



PHILYAW

June 11, Vol. 2 No. 5

25¢ local 35¢ elsewhere

The Decline & Fall of Human Relations

OR

You Can't Get Too Hot Cuz They'll Hang You On A Tree To Cool

by Franklin Martz

Until a couple of weeks ago, when she was snatched from her work and assigned a desk and a telephone, and for the previous two eventful years, Westport has had the great fortune of having Maureen Maloney-Sewel working for the social and sometimes survival needs of our community. Not by any means a typical social worker, Maureen Maloney was never a do-gooder hoping for heavenly treasures; she was and still is a 34 year old freak. To be more precise, she never clucked around squawking how kids in Westport needed jobs. She did, however, spend hours in the Sign helping freaks look for them. And she drove them to them sometimes. How many old people has she inspired to meet and work together for the maintenance of a "cool" scene in Westport?

And well, it's heating up in Westport, I think you'll agree. Grasher or Lomax can be seen daily mooning over the Volker vistas praying that they will see a roach dropped to the grass. Now and then, you can spot Grasher benignly desecrating the carnival on the front porch of The Sign from his parked car at 40th and Baltimore--on the other side of the wall. At a community meeting Maureen and I attended, on the Thursday before Easter, Grasher convinced the 63rd street police captain that the Volker regulars were pistol packing smack dealers and that Westport was the main concern of the K.C. Narcotics Rangers. Then, with the defoliation north of the river we should expect an increase of heat based on the old principle of professional jealousy. However, for two summers Maureen has been involved with establishing good people-police relations. Just before her reassignment, Maureen managed to introduce a proposal to Police Chief Kelley to establish a core of Westport police whose approach to law and order would be especially oriented toward problem solving of a social work nature. These officers would be specially selected and trained so as to be more aware of the many different and various subcultures, their problems and feelings, and the complexities of drug use and abuse in Westport. In the end Westport would evolve some pretty mellow cops. But Maureen got too hot; she did her job too well.

Mr. Alvin Brooks, the monarch of the enchanting Human Relations Department, has decreed that Westport no longer has the need for a human relation worker. Maureen has been assigned a desk job to bring the complaint staff up to five and reduce the field workers to two. Mr. Brooks' \$200,000.00 budget for his department with a staff of nineteen can no longer administer to so small an area as Westport, he related. Thus, as Dennis Giangreco and I inquired into our loss of Maureen for Westport and its 70,000 residents, Alvin Brooks explained with a handful of reasons why she'd been recalled.

To begin the conversation, Mr. Brooks repeatedly emphasized the broad importance of having a fifth desk to answer general complaint calls, while soon after he plunged into the sad story of how the department couldn't afford a worker in Westport, that is, Westport was too small. When asked about the importance of a problem or problems necessitating a worker in a small area, Brooks made it plain that the problems of Westport and the area both were too small. He felt it important to stress that Maureen had become singularly involved with the kids in Westport and that this is what he meant when he said Westport was too small.

Upon our query, Mr. Brooks presented the cold cruel facts that Maureen just wasn't doing her job. Her total job. From this he scaled to new summits of indignation establishing how she'd become too involved with Westport's youth problem and failed to lend an ear to anything else. With the able assistance of Mack Warner, Mr. Brooks unmasked Maureen's failure to relate to the West side, a charge I couldn't fathom as Maureen can get it on with anybody. The final indictment that the eminent Mr. Brooks hoped we would accept embarrassed me. Brooks quite unabashedly sprang into Maureen's car accident* and tried to imply that she couldn't do her thing like she used to. Then, with a summary of all his arguments, the regal Brooks assured us that he did his job; the case was clear; and that was that.

Well since my mind wasn't clear and since the Department of Human Relations on the fourth floor of city hall was a long way from Westport, I came home to see if that fourth floor view was all that accurate. Brooks, a Davis appointee and a Brookfield endorser, had been a little nervous lately and the Thorazines might have clouded the issues. Mayor Wheeler, taking a people-oriented stand, seems not to be so impressed with efficient bureaucracy as he is with servicing community needs, thus Brook's department should be of special interest to him, on a number of levels.

Upon returning to the green beauty of Westport,



Maureen Maloney -- "I descended from a long line of Catholic, Irish, cops."

I called upon Paul Edwards, lawyer, longtime resident of Westport, and loremaster knowing vast volumes of little known histories. Being twice the president of the Westport Community Council, Paul had come into contact with Maureen Maloney many times. Paul feels saddened at our loss and felt that Maureen had always done her best to serve the total community. "In a letter I sent to Alvin Brooks on September 11, 1969 I listed the needs Westport had and asked for professional human relations staffing. I thought it important that the staff be community-based. Maureen was. The needs still exist and as usual Westport has been passed up." He mentioned how he tried to



Paul Edwards -- "Seventy-five percent of the grade school children of Westport live with only one parent."



The Childs -- Mrs. Childs: "Her word is as good as gold." Mr. Childs: "She's a real go-getter."

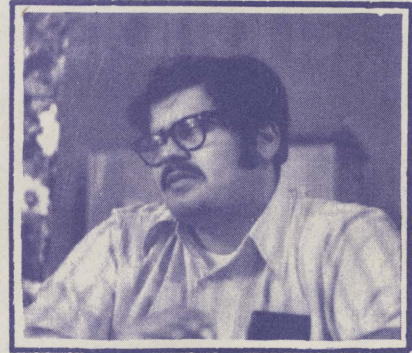
get the YMCA to establish an "open program" for youth here but they felt the 63rd and Wornall area more needy. "Seventy-five per cent of the grade school children in Westport live with only one parent". Paul related that Maureen was an invaluable aid at the Westport High School confrontations. And

* Maureen suffered injuries from a car accident in October while on the way to work with Loretto nuns and students involved in a community survey.

we marveled at how well this 34 year old could relate to the kids. "If Maureen was more involved with kids, rightly so. Youth problems are the primary human relations problems in Westport as I told Mr. Brooks in my letter. Westport has the highest percentage of 20-24 year olds in the city."

Next, since Mr. Brooks had retired Maureen because she worked "too much" (?) with the kids, I uncovered some of the elderly of Westport who now were receiving the benefits, pensions, and commodities due them because Maureen had cared. Working along side volunteers from Loretto High School and Vista workers she searched in Westport for those who were not receiving the O.E.O. benefits available. Out of these cases, I chose to visit Florence and Bob Childs whose neediness the Welfare Department had chose to ignore many times although the Childs had applied for assistance. Mrs. Childs related the shocking story of the games the Welfare department had mercilessly employed while they owed five months rent and unfathomable doctor bills. Mrs. Childs, who said she and her husband grew to love and trust Maureen's every word, went on. "Her word is just like gold. She spent almost a year working with us. Going to those offices where over the phone they'd tell you one thing and then send you somewhere else around in circles, just circles." Mr. Childs, barely audible, continued, "She's a real go-getter! She got us this lawyer and got together two demonstrations. She just couldn't do enough!" The Childs were quite saddened about hearing Mr. Brooks' charges and assured me that they knew other older people she'd helped. "She helped many families, young and old. She's interested in any people needing help," offered Mrs. Childs.

In order to discover the basis of the conflict about Maureen's "failure" to work on the West side, I spoke first with Gracie Moreno-Nelson and then with Richard Para. Gracie worked for Alvin Brooks on the West side but couldn't dig the involvement paradox which he forced on all the projects (except his pet interests, of course). "Maintain neutrality was the rule," said Gracie, "but that, of course, means you can't do anything. You were supposed to have contact with all the minority groups but not really relate to any of their problems. Alvin wouldn't let you negotiate or mediate." She spoke of her attempt to expose the unfair hiring practices of a company by appealing to the "proper channels" but that was "too involved" and she was in trouble. That the West side needs a Chicano worker, both Gracie and Richard Para agreed. Richard who worked

