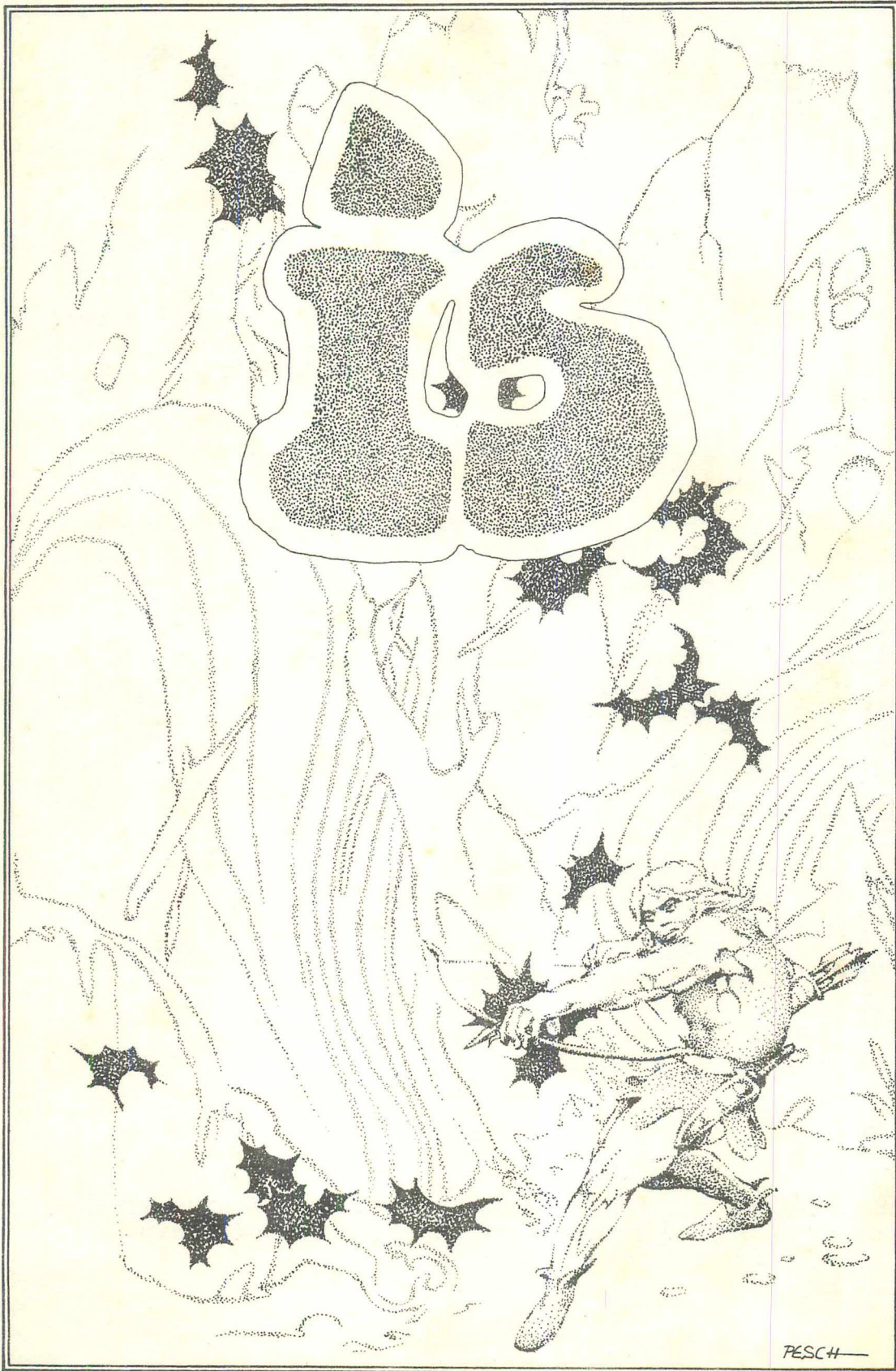


THUS IT IS RUMORED BY THE WISE PEOPLE THAT BEYOND  
OUR PLANET ANOTHER WORLD EXISTS WHICH -THOUGH IT IS  
WEIRD AND PARADOXICAL - CANNOT DENY ITS EARTHLY ORIGIN...



# BEAT THE HEAT

Here are a few very simple rules to help keep busts to a neat minimum.

- 1) Don't tell a stranger anything you wouldn't tell a cop.
- 2) Don't do anything with a stranger you wouldn't do with a cop.
- 3) A stranger is anyone, no matter how friendly, that you don't know very much about.

(The State admits to having 78 undercover agents concealed among us, and God knows how many the City has. Most of the people busted in the Haight recently have been done in by an agent they thought was a friend. As more & more newcomers arrive, such busts will become more & more common. Beware of spies. Beware of "perfect imitations." Make sure you really know the people you associate with. Remember: the City has declared war on hippies. Be advised.)

4) Be careful with people who have been busted recently. The case of the two Finking Spoonfuls should remind us that the heat has been known to make deals.

5) Avoid people & places that are not cool. Don't get caught in someone else's bust. Don't get busted by accident.

6) Make The Man work for his arrests. It's too late to protect your liberty when you've lost it. Be cool NOW.

gestetnered in the interests of Constitutional Liberty by the communication company, a member of the underground press syndicate, 3/24/67.





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ART: Helmut Pesch--Cover, 3, 30, 35  
 Terry Jeeves--Back Cover, 23, 35  
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 Seth Dogrammagian--13

CALLIGRAPHY:  
 Fred Phillips-- 13, 15, 17, 33  
 ...and apologies for the way I screwed up your work last time

ADDITIONAL DECORATIONS:  
 By Carl Helbing, Fluxus, Gelette Burgess, Richard Vaubel who took photos, Pete Stern who designed the postmark, and Indian children who produced the illustrations reprinted from the May 14, 1971 issue of the Arctic Village Echoes (subscription inquiries invited).

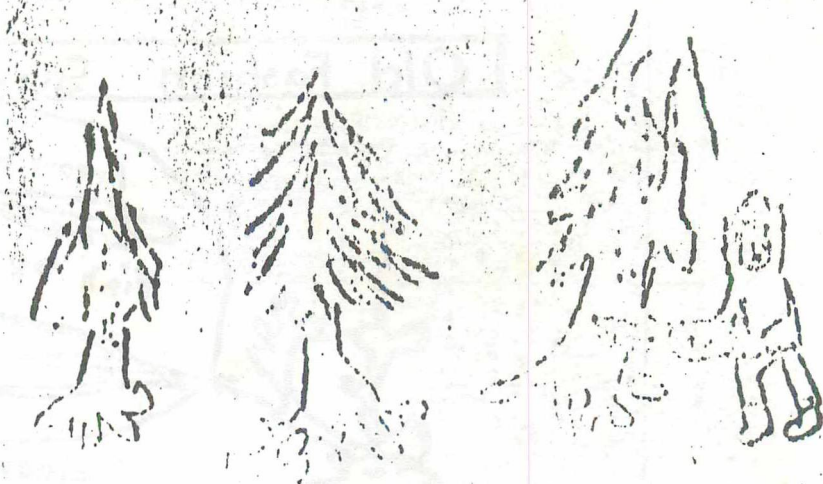
IMPORTANT NOTE:  
 Terry Jeeves is a candidate for TAFF, and deserves your support.  
 William Rotsler and Tim Kirk (last year's winner) are both candidates for a Hugo award, and both are pre-eminently qualified and deserving.



NO, THEY'RE NOT ALL ESKIMOS

AND THEY DON'T LIVE IN IGLOOS

By Pete Stern



ARCTIC VILLAGE IS THE FURTHEST north Indian village in the United States. It is located about 120 miles north of Ft. Yukon, 120 miles west of the Canadian border, and 120 miles south of the Arctic Ocean. Most people would consider it 120 miles or more from anywhere, or perhaps more precisely, the middle of nowhere.

The village lies on the largest reservation in Alaska, created by executive order in 1943. It encompasses around 1.5 million acres. There are two villages currently located on the reservation, the third not being used any more. In short, there are some 275 people for 1.5 million acres.

Besides the Eskimos everyone knows about, Alaskan natives include the Aleuts of the Aleutian Chain, the Tlingit and Haida Indians of the Southeast and the Interior Athabaskan Indians. Arctic Village people belong to the Chandalar Kutchin tribe of the Athabaskan group. They speak a language which is reputed to be one of the most complicated in the world. It is a language which is full of aspirated sounds and glottal stops and which until recently was entirely oral.

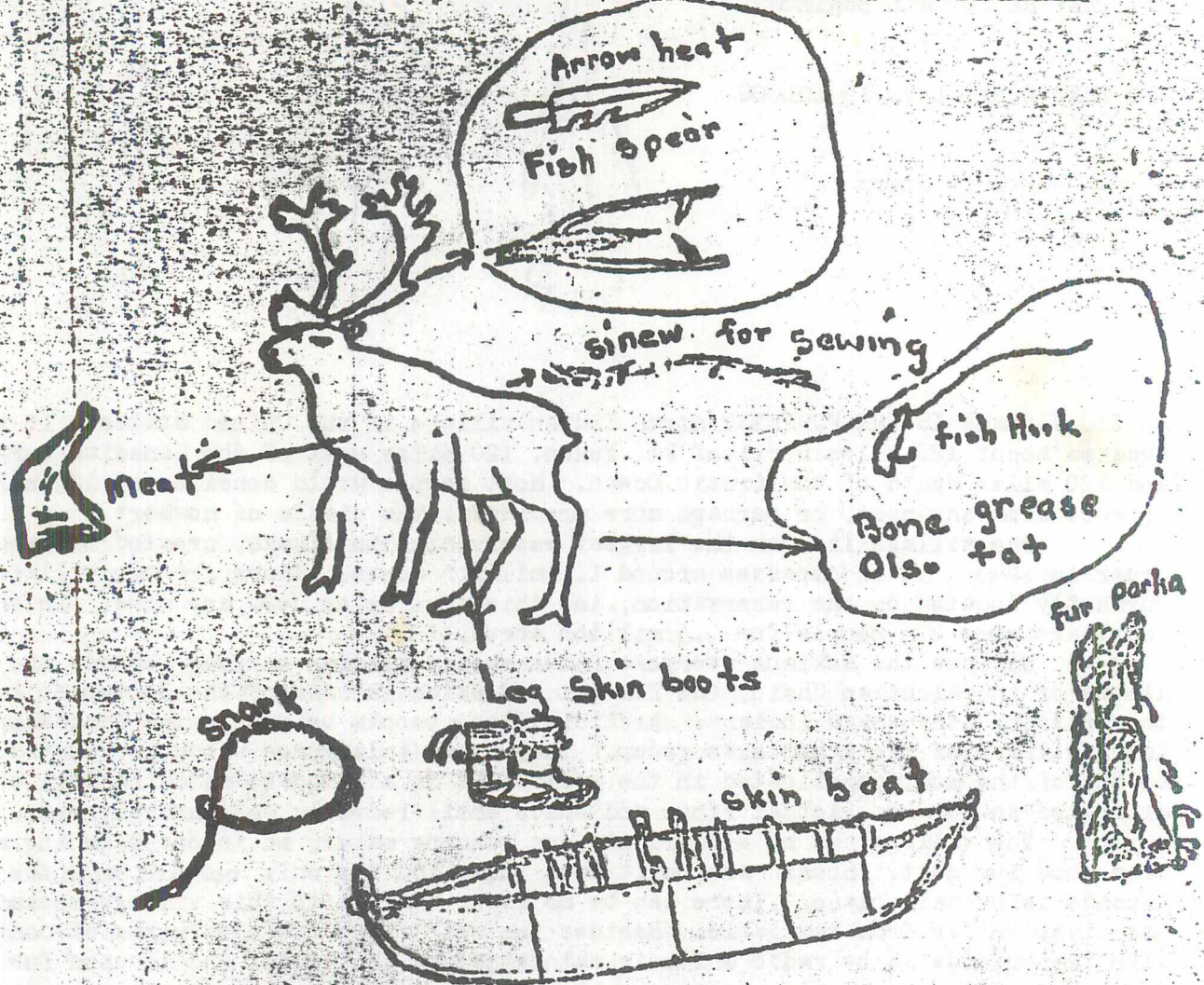
The village has no electricity, no running water, no indoor plumbing and uses wood for heat. Houses are built from logs, and the only contact with the outside is by mail plane. There can be no river traffic to this village because the river is far from navigable. Besides the mail plane the only means of contact with the outside is by radio which is maintained by the school and is used for medical traffic and regular messages which are transmitted through a land radio office in Fairbanks 350 miles to the south.

This village is known in the region as the only "Indian village." This simply means that it is the village which still retains many of the characteristics of the fragile native culture. People still speak native up here as the main language. They work together on projects. They don't drink. They have an effective council which rules the village. Compared to the situations in other villages in the region, Arctic Village is indeed a place to speak of in envy, but this is changing and changing very fast.

These changes are occurring not only in material ways but in social ways, or perhaps more correctly they are trying to change in social ways. Until about six years ago this village had no high school graduates among the children who went out to school. The chance to go to high school just wasn't there so they worked up here or joined the service. Now they are graduating from places such as the Bureau of Indian Affairs run school in Chemawa, Ore. or Mt. Edgecumbe, Alaska. The kids are away from the village usually from the eighth grade until graduation. They grow up away from home and in a White environment complete with stereos, running water, and all the associated amenities (?). They are used to being able to relieve boredom by going to movies or driving around and visiting. They think about how great it will be to get back to the village where they had so much fun playing as kids. Unfortunately, this fun and greatness does not last long once they return.



# Old Fashion Super Market



After about two weeks, things begin to seem boring and there is nothing to do at night or anytime so they many times resort to drinking. Homebrew parties are always a great problem during the summer when all the kids are home from school. Nearly always these parties result in trouble of one kind or another which creates great frictin between the parents and the kids.

For those young people who return from the service or high school, there is no way for them to support themselves. The job situation is limited to a store keeper, a postmaster, maintenance man for school, a teacher's aide and a minister. Unless a person is good in managing his money he will have to depend upon relief to survive. Summer earnings from fire fighting, about \$55 per day, are on a monctract basis--which means no money is deducted for taxes or social security. All too often this money is "blown" on charter planes and whisky just after it is earned. This practice leaves a bitter taste in the mouths of older people when during the winter a young person has nothing to buy food or anything for himself, and therefore becomes a burden on the community.

Wood is a continuous problem during the winter. The wood is spruce and must be hauled to the village using toboggans and snow machines. In 1969 some people were still using dogs but by this year there are no working teams left. The number of machines has tripled. At about \$1000 each, money is becoming more and more critical. Instead of a wooden boat with a small 7 hp outboard and a



good team of dogs, a well outfitted person now must have an aluminum boat worth about \$800 and at least one snow-go worth \$1000. This may seem like a small capital investment but consider these machines are built primarily for the recreational market of the States and not for continuous use under working conditions. They do not last very long and while they do last they constantly require parts which are very expensive.

