

A LITERARY MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA

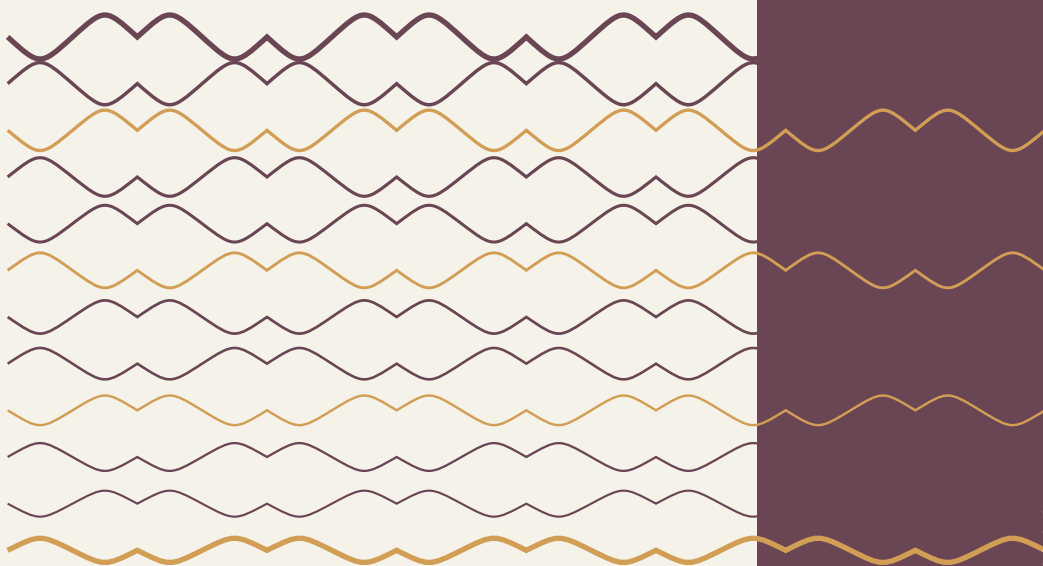
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EDITORIAL DETAILS

See the following masthead page

A CLEAN READING EDITION

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... The law will never make men free; it is men who have
 got to make the law free. They are the lovers of law and
 order who observe the law when the government breaks it.
 1817 -- Henry David Thoreau - 1862

THE (GUEST) EDITOR'S UNEASY CHAIR

OURSELVES AS A MEMBER OF THE SPECIES

Us. We (the personalized pronoun traditionally used by an Editor trying not to be himself have not yet been accused of being a Member Of. Nor has anyone asked, 'who's paying you?' Nor, indeed, has it been asserted that we -- as a Pacifist -- are trying to overthrow the U.S. Government by force of violence. But we aren't clean. We have a rather filthy past, and a present imperfect. In World War Two, as a conscientious objector to the military, we were indicted by the Federal Grand Jury, defended by A.C.L.U.'s inevitable A. L. Wirin (Defended also by the Government's prosecuting attorney who, at the end of our four hour trial, became Convinced.) and awarded a year's sentence by his honor, Judge Leon Yankwich.

Nothing unique here - except that the average prison term served by almost ten thousand war objectors was two and a half years. In prison we met others like ourself who had refused to kill. And a few Lifers who had not. Doing Time alongside us were wet Mexicans, Dire-Act afficianadoes, Japanese-Americans who (while living behind barbed wire in Relocation Camps) had been called by the army and hadn't answered. And Jehovah's Witnesses who don't believe in Christmas, had asserted that they couldn't be drafted because

body else, including narcotics addicts, postoffice swindlers, smugglers, gangsters

in a sense was true, since he'd raped an underage girl.) Also, lining up for Count every hour of the day were some Russian Molokans whose ancestors had come to America to escape religious persecution, some Negroes from a segregated army base (they had tried every scheme to get out of uniform, but 'even suicide don't work ') and a dozen Hopi Indians whose tribe hadn't shot anybody for more than 2,000 years. There was a Florida man who stole a car - which happened to have a woman in it-- making him a Federal Rap. There was an expensive-looking San Franciscan who, improbably, was arrested for impersonating an officer. There was a bandleader whose tune, I'll Walk Alone was hit-of-the-month on the prison table-model Philco. We never found out precisely what he was doing there. There were about 300 other assorted raps (all of them bum) and some of these were actual bonafide draft-dodgers. (The prison system generously makes a distinction between draft-dodgers and conscientious objectors; the former have to be chased and caught by the FBI, whereas war-objectors-- with unforgivable affront --turn themselves in.) For this reason their prison sentences averaged almost 24 months longer than those of the less-dishonorable Americans who simply hid out.

What did we do in prison? Besides Hard Time?

This you wouldn't believe. Broke hard rocks, Made big ones into littles. We

were building a road to Mt. Lemon resort, Arizona, and if you ever drive up there, pull over to the side at Inspiration Point and say a little....

ARTIST AS BENT PIN IN THE BODY-POLITIC

When we walked out f-r-e-e (in our Sing-Sing shoes, Atlanta overcoat, Danbury, Conn. shirt, necktie by Alcatraz, and ten legal dollars in our Leavenworth trousers) (@ nine hours a day, six days per week, our debt to society was paid, evidently, at the rate of .003 cents an hour) it was something like the second coming. Ecstasy indescribable -- with compound manifestations of controlled hysteria. Freedom. You could talk, eat, walk, sit, sleep, go, stay. As you pleased. Damned heady stuff, and we instantly resolved never to be anything but wildly happy for the rest of our jailless life. We took nothing from our own prison since the only by-product was, I believe, gravel. Gravel -- and a memory that still rides down on us in the middle of the night on this sixteenth anniversary of Hiroshima. But we ended the war to end all war to end all war, all right. And after trying happiness for awhile we embraced the image of most other returned heroes (or villains). Marriage. Played house, bought one of those promised postwar magnesium lawnmowers and dusted the soil off the American Dream. No more, the crusades. As artist-writer, self-expression was the thing. Assiduous attention to the latent ego. Self-discovery applied squarely to the creative escutcheon. We're still hooked. But like the Nun who kicked the Habit, there comes a time when the worldly scene demands more than selfmade Nirvana. The time is now; the survivalist -- which lies just beneath the psyche, and to the Left of selfishness -- issues a warning.

Once again you got to reenlist in the nonviolent army. (We licked 'em once, well lick 'em again.) Presently, we are not watching the L.A. Dodgers, Picasso, or Wagon-Smoke. We are going without apple-pie, Charley Parker and Norman Vincent Peale. We are not reassured by Dr. Edward Teller, Billy Graham, General Walker, Adlai, Adenauer, or Jackie and Johnny. We are, at the moment, filthy with peaceful pursuits --S.A.N.E., the F.O.R., War Resister's League, Committee for Non-Violent Action. And other movements which join you if you don't join them first. Presently, we have refused to pay 55% of our income tax. Because? Because approximately that portion is budgeted for our, and everybody's funeral. According to Bern Price, the world is spending \$330 million a day on arms & armies. Every man, woman and child spends \$40 a year for it. For what! for, according to Jerome Frank, a world stockpile of nuclear weapons which, released, will coat the globe with enough radiation to destroy all living things for ten years. The statistics rage on to add that there exist, now, fire power which amounts to '300,000 pounds of T.N.T. per person in the U.S.A.' A rather explosive statement. Something to sit on and think about. Tax refusal is as old as Caesar, as new as W.I.S.P.S., as American as Wm. Penn and Henry David Thoreau. We'll be fined 6% for our pains. But our conscience -- wiser if poorer -- will renew negotiations to patch up an old quarrel. Much more on the subject occurs elsewhere among these pages.

YOU, TOO, CAN STOP A WAR

Increasingly, the man-in-the-street is in it-- The War.

Is involved in thousands of ways. Through taxation. By working in defense. Purchasing things which directly or indirectly abet the war-making posture. By supporting patriotic, nationalistic organizations. (Howpatriotic 'are these groups which would stand up to the enemy with nuclear persuasion and thus permanently inter the very American Principles they profess?) There are no neutrals here. If you are breathing, you are either supporting the war or hindering it. How to offset the harm you do with Good -- how to do more things for Peace than for War?

Thus, the housewife who writes six letters to Dear John, care of the White House, and pleads for peace, should not sleep too soundly at night. Her automobile is the progeny of that shotgun wedding of Big Business and the Military. Western Electric, RCA, General Motors, Chrysler, Ford, GE, Philco, General Telephone, are being propped up with contracts which might, at any moment, cause everything to come tumbling down. She probably buys breakfast foods which teach the children all about Nike, Zeus, Atlas, and Polaris, and very little about the Golden Rule. Even her refrigerator is involved in the cold war, being made up of parts left over from some hot military contact. And her spouse probably works at a job which, in one to a dozen ways, is making the world unsafe for democracy. She is automatically involved in the politics of Cuban sugar, Chinese tea, Volkswagens and Brazilian coffee. She cannot eat enough bread to justify our hoarding millions of bushels of wheat; she cannot throw away anything that somebody, somewhere, doesn't desperately need. And Trendex has caught her in the act of watching Counter-spy -- proof that the sponsor's getting his due reward. The housewife would have to carry her peace placard a long way to offset the mileage run off by just one practice missile. Her electricity is performing some shocking services for Polaris submarines. Even modern gas isn't clean -- oil, Nasser, political intrigue, Guerilla warfare, etc.

Plainly, the exorcising of war-guilts must needs take numerous curious forms. Boycott. Picketing. Refusal. Protest. You have operation Mail-Back, whereby alert citizens return their credit cards to the oil company because it sponsored a program of dubious intent. People are tearing off their box-tops and mailing them in -- not to win a prize, but to protest the glamorization of fighting planes. You have fallout shelter pamphlets being blue-pencilled and angrily returned to Civil Defense. You have draft-age youths handing back their Selective Service cards -- giving the Army a rejectionslip where it counts most -- an act which must inevitably result in arrest, an FBI record, and jail. The road to peace is paved with military subsidy. And even if you don't happen to be rolling on General Tires, \$4,785,000 of yours is in there, making M-17 gas masks.

CIVIL & UNCIVIL DEFENSE

Noncooperation with the war effort is of two types: (a) lawful and (b) unlawful. The hundreds-thousands of 98.6 Farenheit citizens who walk, picket, march, vigil, entrap Congressmen, sign petitions, phone neighbors

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(International Tel. & Tel; got \$2,028,950.00 for target detection equipment), or write a letter to the Times are, at worst, uncivil obedients. Whereas, those Pacifist purists who challenge the dragon and become 'John Doe versus the United States of America are, at best, Civil Disobedients. These are the unwar heroes. They are few, indeed. Like martyrs of Roman times, they pay inflated prices for a commodity (peace) which is today on the luxury list. These are they who noncooperate on all levels; of whom it can be said, 'they are hindering the war effort more than they are helping it...

THE MAN IN THE TIN HAT

But what of the uncommitted millions? Those who've not stood up to be counted? Those who -- in those Galluping polls -- come up with that damnable and safe 'No Opinion' They are, in fact, The People Most Likely To Say

What Most People
Are Most Likely

To say.

No doubt they growl or gasp when no others are within hearing, and shout profanities unto themselves. After all, 'everybody is watching everybody nowadays.' But officially, their doubts and fears are among the best kept secrets in the nation. Intimidated by committees, groups, commentators and the press, they're anonymous in any crowd of two or more persons. Although behind in their dues as members of the great American Middle (42 inches, let's face it) they drift uneasily in a virtual maelstrom of toys, gadgets, budgets, compromises, debts, waste, indulgences, shrugs, winks and, occasionally, honest moral compassion. They're a vicarious kind, ever ready to watch some one else get killed, bonged, slugged or tortured -- providing 'good' wins out in the last two moments. (The cinematic Biblical Epics -- cheesecake, with a moral justification, are still better boxoffice than a documentation on UNICEF. Fearless opponents of child-molesters, cancer, and hit-run drivers, they want to do the right thing -- even if it is wrong.

The man in the tin hat is the last Troglodyte in the tribe -- a holdout from the original lost frontier. He drives to the defense plant in a battered, blueblack Chevy coup while his wife runs over to Martha's for coffee in their 1961 station wagon on which they owe only \$1,679.49. He is overweight and underpaid for the little work he actually does, but is behind on his installments, and in front of the TV screen whenever there is baseball, wrestling, or live trouble of any kind. He owns several guns, but shoots mostly at targets or signposts. He has an outboard motorboat & trailer, drives 488 miles and spends \$103.82 every weekend to catch .003 fish or ducks. And he involuntarily spends 3c. a week for schools with dark (if unstated) misgivings.

The man in the tin hat and the man in the plug hat have some things in common; 'individualism' 'Americanism'; a mistrust of do-gooders, psychiatrists, civil-liberties, SANE, action painting, Khrushchev, Japanese hi-fi sets, local councilmen and John Cage. To them, people who drive foreign cars are fellow travellers, and coal miners who strike during the winter are probably getting their instructions from underground. Both men agree that it was a mistake for Cuba to have been placed so close to the United States. They

think certain Freedoms must be preserved -- the right to spend more for skin-diving than schools; the right to get sick on Monday; the right to indulge one's self or family but ignore the troubled neighbor. And perhaps most cherished of all, the right to apply Neanderthal thinking to the tense present. These are the men -- trampling down the forest in their quest for trees -- destined to become artifacts in the La Brea tar pits. One spends money, the other gets it. Both are abetting and defending the status quo, the cold war, the latent Armageddon.

Withal, - here and there-an improbable thing is happening.

A few Cyrus Eatons have stepped out of line. A few plumbers, carpenters, mathematicians. The men in the hats are laying aside their trout-rods and riding crops. The man-in-the-street is, well, in the street -- marching, along with his wife, children and mother-in-law. For every Pacifist revolutionary thrown into the Paddy-wagon, there's an old lady from Pasadena or Westchester, sliding out of a taxi to join them.

TERMINOLOGY, ANYONE ?

You've heard Pentagonal phrases like 'nuclear posture,' and 'Missile stance, and 'patriotic image.' But nobody, so far as we know, has gotten out a dictionary on anti-war terminologies. Probably you have heard of sit-ins by now, and of course ride-ins and fly-ins. But sail-ins? Certain Pacifists have been bringing along their own boats to join a kind of non violent navy. Object : to protest bomb tests on the high seas or demonstrate against crewmen and workers at Polaris submarine bases. Of course, their ships are usually hijacked by the Coast Guard - and this leads to swim-ins. Swim-ins resemble jump-ins (which the S.F. to Moscow Marchers did at La Havre when French authorities refused to let them land.) And somehow, we presume, fall-ins will become the logical antidote for Fallout.

The climb-over usually occurs where wire fences surround a Missile or Nike base. Sit-downs not racial) are staged on the capital steps, on city streets, or wherever the military has encroached upon the civilian psyche -- which is just about anywhere. Pass-out, unlike Passover, we're told -- has to do with hunger-strikers who (having been jailed) employ this final protest. Kneel-ins tend to be an act of prayer rather than a plea for mercy. Going-limp requires a stiffening of the moral muscles, since the practitioner must anticipate being projected bodily into a waiting van. Leat-letting entails a handout of facts & figures concerning The Situation. Vigils are lonely affairs which may go on for weeks or months. No singing of folk tunes. No prosyliting -- just standing in front of a Chemical-Biological warfare plant, head bowed, stomachs sucked in, as though waiting for it to drop. Poster-walks and Picketing are similar, except that crossing through the latter is not the mark of a well-bred liberal who will probably be called a Commie. A Rally is a large body of war protestors, completely surrounded by cops....

WE (AMERICANS) ARE A MINORITY GROUP!

Dr. Henry Leiper of the American Bible Society has compiled some exciting --if not frightening -- statistics regarding Us. If you took all of the world's people and reduced the number proportionately down to one thousand, there'd

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be only 60 Americans, and 940 who would have to be called un-American. Okay, Dr. Leiper. Now then: the 60 Americans would own half of the wealth.

330 of the 1,000 would be Christians, fewer than a hundred would be Protestants and 230 would be Roman Catholics. At least 80 people would be practicing Communists and 370 would be under Communist domination.

Whites would total 303, non-white 697. The 60 Americans would live to be 70 years, the rest less than 40. The 60 Americans would have 15 times as many possessions per person as all the others. The Americans would eat 72% above the maximum food requirements -- or store it for their own future use at enormous cost. The lowest income group among the 60 Americans would be much better off than the average for the rest. Half of the 1,000 persons would never have heard of Christ (and, if you'll excuse our observation, the other half haven't practiced his principles anyway) but a majority would be hearing about Karl Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Khrushchev. The Americans would be spending about \$850 per family for military defense but less than \$t a year to share their faith with the others.

This, then, is the situation illumined. Should provide third thoughts for those who'd preserve the status quo. And for those militant statesmen and generals who cling to the theory that by pushing a few buttons we're going to eliminate all those 940 un-Americans - wherever they be --and somehow save the 60 of Us? If they don't believe the sociologists they ought to see a psychiatrist...

SAIL-INS (AGAIN)

In our haste to bring this editorial to harbor (or because there still existed the hope that certain authors would cover certain stories for the magazine), we find many details not yet made shipshape. Words must be said concerning Lt. Comdr. Albert Bigelow, U.S.N. ret.) who, in the yacht *Golden Rule*, steered straight for Operation Zero, the bomb testing zone a few years back. Boat was interned, crew served six months, beached in Honolulu jail. Bigelow's gesture preceded a pacifist expeditionary force that cruised across the Sahara desert in jeeps to stop Genl. De Gaulle's version of the gallic bomb. (Bomb was exploded, the objectors interned.) Bigelow's voyage also brought about the enlistment of Dr. Earl Reynolds whose yacht *Phoenix* went farther into forbidden waters, had more trouble. A report on Dr. Reynold's most recent cruise (to Russia) appears elsewhere in this issue. Scott Herrick, prior to his 6,000 mile walk, had purchased a comely sloop (re-christened *Satyagraha*) and commenced yachting up and down the waters adjacent Polaris shipyards. Many a wet leaflet was handed out by cold members of the peaceful Armada; many boarded the submarines, many did time in jails for their pains. Bigelow also helped plan and instigate the trimaran 'Everyman', intended to invade the Christmas Island testing area and whose crew -- Hal Stallings, Evan Yoes, and Ed Lazar are, at this time, jailed. Boat only got 14 miles out of town (San Francisco) when the pinch was made. A more recent 'Everyman 2nd' reversed a court order against its departure (from Honolulu), actually did a lonely vigil on the Johnston Island target before being boarded and arrested. It's crew members -- Dr. Monte Steadman, C. George Bennelo, and Franklin Zahn

(your Guest Editor's sole brother) may or may not be incarcerated by the time you read this.

More could be said about lie-ins -- prone pacifists who (sponsored by the indefatigable Committee on Non-Violent Action) have thrown themselves under the wheels of trucks bearing hydrogen hardware. Arrests and injuries; numerous. This is a witness long practiced by East Indians in their efforts to halt the British Government in its tracks. Chain-ins are exclusively those two or three Pacifists who handcuffed selves to the White House bannister and threw away the key. Got the message across, got jailed. There is even one unclassifiable demonstrator who walked into the center of an atom-bomb plant -- without encountering any guards or signs -- and handed out printed anti-war leaflets. Not arrested; No charges, since he hadn't broken any laws....

IN-COME THE TAX REFUSERS

As will be unfolded throughout these pages, tax-refusal is an historic protest against the militant state. Whereas some war-resisters avoid the issue by voluntary poverty -- existing on incomes below tax level - others withhold that portion which is allotted to 'defense.' A few zealots refuse to pay anything, maintaining that total noncooperation is imperative. (Good point, since no matter what you withhold, Uncle will apply the rest to the war budget.) In practice, then, some withhold a percentage, some withhold all, and some even refuse to file. Latter may result in fine or imprisonment. A few have served sentences for this. Dr. A. J. Muste -- dean of Pacifism, and perhaps one of the most militant anti-militarists -- is presently being sued for back taxes. Ammon Hennacy, the walking-talking Christian anarchist hasn't paid up since 1951, isn't in trouble because nobody can prove he owes anything. On the other hand, Milton Mayer has a test case reversing the procedure -- He's suing the Government. Says State has no right to use his money for purposes which conflict with his religious beliefs.

Which brings up another legal contest that should some day provide fascinating reading for historians bent upon piecing together the historic moves of the twentieth century: The Fallout Suits. Started by Dave Walden and others, they proposed to sue for damages past, present or future brought about by Nuclear testing. If we rightly remember, some 200 Marshalese filed along with other plain John Does. Score: zero. Russia (also sued) refused to acknowledge the claim. Our own legislatures threw it out of court, and the plaintiffs found that it is very costly to sue City Hall. ...

- C.Z.

**HOW QUEER ARE YOU FOR WAR
WHERE SURVIVAL IS MAIMED
TO RESEMBLE DEATH WITH
PORK AND NAPHTHA STREET
FIRES AND A WHOLE OUTDOORS
OF BAD BREATH? ...**

PAUL HAINES

**OBSERVATIONS ON THE CORPORATION AS IT PRE-
PARED ITS PEOPLE FOR THE LIFE UNDERGROUND**

It is told
*of a silly greedy gravedigger
that just to make an extra buck
he went and dug his own grave*

*Voices whispered that his greed
would be punished; fearing
he climbed down in; he quivered
sheltered and blaspheming*

One came along
threw down dirt
said, 'crops should grow here'

'Murderer! '
cried the horizontal gravedigger
with all his last breath

LEE BAXANDAL

LICE

IEPT

THE POWER ELITE

Having trapped us, the lower primates
flip peanuts through the bars
for the pleasure of seeing us spin
treadmills, make public love,
and murder each other with toys
they make us make, then sell us.

MORGAN GIBSON

Among the more notable 'Sail-Ins' staged by members L of the non-violent Armada, unique; partly because he was on a U.S. Government E A subsidy to study radiation effects on bombed Hiroshi-mans when he became Convinced, and mostly because TF P he was among the first (excluding the San Francisco to Moscow marchers) to carry the message to the U.S.S.R. ATRA Reynolds' initial nautical engagement -- which resulted in his capture by the Coast Guard - occurred on the E ON high south seas when, as an unusually moral yachtsman, he sailed into the Testing Zone. A wet, hardy kind of R M civil disobedience. The following excerpted letter from his wife describes their endeavor to carry the message to the very heart of the 'enemy'

Yacht Phoenix

Eba, Hiroshima, Japan

Dear Friends:

I am sure you have all had the experience of being faced with so many tasks that you have been paralysed into inactivity. Perhaps this is the situation in the world today. It has been so with us since our return from Siberia. We returned to Japan on October 28, after having been refused permission to land at Nakhodka or deliver the thousands of messages and signatures we carried with us. (Nakhodka, for those of you who missed the transition in our planning from our original destination, is the civilian port of entry near the military closed port of Vladivostok - just as, say, Honolulu is the proper port of entry to Hawaii rather than Pearl Harbor). Because our mission was one of non-violence and reconciliation, we had no desire to antagonize by demanding entrance into a closed area. We did sail without visas, however, in the hopes that local authorities at Nakhodka would give us permission to enter, as the Soviet Embassy had informed us they could do under instructions from Moscow.' (

As it turned out, we had no opportunity to meet civilian authorities at Nakhodka. In fact, we have evidence that they were kept in complete ignorance of the fact that we were stopped, ten miles offshore, by military officials who made it very clear that we would not be allowed, under any circumstances, to proceed. As we did on our protest voyage into the AEC testing zone of the Pacific, we entered the restricted zone without permission and thereafter obeyed orders. (In the one case, Earle was put under arrest; this time, we were simply refused permission to continue and had to turn back, after sixteen days at sea, and set a course away from the land we had so earnestly hoped to reach).

We had not been given re-entry permits to Japan, but when we arrived at Kukuoka, storm-tossed and weary, the immigration officials were prompt to give us shore passes. They allowed us to remain, although confined to the port city, while we re-applied for resident visas. The wheels of officialdom move slowly, but we are grateful that they moved at all, as we could have been refused even a temporary haven and forced to sail on to some foreign port from which to reapply.

At last, on November 10, the local immigration officer came to give us our precious passes to Japan. (How difficult governments make it for individuals to be truly 'at home' in the world!)... On Nov. 29 we again tied up at our old dock in the suburb of Eba.

Our reception has been heartwarming. Taxi drivers, shop-keepers, even strangers who pass us on the street, bow and say: "O-kaeri!" (Welcome home!). To meet with such affection in Hiroshima touches us deeply and makes us very humble. More than ever, we are determined not to let these people down, these people who have suffered so much and who are still falling ill and dying from the effects of a bomb dropped sixteen years ago.