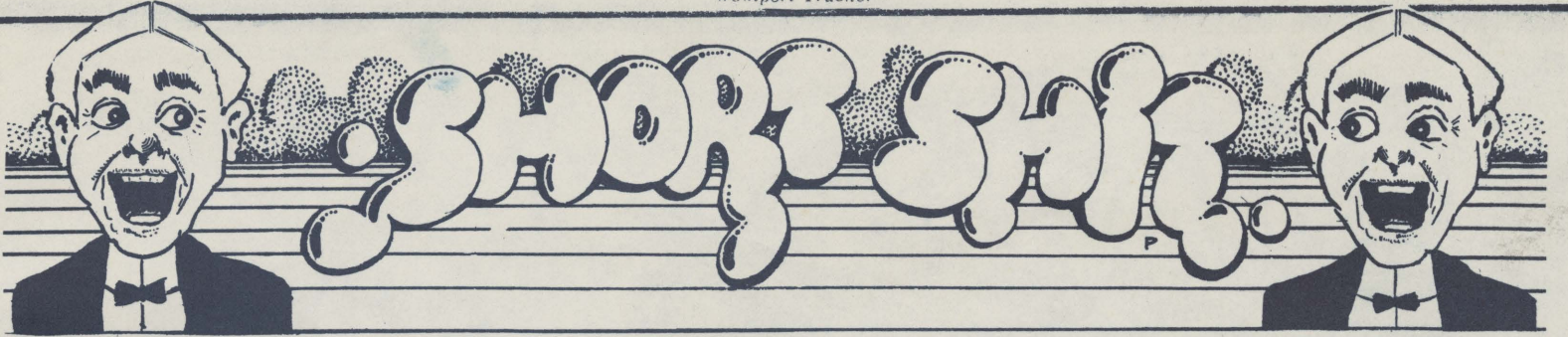


Richard Para -- "Dante said, 'The hottest place in hell is reserved for those who in time of great crisis maintain their neutrality.'"

for Alvin Brooks for two years on the West side said that he knew Maureen quite well and said she was capable to work on the West, East, or on any side, but that, as he and she knew, a Chicano was needed. "Mr. Brooks is caught up, like the rest of city hall, in the old myth that the West side is divided into three equal racial divisional White, Black, and Mexican American. In this way the power structure can keep away the worries of the West side people organizing into any political force. In reality the West side is 52% Chicano." Richard quit after Brooks desked him and Gracie after quite discriminating pressure.

"My job was to explore the areas of tension and complaints and aid in the finding of solutions. How you can keep neutral and help anyone I never could find out." Richard restated that Maureen was right to stay in Westport. "That's what she was hired for."

At this time I was dismayed. I now saw that Mr. Alvin Brooks wasn't quite the great white father he tried to portray. The problem with the department,



WATCH THE HONKEYS NEXT DOOR SWEAT!!

Peoples pop is sold at the corner of 48th and Locust, off to the east of Volker Park, every Sunday. Sometimes we set up shop in an old Dolly Madison truck (looks like a big white luminous barn), a blue pick-up truck, or good old Cortez, the 39 Chevy Sedan. Sometimes we just set up on the corner with several large trash cans crammed full with pop cans and ice. It's cold and it's 15¢, 15¢, 15¢ a can—a dime cheaper than the other pop trucks around the park who have been conspiring for years to keep their prices high.

All profits from Peoples Pop go into Mother Love's bust fund operated through the Magic Circus. The cans (as many as we can get) are recycled from large boxes off to the side of the stage and from the pop people themselves.

But dig it! After several years of pleading, arm twisting, and finally telling them we would shut off the water and do it ourselves, the Park and Rec. Department and finally installed a water fountain in Volker Park off to the West of the fountain. Use of the water fountain will hopefully cut down greatly on the amount of ice-cream bars, pop cans etc. bought around the park and therefore the waste they create. Besides, some nice cool water tastes better than that shit anyway.

If you'd like to help out Peoples Pop or the park maintenance, contact Mother Love at [redacted]

SPARE TIME?

Communiversy, the free university sponsored by the student government at U.M.K.C. is searching for people who would like to facilitate courses during the summer. There is no tuition, no grades, and anyone can teach—throughout this past year we had doctors, housewives, lawyers, businessmen, students, young and old convening Communiversy classes. Most met once a week for a couple of hours. Already we have many courses slated for the summer session: Weaving, Beginning Guitar, Organic Gardening, Exercises in Global Survival, Tarot Interpretation, Sex Roles in the Counter Culture, Jobs in the 70's, Water-Skiing, Non-Violence, Photography, Introduction to Computer Science, Buddhism. So, think about your own talents and interests. If you would be willing to convene a class, or is you know of someone who would be

interested in convening or working with the free U, let us know by calling [redacted] or coming by the Communiversy office on the Lower Level of the University Center at U.M.K.C.

Our schedule for the summer is this: the deadline for course proposals is May 31st so that the summer brochure can be out by June 9th. Registration will be June 16-19 with classes beginning the week of June 21st.

Please Help Us!

As teachers in the public schools in Kansas City, my wife and I observed the tremendous lack of creativity, spontaneity, and imagination in ourselves and in others. We have come to the conclusion that there are many teachers aware of the faults and shortcomings of their schools and classrooms, but are often isolated from others bent on the need for change, experimentation, and innovation.

A group of us see a partial solution. We would like to compile your ideas, methods, techniques, simulation games, and innovations into a non-profit book designed to liberate learners in and out of the public school systems.

We plan to write as many newsletters, magazines, and people that we can think of. We hope to gather a virtual flood of ideas from learning communities in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico by fall.

We also plan to load our slow-but-sure VW bus with files and visit as many people and schools that will open their doors to us during the summer months. If you plan to be home this summer, or if you know of individuals that wouldn't mind us dropping in to learn from them, send us some names, addresses, and phone numbers.

Anyone who contributes to the book will receive a free copy. We only want to put together a book jammed full of your creativity that is making education a real life giving force.

Send any ideas, photographs, or sketches to:

Robin and Fran Fate
616 E. 36th Street
Kansas City, Missouri
64109

Much Peace



GOOD-BYE KATZ!!

After three turbulent years at 16 Westport Rd. the Sign has finally been forced, by its landlord, Calvary Baptist Church, to move.

Originally opened as a youth oriented project in 1968, the Sign got a little too heavy. The coffee house is now picking over various empty buildings throughout Westport looking for a new and hopefully larger, home.

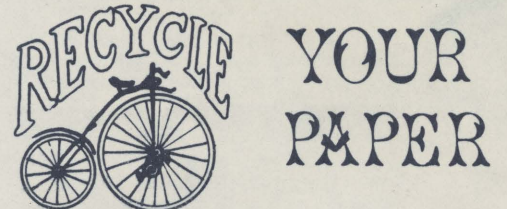
When asked why they were being forced to move, an employee said, "They want to make this land pure for the Baptists" and that the church was going to open up another 'youth oriented project' on the premises.

PHOENIX HOUSE

The outreach center is located at 3519 Troost, Kansas City, Missouri. The location is easily accessible to all of the Kansas City area. It is on the edge of the Black community, close to the Chicano West Side and, accessible by major thoroughfares to the predominantly White community. A concentrated effort will be made to serve the Black, Chicano, and low-income White communities. The residents of the inner city are often overlooked in the formation of drug abuse programs, even though their need has been long existing.

The center will provide counseling on a one-to-one basis, as well as counseling on a group basis. The counseling will be done by trained volunteers, volunteer professionals, ex-addicts and the center staff.

A referral system will operate in order to channel people to other drug abuse agencies in the Kansas City area. Such agencies with which working agreements are being developed are the Western Missouri Mental Health Clinic, Wayne Miner Outreach Center, Westport Free Clinic, Renaissance West, and Kansas University Medical Center.



Have paper you want to Re-Cycle? Mother Love can take it—newspapers, magazines, scraps, cardboard, just about anything except waxpaper, cellophane, and other treated stuff. Just bring it down to the Magic Circus, 4044 Broadway, or call [redacted]. We can sometimes pick it up.

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hinted Richard Para, was their philosophy. "They seem more interested in being community developers and community planners than servicing peoples needs." Richard felt that Mr. Brooks, besides being too institutionalized in his planning, was far too concerned with playing the game of self-survival and became stagnant wading through the mores of departmental preservation.

After leaving Guadalupe Center where Richard Para is presently the program director, I hoped to speak with some clergymen from Westport and knowing that Rev. Bill Salzmann from the Westport Presbyterian Church and Rev. Russell Jones from the Westport Methodist Church both had been active in many problem areas of our community. I was certain they could offer some illuminating observations



Rev. Bill Salzmann -- "She's gotten around more since the accident."

about Maureen's reassignment.

The first thing Bill Salzmann said, as I walked into his office was, "The Bureaucracy can't stand up to efficient individuals." He really missed Maureen and stated that to Mr. Brooks in a letter sent earlier that week. He was deeply surprised to hear Mr. Brooks' claim that Maureen couldn't do her job since her car accident. "She's gotten around more since her accident! Whenever Westport gets a good cop, it gets yanked. When Maureen became involved, got too hot on the case, she was yanked." He felt her removal was an insult to the community and a slap at anyone who cared about kids and community.