An example of this is the snow-machine. Built for the weekend jaunt through the woods in Michigan the machines up here are run almost nine months of the year hauling wood which can weigh around 700 pounds. They are used for hauling and therefore cover upwards of 1500 miles during a winter. This couples with the fact that the operation is done in extreme cold, sometimes dropping to  $-70^{\circ}$ , so their reliability is practically zero. Why own one? For as much trouble as they are, driving a machine for hauling wood is still easier than driving a team of dogs, and with dogs you have to feed them all year long; a snow go stops drinking the \$1.60 per gallon gas when the snow is gone.

Caribou, very close to Reindeer in appearance, is the staple meat of this region. The Arctic and Canadian Porcupine herds which inhabit northern Alaska are said to number around 440,000 animals. The animals migrate through the entire area near the village during the fall and spring and small groups may winter over in the area. The area is an open region from the standpoint of hunting laws. Caribou can be taken year around. The language of the village is rich in terms dealing with caribou; everything for specific names for Caribou in each month to names for caribou by age and sex. Again, this richness is fast changing because the younger people aren't so dependent on the animals and they are not around to learn about it while they are out at high school.

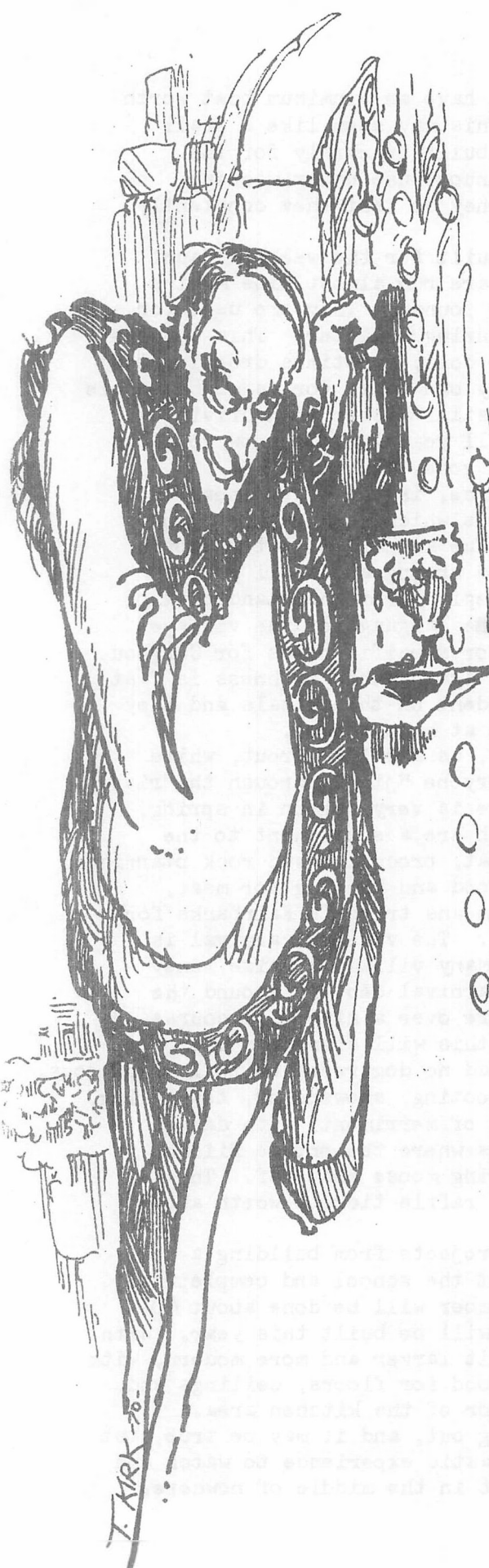
Moose and sheep are also found in the area, as are lake trout, white fish and grayling. Right now in the springtime everyone "jigs" through the river ice for grayling. A trip 17 miles to the trout lake is very common in spring, as it is possible to catch 30 pound trout. The fish are a supplement to the diet of caribou, along with ground squirrels, muskrat, porcupine and rock ptarmigan.

Since all of the winter is spent hauling wood and hunting for meat, everyone is ready in the spring to have fun. This means trips to Fairbanks for the North American Dog Races and a village carnival. The village carnival is something common to all villages in the interior. Many villagers raise money during much of the winter for prizes. The entire carnival centers around the men's dog race, which is held on two days and up here over a nine mile course. With the advent of the snow machines, however, all this will change as one village in the region has already shown when they had no dog race due to lack of dogs.

The carnival included contests of rifle shooting, snowshoeing, tea making, pie eating. The atmosphere at carnival time is one of merriment, with dances every night, a raffle, queen contest, and potlatches where the entire village is fed. This year there was a sit down banquet featuring moose meatloaf. The queen contestants acted as waitresses and also sold raffle tickets worth about \$400 for a camping outfit.

Summer will bring work in the village on projects from building a road from the airport to building a new classroom over at the school and completing a school water tank. Logging for house logs and lumber will be done about 40 miles up the river and hopefully a few more houses will be built this year. With the help of the B.I.A. the new houses are being built larger and more modern, with fiberglass insulation and aluminum roofing, and plywood for floors, ceilings and partitions. There will even be linoleum on the floor of the kitchen area.

People say the villages in Alaska are dying out, and it may be true, but they are also the focus of change, and it is a fantastic experience to watch and participate in it. Arctic Village is definitely not in the middle of nowhere.



## THE GOTHIC NOVEL:

### DISUNITED FANTASY

By Ruth Berman

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN FANTASY and terror has, historically, been so close that the two are often taken as synonymous. Edith Birkhead, in her The Tale of Terror, a Study of the Gothic Romance, begins her preface by saying, "The aim of this book is to give some account of the growth of supernatural fiction in English literature," a statement which would, for another period, be at variance with the title.

In the first of the Gothics, Walpole's Castle of Otranto (1768), supernatural events are spread lavishly throughout the story: an enormous steel helmet, apparently belonging to a statue of Alfonso the Good, crushes Manfred's only son, and the statue's marble helmet is discovered to be missing; a portrait of Manfred's grandfather sighs, steps out of the frame, etc.; and there is much more. The story is more than a little silly, and merely keeping track of who has a claim to Otranto and on what grounds is enough to provoke laughter.

Walpole himself seems to distrust his own fantasy. The pageantry of Frederick's appearance is impressive, as are his brief, scornful replies to Manfred's questions. Once he is revealed definitely as a human being he takes on the inflated, verbose speech patterns of the others and is transformed into a temporizing courtier described in terms that resemble the polished, satirical tones of Walpole's letters. The change in tone undercuts the effect of his appearance. The second seeming-appearance of Alfonso is revealed within one page as being only Theodore. The third appearance is real, but is handled so briefly as to be merely perfunctory, although the inflated phrases ("the clank of more than mortal armour," "the beholders fell prostrate on their faces, acknowledging the divine will") seem to imply an attempt to impress the reader.



Reactions to Walpole's fantasy vary. Edith Birkhead finds his "supernatural machinery...as undignified as the pantomime properties of Jack the Giant-Killer. The huge body scattered piecemeal about the castle, the unwieldy sabre borne by a hundred men, the helmet 'tempestuously agitated' and even the 'skeleton' in a hermit's cowl are not only unalarming but mildly ridiculous." Devendra P. Varma comments in The Gothic Flame, "While we may laugh at the statue from whose nose three drops of blood fell, and may not get a shiver from the portrait that walked out of its frame, these novels met the need of their times, which had not been met by the polished intellectualism of the Augustan age...for something wild and primitive."

The Old English Baron (1777) has only one ghost along with some appropriate trappings borrowed many times over in later Gothics: dreams, crashing doors and a deserted wing of the castle. Montague Summers, and Varma following him, classify this book as a historical-Gothic "where, in an atmosphere of supernatural terror, is portrayed a distinct panorama of history and chivalry. Such works depict events and personages of a particular historical period," rather than a true Gothic, which is set in the past, but not in an particular past (no matter what date the author may set on his anachronistic work).

In part, this distinction of Gothic and historical-Gothic seems to me a case of special pleading to excuse the absurdly anachronistic backgrounds provided by authors who want to make use of the associations of the Middle Ages to establish that "atmosphere of supernatural terror" but who lack historical knowledge and therefore depend on the reader to be too much enthralled by the general atmosphere to pay close attention to details.

But the distinction does make sense as a way of indicating the gradation between the Gothic novel and one of its descendents, the historical novel (which dispensed with supernatural machinery, made little use of the horrific, and concentrated on delivering a realistic portrait of the past) as practiced, for example, by Sir Walter Scott. J.M.S. Tompkins The Old English Baron in her discussion of Gothic novels, but points out the "homely and practical streak that differentiates (it) from any other Gothic story whatever; nowhere else do we find knights regaling on eggs and bacon and suffering from the toothache; and it is wholly characteristic of her that she did not set her scene in a vaguely Medieval Italy, but in England in the reign of Henry VI."

The Old English Baron is also unusual in the function played by its ghosts. In the Gothics of Walpole, Lewis and Ann Radcliffe, the supernatural (or seemingly-supernatural) agent was mainly interested in punishing the offender, who occupies a central position in the story, and only secondarily interested in protecting the villain's victims. The ghosts function as Furies, and their physical pursuit of the villain parallels and symbolizes his growing guilt and remorse. The ghosts in it are not vengeful pursuers; they are primarily interested in restoring the hero to his rightful place. The wrong is righted with as little inconvenience to the wrong-doer as possible (he gets a cash compensation for the loss of the estate).

In both stories the main line of action follows the fortunes of the virtuous young heroes and heroines. In The Old English Baron, the villain appears on stage only once, near the end of the book. In The Castle of Utranto however, Manfred, the villain, is the emotional center of the story; his thoughts and feelings are presented most vividly.

This difference in emphasis of characters parallels the difference in the treatment of the supernatural devices, and is also, I think, responsible for the difference in tone and atmosphere which causes critics to set The Old English Baron apart as "historical Gothic" or in some other way not truly "Gothic," more than the difference in authenticity or setting. It is a charming story of the "virtue rewarded" type. The ghosts are, indeed, introduced with horrific, mysterious noises and candle-quenching drafts, but Edmund conquers his fear so readily that the reader is also inclined to make light of

it. (I suspect that one reason Gothics generally centered on heroines instead of heroes was that a woman, supposedly more easily frightened than a man, could be expected to communicate terror to the reader through her own terror.)

Another work cited by Summers and Varma as an example of the historical Gothic is Sophia Lee's The Recess (1783-6). Its main claim to being considered as a Gothic seems to be the wild historical background (starting with the heroines, twin daughters of Mary, Queen of Scots). The "recess" of the title is a set of secret basement rooms in a typically Gothic (architecturally) Abbey. The presence of such a building is typical of the genre. Often, however, the characteristic Gothic building plays a more important role than it does in The Recess.

The movement within the story is inward, to the depths of the building. The heroine (or hero) is brought to it and sets about exploring it, going steadily deeper in and discovering horrors with increasing frequency along the way. Eleonora and Matilda grow up in the recess. It is not until outsiders (Essex and Leicester, who become their lovers) come to it that they are brought into potentially dangerous situations, and it is not until they leave it that they meet real dangers. There are no horrors within the recess. There are no supernatural horrors in the book at all. A ghost appears in a dream, and Queen Elizabeth mistakes one of the heroines for a ghost, but that is all. The reader does not share in Elizabeth's terror.

In Castle of Otranto, The Monk, Children of the Abbey, and Ann Radcliffe's books, the villain's evil nature is demonstrated in part by his sexual attacks on the heroine; his guilt over his past social or political wrong-doing is matched by his sexual guilt, and the ghost's revenge is implicitly directed against the villain for his present sexual evils as well as his past misdeeds. There is little such sexual conflict in The Old English Baron, and no direct sexual threat in The Recess. Queen Elizabeth competes with the heroines for Leicester and Essex, but she cannot threaten direct sexual attack against her rivals.

Completing the survey of hyphenated Gothics, Regina Maria Roche's Children of the Abbey (1798) represents the sentimental-Gothic in Summers classification. This book has both more and less right to be called Gothic than The Old English Baron or The Recess. It has more right to be called so, because it has a long, climactic episode which follows what was by then the set pattern for Gothics: Amanda Fitzalan, wandering one moonlit night in the ancient abbey which belonged to her grandfather (and which was left to her mother's half-sister, disinheriting her mother) finds a secret gallery, and inside, what she takes to be a portrait of her grandfather's second wife:

She went up to examine it; but her horror may be better conceived than described, when she found herself not by a picture, but by the real form of a woman, with a deathlike countenance! She screamed wildly at the terrifying spectre, for such she believed it to be, and quick as lightning flew from the room. Again was the moon obscured by a cloud, and she involved in utter darkness. "Protect me, Heaven!" she exclaimed, and at the moment felt an icy hand upon hers: her senses instantly receded, and she sunk to the floor.

The dark, uncertain light; the Gothic setting, the ghost who will later bring about the downfall of the current usurper, the fainting heroine--all these are typical. The revelation (hinted at by the phrase "such she believed it to be" and confirmed



within a page) that the icy-handed "spectre" is a living woman, and in no way supernatural, is not typical of the Gothic, but only because it comes so swiftly. Apart from the one scene, however, and Lady Malvina's function in restoring Amanda's inheritance, there is nothing of the Gothic in The Children of the Abbey. The book's overall effect is that of a typical "sentimental" novel, with its distressed heroine, social satire culminating in a long portrait of London life, financial problems, and the series of increasingly serious misunderstandings between the heroine and her lover. The action is not set in the past, and I suspect that the abbey was put in--and the book given the title it bears--in order to cash in on the popularity of the Gothic novel.

As mentioned earlier, the ghosts in Gothic novels seem to serve the function of objectifying the villain's guilt; they are pursuing Furies. Lewis's use of the Devil and witchcraft in The Monk is similar. His villain is destroyed by them as the usurping lords of Udolpho, Otranto, and (in a much gentler way) Clara Reeve's Castle of Lovel, and the usurping ladies of The Recess and Children of the Abbey were destroyed by their ghosts (real or supposed).

The division between pursuing the guilty and frightening the innocent corresponds to a division of focus in the Gothic novel. Ostensibly, the center of attention in each novel is the heroine. Only The Old English Baron, of the works discussed here--and one of the least "Gothic"--concentrates on a hero. The two male writers do not keep their heroines so insistently in the center of the action, but their heroines are, nonetheless, much more important in the story than their men. Yet, despite all the attention bestowed on the lovely, innocent, virtuous, pure heroines, not one of these girls comes alive. The villains, on the other hand, are frequently fascinating. Lewis's Ambrosio and Ann Radcliffe's Schedoni are genuinely powerful portraits of evil and hypocritical men. Manfred of Otranto and Montoni of Udolpho, although less important and less well characterized, are the most striking characters in their respective books.

