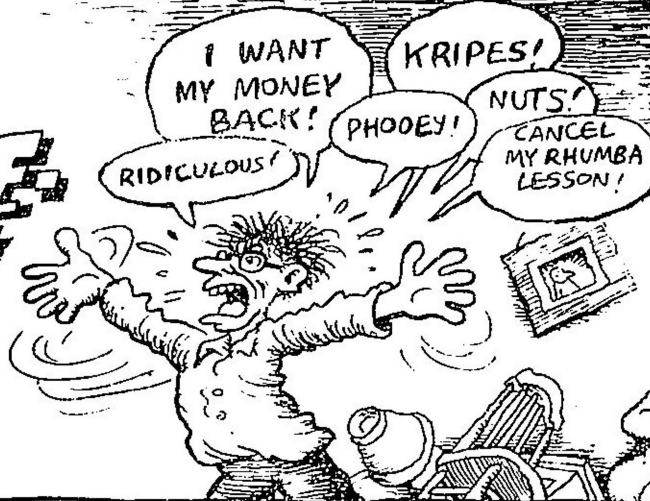




DEFINITELY A CASE OF DERANGE- MENT!

MY WIFE CRINGES
IN A CORNER WHILE I
STALK THE HOUSE,
A RAVING LUNATIC!



FROM THE BEDROOM CLOSET
I OPERATE A HUGE NETWORK
OF RADIOS, SENDING OUT
INCANTATIONS, CURSES, VOO DOO
HOODOO!



I'VE BEEN CALLED AN EVIL
GENIUS BY CITIES OF ASS-
HOLES... BUT I KNOW WHO
THESE PEOPLE ARE! AND
THEY'RE ON MY LIST!



THE TRUTH IS, I'M ONE OF
THE WORLD'S LAST GREAT
MEDIEVAL THINKERS!



YOU MIGHT SAY I'M A MAD
SCIENTIST, FOR MY PLANS
HAVE ALL BEEN WORKED
OUT QUITE METHODICALLY...
LOGICALLY... BUT THE ENDS
JUSTIFY THE MEANS... HEH HEH...



THIS COMIC BOOK IS
PART OF THAT PLAN... BUT
YOU'VE READ TOO MUCH
ALREADY... I HAVE YOU
RIGHT WHERE I WANT
YOU...



SO, KITCHEE-KOO,
YOU BASTARDS!



is

Digger Handbill

You're born a citizen of a nation,
A citizen of a nation with rulers who legislate rules
commanding you to be free.

Free to be conditioned in school until you're sixteen
Free to be a compulsory soldier.

Free to pay sixty per cent of your taxes to the military budget.
Free to get legally married.

Free to work for a minimum wage.
Free to vote when you're twenty-one.

Free to vote for the Democratic or Republican party of your choice.
Free to buy clothes, food, and property from the 200
corporations which account for 45% of the total U.S. manufacturing
in 1966.

Free to obey arbitrary curfews.
Free to have your freedom regulated by officers who
are your friends and protect you.

PROTECT you from obscenity.
PROTECT you from loitering.
PROTECT you from nudity.
PROTECT you from sedition and subversion.
PROTECT you from marijuana, LSD, DRUGS.
PROTECT you from gambling.
PROTECT you from homosexuality.
PROTECT you from statutory rape.
PROTECT you from common-law marriage.
PROTECT you from abortion.
PROTECT you from lonely you.
PROTECT you from demonstrations against your protectors.

And it came to pass in those days that a messenger was sent out from the People of Isism to question the Holy Crow and resolve the doubt which was in the land. "Is the People of Isism is?" asked the messenger. The Holy Crow replied, "They are."

Trivet, 14: 7-9

Cast of Characters

(In Order of Appearance)

Cover

Provided by Carl Helbing

Definitely a Case of Derangement

Robert Crumb

A classic work by Janis' favorite cartoonist, lifted from Zap # 1.

is

Title by Michael Bacon

Digger Handbill

Unsigned

One of many subversive documents from the Hashbury during the famous summer of 1966. Possibly Gestetnered by Chester Anderson's Communications Company.

Blank Pages and A Word About Them

Provided by Carl Helbing

Some remarks on the unwilling suspension of disbelief which finally beg the question.

Moon in Scorpio

Carl Helbing

My old Guide sent a bundle of goodies and I made this magazine to put them in.

Letter to Jesus

Mimi Farina

A song written by Joan's sister and Richard's widow in less happy times, transcribed over the telephone by Barry Olivier. She and Tom Jans should have an album soon (possibly from A&M).

Jacob's Ladder Round 10

Me

Sex, drugs, and cheap thrills, the original title of a great album.

Children of Darkness

Me

It's not self-pity, folks. You'd brood too if you threw it all away. The whole world.

Sensayuma

Charles McCabe

Another great column which the San Francisco Chronicle's brilliant columnist, The Fearless Spectator, did not include in his book of the same name. Published by the Chronicle at \$6.95. Get one while they last.

Scenario for the Beginning of the Final Crisis

Unsigned editorial from a recent issue of War/Peace Report, which I would gladly tell you more about, but it's off at the printers.

Four War Poems

Tom Collins

After reading The Light Around the Body by Robert Bly, who deserves better. These were written in a burst of creativity in the spring of 1968.

A Bedtime Story

Johnny Reb

From Libertarian Connection, which is full of such things. \$3.50 per year from Lisa Dawn, P.O. Box 90913, Worldway Postal Center, Los Angeles, Calif. 90003, and worth it. The government will get you if you don't watch out.

A Past Due New Year's Story

O. Henry

One of a number of neglected works published by William Sidney Porter before he went to jail, and never reprinted.

I Promise Nothing

A.E. Housman

Reprinted because I felt like it.

Dear Student

Courtesy of Michael Bacon

Back Cover

Who is this man?

The gumdrop poem is from the Rice University literary magazine, where it appeared several years ago under a name I have forgotten.

Disclaimer

WHEN I LEFT Berkeley I took little more than two suitcases and a typewriter. When contributions to SAPS and OMPA fell due on short notice I typed a special, fat issue of Jacob's Ladder as a stop gap instead of trying to dig up material and locate a printer at the last minute. Then Carl's letter arrived in the mail and asked out to be used. I sifted the contents of my room to produce what you see before you--a strange amalgam both in appearance and content. I refuse to take the blame for its patchwork qualities.

It took about a week to produce, all told, and cost about \$30, less than one cent per printed page. Go thou and do likewise.

This magazine is produced for the Spectator Amateur Press Society, Off-Trail Magazine Publisher's Association, and me. The edition is limited to 100 copies, of which this is

number

69

for

OMPA

The preceeding page was blank.

Why? you have asked or, if you have not, you are doing so now, because you have been programed to do so by the words on this page, which is not blank but rather is covered with little black marks that have been put there by the writer so that you will obey his commands and think those thoughts he wants you to think, thereby dictating your experience of this moment, NOW!

Some call this process Literature. Perhaps Hypnotism would be a better name.