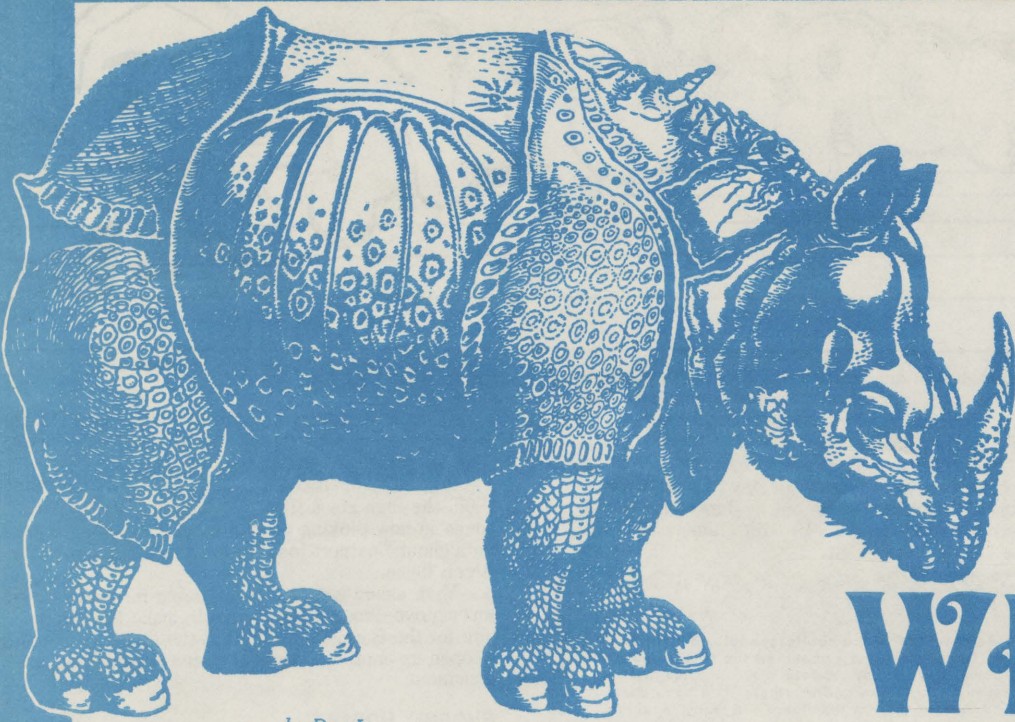
Rev. Russel Jones -- "I learned a lot from her about relating to people."

The flareups at Westport High School last year brought Maureen and Rev. Russell Jones into close

contact. "I was very impressed with her ability to relate to people. She really kept a bad situation from getting worse. I learned a lot from her about relating to people." Rev. Jones stressed how Maureen didn't act like some institutional representative. She didn't need to play the repressive all-knowing adult in her raps with the kids. "She spent most of a month over there and kept a lot of students from blowing their cool." Rev. Jones also assured me that she related to black as well as white students. He was sorry to lose her help.

In summary, all I can say is that Maureen felt the ax because she did her job too well. She was indeed guilty of having become involved. She didn't play the UN adviser and merely observe. This happening is one more example of an office or governmental department being created to appease the masses in the usual spirit of paternal benevolence. Human Relations departments in effect become the outer offices for the mayor and Chief of Police and thus little more than filter the complaints which otherwise would have disturbed those unfathomably busy and noble public servants. As a resident of Westport I feel like an abandoned orphan in a hard cruel cement world.

Lastly when I visited Maureen all she could bring herself to say was, "I always felt I worked for the community; I never forgot who I was working for. I will continue to serve Westport as well as I can from a desk and on my own time." And she continued, "I thank Mr. Brooks for having the confidence in my abilities to serve the total community. And I hope that I am able to be as effective on my desk job as I felt I was in getting to know the people of Westport."



by Dee Lux

This mantra, to be recited when arriving home from the grocery store and before throwing out any refuse, will bring to the faithful spiritual enlightenment and social awareness. It will facilitate escape from the throw away culture which decrees that new is good and anything—people, homes, cities, products—once used may be properly discarded. It will teach you to accept the consequences of your actions. It will bring you awareness of your proper place on earth as a creature among many other creatures. And it will teach you to honor the Three Rules:

1. Everything is connected to everything.
2. Everything has to go someplace.
3. There is no such thing as a free lunch.

The Ritual: After emptying a can, honor it as a part of the body of your Mother, Earth. Wash it with Earth's water that it might be clean. Remove from it paper and glue. Deposit it for safekeeping in a special place.

After emptying a bottle, honor it as a part of the body of your Mother, Earth. Wash it with Earth's water that it might be clean deposit it for safekeeping in a special place.

On the hours set apart to honor the Whomper, on Saturday from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m., on Tuesday from 3 p.m. until 6 p.m., gather together the cans and bot-

tlers you have kept.

Transport them to home of the Whomper 226 East 26th street, and present them as offerings.

The Whomper will Whomp them into small particles so that they might be used again thus saving the earth from those who would continue to tear from her metal and sand and trees to feed the desires of those who have no reverence for her.

Aluminum cans earn \$200 a ton. Bi-metal cans, those with aluminum tops and bottoms, earn \$20 a ton. Tin cans earn \$10 a ton. Glass earns \$20 a ton. It takes a great many cans and a great deal of glass to make a ton. And the money is needed to keep the Whomper in operation.

All those who tend the Whomper during its hours of operation are volunteers mostly Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Campfire girls, 4-H members and Y-teens. More help is needed.

Origin of the Whomper?

A group of adult leaders of various youth organizations (Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Y-Teens, 4-H, etc.) were batting around ideas for turning ecology consciousness into a practical project. They were considering maybe doing something about non-returnable bottles when somehow the Coca-Cola people picked up their vibrations.

They flew a man in from their home offices in

The Mantra: Feed the Whomper. Feed the Whomper. Whomp. Whomp. Whomp. Feed the Whomper. Whomp trash.

FEED THE WHOMPER

Atlanta to do something about it.

He did. He said the Coca-Cola company was very well satisfied with the sale of their non-returnable bottles and wouldn't the youth groups rather do something about recycling trash anyway?

And, behold, the glass manufacturers, can manufacturers and the Kansas City Bottling association—with a little help from Coca-Cola—purchased them the \$3,000 Whomper. Hallmark gave the Whomper a shrine, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers hooked it up for three phase electrical power and the Kansas City Beer distributors gave \$1,500 toward operating funds.

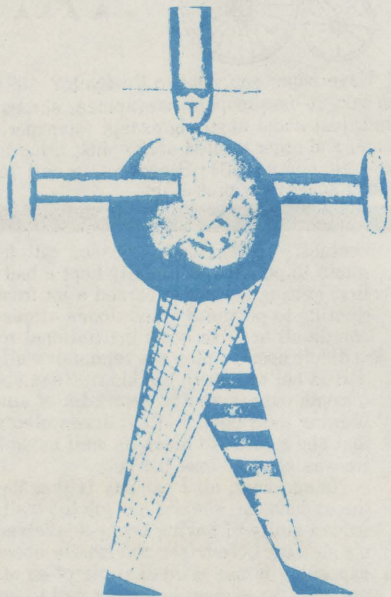
It is fitting that the people who make our trash should be responsible for recycling it. They should provide recycling centers at every super market but until that happens remember that the Whomper is a good machine.

Feed the Whomper. Feed the Whomper.

Whomp. Whomp.

Feed the Whomper. Feed the Whomper.

Whomp trash.



mechanical theatre at a. r. c.

N. Stephens

Would you like to throw a switch and set a play of light flooding onto a stage? Push a button causing sparkling streams of color—dots and splashes to race through the area, patterned wheels fly into whirling targets. More dials and buttons throw towering wings into shifting mosaics of black, grey, white...slowly...faster! again more slowly. Move to another console, flip toggles and a soft moan fills the hall, climbs in a crescendo to a shrill staccato climax, dropping to an electronic

murmuring. Other digital combinations set the spectacle of movement, color and light awash in a rain of sound—singing, whining, humming, sighing.

Andreas Weininger dreamed his first dream of this Mechanical Revue as a young Hungarian student at the Bauhaus School of Design in Germany of the 1920s. As pianist, he led the Bauhauskapelle, the band which served as an energy source for the Bauhaus stage of subsequent years. But his ideas and sketches lived primarily in colleagues' and heirs' imaginations, strongly affecting their architectural and theatrical ideas, a few of which have been realized.

Forty-eight years later, in another country, but similar culture and politico-economic climate, the Revue becomes a three-dimensional fact of theatre. The architect addresses his engineers; members of the A.R.C. group, "you are children of the Electronic Age. You have materials for use which we of the Bauhaus could only anticipate: therefore, it is now possible to build the theatres."

A.R.C. group hopes a few of the Mechanical Revue's possibilities have been justly exploited with these materials. It will be for you to decide on the opening at Art Research Center, 4808 Troost, at 8:00 p.m. on May 31, 1971. The open-

ing will be in conjunction with a personal appearance and talk by Mr. Weininger and a display of his drawings and sketches.