The main reason Gothic novels use heroines instead of heroes seems to be that the supernaturally fearsome elements of the story symbolize a fear of sex, linking sex with death, both in the person of the villain (who is a literal sexual threat, and who is eventually killed by the supernatural agent) and in the terrifying apparitions (who are usually dead to begin with). There are, of course, other reasons. The novel was generally thought of in the eighteenth century as light reading suitable for the weak mind of a female. Most of the writers were women. In a story where the object is to frighten the reader, it may be helpful to have a main character who is easily frightened, yet not actually a coward. These secondary reasons, however, would not serve to explain why the heroine should be threatened by an older man as well as frightened or threatened by apparitions.

The apparition instrument of sexual death (from the heroine's point of view) is somewhat at variance with the apparition as instrument of vengeance (from the villain's point of view). To be sure, the villain is threatened with death, usually for sexual misdeeds, but also for pride, murder, and frequently for usurpation of someone's inheritance. Possibly the usurpation of money and land symbolizes the attempt to usurp the hero's sexual rights.

A suitable young hero is necessary to rescue the heroine from her fear of sex, but he is wholly unnecessary in



NOT TOO FAST

Disc of sun in the belching smoke, Blazing huts where children choke

Burning flesh and blackened blood, Charred and blistered like smould'ring wood.

CHORUS

OH BROTHER O BROTHER DID YOU WEEP? OH BROTHER O BROTHER, CAN YOU SLEEP?

WORDS & MUSIC BY EWAN MACCOLL  
© SPARKING MUSIC INC.

Disc of sun in the belching smoke,  
Blazing huts where children choke,  
Burning flesh and blackened blood,  
Charred and blistered like smould'ring wood.

**Chorus:**

Oh brother, O brother did you weep?  
Oh brother, O brother can you sleep?

Wall-eyed moon in the wounded night,  
Touching poisoned fields with blight,  
Showing a ditch where a dead girl lies,  
Courtied by ants and hungry flies.  
(chorus)

Scream of pain on the morning breeze,  
Thunder of bombs in the grove of trees,  
Hymn of rubble and powdered stone,  
Anguished flesh and splintered bone.  
(chorus)

Programmed war, efficiency team,  
Punch cards fed to thinking machines,  
Computered death and the murder plan,  
Total destruction of Vietnam.

**final chorus:**

O brother! have you got no shame?  
O Jesus! they're killing in my name!

Brother,  
did  
you  
weep?

Brother did you weep? has been recorded  
by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger on  
Argo (Z) DA 83, 'The Angry Muse'.



# Essaouira

By Robert Weider

WE PULLED OVER A RISE and saw framed below us by the sun setting floridly into the Atlantic, the town of Essaouira; tiny, squalid, lying 500 miles south of Tangier and 75 miles west of Marrakech on the coast of Morocco.



We had come 50 miles from Casablanca on a bus that was turned out some time during the Crusades. The bus hove into a town square choked with hundreds of Moslem faithful, digging an Arab string band which played more or less incessantly during Holy Week, which it was--turning out sounds like a fingernail on a slate. It all looked like the start of a magnificent adventure. So did the launching of the Titanic.

"Git to Essaouira" we had been told by freaks from Norway to Spain. "Essaouira is where it's at." The local kids greeted us with the two English words known to every kid on earth: "Hello, Heepie!" The beggars greeted us with the Arabic equivalent of "Spare change?" Everyone else in sight tried to sell us something, from Brexodent toothpaste to hashish cookies cut with belladonna.

Essaouira is Morocco's Haight Ashbury. There is a river of dope running through Europe, a giant flow of dealers and connections and transit routes. The truly seasoned navigators of this river, the strung-out of Europe, wash up in Essaouira. To the hallucinogenic cognoscenti, Essaouira is The Place Where God's Own Kif is Grown, to be sold dear in Tangier or Marrakech, or to be had for chicken feed locally.

We headed for the Hotel Sud, also known as Hippie Hotel. In its sky-roofed courtyard we found fifty or so freaks from all over Europe and half a dozen young Moroccan hustlers and dealers who were dead ringers for Sirhan Sirhan.

Hippie Hotel was a sea of vermin and feces, so we checked in down the alley at Hotel Agadir, where rooms are a dollar a day and where Said, the night manager, will score you a lid of flower-tip kif the size of a clock-radio for \$4 from his uncle who works in the kif fields. Everybody in Essaouira has an uncle working in the kif fields.

We got good and ripped and I went to use the third-floor toilet which, like all Moroccan toilets, is a hole in the floor, but far better than the can at Hippie Hotel, which is a bog of human waste matter so steeped in ammonia that one good crap will clear your sinuses for a month.

I came back to my room and found we had a roommate--Bob from D.C. who was in Morocco to kick a smack habit. "My old lady and me could never get together and kick at the same time." He planned to fly back to the states as cargo, in an ape suit with the tag, "Do not feed--under sedation" around his neck. Bullshit, to be sure, but nice theater.

We wandered out through the streets of Essaouira, which are no wider than theater aisles. An arab jabbered at a small gathering, brandishing a cocoanut. "He's telling the Arabic cocoanut fable," smiled Bob.

"What is the Arabic cocoanut fable?" he was asked.

"I don't know," he grinned. "I don't speak Arabic."

At Hippie Hotel all the Arabs were trying to burn everybody who wasn't an Arab. There is a thin moral line in Morocco between hustling and sheer theft. Most Moroccans bound back and forth over this line like kangaroo rats. Numerous people were buying hash which was in fact dye, incense or camel shit. "Beggar's Banquet" was playing. A few Berbers stood around wearing looks indicating they would gladly cut a white man's throat for a Chicklet.

They don't talk much at Hippie Hotel. They are too stoned. Kesh-Kesh runs the joint, and he has rip-off written on his face in neon. The only safe way to take money into Hippie Hotel is sewn to your skin. We had a bowl of soup that was largely tomato, but only Kesh-Kesh and Allah really know what went into it. We talked marginally to people.

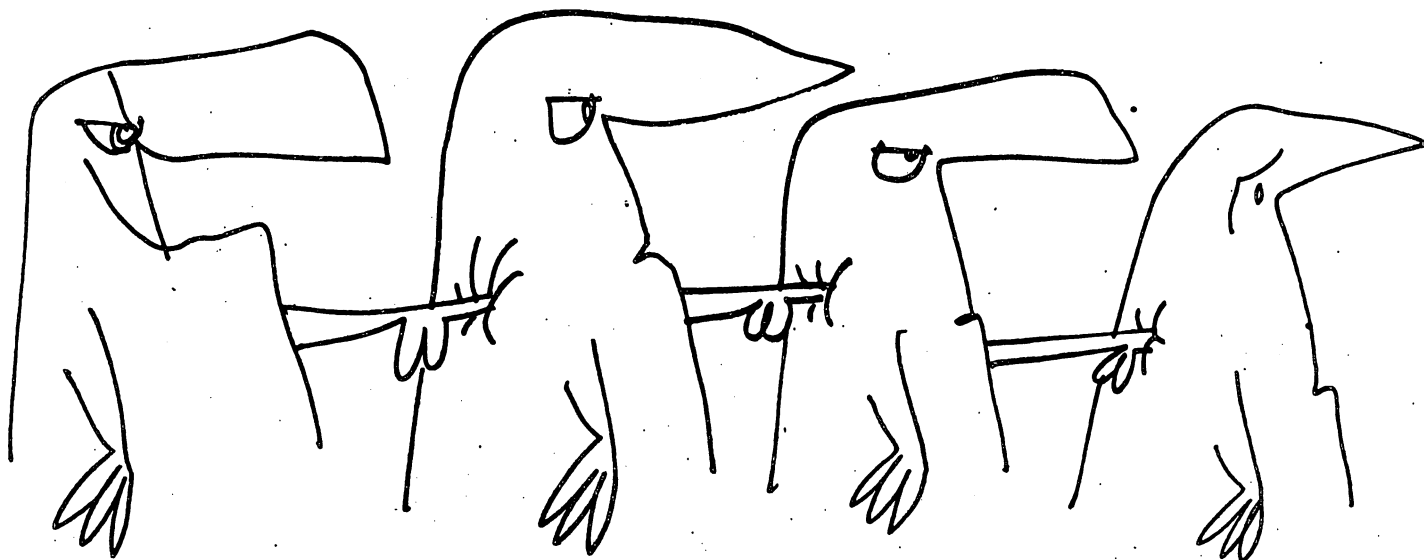
Ronald from London and Kurt from Hamburg had come six months ago to Essaouira with a VW van full of acid to deal. The van had broken down in Diabet--a crumbled ghost-town outside Essaouira which had fallen down in the 1962 earthquake and from which comes the word "diabetes"--and so now they lived in their van in Diabet, dealing acid and coping quietly without electricity or running water. Asked what they did these days, they smiled and replied, "Just live, eat acid, smoke shit and long for a shot."

Barry was a kid from the states, had arrived on a round-trip ticket in Madrid, sold the return half of his ticket, jammed to Essaouira, was now penniless and flaked out in the British commune above Cafe Paris. "This place is Eden," he smiled opaquely. When asked how he planned to get back, he smiled vacantly. "Back where?" he asked.

We stayed a couple weeks, the Islam telethon blaring at us from loud-speakers, getting gnawed by horseflies on the beach, drinking Stork beer (brewed with water from an artesian well which feeds off the Casablanca sewer) and staying fucked up, wondering why the Moroccan toilet was water resistant, and getting the trots.

Then we split to Agadir, which also fell down in 1962 and killed 30,000 people in the process. It is now a tourist attraction.

Essaouira--where it's at in Morocco. Count your blessings.





**N**ot more of light we ask, O God,  
But eyes to see what is;  
Not sweeter songs, but ears to hear  
The present melodies;  
Not greater strength, but how to use  
The power that we possess;  
Not more of love, but how to turn  
A frown into a caress;  
Not more of joy, but how to feel  
Its kindling presence near,  
To give to others all we have  
Of courage and of cheer.

**N**o other gift, dear God, we ask,  
But only sense to see  
How best the precious gifts to use  
We have received from thee.  
Give us all fears to dominate,  
All holy joys to know;  
To be the friends we wish to be,  
To speak the truth we know;  
To love the pure, to seek the good,  
To lift with all our might,  
All souls to dwell in harmony  
In freedom's perfect light.

Calligraphy by Fred Phillips

It was the cold and bleak february manhattan that confronts a first time west coast angry young man, ten years ago, Lower East Side, hulking albino spade freaks tailing me, watching a man splash against a hurtling subway car, leaning into frigid 45-degree winds. I wasn't shaving, or bathing, or removing my engineer boots. It was New York, and I was a poet.

I was mildly in love, disinterested: it was a stylish, european existential relationship which did not concern me. We would meet collars up and gloved hands in subway stations, take the downtown express for coffee against a steamy window, black tar against the brick gutter, gulls appearing, disappearing, existential. She wanted to marry me.

I was staying in Keith's rooms; windows that looked into air shafts, candles providing the views within; it was like a cave against the wild beasts and winter, a lot of dope, a lot of deep unknowing sadness. Andrea would gaze long into the candle, then suggest that we consult the I Ching.

Andrea did not care. I could marry the girl, stay in Keith's rooms, or go. She herself was peaceful in Keith's rooms, drifted not in manhattan's winters but moved in arenas of the mind of which I knew nothing -- except for fleeting sensations of peace as I stared into her candle.

She handed me three coins, a quarter and two dimes, and told me to consider the situation well. I handled the coins abstractedly, and thought of the girl I met in subway stations, and thought of California, and thought of where I'd come to. I shook the three coins and spilled them, no longer mercantile symbols but perhaps three sections of a door, three missing pieces of a puzzle, three parts of an answer to a question I'd come to New York to avoid.

The coins were cast six times and a symbol lifted, emerged from the black book I'd seen Andrea leaf through. That peace I'd often sensed fleeting, doped against the lonely nights, returned to stay while she read from the I Ching; she read the hexagram I'd cast: Kuei Mei, the Marrying Maiden.

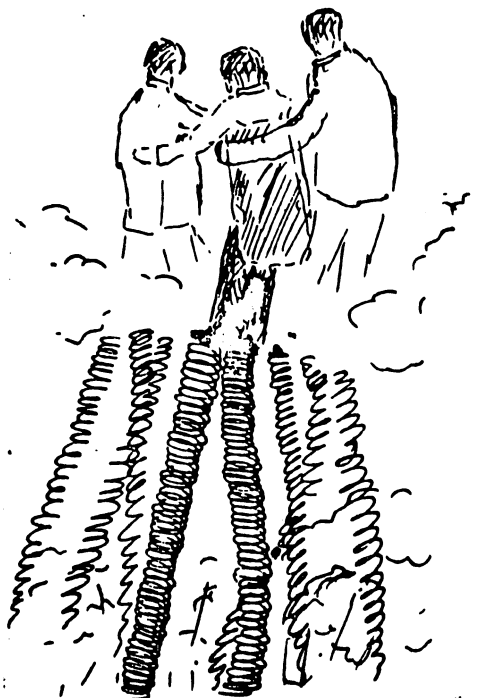
The next morning I slept well as my greyhound sped through the endless Pennsylvania tunnels, each tunnel another dream, as I caught up with my soul, returning to California, returning to my life. I found my copy of the I Ching in a store which now has long been out of business. Times have changed since the conversion, and I've not returned to New York. More life exists in reality, more reality exists in the I Ching. It is the most valuable reference book in my home, and my home resides calm within the Center, not pinned in fear against the existential extremities.



# Some Experiences With Hashish

By Gelette Burgess

*"Tottering on the tops of tall  
spires"*



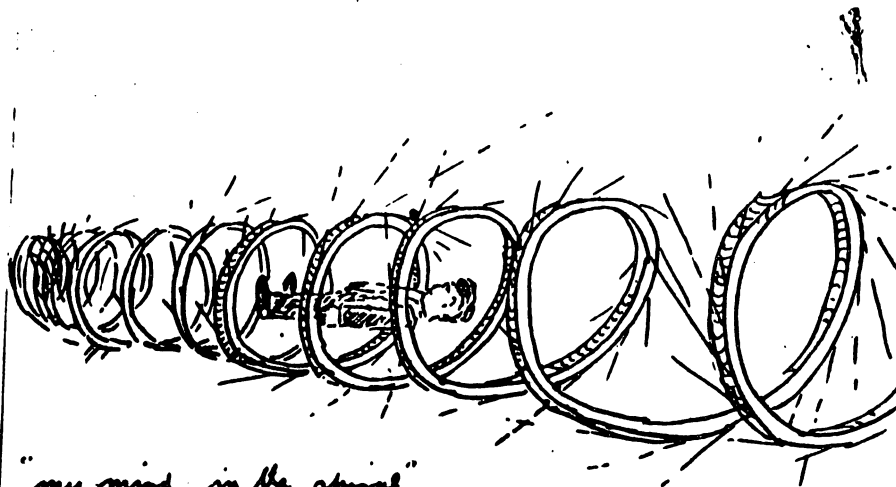
*"Passing like a wild cloud through the distance of his mind" --Dunlop  
and Son.*



THE works on haschisch, other than old narrations of its visions, and more recently some few magazine articles on the subject, are comparatively rare. What little has been written is, however, sufficient

to arouse the interest of any one at all interested in psychology, and it incited an investigation of its effects by a small party of whom I was the first one to test its powers. In the opportunity it gives for studying the action of the brain in a singularly disordered condition, haschisch is the most interesting of the narcotics, for its effects are rather intellectual than sensual, as in the case of opium, and the patient, during the height of his emotions, is as capable of watching its processes as any observer.