However, this writer does not hesitate to admit up front that his purpose as a wielder of written words is to hypnotise you who are at this moment reading these words. I am hypnotising you and I am programming your mind, your bio-computer, with words in combinations and sequences that would not have been your experience of this moment had you not looked at this page and examined its contents. My thoughtforms are aimed at your consciousness through the medium of the symbols you are now reading, and these thoughtforms are meant to effect a change in your overall patterns of behavior, a change that will happen to you long after you have "forgotten" these words now coming into your mind. Post-hypnotic suggestion.

My message, the content of this hypnotic exercise, is this: everything you read--books, magazines, newspapers, letters, menus, billboards, and bankdrafts--has been designed to hypnotise you and to program your behavior.

It is only when you have thoroughly realized the reality of this message, when it is a fact of your life you can not ever forget, that you will be able to read anything to any advantage at all. And then you should be prepared to read a great many words if you are seriously interested in learning about who you are, where you came from, and where you're going.

This is why the last page was blank.

Moon in Scorpio

No job, no welfare, no hope (but much faith), and I'm writing a novel.
Conspiring to do holy mischief and to make some bread and to save the
world with Jeff. Pam Bakes the world's best bread. Jessica's
vocabulary grows.

Work is the curse of the working class.

The farther you go, the harder it gets.

God is not dead--he's just changed his name.

Redwoods are a very old species, nearly biologically obsolete--it's
very interesting to share this evolutionary niche with them.

Am hungry for rumors and gossip from the East.

Commune-icate

The process of the physical embodiment of Christ is almost nine years
old on this planet, or so it's been rumored.

Happy Jesus' birthday to you, and a productive and joyous 1971!

Carl Helbing
12/24/70

Letter to Jesus

I'm going to write another letter to Jesus
And ask him if I can be excused.
Last time I wrote,
You know that he refused.
Well, waiting in line is not my style,
I've been tapping my fingers for quite a while.
Perhaps they spelt my name wrong
In the great big file.

I'm going to write a letter to Jesus
And ask him if I have to hang around.
If I'm good and I add a lot of please!
Maybe he'll let me ride right out of here
I want to go back where I can begin
To start my life all over again.

Perhaps with a chance, there'll be a way to win.

I want to go back, please take me back, where the wild birds sing to
to sleep at night my bed as soft as the silk moonlight, where the days
roll on and roll on in delicious delight.

I'm going to write and I'll mail it just as soon as I'm through.
I hope the postman sees that he receives it,
'Cause all I want to do is start new.... 'Cause all I want to do is
'Cause all I want to do is start over.

Mimi Farina

Jacob's Ladder

There was an old man of Whitehaven
Who danced a quadrille with a raven,
But they said: "It's absurd
To encourage the bird--"
So they smashed that old man of Whitehaven.

This publication for the January 28, 1971 APA-L distribution is called Jacob's Ladder because it gets you higher. In addition to the 65 copies prepared for APA-L and the 25 copies reserved for my own purposes, there are 35 additional copies for SAPS and 25 for OMPA. See below.

We are climbing Jacob's Ladder

Round 10

Fucking is just like real sex only you don't have to use your hands.

Sex is the most fun you can have without laughing.

The first is something I learned long ago. The second got printed on the front page of a newspaper in Iowa last Easter and they ran me out of town.

But then I have been strongly affected by Aprils for some years now. Martin Luther King died in April. I think one of the Kennedy's did too, and of course the man called Jesus is reported to have dropped the body at that period of the year. It was in April (on the 18th) that Paul Revere got arrested riding through the countryside and left his companion to do the work. It was in that month also that the farmers of Lexington and Concord stood by the rude bridge that arched the flood and fired the shot heard 'round the world.

That was the first revolution there ever was. The First American Revolution.

T.S. Eliot said "April is the cruellest month."

I'm sure I couldn't say.

I've been reading an interesting book by Robert de Ropp called Sex Energy. Some of you may remember him as the author of The Master Game, an odd book about drugs which contains more esoteric information than any scientist ever put in a book about drugs before. It was that book which gave me one of the first reasons that ever made sense to me for why pot might not be such a harmless drug after all.

I've run across a lot of good reasons since, but de Ropp's argument is still worthy of mention;

...In the beginning the drugs, by releasing certain energies in the body, touch off an inner firework display that is often fascinating and very beautiful. But the self-indulgent or lazy investigator who makes a habit of trying to set off such inner pyrotechnics will find that the show becomes less and less rewarding. The body grows accustomed to the drug and ceases to react. This is true of both LSD and hashish. The first few meetings with "My Lady of the Hemp" may produce raptures, ecstasies, give insights never to be forgotten. But continued application for aid to this potent spirit dulls the magic, blunts the effects, evokes misery rather than rapture. As (Fitzhugh) Ludlow put it: "The ecstasy became daily more and more flecked with shadows of an immeasurable pain."

It takes a considerable time (two weeks or even a month) for the body to regenerate the stored energy substances which are casually squandered in one of these psychedelic sprees. If a second explosion is initiated before the body has had time to recover from the first, a point may be reached at which it is actually impossible for the body to regenerate these stores. In this process, as in many others, the old phrase of the alchemists applies: "You must have gold to make gold."

Of, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. de Ropp has been studying altered consciousness for some thirty years; he's a biochemist. Others (Masters, I think) have suggested that acid be used only infrequently because of the long-lasting effects, and the time it takes to properly assimilate the teachings of a trip.

Carlos Castaneda, author of The Teachings of Don Juan, one of the most powerful books on the drug experience ever written, is appalled by the careless use of psychedelics by those who don't make any attempt to understand what they mean. He thinks they should be used carefully, and only as a part of a whole context, a system of understanding.

Hence, Leary's trip book. Still the best guide to tripping ever written.

Double-blind tests indicate that subjects cannot distinguish between THC (the active ingredient in pot) and acid. The effects, in the proper dosages, are the same.

What de Ropp was saying was that if you keep doing it, the effect wears off. He was proposing a physiological reason. Everyone who's used dope recognizes the phenomena. "Man, I've been stoned so much lately it doesn't have any effect on me any more."

Leary, Alpert, and the others at Millbrook did an experiment once to see what continuous dosages did. They dropped maybe 500 mics every eight hours for two weeks. After the initial peak it turned out they mostly stayed right around Second Bardo and could do the chores, etc.

(Which demonstrates, incidentally, one of the uses for the trip book. It provides a terminology to work with.)

That is, they went up, then settled down at a level often encountered after the peak. So high and no higher.

A few months ago I encountered a powerful clairvoyant who claimed that "flashbacks" occurred when acid which had been lodged in the tissues was broken loose. She said it does not leave the body immediately, as had previously been thought.

That theory is now gaining popularity. Meanwhile, a clinic is being set up near Berkeley to provide water therapy to drive the chemicals out of the system for good and all.

It's interesting to see that researchers have just reported evidence that marijuana also builds up in the tissues, so that effects increase with use.

That's a phenomenon which is easily recognizable. Some people have to smoke enormous amounts before they feel the effects. It's as if a threshold had to be reached first. Then the more times you smoke, the easier it gets to get loaded.

Except, as noted above, for the law of diminishing returns.

The two fit together. It takes a lot the first time; then it gets easier. If you do too much, you don't get so high. Let your brain dry out, and up you go again: the accumulation in your tissues lets loose with a blockbuster--the chemicals which have been accumulating in the brain are "squandered" all at once.