The Revue is a gentle machine. It's a funny machine. Come and play with it.

A.A.C.M.

Ron Roberts

The Cosmic city, sad to say, when it comes to jazz, is a little less cosmic than just about any city of comparable size you care to name. If you don't believe it, ask your local jazz men. In spite of the super slick hype about Jazz City, U.S.A., of Kansas City Jazz Inc., which is run by grocers and lawyers and generally any anything but jazz masicians, a professional jazz man doesn't exist. There are many people in this area capable of being jazz pros, but there are no jobs. There is the usual cocktail scene where they can sell themselves as technicians with little emphasis on the artist, or, more simply, sell themselves short.

This is the situation that gave birth to the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. I don't know a single musician in any bag, that is past the state of doing record copies, that feels even friendly toward the situation here, hence the steady exodus of good players. The A.A.C.M. at present consists of thirty eight active members. They are meeting at their temporary headquarters, Bananna-Finch.

The A.A.C.M. does not want handouts. We want to earn our way by performing and writing our music. We propose to do this by running a co-op where everybody works in every facet of creating a concert, selling tickets, art work, ushering, setting up equipment, promotion, etc., and by presenting high quality jazz music at a very low cost to the people.

Future plans include bringing in jazz "names" from a break even financial standpoint. The A.A.C.M. is not in the business of making money. There are no dues. Membership is free. If you are interested and would like to check the A.A.C.M. out further, call [redacted] or drop by 922 E. 48th, Bananna-Finch.

CAPITALISM: EXCEDRIN HEADACHE #203 or AN ASPIRIN A DAY: MAO JU SHI WAN SUEI*

New York (LNS) Until now, U.S. businessmen have been afraid that their American customers might not like the idea of their doing business with Communist China.

As a result, most of the deals made by U.S. subsidiaries so far have been concluded quietly. Representatives of U.S. firms use Chinese speaking middlemen who operate primarily out of Austria, Switzerland, Britain, Australia, and Japan. The middlemen bargain with the officials of Chinese state enterprises while the U.S. clients hide out in hotel rooms.

The bargaining, as many impatient Americans have learned, is often long and drawn out. Negotiations are often prefaced with days of ideological interrogation and political lectures.

Japan, by far the People's Republic's most important trade partner, may do as much as \$1 billion worth of business with Peking this year. For this privilege, a delegation of top Japanese businessmen must make a yearly pilgrimage to Peking to sign, along with the trade agreement, a communique denouncing their own government.

This year's "annual humiliation," as the Tokyo press calls it, contained a new section excoriating Japanese militarism.

Still some American businessmen are greatly encouraged by the opportunities presented by China's 740 million potential customers. "You just can't look at a market of that size," says a spokesman for the chemical company Monsanto, "and not believe

WHITE PANTHERS CHANGE NAME: RAINBOW PEOPLE'S PARTY IS BORN

Ann Arbor (LNS) The White Panther Party is no more. In a statement issued April 30, the Michigan group, known for their blend of cultural and political revolution, declined the dissolution of the party, and the ending of any formal ties with former branches and chapters of the WPP.

Also announced was the birth of an entirely new organization, the Rainbow People's Party, which, according to the statement, "exists only in Ann Arbor at this time." The Rainbow People have begun distributing the first issue of a new Ann Arbor community newspaper, the Sun.

John Sinclair, who is currently serving his 22nd month of imprisonment for the "crime" of possessing two marijuana cigarettes, is the Chairman of the new party, as he was of the WPP.

PARANOIA STRIKES DEEP: NIXON BALKS AT MEETING CYSTIC FIBROSIS POSTER GIRL

Washington (LNS) A White House visit for six-year-old Cathy Frazier, the 1971 Cystic fibrosis poster girl, was delayed for several weeks. In fact, the meeting—and pictures of Cathy sitting with the president to be used for publicity and fund-raising by the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation almost didn't come off at all. All of this because the congressman for Cathy's district in Michigan, Donald W. Riegle, has been a fierce critic of administration war policy and a leader in the Republican "dump Nixon" movement.

When Riegle sent a request from Cathy's

RESEARCHERS USE CHICANO WOMEN AS GUINEA PIGS IN PILL TEST

San Antonio (LNS) Eleven babies have been born to Chicano women who were given dummy pills at a birth control research center where they went to get contraceptives. The "volunteers" were not told of the experiment, intended to prove that symptoms associated with the pills (such as headaches and depression) are psychological in origin.

Dr. Joseph Goldzieher, who conducted the experiment, says that pregnancies are "probably due to the women's carelessness" in using the "F.D.A.-approved vaginal creams" which they were told would supplement the pills. He conceded that "None of the women were told that they might get pregnant. If you think you can explain a placebo test to women like these, you never met Mrs. Gomez from the West Side."

A YEAR AFTER KENT—RUNAWAY COMMITTED TO JUVENILE HOME

New York (LNS) Last summer an army of newspaper photographers and television cameramen recorded the "happy ending" to the incredible story of Mary Vecchio, the 14-year old runaway "mystery coed" whose look of horror as she knelt over a slain student at Kent State flashed across the cover of more than one national news magazine and into the souls of millions of Americans.

It was a "happy ending", the commentators said, because at long last, Mary had been reunited with her parents in Opa-Locka, Florida. As it turned out, the home-coming was not an ending, but

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

that eventually a lot of goods are going to be sold there. Just one aspirin tablet a day to each of those guys—and that's a lot of aspirin."

*Long Live Chairman Mao

CONSPICUOUS NON-PRODUCTION

Washington, D.C. (LNS) A bill has been introduced in Congress that would help the Washington Senators baseball club in their financial plight by giving them a subsidy not to grow corn in RFK Stadium. It's not a serious resolution, but it's no joke!

Rep. Silvio Conte (R.—Mass.), who drew up the farm bill amendment, said that this proposal makes much sense as the bill, set for House action shortly, which would make 300 depressed sugar beet farmers eligible for subsidies not to grow corn. Since the government cannot give the beet farmers, who have lost their processing plants, a subsidy not to raise the beets, the bill (which has passed the Senate) would call them corn farmers and pay them not to grow corn. Payments could go up to \$700,000.

Neither the beet farmers, nor the Washington Senators have ever grown corn on their fields.

ASSASSIN MARASCO WILL RUN FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

Trenton, N.J. (LNS) Former Green Beret Capt. Robert Marasco, who last month admitted killing a Vietnamese triple agent, has tossed his beret into the political ring. He has announced that he is seeking the Republican nomination for the New Jersey State Assembly.

Marasco, 29, and now an insurance salesman, wants to run in the district that includes his hometown, Bloomfield. In 1969, he and several other Green Beret faced courts-martial in the death of the Vietnamese agent, but the army later dropped the charge. Last month, because he was "angered" by the conviction of Lt. Calley, Marasco stated publicly that he had killed the agent on orders from the CIA.

Despite this confession, Essex County GOP Chairman, George Wallhauser said Marasco would be an "impressive" candidate—and Assemblyman John Dennis went him one better by calling the confessed killer a "very attractive" potential candidate

parents for a chance to bring their daughter to the White House, the only response he got was a warning that "as long as Congressman Riegle's office was sponsoring the request, the White House would not approve it."

Finally, Riegle turned over sponsorship of the request to Senate Republican Whip Robert P. Griffin of Michigan. The little girl was promptly given an appointment.

**PUT THE PIG IN THE POKEY, BUT YOU DON'T FOOL ME**

London, Eng. (LNS) Controversy rages in a small town outside of London over the location of the new police station. The \$100,000 building is located on Pig Lane.

a beginning—and it wasn't happy in any way. Her year's travail culminated this March in her admission to a juvenile home in Florida—after she had run away once again.

The aftermath to Kent State "ruined her", her lawyer says, referring to: parents who refused to let their children see Mary; her high school principal who suspended her ("The youngster didn't want to have anything to do with her—and I was proud of them," he says); the policemen who harassed Mary, picking her up four times on charges that never stood up in court; former Florida Gov. Kirk, who charged over statewide TV that Mary was part of a communist plot; and perhaps most of all, the torrent of obscene, vicious hate mail that poured into the Vecchio home from all over the country.

The mail went something like this. One showed pictures of the four slain students and Mary, with her face X-ed out. Across the top was written: "It's too bad you weren't shot." "Can you imagine her looking at that?" said her mother.