Interested as we were in the curious visions conjured up by the action of the drug, less attention was paid to the actual phantasmagoria described, than to certain vagaries of the mind, and sequence of symptoms, expressed in other ways — except, perhaps, in our first experiment, where the voluble recital, strangeness of circumstance, and the presence of unknown danger,



*"my mind in the spiral"*

left less attention for other observation. In this case our notes were rendered inaccurate near their close by a singular cause: they were kept by one who had himself taken a dose of haschisch after mine, and when his action commenced, his feelings were unconsciously recorded with those I described.

Hours of the most detailed description might fail to give any idea of the feelings I experienced when I first became an assassin (fr. *haschischin*): they were so absolutely unique as to seem to belong to another world. Contrary to our expectation, there was no disinclination to talk of our feelings while under its influence, and the fluency of description and peculiar use of words was remarkable in the primary lighter stages. This is, however, apt to be accompanied with a frank confidence often regretted afterward.

Our first trial of the effects of haschisch was not under the most favorable circumstances; for, taken rather unexpectedly, late in the evening, little time was had for preparation, even if we had thought any necessary, for we were incredulous as to its powers. Three hours, indeed, passed before the slightest symptom was felt, and the subject was almost forgotten, when — I gradually came to, and aroused from an unsuspected state of semi-unconsciousness, of so short a duration, however, that others had not noticed it. It was like a faint, in that I felt no sensation of losing consciousness, but only felt that of arousing. The mental shock was sudden and terrible, for our absolute inexperience, unsupported by actual evidence of its results, inspired a certain dread, which the sense of increasing, irresistible helplessness gradually approaching, heightened into apprehension.

This awakening was regularly repeated about every half-minute, occurring between gradually diminishing intervals of lucidity, which themselves became less clear: that is, at no time did I again recover full use of all my faculties, although I periodically aroused into comparative attention.

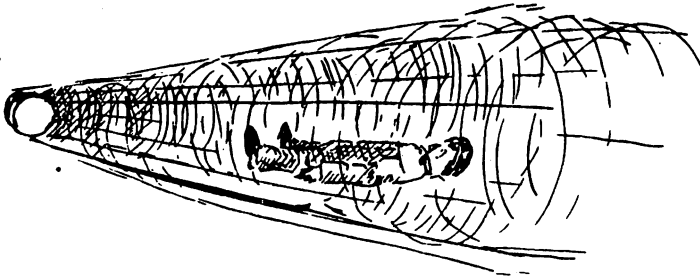
Immediately after this first shock, I became conscious of the dual existence so often men-

tioned. It is a sensation almost indescribable to one who has not felt it, and is a kind of double consciousness; for, during the whole time that I seemed to be in such novel situations, I knew vaguely where I was, and though connected thought was impossible, yet with a vigorous effort I could awake for a moment. In my wildest flights of fancy I could hear and understand conversation in the room. Although temporary restoration was thus voluntary, it was hastened by drinking water, or by the use of other restoratives. An exclamation of mine upon being requested to keep quiet, will show the strange condition in which I was placed. "The idea," I said, "of a person's telling me to *remain unconscious*—and of its being possible!"

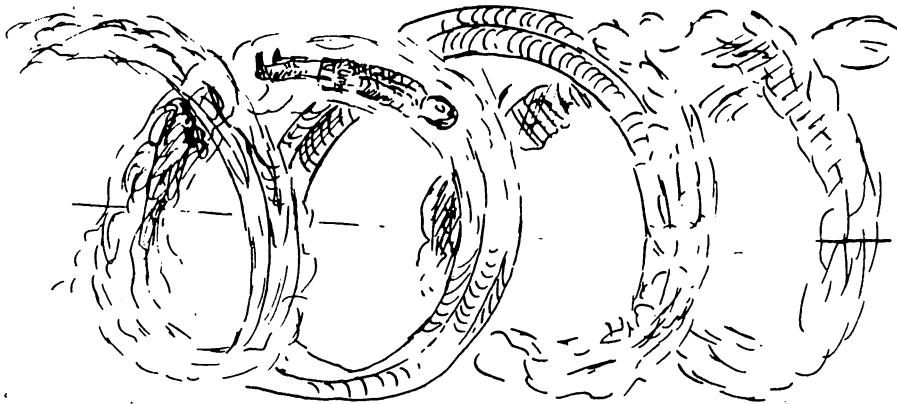
Immediately after the first symptoms, time, and to a less degree distance, gradually stretched out into tremendous proportions: it seemed to take hours to cross the room; my legs were immensely long, and I seemed to be "tottering on the tops of tall pendulums." Meanwhile, the most startling ideas and fancies flew through my brain so swiftly, that, wishing to make a note of some extraordinary idea, I would have forgotten it before I could find the pencil at my side, and often held it, wondering why it was in my hand.

This action of the narcotic went on till I was forced to lie down from weakness. By this time I had become more than doubly sensitive, and impatient of the slightest discomforts: even the off-hand way in which a friend presumed to pour coal on a fire, seemed to prove his utter heartlessness and carelessness of my condition. Meanwhile my body seemed to stiffen, till I felt like marble, and lay during the rest of the time strangely disinclined to stir; at the same time I became wildly absurd, and shrieked with spasms of laughter at the most commonplace remarks. It was a sight long to be remembered by those present, to see me stretched straight and stiff as death on the floor, long after midnight, convulsed with the most ghastly laughter for five minutes at a time without another movement of the body betraying life. Not until this stiffening was felt, did I experience the





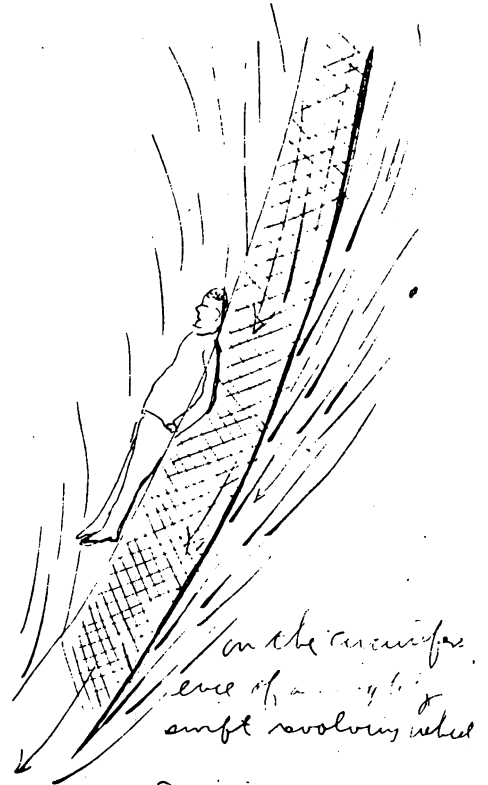
In the tunnel



"in the spiral"

"columns of smoke"

U. D.



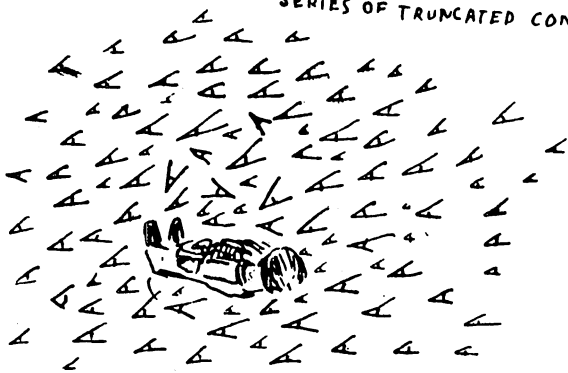
on the circumference  
of a  
swift revolving wheel

Dying  
I am dead

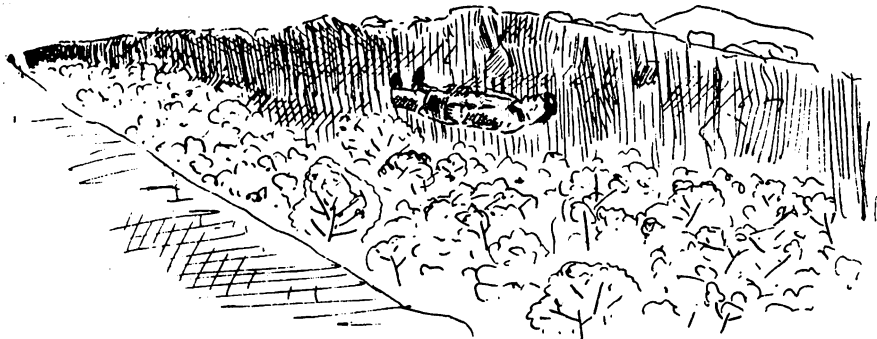


"SERIES OF TRUNCATED CONES"

"Glimpse  
through  
mists"

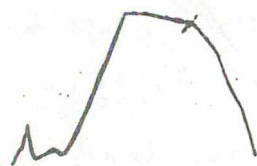


"Between tall cliffs, trees in the middle"  
"a long perspective"



marvelous visions and hallucinations for which haschisch is noted; but then I found the equals of the wildest of which I had read, and prominent among them the sense of buoyancy so often cited. I was disappointed, however, not to have the sensation of actually leaving the body that is sometimes described, and which I have known realized in others. The apparent intensity of the intellect was another strange experience: not only did I seem to rise so far above my normal state in this apocalypse as to comprehend the profoundest and most complicated problems of nature, but I was able to study the course of my own mind in all its eccentric freaks, and discriminate between its real and unreal ideas.

An effect peculiar to my own case, was the facility with which I illustrated my sensations by graphical diagrams. For instance: the figure shown, represented the restorative effect of



drinking a glass of ice-water; the lowest portion represents my state of deepest unconsciousness, broken by minor awakenings; then the nearly vertical line indicates the

rapidity with which I was aroused, seeming to rise up from a depth of passivity, till at the top I was almost perfectly awake for a few seconds, lapsing at first slowly, and then swiftly, into unconsciousness again. All this was understood and drawn with the rapidity of thought. As the effect increased, thoughts passed through my brain with such speed that I had no time to describe them when drawing the figures, and thus some of the most complex sensations were lost.

The predominance of the spiral form was remarkable in all my visions. I walked on long spirals, and lay floating in the axis of a helix that stretched out like a long corkscrew to infinity, or breathed in double-ended spiral atoms till my throat and mouth were parched and hot.

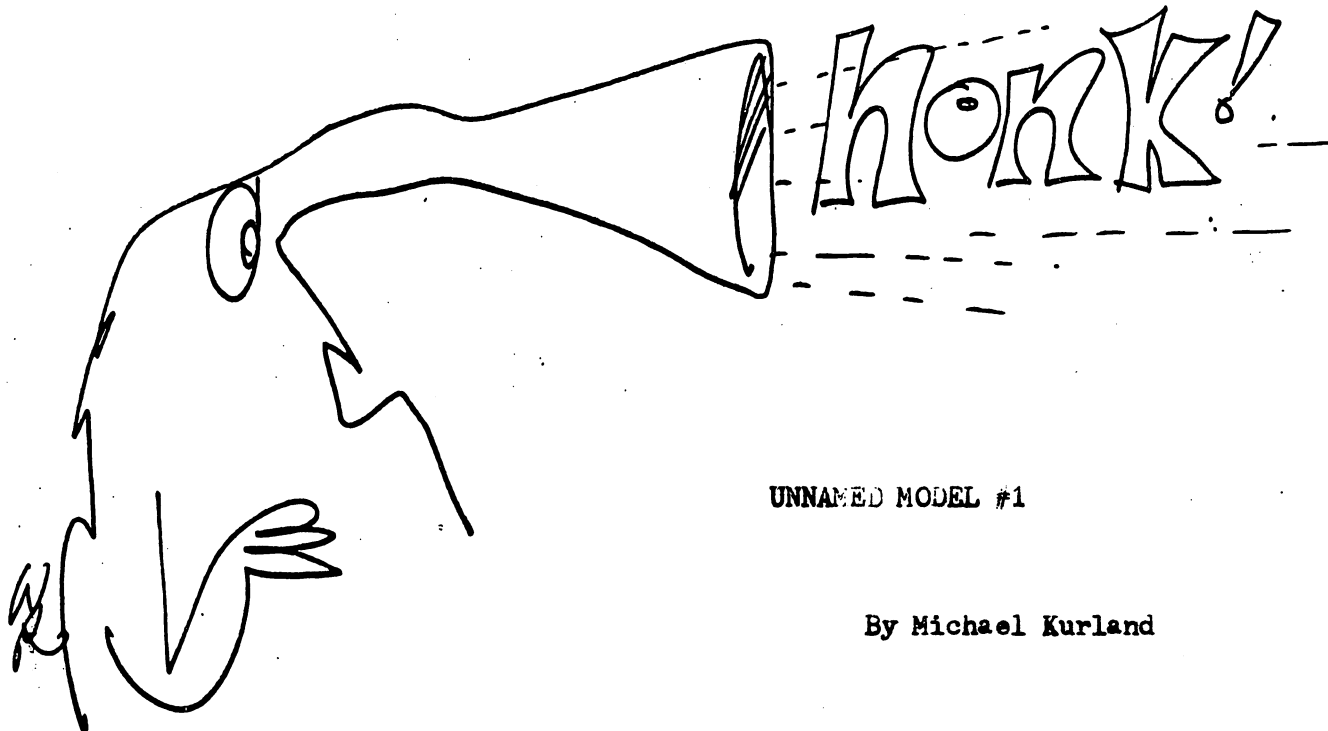
After the force of the drug had reached its height these visions became less and less distinct, till three hours after the first attack I fell

into a stupor, from which I slowly awakened with a feeling of nausea, attended by extreme fatigue and weakness for several days. With a larger dose since taken, the effects were frightfully intensified; for through carelessness, a dose was taken which must have been four or five times the former one, and the agony of terror experienced while the action was at its height was almost unbearable, and death seemed inevitable. Many of the symptoms universal to a moderate dose were changed, and the action was throughout more violent and spasmodic as well as swifter than in the previous case.