I am particularly interested in the idea of long-lasting effects. Some researchers insist marijuana causes significant changes in the personality, producing short-term memory loss, loss of creativity, an inhibition of the ability to learn, lack of verbal facility, loss of initiative, a restriction in the areas of interest, and a regression to a form of magical, childlike thinking processes.

Interesting, if true. My observation is that people become more easily hassled, less patient, have fewer interests, are less able to talk or write, lack energy, and are generally dull and lacking in mental vigor.

Sorry, gang, but it's true. And people who are doing dope a lot soon find they aren't doing anything else. "What's it like to be straight?" "Gee that's a beautiful sunset. I wish I were stoned." Etc. I've been that route. (Haven't we all?)

But man was made for more than that.

The fling becomes the vie quotidienne, and then there is nothing else.

Just like smack.

And the other thing it does is drive people from their own sense of purpose, rob them of their goals in life, so that they settle down and do nothing, not even think, and their natural abilities go to pot. (As it were).

I know a number of people who are good writers and editors, brilliant people who could Do Things if only they would get an education, or use the one they've got.

Four years ago Ed Denson, manager of the Fish, said if Ginsberg were to write that poem again he'd have to say "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by drugs." Yup.

Lucinda Matlock knew what to tell them. "Oh ye degenerate sons and daughters! It takes life to love life!"

To Do Things does not mean to sell out or adopt some one else's sense of values either. It means to do what you are supposed to do. That's different for each person.

For me that means I write. I'm not trying to accomplish anything except to make enough money to pay off my debts and live comfortably, so that I can help my friends rather than expect them (ha!) to help me.

I am not a writer by choice. No one writes by choice. I write because I have to. It's the same with any artist. We do not do what we can, but what we must.

Until the devil dope drives away those feelings of purpose, and subverts true natures with sloth and doubt and fear and despair. Then people give up.

Our minds are all we've got. What profit a man if he gain the whole earth and lose his mind? The Secret of the Ages, \$2. Too often those who open the doors of perception either forget, or deny the vision by their actions. And actions speak.

In The Boggar's Opera there is a passage about satire, in which the author says the trouble with satire is that everyone leaps up and claims, "That was pointed at me."

In the opening night the prime minister of England (Robert Malpolo) was watching himself being satirized, and when the line was spoken, he stood and cried, "That was pointed at me!"

He brought down the house, of course. The Cinderella approach (if the shoe fits) is heartily recommended to your attention.

Which is all very well, but I started out to talk about sex and somehow I got distracted by those cheap thrills I know more about.

Sex Energy, I was saying, is actually a fairly interesting book. For a change it does not include the same old stuff.

Consider the snail, which has both male and female sex organs located in its head. Both organs are engaged at once, and discharge simultaneously.

The violet, shy flower, possesses little blossoms which fertilize themselves, creating a form of botanical incest.

There is a creature called the sea hare or sea snail which is hermaphroditic, and copulates in daisy chains of seven or more.

A sea worm swarms at mating time until there are enough males and females present for an orgy. Then the females attack the males, eating the lower half of them, which contains the male reproductive organs. The males quickly regenerate the lost material.

Less charming is the preying mantis. The female devours the male. "I find, by themselves, a horrible couple engaged as follows. The male, absorbed in the performance of his vital functions, holds the female in a tight embrace. But the wretch has no head; he has no neck; he has hardly a body. The other, with her muzzle turned over her shoulder, continues very placidly to gnaw what remains of the gentle swain. And all the time, that masculine stump, holding on firmly, goes on with the business!"

I suppose that is the activity of all life. To pursue the business at hand and to persist in love no matter what.

The author points out that the procreative urge is strong, but that man has the advantage of a "copulatory thrill" which these creatures lack.

Indeed, the spider does it by dipping a bit of web into the semen, then injecting the semen into his mate with the aid of a hypodermic device at the end of a leg. Then he scampers off to avoid being dinod upon.

The largest penis in nature, in comparison to body size, is in the flea. The thin rod carrying the sperm must negotiate several right angle and U-turns, avoid cul-de-sacs, and generally put up with an obstacle course before withdrawing.

But at least it can get out again. The male bee (drone) has its entire genital equipment torn out of its body after that famous wedding flight. That's why it dies--a fact the school books omit. The queen has an arrangement of spines which makes withdrawal impossible.

Of all these oddities, my favorite is the mallard. In mating season the male attacks by force every female in sight, even though the poor dear might actually drown itself to avoid being raped. The whole time it is actually happily married, even though it does nothing to protect its mate from similar attacks.

I find it reassuring that the great ape would scarcely have harmed Fay Wray even if the opportunity had arisen. The male gorilla, says de Ropp, scarcely musters a full two inches in full arousal.

But man has a guilt cult to contend with. At one time the Church was so down on the disgusting and obscene idea of intercourse they made it possible only through the hole of a special garment worn by women to allow as little body contact as possible. And then legally only on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and weekends--seven months out of the year is the equivalent. But not for forty days before Easter, forty days before Christmas, and not during the three days before communion or while doing any penance. Considering how short a time a woman is fertile (about 24 hours a month) it's a wonder Europe didn't die out entirely.

Lawrence Durrell, in his amazing panorama of sex and love, the Alexandria Quartet, which is worthy reading for anyone interested in the varieties of romantic experience, has provided a description of the strange two-backed beast which will close this enlightening discussion.

They lay there like the victims of some terrible accident, clumsily engaged as if in some incoherent experimental fashion they were the first partners in the history of the human race to think out this peculiar means of communication. Their posture, so ludicrous and ill planned, seemed the result of some early trial which might, after centuries of experiment, evolve into a disposition of bodies as breathlessly incongruent as a ballet position. But nevertheless I recognized that this had been fixed immutably, for all time, this eternally tragic and ludicrous position of engagement. From this sprang all those aspects of love which the wit of the poets and madmen used to elaborate their philosophy of fine obstructions.

There is one scene in Justine, the first book in the set, which I think I shall never forget. He and she are on the beach and afterward he is asked if he loves her, and he says no, it is worse than that. They are friends.

Earlier I was discussing drugs, and I managed to commit the sin of forgetting where I was going with my argument. Since this is being composed directly on stencil, as is my wont, there is no way to correct for the error now except to append the thought here.

I was discussing the idea of long-term personality changes brought about by drug use--changes different in nature from those attendant upon any powerful emotional experience.

It would seem as if those changes are the result of a subtly altered sense of perception--the world and your behavior in it are no longer the same, and are no longer related to each other in the same way.

But unlike the actual high itself, these alterations in one's perception of reality are not noticed by the person who undergoes them. That is, your behavior changes, the world and you are not connected in the same way as before. Other people notice the change, but you don't.

You are going gradually off on a tangent from where you stood before, and are not aware of any change in direction, not aware you are acting differently than before, as if in some subtle way you were not the same person who left.

That implies two things. 1, that you are no longer self-aware, no longer fully cognizant of the processes going on in your own mind. Normally when you change an opinion you are aware of it. With the drug-induced changes postulated earlier, that does not seem to be the case.