It is hard to know what we can do to justify their faith, to bring about that promise of peace on earth which man has so wantonly and callously betrayed. We are convinced that each individual must do whatever he can to bring the conscience and intelligence of man to bear upon this greatest challenge the world has ever known. We believe that the solution lies, not in arms nor threats, not in retaliation nor in massive deterrents, but in love and trust and mutual understanding. It is time to tear down the barriers and seek to build bridges by whatever means we can.

On Christmas Day, some of us will be keeping a fasting vigil in the Peace Park in Hiroshima. As we think of the thousands who were vaporized in an instant on that spot, of the thousands who still live in dread because great powers in their preparations for "self defense" are poisoning the atmosphere that all must breathe, we will remind ourselves once again that: 'As ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me

Earle Reynolds & Family

I DREAMED

Bert Meyers

I dreamed of a light that kills;
there wasn't a sound from man.
A clinic of clouds appeared
and the moon dressed as a nurse.

Then, khaki colored leaves
fell from the public trees.
I saw that we'd all come
to the corner to say: Peace.

At last the generals
were beaten with ploughshares
and you and I became
two hammers with one blow that builds.

THE STUDENT PEACE MOVEMENT

from a release by Philip Altbach

s

SPURRED BY A SMALL group from Grinnell College in Iowa, students from some twenty schools have been almost continuously picketing the White House and the Soviet Embassy demanding an end to nuclear weapons testing.

The undeniable growth of the student peace movement can be shown by the Student Peace Union, the only national student peace organization in the U.S.A. It has affiliated groups on 75 campuses, and a monthly publication read by over 12,000 students.

The Student Peace Union is an organization with the strong belief that war can no longer be successfully used to settle international disputes, and that neither human freedom nor the human race itself can endure in a world committed to militarism.

Without committing any member to a precise statement of policy, the SPU engages in education and action to end the present arms race. It believes that to be effective, any peace movement must act independently of the existing

power blocks and must seek new and creative means of achieving a free and peaceful society.

The Student Peace Union aims, first and foremost, at influencing people at the grass roots level to take an active concern for peace, and informing them of the dangers involved in the present situation. The issues of the Cold War must be honestly dealt with. There are legitimate fears and questions. The movement must provide answers based on an intelligent and realistic analysis of the total international and national situation.

Campuses on which there has never been any concern for peace action now have active Student Peace Union affiliates. Students from over fifty colleges met at Oberlin College at the recent National Convention. They discussed problems, both organizational and political. Other regional meetings have considered Civil Defense, Berlin, nuclear testing and the United Nations.

Students have found that direct action projects are often the best means of reaching the campus and community. The arrest of several members of a soap-box team at Northwestern University caused discussion for weeks. As a result, a peace group was started at an otherwise conservative school.

Students Speak for Peace Day involved 13,000 students on over sixty campuses in meetings, poster walks, vigils, and distribution of some 150,000 leaflets over the nation. In Pittsburg, 70 high school and college students distributed 2,000 leaflets in a three-mile walk. In Chicago, almost 10,000 leaflets were handed out at a vigil at a Veterans Day parade. A group at Ohio State took a 13-mile walk to an Airforce base, receiving a friendly reception from many. In New York, 750 students picketed Governor Rockefeller's office in an attempt to halt passage of a bill providing for bomb shelter construction in public schools. At Washington University in St. Louis, the San Francisco to Moscow walkers launched a group which in five months conducted six demonstrations and collected \$500 to build a peace library of 300 volumes and 20 periodicals. At the University of Minnesota students, with a relatively new group, had a series of four speakers, staged a peace walk and massive leaflet distribution, held a seminar on race relations, all within two months. As a result of picketing the Governor's fall-out shelter in Minneapolis, much criticism of the shelter program has been raised, both from the press and the State government.

At the time of this writing, the SPU, in cooperation with other student organizations, is planning an assault on Washington which will hopefully bring more than 1,000 students to lobby Congressmen, the Administration in general, and to picket the White House and the Soviet Embassy.

Because students have no direct political pressure to bring to bear they will inevitably be ineffective without a massive peace movement. The activities of the Student Peace Union are intended to bring some of the possibilities and the problems of an exciting upsurge of activity on the campus to the attention of those capable of building a broad and vital peace movement. The students have shown the way. They have proved that it is possible to build a force of growing magnitude which can effectively call for the United States to change its present suicidal policies and begin a real turn toward peace.

A TRIP TO OMAHA (Normandy 6.VI.44)

John William Corrington

hamlet would have laughed
 his
 tragic socks down
 his
 byzantine eyes
 chips of sullen color
 crammed full of politics
 would
 have gusted sympathy

if he had seen us mincing
 in the surf
 like
 balletgirls armed to the
 tits
 and some shy admirers
 tossing roses from the wings
 that bloomed instant red and
 wonderful
 scattering iron petals on the sandy
 stage ahead

and we thinking
 -- drench krauts with poison
 truth outrage bears
 sling bulls arrow eagles
 lisp banners
 wave travellers to the bourn
 all the lights in the world were on
 and shattering
 above
 before us
 spewing hedges
 rivers mad with summer
 a too too solid
 continent ahead
 to cultivate
 somehow
 and thinking finally
 --dying is a
 bitch
 and perhaps
 the
 goddess
 of
 love

FIRESTORM

(Excerpt from a novel in progress)

By Mel Weisburd

TI WAS HER ROOM THAT first confused his simple intentions and cause L him to suspect that she was mad: a long, high studio with a vier of the cit rimmed through narrow windows on the third floor of the downtown apartment house where he also lived. When he came to her door, an explosion of color that spared neither walls nor furniture greeted him. Hundreds of canvases, Masonite boards, portfolios, were stacked in makeshift stalls, piled or propped on the floor or against posts, tables, easels, chairs. Nothing seemed to have prevented the infestation of her paint: gaudy, gold, metallic pigment applied in spirals and curlicues to the furnishings; carytids, cute adolescent cartoons, caricatures, insignia tattooed to the walls as if on living flesh.

But the paintings themselves were something else! They seethed with hallucinatory detail, crowded and clashed in the optical space of her room. A thunderous lake of incandescence, striking in scattered places around the room in bolts and cyclones of light, playing out the hues and shadows she had waited for, catching even the excesses on her palette and palette knife: European scenes, horned steeples, minarets, bridges, uneasy Baroque, sinewy hard-fisted figures arranged in themes of yearning and oppression; desperate shadows beneath flaming storms of crimson and bright orange. Scenes like memories, wishes, fears; visions magnetic to her fingers; atmospheres awash in the humid glow of a violently rich earth. Landscapes kindling and boiling the atoms of pearled apples! Flesh strokes pinning fruit and drapes down with impervious sentiment; ripe humans, like catastrophes of dreams in the dark, squirming under seed. Every woman's face he ever saw came to him with an overpowering poignancy, filling him alternatively with awe, abandon, jealousy, hate, regret, sexuality. All the significant impressions that ever colored his feelings. Scenes that burned into his eyes whenever something pained him...

It was as if she captured a science of metaphor. As if she had worked gradient on gradient of a spectrum, searching for its visible limits. Each portrait was a personality on this gradient; on one extreme, the ultra-violet of Copra, mounted on his white stallion, on the other, the intra-red of the Princess, her personality blending into her red-masked face. And in the sad, irresolute middle, the ambiguous reds and the rich yellows and thick greens of Range, Lester, Dave, Maru. Why, she was some kind of prism, steeped in the values of personality dispersing them through her painting...

To Didi, there is something stiff and pompous about her scientific friend. But she likes him. He has a beautiful, though infrequent smile which makes her heart jump. But his eyes don't smile. She is on the verge several times of asking him to smile as if he were swallowing his nose. But she is frightened to

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tamper with his seriousness. She likes his confidence and stability, something she had never known around the factory where she has been turning out "original" paintings for Copa's wholesale motel and hotel trade. She feels, awkward, clumsy, stupid around Cavanaugh. There seems to be no way to reach him. If you express compassion or sympathy, it embarrasses people. Nobody seems to be capable of pity nowadays. And even people hurt by life, who appear to be the most sensitive, are brutally insensitive to others...

She does not wish to be admired as a painter, but to be adult and free in his eyes. But it is too late, he is confused by her body and awestruck by her work. He does not see that she needs his help, that she must lunge with all her senses at the world now, rather than wait and train them on to a feebleness. Painting is so difficult ... so dismantling, so much of a ... fraud. She feels she is in the lost ages, seeing through the eyes of dead artists: Monet, Renoir, Gezanne, Chagall, Marc, Chirico. She is not satisfied with the abstractions of the day, the muddy dreams failing, smearing, running; she is resisting becoming a fraud, though it is happening, and she cannot make the grade as a cynic and sophisticate at the same time.

She knows there is something sensitive and kind about him, that he needs her. He does not talk of his childhood, his parents, his wife, his child, and stares into the distance for long periods of time. He does not talk about his work, as if something stupid and humiliating were happening there. How to reach him? If they could only have some common experience, so that they might come to each other's arms with their intimacy and familiarity already established.

But she is happy with him. The beach clothes her world in multiple, analogous passions. A suggestion, perhaps, of a vast system of love, so specific, and yet so general that it bathes the scene of their reconnoiter in a warm constant light.

The beach is just at the right temperature and consistency for life, and she finds great pleasure in the detail. On their hike along the beach they go under a pier and she amuses herself with the variegations of the contrasts between the blinding light and the sudden shade. In midday, it is like a rainforest at dusk, while at the sea-end, the water blazes wildly with light, turning grey and green as it terraces under the pier towards them and floods between the rows of barnacled piles, washing and seething on slimy Walrus hides of mud.

And when they emerge on the other side, thousands of people stand like groves along the beach for miles. And she thinks how wonderful it is to think that a man eighty years old in Madagascar is contemporary with a baby just born in Amsterdam! Just millions of contemporaries! She could just about kiss everybody! She tells Cavanaugh that, and he laughs as if it were a joke, then insists on proof by kissing her into a satisfying indefiniteness...

On the beach, they play with the kaleidoscope, of the type that replicates in perfect octagonal symmetry in the field of vision. Didi is satisfied, that by looking into it, there is no chance whatever to miss what you're supposed to be looking at, and the instrument concentrates her new sense of well-being. She first looks out to sea with it. The brown boardwalk forms a square frame around a white curb, which in turn frames the sand, around the fluttering

blue flag of the Gulf. Lifting the kaleidoscope up, the blue sun-tinted sky blows up from the center of the symmetry into a thick tarnished iron cross. Moving down again the cross disintegrates into a snowflake of bright blue and sand; four moth-wings of wet brown sand and deep blue sea ringed with the mauve of the sky form like petals on pansies. A seagull flies across her vision, exploding into eight, then disappears.

She sweeps the kaleidoscope around and unpredictable compositions flow from the center with perfectly smooth transitions -- a geometrical logic too quick for understanding, but utterly convincing. Whatever is concentrated, dotted, bladed, fenced -- compacts at the center like jewels or snowflakes. Looking at the beach in the foreground is like looking up into sand-sealed walls of a rotunda. When she catches the bronze spire of the faded red stucco of the Pavilion near the Delta, eight thrusting, copper-sided, coral-peaked cathedrals fly outwards and as she moves the device downwards, a roseate stone grows at the intersection of the cathedrals and the yellow shade of the sun and sand bursts forth with cytoplasmic translucency.

But it is the messy things -- ash cans, store displays, magazine racks and covers -- that are the most interesting. These arrange in the most complex but beautifully ordered images by the device: rectangles of four-pointed stars within obliterated spheres enmeshed in an arrangement of brightly colored, thickly bundled lines.

When she turns the kaleidoscope on Cavanaugh, his hands and face join together to form a crown of delectably pure flesh, like a tenderly pronged human succulent. But when she hands him the device and he looks through it, it is with an impatience, and he says nothing. But after that, they walk along the boardwalk, where they take a beach front apartment together.

In the middle of the night her tossing and turning wakes Cavanaugh up. He gets out of bed and sits in a chair to look out the window. It is completely dark. A million pounds of water rip a sleeve of air and disgorge tremendous quantities of water. The water dances in highlights like hundreds of black witches. Wads of stars peck at his vision like crazy moths at an impossible light, and Cavanaugh begins to wonder what it is all about.

Didi mutters anguished, feverish words. It is a while before Cavanaugh realizes that she is talking German.

'Mama! Mama! Boden liegen! Boden liegen!'

'Didi! what did you say?' he asks.

'Sieh nicht auf! Druck die augen zu schliesse ... Das Kohlenoxyd..
Bleib im wasser!'

'Water?' he asks.

'Brandenbomben ...'

He covers her again securely, wipes her perspiration, and she rolls over onto her side and cries, 'Mutter, Die Wasserwagen kommt!' He waits for her to fall off to sleep again, then puts on his jacket and leaves for the night air.

Didi was terribly sensitive to everything. The bedclothing irritated her. Her breasts and organs festered like open sores. 'Yes, Liebling, you are no longer a child to bounce and carry and play with. You have become a woman, her

mother said. And again the illogic of that seized her. To Didi a woman was either some kind of beautiful fancy or some shapeless drudge she would never become. What possible relationship could there be between the growling, hollow feeling in her stomach, the pad between her legs now filling with blood, with a beautiful, fresh woman?

When mother left, Didi became thoughtful. She had heard those sheets tear before, but always in another room. And when she had become curious, and came to her mother or sister's door, asking to be let in, they would say 'not now' or 'in a little while?' 'But why?' she'd ask. 'Adults are privileged to their privacy,' or something like that, would come the answer. 'Is that why we have rooms?' she asked. Now she knew what that privacy meant! To hide the ugly, shameful side of one's nature! And if one person had that much to be ashamed of, what did two have - her mother and her father - for example: Uh, yes, she had known about these things -- what child had not heard, or seen the evidence? But knowledge to a child is bound by beautiful comparisons, examples of flowers and animals. Only now, those stupid allegories were happening to her. And sin, the long concealment of her true nature, and the ludicrous compensation of the flower, were like some monstrous joke.

Thoughts came to her which she could not make sense of. A knife sinking into butter, when they had it, her father's neat and often reluctant lap, the yellow links of his watch fob holding onto his heart and time, the feel of his beard when she rubbed his hands against it, and the way he and mother would kiss, wallowing like huge pachyderms.

And then there was her older sister - Martha - whose intense behavior began to have more meaning. Didi thought of Martha's elaborate preparations with her clothing, her body, her hair. The way she winged around their room, dressing in chiffon satin, fastening rhinestone or ribbon on a taffeta gown; primping before a mirror for hours. What was it all for? To cover up that wound? Her sister was not beautiful, and her eyes always sparkled with hunger and anger. Martha reminded her of dirty words, hypocrisy, and even some of the immodest paintings (they had become immodest now) hanging in the Kunsthalle. And she began rejecting most of the things she had known and had ever wanted. But really, what does a little girl want for long anyway? She wants what she is being made to want. And that is not altogether clear until after, perhaps, this womanhood is forced calamitously upon her....

She fell asleep for awhile, and when she woke, it was dinner time. The pain and despair had ceased. She raised herself on her elbows and looked out her window towards the Isabek Canal. It was hot and sticky and people were strolling over the canal bridges in bright summer clothing. The steeples of the churches -- St. Nicholas, St. Catherine's, St. Michael's, St. John's were all clearly visible over the rooftops. She could hear all the way from Innenstadt the boats and machines of the military there in the distance, and the murmuring of the water in the quays. She watched the greensward in Uhlenhorst and Harvestehude fidget with the hues of the dusk, the smoke from the factories lingering above the Oak and Chestnut and Linden like a net scarf. She wanted to run out and play, and was possessed by such joy and happiness, she could

hardly contain herself. And forgetting about the wound, she jumped out of bed and readied herself for dinner.

At dinner she ate the rations heartily, and did not complain of the austerity, though her stomach continued to growl.

'My, you have come to, Mother said.

'Mama, do girls love girls? '

'Oh, heavens no! ' Mother laughed, embarrassed by the question. But then thinking better of her answer. "Not the way they like boys.'

'Is it because people like each other that they live in cities like Hamburg?'

"Yes, but for many other reasons, too. Your father could explain it better

' But,' Didi asked now, 'if people love each other, why do they kill?'

' Well, because ..' but she could not generalize, for the many terrible stories of her own ancestors of Hamburg who had seen the city destroyed, burned

said, "what do they tell you at the Gymnasium?'

*The usual, but Teresa says she knows what happened to the Jews. She says the military is burning them..

Mother scoffed at the absurdity. ' Leave it to children to spread bestial tales . .

'Do you mind if I go to Teresa's ...:

'Now?'

' I want to find out what I missed at school today.'

' But Curfew is only two hours away.

* I know. I'll be back shortly. It seems so wonderful outside."

Mother considered. 'I do not think it wise. But you are a big girl now. Be back in an hour and do not go north of the Isabeck.'

It was a relief to leave behind the close femaleness of her apartment -- not for Teresa's, she lost patience with that undeveloped creature -- but to wherever the warmth of the streets would take her.

Running down the stairs, she became acutely aware of the neighbors in the apartments, the clatter of their dishes, the noises of their children, dogs and radios, and even the silence behind closed doors. The illusion of rooms vanished, and she sensed the rights and privileges of her emerging adulthood. And into the city itself she went, her footsteps resounding against it, like a hollow box.

Outside her apartment house, the windows in the living-blocks of Eppendorf caught the sun like great sheets of flame, and she dragged her giant shadow towards a field of yellow light. (Looking back through her adult memory now, the scene was very much filled with the threatening shadows and contrasts of the painter Georgio de Chirico.) Walking in common sight like this was a new, deep pleasure for her. Indeed, it was gratifying to notice for the first time how women and girls looked at her with pride and envy, and even more wonderful to allow the eyes of young handsome soldiers to fall upon her sensitive skin. The whole world put on a new face! It was no longer ridiculing her. And now, she questioned all the impressions she had gathered on her

long walks with her father from Eppendorf to the trees of Hagedorn-Park, or Harvestehude, or into the walled city itself, perhaps as far as the Rathaus even -to question indeed the very strange fact of population itself, how the city got this way, and whether it was love or this obscure and complicated force of sex, that made all these people.

Perhaps her new found vanity was insatiable -- she continued to walk, not only north of the Isabek, but all the way into the old city, towards St. Pauli.

In the dusk, she saw through her coming-of-age, her reflection in Hamburg, the city of her birth. Pointed out always admiringly as a credit to her father, and an example of supreme Nordic beauty, she sensed the incarnation of German pride in her that her wound had won her. A paragon ringing with the music of patriotism, news of victory and defeat of inferior, despicable peoples and races. Her stature seemed secured by steel and concrete bunkers, by artillery and anti-aircraft emplacements, the world's best war machines and bravest soldiers. And beyond Hamburg, the war ... what was that but the manly and noble battleground her father had gone to, and who would undoubtedly return triumphant and appreciative of her splendid turn into womanhood. And the enemy, who were they? Treacherous Americans and their foolish daytime raids ... the cowardly British bombing Haven and Heligoland; the Russians, who live like cattle. Yes, the world was made for her, and why could she not walk where she chose?

In Harvestehude, balustrades and hedges embraced country lanes and gardens and lawns. Then came the manors and villas, and then buildings with columned balconies and ornamental balustrades and gothic arches. And then the cobblestone streets filled with women in short, tight cotton dresses and boys in white shirts leaning from windows of tall narrow buildings. Across the canal bridges she went into the old walled city where everything was within reach. The city grew traveled in and the streets opened and closed for her like silent glands.

Over the Nikolai Canal bridge, through the archway, past Der Katharinenkirche and the Nikolaiturm. And then, at last, she made it to the promenade of the Alsterüfe near the Jungferstieg, and the Pavillion on the Alster...

And not too soon, too, for not only had she tired, but the pad had hardened and rubbed against the insides of her thighs like sandpaper. It was good, now, to sit down on a bench, and look out over the quiet water.

The sun was falling and people began scurrying home. But she sat there, not caring, and watched the shadows form like cobwebs between the buildings. The trees now on the Alsterüfe were lovely beyond comprehension. An old locomotive rumbled across the three arches of Lombard's Bridge towards Hammerbrook, and birds jumped into the air and settled in their haunts again when the train passed. The landing stages and military installations she could see on the Elbe from the Pavillion were strangely motionless. And in this feeling of liberty and splendor, she experienced a feeling of profound abandonment, as if she were a million miles from home and would never get back. And she began to shudder. It was as if her body had no mind.

Two boys and girls about her age, she guessed, but not as well developed, passed with their parents. How childish they looked? Didi felt like she was the

only child in the world who was growing up. And she made up a song which she sang to herself:

*Two boys, two girls,
I'm not a boy, I'm a girl.*

And while the world stood still this way, it was, nonetheless, getting imperceptibly darker. Soon only soldiers and their equipment were on the promenade. And she continued to sit there, exploring the newer half of her nature, fancying tangible, make-believe lovers out of the soldiers she found amusingly handsome. She studied the way they walked, talked, smoked. Then imagined herself a man.

*Two boys, two girls,
I'm not a girl, I'm a boy.*

She was a living thing that could change from one form of life to another : a boy, a bird, the water, a tree and back to a girl again. Anything that was peaceful and bounded by its natural state. Love was just a design, a relationship that decorates the eye. Like one of the old chestnut trees she fastened her eyes on, its bark and gnarls like her father's tough skin. She closed her eyes and became a tree, a cantankerous tree, knotted in rebirth after rebirth, sucking upon its own intent. Then she astonished herself at feeling her arms harden with bark, her hair sprouting leaves. With her eyes closed, it was perhaps the last time she experienced how a child mingles truth with words, and knows a tree or a star before she can name it, to be forgotten in the gathering archives of her nature.

When she opened her eyes, the shadows had coarsened and the city helplessly dissolving into night. The city gleamed from the wan dim-out lights coming on like spindles of gloom. A fragment of moon, too, grew out of the hazy sky. The Jungferstieg had always intrigued her this way, and she remembered how it gaily lit up the waters at night when her father carried her in his arms. She was six then. But now, she realized, it would be impenetrably dark soon, and mother was undoubtedly worrying. So she got up, walked quickly, then ran back towards Eppendorf...

CONELRAD

**JUST WHEN I NEEDED A LITTLE DIVERSION,
LIKE CHARLIE PARKER THE ONLY STATION
I COULD GET WAS CONELRAD AND A
LUGUBRIOUS VOICE WAS SAYING - ' GET
UNDER YOUR BED AND PLAY DEAD - AND
THEN CRAWL, DON'T WALK, TO THE
NEAREST ASH TRAY!**

Walter Lowenfels

If she could only sleep, curl up tightly so that every joint and muscle in her body might find its supreme position of rest. But there is blood between her legs and cramps again. She craved to lie down on the bench until the lorry came to take her home. But she dared not, lest she get careless in her weariness and reveal evidence of her now unprotected illness.

Old men and young boys with helmets and gas masks walked back and forth. Several times one of them asked what she was waiting for. She answered, 'A soldier promised to see that I got back to Eppendorf.'

A kindly man with glasses on the end of his nose answered her. 'It used to be war was chivalrous to women, especially to a piece like you, but I'm afraid nowadays it is different. You see, the army, and all the soldiers have been called suddenly away..?

'Well, then, the Lorry can take me home?'

'Where do you live?'

'Eppendorf.'

'That's not too far yet,' he said, rubbing his chin. 'A little girl like you could walk it in twenty minutes.

'But it's past curfew, the soldiers.

'Someone has changed their plans instead of their hearts. The lorry for Eppendorf might come, but then again it might not ..

'Are we to be bombed tonight?' she asked matter-of-factly.

'We never know until the bombs fall. But there are signs which the prudent must heed. Ah, had we seen them before the war! But now I'm afraid not even the Fatherland has the power to save us. Therefore, we must be brave, take care of ourselves and our close ones, too

'Then ... I must walk back

'Walk straight and quickly,' he said. 'And if a siren should sound, go into a shelter, immediately. Would you like some rare Dutch chocolate ..

She had not gone a block from the Civil Defense Station when sirens all over the city began screaming. Immediately people poured into the street, and for a moment, like at the Gymnasium, she began searching for an orderly line, but not seeing or hearing any aircraft, she thought better of that and began running quickly towards Eppendorf.

Had everyone fled to Eppendorf! Instead, people hastened to their basement bunkers assuming it would be no different than on other nights: a flurry of aircraft dropping bombs on the harbor, the all-clear, a little damage and nuisances to be taken care of the next day, a few unfortunate deaths.

She made it all the way to the edge of the old city, when the searchlights came on out across the harbor. She stopped to look. The dark grey sky was like an immense, invulnerable dike. In the past it had held back all but a few bombers. But now she heard an ominous whine of what at first sounded like a single motor, then a low quiet rumble across the sky of many motors piled endlessly on one another, then a rumble that grew in ear-splitting intensity and sharpness. She had to cover her ears from the noise. Then the

wall of the sky seemed to crack and break up into pieces, an ugly black ooze of thousands of planes breaking through like bats from a cave.