Among the more general conclusions we proved, at least to our own satisfaction, was the fact that the effects of haschisch give rise to sensations invariably wild and fantastic in detail, a certain number of which, however, are found, almost without exception, in every case; and that these effects may be depended upon as being practically of the same class and power, up to a certain point, after which the real becomes undistinguishable in the mind of the patient from the unreal, and the excesses to which the action is carried differ in character in individual cases.

Finally, the effects of haschisch differ widely with the quality of the drug, for it is frequently adulterated, often with opium or worse; with the peculiarities of the patient, for on some it has no effect; and most of all with the dose taken, the same dose almost always producing a similar result. And although this modern version of its powers scarcely realizes the expectations founded on the Count of Monte Christo, or the works of Theophile Gautier, yet its effects will convince the experimenter of its undreamed-of potency, and leave recollections of one of the strangest experiences of a lifetime.





UNNAMED MODEL #1

By Michael Kurland

SCENE: a bare stage. Somewhere around the middle of it, one chair with a drawing board in front of it. A very average looking man is sitting on the chair, pen in hand, with all of his available attention focused on the drawing board.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

MAN

VOICE 1

VOICE 2

ACT ONLY

The curtain opens on the above scene (or alternatively and preferably, the curtain is opened on the above scene while the audience comes in and seats itself).

VOICE 1: Man!

MAN (to himself) The background's a bit stark. A little more hatchwork....

VOICE 1: Man!

MAN (as before) Maybe if the pine tree looked a little more like a pine tree....

VOICE 1: It won't work, you know.

MAN What's that? (looking around)

VOICE 1: That's better. It won't work. It never has.

MAN: (puzzled) I could swear....

VOICE 1: Honest, it won't work. When you start hearing voices, you might as well admit that you hear them. And I know the next step in the process-- admitting that you hear voices and making the great logical deductive leap....

MAN: (getting up) I must be losing my....

VOICE 1: Oh for the love of tripe!

MAN: Tripe?

VOICE 1: That's better. We're over that hurdle. Sure, tripe, why not? Us voices aren't allowed very powerful expletives as a rule.



MAN: (I leave out further stage directions. If MAN can't figure out how to react to these voices, then he's not the MAN I think he is.) Just keep talking for a while, let me get used to it.

VOICE 1: (obligingly) I mean, just look for example, here's this voice from nowhere--this disembodied voice. Me. Now supposing I yelled something like 'oh, shit' instead of whatever it was I yelled. It would be ridiculous. I'll try to show you. (yelled) OH SHIT! There. See what I mean?

MAN: Well....

VOICE 1: It's all right to use any of the various bodily processes to supply the words for expletives if you've got a body to work with. I mean, if you were to say 'oh shit' it would have at least the potential for factual realization I mean, if you wanted to, you could shit. Right there. Being just a voice is rather limiting. I mean, if you were to say 'fuck' for example--a charming word--you can rest assured that if it were necessary to....

MAN: Hold on a minute.

VOICE 1: (wistfully) One of the few regrets in my career as a voice is that....

MAN: Okay, okay.

VOICE 1: You're used to me now?

MAN: I think resigned is the word. Not used. Definitely not used. All right, tell me, I'm ready for it, I guess.

VOICE 1: Tell you what?

MAN: What's happening. Like...Who are you? Start there.

VOICE 1: I'm me. No more, no less. Just me.

MAN: Oh great. I've got a voice called 'me.' Now look, I'll play your silly little game. I'll even talk to you like you're really there, but give me a little bit more to go on. Who--or what--are you?

VOICE 1: I'm a voice. I speak--you hear me, like that. A voice. Your own private voice.

MAN: Well, look. Let me put it this way. If there were anyone else in here, could they hear you too?

VOICE 1: That's a good question. You know, there's only one way to find out.

MAN: You mean--call someone else in here?

VOICE 1: Right.

MAN: I...couldn't do that.

VOICE 1: I didn't think so, somehow.

MAN: I see you could present a problem. Look...give me something to call you.

VOICE 1: God

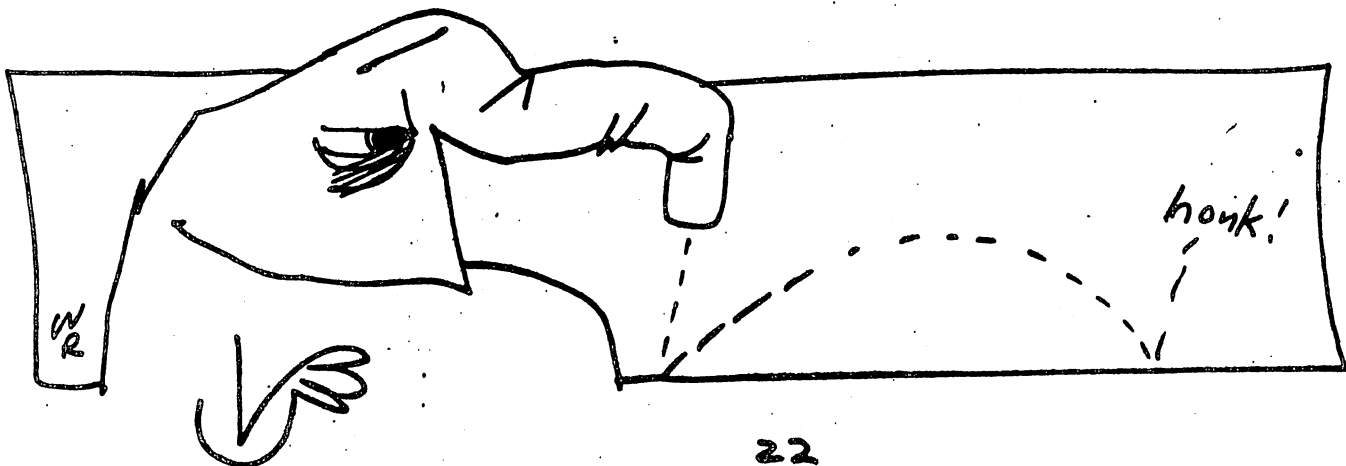
MAN: God?

VOICE 1: That's something. Yahweh if you like.

MAN: If there's one thing you don't sound like, it's God.

VOICE 1: You'd know, of course. I'll work at it, if you like. How's your Aramaic?

MAN: My what?





VOICE 1: That's what I thought. Mine's a bit rusty anyway. You'll have to settle for King James.

MAN: What are you talking about?

VOICE 1: (full volume--with overtones) Man.

MAN: Now look....

VOICE 1: Man, thou hast gone forth from the desert onto the fruitful valleys of the Earth to do my bidding. Thou hast built thy cities and thou hast multiplied upon the face of the Earth. Thou hast covered the Earth upon all its four corners with thy seed. All this thou hast done. But thou hast foggotten thy covenant. Thou hast sinned. Boy hast thou sinned.

MAN: Now wait a minute....

VOICE 1: (back to normal) Kinda gets you right there, doesn't it?

MAN: You're nothing but a figment of my goddam imagination.

VOICE 1: All right. I'll play it that way, if you like. As Kant said: 'Man muss was Man werde.'

MAN: I don't understand German.

VOICE 1: Good thing. I think that's a misquote. Don't quote me.

MAN: Wait a minute. If I don't understand German--how can you quote German at me?

VOICE 1: Awful tricky, us figments.

MAN: Is that real German?

VOICE 1: How would I know? I'm nothing but a figment of your goddam imagination.

MAN: Well, if you're not that, then what the hell are you?

VOICE 1: You're missing the point. I'll go through a few more of these charades with you if you like, they're kind of fun, but you are missing the point.

MAN: Okay. I missed the point. Give me a clue. What's the point I'm missing?

VOICE 1: No fair, that would be telling.

MAN: Now who's playing goddam games?

VOICE 1: Figure it out, you've got a brain, turn it over--give it some exercise. I'll give you a clue--your question is meaningless.

MAN: What do you mean 'meaningless'? All I want to know is who are you. It's simple, nothing meaningless about that.

VOICE 1: Look at it from my point of view. Here I am, a voice, working away at whatever us voices work away at, when all of a sudden this man appears out of nowhere and starts asking me questions. All rith, it's my turn--who, or what, are you?

MAN: I'm a man.

VOICE 1: I'm a voice.

MAN: Now look....

VOICE 1: Now think....Think....Come on, you can do it....

MAN: All right. All right. So trying to find a rational explanation for a sudden voice out of nowhere is meaningless. I'll take your word for it.

VOICE 1: Of course it's meaningless. What difference does it make who or what I am? I exist. Cogito ergo sum.

MAN: What makes you think you think?

VOICE 1: That's semantic garbage. Reconstruct that sentence, if you like, and I'll discuss it with you.

MAN: What I mean is, look, if you're a figment of my imagination then it's me that's thinking, and not you at all.

VOICE 1: And what I've been trying to tell you is: That doesn't matter at all. Look, let's review the possibilities. One: I'm a supernatural being of some kind--God, or an angel, or a devil if you like, but anyway manifesting myself as a disembodied voice, talking, for some supernatural reason, to, of all mortal beings I might choose for God's sake, you.

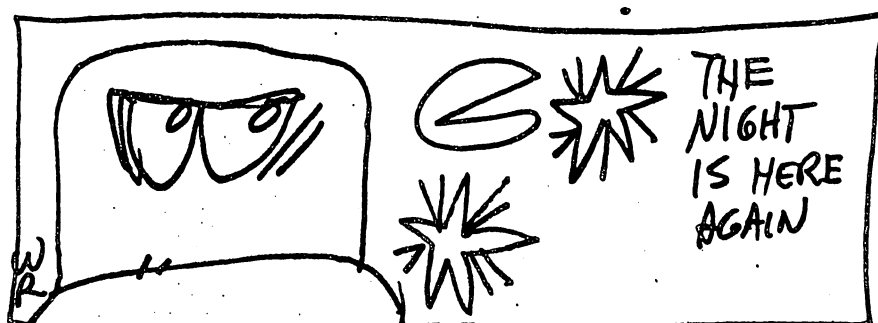
MAN: Thank's a lot.

VOICE 1: Two: I'm a bit of your own subconscious spilling out, dislocated. Something within yourself. Possibly a bit of underdone popato you're having trouble digesting. Perhaps an ego image of some sort. An insubstantial father-figure. You like that?

MAN: Go on. Three?

VOICE 1: There are only one and two. I'm either from outside you, or from inside you. You're stuck with it.

MAN: Yeah. It looks like it. It and you.





Confucius was passing by Mount T'ai, where there was a woman weeping and lamenting by a grave. The Master bowed in his carriage and heard her out; then he had Tzu Lu ask her about it, saying, "To judge from your weeping, you must surely be suffering some heavy grief?"

And she replied, "Yes. Formerly my father-in-law was killed by a tiger, then my husband was, and now my son also has been killed by one."

The Master asked, "Why do you not leave this place?"

"Here," she said, "the government leaves us alone."

The Master said, "Take note of this, my disciples: an oppressive government is more ferocious than a wild tiger."

## How To Drive IRS Wild - Safely And Quite Legally

BY JOHNNY REB

Behold, the Spring is over and past, and the Income Tax form is seen no more in the land.

If, however, you still have that aching feeling in your pocketbook, and if you are nursing a deep grudge in your heart, let me explain to you some of the ways in which you can, quite legally, inflict your revenge upon the collectors of eternal revenue, at absolutely no risk to yourself. I do not expect you to try to do all these things; indeed, some of them are mutually exclusive. All of them are guaranteed to cause the infernal revenue service no little annoyance.

1. Write them letters to ask them questions. These can be serious questions or frivolous questions, such as "Can I deduct my dog's vet bills?" (Answer: NO!) But they will have to reply, since they are civil servants, and this will use time that otherwise could be spent harassing some poor taxpayer.

2. Usually it takes them 10 to 20 days to answer a letter, so after 7 or 8 days, send them a follow-up. Here, in case you're interested, is a general purpose follow-up letter that I use:

Dear Sir or Madam, as the case may be:

On or about \_\_\_\_\_

I sent you \_\_\_\_\_

As I have yet received no reply, I am concerned that my letter, or your answer to it, may have become lost in the mail. Did you receive it? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No

If so, what do you intend to do about it? \_\_\_\_\_

If not, I will \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose a(stamped) self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Please excuse this form letter. It is a necessary way of saving time and expense.

This usually gets results; as they hate for you to send them a form letter. If not, keep sending them, with carbons to your senator, etc.

3. Last year the Martinsburg Monster detected 5 million arithmetic errors on tax returns, of which 2 million were in the government's favor. Each of the 5 million returns requires extra processing, often by hand. An error of even 10¢ costs the government just as much as an error of \$ 10, 000. Notice also, that, by the law of averages, at least half the errors should have been in the government's favor. Someone is letting his dislike of paying taxes influence his arithmetic.

4. If you are going to make an error in arithmetic, it is safer to make it in the government's favor. Then you can file an Amended Return and apply for a refund. An Amended Return is just like the original return, except that you write the words "Amended Return" in large letters at the top of the page and correct the error. This causes the government to have to process your return twice. Please do not be dissuaded by any feeling of compassion for the clerical employees of the IRS. Remember that according to the Talmud, tax gatherers are classed with burglars and bandits.
5. Do NOT use the preprinted form that the government supplies; it is for their convenience, not yours. Use a blank form.
6. Change the way you write your name from year to year. If you used John H. Reb last year, use Johnny Reb or J. Hugh Reb, or J.H. Reb.
7. Do not write the Social Security number in the space provided. Instead, write, "See W-2, attached" or words to that effect. Like-wise, put all possible information on separate sheets of paper and write "see attached."
8. Change your occupation from year to year. If you are an undertaker, for example, write "planter" or "last resort."
9. Use your children's nicknames every other year: Bud, Sissie, etc.
10. Enter the written figures on the wrong line. For example, if you have farm income, put it on line 37 or 39 instead of 38.
11. Attach to your tax return a copy of some irrelevant matter, such as a letter from your Aunt Minnie about her arthritis. This is particularly helpful if you are claiming sick pay on form 2440.
12. By all means fill out and attach Form 4130 for the gasoline you used in your lawn mower. This gives you a small refund of gas tax.
13. If you end up having to pay additional tax, do not pay all of it at once. Pay part of it and let the government bill you for the rest. They will, of course, charge you interest, but where else can you borrow money at 6% simple interest these days?
14. Do NOT write your return address on the envelope. The Post Office is quite able to locate the IRS offices. If you want to cause some extra bother, put a 1¢ stamp on the envelope and let the IRS and USPOD argue over the postage due.
15. Attach a copy of the Bill of Rights and refer them to it at the appropriate places. Article IV (unreasonable search and seizure) is most appropriate. You might also notice I, V, VIII, IX and X.
16. The laws forbidding the giving of false information do not mean that you have to cooperate with the government. Remember the boy who came to the question, "Sex?" and wrote "very seldom." This was true, even if it was not what the questionnaire was trying to find out.
17. Attach the papers of your tax return in random order. This leads to much hunting and searching.
18. If you want to "forget" anything, I recommend forgetting to sign the check, if you have to pay.
19. Take all your information, in a shoe box, down to the IRS office and tell them that you need help in preparing your return. They are required to help taxpayers. I especially urge doing this during the 2nd week in April, but if you don't like to wait in line, go earlier. Do NOT take their word for what you owe them, however. Check it, or have an accountant check it. They will make mistakes in the government's favor.
20. When in doubt about a deduction, claim it; let them prove you're not entitled to it, if they check.