The second implication is that changes have been made in the ordering and structure of the brain itself. Data which comes in is no longer being analyzed as it was before--but not through a choice of the person who took the drugs. His brain has been changed in a way which is not of his choosing (whether he approves it or not afterwards) and which must be regarded as the result of a chance operation.

Those conclusions strike me as being inescapable. Mind-altering drugs produce physiological changes which are not detectable by the brain itself, except upon observations made with the help of others. The changes are involuntary, lasting, and unpredictable. They are the result not of added insight, revelation, or powerful emotional experience, but independent of these.

It amounts to a kind of Russian Roulette.

Graham Greene is the distinguished author of a number of distinguished books--Brighton Rock, Our Man In Havana, The Power and the Glory. I have read none of them so far out of the fear they might be as deadly dull as distinguished books by distinguished authors have a habit of turning out to be.

But his latest book, Travels With My Aunt, is a comedy of sorts. It is certainly full of wonderful little things, and because I have a tendency to note down such moments and have no one to share them with, some of the more interesting lines of the book are reproduced herewith.

I heard a voice behind me saying in very clear old accents, "I was present once at a premature cremation."

I have always preferred an occasional orgy to a nightly routine.

The deepest love is not the most carefree.

I sometimes believe in a Higher Power, even though I am a Catholic.

Switzerland is only bearable covered with snow, like some people are only bearable under a sheet.

One is apt to be unfair to somebody one has loved a great deal.

Two touchables together, what a terrible life they always make of it, two people suffering, afraid to speak, afraid to act, afraid of hurting. Life can be bearable when it's only one who suffers. It's easy to put up with your own suffering, but not someone else's.

I joined SAPS and OMPA simultaneously, and owe them both a production at the same time, but I am unprepared to start two new zines at once, and don't have the time to gather up contributors and search out material. Consequently, this special tenth issue of Jacob's Ladder will have to serve for everyone until the veil can be lifted from the glorious productions of the future. APA-L will see this at the end of the month, the others in about the middle if all goes well.

SAPS is the Spectator Amateur Press Society, now fallen upon hard times. From the mailing I saw, most of the members are contributing minac, and surviving by doing commentary on others. That's fine for a little weekly, but when there is three months to scrape something together one expects something worth reading. Only a couple were doing that. Fred Patten, the True Gentleman was one, and a young man in Vietnam who does not answer his correspondence and who has been brainwashed into the traditional patriotic lies are half of the good members they've got. The others didn't excite me enough that I want to go look up their names--there's only two and they must know who they are. Even the old man who's been around since Year 1 was doing minac--a disgrace to his profession. One neo had a powerful pro dope zine which at least had a commitment, which is more than most of the others managed, even if he betrayed most of the failings mentioned earlier.

OMPA is a trans-Atlantic apa which is even more sorely beset by minac but perhaps my sterling example will show them the True Path and it will

regain its former glory. Those willing to dig in and work hard for an international apa which hits three continents are invited to write Ken Cheslin and ask him to send a mailing. Two International Reply Coupons, 15¢ each at your local postal monopoly, would indubitably be appreciated. The address is: 30 Chapel St., Wordsley, Stourbridge, Wores, ENGLAND.

She's got everything she needs, she's an artist, she don't look back.

That's not me. Rather the Ray Charles song, "I can't stop loving you. I made up my mind to live in memory, all alone sometime. It's useless to say goodbye, so I'll just live my life in dreams of yesterday. Those happy hours that we once knew so long ago, they make me blue. They say that time heals a broken heart, but time has stood still, since we been apart.

These pages are incredibly self-indulgent--isn't that what they're for?--but actually I'm doing fairly well. I've lost 25 pounds, and going down, which is a good sign. Getting some bell-bottoms and may even gain the energy to go through the hassle and nakedness of contacts again. I am creative and productive and even happy in a stoic sort of way.

Certainly I'm better than these papers would imply, since it is here I work out my loneliness and the self pity which is the darker side of my nature. Actually, though it may not seem so, I'm getting to rather like myself. It is an interesting change to think I may be almost not unattractive, and as a human being I find I'm basically kind, peaceful, patient, generous, humane, and loyal. Those pleasant characteristics are in addition to being rather uptight, insecure, loquacious, unloved and unwanted, always out of place. And I'm fairly honest, for whatever good.

Although I once claimed all my relationships are untenable, I actually had a friend (or several) once, a fact which so impressed me I am still talking about it long after the fact. Now I am not in contact with anyone from highschool or before, and only a very few from the college years. Like the country and western song says, my Christmas list gets shorter every year.

Someone once compared me to the old Jewish proctologist in Giles Goat-Boy, the one who is executed because of his own racial guilt--the one who was the tutor to a god who united sex and divinity, man's spiritual and bestial natures, into a way of becoming a true Graduate. At least the pupil in the story commenced. And kindly observe it was only a sense of doubt which caused his troubles. But Max Spielman is not who I really am.

Alas, I am Goldmund in Narcissus and Goldmund, by Herman Hesse. Or so I am afraid. But in spite of that I don't know when I've looked so well or felt so good.

Some of you will find this is your last issue of Jacob's Ladder.

The rest, for a change, is silence.

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

As I sit down the radio is playing: "What are we going to do about your husband, what are we going to do about my wife?" Country and Western songs are far more honest about such things than rock lyrics.

Local news story:

A (local) man who retired as a U.S. Navy hospital corpsman in 1957, then joined the U.S. Army as a civilian employee has added another dimension to his illustrious career--service with the Central Intelligence Agency for two years.

That's not my paper, thank heavens. The also ran a photo of a helicopter dropping a bundle of Christmas presents to soldiers. The caption was a great classic: Santa Drops His Load.

Which brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation, back to sex. Hotcha!

The author who has dealt most extensively with sex/love in modern times and in serious literature may well be Lawrence Durrell. I have mentioned elsewhere his volume Justine. The particular incident which occasioned the reference to begin with is reproduced below:

...It was curious in an objective sort of way to notice how my hands trembled as I lit a cigarette and rose to follow her.

But when I overtook her and halted her the face she turned to me was that of a sick demon. She was in a towering rage. "You thought I simply wanted to make love? God! Haven't we had enough of that? How is it?" She stamped her foot in the wet sand. It was not merely that a geological fault had opened in the ground upon which we had been treading with such confidence. It was as if some long-disused mineshaft in my own character had fallen in. I recognized that this barren traffic in ideas and feelings had driven a path through towards the denser jungles of the heart; and that here we became bondsmen in the body, possessors of an enigmatic knowledge which could only be passed on--received, deciphered, understood--by those rare complementaries of ours in the world. (How few they were, how seldom one found them!) "After all," I remember her saying, "this has nothing to do with sex," which tempted me to laugh though I recognized in the phrase her desperate attempt to dissociate the flesh from the message it carried. I suppose this sort of thing always happens to bankrupts when they fall in love. I saw then what I should have seen long before: namely that our friendship had ripened to a point when we had already become in a way part-owners of each other.

I think we were both horrified by the thought; for exhausted as we were we could not help but quail before such a relationship. We did not say any more but walked back along the beach to where we had left our clothes, speechless and hand in hand. Justine looked utterly exhausted. We were both dying to get away from each other, in order to examine our own feelings. We did not speak to each other again. We drove into the city and she dropped me at the usual corner near my flat. I snapped the door of the car closed and she drove off without a word or a glance in my direction.