Another "concerned citizen" wrote, "Some young people here know what she is—a dirty, foul, syphilitic whore. If she is ever seen in Ohio she will be shot." Another: Mary, you dirty tramp. It's too bad it wasn't you that was shot." Another: "You should do the world a favor and kill yourself." Another: "You hippie communist bitch! Did you enjoy sleeping with all those dope fiends and negroes when you were in Ohio?"

The Vecchios themselves received similar garbage. Mrs. Vecchio says that "there was one letter that said they were going to come here and abolish the whole family, like the Sharon Tate thing." Troubled before the events of last May 4, scarred by the shooting on that day, and then unmercifully attacked by scavengers afterward, Mary Vecchio now sits in the Kendall Youth Home, south of Miami.

THE ARMY HIRES G.I. WIVES: OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE KITCHEN

Washington (LNS) The U.S. Army recently began a multimillion dollar campaign to make the armed services more attractive. As part of this campaign, the Army has begun to hire Army wives to do KP duty, because the men hate it so much.



I got a vision, then I saw a wave of blue water like a breaker. On the wave was written: THE WORLD WANTS WATERBEDS

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MICHAEL VALENTINE ZAMORO

22 E. 39th KC, Mo.
90th + Roe Pr. Va.

In the last nine years, over 365,000 of our buddies have been killed or wounded in Vietnam. And more are being killed and wounded every day. We don't think it's worth it.

We are Veterans for Peace, affiliated with the national organization Viet Nam Veterans Against the War.

We are veterans of the United States Armed Forces, and nearly all of us have served in Viet Nam.

Based on this experience we hold two points in common:

By any interpretation of the humanistic code of justice our country claims as its foundation the United States perpetration of the war in Indochina is immoral.

Judged by both the immediate and long-range view of the National Interest the continuation of that war in any manner (to include the Administration's projected withdrawal policy) is insanity.

It is therefore our goal to bring an awareness of the knowledge which has brought us to these conclusions, to that segment of established Americans which still support or accept the Administration's Viet Nam policy.

Until recent months the Peace Movement has met many deaf ears because the primary activists and carriers of the movement were the young, the college community, the Hippies, ect.

But it cannot be said of us that we are draft dodgers or cowards, that we are too young or too ill-informed, that we have no respect for law nor love for our country. The scars we carry across our bodies and memories bear their quiet witness that these things are not true of us.

We followed the law of the land and we went to war. We've now come home to ally ourselves with the Kansas City Peace Action Coalition as well as the National Peace Action Coalition and the above mentioned VVAW.

We support them in our common cause of ending the Indochina War. But we realize this can only be accomplished by those who currently hold the weight of political power and influence.

So it is to you, Established America, our mothers and fathers, that we look to share the knowledge we have gained, and ask your support in ending this war which continues to rape a troubled emerging nation across the globe while dividing our nation at home.

We carry no weapons except truth. Non-violence becomes vital to men who have seen enough violence for several lifetimes. We've come home to tell the story of the Indo-China War as only we can. And we ask only that we be received with the respect which has already been shown us as we wore the Uniform.

OPERATION FT. LEONARD WOOD

On April 10th, 1971, Kansas City Veterans for Peace conducted Operation Ft. Leonard Wood. The objective of this mission was to inform

new recruits undergoing basic training at the fort of our existence and what we plan to do. Our task force was able to distribute information leaflets and speak personally with trainees around their barracks and recreation areas. After over two hours of activity, the military police intervened, detaining us for an hour and finally releasing us outside the gate where we continued our mission by distributing the remainder of our leaflets and talking to GI's on pass in Waynesville. Again, we held the town for two hours before we were warned by civil authorities that unless we left town before sundown, the lot of us would be jailed for vagrancy.

We left with the impression that we had been successful. Because we received favorable response from nearly all contacts, we think it will be possible to actively assist the GI's in their struggle to humanize the military machine and to keep themselves and the U.S. out of Indochina.

OPERATION DEWEY CANYON III

By the time of our second meeting, Kansas City Veterans for Peace were planning for their participation in D.C. III, a limited incursion into Washington. April 17, early in the morning, we headed, ten strong to St. Louis where we met with other contingents on their way to Washington. The plans called for a weeklong intensive campaign for immediate cessation of American involvement in Indochina.

In Washington we set up camp in the mall area between the capitol and the Washington Monument, despite a court injunction against it. Ramsey Clark, our chief legal advisor fought for a reversal, which finally came down from our nation's lawmaker, Chief Justice Burger that "you boys may stay, but you cannot sleep." The brothers held caucuses on the issue and decided by a majority vote to sleep anyway. If the police came to arrest us we decided to go passively, hands over head, like P.O.W.'s. The officials gave us no trouble over our defiance—there were no arrests.

Then, firmly encamped, we discussed strategies to best achieve our objectives of immediate withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Indochina, amnesty for draft resisters and deserters, and termination of appropriations to the U.S. military in Vietnam and to the corrupt government which our power supports.

On the first day of activities, decorated Veterans and families of war dead were refused entrance into Arlington Cemetery, however, on the next day another contingent returned to the gates of Arlington and were let in without incident to pay tribute to their dead brothers and sons. Public reaction to the initial refusal was aroused to a point where Nixon and his gatekeepers were forced to give in to our non-violent insistence.

Through this action and those following, the veterans won the admiration of the city and the nation. Here was an army of jungle scholars with footnotes for every allegation, come in the true spirit of justice to be heard and to draw others from their silence.

Throughout the week we joined with other veterans from Missouri and every state in the union to lobby the senators and representatives of our states. Our impression was that most of these men have not taken the initiative to investigate the issues of foreign and domestic policy, but have relied on and followed the decisions of the executive branch. This tendency culminates in the concentration of unchecked powers for the president and commander-in-chief who now uses that power in pursuing an unreasonable war. Our disappointment with our leaders makes apparent that without drastic changes in our social relations, our leaders will continue to rule of themselves, for themselves.

Among our major actions, we crammed the gallery of the Senate sub-committee on foreign relations to endorse the McGovern-Hatfield amendment to stop the war much faster and more completely than Nixon's present policy and to press for investigations into the war itself by officially reconvening an extended WINTER SOLDIER INVESTIGATION to leave no doubt that our presence in Indochina is corrupt and directly contradicts our human values. It is the ugliest symptom of racism and imperialism, designed for the interests of only a few elite who control the wealth of our country.

Missouri veterans were also active in the Supreme Court sit-in to demand that the legality of the Indochina war be ruled on immediately. 130 veterans were later arrested for their determination in that protest. They were escorted away like prisoners of war, singing in unison, "God Bless America."

Missouri veterans were among those who marched on the Pentagon to testify against the war. One of our brothers was interviewed by Netherlands T.V. where he testified vehemently against the war (no censorship in Holland.) Most major world-wide press and broadcasting services were there to record this historical moment. The proprietors of the Pentagon would not meet with the protesting veterans because there is much to be hidden not only from veterans but from the world.

Finally on April 24th, we joined with active duty GI's to lead a demonstration march of 1/2-million people to Capitol Hill. We felt victorious, but we have not fooled ourselves into thinking the biggest battle is over—it has only begun.

Kansas City Veterans For Peace, Box 6052
K.C., Mo. 64110 Phone: [redacted]

Trial Shorts

Compiled from AP news by John Arnoldy

On this Saturday, May the 29th, the TRUCKER is moving toward press time and out of a week that was unusually significant—in terms of the developing legal trials of radical leadership nationally and locally.

By far the most important trial development of the last week was Bobby Seale's and Ericka Huggins' acquittal on capital charges in New Haven. Mrs. Huggins was set free. Seale now faces only his Chicago-related contempt charges because the New Haven jury was hopelessly deadlocked and for once an American judge had the honesty to admit that no impartial jury could be found. The day following Judge Harold M. Mulvey's decision of mistrial one of the jurors attempted to discredit his decision. She claimed that the jurors were afraid to return a guilty verdict because of imagined reprisals by the dedicated demonstrators who gathered throughout the trial in front of the court house. Juror Barbara Foy of Ansenia Conn. admitted that she had helped force a deadlock because she pitied the murder victim, Alex Rackley, and felt obliged towards the state to see that Seale and Huggins paid for it. She stated she felt she "owed the prosecution something and the only way I can help the prosecution is to go guilty down the line and give them another chance" in a second trial. She said, "The jurors kept yelling at me that legally you can't find them guilty if you can't prove

intent. Anybody can't tell me Ericka's actions showed anything but intent." Referring to her co-jurors, she said, "They were all scared to find the defendants guilty."