# "ARMAGEDDON"

by Helmut Pesch

"Come gather 'round, friends,  
and I'll tell you a tale  
of the sea and the waves and the dying -  
of the clangor of swords  
and the shouting of men,  
when the wind was the only one crying."

(Lord Hughbold, from SONGS OF THE SECOND WAR)

Armageddon.

It's at least unique. And difficult, very difficult. And complicated.  
And interesting. And...

But let us start at the beginning. There are still some players who remember the first games: they started with a geographic map of Europe, Asia, Australia, and Africa, four parts of a French map of the world, having just that distribution of land and water that seemed to be good. This area was covered mostly with irregular hexagons, but sometimes with squares and triangles, too, to fit the shape of coasts and mountains. Therefore, of course, those first players had some difficulties. There was no exactly definable direction for ships and the missiles of catapults; even the rules of the game consisted only of some sheets of paper, written mostly during the game, rough notes without any context.

As you can re-read in the Holy Bible, Genesis 1.1: in the beginning there was a chaos.

I do not know, since I joined the players later, who got the idea of inventing a new world, a world without any connections with the old names of Europe or Australia, a world based on small regular hexagons, showing earth and water, wood, swamps, and deserts in plain separation, a world that should guarantee a most considerable amount of freedom of action, but which should be close to reality, too.

This reality is not the reality you probably expect. Armageddon has been made and invented by FOLLOW (Fellowship of the Lords of the Lands of Wonder), the German sword-and-sorcery society. Therefore the world of Armageddon is an archaic sword-and-sorcery world, its actors are knights and barbarians, wizards and heroes, the weapons sword, lance, axe, bow and arrow, slingshot, and knife, the machines: "onager" (a catapult, throwing huge lumps of rock), ram, siege-tower and -ladder, four-in-hand wain, and even - if you want to call it a machine - the "Tank of the Old Ages", the elephant, and the mammoth, too.

The number of players is theoretically without limit, though of course the size of the game board has to be observed. The original board I mentioned above, made by Hubert Strassl, lord and one of



the two founders of FOLLOW, is a circular wooden plate, 1.9 meters in diameter (about 6 1/3 feet), consisting of almost 3,500 small hexagons of a diameter of 3.6 centimeters (about 1.4 inches) each. This is, by the way, the best size for the figures of Airfix, since each hexagon contains up to three figures.

Though you can play Armageddon on any board with the mentioned hexagons, I want to tell you about this special board. It's not just a game (though nobody takes it serious!). It is a bit more.

This new world, as I have told you before, was shaped, by the luck of dice. The only connection with the former map was the existence of three continents and a realm of isles. There have been five empires in the beginning, five lords who ruled this world, and everything could happen and be done.

Then history began to be recorded, and somewhere somebody had the idea of writing stories about this imaginary world, of inventing sagas and mythologies.

Thus the mesoamerican culture of Huanaca was born and the Viking Empire of Waligoi and the Anan A L'e, the realm of the Lion, with its many-towered capital of Magramor, and Tandor, the celtic castle beyond the mountains of Clanthon, and Arullu, which means "hellfort".

The history of Armageddon is also the history of FOLLOW, since you hardly can make any differences between the society and it's World of Wonder, as it has been called in former times. Each member of FOLLOW has to play his role in the social and ethnological structure of Armageddon, even if he is just recorded as a page or vassal of one of the lords. (the unworthy writer of these lines, for instance, has just been moved up from a vassal to a nobleman and magus, the second in gheight rank in the rank strukture).

It is a world which is worth wile to be escaped in, sometimes at least. There are only friends, you must know. If you don't believe this, listen! It runs like this:

"Magramor, 13th day of the moon of the falcon,  
1045 after the foundation  
of Kréos

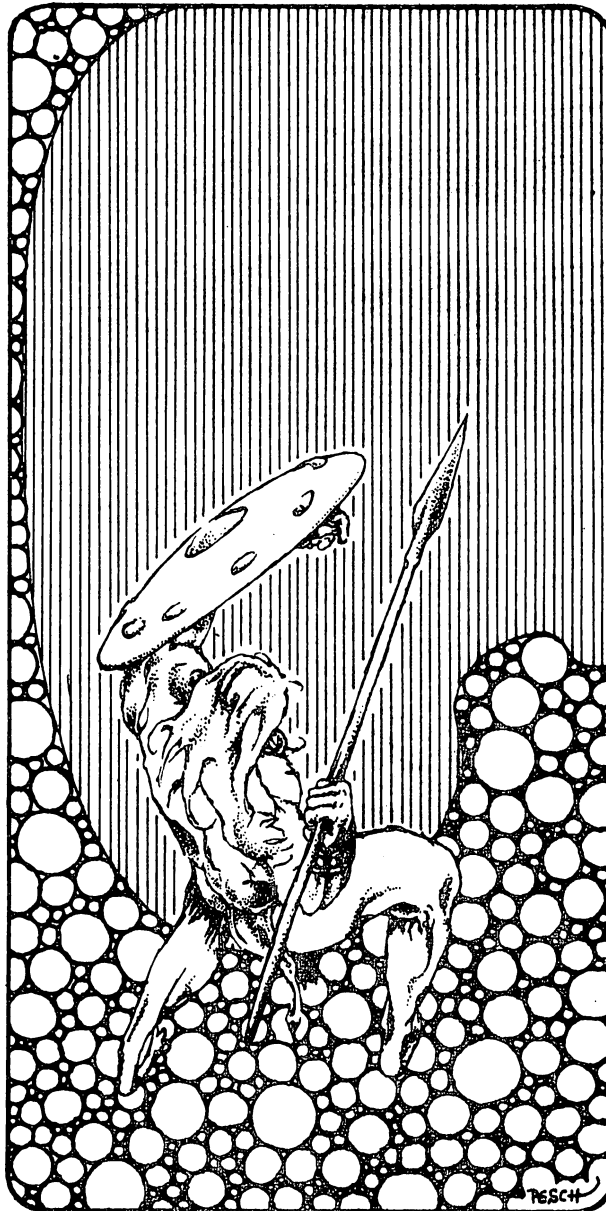
"Eagle!

"I feel a strong desire for the lands of DWYLLUGNACH, EISATNAHP, ILLYION, PFRTLPMFF. The evacuation of all eagles (including eggs) will take place unto the 28th day of the moon of the falcon. Thou wilt do best to spare thyself the blame of a compulsory transfer (which would include the land of Huanaca, too) and move everything from those countries mentioned above (even feathers, nests and similar rubbish).

"I do want thy report, unto the 24th day of the moon of the falcon. that those regions will be cleansed and the original inhabitants of the lands 'round the Hymir are lined up at the coasts to greet their liberators (not with sunflowers, if possible!).

"If I should not get that message unto the 24th day of the moon of the falcon, I'll have to believe that thou art not able to realize the transfer alone. Thus I will have to come to thine aid.

"Strong armies of the Lion are waiting impatiently for this moment.



"Besides I will bind thine High Priestess Hualochtla who is suspected of Espionage and therefore lying in my prisons to the pillage during the night; this probably will make her get rid of her hymen, as thou wilt get rid of the Hymir.

"Wolsan's radiance all over the World of Wonder

### "The Lion"

A friendly letter, isn't it?

The secret of Armageddon and its fascination is, in spite of the words of the Lion, the fact that not only strong armies are necessary to meet the enemy in battle and to conquer new lands. You must know the rules, and you must have a large amount of luck.

The rules are filling a whole issue of a fanzine, about forty pages, and you will not expect that I put them down here, I hope. But besides the skill of the player and his strategic plans the success is depending from fortune; for the fights of man against man, but also the direction and force of the wind and the spells of the sorcerers and its effectiveness and the movement of giants and dragons are decided by dice.

So at last the wars are decided by nobody else than the gods Scios, Wali, Höggr, Huazkapotl, and how-they-may-be-called.

I do not know, <sup>if</sup> ~~how good xxxxxxxx~~ I have succeeded in pointing out something of the game, since it is very difficult for me to write a somewhat longer text in English (I at least hope you can read it!) . But you will know for sure that Armageddon is unique. And difficult, very difficult. And complicated.

And interesting?

"The gown of war is crimson -  
silenced are the cries -  
wanderers sing of Tandor  
and smoke-filled northern skies -

"Empires have fallen  
have returned into dust  
as all barbaric splendor  
sooner or later must -" (L.H.)



A SEPARATE REALITY: Further Conversations With Don Juan

By Carlos Castaneda

Simon and Schuster, \$6.95

Reviewed by Tom Collins

THIS IS A MAGNIFICENT AND INCREDIBLE book, possibly the most important work that will be published this year. Seldom does a volume appear which is so obviously a classic, and which will so certainly survive as one of the great human and philosophical documents.

It is, certainly, the most important book so far about the drug experience, but it is also more than that--nothing less than a textbook, a thorough and systematic exposition by precept and example of the process by which mescaline and psilocybin may be used to induce psychic perceptions and abilities. It is a lucid explanation of the process whereby one becomes a "man of knowledge," moving securely through a world of strange terrors, manipulating forces and powers most men do not even realize exist.

Juan, called don Juan as a mark of respect, is a Yaqui Indian brujo (BRU-ho) in Mexico. A brujo is a kind of magician or sorcerer, a "man of power" who "sees" in some direct and literal way different from that of most people. Juan is, apparently, one of the oldest and most powerful of brujos, and the first to be studied so intensively.

Carlos, the author, is an anthropology student at UCLA who met Juan in the course of field studies, and later became his pupil, the one chosen to be the receptacle of all the knowledge Juan gathered in a long and active life. The story of their meeting and the beginning of their work together is summarized here, but told in fascinating detail in an earlier volume, *The Teachings of Don Juan*, originally published by the University of California Press, and now a best seller on the paperback market.

The fact that the first book about don Juan was originally intended as a scholarly work, incidentally, goes a long way toward establishing the credibility of the author. Although half of it was narrative with the same intrinsic interest as this newest book, which also reads like a novel, half was a tedious outline of Juan's system of philosophy--an exercise so boring that even the author has admitted it put him to sleep.

With peyote and magic mushroom and poisonous datura, Carlos went through as harrowing and rigorous an apprenticeship as you are likely to find anywhere. His failure and decision to abandon a course of study as austere and demanding as classical Zen, is the powerful climax to the earlier book.

Later, his sessions with an interested psychiatrist and his meeting with psychedelic apostles Leary and Alpert, who horrified him, were not sufficient to explain the experiences he had undergone. Years before Beat poet Gary Snyder retreated to Japan to find a framework to encompass the reality of mescaline. Carlos, in a similar fix, returned to Mexico.

The apprenticeship, abandoned in fear, now resumes. This time the author penetrates closer to Juan's conception of the universe, and his

experiences are appropriately strange and further removed from "ordinary" reality. Realizing that if he has trouble believing what he perceives, the reader will be even more doubtful, Carlos makes no attempt to persuade anyone that it all actually happened.

"Obviously...any event that occurred within this alien system of sensible interpretation could only be explained or understood only in terms of the units of meaning proper to that system. This work is, therefore, a reportage, and should be read as a reportage. The system I recorded was incomprehensible to me, thus the pretense to anything other than reporting about it would be misleading and impertinent....I as the receiver, recorded what I perceived, and at the moment of recording I endeavored to suspend judgement."

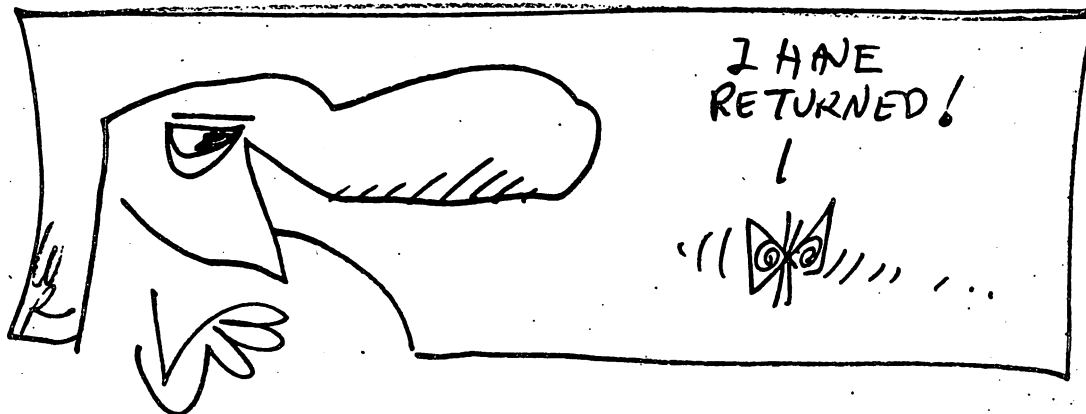
The story is presented in the form of edited dialogues and notes written down at the time, but for all the calm flow of events, the book still has the headlong rush of a suspense thriller as we plunge ever deeper into a web of reality which gradually becomes so entangled it is no longer possible to decide precisely what we believe and what we do not.