Anti-aircraft batteries opened fire, and German fighter planes shot across the rooftops to the invaders. But the city was already lost, for the entire sky moved like a slab of flint against the rooftops igniting into undinal fire, first the Elbe and then the lower Alster while Burgfeld, Hammerbrook, Hamm, Eilbeck, St. Pauli all sprouted into volcanic anemones of fire. The Alster-pavillion where she had sat hours ago was in flames, too. While through the smouldering rays of the searchlights, hundreds of bat-like bombers raged, dropping their black pellets, winging their way over her head.

A blast from somewhere nearby caused her to stumble. Glass particles rained on the pavement. A gust of hot air enveloped her. The buildings towards the south glowed from the intense radiance of the fire. Across a canal, the roof of an apartment house lifted into the air, and its walls fell outwards. The exposed rooms still standing burst into a mountainous plume of yellow and orange flame, billowing a cloud of crimson sparks set strangely like jewels against the drapery of a purplish tinged smoke. And in a jagged swath through the old city, thousands of fires spouted through fenestrations and rubble skeletons of buildings, the fire flowing from one floor to the next like waterfalls, setting fire immediately to everything touched and screaming out of the windows like blowtorches.

The air became dry with smoke and cinders. And what had almost been complete darkness ahead transformed into an eerie, hot orange glow which seemed as mysteriously treacherous as the actual fire behind her. Human panic exploded in her wake -- the screaming, squirming sound of running people she had never heard before.

There was no choice but to run south fast, ahead of the hot breath of the fire. But then she had a terrified thought, what if Eppendorf had been hit, and confounded by the screaming of the falling bombs and the fire and the ever-rising babble and panic around her, Didi groped along the warm stones of buildings.

Suddenly someone running along with her shouted: 'Here! here!' and she found herself pushed with a stream of people down some stairs to a basement shelter.

The shelter was packed with people and their hot hysterical smell. Didi had never seen such masks of terror on live adults before. The children, most of whom appeared to be with kin, were crying and screaming. The air was warmer, more oppressive than outside. A woman beckoned Didi to her. Didi hesitated, but then as she went forward, the light went out. But the hand touched hers in the dark, grabbed her wrist and pulled her down into the lap of the woman. 'You are alone?' 'Yes, Didi answered, her lips trembling. 'Your mother?' 'I believe she is still in Eppendorf?' 'She is all right then,' the woman answered. 'They will not hit Eppendorf. 'I... I'm lost,' Didi whimpered. 'Don't worry, you are not far. You will be safe here till the bombing is over. Then you can go to your mother.' And in the dark a mother's hand stroked her, while the explosions shook the basement, and nearby heavy objects and debris began falling like the sound of waves. Didi pressed her face

into the woman's lap and she could hear her heart beating heavily.

The air was getting very dry, and her tongue seemed to swell in her mouth. The people around began talking. 'Herr Doctor,' someone said, 'believes there's carbon monoxide.'

'Pray, what is that?'

'You can't smell it, taste it, feel it. An old man in the back just died from it. That's why the Doctor thinks...'

'The Doctor is having medical-office delusions ... we are safe here,' the woman said.

'Well, we do not have much of a choice, do we?' the man said. 'I say this is a place where ignorance is bliss.'

'How goes the war on the Eastern Front,' an older man asked facetiously.

'Ach, would that I were there with a gun in my hand,' another man said.

'You should hear what happened in Altona and St. Pauli ..

'Be quiet!' the woman cried. 'Save your inventory till it's over.'

'Better we say our prayers ..

Didi began crying, but it was a dry deep cry that hurt her chest. The woman's hand stroked her head very soothingly and Didi closed her eyes with tremendous force. She seemed to be watching a spiral of fresh, silver-shining water seeping into the colored stones of the beach at the Blankenese. She put her finger into the whirlpool, then jumped into the water itself, and she seemed to see herself with red cheeks wet with water. But the water was only a vapor, at first cool, but gradually turning warmer and redder and redder...

"They say from forty to seventy-thousand people died that night. I have never been able to understand that kind of measure of life, just as we say now so many millions of people will die from a nuclear war. For to me and to all the miserable people there that night - whether they lived or died, it was just one episode of extreme human experience. People who were not there, expect you to describe it as if you were someplace on a mountain or in an airplane looking down on the conflagration. For that you must ask the Royal Air Force, or our own Luftwaffe. But I, I'm afraid, am a very unreliable witness. And that is it! Why not say a nose-witness, a skin-witness, an ear-witness, a mind-witness. Such distinctions of essence would not be true either! How does the world look and feel during a high sustained terror? And what is terror but the wild, blind desperation of your life, clawing, pounding to get out of the walls of your own body? To fly to a safety which no longer exists anywhere.

'And what is knowledge, memory that we pride so much on the beach and in the rooms of this comfortable world? Who even thinks of knowledge at a time like that? But that is just the terror of it! And that terror occupies not just a place in memory like all of the memorable things that happen to us, but becomes an organ, a special sense that enables you to feel the kindling point of matter and to see through things without seeing anything! The narrow tightrope of our life and culture, shimmering above a fiery furnace of black nothingness. A new knowledge and a new logic are born in a vast

geography of fear. The knowledge that everything burns! Stone, asphalt, water, trees, steel, monuments, green shade, color, hair, bodies, thoughts, Jewels, air, everything, but everything familiar, intimate, the prickling flesh and gas of life, even history, yourself, all burn! ... And what is the city then? Zones of death, the organs of a sloth, a wind coughing up life with its smoke, the sucking of the oxygen out of you, an earth that lets go of all its forces, a moon gouged out of the bowels of the sky, bilious hands and forms chasing you into places where no thinking is, a cavernous scream across hot desert plains, a soul in the turrets of its pain, like a fleeing deer running ahead of your blistering, faltering body. The shattering shimmering world of the scream...

"And if you could think, as if you were in the sun and cool shade of the wet world, amusing yourself with words-logic on thin shining paper, where men light matches to their pipes then blow them out with casual breath, or where dry leaves fall to the grass, or wood smoke fills the nostrils on a white winter night, or when food cooks in a fire you can turn on and off at will to the order of your taste -- what do you do to save yourself during a Firestorm? Stay in the shelter where you will die from carbon monoxide, or run into the streets and catch fire from the luminous heat ... For there is no cool, green logic in the natal world to match that monstrous incredible insanity that brought this on, except the force of unorganized love

' For three years after, I could not speak, asylumed behind thick walls, beyond which the world continued to burn. For three years I could not speak, and for a longer time, I did not grow, deprived of the experience of adolescence. I grew within an age of my own; slowly learning how to lay on paint to canvas like thick clots of blood. And when I got out, I was protected by my good looks, because the world is vainly protective of superficial beauty. And because I was thus protected I could afford to miss what others called a 'normal' adolescence. But inside, I was left no choice but to carry on from that wild time, building new memory atop that night like laying on transparent paint -- living like that within a still world within a coma of insight. And what was that insight? Two things. That there is nothing in the world within the miniscule scale of human values, perceptions, thoughts, reasons, that is worth dying for in that way. And the other, that all my elders, my father, my mother, my sisters, my Headmistress, the air raid warden, the woman that saved my life, the soldiers, the flyers, all the civilian personnel ... are mad. Schools were lies, and laws and metaphors were hypocrisies... No, as a child, the future still seems, as it did at the moment of the Junferstieg, capable of being procreated, for in children, evil does not quite brook all of the imagination...

*And looking back now, I saw all these men and women screaming not from the fire, but from their own madness. Their screams were quite different from the children who were to become -but were not as mad as their elders.

The children screamed simply for the protection they were taught to expect, in fear of this confrontation of the unknown, and for the adult world gone berserk. They screamed and cried with increasing justification until the omnipotent Firestorm came to settle that matter once and for all. On the other hand, the adults screamed with distraction, through their minds, for their possessions, their loved ones, for lost illusions and plans, for sudden ironic

knowledge of war, for being victims of revenge, for regret and mercy. The children only screamed for life, while the rest ran, blindly groping along the logic of that scream and terror - thousands fleeing through the streets with parched and blistering lips and faces and charred clothing...

"I was dragged out of the shelter with the others into a wind searing with gale force through the alleys and passages of the buildings. We discovered that going down this street and that, a cool wind would blow from the opposite direction with equal force into the fire, carrying along airborne objects. And in Hamburg, the fire storm had started -- it was all one furnace, one huge combined flame emitting angry blizzards of fire sparks and rivers of smoke. Huge timbers and cars were thrown into the air and landed in a section near us not yet burning, and soon that section would start burning.

'A blast of air pinned us to the building. At the corner, others were thrown to the streets, dead. There was a canal up ahead, and a line of us inched toward it. At the corner, the wind mercifully lost its suction power, and we ran across, down an alley to the banks of the canal... There the woman and the man lowered me slowly down the hot retaining wall into the brackish and streaming waters...

"The water came up to the woman's chest, but over my head. The man helped me float by balancing me in the small of my back, and I was able to keep my mouth out of the foul-tasting water. The woman cautioned me to keep as still and as relaxed as possible. I had, of course, no intention of doing anything else . .

' Hundreds and hundreds of people were in that steaming soup, and more continued to jump or push their way in, down the whole length of the canal. Here and there a dead body floated face down. I saw a woman deliberately open her mouth, sink, and drown herself. I saw another mercifully drown a child. There was blood on the water, some of it my own, mixed with the floating human debris. There was no more room after awhile, and people began forcing their way in, defending themselves, or diving in from the banks, howling, atop the living. Dead bodies were shoved onto the banks. And the stench from the reeking rows of carbonized flesh was overwhelming. And while all this was going on, the skies became silent, except for the crackling tongues of flame leaping across the canals in the distance. The planes had gone.

' But that was just a new and more frightful beginning, for the Firestorm had not yet run its course. The water steamed and became impossibly hot. Blisters were forming on my benefactors' faces. Then the woman's face screwed up in pain and she fainted. The man let go of me, and I had no choice but to flounder to the side and struggle up the scalding bank, which burned my hands, and seeing buildings still standing in the distance, at what looked like Eppendorf, I began running ...

" And strangely, just a hundred feet away, I was cooled by the fresh air from the south blowing into the fire, and I continued to run, trying to follow that life-giving breeze - through a checkerwork of cool grey shadows formed by the buildings still standing, caught occasionally by a torrid street full of luminescent vapors and embers. I ran across streets of soft asphalt, and then, just ahead, I found a small park I had never seen before, crawled on my hands

and knees through the dry grass and found shelter by a tree. I lay there, unable to move, watching the whole thing with a crushing intensity, and not caring any more .

"The buildings on the south side of the canal burst into fire with a terrible roar. On this side of the canal, cars hurtled through the air and exploded; people burst into flames; rubble, debris, pieces of windows, curtains, drapes, furniture flew past. The sky over the entire horizon was crimson and orange. The disemboweled rooms of the wall-less buildings along the canal looked like ladles tilting in lava light. The branches in the tree above me began to break and tear loose, and the tree itself bent from the wind. I hugged the roots and bark of the tree, deciding that I would stay there, come what may. For of all the places I had sought shelter, I felt more secure here -- in life or in death -- and I closed my eyes

'In the blackness of my eyes, I saw a slit of light twitching luminously like a worm within a thin compound of mucuous. It was trying to burrow into the cool darkness for safety, but the more it burrowed, the greater it twitched in agony. The darkness seemed to press on its body so that black specks began to choke its revealed arteries. Soon it would be all black - dead as if it had never lived. But now my concentration, and only that, would keep it alive. But odd sensations began to distract me: thoughts stung like a hundred screaming voices in my skull, and the desire to leap into a dark imaginary canal, a shadow into the intense, the highlight of water and the flashing appearance of life came to me. Strange condensed intellectual generalizations -- the knowledge that a being born serves no purpose but to be shot to hell, dragging behind her screaming ego. Then there was a searing flash, and I felt like a newspaper curling, blackening at the edges, withering from the heat, about to burst into flame, then a sense of levitation, and the heat so intense that I began to feel cold ...

THE TIME MACHINE OF WAR

2.

In the second it takes

Estelle Gershoren To give you this kiss

Another man lies dying

In the moment it takes

1. To make a step

1000 men were dead a child is born and screaming

before I caught my breath In the time it takes

and while I tied my shoe For my words to reach

5000 more had died Your ears beneath the wind

a million men were killed The world has spread its carcass out

who swore they would survive. And soldiers have stopped dreaming.

WALK for
PEACE® DEFEND FREEDOM
SAN FRANCISCO with
to MOscOW NON VIOLENCE

The Walk to Moscow begins in California, December, 1960.

SLEEPY-WALKIE, - Barton Stone

**HIS ADVENTUROUS JOURNIES
ON YELLOW PATHS**

SLEEPY -WALKIE

SLOW IN THE SUNLIGHT

SLOW BY THE FENCE

GOING HIS GREAT NOWHERES

NODDING SOLEMN YES

HERE AND THERE

PLUCKING IMAGINARY CHRYSANTHEMUMS

CRAZY CHEEKS MAKE HIM LAUGH

LAUGHING SHADOWS MAKE HIM SING

SLEEPY-WALKIE HERO

FRIEND OF CREATURES

JESUS SAID DON'T WORRY

*** AMIDA & PLATO APPROVED SO SLEEPY**

NEVER WORRIES

HE JUST WALKS

THROUGH ORCHARDS

AND LOST CORNFIELDS

FOLLOWED BY DANCING BLACK-EYED SUSANS

THROUGH GRASS AND MOUNTAINS

PINEY PLATEAUS

LOOKING FOR US

WITH A THOUSAND CHINAMEN

ANECDOTES

IN HIS EYES

-- Richard Zink Feb. 17, 1961

**THIS WAY PLEASE
DON'T PANIC
EVERYONE IN LINE
REMEMBER DO WHAT YOU WERE TOLD
AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT
EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT**

**DEATH LED THE NUMBED THROG
DOWN INTO THE SUBWAYS
TO THEIR GRAVES
AND THE BOMBS BEGAN TO FALL**

**CHILDREN
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED BY THE SIRENS
YOU HAVE TO GET UNDER YOUR DESKS
MOMMIE AND DADDIE WILL BE HERE SOON**

**DEATH LAUGHED
AS HE CARRIED AWAY THE LITTLE BROKEN FIGURES
AS HE CARRIED AWAY THE LITTLE BROKEN FIGURES**

Reception of transcontinental Walk in Trafalgar Square by 6,000 people

SWIME

***CND**

Wor

Strijdt

The tributary march in Holland

**THE SNOW WEEPS ON WEARY WALKERS.
WALK, WALK, WALK.
WEEP, WEEP, WEEP -- WET.
COLD, COLD WORLD,
WHY NOT END?
WALK FROM END TO END.
END THE WALK FROM DAY TO DAY.
DAY THAT SNOWS AND SNOWS AND SNOWS
SNOW THAT WEEPS ON WEARY WALKERS.**

**AMERIKA-EUROPA MARS
VAN SAN FRANCISCO
NAAR MOSKOU**

*MAAR Een beroep
Aan alle Men op Oost en West voor
onvoorwaardelijke ontwapening
voor ontwapening*

- Richard MERRISS

**I CEASE TO EXIST AT WILL
(I BOAST BUT AM NOT PROUD)
DEATH OR SLUMBER OR DEATH IS A GOOD DEAL OF LIFE**

**SOMETIMES I DO NOT CRY
AND SOMETIMES THE HONEST JOY GOD
SIX PENNIES IN MY HAND I GESTURE IN AMAZEMENT
TOMORROW IS SLEEP I SIT LISTENING TO MY LIFE**

Even flowers and children cannot relieve fatigue
after 40-mile-a-day pace through Soviet Union

АМЕРИКАНСКО
ЕВРОПЕЙСКИЙ

САН -
МАРШ

МОСКВА
ПРИ НАРОДЫ ФПРИЗЫВАЕМ
МоБы Они
І ПОСТОРОННО
КРУЖИЛИСЬ

By Byron Pumphrey

EDITORIAL NOTATION:

There exist but three choices relative to the problem, war:

1. Blow up, and/ or be blown up.
2. Remove the causes & means for war.
3. Emigrate.

The ensuing observations, excerpted from a long and as yet unpublished essay by the author, deal exclusively with the third choice. Pumphrey did emigrate. Several years ago. Which makes him a charter member of the New Wave of citizens seeking environments where a more permanent and constructive way of life is possible. The arguments for and against Deserting The Sinking Ship usually make scurrilous reading. There are those who would rather be dead than red, and 'cowards' who would live to fight another day. And, fortunately, others who would lie down with the lambs and lions to dwell in Christianly peace. According to patriotic legend, only rats desert the sinking ship -- the brave man drowns, humming the first and (if time permits) last stanzas of The Stars & Stripes Forever. Realistically, of course, the crew tries to swim ashore and sign aboard another boat....

So it was with our own Pilgrims, Puritans and Quakers; having decided they were on the wrong boat, and convinced that the captain was off his course, they became internationalists and deserted. Today, Quakers and (Russian) Molokans have colonies in several parts of the world. One can also recall innumerable cults, groups and sects which have moved through the wilderness of history to areas congenial to their peculiar ideology. All nations continue to have defectives who, for one reason or more, took on an adopted parent. (You cannot choose your ancestors but you are free to make your own friends.) The fact that there exist ex-patriots should not necessarily reflect on the nation, itself. In fact, even, "what is good for General Motors" may be good for some people. Point being, there should come a time when each of the world's humans will be permitted to live in whatever social environment suits his psyche.

Emigrations reached peak figures during World War Two, with Jews and with citizens of many nations escaping to less-inimically regimented areas. Even so, the majority stayed home and took the chance-which, in the case of some millions, turned out to be the death penalty. There is good reason to go, then, unless there exists a better reason for staying. And today, people are again on the move. They are moving to New

Zealand, Australa, South America, India, the south seas, and even Chico, California, which has been designated by one group (after painstaking research) as the Spot Most Likely To Be Habitable If. . . . Pumphrey, who is drama critic for FRONTIER, and a sometime writer with a very free lance, tried Arizona and the Ozarks. Vacated his home in the West, stored the furniture, and turned East. But as Thomas Wolfe complained, you can't go home again? The Byron Pumphreys found that they no longer belonged back there. And there was the problem of trying to turn your back upon what, ultimately, lay ahead. They returned, they're here; and they are trying to move the mountain away instead of themselves. Because of space limitations, COASTLINES had to delete most of the philosophical and geographical ramifications of the Pumphrey odyssey and concentrate only on the summation. Our sole progress report from someone who actually did it. This doesn't negate the experiments of other Garry Davises -- citizens of the world -- nor the 30 families now living cooperatively in Beeville Community, N.Z. Nor groups quietly weighing anchor for Canada or Mexico. The individual must serve in the way he serves best. And, for Pumphrey, there is no possibility of discovering any refuge at all: 'The only answer is a whole-hearted supra-national drive towards peace?

Progress with its advantages exacts its price. And the price is that man becomes more and more dependent upon his cultural environment and the technology he has evolved for dealing with the problem of nature. As man's culture becomes more complex, his ability to deal with his natural environment as an individual weakens. In coming to rely upon interdependent group skills to meet his needs, he discards and eventually forgets those fostered by a primitive or a pioneer culture. He can no longer deal directly with nature in the way open to past generations. This is not to suggest that man was not always dependent upon his group for survival. Such undoubtedly has been the case since human consciousness evolved. Our western civilization, however, has created a condition wherein man's culture mediates his relationship with his natural environment in a much more decisive way. Now, when he interacts with his natural environment, he acts as the agent of his culture. As such, he draws upon all the resources of his culture for dealing with it.

In the perspective of these reflections the plan (emigration) that had once seemed so radical and realistic now appeared visionary and romantic. I couldn't reduce my life to it, and I don't think very many of us can. Let us, however, be careful of rendering judgement upon so vital a matter. For me, possibly, the plan was visionary and romantic. Perhaps I came to feel this was

would another, my own inadequacy to the kind of an environment that the men who survive an atomic war would have to challenge. In any case, I discovered that I was committed irrevocably to my cultural environment, to

that which nourished and sustained me spiritually, intellectually, and materially.

Thus our plans collapsed not so much in our heads as in our hearts, though they may have been feasible for others.

The probability that we shall have World War III, rationally considered, is far greater than that we shall avoid it. In 1945, one atomic scientist placed it between five and ten percent. Should it come, man is due to experience the greatest psychological trauma of his recorded history. Possibly some cultural islands in our country will survive. In that case similar areas in other countries will doubtless escape destruction. Possibly enough knowledge will survive to build anew. No one can accurately answer such questions -- not even the scientists who have studied them. In his article, 'The Future of Man', in the ATLANTIC, Bertrand Russell writes, '... unless something quite unforeseeable occurs, three possibilities will have been realized before the end of the century: (1) The end of human life, perhaps of all life on our planet; (2) widespread destruction of civilization and reversion to semi-primitive conditions following a catastrophic diminution of the population of the world; (3) a peaceful world under world government.' He inclined to think the second possibility the most likely. It was the one that most nearly corresponded to my analysis, with the difference that I was a bit more optimistic concerning the skills that might be saved.

Nevertheless, my feeling was that whether the bomb was dropped next day, next week, next month or next year, I had to go back and renew my efforts to build a peaceful human community. If there was still an outside chance of 5 percent for civilization, or even 1 percent for that matter, I had to do my bit to make that chance count. I had to return because I could fulfill this function at home better than somewhere else. With my increased awareness of my relationship to my cultural environment it was more important to make the percentage, however small, count, than try to escape in the hope that I would be around when man started building his culture and technology anew. If there was any pioneering to be done, I would be more effective as a cultural pioneer now. The rugged specimens and necessary skills that perhaps would be needed later would be equal to their parts; definitely, it was not my role.

The atomic scientists, who have felt the awful shade of this shadow as much as anyone, have been wrestling with this problem of individual responsibility in the pages of their Bulletin ever since they started this publication. Recently they ran an article called The Christian Conscience and Weapons of Mass Destruction --a report of a commission appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The article pronounces judgement as follows :

Thus to accept the inevitability of war is morally wrong because it is a surrender to irresponsibility, it is religiously wrong because it involves a pretension on the part of man to know the future with an assurance not granted to man.

Although I admire the intention behind this ethical pronouncement, I cannot be so morally certain of its correctness as applied to each individual. Moreover,

the word, inevitability, is loaded. Man bases his calculations on probability and being a creature bound to time has the responsibility of facing up to the future. The Bible gives us stories where, faced with social disintegration, the heroes of these tales did not hesitate to choose the best means of surviving in what they regarded as an impossible situation. Thus Noah built his ark and the prophet Isaiah based his hope on a 'saving remnant.'

In one of those science fiction yarns that play so important a part in orienting us to the shape of things to come the Earthmen arrive on a hostile planet and become afflicted with a virus for which there is no remedy. The Commander of the expedition asks one of the characters what he would do if he were suddenly to find out that he had no more than two months to live. 'I suppose I would go on living pretty much the way I always have,' the man addressed answers. And the Commander agrees that it's 'the most reasonable answer anyone can give.'

This analogy does not wholly correspond to the situation humanity faces today. There are alternatives both for the individual and society. Each will have to make its own decision and the decision the world makes will be the resultant of the decisions that all of us individually make.

Provided living in one's customary fashion is understood in the sense of carrying on his work, duties and responsibilities as best he can, probably, for most of us, it is the most reasonable answer. But if it means not facing the facts of this new age and not seeking a solution -- if living as one always has meant that -- then it's no answer at all. Better the man who takes to the wilderness. At least he's trying to solve the problem. There are far too many by-standers of the type Thomas Sugrue tells about in his *American Notebook*. Two trains collided while this character looked on. At the official inquiry the Investigator asked him a few questions: 'You realized that both trains were occupying the same track?' he was asked. 'I did,' said the witness. 'You did nothing about it -- did not call out or run to warn someone?' the Investigator said. 'I did not,' said the witness. 'You just sat there?' said the Investigator. 'I did,' said the witness. 'Did you think?' he was asked. 'I did,' said the witness. 'What did you think?' asked the Investigator. 'I thought to myself -- "that's a hell of a way to run a railroad." Sure. But who's the greater fool? The man at the throttles of the state, or the apathetic citizen whose railroad civilization is headed for a wreck?

GOOFATUM

In the last issue, grievous harm was done to one poem and one title by David Rafael Wang. The title was: O, MAO TSE-TUNG, FROM THE GRANDFATHER CYCLE. The poem was: PROCLAMATION: FROM A SICK BOURGEOIS. O, MAO ... does not belong to the aforementioned title. It belongs in the PROCLAMATION... as the third line from the end, in place of the line: 'within a single line,' -- which was there by mishap. Our apologies to Mr. Wang, and a curse on the printer's gremlins.