As I opened the door of my room I could still see the imprint of Justine's foot in the wet sand. Melissa was reading, and looking up at me she said with characteristic calm foreknowledge: "Something has happened--what is it?" I could not tell her since I did not myself know.

I took her face in my hands and examined it silently, with a care and attention, with a sadness and hunger I don't ever remember seeing before. She said: "It is not me you are seeing, it is someone else." But in truth I was seeing Melissa for the first time. In some paradoxical way it was Justine who was now permitting me to see Melissa as she really was --and to recognize my love for her. Melissa smilingly reached for a cigarette and said: "You are falling in love with Justine," and I answered as sincerely, as honestly, as painfully as I could: "No, Melissa, it is worse than that"--though I could not for the life of me have explained how or why.

May you always have someone to hold your hand.

Richard Brautigan has a little poem: How long has it been since you saw someone you love come running toward you?

What varieties of love there are: And how hard they are to understand.

Or, as Durrell says elsewhere in his book: Who invented the human heart, I wonder? Tell me, and then show me the place where he was hanged."

We have, of course, all been cut off from our better natures, betrayed the Light within us. I remember once a friend put his arm around my shoulders as we walked to Flovo Park to hear the bands. I told him that was all very well for him to do, but I couldn't do that because I would mean something by it. Which was why I avoided doing so. Others may not misinterpret, but I would. Only I was wrong. I would have meant the same thing that he meant--honest affection, comradeship. It was only that I was so cut off from my own feelings and emotions I distrusted them, and thought they were wrong. My god, when you can't love your friends, what is left?

How many years it has taken, is taking, to learn to trust myself. Doubt has been the terror of my life. If not one of the original seven, it must be the eighth deadly sin.

Of course there are so many things I don't understand, and I insist upon understanding, not mere acceptance. Mere acceptance! What else is there to understand? Besides, that's--I remember a story of Brother Antoninus (now secularized again as Bill Everson) the poet many years ago saying "I want God to manifest himself to me right now!" And according to the story Paul Goodman replied mildly, "Don't you think that's a little--presumptuous?" Ah yes. But what else is manifest if not God?

There are people who understand people, who can read them through small gestures and know their inner selves at once. How I envy that depth of understanding. I feel as if I were putting out desperate signposts to my inner soul, like the motions of an autistic child. A writer writes as if to say "Here is the predicament I am in now, and this is my stay against madness. These are the evidences of my insanity, so many words further from the truth.

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

As I sit down the radio is playing: "What are we going to do about your husband, what are we going to do about my wife?" Country and Western songs are far more honest about such things than rock lyrics.

Local news story:

A (local) man who retired as a U.S. Navy hospital corpsman in 1957, then joined the U.S. Army as a civilian employee has added another dimension to his illustrious career--service with the Central Intelligence Agency for two years.

That's not my paper, thank heavens. The also ran a photo of a helicopter dropping a bundle of Christmas presents to soldiers. The caption was a great classic: Santa Drops His Load.

Which brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation, back to sex. Hotcha!

The author who has dealt most extensively with sex/love in modern times and in serious literature may well be Lawrence Durrell. I have mentioned elsewhere his volume Justine. The particular incident which occasioned the reference to begin with is reproduced below:

...It was curious in an objective sort of way to notice how my hands trembled as I lit a cigarette and rose to follow her.

But when I overtook her and halted her the face she turned to me was that of a sick demon. She was in a towering rage. "You thought I simply wanted to make love? God! Haven't we had enough of that? How is it?" She stamped her foot in the wet sand. It was not merely that a geological fault had opened in the ground upon which we had been treading with such confidence. It was as if some long-disused mineshaft in my own character had fallen in. I recognized that this barren traffic in ideas and feelings had driven a path through towards the denser jungles of the heart; and that here we became bondsmen in the body, possessors of an enigmatic knowledge which could only be passed on--received, deciphered, understood--by those rare complementaries of ours in the world. (How few they were, how seldom one found them!) "After all," I remember her saying, "this has nothing to do with sex," which tempted me to laugh though I recognized in the phrase her desperate attempt to dissociate the flesh from the message it carried. I suppose this sort of thing always happens to bankrupts when they fall in love. I saw then what I should have seen long before: namely that our friendship had ripened to a point when we had already become in a way part-owners of each other.

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SENSAYUMA.

By Charles McCabe

IT HAS BEEN remarked that men will confess to treason, murder, arson, false teeth or a wig; but how many of them will own up to a lack of humor?

There are people who can stand up to an unjust accusation of being an atheist or a communist, and who crumple before the charge that they lack a sense of humor.

A sense of humor is somehow felt to be a great palliative, for the pains of the world, and a general sign of suavity and civility in a person. Not to have one is almost to put yourself outside the human pale.

Yet it is no secret that funny fellows are at base sad fellows, and rather nasty ones at that. As Mark Twain, who became the bitterest of men, said: "The secret source of humor is not joy but sorrow; there is no humor in heaven."

The sense of humor, rather than being a palliative for the pains of the world, is an elaborate defense against them. Out of the lacerating hurt of Dean Swift's soul came the "comedy" of Gulliver's Travels.

A recent United Nations publication on humor says most humor is based on either observing or causing "the physical or social degradation of others" with a view to elevating one's ego or social status.

Wit is almost always at the expense of others. It is enjoyed by the audience for the same reason as the perpetrator enjoys it: it denigrates someone and elevates himself.

* * *

THE OTHER DAY I heard a genuinely funny crack. It was attributed to an English bishop. He defined a psychiatrist as "a chap who goes to the Folies-Bergero and looks at the audience."

This has that element of elevating malice in it; but it also completely fills Twain's definition of wit: "...the sudden marriage of ideas which before their marriage were not perceived to have any relation."

On the relation of wit to humor we may usefully quote the same American master:

"Wit and Humor--if any difference it is in duration--lightning and electric light. Same material, apparently; but one is vivid, and can do damage--the other fools along and enjoys elaboration."

* * *

MOST OF THE THINGS that people do, such as eating and making love, are wildly comic in their nature. Man is a funny cat.

For his own good, however, he has to conceal from himself the comic nature of the sexual act, while leaving his spirit open to the deep satisfaction he feels when one of his fellows, preferably a pretentious one, is smacked in the kisser with a thrown custard pie.

The humor of physical degradation is not something we licked off the grass. According to the recent U.N. report on humor, it is something we share with the chimpanzees.

Caged chimps, it was reported, frequently fill their mouths with water. When a human being comes within range, they drench the victim with water "expelled with propulsive and repulsive force."

If they land on target, the chimps jump up and down, clap hands and emit "the characteristic nonarticulated chimpanzee laugh."

* * *

ON THE PRINCIPLE that nothing so much resembles a bump as a hollow, we should remember the sadness and envy that lie behind humor and satire. Only a man who is deeply hurt feels the compulsion to be funny. The humor of the Irish and the Jews has been largely the humor of oppressed people.