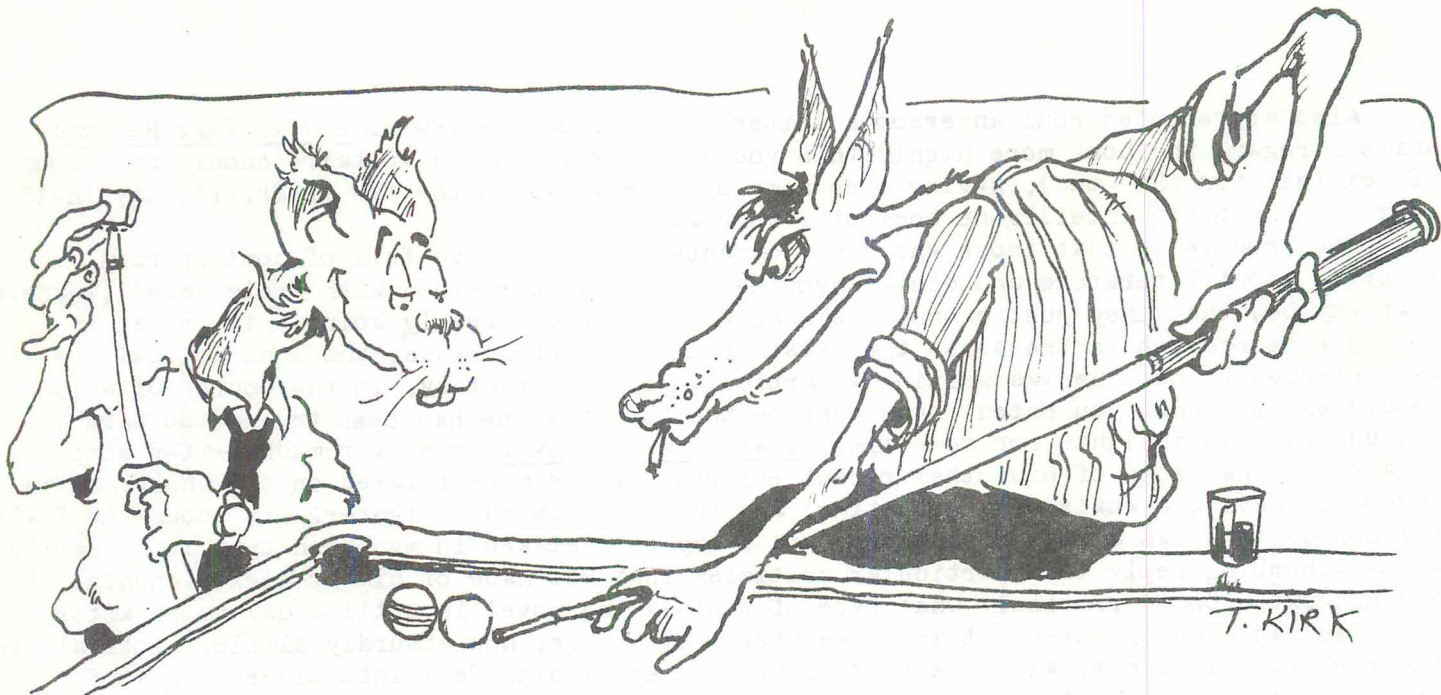
Are there indeed far stranger things in earth than are dreamt in our philosophies? Don Juan claims men are composed of fibres of light, "like white cobwebs. Very fine threads that circulate from the head to the navel. Thus a man looks like an egg of circulating fibres." He says that some men are not men, but something Other, and that anything is possible if you will it to happen. He says the drugs he uses, while deadly if applied incorrectly, can be allies and enable a person to gain great power.

Carlos presents evidence which seems to suggest such power is sufficient to fill a room with light at night, to stop a car by mind power, to enable those fibres of light to actually hold you up in the middle of a raging torrent. Such power that flapping your arms can indeed be flying....Through it all the author is a plodding and literal-minded observer whose rational mind operates in counterpoint to his extraordinary experiences until at last some ultimate barricade seems to be overthrown and dimensions of a new and utterly different world crash through.

Whether one accepts these revelations as fact or fraud (perhaps perpetrated on the author) does not diminish the importance of this first major study of an alien and profound native American metaphysics. For the student of psychic phenomena, or for anyone who has swallowed a few psychedelics, the truth and brilliance of the descriptions here will have additional and compelling interest. But for anyone it is a unique work of startling wit, beauty and power, at once a great human document and a religious work of surprising depth and subtlety. It is a moving testimony to the spirit of man and to the magic and mystery of the infinite universe. It is guaranteed to expand your mind and to change forever the nature of the world you live in.

(Note: the article "Death on the Gallop" which appeared in IS 2 is incorporated into this book.)





## Letters to the Editor

Dear Tom:

Let not your heart be troubled. Your letter, arriving nearly a week before the copies of IS #2 upset me far more than the magazine itself; remembering the old days of fan publishing in the late 30's, when now and then I would receive an issue containing something I'd written, and find the reproduction entirely illegible. All right; it isn't up to the standards of the best today, so far as appearance goes. But I was able to read every page without strain, and found them all worth reading.

In fact, the only thing that really bothered me was on page 59, where a line was apparently dropped out of my letter. I'd appreciate the following correction:

"I became an active science fiction fan in 1935; was an initial member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association in 1937, and was a principle founder of the Vanguard Amateur Press Association in 1945, and the Spectator Club in 1948."

For me, the best material in the issue is by Walter Breen and Marion Zimmer Bradley. In my years as editor of EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN, I encountered all manner of writing on astrology, psychic phenomena, spiritual healing, etc., ranging from the incompetent through the phony to the well-considered and informed. The Breens are not phonies. Walter and Marion both know whereof they speak, and it is heartwarming to see good material on these subjects in fan magazines. That I do not entirely agree on all points is irrelevant; anyway, I might be mistaken where I disagree. (However, I am not mistaken on one such point: there is much more to spiritual healing than Marion indicates in her article, and more varieties of it than she mentions--she has, in fact, bypassed one of the best: the British Healers, most of whom are Spiritualists.)

I shan't discuss the other items, although I did find the Meditation and the Marriage Ceremony quite moving. The trouble with the latter is not in itself, but rather in the fact that it requires a far higher level of spiritual development than most persons who might be moved to use it are likely to have; without such development it's only lovely words.



Also appreciated Poul Anderson's letter and your own review of I Will Fear No Evil. While I regard the book more highly than you do (Mark Twain and Voltaire should be proud of Heinlein for this one), having seen some other reviews in the fan press, I'd say that yours is the first intelligent comment I've read.

The trouble is that those who have commented so far are so full of contemporary theories about literature and social hypotheses, and so concerned with "relevance" (whatever that may be) that they just cannot see what the author was really doing. The novel is not science fiction in the sense that most of RAH's other work is, and I do not believe it was intended to be. He was writing a particular type of fantasy, in the course of which he did exactly what you noted. And despite the fact that he has been trying too hard to include his own insights for some time, I Will Fear No Evil comes over much better simply as a story than some of his other recent efforts. It is more relaxed on the whole; he is obviously having a whale of a good time, and the touch is much lighter. It shows the flair for comedy that has always been there; and I may be mistaken in my hunch that it is partly a nose-thumbing reply to a particular criticism that was made of him by Alexi Panshin. I did not catch on to precisely what type of fantasy the novel is until a day or so after I finished, and then I burst out into laughter. Of course; how absurdly simple. It's all in the very last sentence, and once that light hit, everything fell into place. This of course is dangerous; it's an attempt on the part of the reader to read the author's mind, and may be wrong. Se non e vero, a ben trovato. I favor my explanation, however, on the grounds that I favor any theory about a work of art which, for me, makes it hold together while another one, or the lack of one, leaves it in a rather chaotic state.

Sincerely yours,

Robert A.W. Lowndes

Dear Tom,

Here is something. The first third of an unfinished one-act play. I'll tell you its history.

A gentleman of my acquaintance in New York, some years ago, was running a bar and asked me to write something dramatic for him to perform.

"In your bar?" I asked.

"We have a small stage," he said, "and would like to start performing original works. 'Chef d'oeuvres' so to speak."

"How large a stage?"

"Well....Can you write a play for two people, no scenery?"

"What about a dramatic reading of my latest novel?"

"Well, maybe a little scenery."

"How much can you pay?"

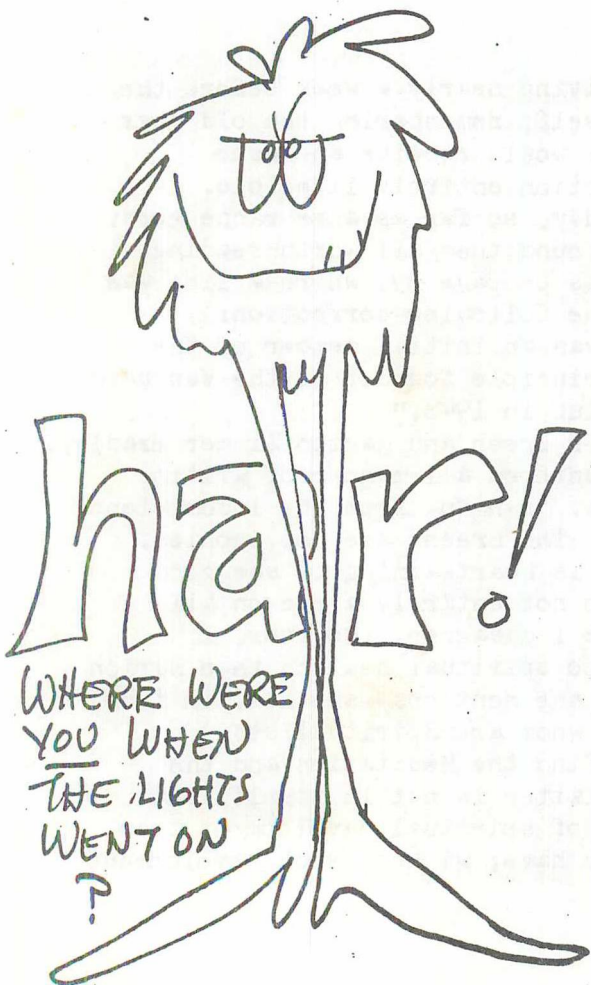
"It's a very good showcase."

"I'll see," I told him. And so I started writing this thing. When I got as far as you see, he called and told me not to bother, since Barbara had agreed to take her clothes off after all.

Now it's yours. Enjoy.

Sincerely,

Michael Kurland





Dear Tom:

We received IS yesterday, and thank you kind sir. I've been in rather a fog since Anna arrived--it just seems so hard to understand about this process of birth. Right out of my body came this little person all made by Dick and me. I just keep getting weepy and cannot stop it, am a moody female mother just like a dog or cat. Honestly, Tom, you should see her, a perfect little girl with a dimple in her chin and curious oval eyes, long dark hair, chubby little thrashing arms and legs....and wow, the labor and delivery were so wonderfully strange. Contractions finally started about 1 a.m. Tuesday morning. Around 8 Dick-nose ran down to vote between contractions (I had sent in an absentee ballot). Finally around noon, we went to the hospital, Dick gray with worry, me gray with worry and physical tiredness and after 12 hours I was only dilated 2.5 centimeters. Uoe. So labor continued with us doing our Lamaze breathing techniques like crazy until 7:30 p.m., at which point they were lifting me right off the bed and Dick was so sad to watch me and finally I said wow, now about a caudal (novocaine for my lower half--it doesn't hurt the baby like anaesthesia and allows the mother to still be awake too. So, on hands and knees, stomach hanging down, contractions one on top of another, they gave me the shot and oh how good it felt, whew. So the doc says, "Well, we'll deliver in about a half hour" and off they went to play cards or something, but man I didn't care. But my bod just wouldn't quit shaking from excitement. Then we went into the delivery room, Dick got scrubbed up and came in too, with cameras (he got beautiful pictures) and out came her little head with



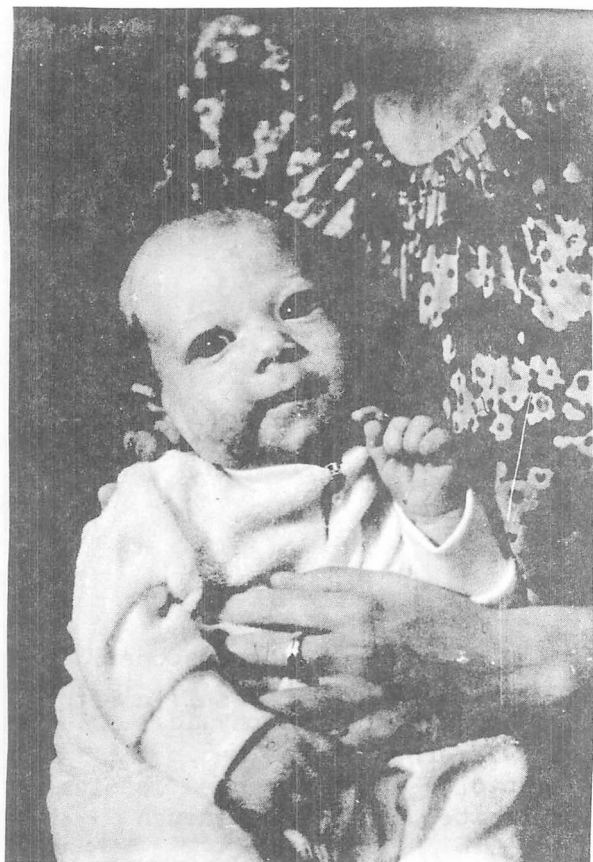
cord around it so they cut it then and she cried before being all the way born! And then out she came--a daughter! We were so freaked out, such an experience. And the love just started welling up until even now we can't find a release. There's always this catch right in our throats. Really, how does one cope with the strength of this new kind of love? Dick calls her our April 6 Coalition, but I call her our July 6 Coalition. Don't you think that's more appropriate?

I know you are lonely back there. I hated it myself when I was alone and feel so unbelievably lucky today. Here I go again getting all weepy. It must be these post partum blues.

Moms Vaubel

Dear Tom:

...Here are a couple of pictures of Anna at 5 weeks old. She lost her front hair but, alas, it is growing in again. Isn't she a riot? A real little cutie, if you'll pardon my immodest zeal. Haven't gotten the slides turned into pictures yet, but I promise (Wittgenstein says "what is the meaning of 'I promise'" to do it very soon. Thank you, by the way, for the Mother's day card--you can imagine how much it pleased me.



Libby

4/30/71

6/18/71 Din O ♀ + ♀ in II



Dear Tom--

Peace unto thee, and blessings unto all within thy territory of care!

'Tis a time of migration, and we have adopted a nomadic life style until we establish a new nest somewhere, quite probably in the Santa Barbara area once again, where we hope to be involved in a food conspiracy of rather ambitious scope, and with brothers and sisters who have shared with us time/space/thought/experience in the past and of whom we have grown fond. These folks have evolved to the point of living what they know and believe about ecology and they have begun to concretely manifest some ideas regarding the cultivation, cooking and distribution of food. There is a far-from-perfect yet still relatively stable economic base in the form of a health food store/restaurant called Sun and Earth. There are some vegetable gardens into which we have already put our heads, hearts and hands. There is an experimental plot of wheat started. There are ambitious organization and distribution schemes in the process of formation.

The human and economic center of all student community, scene of certain a loose, sunny, tropical place with Hong Kong's, and nearly all the in-



this activity is Isla Vista, the UCSB turmoils against the Bank of America, a population density greater than habitants are young people.

we are presently camped out in the sauna-equipped downstairs apt of a friend; it's a beautiful redwood-paneled place on the slopes of Mount Tamalpais and it was here that I baked my first loaves of bread last week, an activity I shall be engaged in often in the future.