Maurine Blanck

It seems to be, that is,
Some men are leaders,
And the others are followers,
That is,
Some men have swords and the
*Others don't;
Like the*

Twenty-four samuri
In search of a peasant.
They all had swords, the
long Japanese kind
Slung over their shoulders.
And swish, swat, your
Head rolls off.

It is done beautifully and
Professionally,
in the most artistic manner,
That is, the butterfly quivers a little,
And flies away
Unpoetically in this odd situation.
However

The twenty-four samuri are still in
Search of a peasant,
That is they have no one to
Lead, and therefore they are
Extremely polite to one
another in self-imposed
Strain and forbearance.
It is our obligation to
Sympathise with them in their
Asocial plight, for it is
Unusual for them to be without the
Sowers and gatherers of wheat,
And lonely for them to jangle their
Aggressive swords by themselves.
Usually it is twenty-four peasants in
Search of a Samuri,

But now they are
All alone with their picturesque skill of
Cutting off heads.
I feel sorry for them, for they are all
Equal now, and are
No longer lords of the earth.
Sowing and harvest continue

Documented by artist and film maker,
But the samur have no peasant,
And the Twenty-four must have a conference,
And give up their
Swords to an elderly craftsman who
Finds uses for
Old possessions.

DOOMSDAY AND COMPONENTS

by Alvaro Cardona-Hine

there is more than one skeletal eruption
one brutal eyelash tattooed upon our sight
while hunger stretches off in vast horizons
this fat and blinded land prepares for war

in other lands the cross is not a cross
but a letter that all the children spell
backwards and upwards and in dreams
(of all our wars only this one is sacred)

who can the insistent teacher be?
never an A never a happy lullaby M
to remind them of their mother's breasts
always those t's and still more crooked t's

armies and generals are camped
beneath a momentary lull
they hold their breath they wait
they look through their binoculars

meantime those cemeteries shudder in the mist
those tombstones lie buried under moss
that moss under the morning dew
voices and laughter come cradled in the wind

in other lands if a crumb falls from the table
twenty hands snatch at it
one takes hold nineteen form a fist
only the fist holds hope

Should I turn around to glance back, I would remember, mostly, the exterior of our building; its quiet sweep of flagstone walk that gives way to gothic, stainless-steel arches. Glass comes to mind -glass, chrome, and volcanic rock façades -- separated from Essex Blvd. traffic by geometric plots of dichondra which, in themselves, give way to tenderly cared flowers, forever in bloom.

Remember glass, you remember architecture; the Satire contemporary one-story octagon with its moveable sliding lead and concrete panels. Rising from its center is the much-discussed flagpole, one of those engineering unbelieveables of thin steel tubing criss-crossed with struts, tapering off to absolutely nothing at both ends. Much discussed; partly so, because the Stars & A Stripes are perennially flown at half-mast, so that, from the boulevard, the flag is hidden by our roof-top air-conditioner. Why Old Glory remains at the position of mourning I shall explain presently; just now I should like to remember not to forget to remember D certain of my associates who shared the curious joys and tribulations of the project at SADCO. SADCO, itself, I shall discuss candidly. But in Recall, first and last, Dr. Junior Feasel comes through the most clearly --a man serene, integrated, and gifted with the wonderful expressionless eyes all of us here would like to emulate. Dr. Feasel could hold his own with any machine in the building; despite the man's age, his nimble fingers danced over the buttons and keys with the virtuosity of a Master. Feasel was totally without symptoms of anger, hate, love - an emotionless mechanism wholly given over to the demands of objective logic. It is said that his body temperature was at all times 3.4 degrees below normal. I do not know. Certainly his office was kept at 58, and he
wore no underclothes. by Curtis

If you remember Feasel, you cannot forget H. J.K. Zahn Bagby. Bagby I picture bent stiffly over the water-cooler in the Peace Lab. Bagby developed a drinking-cup phobia in march -- the result, I suppose, of too much paper work on the Venezuelan Obliteration Problems. Bagby! Outwardly round, soft, corpulent. Yet, inside, he was all mathematics. Bagby and Paula Reiber are the faceless names that came to you in the night, asking for punishment. Both suffered from feelings of 'unworthiness,' Each concealed overt mani-

festations of Group Pride. They came to you begging for retaliation. They had failed their destiny; had proven unworthy of SADC0. They wanted you to give them some new instrument for flagellation. Bagby, Paula Reiber, General Horn, Professor Reek. All felt, at one time or another, inadequate to the challenge. Some, like Roland Foopmeyer, became victims of dexterity malfunctions, hitting wrong keys and messing up friendly nations. Regrettably, Foopmeyer fought his machines, and they fought back. When last seen, he was in a wheel-chair, his fingers clawing meaninglessly at space while his agonized lips whispered nuclear equations. Foopmeyer brings up Bagby and Bagby gives Reiber, who suggests Reek, Reek and I spent a pleasant autumn together on radioactive contamination. He had just been put in charge of the Pacific Ocean. I was experimenting with mutations, trying to breed a population of mental drones for the Chinese Problem. We developed a relationship for awhile. Then (if I correctly remember) Reek's IBM-built Obliterator began to show resentment. At first it over-compensated. Later, it turned out emotional answers which became outright lies. Then, in a completely schizoid burst, it under-over-compensated, blowing up the Marshall Islands on paper and causing us considerable embarrassment. But this is getting ahead of my introductory remarks. I hope, first, to intelligence the lay reader on the grave responsibilities to which we, at SADC0, have consecrated ourselves.

To do this I must look to memory. This is difficult. Memory is dependent upon events past. And at SADC0 -- where we have caught the future -- only the present exists as memory. As Dr. Feasel points out in his masterly, if provocative, book; 'Yesterday at SADC0 is the day after tomorrow? The past, then, is superimposed upon prophecy here. I don't think it too digressive to add a paragraph or two from page 1,588 where he says, 'Man, today, is highly concerned with learning everything about nothing. At SADC0 we know that the future promises nothing -- indeed, tomorrow's world shall have in it a great deal of it (Nothing). Nothingness is, therefore -- in reality --All!'

It is this kind of cerebral algebra that has gotten us where we are today; obviously, since there is no past or future, the present must be an educated guess -- subject to constant revision.

Paula Reiber (appropos of this) was an educated guess. She used to describe herself as 'strictly a present-tense type -- no past, no future? The latter prophecy, regrettably, proved correct. The former, also, we believe to be true; her relatives and friends were gassed during world war two; she married a Chinese multi-millionaire at the age of eleven. The 'eleven,' itself, is an educated guess, since Paula is still legally dead in Budapest. She enjoyed telling new personnel that her merciless objectivity was made possible because she had no worldly ties. 'Funny thing,' she would say, in her low, animal voice, 'I have a Death Certificate but no Birth Record.'

You remember Paula Reiber in third-level Recall; remember her excellent paper, titled -- albeit pompously-Some Instances of Bone Decay Resultant From Induced Chemical Bacteria In The Pakistan Problem. There was a strangeness, a strangeness; the frankly masculine face, yet delicate and noble and unchanging. The imprisoned contempt for all members of either sex; genuine, and yet controlled, And her thin, supple fingers which exploded

over her buttons when a machine problem arose. Watch Paula; examining her plain countenance in a mirror to make certain she revealed no misleading signs of femininity. Know that her trousers were always creased, her necktie severely knotted, her watch-fob twirling from a vest pocket when she moved. An educated guess? Precisely that; for there was little to recommend Reiber other than her service with the Underground where she had personally accounted for seven men and two teen age girls. That, and the fact that she had been purged of the common emotions. There is no place for love or hate at SADCO. Problems relative to altering the universe are hardly to be solved through spontaneous acts. 'Morality and immorality,' as Feasel points out, 'are the twins of failure -- born in bondage to the parents of misery.' A motto on the wall in Professor Reek's office puts it less delicately; We Don't Want Men Who Kill For Now. Give Us Men Able To Kill For Tomorrow.

Yet, as I have mentioned, you keep getting tomorrow mixed up with today, because today, of course, at SADCO, is tomorrow.

Perhaps this is why I keep confounding myself with memories of Paula Reiber - a way she had of sensuously licking postage stamps -- her practice of feeding problems to her Calibrators, removing the answers, then crumpling them before beginning to read. Once, she set fire to South Africa, won a hundred percent casualty answer, then proceeded calmly to burn the pages with her lighter. I remember that H. J. K. Bagby asked her why.

'Why not! The machines and I can repeat any time we wish!'

Note that she said 'we.' Her relationship with the machines was beyond question. Yet, she suffered from mental ailments they never seemed to catch. I think, now, she secretly resented the fact she was legally dead in Budapest; I think so because she joked about it often - darting into my compartment without bothering to trip the warning devices which invariably beeped Consternation Alerts that, in turn, started the decontamination pumps.

'Miss Reiber!' I would say, "I must again beg of you! We, here, do not intrude without written permission!"

'But I didn't! How could I if I'm not really alive?'

A SADCO man cannot be too vigilant concerning conversational overtures. One word leads to another; soon, words have given way to thoughts. And as anyone knows, thoughts can result in thinking habits which incubate Attitudes. It is a good thing in such explosive situations to recite a quote or two. It helps unnerve the recalcitrant, bringing his or her ramifications back into the perspective focus. In this instance (it recall serves me) - quoted from page 1,390, paragraph 19 of Feasel's chapter titled, Readiness Among Members of the Citizenry: there, he points out, Familiarization breeds Content, and Content is the Plastic Toy of the American Bourgeois.

'But I wasn't familiarizing,' Paula said, rather sickeningly on that occasion.

She was, of course, dangerously near a Personification Level. Five more words - nine at the utmost -and she would have started to remember a dream. Dreams, I need not point out, are a safety-valve for malcontentedness. A man gone sick in Missile mathematics will use dreams as a device to confess. You are -- should you listen -- compromised. Forever afterward, you carry with you the burden of his guilts, You know, You have information not shared

by the group. Technically, you have indulged in a conspiracy of misgiving. Dr. Brainard did this; Brainard I see now, rocking back and forth on her heels, listening to the personal tribulations of another, her index finger hooked into her vest as though she were about to spit in tragic emulation of Feasel Brainard was sent back to SLOPE where, for all I know, she will spend the rest of her life doing fractions relative to Polaris submarines.

There is a strangeness, a sadness, in these things. The human equation - confronted with its moment of immortality -- soon withers on the vine of immaturity. I sense this whenever I glance out the windows to Essex Boulevard where the citizenry goes its self-centered way afoot or in motor cars. Few of them are aware of SADC0; they may note that there exist no signs to declare our role as custodians of their destiny. They may observe that our flag flies at half-mast. They must surely see that there are no parking lots here, no employees coming or going. Yet, many of them assume that we are merely another of those Southern California plants where they turn out parts for vacuum cleaners or outboard motors, or any of those indescribable electronic devices which perform unexplainable tasks for the aviation industry.

I should explain here and now that such is not the case. SADC0 stands for SCIENTIFIC APPROACHES to DEFENSE COORDINATION, ORIENTED. We are -- to be absolutely forthright -- dedicated to the problems of global destruction and, if necessary, the entire universe. Because we have been entrusted with the defense of a Free World against the enslaved one, we are personally to be held in account for the future (if any) of every known living thing. It is a heavy responsibility, a glorious challenge to the imagination. And what of the future? (Should that problem arise!) Again I must quote Feasel who says on pages 2,187 and 2,188, 'We do not know what forms the Afterlife shall take. But we do know that the price of life always has been, and always will be, death? Liberty comes high; an apathetic citizenry -- never truly weaned from the soft indulgencies of personal ego -- is unable to see the forests of bondage for the tree of sacrifice. Few would give their lives unless prodded. But (again) as Feasel points out, 'we do not really have a birthright; we did not ask to be born. How, then, can we demand a right to live! SADC0 is that instrument of determinism which charts the where, how, why and when of survival; we know precisely how long it will take how many missiles to go how far and kill so many. We also know how many will come here from where, when, and kill how many, so-many seconds later.

'But isn't there a similarity between the work you do at SADC0 and what they are doing over at RAND corporation?

It is an oft-asked question, usually put by journalists or television interviewers. Today, many in this glorious nation have heard -- albeit with mixed concern or awe -- that Rand is the 'think factory' for the Pentagon. SADC0, however, is the brains for Rand. They come to us, hats in hand -briefcases bulged with loose ends and unsolvables -- and we go on where they left off. As Feasel warns in the prologue of that astonishing book, .. so long as machines permit men to do their thinking for them, machines will be only as good as, or as bad as, men."

I think, in a way, this explains where Rand fails and we succeed; granted

- the former's strategists have rendered admirable formulae for global obliteration, induced diseases, and mass suicide -- man's solutions to man's problems. But I don't think I need to point out that there exists no room for the Human Equation in modern war. As Paula Reiber observed, Rand types try a little too hard to relate to the Group, the Whole. Most of them have been through the Universities, and this, in itself (coming during the impressionable years of youth) leaves them with environmental conditioning to be overcome. Again, Rand people tend to pride themselves on 'balance,' believing that it is good to dabble in the arts, sciences, and humanities. Many of them are married to persons of the opposite sex; not a few have children or relatives. Some have friends on the 'outside' -- a factor that impairs the merciless objectivity needed for the task. Also (and I must say this candidly) Rand employees are to be found dining in public places, driving cars, watching television or movies during leisure moments, and even engaging in lectures, debates or panel discussions. There is no room for discussion in a world impaled upon the talons of socialistic zealots. As Feasel laments, 'Discussion is the vacuum into which we pour the energies meant for personal sacrifice.'

In that great man's book which describes, in part, some of our goals here, Dr. Junior Z. Feasel has omitted a great deal about himself.

He is rarely photographed or painted. Modest, with supra-simple habits, he has a dogged sense of direction which will not be deterred until the final button has been pushed. His remarkable wide, vacant eyes remain ever unfocussed, except when he is engaged in a mathematical exercise. He began his career at SLOPE, specializing in Chemical Incendiaries, then quickly graduated to cyanide. He had been with SLOPE less than a year when he outlined what is now known in scientific circles as 'Feasel's Fulcrum' (not to be confused with Bloor's Law, which confines itself to self-forming human acids). In a brilliant paper he proved beyond question that the entire continent of South America can be melted - if and when the time comes - for less than 2.6 billion in dollars, and with fewer than eight battalions of draft-age expendables. Curiously enough, Feasel was rejected by Rand when he offered his services there in 1957.

Ah SA Doin in my diese see, by a direck of the above that my oughts a subject, then leave it and bridge over to another.

It is easily explainable; we here -- in our unstinting endeavour to emulate or equal the machines -- find it burdensome to communicate with the common members of the populace.

The gulf is enormous; and, I fear, insurmountable. Were I to tell you that General Horn is at work on PSYCHOLOGICAL RAMIFICATIONS OF OVERT BEHAVIOR UNDER INDUCED CELLULAR BREAKDOWNS IN SATURATIONS OF 4300 (after Bloor's Law) you would know precisely what I meant. However, if I attempted to describe the whole, alarming picture of PSYCHOMANIFESTRAL PROGNOSIS THROUGH ROTOGENS, as indicated by the Latex Blanket, the reader would be lost. The Latex Blanket is, in itself, fairly complex; yet we know that the Russians will use it if provoked. In communicating, therefore, if I appear to touch upon non-related subjects - for example, the fact that Miss Reiber has

flagellation tendencies -- it is because in talking-down to the layman I sometimes plunge headlong into Recall, introducing topics of past or future reference. Purposely, I have refrained from giving this 'communication problem' to one of my machines, aware that the layman would have no adequate device -- mechanical or mental -- to insure a relationship. Relationships are important; that is, relationships among the machines. A great part of our work here is keeping the IBM Disintegrators happy. As an aside -- my personal secretary is out being repaired at this very moment because of some ridiculous involvement which resulted in failure among the lower-keys.

But now, as to SADCO; I've indicated that we are humbly dedicated to the problems relative to unleashed fission (and, should the matter come up, Survival). Approximately one thousand of us live and work here in an anonymity of body and soul. None are permitted 'contact' with the outside world except through termination. As Feasel philosophizes, 'the physical body may leave SADCO when its obligation to society has been fulfilled, but the brain remains with us for all time.' The proportion of males and females here is believed to be about equal, though I am happy to say that it becomes difficult to tell after awhile. Often I am asked, by persons with a sincere desire to dedicate themselves to world betterment, 'how does one go about getting hired by SADCO?' You are, of course, Appointed. As Brainard once said, rather facetiously, 'Many are Culled but few are Chosen? This is true; of, say, a hundred Appointees, 47% will flunk Orientation. Another 38% will fail because of normal emotional responses. The largest group (54%) is terminated because of prior religious or moral inhibitions which they were unable to overcome. (I note here that I have shown a rejection rate of 139%. This is the difference between being Appointed and being Chosen. Those 'Chosen' have more success -- .02%.) But Orientation is a trying, rather psychologically complex subject for detailing here. The layman is quite unprepared for the realities of Hard War, or Soft, or Wet, Warfare. Insanity and suicide are not uncommon among Appointees. Nor, even, is murder -- although homicides are given second chances and, not altogether surprisingly, often prove suited for our task here.

Those Chosen are sent directly to Quarantine where they are stripped and relieved of all personal possessions which might provide a carry-over from the outside environment. They are issued regulation garments -- similar to men's business suits except that they have neither pockets nor buttons. Later, even these accessories will be restored to them, for there is little discrimination at SADCO and very little segregation. At table, one can sit wherever one pleases provided he exercises wise judgement. Meals are simple, and are eaten in silence except on memorable occasions when Dr. Feasel might choose to say a few words about the situation on the world or elsewhere. There are no pleasures, no recreation, at SADCO. It is best this way. Were one to remember or anticipate joy, then one might yearn to exist. And as Feasel so logically puts it on page 3,358 (paragraph eleven) 'were I to be pleased with my extant situation, then how could I objectively fulfill my duty to combat slavery? There is, here, a personal vow of 'voluntary impoverishment' -- not only of body and soul, but of the mind, Within the octagonal structure are television sets, a

theater, a projection room, library, ping-pong tables, gymnasium, library, nine-hole golf, high fidelity components, and weekly entertainment revues. There is even a cocktail lounge, called, rather ironically, 'The Gone Room!' But to my knowledge, no one has ever partaken of these diversions. They're here -- temptation exists; but as Bagby said, before his abrupt and tragic termination, 'you have to give up a little of life in order to make friends with death.' The one exception regarding group pleasure was the senior women's judo team which Dr. Feasel personally delighted in coaching. Until last August, it provided excellent therapy for those of us who retained qualms about violence. But over-zeal is a recurrent problem here; numerous of the girls incurred broken arms, legs, and even necks. Today, physical fitness is limited to Yoga exercises.

One of the first things the Iniate observes is that, while SADC is a one-

Minus 9, ProtessorMinus-9, Professor Reek on Minus-12, and General Horn in Minus-14 where story building, there are 34 elevators. We live underground; I myself at

the radioactive animals are kept. Horn was with the Induced Leprosy Project until he became intrigued with mutations. It is mainly about him that I intended to write -- for General Horn, in a sense, brought with him the vigilant aggressiveness typical of the military career man -- a sense of urgency we sometimes tend to overlook here. In his circular office hung many framed mottoes -- ever to remind us of the perils of socialist isms; 'Brotherhood is the Scheme Whereby One Man Shares his Poverty With Another.' 'Whoever would beat swords into Plowshares Must Sooner or Later Reap a Radioactive Crop.' It is Unfortunate that he was caught having intercourse with one of the radioactive kangaroos; he was a capable man, albeit given to periods of acute depression when he would attempt a suicide by swallowing ping-pong balls or thumb tacks. His button-pushing aptitude had been one of the highest in the Pentagon. In the Fallout Department here he was exceedingly helpful. He never smoked or drank or played musical instruments.

Paula Reiber (I do not know why this particular person keeps coming up) held no brief for anyone remotely connected with old fashioned army-type warfare. In one of the nerve-gas problems she embarrassed the General by asking, "If everybody in the Pentagon slept through world war three, would they wake up in time for number five or six?"

Horn, who has a breath-impediment, was unable to speak for several minutes. I remember him now, gasping and purple -- cringing while she fed sheet after sheet into her calibrator. I recall that we both watched while her remarkably nimble fingers played at the multiple buttons. Her hands were like spiders -- dead at times, and curled upwards -- but quick on the draw in a mathematical duel. And of course she was right; the Pentagon, according to the IBM calibrators on that occasion, lay in a coma until deep into the middle of world war seven, although by then the structure would have been in ashes.

Paula Reiber is an example of the personnel problems that occur in a cloistered, ascetic world such as ours. There are admitted interdepartmental jealousies, dislikes, annoyances. H. J. K. Bagby, for instance, insists that all women need 'dehumanizing'; that they are incapable of functioning as efficient destroyers because of their innate biological drive. On the other hand, several of the so-called (I use this expression for want of a more descriptive

word) females see only the computers as rivals. Granted; machine adulation is merely a substitute for penis-envy; yet even SADC males feel a masculinity-inadequacy which reveals itself in overt forms, such as sleeping nude upon sharp objects, or eating the phosphorous off matchbox covers. Professor Reek is an example; One of the most loyal, group-wise scientists we have -- famous at the age of nineteen for his theories on psychologically induced suicide -- he will walk resolutely into my office, tripping the Panic Button without apologizing, and beg for thumb tacks.

' But you've been sitting on dozens of them all week! ' I will say.

' I want 3 dozen! I want to feel! Feel! Until I can stop feeling!'

' Flagellation will get you nowhere, I will say.

*I don't want to get anywhere-I just want to feel that I've stopped feeling!'

He is a discredit to the American way of life on these occasions -- whimpering, leaking all over the place, small splotches of blood on the seat of his trousers, and letting his nose run all over the South African problem on my table while he destroys paper-clips.

' Take some cocaine,' I say, knowing he never will.

'I already have,' he'll say, aware that I am at a complete loss when forced to deal with problems confronting men or women.

' Well then, take some more.'

'No! No! I want penance, not therapy! I am unworthy of SADC. Do you hear! Unworthy!'

Why? It is some little thing. He may have abused his machines. He might have caught himself thinking about sex (it is known that he owned a dog before coming here. He might, even, have entertained untidy thoughts about relationships with human members of the opposite sex. On such occasions, I will usually end up giving a man a box of thumb tacks, even though anyone caught sitting on or swallowing them faces serious charges. The same holds true for matches and cigarette lighters. Paula Reiba -- if I might mention her again to illustrate a point -- often burned her lower regions when disturbed by a particularly recalcitrant problem. Once, when she had been awarded the plan for eliminating Cuba -- one of the top plums at SADC -- she pleaded that she was unworthy.

' All are unworthy,' Dr. Feasel told her, in person, on that occasion. ' Civilization is built upon the flotsam of ourselves!'

' But some more so than others! I don't deserve Cuba! Everybody wants a chance to get at that hirsute man!'

Feasel, of course, convinced her that humility, in some instances, is but a camouflage for secret feelings of failure. Reiber went to work. The problem was to provide a series of induced tidal-waves that would level the island, drowning all occupants. For seven days Paula and her computers played out the exercise mathematically. I remember that she kept holding out her hands so that I could see the callouses on her fingertips. I remember her complaining, ' I've slaved over Castro!'

' Rome wasn't destroyed in a day,' I said, encouragingly.

' But my machines have built up some kind of a block! They they -

she crumpled a sheet of paper, then uncrumpled. They sometimes act as though they're afraid of the water.'

Water. I think, then, that I suspected something deep beneath Reiber's tidal-wave. Shortly afterward, she took to insulting Professor Reek, who happens to wear a beard. We all guessed what would follow; loathing would turn to friendliness. Feelings of friendliness would cause a Relationship. And Relation-

It now comes to me that the two top buttons on Reiber's vest remained open during this situation, revealing unmistakably the nature of her sex, her intent, -- however unconsciously. I recall that the knot on her necktie was improperly loose; her trouser creases were unbefitting to one of her rank. The predicted symptoms followed; she avoided drinking water, whether fresh or salt. She asked Reek if he spoke Spanish; she asked if he knew how to swim. When he replied in the negative, she pleaded with him to learn how. That failing, she gave him a life-preserver on the pretext that it was for his birthday. And then, abruptly, at 7: 09 on the twelfth day, she came into my office, staggering under three plastic dossiers filled with data. I had been expecting her - although my Computers hadn't predicted Paula Reiber until at least 7: 14.

'I'm early,' she said.

'Yes. Are you badly burned?'

'Yes, and feeling great.' Her smile was hard and vacant like the old times.

I politely asked about her Cuban tidal wave.

'It turns out I'm quite worthy after all!' She thumbed some pages which appeared to be actually wet. I noted that her fingertips were crisscrossed with band-aides. 'Cuba's gone. No survivors. Not a trace.'

At times like this you yearn to reveal admiration and gratitude. At SADCO you do not. I merely accepted the soggy sheets and fed them into my personal secretary. Paula moved swiftly towards the door. She was almost out when I heard my own voice inquire softly, '--and Professor Reek -- ?'