Most top comics, and most top writers of comedy, have analysts. This is partly because they can afford the care, but mostly because they need it. The world the comedian sees is so sad that it has to be edited into some form acceptable to him, and the name of the form is comedy.

The comedian, in addition to being a sad man, is also a gallant man. He could succumb to the easy uses of melancholy, but chooses not to. Remember this the next time you die laughing. It will deepen your pleasure in the joke.

#

I walked down a long,
Narrow, crooked road
Picking red and gold
Strawberry Gumdrops

But the sticky moss
Got on my clothes
My hands, and on,
My heart.

--A Rice Student

Scenario for the Beginning of the Final Crisis

We had a nightmare in which we dreamt that on April 1, 1971, President Nixon delivered the following television address:

Good evening, my fellow Americans.

Tonight I want to talk to you about the situation in Southeast Asia, which has become increasingly grave. In the past week, as most of you know, I have been having intensive discussions with my advisers on what course we should pursue there, and I now want to report to the American people, to our adversaries, and to all interested parties the decision that we have reached.

First, let me briefly review the events that have brought about the present situation. While President Eisenhower occupied this high office that I now hold, the North Vietnamese, with logistical support from Communist China and the Soviet Union, undertook to impose a Communist government on South Vietnam. In response to the request of the government of South Vietnam, first President Eisenhower, and then Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, took steps to assist the people of South Vietnam in their efforts to prevent a Communist takeover. This goal which was accepted by my three immediate predecessors, I too have accepted—and I am confident a large majority of the American people also accept it.

Since I assumed this office, my administration has sought to reduce the direct American involvement in the defense of South Vietnam by helping the South Vietnamese to improve their capabilities to the point where American combat troops can be fully withdrawn from South Vietnam. That program has gone well, and we have now withdrawn the 150,000 troops that I pledged we would last April 21. Altogether, the United States has withdrawn 265,000 men since this administration took office.

While we have sought to increase the self-reliance of the South Vietnamese for their own defense, we have at the same time tried in every way we could to negotiate a just peace to end this tragic war. We stopped the bombing of North Vietnam, we accepted the National Liberation Front as one of the parties to the negotiations, and we agreed in principle to removal of all our forces in Vietnam. All to no avail. The other side still insists that we leave, unilaterally, and that we overthrow the elected government of President Thieu as we go.

Now a new development is taking place. As you know, in recent months fighting in South Vietnam has been at a relatively low level. It seemed to us that the South Vietnamese could handle their own defense at this level, and I had hoped that around this time we would be

able to announce further withdrawals of American troops despite the fact that a negotiated settlement seems as far off as ever.

In recent weeks, however, and especially in the last few days, we have received uncontestable evidence that the enemy is preparing to launch massive attacks over wide areas of South Vietnam. This evidence comes both from captured documents and from hard information on actual movements of troops and supplies.

Let me give you a rough indication of the intensity of the enemy buildup on this map. [using pointer] On these roads just north of the demilitarized zone, traffic has more than trebled in the last two weeks. The same is true on the Ho Chi Minh trail, running along here through southern Laos and into South Vietnam. In eastern Cambodia, in the sanctuaries we so effectively eliminated in our action last spring, the enemy is once again moving in large numbers of troops and supplies. Within South Vietnam, our intelligence shows conclusively that enemy offensive preparations are in an advanced stage. We are certain from all this intelligence that a major attack, at least as large as the Tet offensive of 1968, is coming soon.

How should we meet this new peril?

There are those in this country—a distinct minority. I am certain—who believe we should simply pull out. I don't want to impugn their sincerity or their patriotism, but I do say that this course would be absolutely wrong. It would be absolutely wrong for the South Vietnamese, who would surely suffer a massacre should the Communists succeed in winning power . . . absolutely wrong for other free Asian nations who count on the United States to help save them from a similar fate . . . and absolutely wrong for America if we are to preserve our own freedom for ourselves and our children.

A second option would be to do nothing, that is, to make no major moves and hope that the improved South Vietnamese forces along with the remaining American and allied forces could repel the impending attack. Perhaps this would be successful, but after a most searching analysis we have reached the conclusion that because of the very high stakes we should not take this risk. We cannot afford to gamble with the security of South Vietnam, of the American forces there, and, as I have said, ultimately the security of the United States and the free world.

A third option would be to re-introduce into South Vietnam large elements of American forces. However, this would only turn back the pages of history to the years when American forces were carrying the lion's share of fighting in Vietnam. If we were to do this, we

would be defeating the very purpose that we have made central to our policy on Vietnam: bringing the South Vietnamese forces to the point where they themselves can sustain their defense. We have therefore rejected this alternative.

There is a fourth option, and that is what we have determined to follow. But before I outline that in detail, let me set out some background.

In helping defend South Vietnam against a Communist takeover, the United States government has exhibited a remarkable degree of self-restraint. Frankly, I do not think anyone will dispute that the United States is the greatest military power in the world. Yet our participation in this conflict has been essentially on enemy terms. Although we have used our air power effectively, we have fought mainly on the ground, in the jungle, meeting the enemy in the place and on the terms of his choosing. It may sound shocking to say this so bluntly—although everybody knows it—but the United States could reduce all of North Vietnam to ashes within hours. Let me hasten to add that this is not the fourth option I just referred to.

We have reached the conclusion, however, that it is no longer reasonable for the United States to be expected to keep its own hands tied when the enemy operates in all ways, without any self-imposed limits, to his maximum military advantage, while at the same time he refuses to make any concession whatever at the bargaining table. This is especially the case now as the enemy is preparing to take advantage of our large-scale withdrawals of troops. As commander-in-chief of United States forces, I must carry out my duty to protect our forces there even if there is a certain amount of risk involved. We are forced to take this risk by the intransigence of the other side. I would like to say again what I said on November 3, 1969, and which I repeated subsequently in several of my television reports to the American people on the situation in Southeast Asia. I said: "If I conclude that increased enemy action jeopardizes our remaining forces in Vietnam, I shall not hesitate to take strong and effective measures to deal with that situation." The enemy cannot say that he has not been warned that we will react strongly if he makes new moves to threaten our troops.

As I pointed out earlier, our troops are now threatened and, in fact, the very existence of the South Vietnamese government is in jeopardy. The time has therefore come to take those "strong and effective measures" of which I spoke almost a year and a half ago.

I now say to Hanoi, and I want the American people to hear me say this: Do not launch the attack you are now preparing. If you do launch it, we intend to destroy the port of Haiphong with a nuclear weapon. You will have time to evacuate Haiphong, and of course we will not bomb the port at all if you refrain from your attack in South Vietnam. But if you do attack, and persist in your attack, I do not say that Haiphong will be the only target for a nuclear weapon.

To the governments in Moscow and Peking, I say this: Persuade your colleagues in Hanoi to abandon their

attack in South Vietnam. If you cannot do this, I hope that you will not consider any reckless moves against the United States or its forces that could threaten a direct conflict between us and either the Soviet Union or the People's Republic of China. We emphatically do not want war with either of those powers. But we shall not flinch in carrying out the action I have outlined if North Vietnam proceeds with its attack. This action, should it have to be executed, will be a limited, measured response to a provocation by North Vietnam that left us no other effective choice.