The last week saw three significant events in the trial of Angela Davis and Ruchell Magee in San Rafael. On May 27th, a motion to disqualify the sixth judge in the case was rejected by Justice Winslow Christian of the California Court of Appeals. He made the decision in twenty minutes finding judge Richard Arnason suitably unbiased. The next day Ruchell Magee kicked his court-appointed attorney in the chest, knocking off his glasses and dropping him to the floor. Magee had asked judge Arnason to stop the hearing. He wanted to have time to appeal Christian's decision to keep Arnason the previous day and to get him a different judge. When Arnason ignored the requests Magee kicked his lawyer Ernest Graves to the floor. Magee was taken out and brought back after a recess in shackles a la Bobby Seale in Chicago. Magee then spit in his lawyer's face and was again removed from the courtroom. Earlier in the week a significant funding source for Miss Davis' legal expenses, the United Presbyterian Church's legal aid fund, was threatened by a proposal to ban all money for her in their general assembly. The proposal was defeated, however, by a vote of 330-319. United Presbyterian has donated twenty-five thousand dollars to New York's Panther 21.

In Oakland, California, Huey Newton received a

retrial of June 28th on charges of shooting cop John Frey to death in 1967. He has already served 22 months for it in San Luis Obispo but his conviction was reversed this year.

In New Orleans, the fifth United States Circuit Court of Appeals removed from its docket H. Rap Brown's appeal in a conviction of illegal transportation of fire arms. The conviction got Brown a \$2000 fine and five years in the pen. However, in March of 1970 Rap disappeared, over-ruling all court decisions regarding his freedom.

This same week in New Orleans Judge Herbert W. Christenberry issued a permanent injunction forbidding Jim Garrison from prosecuting Clay Shaw on a charge that Shaw lied on stand during his trial for conspiracy to assassinate John F. Kennedy. Garrison has been stopped in every attempt to upset the Warren Commission Report.

Washington . . . Prosecution of four thousand of May Day Week's demonstrators has been temporarily blocked by an American Civil Liberties action. It contends the demonstrators are being kept "for purposes of harassment and with no hope of securing convictions."

In Kansas City, Brian O'Neal has been convicted of defrauding an innkeeper in an alleged incident at a Holiday Inn near Municipal Airport. Brian has been accused of making \$125.24 worth of phone calls to his brother Pete in Algiers and to Panther Head-

cont. on following page

A WALKER IN THE CITY

JOHN ARNOLDY

Suppose a man wakes up one morning in Kansas City with nothing in particular to do that day. Say he wakes up around ten o'clock on a mattress in a dingy little room filled with what spring sunlight his few soiled windows permit to shine on him. Let's say he rents from Krugh Realty and his toilet has been broken for a week, so he walks into his small kitchen which has become kind of a temple of dirty dishes, and takes a piss in the sink. Washes it down the drain maybe by turning on the water for a moment. His refrigerator has no food in it and the light bulb is burnt out, and his radio will only pick up one station, WDAF. He has one thin joint and an orange. Suppose this man smokes his joint and carefully peels and eats his orange, what will he do with himself on this average Kansas City day? Down deep in his heart he realizes this is not India so he gets dressed before going out. One pair of blue jeans, one stripped tee shirt. The sidewalk is hot on his feet and he is careful to side step the broken glass and dog crap.

Why not a walk to the gallery, a smoke in the courtyard? No, better to hitch hike. The buses blast past him, the cops prowl by, a helicopter buzzes overhead, two ambulances turn around the corner he is standing on, thumb out, the radio sirens crying out terror in an electronic language no one understands. A longhair flashes past in a Porsche, bright necktie, a pipe in his mouth. Cops on motorcycles pull up and block off the intersection. A long, black, shiny funeral glides by, he drops his thumb in respect. At the end of the funeral there is a guy in an old Volkswagen waving his hand. He pulls over and opens the door.

"Where to?"

"The gallery."

"I'll take you part way."

The guy has a full beard, shoulder length hair, round glasses and shabby clothes.

"Have you found Christ?" he asks.

Put your hand in the hand of the man from Galilee comes over the radio and the guy turns it up full blast. He shouts over the music, "It took me a long time to get behind Jesus, man." He's following the funeral through another intersection. Power lines overhead cut the music in half for a moment like a knife of static. "There's only one

way out of this world man, and it's not dope." A little saliva is beginning to collect around the edges of the guy's mouth. "Jesus was a freak too, baby, just like you." The guy reaches over and slaps him on the leg.

The funeral has been blocked somehow at the intersection of 43rd and Main and the car they are in comes to a rest under the 43rd Street bridge at the Broadway intersection. The bridge kills the radio, but the guy is still shouting. "Why don't you join me this afternoon at our meeting?" He hops out of the car. The funeral gets rolling and the guy flashes a big smile and a big peace sign as he pulls away. He sticks his thumb out again.

Immediately a fat woman in a Ford Fairlane pulls over and opens the door. She has a deep, frog voice and smokes an EVE cigarette. A JP's sack rests on the seat next to her. "My son has long hair like you," she says, "He's away at school though. I think long hair looks so cute on boys, can I feel yours?" She brushes his head with the hand that holds the EVE cigarette, ashes falling down the back of his neck. She makes a couple of turns lighting another EVE with the delicately colored butt of the last one.

"I'm on my way to the Gallery," he tells her.

"Why, I love the Gallery," she says, "I'll drive you up there. I love art." She pulls up to a stop sign and two cops on motorcycles rumble by, followed by a funeral. The last car is an old Volkswagen. A guy waves at them from the driver's seat and flashes the peace sign.

"Peace is best," she says. "I think Nixon knows that now though, don't you." They pull into the circle drive of the Nelson, lined with shining cars. "Stay high," she says as he gets out.

He approaches a couple seated on the steps. "Got any school ID's?" he asks. The girl looks up. "Be my guest she says, 'they're chauvinist dogs anyway.'" She pulls a wallet out of her jeans and hands him a KU-ID, then turns back to her boyfriend, running her hand down his leg and into his crotch.

He gets through the turnstile with it. Adjacent to the courtyard door a group of children are gathered around a stone couple kissing naked in love. A tall skinny woman with black glasses who holds a clip-board is pointing a pencil in the direction of the marble lover's cock. "Notice how real they look," she is saying. The children are staring at the pencil and at her. One guy is sitting smoking in the courtyard. He goes over to him. "Got a cigarette I can bum?"

"Don't have one," the guy says, "sit down." He's about forty, a little thin for his height, a mustache that runs up his nose and yellow teeth. His voice sounds like he might have been a teacher

once, but his clothes are too hip now.

He looks beleaguered and easily annoyed.

"It's nice out here in the spring, isn't it," he says. He follows the mustache up into his nose with a long finger. "Come here all the time. I'm going to come here for the Third World War and watch all the paintings fall off the walls. And if we have the third world war with China, I'm going up to the Buddha room and watch that go first, then I'm going over the ropes into the French Empire rooms and sit in the chairs. Maybe strike a match on one of the table tops." A jet screaming over the gallery appears in the aperature of the courtyard and drowns out his talk.

The guys lips moved while the roar of the jet filled his ears. After a moment or two he could hear the words again, ".....a crap on the floor..... Lookit," the guy said and started hauling things up out of his pocket. He pulled out a rectangular package shiny with cellophane. COCK STRETCHER was printed on the side of it in blue letters. He pulled out another similar package with the word TOWEL printed on it, then a small dirty round puzzle that had a tiny steel ball bearing in it just big enough to fit in the little holes punched into a faded multi-colored card board picture of a path that the ball bearing would roll around on, then some SKEE BALL tickets then a miniature VU-Lighter with a naked woman floating under lighter fluid, some shiny silver prize balls from jaw-breaker machines, a wrinkled, flattened tube of DELAY, and some wadded up paper collars that go around 15¢ shoe strings. He brushed off all the lint and dust from his palms onto the pile of things.

"See," the guy said, "I'm an American. Take what you like. It's my own gallery." Then he peeled open the little package with TOWEL written on it and removed the wet piece of folded tissue. He cleaned his hands with it very carefully then picked up the package with COCK STRETCHER printed on it. He peeled off the red cellophane ribbon and pulled out a tiny white Red Cross stretcher with a dull pink cross printed on it. He held the stretcher out at him and wrinkled his nose and curled his lips into an expression that demanded an answer to a question that had not been asked.

He left the guy sitting there with the stretcher in his hand. Two old women stood in the wind on the steps of the Nelson. As he walked passed them he caught a word of their conversation. "...cancer..." He stuck out his thumb on Rockhill and a 55 Ford Skyliner pulled up. Inside the car was crowded with four or five guys and a couple of girls. He sat on one of the girls laps. They were all passing around joints and talking and laughing as loud as they could. The driver ran the red light at 47th street and the laughter rose louder still. The driver turned around from the wheel and yelled into his face, "We stole this muther, man."