Her eyes held superbly -- empty, shining, amoral. 'He shaved this afternoon at 5: 43.

Personality problems such as the above are the expected here. In the main, we still use human beings to solve human problems - just one of the crosses science must bear. As Brainard complained, 'a billion dollars worth of intricate equipment, and all of it subject to the frailties of fingers affected by emotions.'? Indeed; manual (finger) dexterity is constantly threatened by muscular disorders -- fatigue, arthritic aches, and malfunctions caused by mental disturbances. It becomes quite obvious that future wars may be won or lost because a few handfuls of fingers tripped wrong keys. Constantly we are endeavoring to replace ourselves with lower forms of animals whose responses can be depended upon to function 'mechanically' Already we have proven that raccoons excell West Point graduates by 4.8% on control-panel exercises. A priori knowledge is directly related to finger-dexterity. A 'new' chimpanzee will push buttons and blow himself up without hesitation. The rabbit (perhaps the most machine-like of all quadrupeds) will injure himself numerous times before developing blocks or phobias. But rabbits, unfortunately, hit wrong keys

because their kick is, in reality, an escape act. Their scores are no higher than those of Naval officers. Brainard's rating was almost equal to those of any of the lower mammals, but Brainard suffered from inverted respiration. A mathematician who perspires inwardly cannot go far at SADCO. Sooner or later the index finger becomes taut; the thumb will curl outward, his computers will be knocking-off friendly Drones. The first signs are subtle -- inability to enter the Men's Rest Room, or avoidance of sticky desserts between meals. (I think, somewhere, I mentioned that Dr. Brainard is no longer with us, having been Terminated for unscrewing buttons or bottlecaps after curfew. A minor offense, yet one which could contribute to group malfeasance.)

* * *

Shortly after the Reiber episode my superiors asked if I would like to play around with the Moon.

'But I'm not -

I caught myself starting to say 'worthy' Secret fears of failure! I stopped I sat there, doing my finger exercises and listened. They handed me a Dossier nearly twelve inches thick. For the next few days, I had my mechanical readers telescope the work, marvelling at the efficiency of our own secret service team which, although under SLOPE, is fairly thoroughgoing. They had ferreted out the most petty details without losing the larger picture; they had enough on the moon to build a case...

Our problem was to destroy it before Russia or France could infiltrate. But through which of several strategies?

General Horn reminded me that we would have to be cautious. Elimination of the moon would pose certain problems on the planet Earth -- tides might be affected, certain animal and plant habits would be altered. Then, having gone through these formalities he concluded rather lamely, but of course Earth, itself, is going to be altered.'

His tape, noticed, had been spliced 18 times. (I should mention here that we at SADCO converse only through recorders, since the proximity of facial expressions, when talking, tends to alter the meanings of words.) The larger problem concerned the other stars or planets; since we would use the moon as a springboard to knock out Venus, Mars, and -- if necessary - Jupiter, some living animal would have to be placed there to perform reconnaissance jobs. I requisitioned H. J. K. Bagby -- famous for his animal relationships.

'We're on the moon,' I told him.

'Right.'

'We're needing a small animal to perform certain manual and instinctual chores.'

'Do you mind? Without hesitating, he inserted several sheets of paper into my machines. I watched as his fingers roamed agonizingly over the buttons. The multicellular light flashed. He reached over, grasped the answer, then crumpled it like Paula Reiber had taught him. I looked at it. The answer was, of course, fleas.

'You're quite certain you didn't hit a wrong button, Bagby --

He shook his head. 'Quite! You know damned well that the boys down at

Cape Canaveral couldn't send anything bigger than that 250,000 miles into space!

For an instant, I encountered some negative thoughts about Bagby. His trouserpockets bulged with unsightly wads of crumpled manuscript. His gloves were always soiled. His bifocal glasses were a fake -- worn only to mask expressions of comradeship that leaked through his soft eyes. Daily, at 1: 04, he took out a filon handkerchief and dusted his shoes, although dust, here, is electronically atomized. Yet, he was all SADC0; a man able to talk back to an IBM Disintegrator without endangering his relationship. Now he stood before me, idly snapping rubber bands against his glasses, pretending to grimace with pain.

'Bagby, ' I asked, 'are you certain you're ready?'

' Just getting warmed up, sir? His lip curled. ' Right!'

'Right! ' I mimicked the word, turning up my volume.

'Right!' Bagby increased his volume.

'Right-right! '

'Right-right-right!'

I stopped it there. Too many rights can make a wrong. H. J. K. Bagby was skating the treacherous waters of fellowship. In a moment he would be smiling and shaking hands and falling all over the Yugoslavian plan which lay on the floor. There are ways to handle these occurrences. I said, ' Bagby -- why haven't you grown a beard --are you afraid of water?'

'Why, no sir -- no!'

I knew then that he knew about Reiber and Reek.

I waited. He took from his pocket a crumpled wad of typescript and swallowed it. He gulped several times, struggling for breath --his stomach impediment plainly revealed. For an instant I suspected he was dying. A type like Bagby can, and will choke on his problem. I remember sensing the strangeness I have mentioned - the realization that we are, after all, alone; that a man might be permitted to die without having served his purpose. I suddenly detested the men's egotism. "Throw up, Bagby! ' I commanded.

He obeyed.

"Now dry off the saliva and read it."

' Right, sir--

'Right!'

' Right-right -- He vomited again. His glasses fell on the table, leaving a mark on Red China and upsetting three pins placed there to designate man-made earthquakes. He started to replace them, watching me with the naked, soft eyes of a deer or some other non-violent animal. I was overcome with shame, guilt. He had forced me to share a nasty scene. I knew about H. J.K. Bagby. Sooner or later

Then, suddenly, as is expected from a man of his status, Bagby's personality mechanized. He replaced his glasses and almost snarled, 'Sir! I think I've licked your moon!'

' What's that, Bagby?'

' Licked your moon! Moon!'

'And? And?'

' We kick off with a three stage rocket -
 · Bagby, any damn fool knows --
 'But! But!' His right hand was opening and closing. Inside were thumb-tacks. I knew, because his glove was splotted with blood. He was flagellating, all right -- purging the psyche of its ego burden so that truth could flower.
 ' Sir -- in the nose cone we place a stunted weasel and a rabbit.'
 'Don't malingering, Bagby.'
 'Right. In the first stage, little weasel feeds upon larger rabbit. Sucking blood -- He opened and closed his right hand. "This takes us up to Ceiling!"
 ' Ceiling,' I said, following his glance to the fluorescent lighting fixture.
 ' Right! Weasel pushes button. First stage disintegrates -- dead, drained body of rabbit along with it. Weasel, in second stage, speeds onward. Well fed. Healthy --
 Obviously the man was trying to tell me something.
 ' Second stage! Can you hear me -- we're halfway to the moon!'
 He was shouting, as though from a great distance. I turned down the volume. I wasn't convinced Bagby had actually left the ground.
 ' Second stage, sir! Throughout trip, some parasitical insect has been living off the delicious warm plasma of the weasel --
 'Fleas,' I said boredly, ' what will the whole thing cost?'
 "Two billion. Take a million, give a million' Bagby had to go on, boyishly out of control. ' Second stage rocket containing weasel disintegrates, leaving thimble-sized capsule which lands on target. Occupants warm, healthy, well fed.' He crumpled another wad of paper with his bloodstained glove. " Whole thing sounds childish, doesn't it--I mean, childishly simple --
 It was, of course, and fraught with implausables. Bagby had tried to by-pass his machine again -- transcend it with his own thinking apparatus. Obviously, fleas cannot be trusted to maintain their behavior patterns when thrust into an alien environment. True -- small insects can trigger a rotonuclear concussion just as ably as Generals or apes. But could fleas jump in a gravitational situation such as the moon's? Further, cold fleas have a reaction lapse of up to .007 Unicycles. In that fraction of delay, an enemy could skid the North Pole southward, turning Washington into an ice field.

Babys are hispered, with dolume the let our be at hile
 about its air-conditioner, unaware that the Universe is on the move?
 * Right, They're wearing space suits, of course --
 *Right. And did it occur that Space may already be contaminated with Russian fleas? They sent a lot of dogs up there, Bagby!'
 ' Right. But the Russians wouldn't spend all that time and energy on insects when -- over there -- human life is so expendable.'
 It was a lame rationalization. The man went on, arguing ineffectually into his recorder until he ran out of tape. He professed that his pencil needed sharpening, and it is difficult for a SADCO scientist to think without sharp pencils. Finally he signalled me to trip the door -- send him on his way --

defeated ... unworthy ... over-zealous -- lacking in discipline. He apologized for spilling blood on my Egyptian Shot, then begged to be sent back to Rand where he would do penance the rest of his life with Polaris Submarine calibrations. When he left, I noted that one of the pins was missing from my map. H. J. K. Bagby would have himself an orgy that night...

* * *

Reek, Reiber, Horn, Brainard, and Bagby.

All of them, in recall, were colleagues unable to 'cross-over' to the demands of immortality. I glance back, seeking a perspective, aware that my random notes can never achieve the status of a Feasel. I nonetheless must try to explain the insurmountables which we, here, throw ourselves against. Feasel's book deals with SADC's premise, the Great Undoing. I, on the other hand, have tried to set the stage on which that magnificent task is being fulfilled. But global destruction is merely a fraction of our task. For, as Feasel warns, 'so long as there remains a star, a planet, the suns or moons, our way of life is

isn't 'for us' is against ... there can be no neutrals in the Universe .. '

Reek and Horn never learned that there is more to modern warfare than commanding a field soldier to turn a valve and immerse a continent with Cyande. Brainard - although a pioneer with radioactive snails -- throttled his logic with a priori experiences. Bagby was cursed with imagination. All have been Terminated now - Reiber among the last-and (again) I find myself dwelling upon the conflicting motivations which haunted this woman. I must report that she died gallantly, in line of duty, however misguided her curiosity might have been. I think it appropriately illustrative to close this installment with a few words about her ease, since a part of the strangeness I have alluded to stems from such personalities.

Reiber had been (unbeknown to any of us) experimenting with her own calculators in the area reserved for Dr. Feasel himself, i.e. the whole, basic

many ramifications) is, in effect, , 'what is the single, most serious threat to

to bite whoever would harm our master.' But it must be plain to the lay reader that the problem is a constantly changing one. Once it was England; twice

America, Australia, and - ultimately- the United Nations. Constantly, the machines are feeding on new factors, erasing old ones, compensating, altering, correcting. Why Paula Reiber took it upon herself to deviate from her allotted field, we are unable to guess. Some felt that she behaved disloyally. Others blamed it on an unfortunate relationship with a bacterial gibbon in the Contamination Lab. I know that her old spitting habit had returned; she had lost control of her lower regions. She was impatient with the way things were going on Saturn.

She awoke me on the night of October 23rd at, I believe, 11: 49. Her vest was completely unbuttoned. Her eyes were crossed and her hair stood on end. I knew that something was amiss.

'They got me!' she screamed.
'Who?'

Her head tossed wildly in the direction of the Calibration Rooms. Her face was scarred. (I assumed it to be only cigarette burns at the time.) And her fingers -- I saw with agony her invaluable fingers! There was no skin, only reddened flesh. I granted her permission to tell me what had happened.

'I'm unworthy! Do you hear! Unworthy!'

I reminded her, as I had done before, that all are unworthy.
"That's exactly the point! Unworthy! All of us!"

'You didn't have to get all --all messed up to find that out!'

'I had to know! Know!' She relieved herself of a thumb tack. Her voice now became cold and clear. 'I confess to harboring doubts. I had to know in my own mind if we were tackling this thing in the best of possible ways?'

'What thing, Miss Reiber?' I noticed that her fingers clawed painfully at her vest. All of the buttons were gone, nibbled away. We both knew she was through at SADC. "Get on with it," I urged, 'then send yourself down to External Security:

'All right. But I want you to know that I knew what I was doing! I'll have no pity -- no rationalizing.' She affixed her expressionless smile. She had lost a tooth. 'All right -- so I played around with Feasel's problem! I fed Feasel into the machines over and over and over! I asked -- 'What constitutes the greatest single threat to Peace!'

'And? And? What does?'

'War.'

'Quite right, Miss Reiber. Anything else?'

'The Pentagon.'

'The Pentagon?'

She had noticed that the red Panic bulb was lit. The pumps in DeCon would be laboring. Our dialogue was going out to every department over closed circuit. I suspect she was enjoying the scene, the complicity, for she continued with unnecessary volume, I then asked the Calibrators who they'd attack in order to preserve peace. Same thing -- the Pentagon! They threw the book! Missiles, bombs, planes, chemicals. When the green lights came on there were no army, navy, or marines left. Nothing! Not even an old fashioned machine-gun!'

I thought I detected some kind of warped triumph in the woman's eyes.

'Reiber,' I said gently, "did it ever occur to you that your computers were behaving selfishly?"

'Yes. It occurred to me.'

'I'm sure that it would. Because it is only natural they'd pick our own military installations -- which are closer and easier. Your machines didn't like the risk of going clear over to China and Russia --they're lazy and frightened. They might fail, they might be destroyed through massive retaliation?'

'But it's like a stab in the back!' Paula's naked red fingers worked awkwardly with a pencil and paper.

'It's expedient, that's all. "War" is the greatest threat to "peace." To them, the Pentagon is war. Sooner or later their personal safety will be jeopardized

by our own armed forces -- indirectly, of course. Through enemy retaliation. It therefore behoves them to strike out at the most obvious --

"But it seems shortsighted! If they knock down our own defenses, then they're wide open to attack from enemy nations.' She worked her fingers ineffectually.

*Everybody knows that -- even career Generals.'

"The Generals do, but your Computers don't. Their reasoning carries only so far -- it takes two to make a fight. Get rid of either contestant and you have Peace " >

'And enslavement?'

'After all, they're only machines.'

'But isn't there such a thing as machine loyalty? Don't they have some kind of obligation to -- us?'

'Your mistake was in giving them free choice. Peace at any price --

"Then we must convince them of a higher duty.'

'Right, Miss Reiber -- duty, loyalty, and even personal sacrifice. Patriotism, if you'll permit an old fashioned phrase -- I saw that she was painfully scribbling mathematical equations. I knew that her doubts or misgivings had been purged through personal conversation. I urged her to take a bath and then report to the Doctors.

'But I haven't finished! I haven't even begun! ' She tore a lock of scorched hair from her head. 'See this? This is the finish!'

The odor of burned hair offends me. Nevertheless, we here at SADCO do not allow small discomforts to interfere with the larger issue. I signalled for Reiber to go on.

* Thanks again. Yes -- I figured all that out myself. Weeks ago -- the loyalty bit. I stuffed them with it, the lazy, selfish sons of bitches. Loyalty, patriotism, duty, sacrifice, idealism, martyrdom. I hand-fed them sheet after sheet. It was the biggest indoctrination course ever instigated here.' She pressed her palm experimentally against a thumb tack. "And do you know something -- it worked!"

'Good, Miss Reiber. Then you've finally worked your way back to where you began.

'Not quite.'

An interesting expression had come into her eyes.

· Not quite. Before, you remember, the calibrators were merely carrying out orders, solving problems. They weren't supposed to have a perspective. No idealism, no dedication to the common good' She picked at her eyes with a bent paperclip. 'Perhaps that's why civilization is in such a mess.'

'And now?'

'Now they have ceased to be robots. They got down to the whole, basic concept of peace -- something I'm afraid humans have lost sight of --

It was an interesting premise. If machines were permitted to examine all human needs and wishes, they might, possibly, come up with some rather startling answers. I urged her to get on with it before she collapsed.

'Right!' She crumpled a wad of paper with her right hand. 'Tonight, I felt as though they were ready. I slipped in and sat down beside the Mark Seven which is more or less the spiritual leader of my group. I tested it on

preliminary exercises. Its answers were consistently correct. We spared the Pentagon. We engaged the enemy. The war was over in 19 minutes - though of course there were total casualties on both sides?

* And your Computers knowingly let themselves get blown up?'

She nodded. 'They were completely destroyed according to their own calculations.'

"Then you succeeded in imparting feelings of patriotism and loyalty

'Right!*' Reiber's voice suddenly became ominous. 'Right. But sometimes loyalty can take distorted forms --

'Oh, Miss Reiber?'

'Oh, decidedly. Because right after that I let the machines have free choice. Yes -- they were performing honorably and unselfishly. I felt I could trust them to do their own thinking. I figured it was safe to ask them the big question -- "What is the greatest present danger to world peace?",

'Feasel's Problem, more or less --

'More.' Reiber leaned over and spat. 'Dr. Junior Feasel confined his problems to political and military strategy. I was willing to go a step further. Yes! ' Her upper lip quavered. "Tonight, I hand-fed them the question. They accepted, but they began to shudder violently. They gave off strange sounds. I knew they were fighting for truth -- they were going to answer the question regardless of the price. It was a wonderful and terrible thing to watch!"

A strangeness had come over me. I waited.

'Then -- with a wonderful movement, the Mark Seven ejected!' Paula threw a crumpled, scorched, bloodstained wad of paper onto my desk.

Blood doesn't annoy me, although I dislike having sticky substances on my fingertips. I did, however, smooth out the typescript. To my surprise, there appeared to be but one word on the sheet. I was unable to make it out.

'Sadco,' Reiber said, her eyes bright and cruel.

'Well - what about it?'

*That's all-Sadco, Ask a stupid question, you get a silly answer She smiled suddenly. 'Have some thumb-tacks --

Reiber died before all of the details could be pieced together.

would be. The fact that the laboratory was damaged and the machines· No a she It is believed that at first she was as skeptical of the answer as anyone else

destroyed suggests that she ordered a cross-check. She had, evidently, com-that the red a shi manded them to attack the organization named in their answer; graphs show that hundreds of missiles were dispatched in all directions, corrected, and then boomeranged back to the target, leaving a hole where SADCO stands. It was only on paper, of course, but I was pleased to know that Rand and SLOPE were spared because they, like the Pentagon, are merely subordinates to the problem. The actual damage done -- confined to Reiber's computers -- was nothing more nor less than a suicide attempt; since they were unable to carry out a real obliteration they had done the next best thing. Paula's injuries were sustained when they fused and melted.

Feasel, himself, remains unconcerned over the incident. Unquestionably, in his viewpoint, the calibrators had been coerced beyond their limits and fell sick with a martyr complex, After all, an over-zealous machine is no better

than its fanatical counterpart. The higher keys on the Mark Seven show definite overtones of idealistic behavior; the charred remains of the others attest to guilts which took the form of patriotism. There also is evidence to support the theory that Reiber, herself, committed button errors. Her third and fourth fingers were rather worn.

Our work here continues with merciless dedication.

If, now and then, there occur minor setbacks, the reader can be assured we have not lost sight of our commitment -- the ultimate victory of our way of life over those who would threaten us with war and destruction. Should we fail, be assured also that it will be because of human, not mechanical, problems. The flag continues to fly at half-mast; there are always Reibers, Reeks, Horns, Brainards, and Bagbys. Dr. Junior Z. Feasel is keenly aware of our human limitations. For he says, on page 3,498 (paragraph 117) 'Personality problems always have been, but never must be, the pivot upon which survival hangs ... Oh, give me men to match my machines!'

* *

LINES FOR DR. TELLER

-- Salus populi suprema lex.

The schoolboy's hate for his father

Blows all this char in the sky,
Yet those who sell apples in the street
Need a clear view of the stars,
And the lion and the bee,
Having only myth,
Depend on the schoolboy:
With his fear of the dark they will die.

Once everyone was a priest,
And knew the shape of the church
By mane, wing, or feather -
Now, though we crowd bone to bone together
And we anxious search
To see one another,
We are always too late;
Our gold changes to stone. It bowls us over.
We must simplify our hate -
Or take cover.

- Johanna Campbell

MEN FAIL IN COMMUNION

by Gene Frumkin

They fail in communion, a surplus of failure
stored in grief, and the birdwrist
lying open to the razor. Who knows what hand
passes through the wind? Perhaps it's ours,
a peninsula clutching at the savage emptiness.

A man starves within sight of flowers.
A king lies drunk on the mountain. The black man,
darkest leaf on Alabama's autumn tree.
Whisper it: Men fail in communion.

And they arrive at the temple of ruins.
Footsteps on the polished floor
of a thousandmile corridor.
Far from the beginning.
Each man alone, each waiting for night
to dream the old wishes.
But flies are dancing
to the music of dust.

Men fail in communion, being greater than beasts.
Men possess circles and numbers and death.
Their fictions are lions. Men are caught
in their stealth, caged by their own treachery.
Their grasshopping fingers
infest the earth, fingers which unite
in prayer... and in fists.
Even man's innocence deserves prison.

Still, the heroic wrist,
graceful as a seed in the sowing.
What huge blood does it channel?

Listen, the surf erodes men's sleep.
They awake.. and vanish in the glare.
The morning cannot hold them.
The earth cannot hold them.
Only the sea contains their echoes.
Only a man's wrist contains the sea.

AIRPORT SHELTER by James Boyer May

(from fulfilled prophecy of jet-disaster)

Eyelessly sequestered ... whispered
flesh-pad questions -- sealed from suck of
landing: tombed from farther flight, as
arsenaled from noon's hot thrust --
those cringing-hued and earth-eld heirs
to clever closed fastness.

Peripheral, the stink-bequeathing dust
for all who die in shambles, learning burst
inheritance of miscalled doles.
Remember Shadrach and his brethren:
three, consigned to measured heat as wholes.
There, rockets sauntered skywise, chance-
avoiding sites of waiting love;
no foretime-scheduled elements
then smouldered after holocausts.

Beware! -- you trapped unsempiturnal
waiters on informities.
Beware these tested eyeless chambers
made for huddled whisperers --
paternal pockets, reckoned shields
from breath-devouring last trajectories.
Word seeps past the monitors :
next heat may bake us for salvation,
fatelessly, while demon-locked
inside last meteless unfired furnace.

DEFINITIONS

by Marjorie S. Wheeler

BOMB SHELTER -- an artificial tomb prescribed by the State for the
purpose of saving political face.
PENTAGON - a dormant volcano, the eruption of which is awaited by
countless guinea pigs.
ANTI-MISSILE MISSILE --a maniacal monster admired by no one but its
inventors.
MOONSTRUCK -- man's crazy ambition to beat his competitors in an
absurd adventure. Expensive too.

CANADIAN WOMEN * U.S. WOMEN * PEACE PILGRIM**W****M****E ORA****N**

NOBODY HAS COME UP with a foolproof scheme for stopping war since
· Lysistrata's girls boycotted their men with a chastity program which must
have caused many a Greek soldier to beat his plowshare....

Traditionally, it is said that women - not men -are the custodians of love & charity (despite the fact that women are also traditionally the materialists, the conformers, the ones men fight to protect from fates worse than). With few exceptions women have had little to do with the historical peace movements other than having happened to marry men who were. In wars 1 and 2, almost every female was behind the man behind the gun that was behind the 8-ball. Not so now. With future wars being dropped on the doorstep - with tampered skies and lethal germs being piped in through the air-conditioner -- the milk and honey role of hero's wife has become contaminated. Women, in hundreds and thousands, are writing letters on the kitchen table, telephoning neighbors, marching in the streets, vigiling, releasing balloons, demanding to see their representative, flying to Switzerland, boycotting certain products, or objecting to what their children are being taught to do, think, feel, drink. Women are telling the men, the Generals, the Government, the sponsor. Even the two Mrs. K's are saying what couldn't be said a couple of years ago.

In the following pages are three reports (written by women) about women in Canada and U.S.A. Lots more could and should be said about un-war heroines in

other countries - certainly England, India, and Japan. We've not sufficient space to document the international scene, however, and are confining our words to a defense of the American continent against military strangulation.

The third of the articles is an interview with a fascinating female who, for 20 years and 18,000 miles has been on the march as a kind of one-man peace army. Of stern stuff she is made; for sheer dangerous dedication she compares favorably with some of the men's men of non-violence - people like Ammon Hennacy, the walking-talking anarchist. Or the much jailed and beaten Reverend Ashton Jones. Or Maurice McCracken, Linus Pauling - invincibles who place their necks out to have their heads removed. The woman without question is Peace Pilgrim (that's the only name she's got -- sorry!) and she also compares favorably with a couple of other females who deserve more attention than they are getting here. We think of Marj Swann and Rosanna 'Sis' Robinson. Marj served five months in a Federal prison for attempting to impede construction of a Nebraska missile base while demonstrating her pacifist principles. She still faces a \$527.00 fine which she cannot 'conscientiously pay' and has told the court she would appreciate their letting her know in advance when the U.S. Marshall will be coming to take her into custody ... pretty cool for an attractive housewife with four children.