Finally, I say this to the American people: I know that the possibility that the United States might use a nuclear weapon in conflict for the first time since World War II will frighten many of you. There still exists a feeling—not at all a correct one, I believe—that should one nuclear weapon be used in war, then an automatic escalation to world holocaust will follow. No logic supports this notion. In this case, I am quite sure that the leaders in Hanoi will respond to our position by calling a halt to their projected campaign. In fact, what I hope is that these leaders will now understand our determination better and that they will decide at last that the time has come to negotiate an end to this war. If, however, they do persist in this new aggression, then one evacuated city and port will be destroyed by a nuclear weapon that is small by today's standards.

If it comes to this, we will have accomplished two things: first, we will have eliminated the major port of entry for weapons destined soon enough to be firing at American soldiers. And second, we will have demonstrated our national will in a clear and forceful manner. As to the possibility of further escalation, I cannot believe that either the leaders in Moscow or Peking would seriously consider retaliation against us. The risk would be far too great, and I am quite sure they understand that.

So this is where we stand, my fellow Americans. I don't deny that there are elements of danger in our situation. There clearly are. It might have *seemed* less dangerous to have chosen one of the other options I mentioned. One of the other options might also have been more popular politically. But we have made the hard choice rather than the easy one because we are convinced that in the long run it will serve to protect our forces, our nation, and not only South Vietnam but all the free nations of the world that depend on the strength and courage of America. I therefore ask that all Americans give me their full support in this time of our testing. If we stand firm, and do not hesitate to use our strength—in a careful, restrained way—we will emerge from this situation with more respect, both from our enemy and for ourselves.

Of course, I cannot know exactly how events will develop in the coming days as a result of this address, although I have indicated what I think the probabilities are. In any event, you will be kept fully informed. Meanwhile, I urge that we all remain calm, and I am confident that the situation will be resolved peacefully and constructively.

Thank you and goodnight.

The Lesson

Strong in his second skin, well in the saddle,
Both legs a-straddle, taut as a wire,
He's learning a lesson that's mastered
In practice only. Privately amusing
Himself led at last to desperation
And to this extension class, conducted
By hand and instinct with (but not under)
The guidance of a hired schoolmistress
In after hours session. There were so many
Words which did not tell at all what
He lusted, feared to know, that
Did not say it would come by nature freely,
Changing life utterly, searing his mind
With passionate, electric, unstoppable energy.

1968

Letter From Nha Trang

The reaching hand cannot touch the darkness
Among pine boughs in cold air. The distance
From chaos is too great for breaching
Even by desperate efforts of the mind.

It's 6:00 pm now, and alot of medavac
helicopters are flying back and forth,
carrying our wounded and killed.
Dirty, lousy, mother fucken, cock
sucking vc

Heat fades the pinos into a new darkness. Even
The prairie grasses are dying in a new chaos
Of the sun. This is no killer, but a man
And friend, who shoots V.C. and hates the war,

1968
Indebted to Robert Bly
This is for Mike Day

These Virgin Dead

These virgin dead, now gone, proud
Wasted seed in hot hand clutching,
Now shot, rotting in foreign dust,
An "expense of spirit in a waste of shame,"
But different now, this new waste,
Modern whore, this Western Babylon
Aiming its population to simultaneous stars
And sloppy mud, blood covered, gore
And life mingled together from loneliness,
Boredom and passion all confused,
Now ended in the dirty, broken silence,
Soft whimpering and shriek of dying
Battleground. These virgin dead, now gone
Past seed and caring in the bitter spring,
Breeding proud sorrow, coming without return.

1968

I Saw a Black Angel

I saw a black angel in Washington
Dancing and sweeping its great wings
Over the city, blurring its lines
In a dust cloud. The Golden Dust-
Man was dreading the inevitable

The return of mice and midnight
Pumpkin when he was engulfed in
The gritty mass, like a plant
Beat down with a film of fine dust
When a chopper lands or takes off.

The air was filled with earth stuff
Dry and trembling, floating down
Or hurried outward with a great wind
By the beating, beating of frantic
Wings, each dust shard stinging

Each tiny sharp impediment reddening
The black wings of the angel to gore
By continuous laceration. Blood
Shattered and hovered, showering
The air with a fine, moist stream.

1968

From a line by Robert Bly

A Bedtime Story for Good Little Kiddies (and the rest of you)

By Johnny Reb

UNCLE JOHNNY IS TIRED tonight as he has spent all dayyy struggling with the Infer--uh, Internal Revenue Service. So this is only going to be a short story & then beddy-bye. (What a life!)

Once upon a time, long ago and far away, (that's a good start!), there was a country which had the perfect government.

Furthermore, they knew it; the wise men of that country were so proud that they said that God Himself had designed their government.

First of all, there were no taxes whatsoever. (Hallelujah!) This alone aroused the admiration of all their neighbors, so that the rulers of neighboring countries stayed awake at nights thinking of ways to put an end to the situation. The head of the government was what we would call a circuit judge. Twice a year he made a tour of the country, hearing any cases that had arison; the rest of the time he stayed at home and let those who wore in a hurry to have their cases heard come to him. He was paid out of the fees of the litigants for hearing and deciding their cases.

He could, and did, appoint a few assistants to hear cases for him when business became too much for one man to handle; they were paid likewise. Except for one case where a judge appointed his two sons and they took bribes, this worked well too. Of course, there was nothing to keep people from settling their disputes without going to court, so the courts usually were noted for the fairness and wisdom of their judgements.

There was one other major problem. As I said, the neighboring rulers lost sleep over seeing all this untaxed wealth, so that they would from time to time invade the country. At this point, the judge would have to drop everything, send out a message saying, "The accursed @#& have crossed the border again. Bring your weapons and a week's food and assemble at the usual place in 3 days." to the local chiefs, who might or might not do so. Thereafter, the judge served as chairman of the strategy board for the duration of the emergency. They could probably have hired an army to do the fighting for them, but they thought it was cheaper to do it themselves. Each soldier had to supply his own weapons, kit and food, and his only pay was a share of the loot, if any. It didn't always work out too well in practice, but when it did, it was the cheapest way known to run an army.

The local government was organized by families or clans, like Scotland, and didn't have much to do. It was officially in charge of the family cemeteries, and the head of the clan settled small disputes among members of the family and took care of small, local emergencies, such as organizing a hunt for a marauding bear.

There was a state religion that everyone was supposed to belong to. It had priests (hereditary) who conducted services and performed a lot of other minor duties, such as keeping the official weights and measures, keeping historical records, running a school of some sort, etc. The revenue for the religion was a more or less voluntary contribution, like our community chest. Everyone was assessed according to his means for a donation. He could, of course, cheat and risk punishment in the hereafter or he could refuse to donate and risk the scorn of his neighbors. In time, many citizens became adherents of other religions or of none, so

that it really was voluntary, and the priests had to support themselves partly by going into business.

The coinage worked very simply; the official standard was silver, by weight; anyone could coin his own. When he tried to spend it, the mere fact that it would be weighed and tested kept things straight.