BOYCOTT LETTUCE

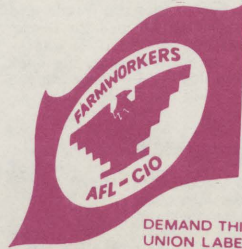
Many people are confused about the events leading into the lettuce strike and boycott so we will cover the major points. In July, 1970, it was apparent that the grape growers wanted to bargain so Cesar sent organizers to the Salinas Valley to organize ranch committees and to prepare the workers for a showdown with the lettuce growers. The lettuce workers had been asking the Union for help since 1967. After the ranch committees were organized, Cesar sent telegrams to the growers asking for union elections or direct negotiations. The growers responded by inviting the Teamsters Union in to weak, "sweetheart" agreements with 200 ranches. The workers know nothing about this and it was obvious the agreements were made in order to stop the workers from winning real union strength and wages through the UFWOC.

VIVA LA HUELGA!

Six thousand lettuce workers rallied in Salinas to decide how to fight the grower/Teamster attack. They voted to strike the entire Salinas Valley until the growers threw their phoney contracts in the basket and began negotiations with the ranch committees. Ten thousand workers struck, shutting down the Valley's lettuce production by 75%. The 150 mile length of the nation's "salad bowl" was criss-crossed with four to six thousand pickets every day for three weeks straight. Three of the biggest growers broke under the strike pressure and dissolved their Teamster contracts and asked for immediate negotiations with UFWOC ranch commit-

tees. The contracts are the best ever won by California farm workers and cover 25% of California/Arizona lettuce production.

The growers were losing \$1/2 million a day but they had two factors on their side; the harvest season was drawing to a close and the courts were controlled by agri-business. They got a Salinas judge



ON ALL THE LETTUCE YOU BUY

Don't accept labels such as "union picked" or "teamster". They are used to fool the public. If the lettuce box doesn't have the EAGLE, it isn't union lettuce.

to issue an injunction making the strike illegal and setting fine at \$1,000 per picket upon arrest.

The local police began making mass arrests while at the same time letting the grower and goon squads beat and run down pickets. It became impossible to put out picket lines without blood flowing and strikers arrested. The workers ended the most successful strike farm labor history with confidence that the remaining 75% would break within twelve months. The strikers sent 100 striking families out across the nation to boycott in the same cities where their union brothers had previously been boycotting grapes.

UFWOC-TEAMSTER DISPUTE ENDS

The Teamsters Union signed a pact with the United Farm Workers, March 26, 1971 giving full jurisdiction for organizing farm workers to UFWOC and admitting the obvious, that UFWOC represents the lettuce workers. The action by the Teamsters came after six months of embarrassment and pressure upon them. First the lettuce workers walked out of the fields in protest to the Teamster contracts, getting national TV news coverage, and then union people all over the nation began boycotting Teamster label lettuce.

The Teamsters have asked the growers to release them from their contracts, but the growers are fighting to keep them. A moratorium was called on the boycott to give the growers about one month to dissolve the contracts and to begin negotiating with the United Farm Workers. UFWOC is meeting with representatives from the Teamster ranches this weekend, but we have no word yet on what the growers are planning to do. A strong boycott will be the deciding factor for the lettuce industry.

FREE MARKET COUNCIL

The struck lettuce growers are grinding out tons of propaganda through their Free Marketing Council using the same tired lies that the grape industry used during the grape boycott. According to the FMC, farmworkers are happy, well paid, and enjoy good working conditions. They also claim that Cesar Chavez and the monolithic AFL-CIO are forcing workers and growers into slavery. In case you don't know, the 10,000 lettuce strikers were forced out of the fields last summer by union threats and terrorism, so says FMC. The strikers manned the picket lines five and six thousand strong and hundreds were arrested daily. That's a lot of enthusiasm for terrorized workers.

The FMC is flying from city to city throwing free cocktail/dinner parties for grocery executives and produce handlers. The message the FMC leaves in each city is, "don't cooperate with this immoral boycott anywhere." The grocers know that they have to face organized consumer pressure long after the party's over. . . .

NO. 1 SCAB: THE PENTAGON

The Pentagon is helping the struck lettuce

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TRIAL SHORTS cont.

quarters in New York. Brian's lawyer, Austin Shute, has secured for him a continuance until June 9th.

Phil Dephenbaugh has been convicted of bombing the twelfth street police-operated store front in which two cops were injured. The two cops were visited in Meorah Medical Center by his majesty Richard Nixon who called them "heroes."

IS THE UNITED STATES A PLANETARY DISEASE ?

by
Noel McInnis

We cannot effectively manage the environment without knowing what it is and how it behaves. We cannot detect changes, natural or man-made, desirable or undesirable, without repeated observations and established baselines. We neither know in a systematic way what the environment is like nor how and at what rate it is changing. 1

Mankind is about to discover another planet. Until recently it was assumed that we had discovered all of the planets in our solar system, but it now turns out that this is not the case. In the process of scanning the skies for Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto, we overlooked the most important planet of all—Earth. Earth is the most important planet by any human definition, since this is the planet which sustains human life. And it is precisely because Earth is our home that we never discovered it before.

Man-on-earth is in the same predicament as fish in the water. "If you want to know about water," Marshall McLuhan has quipped *ad infinitum*, "don't ask a fish." The environment into which we are born remains invisible to us unless one of two things happens: 1) we leave it, or 2) it changes drastically. Quite recently, both of these things have happened to man-on-earth. Man left the earth long enough to look it over, and brought back pictures which make it difficult for us to overlook the planet as formerly. And those of us who stayed on earth discovered our planet by virtue of the fact that its feedback is doing things to us which were entirely unintended in our doings to it. The coincidence of these events is quite literally leading to our belated discovery of the third planet from our sun. What we are discovering, of course, is that the planet as a whole behaves differently than its parts. Our present habits of relating to the planet only in part are producing a planetary reaction which, on the whole, will be unfavorable to our continued enjoyment of the planet if not our very existence itself.

We are discovering, in other words, that our planet is a spaceship, a closed, finite system in which all behaviors ultimately feed back through the system upon themselves. Inappropriate behavior in one component of the system can disrupt or destroy the entire system. If the system is as complexly (and therefore as flexibly regenerative) as that of our planet, the destruction is more likely to be relative: the source of disruption will probably be eliminated by the system long before the system itself collapses. The system will become greatly altered in the process, but the whole will still survive the loss of some parts. Unlike the Apollo craft, as Bucky Fuller is fond of pointing out, the earth did not come equipped with an operating manual. Neither, therefore, does it require our services as crew. "Men go and come," we are told in *Ecclesiastes*, "but earth abides." It may also be written that man came and went.

On a spaceship, every sub-system is related to every other sub system. Nothing in the design

functions without reference to everything else. All sub-systems are affected by a major change in any one of them. In other words, the various sub-systems of a spaceship constitute one unified, balanced over all system.

of a spaceship constitute one unified, balanced over-all system. Any imbalance originating in one of the sub-systems is eventually redressed throughout the whole. So well-integrated are our planet's numerous systems that the earth functions as a single organism. This fact we have demonstrated to ourselves most dramatically by the massive application of fertilizers and pesticides. The system-disruption potentials of this activity are most vividly illustrated by our long term experience with DDT. DDT symbolizes our dread of an unavoidable function of the planet, that of death. Although DDT's effects are nil in comparison with many other chemicals used in our death-control tactics, it has become the focus of all those who see the folly of avoiding our death by annihilating other forms of life.

DDT is being metabolized by the entire planet. It is found in the fatty tissue of penguins at the South Pole, thousands of miles from its nearest application. DDT is found in the fatty tissue of creatures of the air, creatures of the mountain, creatures of the plains, and creatures of the mid-ocean. DDT is carried by all of the planet's transmission systems—air, water, and food chains. As a result, the planet is soaking up DDT like a sponge. When DDT begins, as it has, to take its toll of the oceanic vegetation which produces 70% of the earth's

atmospheric oxygen, it definitely tolls for thee. Since we are at the top of the food chain, we humans stand to concentrate more DDT in our systems than any other species. The concentration of DDT in our species is already so great that the milk of nursing mothers, in this country at least, exceeds by 2 to 6 times the amount of DDT considered adequate to make milk unfit for commercial sale (i.e., human consumption) in interstate commerce.

On a spaceship, all inappropriate behaviors ultimately feed back through the system upon themselves. When we cast our dread upon the waters, we can be sure of its eventual return.

What Does Our Planet Do?