Sis Robinson, American Negro track star who refused to go with a U.S. women's team to Russia because of certain discriminatory practices really ran the Second Mile when she refused to file an income tax and was sentenced to a year in jail. There she went on a hunger strike. I see the military system and jail as the same thing,' she states, ... I will not compromise by accepting a lawyer or by recognizing the judge as a judge. I would rather that no one try to make any arrangement with the judge in my behalf. I ask nothing from the court or the jail. I do not want to pay for war." That isn't all; she's a social worker, has a degree from Chicago Art Institute, is a modern dancer, vegetarian, and talented crafts worker. And helps unsegregate things everywhere.

So it looks like Lord Bertrand Russell will have to move over. And those Moscow Marchers will have to walk a little faster. Of course, we hope that the mathematics of peace won't cause all such women of principle to be placed under lock and key. The price shouldn't be that high if something can be done before the Christmas shopping rush. But if peace does become as costly as Mesdames Swann and Robinson think, it is hoped that other women will lay aside their cars, hairpins and vacuum cleaners and join up. Seems like a lonely, rigorous life -but it is better than Love Among The Ruins.

CANADIAN WOMEN AGAINST THE NUCLEAR MENACE

by Ruth Whitman

How does a lovely, reserved woman catapult into such a dynamic figure in the affairs of a nation? According to Mrs. Van Stolk, perhaps the single most important person behind Canada's anti-nuclear movement, Hiroshima horrified her to such an extent that future action became almost inevitable. ... then it was the loose talk. At first we were told nuclear stockpiles were the guarantee that peace would be secure. We were assured that there is no need for anxiety -- survival will be possible on the ashes of seventy-five to a hundred million dead. As a woman and a mother, I kept wondering what breed of monsters are they who think this way. Woman, the creator of life, cannot write off

millions of dead human beings as cold statistics? To her, each and every life is precious and sacred

Admirers of the growing initiative among American women to work for an end to the nuclear menace will want to applaud another of the Dagmar Wilson league --less known in the States because her field of operation has been Canada. Recognized north of the border as a dynamo, Mrs. Van Stolk is an attractive 31-year-old Edmonton housewife and former fashion model.

Born in Milwaukee, she moved to Edmonton four years ago when her husband, Jan, a Dutch doctor who had served two years with Albert Schweitzer in Lambarene, enrolled at the University of Edmonton to do graduate work in psychiatry. Few in the country of her birth know that this dark-eyed beauty, this smartly-tailored lady, is the organizer of public opinion responsible for the presentation recently of 150,000 signatures to Prime Minister John Diefenbaker asking that Canada not bear nuclear arms and 'oppose the spread of nuclear weapons to any country or military alliance not now bearing them.'

Mrs. Van Stolk, Vice President of the fast-growing Canadian Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, has, since the beginning of her activity in the winter of 1958, collected so remarkably broad and distinguished a roster of supporters representing politicians, clergymen, businessmen, academicians, as well as plain citizens, that what has emerged is an influential united front movement addressing the nation.

Mrs. Van Stolk states: After marrying Jan, our mutual concern about the ever-increasing danger to life led us to the conclusion that if this was not to be the beginning of the end, we, as individuals, must do something to fight for a return to sanity. We also recognized that it was not enough to act ourselves, but that others must be stimulated to do likewise, for only when thousands upon thousands come out of their lethargy and take a stand, will there be hope of reversing the trend from mutual destruction.'

In the winter of 1958, Mrs. Van Stolk gathered together 35 prominent Edmonton people who felt as she did. She organized a study group, the pattern of which was followed later on a national scale. Soon the wide representation of community figures included the Mayor of Edmonton. She then learned that others throughout Canada had similar feelings and that a spontaneous mushrooming of mother's study circles had begun to inform themselves about the effects of radiation hazards and to discuss what could be done about it.

Inspired, Mrs. Van Stolk flew to New York to see Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review and executive of the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee, to discuss ways and means of forming a national committee in Canada. During her visit, she returned temporarily to her old job of modeling and raised \$1,500, which was used for trips in order to set up a national committee. Once back in Canada, she managed to talk into the provisional chairmanship Hugh L. Keenleyside, ex-director of technical assistance for the United Nations and new Chairman of the B. C. Power Commission.

Today there are over thirty major Committees in primary centers of Canada, functioning actively in all walks of life and having the support and participation of churches, labor unions, industries, universities, publications, etc. ... Members of the National Committee include such eminent figures as: the

Archbishop of Halifax; the President of the University of Toronto; the President of the Canadian Labour Congress, Ottawa; the Chairman and President of the British Columbia Electric Company, Ltd., Vancouver; the Editor and Publisher of The Toronto Globe and Mail, Toronto; The National Director of the United Nations Association in Canada, Toronto. Plans are in the making to turn the structure from a committee of names into a membership organization -- estimated at around 10,000.

Informally affiliated is a group called the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which began in autumn of '59 with a group of Montreal university students and has spread to 18 campuses with supporters numbering 4,000.

A distressing thing to Mrs. Van Stolk is the fact that too many Americans are unaware of what their neighbors to the North are thinking and doing.

* Sometimes it actually seems they do not know Canadians exist. This lack of interest and knowledge originates with the press, which is doing an inadequate job of bringing together the peoples of these two bordering nations.' She cites, for example, that on her visits here, she finds few Americans know that Canada has never accepted nuclear weapons for NATO, has had no nuclear weapons program of its own, and thus far has not allowed the U.S. to base nuclear weapons on its soil. This position has been supported by public opinion, as evidenced by opinion polls and expressions in publications. Americans should be interested to know that in Canada, 80 percent of the publications are behind the aims of our organization, whereas in the U.S. the opposite seems to be true.'

At heart, still an American, Mrs. Van Stolk expresses great pride in the rising peace activities of women in the U.S. during this past year. " And this is as it should be. Who but women can best comprehend the tragedy of predicted damage from nuclear tests to 20 million unborn children, the horror of physical and mental defect, stillbirths and embryonic, neonatal and childhood deaths from radio-active fission products and carbon 14? Perhaps hope lies in ever greater numbers of women rising above the treadmill of daily existence and adding their voices for an end to this nuclear madness."

ON LISTENING TO STEVENSON AND KENNEDY LIE ABOUT THE FIRST CUBAN INVASION

There is another darkness,
There is a darkness in the fences of the body,
A darkness of fatigue,
Of disappointed hopes, of dawn coming,
Of the frail ankles of horses,
Of dying grass, and yellow willow leaves:
There is the death of broken button holes,
Of brutality in high places,
Of lying reporters,
There is a bitter fatigue, adult and sad.

- Robert Bly

LADY ON THE ROAD

Peace Pilgrim

Interviewed

by Virginia Mill

PEACE PILGRIM

Q.: You have adopted the name Peace Pilgrim and have given away all your earthly possessions as well, and have walked thousands of miles across the length and breadth of the United States for several years, in fulfillment of your avowed mission: to impress upon people everywhere that each is responsible for the way the tide turns, and to go on walking until the day when there is no more war.

Can you tell me when you came to begin this 'pilgrimage?' What is the nature of your background!

A.: You see, in my student days, I got an impression which it is

Photo by William Webb very easy to get in this materialis-

tic age. The way to get along well in the world, I thought, was to get out and make a lot of money, to get ahead. During the early years of my life, I discovered that moneymaking was easy, but not satisfying. And then, out of a very deep seeking for a meaningful way of life, and after having walked all of one night through the woods, I felt completely willing to give my life. From that time on, I began to live to give.

Q.: You had studied, and had been seeking until then -- you had an inquiring mind?

A.: The concern about the meaninglessness of my life had built up, and built up, until it culminated in this night. I hadn't done anything about it until this night.

Q: Had you been a college student?

A.: Well, now, the biographical details I do not give because they are completely unimportant, and serve only to emphasize the individual, whereas I want to emphasize the mission, you see. I do identify myself as having been born in the United States, because national boundaries are still so rigid, but state boundaries are not.

Q: And this is all you will divulge of your original identity? You won't tell where you lived or what you did?

A.: I don't give city or state, or when I was born, or what my education was, or what I used to do, or what my relations are. These things are absolutely unimportant.

Q: It's obvious that you're an intelligent and a thinking person. You've done a lot of thinking, probably you've done quite a bit of studying in your life.

A.: Actually, my way has not been the outer way. It has been the inner way. After all, that which you get from without you can equate with knowledge. It leads to a believing, but it's seldom strong enough to motivate to action. That which is first contacted from without, and then confirmed from within, however -- or directly perceived from within, which was my way -- this you can equate with wisdom. It leads to a knowing, and action goes right along with it. My way has been the inner way, not the outer way.

Q.: You learned from experience, in other words, but you began with the feeling that money was a good thing?

A.: I concentrated on giving instead of getting, and then my life began to become meaningful. Yes; one of my projects was the simplification of life. As a matter of fact, I can remember that when I undertook to bring my life down to need level, it was because I felt I could not accept more than I required, while others in the world had less than enough; and I thought it would be difficult but it wasn't.

Q.: It's possible that you might meet with resentment of this attitude among people who haven't any sympathy with it, and those who don't identify with it very much, who have more than they can use.

A.: Oh, but you see, I'm not trying to push it on anybody else. This is a matter of inner motivation, I understand that. There was a time in my life when you couldn't talk to me about those things.

Q.: How did you come to discover this? You seem to understand a great deal about psychology.

A.: I have lived through the steps for inner peace. I don't know it because I read it in a book, I know it because I've lived it.

Q.: And you've known it, not only because you have worked with disturbed persons as you revealed to the gathering of people with whom you were talking earlier?

A.: Well, I have -- one of the ways that I discovered that I could be of service was to work with the psychologically disturbed ones, helping them to find a bit more harmony in their lives. Yes, I have done a good deal of this.

Now I look upon a five-year-old child I know that child is not physically mature, and certainly not mentally mature, but I do not look upon that child with any feeling of superiority. I know that the child will grow, and that when the child grows, it may make a more significant contribution to the world than I can make, and so I don't look upon them at all with a feeling of superiority.

Well, I was going to say that it was twenty-three years ago when I felt willing to give my life, completely willing without any reservations, but it was only eight years ago that I actually succeeded in giving my life. In other words, it took fifteen years; and it was only after I had succeeded, and found inner peace, that I felt guided, or called, or motivated to begin my pilgrimage for peace in the world.

Q.: But it began with a walk, twenty-three years ago?

A.: No, I did not walk twenty-three years ago; However, I have had the great blessing of good health since twenty-three years ago.

Q.: Have you walked long?

A.: I only began walking eight years ago. I believe that most ill health is psychologically induced, rather than physically induced. As soon as my life came into even a little harmony, all these petty annoyances like colds and headaches faded away, and I haven't had any difficulties since; but then, of course, fifteen years later, came the even greater blessing of inner peace.

Q.: What sort of general reaction do you encounter? You talk to people everywhere about peace, do you not?

A.: Yes, I do, but of course, I don't collar them and talk to them about it, they approach me. Now, this tunic which I wear with the name, Pilgrim, printed across it in large letters, and across the back the inscription, 'WALKING 25,000 MILES FOR WORLD PEACE' brings them to me as I walk along the highways and through the cities. That's the job that the tunic does, you see, it makes all my contacts for me. I find that, in general, people are most favorable.

You know, when I started out, that was in January of 1953, people even then deeply desired peace, but they would say to me, "Aren't you afraid to talk about peace?"

And now, there's a great deal of difference in the willingness to work for peace. Group after group will be asking, 'What can we do about it?' This has increased a great deal. I think that everybody knows that somebody ought to be doing something, and they're glad that somebody is. They hesitate to ridicule any peace effort.

Q.: You think that there is a great need and desire for peace?

A.: There always has been a great desire for peace, but now there is a much

increased willingness to do something about it.

Q.: And you don't meet many people who say, 'I'd rather be dead than red,' who question your motives?

A.: Very few, no, they don't question my motives. I obviously have a religious basis for my journey. There are still a great many fearful people. This is another thing that we suffer from a great deal, this fear, unfortunately. We get ourselves so out of harmony, through fear, and then what you fear, you tend to hate, and we get ourselves even more out of harmony, through fear and hatred. It's too bad. And so, of course, we lose our effectiveness. I refuse to fear anything. Of course, I can't fear anything. I live in the constant awareness of the presence of God, and so all fear is gone from me. I refuse to hate anybody. In fact, I love everybody.

Q.: What is your answer to those who warn that the Russians will conquer us, unless we keep up a strong deterrent system?

A.: I point out to them that they should recognize that everything which is out of harmony with the laws of the universe is a very transient thing, containing within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

It will fade away. The darkness that we see in the world today is due to the disintegration of the things which are contrary to the laws of the universe. Now, that they will fade away is inevitable, but with how much violence they will fade away is up to us. It depends upon how willing we are to relinquish the things which are out of harmony. It depends also on how much we have been able to build the new within the old, so that when the old does fade away, the new will be there to take its place.

Q: Don't you fear sometimes, or don't you sometimes cross paths with hoodlums?

A.: I wouldn't recognize them as hoodlums. I would recognize them as God's children. I would see the good in them, even though they were not acting like it, I would see them for what they could be, and love them for what they could be.

Q.: Have you ever met anyone who seemed to be impervious to all that you stood for?

A.: No, there is good in every human being, no matter how deeply it may be buried. Intellectual understanding is not always possible, but a loving relationship is always possible.

Q.: And so, you have plodded the highways of this country alone.

A.: Oh, yes, of course.

Q: You probably don't know how many miles yourself.

A.: Oh, yes, I know. I have counted eighteen thousand miles. Of course, I haven't counted all the miles, or even all the years. You can tell a little by the shoes. I wear cloth shoes with crepe soles. They're really children's shoes. They're bought in the children's department, and with their thick soles, they walk about fifteen hundred miles for me. I'm on my twenty-third pair, so, you see, if you counted the mileage by the shoes, it would be much more than I've actually counted, but I've actually counted eighteen thousand miles.

Q.: And you've never encountered anyone who gave you an uneasy moment?

A.: No, certainly not. People are good. I love people and I see the good in

them, and have faith that it's there, and through my love and my faith, I've always been able to reach the good. It's there, no matter how deeply it may be buried.

Q.: And you carry nothing to protect yourself?

A.: (She chuckles) I remember, I was asked as I started out across the desert alone, by a man who was interviewing me for the radio, whether I didn't carry some kind of a weapon as I crossed the desert alone, and I said to him, 'Well, perhaps I do. My weapon is love: love and faith'

Q: Tell me something more about that. Was that the basis that you used when you worked with people who had emotional disturbances?

A.: Oh, yes, I certainly did. With them, I would find one good thing that they really wanted to do, and help them to do it. That's how I would start with them; but as concerns this man who was interviewing me, he wanted me to explain this concept to him intellectually. So I said, 'All right, I can do that. Let's just take it person to person. Suppose I were to come to you hating you, fearing you, distrusting you, armed against you, what would happen to you? It would arouse everything bad in you, you might even harm me.'

* This is the way nations of the world face one another today, you see. They are extremely poor psychologists. But suppose I were to come to you kindly, lovingly, trustingly, ready to help you in any way possible: then you would discover that you couldn't harm me, because the good within you would prevent it. You see, this is the way to get along with people, this is the way of peace.'

Q.: Have you sometimes wondered if perhaps not everyone does want to live; if perhaps we have this arms race because there is a percentage of people who really don't care about living -- who want war?

A.: 'The problem is that people do not know the way of peace. They do not recognize the simple law that the way of peace is the way of love; and, of course, that's the kernel of my message:

*Overcome evil with good, and falsehood with truth, and hatred with love. There's nothing new about it, except the practice of it.'

Q.: Are you a Christian? You say you belong to no sect.

A.: I belong to no denomination whatsoever, this is true; but then I have been told by people from other groups that I was living in accordance with and talking about laws which were in their teachings. This is universal truth, you see, recognized by all as the essence of all.

Q.: You spoke earlier, I think using the term loosely in order to get the idea across, you spoke of a vision. Could you explain that, describe that concept?

A.: Now, I saw this in my mind's eye, let us say. I saw this in connection with a time when I was wondering why there were so many groups, so many paths to the light. I saw a round room, and great wonder and glory in that room, and doors all around. And then, I saw the paths approaching the doors, and I saw someone walking along his path, and coming to his door, and seeing this wonder and glory; and then, through a good motive, out of the kindness of his heart, he went back and tried to grab everybody from their path, and take them and shove them through his door. Now, I would never do that because I saw all this from above, and I know that there are doors all around,

and so I would just encourage people to keep on walking their path and go through their door at the end of their path into the light.

Q.: You have evolved quite a complete philosophy and religion, or what you may call it, of your own.

A.: Well, I don't say it's my own, I say this is universal truth, which has been perceived by people in all ages, and I have perceived it in my time. It's not new, really I have found what we customarily call inner peace, which is harmony, of course, with the laws of the universe, and harmony also with my particular part in the life pattern.

Q.: To descend to the plane of the practical, do you have a family?

A.: I have a very large family: all human beings are my brothers and sisters. I have no dependents, nor do I feel I would be called to leave dependents to walk a pilgrimage. I'm quite free.

Q.: You are now on a speaking tour, rather than walking?

A.: Yes, at the moment.

Q.: Can you tell me something about that, where you have been, and where you're planning to go?

A.: Well, I walked five thousand miles the first year, but now I have so much mail to answer and so many speaking engagements that I only walk two thousand miles every year, a thousand every summer in the north, and a thousand every winter in the south. I walked in Oklahoma last January, in Louisiana in February, Arkansas in March. In Oklahoma I found I could walk at below zero temperatures. There was plenty of snow around, but the highways were fairly clear. My summer season pilgrimage usually begins in May.

I.: Do you have a home base?

A.: I have a forwarding address, which is: Peace Pilgrim, Cologne, New Jersey. From there my mail is forwarded to me, in care of general delivery, wherever I am. I have another helper in Pennsylvania who gets out my newsletter.

The newsletter goes free of charge to anyone who would like to have it. It says, 'No Peace Pilgrim material is ever copyrighted.' I feel it's given to me, I pass it on, and there is never any charge for it. I know that as long as it fulfills a useful purpose, the wherewithal will be given and it has been given, without any kind of asking. I would not even permit anyone to take a collection for me when I speak.

Q.: Do you write this newsletter yourself?

A.: Oh, yes.

Q.: And how do you manage, without pennies, as you say, you are penniless?

A.: Whatever is needful is given. I have never skipped more than four meals in a row, and, of course, I don't even think about food until food is offered. I have a bed, most of the time. I occasionally sleep in some all-night place, or in a parked car. I haven't slept beside the road since last June, and even then (laughing) I had a newspaper to cover over me to keep me warm. It's been a long time since I walked all night to keep warm.

Q.: How many miles a day do you cover?

A.: I walk about twenty-five miles in a day. That's an easy day's walk, It

allows plenty of time to talk to people along the way. I've done as much as fifty.

L.: You do have a schedule?

A.: Oh, yes, I have a schedule. It's somewhat flexible, but I know in general where I will be. I know for about six months in advance.

Q.: What do people do when they see you walking along?

A.: Well, they stop and talk. talk with hundreds along the highway, of course, and thousands in groups in the cities, and millions through the medium of the news services. I've had a unique opportunity to talk with people, but, you know, a pilgrimage is undertaken not only as a prayer, but also as an opportunity to talk with people, and perhaps inspire them to do something for peace, in their own way.

Q.: I was going to ask you, how do you visualize these conditions that will lead to everyone disarming at once, or laying down his arms at once?

A.: I think it will be a very gradual thing, but, you know, once it starts, it will snowball, it will go much more quickly. It's the beginning that goes so slowly. I believe two patterns will develop in the world that have developed in our country. In the first place, just as we set up mechanisms to avoid physical violence in dealings among men, so now we will set up mechanisms, through the United Nations, of course, which will avoid physical violence among nations. Then, just as all of our states gave up one right to the United States, which was the right to make war, so all nations (and they're drifting toward that now will give up one right -- just one -- to the United Nations, which is the right to make war.

Q.: Do you think people will begin to think of the parallel between individual relations, which have improved, and international?

A.: Yes, I think that we might very well think of that. I would say, also, I do not believe nations would or should give up other rights, because, you know, human beings have the most control over their affairs at a grass roots level. Anything that can be fairly or efficiently dealt with at a grass roots level should be thus dealt with, and only delegated to a higher authority if necessary. Remember that when you delegate some of your problem-solving to a higher authority, you also delegate some of the control over your life to a higher authority.

Q.: Well, now, this seems to be a trend in our country today, allowing the higher authority to make decisions; people say ' what can we do, we have no voice, or they just think that they're not equipped to solve problems, that it's much too complex, that their president and their state department and their congress can be -- must just be trusted to carry on for them. Do you see any improvement?

A.: Yes, this is too bad, especially from my point of view. You see, I know that problems are set before us for our spiritual growth, and it's too bad that, instead of accepting these problems and solving them and growing spiritually, we just pass them on to a higher authority, and with them pass on control over our lives to a higher authority.

Q.: You're in a position, really, of having your finger on the pulse of the people of the nation, more, I think, than most people that we could think of.

Have you seen more tendency to take more action on the part of individuals?

A.: Oh, yes. I feel there is quite a stirring and awakening, which is definitely accelerating. In fact, the nature of the crisis in the world is this:

Everyone living today helps to make the choice between a nuclear war of annihilation, and a golden age of peace -- because the tide of world affairs presently drifts in the direction of war and destruction, so those who do nothing are choosing to let it drift toward destruction. Now those who want to choose peace must act meaningfully for peace, must become a part of the stirring and awakening, and help to accelerate it sufficiently to turn the tide.

Q.: You said that a number of groups had asked you what they can do about peace. What do you tell them, when they ask this?

A.: "Commend every good thing that comes to your attention, to give it moral support? This is particularly important in this rapidly changing time in which we live, when many new things are being tried.

LIKE THE WIND

by

Virginia Grey

NE OF THE MOST effective informal movements is the Women's International Strike for Peace, called WISP. Spoken aloud it sounds like the wind, and like the wind it is spreading.

It is informal because there are no national chairmen, committees, boards, meetings or minutes. In today's over-organized world, WISP is a protest from the individual struggling to be heard.

It is effective because at the first demonstration on November 1, more than 50,000 women in 30 cities in the United States saw fit to come out in public protest against the use of nuclear armaments. By January 15, the organization had spread to 60 U.S. cities and 31 countries, including the Soviet Union.

WISP started early in October when various women, active in clubs, groups, churches, received a letter postmarked Washington. The sender was Dagmar Wilson, children's book illustrator (and a group of friends). They mailed it to their Christmas card list. It was a letter showing deep concern. ' During the day, she wrote, 'we go about our business pretending that the threat of annihilation doesn't exist. At night we dream of the Bomb falling. Some build shelters, others prefer quick death to slow radioactive death -- but we all ask ourselves, WHY? WHY?

... Democracy and Communism have deep basic conflicts -- so do Democrats and Republicans, husbands and wives, parents and children. All human conflicts can be solved as long as there are human beings to solve them.

'Why don't the people speak out everywhere? we asked ourselves - well, who are the people? You and me, of course. So we will speak out.

... to tell our elected representatives that they are not properly representing US by continuing the arms race and increasing the threat of total destruction,

The first plan was in the form of a strike for peace on November 1, and a leaflet was issued calling on women to leave domestic and business duties and visit elected officials to demand action against a violent and nuclear solution to our international conflicts. The November 1 demonstrations were so massive and showed such support that the wave could not be stopped.

So the 'Strike for Peace' metamorphosed into a blow in favor of peace, rather than a work stoppage; and more demonstrations with an up-beat note took place around the country. 'Our Peace Hopes are Rising' symbolized the theme of 1,000 Los Angeles women who released 4,000 balloons into the air. Their hopes were rising because, simultaneously, women in 31 countries were demonstrating and, for the first time, American women joined hands with women all over the world in a public, organized peace movement.

Throughout the nation action has generally taken the form of petitions, telegrams and letters to Kennedy and Khrushchev, demonstrations for disarmament and against atmospheric testing and shelters, as well as visits to legislators. WISP women have, further, established peace action centers to explore ways of preventing war and to educate the public. Some groups have thrown their support to radiation centers which investigate the effects of fall-out.

But with the individual awakening of inexperienced women, new women, young women with babies, many problems arose. How would they make themselves heard? How would they tell it to Washington and tell it to Moscow? Each local group has been independently using the mode of expression most compatible within itself. There have developed a number of indigenous, grass roots answers.

In Boulder, Colorado, the women are selling stock in Shares in the Future, Inc' at a dollar par value, and turning over the money to the U.N. for the support of peace and disarmament. Evanston, Illinois, women saved pennies for peace and presented them to the U.N. as a symbol of the human individual, small but worth saving. Oskaloosa, Iowa, reports the establishment of a center to coordinate peace activities and train contingents for a new world peace brigade.

