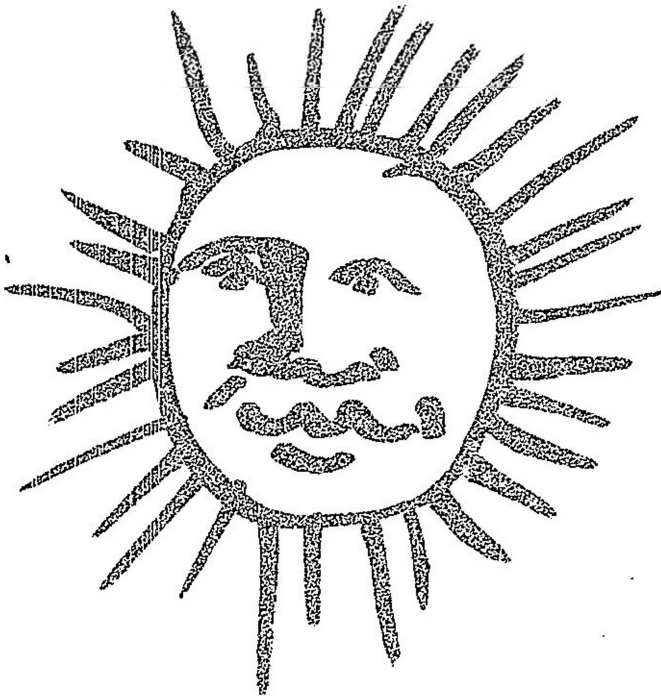
I'm enclosing material by a number of people which I hope will be helpful to you. Please return what you can't use.

Oh yes! Mention the exchange in your zine and give its address. This gives others a chance to take advantage of the service. There is no charge and others may find it helpful.

All the best, Seth Dogramajian

Editors with art to contribute, artists with art to contribute, and editors seeking art, should contact Seth at 32-66 80 St. Jackson Heights, New York, N.Y. 11370





Dear Tom,

"Happiness is a fresh new pen when your old one is worn out."

--Karel the Scribe

Head has been preoccupied with the endless task of economic survival, so the correspondence has suffered. What creative one is left has been going into a novel I'm working on, bits and fragments of which find enclosed. I'll try to get some writing to you as soon as reality permits if not in time for IS #2 then maybe for #3. Looks like Jeff and I maybe will do a festival/seminar/arts/crafts/food/ hap; kind of thing on Grouse Mountain overlook Vancouver, B.C. if we can hold out till 1 Jeff will have a book (The Innerspace Project) out this fall, World publishing. Lots of

bright promising things happening out there in the future, on the horizon.... Will Tim Leary redeem himself? It's raining here. Watch the stock market--it's been doing some interesting things soon, interesting enough to inspire a few folks to learn how to grow their own food, maybe. Invest in land. Invest in land. Invest in land. Beware the Queen of Air and Darkness. Answering the question you raised about credit for materials used last time: God created them all and he used my head and hands for all of them, so give me the credit--at this point in my career I need it more than He. Pleasantly surprised I was to discover in yesterday's collection of mail my 1968 Christmas collage staring out at me from the cover of an magazine. The random juxtaposition of materials was effective, but there should have been more recent historical archives things like the "Digger Handbill," which was both of scholarly and immediate reality interest. More songs. More letters. The least interesting piece to mind was the O. Henry thing. Your poems were effective, surprising, and should have occupied two pages rather than four. I think you're coming down too hard on dog. There is a place for sacraments that work sacramentally, I don't care what J. Edgar Hoover or Eldridge Cleaver says. Sometimes you sound faintly like Dr. Johnson--sometimes you sound like Richard Farina. I think you ought to write some fiction, flex a few prose muscles, create some realities on paper from the ground up. There is a noble plot afoot to get all the turned-on people in the country into California and registered to vote by the 1974 election as a preface to getting responsible people into the national government. The underground/mutants/youth must capture the 1974 governor's election or else the Revolution will happen painfully and violently outside the framework of the Constitution. Between now and then this must acquire by migration, maturation, evangelism and registration a clear political majority. It's just barely possible.

QUESTIONS: What are you doing for money? How does the East differ these days in California? Have you heard any good UFO stories of late? Are you homesick? (sometimes your writing has that tone.) What are the clairvoyants saying these days? What's your Sign? (I forgot.) What would happen if Donald Duck painted his ass blue? Who's in charge? Why? Where? How? etc....