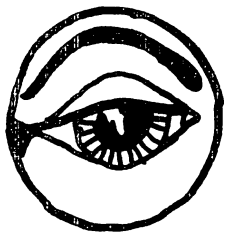
#### Misc. Flashes--

Sturgeon's new story in Galaxy. Rumor that Safeway has allocated \$5 million to develop a line of organic produce. Mount Aetna active. The "Last Supplement" to the whole Earth Catalogue--worth reading from cover to cover. Have been eating Ginseng root--seems like good organic speed as well as herbal medicine. Costa Rica seems to be the newest Mecca for dropouts--much traffic moving in that direction. To purify is to eliminate waste.

Keep in touch. Your last letter was a gas, and I'll respond in detail soon.

Sailing on,

Carl



Dear Tom--

Apologies for not delivering promised manuscript and for not corresponding sooner, but events and circumstances have been such that there has just not been sufficient time or creative energy to do anything but keep things together on the physical plane. Seems as if we've inherited Mountain Cove, our wilderness paradise in the Santa Ynez Mountains, where we once lived and grew vegetables and introduced Jessica to planet Earth. The logistics of this place are complicated. It's far enough



removed from civilization to make commuting a real trip, and our mile-and-a half of driveway is of a nature to make the ownership of a four-wheel drive vehicle mandatory, especially when it rains. At the moment, Pamela is cooking at Sun and Earth health food restaurant in Isla Vista three days a week, and I'm looking for a full-time gig in an area of heavy unemployment and many inducements to just lying around in the sun. The garden requires attention and energy, and life is a bit more difficult (albeit more rewarding and pleasant) when you don't have electricity. Well, at least I don't have to cut firewood any more for a spell. I'm learning how to cook, and baking four loaves of bread a week, and digging it. Well, it's getting dark, that time right after sunset when it's too light for the kerosine lamps and too dark to deal very effectively with the written word, so I guess I'll stop writing and continue this letter at a more appropriate time.

Next morning, 6/19/71. The sun rising over the hill seen through kitchen window: our clock in the morning. I listen to the whirr of hummingbirds, the clackety-clack of our windmill noisemaker in the garden (one of numerous devices and methods used to discourage animals from partaking of our hard-won bounty), and the wind whispering through the chaparral. A quilt of fog lies across the Pacific. Above: clear morning sky. Chatter of birds. The last dreams lingering from the evening's sleep fade from memory--a chaotic collection of emotions and images, distillations of many yesterdays, the residue of half-resolved inner conflicts and was there a brief glimpse of the future? Pam in the kitchen brewing coffee. Jessica awakens, seeks mama's titty.

Early afternoon. Pulled weeds. Stuffed human hair down gopher holes. Watered corn patch #2 and wondered why the seeds weren't germinating. Fed squash and eggplant and tomatoes a dose of dried cow shit. It feels good to stand naked in a vegetable garden.

Now, time for a little carpentry, maybe a page or two of a short story idea I just flashed on, then back to the garden. Saturday in the mountains, hot and windy.

More later.

Carl Pam Jessica

Tom:

Well, here I am again with a slightly delayed response. The enclosed mass of words is my attempt at an article for IS. I am afraid it will sound much too anthropological but if you feel it can be cleaned up by using my letters, feel free if you have the time to do so.

At least for the time being I am working in the post office again. This time is probably the last time. The kid is teaching his brother how to do everything and he will hopefully sub the net time it is needed.

I decided to try a different type of cultural enrichment trip last month. Most of the kids in the 9-13 yr range have never been over to Old John Lake, about 12 miles to the east. The lake, if you remember from old letters, can produce lake trout up to 30". Anyway, I tried to organize people to take some of the kids for a day. I met with mixed results, but did manage to get three kids over. They were all excited, but curiously they all got bored very fast after we arrived. They didn't enjoy fishing as they had done on the river for grayling. I guess something was just not right. The kid I took over didn't prepare a lunch until I told him he might get hungry. He had a good amount of warm clothes but on the way back he got very cold and I had to give him my jacket. It couldn't have been colder than about 20°.





I finally got my machine back and running well so + have been doing all kinds of neat things with it. Besides fishing over at Old John, I have taken it on two very extended trips in the last week--over 200 miles. The first trip was 12 hours of continuous riding to a lake in the Brooks Range, called Timber Lake. No one had ever been up there either with a snow-go or dog team before so we were the first to reach it. Curiously, we had the three worst machines as far as breakdown records are concerned. Other than spark plug trouble we had no problems beyond a few rough spots breaking trail. I went primarily to take pictures and found the so-called Timber Lake to be ugly, with basically nothing around it. No trees or willows. Off to one side there are a few scrubby small spruce, but that's all.

To get to the lake we had to cross several creek valleys in the mountains. I crossed some of the most stark, lifeless land I've ever seen anywhere. There are no living plants of any kind visible, just hard, windblown snow. It's hard to tell the lakes from the plateaus. We saw only two birds the entire trip. Besides a few moose tracks and a large bunch of caribou tracks there was nothing. It was beautiful country in a strange sort of way.

The older people in the village couldn't believe it when they found out where we'd been. They couldn't understand why anyone would want to go up there so far just to take pictures. During the summer the country is great for sheep and moose and caribou and fishing, but the winter is bad.

I decided to go back up there to take some more pictures and to find some Dall sheep. To get to the sheep area we had to traverse great ice fields, which are caused by overflowing creeks which freeze. It is a weird feeling driving across these fields because there is surface water which if not frozen can drop you and your machine 18" into the water if you're unlucky. We were lucky and didn't drop more than 6" in a few spots, but we did hem ourselves in at one spot and had to drive our machines through a creek with running water. Bleech.

We found a lot of sheep tracks and decided to split up and go different directions looking. The people up here don't like hunting in the winter because they say it's dangerous in the mountains. Perhaps they are right, but I think if they knew more about snow conditions, etc. they wouldn't be so afraid. Anyway, we found some sheep. They are very hard to see, being almost white against the snow. These sheep have incredible visionary and olfactory senses. They spot you miles away and spook easily if you get too close. I had my long lens with me, but it was just not long enough for good pictures, so I decided to play sneep and climb after them. Dumb idea jack. I ended up climbing 1800 feet almost straight up to where the sheep had been. They had cleared out and gone down the next valley and up the other side before we got to the top.

Those animals are amazing in their climbing abilities. They can go straight up and I mean straight up a slope which is at least 75° in elevation. I tried going down in their tracks only to find it is entirely too steep under the snow conditions which prevailed, so I had to traverse to get down the mountain. Although I didn't get to see a sheep in flight, I'm told they literally seem to fly across the rocks. The group I was tracking consisted of two rams with small curls and the rest lambs and ewes. They are magnificent animals.

The photographer was here in March for a week shooting hundreds of pictures of everything from wood hauling to hunting for the National Geographic October issue. He was quite a character who had many stories to tell about the background of articles which grace the pages of the NG. He was funnier than hell riding a snow machine or rather not riding. He fell off about 75 times. Unfortunately he doesn't write the article or edit the pictures for it. I saw a rough draft sent out here to check the facts, and the village apparently isn't rating much. Look for it any way.

Pete Stern



Dear Tom:

Many thanks for the two copies of IS, and glad that you liked and can use more of my art work. I enclose a few oddments for your inspection. A word about the art: right now, while awaiting the TAFF result, I'm hanging on to some of my best stuff in the hope that I can sell it in the States if I win the campaign. Naturally, if I lose I shall start to farm it out again.

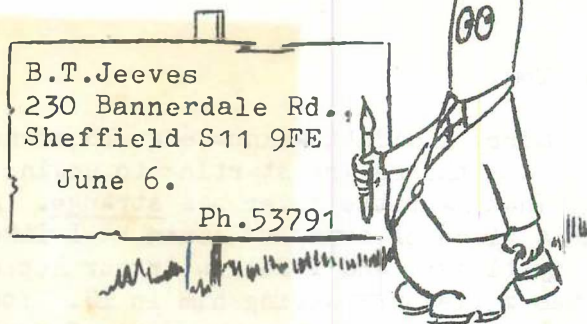
I was rather surprised by the number of astrology supporters who claim their belief without giving evidence other than faith. I have one question I would like these people to answer...and one challenge to make to them. The question. If astrology can forecast so well, how come it was 'invented' and based upon the few planets known to the ancients, and yet could not forecast the discovery of the other planets? To my mind, a 'science' based on such incomplete knowledge needs a lot of sorting out.

The challenge. If I supply birth data of a famous person now dead, can the astrologists supply any relevant forecasts based on this data...which can be verified to accuracy by comparing it with the life the person did lead??? I BET NOT.

I note that Marion Zimmer Bradley tells us a lot of things that astrology does not do (and which current psychology tries to do) but on the other hand, imperfect as psychology admittedly is...it does achieve some positive results. Can astrology either attempt or achieve the same??

Bestest,

Terry Jeeves



Dear Tom,

Thanks very much for your letter and the two copies of IS. As you see I enjoyed it so much that I do not hesitate to send you more of my material....

I must confess that I don't know many American fanzines, but if I really entertained some expectations--in the subconscious? I-don't know--you have surely managed to exceed them. At least I did not expect such a nice mess of humorous pieces, religious and even astrological stuff and personal things. IS is just dufte!

Perhaps I would make a good American. Just a bit paranoid, you know. But you seldom find such a fanzine here in Germany, mostly they are dedicated to science fiction or sword and sorcery or comic strips or something else--but they have to be dedicated to something, and I'm glad this is different.

...I have finished my schooling meanwhile, and just now I am busy celebrating. Fannish abstinence has turned out to have helped out a lot: I got a school credit I can be proud of, a 1.9 average on a scale ranging from 1 down to 6, which is unsatisfactory.

follow FOLLOW

Helmut Resch

Dear Tom:

Sorry I didn't acknowledge IS sooner; we just got over our finals period last week, and things are starting to unwind a little.

That Magritte cover was strange. Reminds me of M.R. James' terrible ghost with a "face of crumpled linen." I liked your over-all concentration on religion and mysticism; and I follow Arthur Hoppe's column in our paper pretty regularly, so it was a pleasure seeing him in IS. Your article on your father's death touched me deeply, and took a great deal of courage to write. Funerals and the whole funerary establishment are an obscenity. They violate the very Christian principles they purport to uphold, glorifying a dead piece of meat and preying on the bereaved at a time when they're most vulnerable. "Eternal Preservation"? As if a tin can should be venerated and carefully preserved when the contents are removed!

Ronald Laing's article was rather silly, but a good example of the homogenizing spirit of our age.

Thanks again for IS; hope the enclosed will be useful.

cheers,

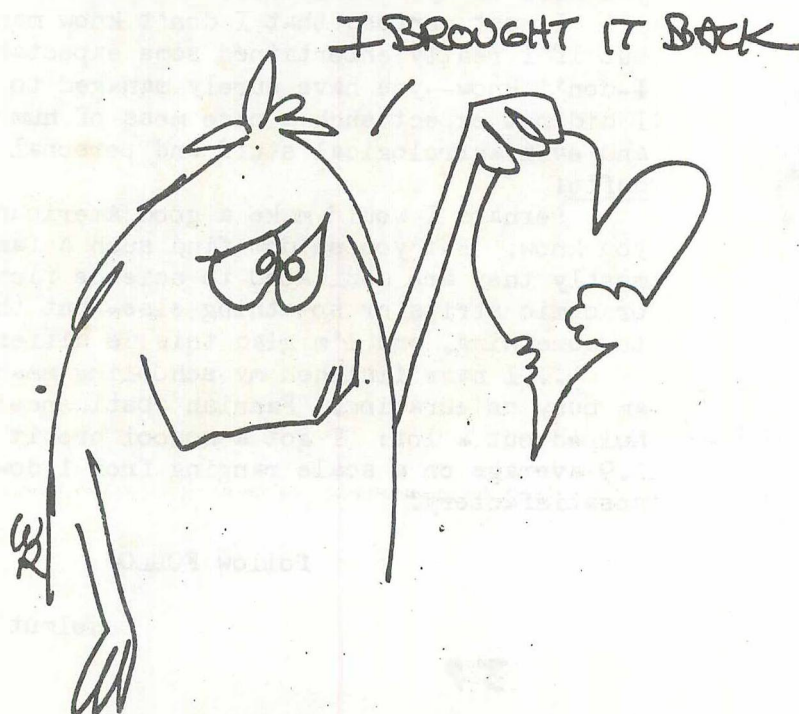
Tim Kirk

### The Gothic Novel

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the study of the evil man being destroyed by his own evil. Moreover, the youth, made intensely pure to contrast with the villain, is in most cases scarcely convincing as an escape from the fear of sex, but seems rather to be the final triumph of that fear.

Given the personae standardized by Castle of Otranto--a vengeful ghost, lecherous old man, and virtuous maiden and youth--there was probably no way to produce a unified Gothic novel, and with its divided theme and focus, the Gothic novel probably could never have produced first-rate work. The individual elements, however, provided the basis for much that was good in the work of the writers who followed them.





# The Generation Gap

## HOSTILE DEATHS IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, BY AGE AND MILITARY SERVICE

Hostile deaths through DEC. 1970—attained age:	Total	U.S. Army	U.S. Navy	U.S. Coast Guard	U.S. Marine Corps	U.S. Air Force
17.....	9	7	0	0	2	0
18.....	2557	1005	8	0	1544	0
19.....	6866	3363	107	0	3389	7
20.....	11588	7835	258	0	3475	20
21.....	7639	5574	254	0	1781	30
22.....	3724	2712	164	0	817	31
23.....	2711	2064	99	0	516	32
24.....	2014	1540	89	0	337	48
25.....	1488	1137	72	1	220	58
26.....	1043	798	52	1	147	47
27.....	601	431	25	0	92	53
28.....	496	336	27	0	77	56
29.....	448	314	19	0	67	48
30.....	348	235	25	0	46	42
31.....	366	261	17	0	51	37
32.....	331	200	24	0	64	43
33.....	286	183	11	0	46	46
34.....	284	196	7	1	36	44
35.....	267	173	24	0	32	38
36.....	264	178	16	0	35	35
37.....	248	162	9	1	41	35
38.....	174	125	10	0	12	27
39.....	132	84	11	0	16	21
40.....	101	70	10	0	8	13
41.....	72	46	5	0	8	13
42.....	49	33	4	0	8	4
43.....	36	26	2	0	5	3
44.....	28	21	1	0	1	5
45.....	21	10	1	0	2	8
46.....	10	5	0	0	1	4
47.....	17	8	1	0	3	5
48.....	13	8	0	0	3	2
49.....	2	2	0	0	0	0
50.....	4	4	0	0	1	1
51 and over.....	10	6	1	0	1	2
Unknown.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total, all ages.....	<u>44,249</u>	<u>29,150</u>	1,208	4	12,884	711

—Statistics from the Department of Defense.