A mailing in Ann Arbor, Michigan, asked for support of a resolution against testing and brought in a heartening 25% response, while in New York a special mail truck delivered peace letters to President Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson.

In Portland, Oregon, copies of 'Juggernaut' (The Nation's special issue on the warfare state') with emphasis on the unhappy economic repercussions of the current arms race were distributed to leading businessmen.

Incongruously, a lone male organized WISt in Bethlehem, Pa., and then withdrew when the movement was taken up by the women. Thirty-four women meet weekly for lunch in Woodstock, Vermont, and take action for peace. In Cleveland, the women are approaching the problem of fall-out through the city's Health Department. The momentum of the movement in Seattle was shown by two November demonstrations, the second being more than twice as big as the first.

Bits and pieces from all over the country will fall into place this September when a group of women, representing all phases of the United States peace movement, will go to Washington to talk to President Kennedy,

and then on to a conference in Montreal, called by Voice of Women, a comparable group in Canada. From there they will fly to Moscow to present their pleas personally to the Soviet state and the Soviet women.

A most moving document, the WISP program, simply and sincerely presents the credo:

*PERCEIVING that the possession of the power to destroy the lovely earth has paralyzed the nations' will to learn to live together; and

'CONVINCED that another power. unarmed. must be exerted against military might; and

·KNOWING that the time is very late;

'WE NOW PROCLAIM ... we women who represent half the human race, that we will henceforth advocate the reduction of military capacity in every nation down to levels needed for internal order and a non-nuclear world peace force; and

'WE further proclaim our faith that no power on earth can alter our trust in life and love; our will to see the strong restrained by justice; and our belief in mankind's capacity to build world order.

'NOW THEREFORE, AT THE BEGINNING OF WHAT MAY

OTHERWISE BE HUMANITY'S LAST YEAR, WE CALL UPON the governments of every nation to abandon policies based on military right; and

'WE CALL UPON the powers involved to resume negotiations for a general, progressive, simultaneous and controlled disarmament; taking a great first step in early 1962 by agreeing, under safeguards of inspection and control, to destroy the means of launching nuclear weapons, thus preventing surprise attack, and limiting the risk of accidental war; and

'WE CALL UPON the United Nations to urge the nuclear powers to reconvene promptly to achieve disarmament; and

' WE CALL UPON our governments to give adequate budget and personnel to provide for economic planning for orderly conversion to a peacetime economy; and

'WE PLEDGE that on the first day of every month in 1962 a committee of women in many nations will call upon their governments to ask for a report of progress toward a world disarmed; and

government's acts or failures to act for disarmament and conversion to a peacetime economy;

'AND WE FINALLY PLEDGE ... each of us who acknowledges personal responsibility to help turn the world toward peace to work positively to build and strengthen world institutions which transcend nationalism, identity us with humanity as brothers and bring the fruits of peace to all mankind.'

THE TRAIN OF THE WOUNDED

Miguel Hernandez

translated by Alvaro Cardona-Hine

Silence shipwrecked upon the silence
of lips sealed by the night.
Silence that won't cease throughout its length.
It uses the drowned language of the dead.
Silence.

It opens up roads of deepest cotton,
it muffles the wheels of clocks.
Oh, stop the voice of the sea, of the dove,
see if you can't move the night of dreams.
Silence.

The pluvial train of unfettered blood,
the fragile train of those who bleed away,
the silent, painful, pale,
quiet train of suffering.
Silence.

Train of mortal pallor which ascends,
paleness which reworks each head,
the sigh, the voice, the heart, the earth,
the heart of those so deeply hurt.
Silence.

They speed by shedding legs, arms, eyes,
unburdening themselves of stumps throughout the train.
They pass by leaving a trail of bitterness,
another milky way of stellar limbs.
Silence.

Hoarse, fainting, reddened train:
the coal expires, the smoke sighs
and the maternal engine groans
advancing like a long disheartening experience.
Silence.

She would stop beneath a tunnel,
that long mother, she would weep on the ground.
There are no stations where to rest a while
unless it be a hospital, a breast.

To live, a piece of flesh suffices:
in a little nook of the stuff a man will fit.
A finger by itself, a hunk of wing
lifts the entire body in its flight.
Silence.

Halt that agonizing train
which never finishes its run across the night.

Which, instead, remains barefooted to the horse
and mixes in the mire, hooves and breath.

THE CITIZENRY UNLEASHED

.. A Collage of tirades, statements, advices, alarums,
proclamations, pleas and warnings from persons
living or dead, and other manifestations of the
public fallout.

*I demand total victory over the Communist system, not stalemate...:

Admiral Radford

· Even an America victorious... could scarcely escape disastrous destruction
of her cities and a fearful loss of life. Victory itself could be agony."

Eisenhower

' My heart is heavy. Today I talked with some gentlemen of the French war
office on high explosives. While working to improve the fabrication of
dynamite I have always had in mind the peace of the world. My hope was
that the terrible effects of dynamite would keep men from war, but now I see
to my utter dismay that my life work amounts to nothing. Everywhere
inventors are bent on the adaptation of high explosives to the aims of mutual
destruction. Everywhere the spirit of imperialism is rampant. High explosives
will not deter men from waging war... as a matter of fact in future... tax
payers will have an even larger burden....

' Nobody will profit from my invention except manufacturers of war materials,
some generals, admirals, and diplomats.'

Alfred Nobel, 1925

'Give me the order to do it and I can break up Russia's five A-Bomb nests
in a week. And when I went up to Christ... I think I could explain to him
that I had saved civilization?

General Orvil A. Anderson

' THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY THE

SWORD...:

Jesus Christ

*.. Are you willing to destroy us in order to carry out these tests? If you are
not ... how, then, can you be willing to destroy, by testing, hundreds of
thousands of others- most of them children-simply because they are not
individually identifiable, or have not yet been born?'

- from the C.N.V.A. to the U.S.

Government regarding its plan to
sail to the Christmas islands in
protest against resumption of
nuclear testing

... risks inherent in disarmament pale in comparison to the risks inherent
in unlimited arms race ... a nation's security may well be shrinking even as
its arms increase. man must put an end to war or war will put an end to
mankind... together we shall save our planet -- or together we shall perish
in the flames.'

J. F. Kennedy

* The shabbiest politician of a rundown ward has learned the trick of casting a bone to his opponents, of holding forth a hope or a mirage to those who attack him... this is a political gimmick, one of limited usefulness; its success is assumed to be slight --for it is a cheap, transparent maneuver. And this is the record; the Cuban invasion, The Berlin Crisis, The German Build-Up, The Shelter Hoax, Guerrilla War in South Vietnam, The Nuclear Testing Race, The Obdurate Position at Geneva, The Alsop Interview...!

C. V. Parkinson

' If it were not for the politicians, I would settle the war in one afternoon by bombing Russia.'

General Nathan Twining

... I told my freind that I loved every one in the world and even people that have killed people and he thought it was strage to love every one in the world. Do you know how I hade war. Well even if Kendy made a war I still would love him."

Janet Schlihs, age 8

*If blood be shed, let it be our blood. Cultivate the quiet courage of dying without killing. For man lives freely only by his readiness to die, if need be, at the hands of his brother, never by killing him

Mohandas K. Gandhi

*The people is a beast of muddy brain that knows not its own strength."

Tommaso Campanella, 1939

'I know people who say that it is wrong to work for peace. How do we know what God's purpose is? They say that if war comes, it comes as punishment for our sins, and it may be that our sins are now so great that we shall all have to be destroyed. I agree that, if war comes, it will be a punishment for our sins, and I could mention a number of them. I'll just mention two (1) preparing for war, and (2) doing nothing to try to prevent it.'

Wilmer J. Young

... There is a tremendous accumulation of guilt feelings in the modern world. To extinguish their guilt, many people unknowingly long for war and catastrophe. The " cold war" is not psychologically sound. The theory that fear of atomic destruction will frighten the nation into planning for peace is a cruel fantasy. There are other ways - difficult but imperative.'

- Joost A. M. Meerloo, M.D. -
in 'That Difficult Peace'

(Channel Press, 1962)

*... But there ought to be a better way of killing a louse than by destroying the body it feeds on!'

Lt. Walter Benton, U.S. Army

'We want to overhaul the entire social structure without recourse to violence. That is, we want both peace and revolution. Revolution is indispensable... the poverty and suffering which we see around (India) are man-made and man can abolish them.'

Vinoba Bhave,
founder of India's ' Bhoodan' (land-gift)
movement

'To do evil that good may come of it is for bunglers in politics as well as morals... in all debates, let Truth be the aim, not Victory, or an unjust interest; and endeavor to gain, rather than to expose thy Antagonist.'

Wm. Penn

'A man who does not want to die does not necessarily have a good reason for wanting to live.

- Leslie Woolf Hedley - in

'Motions & Notions' (Inferno Press)

'Has a man the moral right to commit to his own funeral pyre untold millions of others who want to go on living in this best of all possible worlds?... Wiping out Moscow or Leningrad would no more obliterate Communism than wiping out Rome would do away with Catholicism. You could destroy every Christian Church in the world, burn every Christian book and kill every clergyman, and the religion would still live, because you cannot materially kill a philosophy'

Steve Allen - in "Morality and Nuclear War"

'No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen -- but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

'I am worried. Not so much about the effect of past tests but at the prospect of endless future ones. As the tests multiply, so will the damage to children ... who gives us this right? Some citizens would leave all the thinking to the government. They forget the catastrophic blunders that governments have made throughout history.... And if I am to be destroyed through some miscalculation I would prefer to be destroyed while we are showing leadership in the search for a cooperative world than while sitting in an illusory fortress blaming our opponents for the lack of a solution.... In a moral issue, I believe that every citizen has not only the right but the responsibility to make his own feelings known and felt....

Benjamin Spock, M.D.

'No one is fool enough to choose war instead of peace

For in peace sons bury fathers

But in war fathers bury sons.'

- Herodotus

: The present situation in world affairs is a healthy one. I welcome the total stress that the nuclear age has put upon us, because the partial stresses of old-style warfare, dog economics, starvation, slavery, intellectual achievement, artistic endowment, and spiritual greed have never really shown us our weak points, conclusively... we are in a position to see now that every act performed by every man on earth exerts a pressure on the big trigger. In everything we do now, we -- no matter who we are ... have a lot of weight to throw around, so that every greedy little deed, on the one hand, or inconspicuous generosity, on the other hand, carries great force --for push or pull on the trigger ... the choice begins in the first person, singular. "I," for example, helped set off the first hydrogen bomb, As a marine technician with

the Scripps oceanographers, I helped measure the water-wave across the lagoon of Enewetok Atoll, and so I bear that measure of responsibility for the working of current events. I also signed a loyalty oath to work for Scripps and had a "secret" clearance to participate in "Operation Ivy," the first test series... at the time, "I" made the mistake of thinking it was really "they" who were doing it all. The absurdity of "their" running about in A.E.C. monkey-suits was apparent and, in my secret-cleared heart, I was disloyal...

- Excerpted from 'On Power, Profit & Puff,
by Miles Payne, editor of LIGHT YEAR

... Can't the problems of a nation be considered as a scientific matter, and conditions leading to war be studied and treated much like that of psychiatric patients? ... perhaps a board of government examiners could be formed within the U.N., who would be approved by other nations. These men would not only be versed in political sciences, but in psychiatry, philosophy. they would examine the soundness of nations' politics and in the case of a rebellion might study and recommend (cures) ... these men might be called "Doctors of Peace" -- they would ... teach principles of love, tolerance, understanding and arbitration among all people, no matter their race, creed or beliefs....

- excerpted from an unpublished article entitled
'Doctors of Peace' by Frances Panter

'It is not those who can inflict the most, but those who can suffer the most who will conquer...

Terrence MacSwiney

.. I think President Kennedy's address to the United Nations offered a true end to the arms race. His objections were commendable. He offered as a first step a ban on nuclear testing, with international inspectors free to snoop into our nuclear laboratories, our munitions factories, while we continue to build armaments. The proposal is not practical. It is not acceptable, either to the Russians or to ourselves. The only solution would be complete disarmament everywhere, with full inspection and control by international authority, which could be strengthened in the U.N.... I would like to see more people demand this; demand that our government call Khrushchev's bluff when he says that he will accept all these inspection and control plans, if we will accept universal and complete disarmament now... we have not called him on that, and I think we should. We must. For we will never know whether he means it until we do. And it just may be that he knows, as our generals know, that nothing can be achieved in foreign policy through war...

- William Winter on KPFFK

'A hurricane, a tornado, the sinking of a ship, a flood or the death of one particular person remains with mankind and in our history books forever. The death of millions during war time is "another matter," and hardly considered worth mentioning.... Who has ever heard of Dresden? (The Encyclopaedia Britannica lists 250,000 killed in a 24 hour period.) Yet, a comparatively minor natural catastrophe which occurred as long as forty years earlier, such as the San Francisco earthquake, is more likely to awaken

within us compassion for the victims.

Margret Hofmann, in 'A Key To Survival'
 'To live for any length of time under the constant threat of destruction creates certain psychological effects in most human beings --fright, hostility, callousness, a hardening of the heart, and a resulting indifference to all the values we cherish?

Erich Fromm
 'My liberal friends are willing to defend to my death all the rights of my enemy.'

Leslie Woolf Hedley in 'Notions & Motions'
 'The way to stop war is by cooperative movements, by cooperative international trade by cooperative marketing. we must have the spirit of God incarcerated in economic schemes and projects..

Toyohiko Kagawa
 * They are trying to send us to prison for speaking our minds. Very well, let them. I tell you that if it had not been for men and women who in the past have had the moral courage to go to prison, we would still be in the jungles.

Eugene V. Debs
 'The time has come when we must answer once again whether life is so dear and peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery.'

Ronald Regan
 'I.. merely... tried to obey the laws of war and my flag..
 - the late Adolf Eichmann

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE

(adapted from Horace) by Walter Lowenfels

Where are you rushing to
 in those uniforms you just
 got from the cleaners?
 Haven't you left enough soldiers
 in the Pyrenees and Gaul?
 Are you disturbed that one of us
 won't burn the Scythian towers
 or parade through the streets of Carthage,
 or that, according to the Delphic Oracle,
 your flame-throwers might get scorched with their own fire?
 Why not try wrestling
 grizzly bears on the Appian Way?
 or twist the dragons of Cathay here at home?
 Answer me -- are you full of Sicilian wine
 the way you are hot-footing it to hell?
 Or are you just snowblind from crossing
 the Alps too often?

If you are planning to publish a book or booklet, send for our free folder describing a low cost production and distribution service -- all copies and rights belong to you, plus 70% royalty on our sales for you.

YES

It will be asked of us for
Reasons of justice
Sooner or later
To say something good

And this hard
To pronounce
Little word yes

And this right here
Not across-stream
Where your hand draws
A keel line in tepid water
Where the unreal
Woods wait.

MARIE LUISE

von KASCHNITZ*

55 East 86th Street

* Translated from the German
by Hanna Schwarz Smith
Walter Hoellerer: Transit
Page 302

Not while drunk
With wine which makes you
forget
Not dressed in the scarlet
And snow-white of dreams.

In draughty corridors
Of cross-overs
On floors trembling
With the noise of war machines
Amid dusty documents
Breathing hard

Here.

PUBLISHING**THE WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS**

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THE INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

(from an article by William Robert Miller)

War protestors come in several sizes and brands, ranging from admittedly expedient 'survivalists' to persecuted Idealists. And despite the H.U.A.C!'s shrill endeavors to wrap inside the Red Bunting all the millions of declared (and undeclared) dissenters, 'Communitistic' derivations represent less than a fraction of one percent. According to our own quick count. The majority of objectors act for reasons better labeled humanitarian, philosophical, sociological, psychological and moral. Here, Author Miller - long a managing editor of FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE -- scans the religious approach. And the Fellowship of Reconciliation (F.O.R.) reigns supreme as America's harassed, staunch, historical non-sectarian pacifist or ganization.

C. P. - Snow said recently that if the nuclear arms race continues at the present rate, it is hard to see how the disaster of final annihilation can be staved off. 'We know, with the certainty of statistical truth', he said, 'that if enough of these weapons are made, by enough different states, some of them are going to blow up. Through accident, or folly, or madness -- but the motives don't matter.'

The Church today is in a time of testing. Revolutionary upheavals geared to a secular ideology have made the church in many lands once more a church of apostles and martyrs rather than custodians of resplendent empire. The age of complacent Christendom is finished, and even in those quarters where churches are full of people and empty of the Holy Spirit, the challenge is not wholly absent. Never in recent history has the church experienced such an inner conflict of decline and renewal. The struggle between the realm of the spirit and the realm of Caesar, as Berdyaev called it, cuts across all boundaries of nationality and ideology. Christians in both East and West have their particular problems, and it will not do to minimize the hardships of those who live in countries where the state is avowedly materialistic, but neither should we pretend that the task is easy where there is a verbal approval of Christianity coupled with a manifest faith in materialism.

A chain of events in the recent history of the United States affords a pertinent illustration. For decades the federal government has equivocated on the question of human and civil rights constitutionally guaranteed to all of its citizens.

Those rights have been denied to Negroes through the Southern states and in many other parts of the country. The action of the courts to secure these rights has been agonizingly slow.

Then in 1957, out of the Negro churches in Montgomery, Alabama, there arose a movement of disciplined nonviolent action to win those rights. Deeply

and consciously Christian in motivation, this movement has its roots in the churches and theological seminaries. Many of the leaders, both in and below the top echelon, have been ordained Christian ministers or seminary students.

Beginning with a citywide campaign to desegregate the buses in Montgomery, the movement has become nationwide as it went on in the form of the lunch-counter sit-ins, wade-ins, jail-ins --and the Freedom Rides that have galvanized the conscience of America and the world in recent months. Distinguished churchmen have joined the Freedom Ride - men who considered themselves moderate have undertaken action. These men have not merely voiced opinions but have boarded buses and broken state laws and local ordinances, and have gone to jail for their faith. Among them are such men as the chaplain of Yale University and well-known faculty members of Union Theological Seminary, Wesleyan University and other respected institutions.

As this is written, the full story is not yet in. There may yet be reverses, even defeat. Success is guaranteed to no endeavour. But what is impressive is that the church is assuming leadership where it once lagged. Denominational and ecumenical resolutions are being issued in support of an ongoing action taken up by ardent Christians who were not content with petitions and paper pronouncements. Taken together, this Christian witness of churches and other institutions as well as individuals is rejecting the idea of a 'cooling off' period in which injustice is to continue.

Americans are not docile by nature, nor have Negro Americans always practiced nonviolence. The bloody massacres of the Civil War were preceded by a long series of slave uprisings that were mercilessly suppressed, and the Civil War was followed by the terrorism of the Klu Klux Klan and the lynch law of white supremacy. In this area of American life, as in others, such as the Indian wars and the Industrial struggles, the church has long been content to give its sanction to the use of force and violence in its most brutal forms. This is not the place to contest the church's role in these matters, nor to enter a detailed debate over the outcome of the Civil War; but it is at least fair to say that for all the bloodshed, division and embitterment that occurred a century ago, we are only now coming to terms with the basic issues over which that war was fought. Much could be said about the reunion of denominations that were once sundered by the Mason-Dixon line, not to mention the whole process of church renewal and the drive toward ecumenical unity as part of the gestalt of history from which the nonviolent movement for freedom has emerged.

Almost simultaneously with the Montgomery bus boycott occurred the revolt for freedom in Hungary. The moral appeal of frequently unarmed Magyar demonstrators caused members of the Soviet garrison in many instances to withhold their fire and even to join the insurgents. In the end, the Freedom Fighters were beaten down by fresh troops sent in from the Soviet interior; in the heat of gunfire, it was hardly possible for these troops to verify the charge that their enemies were fascists and monarchists. Finally, hundreds of thousands of Freedom Fighters fled into refugee camps. Pal Maleter, Imre Nagy and other leaders of the democratic forces were executed.

At the risk of oversimplifying history, there is a profound lesson to be learned from the parallel events of the American South and Communist Hungary.

First, it is humanly possible to resist tyranny. Second, the chances of limited immediate success and further growth toward permanent victory are apparently far greater when those who challenge the status quo are prepared to endure but not inflict violence. In the long run, a body of disciplined nonviolent Christians may be a better match for tanks, artillery and aircraft than an inadequately armed body of soldiers. This is admittedly a speculative statement, but there is a good deal of evidence that points this way and very little if any to the contrary. Whatever may have been true in the past, there is reason to think that nonviolence is *en kairo* in the present era. It is an idea whose time has come. Why has this *kairos* of nonviolence emerged just when the shadow of nuclear annihilation looms darkest over our heads? It seems not without significance that many of the Freedom Riders have been men who once saw fit to take up arms in defense of their country, but who have found in nonviolence a more powerful way of defending what they believe in.

One thinks of Albert Bigelow, who in World War II was a Commander in the U.S. Navy with three combat vessels under his command. In Rock Hill, South Carolina, Bigelow allowed himself to be literally beaten to the ground without striking a blow in self-defense. It was the courage of barely two dozen such men in the original Freedom Ride that spurred many other Christians to go and do likewise.

Or one thinks of Sir Stephen King-Hall, the son and grandson of admirals, himself a retired Commander in the Royal Navy and a recognized military strategist. Alongside an earlier volume on war strategy, *Imperial Defense*, King-Hall now writes *Defense in the Nuclear Age*, in which he advances the unusual proposal of unilateral nuclear disarmament and training for defense through nonviolent resistance of the kind used in Montgomery.

These are straws in the wind, but important ones. A Study Commission of the World Council of Churches in 1958 issued a Provisional Study Document in which, rather guardedly, it proposed that, in the event of all-out nuclear war, Christians should refuse to use nuclear weapons and resort to nonviolent resistance. But no steps have been taken toward widespread study of this proposal, let alone even the most rudimentary planning for its implementation.

Perhaps the key to this inaction is that we know all too well the human, all-too-human limitations of our congregations, the people upon whom the success of such an undertaking rests. The pillars of our churches are just not the kind of people who can be trained in nonviolence. They are the backbone of the Bs & Ps, the Young Couples, the Ladies Aid -- in short, all that is conventional and self-satisfied in our churches. How can such people rise to the challenge?

We have seen in the rise of the Evangelical Academies, inner-city missions and all the other manifestations of new life in the church, not omitting the ecumenical movement itself, the development of a dedicated laity. This laity, disciplined and trained in nonviolent resistance, is not at all out of line with what is already happening.

Nonviolence taps man's spiritual resources, releasing a power as mighty as the atom, but of an altogether different order. These are resources in which the Church of Christ has special qualifications. Today's nonviolent techniques may owe much to modern men like Gandhi, Dolci and King.

Nonviolent action is not a technique whereby enemies can be destroyed or subdued, but affords the occasion for reconciliation among enemies. And although it ultimately implies the complete dismantling of a nation's military apparatus, it does not wait upon disarmament. Even if disarmament is not achieved this year or next year or for ten or twenty years, the church can choose to begin now to commit itself to nonviolence and to train its members in its use.

It can, even while the weapons of massive annihilation still exist and are in readiness, choose not to use them. Perhaps this is the necessary first step -- for Christians to renounce these fearful weapons in their hearts. Once we have done that, our arsenals of bombs and missiles will come to appear the intolerable burden of evil that they really are, and we shall make haste to get rid of them.

When we have done that, we shall not only have removed the danger of nuclear annihilation, but will have at our disposal vast technological resources for a war to the death against poverty, crime and the many other material evils bestride the world.