The people attributed a divine origin to their laws, and in time other laws were added, by custom or by wise decisions in a particular case. Aside from the purely religious ceremonial laws, most of the laws prohibited theft, including fraud, or violence, including rape. There were no jails (a modern invention); small crimes were punished by fines, more serious ones by selling the culprit into slavery and rewarding the victim or by killing the culprit. The courts also heard other types of cases, such as divorce or inheritances, where there was no crime involved but a question of the ownership or division of property. No one had to settle these matters in court; they were free to settle out of court if they could do so without bashing heads and starting another case.

This country had a curious way of choosing its leaders or judges; there was apparently no set method or machinery for doing this. The first leader was the founder of the country; he led a successful liberation movement, appointed his brother as a hereditary high priest, and they both kept their jobs for life. He did appoint his successor, a famous general. He, evidently did not appoint a successor, for the office was vacant for a number of years. The third leader was the nephew of another famous general, again no relation, who led an uprising against a foreign conqueror. The fourth attained office by murdering another foreign tyrant, and leading an uprising. The fifth, a woman, was known for her ESP; she also had to appoint a general to fight a foreign invader. The sixth was another guerilla leader. This gives the general pattern, although one was a wealthy landowner and another, the last, was a scholar and a member of the priestly group. (One was even a famous athlete!)

And what happened to this perfect government, with no taxes, no air pollution, no interference with complete free trade? Did they fall a victim at last to the envy of the surrounding rulers? Well, not exactly.

They fell victim to their own stupidity. They didn't leave well enough alone. They said to themselves, "Why can't we have a king like everybody else?" So, they went to their leader and said, "We want a king!"

"What on earth for?" he said.

"Because everybody else has one."

He tried to show them that this was not really a very good reason. They didn't listen. They had their hearts set on having a king, like everybody else.

"But if you have a king you'll have to pay taxes," they were told.

"What's that?" was their only response. "Well!" said their leader, "it's a free country, and you all have a perfect right to make fools of yourselves." So he picked out an exceptionally tall and handsome young man and said, "You are now The King, and will you all go celebrate somewhere else; I have a headache."

So now they had a King, and they learned what taxes were. Too late!

But they had a king like everybody else, so they should have been happy. But some of them, who did a little thinking, at last decided, "Why didn't we ask everybody else if the liked having a King?"

And so you say, Oh what a quaint little story, with such a moral to it too! How clever of you to make it up!

But I didn't make it up. And I'm going to let you guess the name of the country.

Continued on the Last Page....

A Past Due New Year's Story

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST nights last month a wealthy Austin capitalist was wending his way homeward from a free lecture in the Board of Trade Hall.

His thin but neat coat was buttoned closely across his shivering form, and his hands were thrust deeply into the pockets of his baggy but servicable trousers. G. Shylock Squeezer had once been a poor man, but hatred of strong drink and a repugnance to gambling had brought him to what he was--a millionaire.

As he hurried along the cold streets he gazed enviously in saloons at the men who luxuriated in the warmth and pleasure within, and shook his head as he thought of the cold and cheerless room that awaited him at home.

As Mr. Squeezer hurried up the avenue the solemn notes of the town clock rang out upon the frosty air the hour of twelve, and a new year had dawned upon that part of the world that uses central time.

Mr. Squeezer paused.

The lecture he had just listened to had been one that urged charity and love to one's fellow man. When had he helped a brother, either by act or by example? The thought smote Mr. Squeezer with fearful force. His better nature rose in him and asserted itself.

Suddenly he heard a weak, small voice exclaim: "Please, sir, will you give me a nickel?"

There was something in the tones of the voice that caused G. Shylock squeezer to start.

A little girl about eight years of age stepped from a doorway and held out her hand.

She was pinched and thin and poorly clad.

"What collat--" began Mr. Squeezer, from force of habit, but checked himself.

"Please, sir; mother is ill and we have nothing to eat in the house. Will you help us?"

Mr. Squeezer led the little girl into another doorway upon which a streetlamp shed its rays and gazed earnestly at her.

"What is your name, child?" he asked with feverish impatience.

"Lavinia Sappyton, sir."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me quick, child, for God's sake! Has she a wart on her nose and does she swear softly when scaling fish for breakfast?"

"She does."

"Is her name Lilian and does she breathe hard while drinking tea on credit?"

"Yes sir: do you know my mother?"

"I was once your father," said Mr. Squeezer, with a trembling voice. "Your mother and I separated long ago. I am very wealthy now. Here take this."

Mr. Squeezer tore open his coat and drew from his inside pocket something in a round roll covered with paper. He thrust the package into Lavinia's hands. "Take it," he said; take it to your mother; it will last her a whole year; I have plenty and will not miss it."

G. Shylock Squeezer bent suddenly and kissed Lavinia's forehead. "Farewell!" he said, in broken tones. "Every year I will give you the same if you come to me." So saying he drew his coat closer about him

and walked rapidly up the street.

Lavinia flew home, panting with excitement, and she and her mother opened the roll.

It was a nice new calendar for 1895.

#

This story originally appeared in O. Henry's Austin, Texas weekly paper, Rolling Stone, on February 9, 1895. O. Henry was a considerable wit as the following remarks of his, taken from issues of Rolling Stone, demonstrate.

A little down in the mouth--the first moustache.

A safety valve--the bi-valve during the summer months.

A miss-take--an elopement.

A trying situation--serving on a jury

Ladies love dancing, but few ever attend a barber's hop.

#

Which is exactly what Johnny Reb did. But readers who don't like guessing games may consult the Old Testament, where the story is told almost exactly as it is told here, concerning the people of Israel. The last judge was Samuel, and the first king was Saul.

Tom Paine, the man who named the United States of America, discusses the situation in Common Sense.

#

I promise nothing: friends will part
All things may end, for all began;
And truth and singleness of heart
Are mortal even as is man.

But this unlucky love should last
When answered passions thin to air;
Eternal fate so deep has cast
Its sure foundation of despair.

A. E. Housman



NAVAL PERSONNEL PROGRAM SUPPORT ACTIVITY
RECRUITING AIDS DIVISION
WASHINGTON NAVY YARD
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20390

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Dear Student:

In the days of sit-ins, love-ins, teach-ins, drop-outs, trips, and protests, "the establishment" may not seem very relevant.

Perhaps that applies to the Navy.

But, it would seem that anything that has managed to survive that long, might have a little relevancy. And there's nothing archaic about Naval Aviation, or the young men who fly today's supersonic Navy jets.

It doesn't take much to join a sit-in.

But, it takes brains, training, character, health, and guts to be a Naval Aviator or Air Officer. Plus -- believe it or not -- more sensitivity than any hippie ever dreamed of having.

Despite all the publicity vocal non-conformists receive, 90% of college students still have a balanced point of view. Chances are nine to one you're one of them. And, in going to college, your purpose is to make something special out of your life.

Why not do the same thing when it comes to your military obligation?

It's true, you could take your chances in any branch of service.

But, if you're going to be something, why not be something special?

"In all the world, only a few thousand men have ever mastered the sky from the deck of a ship at sea. And, everyone of them is a Navy man."

How about you?

Send in the enclosed card for the full Naval Air story, "Wings for the Fleet." It's better than most paper backs. And, it doesn't come in a plain, brown wrapper.

Sincerely,

E. J. Partyka
E. J. PARTYKA
Lieutenant, USN