March 8

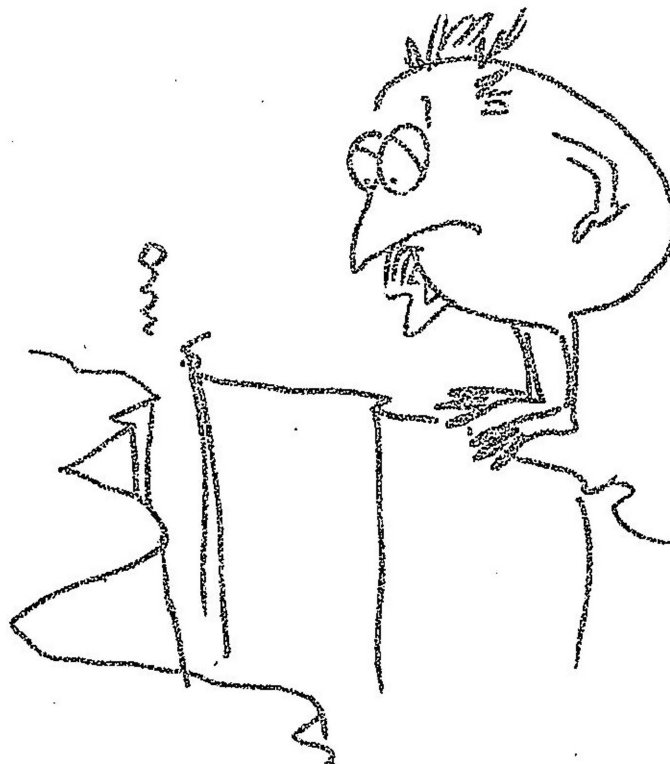
Dear Tom:

Sorry I haven't answered your letters before now. I'm currently in the process of trying to get a Master's degree (which involves, among other annoyances, miles of red tape), and my volume of fan art has diminished somewhat. My correspondances have suffered as well. Haven't seen a copy of is as yet, but anything with O. Henry in it can't be all bad! I'm enclosing a couple of items you might be able to use; they might or might not fit, since I don't know what your editorial image is. These probably won't reach you in time for your current issue, but I hope they'll be okay for the next. See you in Boston, if I can scrape up the necessary cash.

cheers,

Tim

P.S. - NO EARTHQUAKE DAMAGE OF NOTE IN LONG BEACH  
THE NEWS MEDIA BLEW IT WAY OUT OF PROPORTION.



Directives: a) Let's get it together. b) Let's get it on. c) Commune-icate.  
d) Figure out ideas on how to make money. (And pass them on to me.)  
e) Be of good cheer. f) Give my personal regards to the Atlantic Ocean.  
g) Discover secrets of Lost Continent of Atlantis.

And speaking of books—you must read EST: EST: The Steersman Handbook, Charts of the Coming Decade of Conflict, by L. Clark Stevens. \$1.50 from Capricorn Press, 705 Anacapa St., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101. Santa Barbara seems to have assumed the role of the Capital of the Revolution. It's a blueprint for the next 10 years--strategy, definitions, a new and simple descriptive language of social change. It's the kind of book that really gets loaned out indefinitely. If you got the dough you can buy 10 copies at wholesale and pass them around. I think my copy has been read by a dozen people so far. It's one of those books.

A wilderness school in which evolutionarily advanced mutant children will learn the lessons they must learn in order to inherit the earth: metageology; the history of history; family rituals and ceremonies; masks, costumes and disguises; archetypal gamesmanship; the chemistry of consciousness; dirt studies; plants and mind; empty-handed swordsmanship.

My head is still into organic farming, gestalt consciousness, the wilderness community dream, prophecies, Atlantis, science-fiction, and I'm looking forward to the start of the baseball season.

Excuse my abominable handwriting! Write more--more prose, more poetry, more letters. This message will self-destruct in twenty seconds.

With all honor and joy, Carl Helbing

MAY YOUR GARDEN  
ALWAYS FLOURISH  
AND YOUR BREAD  
ALWAYS RISE!

27 May 1970

Dear David;

Are you ready to spill your guts all over the soil of some foreign country like Vietnam, Cambodia, or Laos? Did you know that the vast majority of the US Forces killed in Southeast Asia have been draftees? Are you willing to take this gamble with your life or would you rather go into a branch of service that will train you to be a better citizen, a service that is virtually non-combatant! Sounds better doesn't it! Maybe you are still not convinced and need some additional facts. Did you know that of the nearly 50,000 US Forces that have given their lives in Vietnam, less than 1% have been Air Force ground forces. Wouldn't you rather take advantage of the opportunity to join the branch of service that has lost the least amount of men in Southeast Asia, as opposed to being drafted into the branch of service that has lost the most, and still get the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your thing! Yeah, there is a hang-up! The enlistment time in the Air Force is for four years as opposed to two year draft. The only thing is that the Air Force is not going to ask you to serve four years within giving you the most for your time.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 27th and May 28th I am going to be in my office, (see enclosed card) until 8:30 pm to talk to young men that are about to be drafted next month or without the next couple of months. All you have to do is stop by and talk. If you don't like what I have to say, then you can still take the draft, but at least it won't bother me so bad if I read about you in the obituary column.

BE PART OF IT . . .




AMERICA'S  
AEROSPACE TEAM

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U.S. AIR FORCE RECRUITING REPRESENTATIVE

Sincerely,

  
Robert W. Knapp, TSgt., USAF