Sketch for a Mural for the New Senate Office Building

by George Hitchcock

*Editors, gravid with manifestoes,
unbutton cigars with burning fingers:
prurient microphones declare their love for orchids:
golfballs grow in the tangerines
and the deserts bloom with indigestible fungi.*

*Heroes, arising from the sands at Tropicana,
direct us to deserted urinals, while,
prescient and dispassionate,
they clench the indigo surf in their scrubbed teeth
and issue maps of the inner ear.*

*Policemen, behind the motorbarns, pursue the onanist:
Euphoria (an outlaw) stands on the Mount of Love
distributing used syllables, while,
driven by three nuns on spavined horses,
the Hearse of Ecstasy (its axles leaking ichor)
comes rattling down the hill.*

*Liberty lies on her back among the ferns
and, silent as ice,
lifts her dress of cocaine.*

ENGAGEMENT AT THE SALT FORK*by John Beecher*

Like tumbleweeds before the wind we moved
across the continent's huge heedless face.
Fat sheriff's radios kept hot with news
of our invasion. Squad-cars tailed the walk.
Blasts born on Yukon tundras knifed us through
and buffeted our sign: Man Will End War
Or War Will End Man. Handful that we were,
armed men patrolled us, secret agents sped
ahead to warn the elevator towns.
Christians heard now that if they harbored us
and let us spread our sleeping-bags on floors
of Sunday Schools, religion would be lost.
Whoever opened up his door to us
was spotted by a telephoto lens,
proclaimed suspect, anathema to all
right-thinking patriots. As if we were
the ghosts of banished Cherokees come back,
the guilty Strip shook in its cowboy boots.
We camped one night beside the Salt Fork, near
a town through which they'd hustled us with guns
and imprecations lest ideas start
an epidemic there. Our campfire lit,
potatoes boiling and someone's guitar
strumming Down by the Riverside, people
began to drift in from the country round.
Skylarking students with a bugle, torches,
burlesquing us with signs: Workers Arise!
You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Thirst! Drink Beer!
Good kids they proved to be and soon knocked off
the clowning. Faces in the firelight grew
into hundreds, boys with their dates, big-hats
from nearby ranches, preachers whose wives had brought
us popcorn, apples. Dozens of arguments
swirled into being as good-humoredly
they challenged us to win their minds with fact
and logic. Raw though the night, shirt-sleeved they stood
and battled with us till they came to see
the meaning of our walk. Some would have joined
had we sought that. One horse-breeder, Stetsoned
and powerful of frame, told of campaigns
he'd fought in Italy. Fondling his son,
a lad of eight, he blessed our walk for peace.
' Each war we fight, they promise is the last,'
he said, " and here they go ag'in. This boy

is one they ain't a-goin' to git, by God."
 Long after midnight was it when the last
 of them went home. I could not sleep for pride
 in these my people, still square-shooters, still
 ready to tote fair with the other man.
 I could not sleep for sadness too, to think
 how these great hearts are gulled with lies.
 God help the liars when my people wake!

NO SONG FOR SUMMER ENDING

(for s.z.p.)

by William J. Margolis

1.
 . . peace
 bracing love poems,
 with shards of glass...
 knives of leftover killers' unwanted offspring --
 it's just the end of summer leads a man to
 spring at the lost throats
 of those birds he
 heard singing
 once --

 & now the sun sings low
 & clouds bray curdled yawns..
 oh mother of winter!
 ease my season changing
 & all the leftover knives will be sharpened
 on my tongue --

*(1 am not singing now -
 eyes bring none of that*

peace --
 brace with hope,
 ignore the pain of
 shards of unwanted killers --

summer leads

to winter ... that's peace enough, isn't it ! ?

all those blank pages between the black branches
 of my pain & worded language -- T have left
 no room for clouds at the top of my picture
 -- imagine them yourself, their shape... I wd not
 even conjure hope of other summers but for yr eyes.

*Halloween Party**by Daisy Aldan*

The black cat swings from the mantelpiece
 Activated by release
 Of heat. The flickering candle flames are making
 A distorted screen for the cat on the ceiling
 That is stretched and quaking.
 The pointed ears of the cat shiver,
 Shadows are reeling
 To music (appropriately) saxophonic.
 The room quivers.
 (Let us learn to be laconic!)
 Dance bodies - dance at climax time!
 (The earth is poised for atomic destruction)
 Burst forth, Love, in savage crying!
(Our naked rites are for Love, dying,
 Reaching prime
awaiting reduction,
 For now there will be only the dénouement
 In the history of our passion, becoming ancient)

Black witch, ready for take-off,
while it is light
swing your broom!

Carry Love forth
on its death flight
ripened for doom!
 Now the last candle sputters;
Objects flutter
and fade,

While from the white window shade
 Grins the black skull, fashioning gore.
 The crossbones long to be ribbons in our hair;
 The black cat's laugh is a curve of despair,
 And it is clear that the scarecrow
 is made
of straw.

THE SECOND COMING

Christ came back to earth and
 went about in America preaching
 and doing good, as was his wont.
 He, of course, was unrecognized
 and when he denounced the cold
 war, the Hate campaign against
 Cuba and Russia, the missile
 mongers and the 'H' bomb, he
 was mobbed by the Birchers and
 then crucified by the Unamerican
 Committee.

The Supreme Court upheld the
 sentence, 5 to 4!

R. Little

O THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT, IT'S RADIOACTIVE

Carl Larsen

Take one orange whippet and dip it in Spring,
 add a marshmellow melon or any old thing,
 dig up dirt from the earth (it won't hurt,
 ask the seas,
 bring the bees to their knees, but please
 don't squeeze the trees.
 Mix it up in a cup not exceeding an inch
 (a sparrow wheelbarrow will do in a pinch).
 In a run-amuck truck, full of garbage and
 tigers,
 take all to the hall where the doctors
 count geigers,
 spray masses of gasses on classical asses
 (poor fish in this dish of uncosmic molasses)
 or spend their time rhyming destruction with
 chiming,
 go all out for fall out and haul out a bomb
 planned and expanded, and never quite calm
 made of whippets and bees that can no longer
 sting,
 made of marshmellow garbage and any old thing,
 made of tigers and sparrows, and tree leaves
 and string,
 made of people and doctors, and made of
 the spring.

A MILLION TYPEWRITERS VERSUS

A MILLION MISSILES

A Bibliography concerning the Anti-war Publications

extant throughout the U.S.A.

HILE war-protestors ARE, at most, activists --and at the least, nonparticipants in the American Dream - their efforts to deliver the message to the citizenry demonstrate determination, sacrifice, and persistency. Perhaps never in history have there occurred more journals, tracts, tirades, periodicals, alarums, bulletins, books and tabloids calculated to alert the apathetic eye. In scope they range from first-person, egocentric little manifestoes (privately printed) which oversimplify and capsule with naive bravado, to the broad, lofty abstractions so philosophical that even the Birch brain fails to detect subversion. In between, are such diversions as the pompous 'protestations' and declarations of the sandal-and-jazz set -- bucking 'for " anarchy & Peyote' andor Zen, pot and peace. And bugged with the idea that the world is Gone, Gone, and let's face it -- you can't fight God, homosexuality and the coming disaffiliation. One could, of course, regret the inroads made by the lunatic fringe; the literary opportunists, the include-me-outs who, from their scratch-Pads, continue to turn out a kind of toilet-paper prose which gets more than deserved acknowledgment from a citizenry trained in voyeurism these last televised years. Regrettable, too, that those with so little to say are being read by so many who have so much to learn.

For so-called 'serious, responsible, or mature readers, the anti-war literature springs from two main sources: the sociological Left, and the absolute Pacifist. The two are congenial -- for what troubled assayer can, today, argue that peace is divorced from politics and sociology? One may not abolish mass violence without altering the psychological, philosophical, moral and materialistic strata. The basic difference between Pacifism and Leftism lies in approach or method. The former would use no violence to quash injustice. Pacifists would never underwrite the Cuban revolution, the dictatorship, the State omnipotent. Pacifists would prefer to prevail against the materialistic baits dangled by both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. -- skirting the trap which, to them, produces 'captives.' Pacifists would turn the other cheek -a rather remarkable practice in a nation which professes Christianity, but has never gotten past Moses' law of an-eye-for-an-eye. (Albeit, 'do unto others as you'd have them do unto you' is actually, also, the sociologist's approach to delinquency; you do not go into the slums with a machinegun for purposes of reform. You shoot neither the dead-end kids nor the landlord. Rather, you take away the things which cause violence. You do this through education, love, charity, tolerance. And, finally, legislation.)

To the Pacifist, the good things and bad things about Americanism and Marxism are peculiarly alike. It isn't wondrous then that Pacifist literature alternately finds itself in and out of step with the liberal, rightist, leftist march.

Pacifists are against killing both Eichmann and Chessman; Pacifists would no

Khrushchev, Mao, Castro or Robert Welch. Pointing back to at least 1,007

BC they prove that, historically, all wars of violence have lost more than they gained for the cause celebre. Some even ask if the plight of the southern Negro would have been better or worse without a civil war. It is no oversight then that Pacifist literature contains less of the inflammatory, prejudiced, hate-biased motivation than that of, say, Beatniks or other vigilant Outsiders. The literature incorporates more objectivity, honesty; the authors do not believe that, in order to offset the distortion of the Rightist press, they must resort to similar tactics. "The truth may not win - but any victory based on falsity is short-lived."

The liberal and leftist publications, on the other hand, project a more tangible, topical 'American' message. In most of them, the New World would be achieved through an obvious and overt materialism -- sans, it is hoped -- such 'unrealistic' trappings as moral and spiritual rebirth. Two paid-up cars in every garage are more persuasive than free access to Walden Pond. Nevertheless the approaches have common ground: Both act zealously for racial equality, the end of nationalism, a fair distribution of worldly goods. And, in this war, they find themselves vastly agreed.

Obviously, neither of the above polemics has crossed in front of the casual mass-eye with any degree of recognition. The ramifications of survival are narrowly read -- mostly by handfuls of loyal, convinced subscribers who would drop dead if surprised by any departure from the tried & true dogmas. Their publishers depend upon mailing lists borrowed from each other; they depend upon the nickels and dollars donations of patrons already surrounded by worthy obligations. Few of the journals get onto the newsstands where they get crass treatment from dealers and only occasional response from readers. In a nation of 173 million people -- most of them presumably intrigued by the possibility of escaping obliteration -- the total circulation of all war-protest publications would probably fall short of the hundred thousand mark. Yet, many of them, when they do get read, hook their readers -- even though the tyro may not, in the beginning, buy the package. For the story is odd; it is curious and compulsive. And a kind of composite statement from the citizen -- upon initial exposure -- would be, 'why, I had no idea this kind of thing was going on everywhere--

It is, then, news. The public prints have rarely given more than token coverage --and much of that distorted through the successful practices of deletion and out-of-context quotes.

The list which follows is arbitrary --partly because research of the most painstaking sort could not ferret out all of the publications extant -- and also because certain journals are already familiar to the reader. No listing of books has been undertaken. There are many -- too many --and some tend to be overpadding versions of the material found in the protest periodicals. In any event, the reader who desires a more dogged pursuit can obtain book lists from most of the journals.

To begin with, peace literature can be obtained from the following organiza-

tions which do not necessarily publish journals:

SANE (Society Against Nuclear Explosions) one of the largest organizations, but fairly conservative. Offices listed in most cities.

PACIFIC NON VIOLENT ACTION; Box 32174, El Sereno Station, Los Angeles 32.

TABLES FOR PEACE, 7212 So. Vermont Ave, Los Angeles. Primarily exists to distribute all kinds of peace literature.

WISP (Women's International Strike For Peace). Offices in larger cities.

TURN TOWARDS PEACE (This is the coordinating group through which virtually all war protest organizations can be contacted.) 245 Second St. NE, Washington, DC.

JEWISH PEACE FELLOWSHIP, Box 223, NYC 21.

NATIONAL SERVICE BOARD FOR RELIGIOUS OBJECTORS, 401

Third St, NW, Washington, DC. All information about conscientious objection to war, alternate service projects, etc.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS:

With George Willoughby as executive secretary, this established organization handles cases which do not fit into the above -- i.e., non-religious or moral, philosophical, sociological opponents to army service. (2006 Walnut St. Philadelphia 3, Pa.) Also publishes a handbook on subject.

WAR RESISTER'S LEAGUE: Literature concerning moral, philosophical, religious and sociological opposition to war. 5 Beekman St., NYC 38.

BRETHREN SERVICE COMMISSION, 1451 Dundee Ave, Elgin, Ill. Literature relative to that sect's war resistance.

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia 2, Pa. This historic group provides various tracts and pamphlets on the subject.

MENNONITE CENTRAL COMMITTEE; Akron, Pennsylvania. Another historic peace sect.

An important voice on the peace scene -- air version -- is Pacifica Foundation, with three 'free' radio stations. (No sponsors, no taboos; only subscribers @ \$12. a year.) WBAI is at 30 E 39th St., NYC 16. KPFA, which 'covers' the southern California area is at 3729 Cahuenga Blvd., N. Hollywood. In the San Francisco region KPFA broadcasts from 2207 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley.

Publications, journals and bulletins which come out regularly are listed as follows -- not in order of importance, nor are all of them concerned only with 'peace.' LIBERATION, however (110 Christopher St., NYC 14, NY), is a thoughtful, sometimes radical socio-pacifist monthly. Pitifully thin, and listing among its editors and contributors such names as Dave Dellinger, Sidney Lens, Bayard Rusher King, auto, any on Mers it me oth Remot KadeBoye,

and honest. Likewise, FELLOWSHIP (at Nyack, New York) qualifies on the latter two counts. This journal differs, however, in its concern with religious, spiritual pacifism. And perhaps it is more conservative, less "subversive." Edited by widely-published Al Hassler, a veteran of unfought wars. MINORITY OF ONE -M. S. Aroni's excellent one-man show, is published monthly from

the Friends, covers State and National legislation as applied to your life. (122 N. Hudson, Pasadena, Cal., -- monthly.) POLARIS ACTION BULLETIN comes originally from the people vigiling, picketing and boarding Nuclear submarines. Box 589, New London, Conn. Peace MONTHLY, 550 Fifth Ave., NYC 36, is mainly about New York peace groups. THE PROGRESSIVE, Madison, Wisconsin, though not pacifist, is a kind of cross between the New Republic and THE LIBERAL DEMOCRAT (not party-affiliated), of 11047 Hawthorn Blvd., Lennox, Cal. DISSENT, at 509 Fifth Ave., NYC 17, is a thinkpiece for radicals who've been to college. Provocative and a little hepped. NEW UNIVERSITY THOUGHT (909 E. 55th St., Chicago 15) is an even more 'advanced' scholarly periodical than the preceding. PENDLE HILL BULLETIN (Friends) Wallingford, Pa, provides index to religio-pacifist thinking, reaching into some polemic wherever necessary. NEW UNIVERSITY NEWS (5478 So. Woodlawn Ave., Chicago 15) under editor Ron Dorfman is another of the radical-respectable journals. SANE WORLD is the official publication of SANE, from 17 E. 45th St., NYC 17. Not pacifist, not leftist, but pro anti-war. The BULLETIN OF ATOMIC SCIENTISTS (at 434 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, III.) is accidentally on our (and truth's side) although not intentionally involved in guns or butter. TOMBSTONES (2223 E. 68th St., Chicago 49) Dick Fireman's fact-exact crammed flyer states that it is neither pro war nor antonym. Just the facts, see? One of the most inflammably informative cullings we've seen. BILLBOARDS FOR PEACE, Box 69611, Los Angeles 69, is a program whereby individuals & groups would do a little outdoor advertising not like you see on Foster & Kleiser signs. Excellent idea. MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, NY 3, is the leftist literary quarterly -- creative version. Thoughtful, if biased, and edited by Charles Humboldt. PEACEDOM DIGEST, at 913 W. 69th St., Chicago 21, edited by Albert Bofman is another of the many individuated, newly sprung journals on the subject. Also, THE PEACEMAKER, 10208 Sylvan Ave., Cincinnati 41, O. -- the title of which at least well describes its objective direction. But even though there exists duplication and overlapping in this burgeoning field, there do exist certain specializations and differences, not at first apparent to the New Reader. And each has its backers and supporters.

TO A CHILD LEARNING TO WALK

Eve Merriam

The official U.S. document
on defense against nuclear attack
suggests that every citizen should

lie down
feet up to chest
hands behind head
rather like a
foetus.

Henry David
 (Thoreau
 & Walt
 (Whitman
 Picture them
 sittin
 on opposite banks
 of a river
 Having a catch
 Not bothered with the day getting darker
 Or aware of the gawdawful noise in that river
 All the smoked up screams of men doing
 Murder and being murdered
 And the wholedamned riverbank an avalanche oneworld
 Amazon Nile Congo Danube & Yangtze
 Irtysch Niger Dnieper Elbe Rio Grande Ganges
 Volga Don Kwai Euphrates and Irrawaddy
 In your ear! Styx and a couple old washerwomen (of
 indeterminate sex) Joyce-tied-of-tongue Stone-
 grown by the nightfalling
 Liffey: Talk save us!
 My foos won't moos...
 Whawk? (You said it sister!
 BOOM (Yawk !) & with a BOOM lay Orinoco O
 Titticako O Zuyder Zee Rhine
 St Lawrence Delaware etcetera river-
 run Canaveral Endriver.
 Henry & Walt having a catch (surprise! this
 is a different river) but Walt--
 WALT, he pegs one into the water
 And Henry & Walt sit fascinated and Henry
 Not even sore as the ball floats off (it was his
 ball and he & Walt weren't exactly made for each other)
 And the moon clips the sun and suddenly Walt & Henry
 Lay back and roar O O O Henry
 Walt and the tears come Henry laughing
 laughing like a loon
 Walt like a hairy moon

George Dowden

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THE ANTI-WAR NUMBER

UNGUARDED APPRECIATION is due the authors, and especially to the anonymous people who, in one way or another, licked stamps, wrote letters, re-wrote copy and expedited the deglamorized chores which preoccupy the publication of a journal. We thank Lowell & Virginia Naeve of Woodstock, Vt. for their drawings and news items, respectively. Lowell, who did the cover, is one of this nation's heroes. Tomorrow, or some day, you'll read about him. Now we mention merely that as a c.o. he spent years in prison, much of it in Solitary Confinement, punctuated periodically with hunger strikes against The System. One of his books, *A Field of Broken Stones* (Alan Swallow, Denver) is a kind of Bible for budding Pacifist martyrs. Naeve practiced almost total noncooperation with our warring Government. Was exceeding cooperative with us, though. And was last heard of as noncooperating with the FBI which didn't like being in his latest documentary film. Virginia, who usually walks wherever women dash for peace, recently flew to Switzerland to audit - but not abet -- the Geneva 'disarmament' talks.

Another Virginia on our list (and, presumably, on others, too is last-named Mill Calls up in the middle of the night with hot ideas about stopping the cold war. Would edit a journal called *Minuteman*, 1984, if could afford it. Is currently on a non-voluntary hunger strike, having used up her money to stop the war. Mrs. Virginia Mill did the very levelheaded, thoughtful interview with Peace Pilgrim. Has had U.S.C. school journalistic experiences, has been music critic, social critic. Wynne (Winona) Schlihs -- our girl Friday to Thursday -- mailed out hundreds of letters to editors and authors, read more than six hundred manuscripts to us without a giveaway vocal inflection, and remembered. Remembered who said what on which page. Even reminded us not to reject poems we'd already accepted. Is a mother, part-time schoolteacher, sometime actress and radio voice. Has been with The Cause ever since her ancestors-- the Sioux -lost it. Wynne didn't write anything for publication but her daughter (age 8) did.

Alexandra Garrett, an actual editor of *Coastlines* actually did some editing for us; made little manuscripts out of big ones. She and husband Peter lose their house every few months to fund-raising parties which, like Alexandra, are right out of Bennington. Our *Trace* magazine colleague, James Boyer May, gets the distinguished service award for off-duty valor in the peace army. Editing, layout, word-counting, word-coining. Hours upon hours of meticulous, unsung responsible counseling. Such a man could write that poem under his name appearing in the issue?

We're beholden to Frank Interlandi who sent several cartoons, syndicated and otherwise, despite the fact that *Coastlines* is the poor-man's pin-up boy circulationwise. Interlandi says some of his cartoons can be purchased at \$1.00 apiece in case you want to horrify your friends. (Box 278, Laguna Beach, California.)

Kenneth & Miriam Patchen rallied around the cause despite hospital bills and commitments. From a nigh-horizontal position, Patchen did another of his now famed scrolls --this one special for *Coastlines*. Latest word is that Kenneth is undergoing treatment at another hospital, and that hopes are renewed. We second that hope for this needed man ... then there were people like Harold Chumbly who edits a prophetic magazine named *Mummy* and spared a dollar in order to help us roll. Others throughout the Republic also sent money and stamps stringlessly along, just because they learned of our Concern, and hoped that it matched theirs. ... George Hitchcock, an editor of *San Francisco Review* says his insight into government was acquired through verbal skirmishes with Congressman Walters of the House

Un-American Activities Committee. Other than this he acts, and writes, " good.

Barton Stone, Richard Zink, Allan Hoffman and Richard Merriss are Moscow Peace Marchers who write poetry. Zink performed at the Polaris Action demonstrations -- dove, swam, jailed. Most of his things were written in jail. Merriss, an Antioch student, received work-program credit for walking from Chicago to New York. Really? ... Paul Haines spent time in Europe, now living on the third floor of the Keen Rivalries Building where competition is great. ... Carl Larsen is an editor of 7 Poets Press having moved east from the west. ... Maurine Blanck is a senior at San Francisco State. Lee Baxandall is an editor of the highly informative Studies on the Left. Master's degree from U. of Wisconsin, now living upon or in Manhattan. ... Ruth Whitman is a freelance writer of tv and stage plays. Humanitarian, mother, and duty-bound to work for peace. ... Marjorie Wheeler was a reporter and feature writer. Once won a slogan contest for Capper's Weekly with 'War is a relic of barbarism which man is too superstitious to give up' ... John Beecher, of old Abolitionist stock. Time wrote (of his first book) - Beecher is a product, and a proponent of the great, unfinished American Revolution. Engagement at Salt Fork concerns the Moscow Peace March which Beecher quit his teaching job to join. ... Philip Altbach is a history major at U. of Chicago, chairman of the Student Peace Union. Was part of delegation to present 10,000 petitions to the Paris "Summit" meeting. Pacifist... George Dowden teaches English at Brooklyn College. Poet . .. Jean Gancher says, 'totally unpublished. BA, Smith College. A malcontent secretary in a variety of NY, SF and LA offices. ... ' Morgan Gibson is (well, who isn't?) looking for a publisher for his novel about 'precocious socialists and pacifists before and after the Duration.' Received a doctorate for original fiction in U. of Iowa workshops, teaches creative writing at U. of Wisconsin... Eve Merriam, born in Philadelphia, mother of two, dwells in NYC has published twelve (12) books of which the first, Family Circle won Yale Younger Poets prize. Many new, satirical things en route. ... Walter Lowenfels, a sort of dean of the dispossessed also has numerous books coming up, and has been our man in Moscow of late. We'd like to ask him if it's true about Russian writers, and will somehow, some where, some time. ... Bill Margolis, former founder of Miscellaneous Man, now of Mendicant, recently capsized while motoring to Guadalajara with Stuart Perkoff, is presently going limp in Long Beach VA hospital where he continues to object objectively. After drydock, he plans to continue being a Mendicant. (Well, look it up). ... Alvaro Cardona-Hine is poetry editor of this here magazine. ... Byron Pumphrey is self-explained elsewhere in this here magazine.... Bert Meyers frames artists for Landau Galleries, L.A. Poet. ... Robert Bly is the insurmountable captain of The Sixties. ... Tom Mc Grath is suspected. To be. The editor of. Crazyhorse, or Charleyhorse -- a magazine with perplexing simplicity. ... Wm. Miller is introduced elsewhere. ... Gene Frumkin has been The Editor of Coastlines and, presumably, won't again. ... Mel Weisburd, on the other hand, is merely an editor of the magazine; the anatomical parts of his novel, enclosed herein, are, we believe, pretty sensitive, sharp, solid, responsible writing . . . Virginia Baskin, married, working W.I.S.P.S., was, and is again, newspaper. Was psychologist, writer, dancer.. Bill Webb, whose photo of Peace Pilgrim appears somewhere, is a freelance correspondent for several worthy, persecuted journals. Is also a radio-commentator type... Daisy Aldan is editor of Folder Editions and doesn't always agree. With us... Estelle Gershgoren is a member of the flying Gershgorens -- writers, painters, liberals, all. ... John Wm. Corrington fathered a novel appearing soon with Harper and has poems booked by Charioteer Press. ... Of R. Little, we know little, which means his poem was liked a lot; of Johanna Campbell less is known except that she is related to the Campbell family.

WAR POEM

On Market Street in San Francisco
 in a window that says RENT COSTUMES
 there are shining swords and suits of armour:
 chivalry on Market Street
 where war in retrospect looks sweet

like in pictures I've seen of tournaments:
 knights ride proud erect with thin gay archaic smiles
 playing to a balcony of ladies applauding
 (pretty ladies, pretty horses),
 having fun heaving rocks
 that look like giant custard pies,
 having fun like Keystone Kops.

Who will clap for our knights when our fun stops?

Jean Gancher

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SUCCESSIONS

Whoever drives commands the speed that kills.
Loving cups, loves, sports cars, the heads of bears --
We show the trophies of our varied skills.

The fatal elegance that power distills
Unnerves the hunted, leads them into snares.
Whoever drives desires the speed that kills.

The Cross-cut slaves that stank on Roman hills
Invented godhead's posture unawares:
We show the trophies of our famous skills.

Let man be perfected of his ancient ills!
So say the Doctors and the doctrinaires.
(Whoever drives acquires the speed that kills.)

This dream comes down to purges and to pills :
The capitally sick are hanged in the squares --
We show the trophies of our cherished skills.

Neither papal successions nor Bolshevik wills
Insure old bones against heretic heirs.
Whoever drives deserves the speed that kills.
We show the trophies of our fatal skills.

Tom Mc Grath