We must frankly admit that the discovery of our planet may not come in time to save us. The present crisis mentality concerning our environment could as likely increase the disruption of the planet's functioning as to decrease it. This is because many of the remedies being proposed—frequently called "eco-tactics" are as partial and as out of context as the shortsighted human activities which created the crisis to begin with. I am afraid that too many of us are approaching the environment crisis like James Thurber's "Scotty Who Knew Too Much."²

Several summers ago there was a Scotty who went to the country for a visit. He decided that all farm dogs were cowards, because they were afraid of a certain animal that had a white stripe down its back. "You are a pussy-cat and I can lick you," the Scotty said to the farm dog who lived in the house where the Scotty was visiting. "I can lick the little animal with the white stripe, too. Show him to me." "Don't you want to ask any questions about him?" said the farm dog. "Naw," said the Scotty. "You ask the questions."

So the farm dog took the Scotty into the woods and showed him the white-striped animal and the Scotty closed in on him, growling and slashing. It was all over in a moment and the Scotty lay on his back. When he came to, the farm dog said, "What happened?" "He threw vitriol," said the Scotty, "but he never laid a glove on me."

A few days later the farm dog told the Scotty there was another animal all the farm dogs were afraid of. "Lead me to him," said the Scotty. "I can lick anything that doesn't wear horseshoes." "Don't you want to ask any questions about him?" said the farm dog. "Naw," said the Scotty. "Just show me where he hangs out." So the farm dog led him to a place in the woods and pointed out the little animal when he came along. "A clown," said the Scotty, "a pushover," and he closed in, leading with his left and exhibiting some mighty fancy footwork. In less than a second the Scotty was flat on his back, and when he woke up the farm dog was pulling quills out of him. "What happened?" said the dog. "He pulled a knife on me," said the Scotty, "but at least I have learned how you fight out here in the country, and now I am going to beat you up." So he closed in on the farm dog, holding his nose with one front paw to ward off the vitriol and covering his eyes with the other front paw to keep out the knives. The Scotty couldn't see his opponent and he was so badly beaten that he had to be taken back to the city and put in a nursing home.

Moral: It is better to ask some of the questions than to know all the answers.

Until we have a fairly good answer to at least one question, all of our answers are likely to aggravate the problem. We cannot intelligently cope with our spaceship until we know what it does. The question "What

does our planet do?" is the priority question of our time. Until we know what our planet does, we cannot establish an intelligent ecological relationship with it.

Getting With It

Ecology is, after all, the study of the transactions among the organisms in a given environment. In any given instance, therefore it is first of all the study of the relationship of an organism *with*, not *to*, its environment. The distinction between relating *with* and relating *to* is difficult for the Western mind to grasp, since almost all of our environmental perceptions—human relationships as well as physical—are based on the law of the lever. We tend to perceive all of other-than-self as so much mass to be manipulated, as so many relationships to be *had* rather than *transacted*. As a result, our technologies are now succeeding in the manipulation of our total environment, with the further result that we are now being had by the planet.

The only way we can avoid being had by the planet is to get with it. But we cannot get with the planet until we know what it does. We are therefore desperately in need of intelligent *eco-strategies*, to assure that our *eco-tactical* doings to the environment are healing rather than aggravating the situation.

Eco-strategy involves the monitoring of natural processes and the development of technologies which are harmonious therewith. *Eco-tactics* consist of environmental manipulation. Perhaps the best way to illustrate this distinction is to take a brief look at the problem of birth control. The pill and the intrauterine device represent a tactical approach to the problem of

birth control. Both the pill and the IUD represent the manipulation of a system to alter its functioning. The pill and the IUD are something we do *to* the reproductive system. The rhythm method, on the other hand, represents a strategic approach to birth control. That it has not been a highly reliable strategy is proven by the very existence of many who will read these words. But *it could be reliable*. The body chemistry of the female during the time she is capable of conception is different than when she is not. What if a woman were capable of accurately monitoring this particular nuance of her body chemistry, via a reasonably simple test analogous to the litmus test or the simple urinalysis with which diabetics can monitor their sugar level? If she had this monitoring capability, it would not be necessary for her to tactically tamper with her physical processes or to tactically deny her emotional ones. She could very strategically *get with* her reproductive process and control birth in nature's own way.

We are every bit as much in need of getting with the planet as we are in need of getting with the human reproductive process. Population is a global problem, yet very few persons perceive it in global depth as well as in global breadth. The closed-system nature of our spaceship assures that any major change in the functioning of the human reproductive process, such as Zero Population Growth, will effect changes in many other systems. We cannot alter the pattern of human reproduction without alterations in the patterns of related systems. (Almost obvious example: we cannot establish equilibrium in the population if we insist that

Gross National Product must continually rise. Equilibrium in one major system requires equilibrium in all major systems. The assumption of additive growth, if ruled out for the population, must also be ruled out for the economic system. The economic implications of Zero Population Growth are in direct conflict with the economic assumptions which presently govern this country. Zero Population Growth is more subversive of the "American way of life" than Communism, because even Communism shares with capitalism the goal of additive growth.)

The fact that man is not presently with the planet is dramatically illustrated if we imagine that we could compress the world's present population of over three billion persons into one town of 1,000 persons, in exactly the same proportions.³

In such a town of 1,000 persons there would be only 70 (United States) Americans. These 70 Americans, a mere 7% of the town's population, would receive half of the town's income. This would be the direct result of their monopolizing over half of the town's available material resources. Correspondingly, the 70 Americans would have fifteen times as many possessions per persons as the remainder of the townsmen.

The 7% American population would produce 16% of the town's food supply, eating nearly twice as much as necessary and storing for their future use, at tremendous cost, most of what they were unable to immediately consume. With most of the other 930 inhabitants of the town hungry, there would undoubtedly be ill feelings.

The 70 Americans would have an average life expectancy of 70 years, the other 930 less than 40 years. The lowest income group among the Americans, even though it included a few people who were hungry much of the time, would be better off by far than the average of the other townsmen. The 70 Americans and about 200 others representing Western Europe, and a few classes in South America, South Africa, Australia and Japan would be well off by comparison with the rest.

Could such a town, in which the 930 non-Americans were quite aware of both the fact and means of the Americans' advantages, survive? Could the 70 Americans continue to extract the majority of the raw materials essential to their standard of living from the property of the other 930 inhabitants? While doing so, could they convince the other 930 inhabitants to limit their population growth on the thesis that resources are limited? How many of the 70 Americans would have to become soldiers? How much of their material and human resources would have to be devoted to military efforts in order to keep the rest of the town at its present disadvantage?

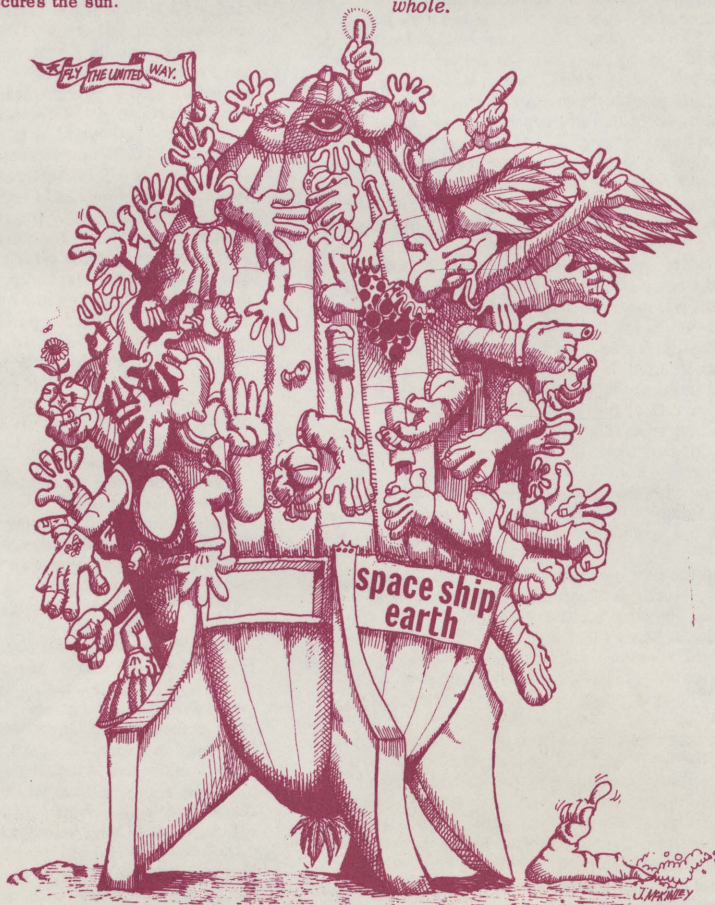
Chances are the 70 Americans would have to organize into a military camp in order to maintain their material dominance of the remainder of the town. Chances are most of the Americans would be too insecure or guilty about their situation to enjoy their dominance. Chances are this guilt and insecurity would lead some of the Americans to protest the situation and call for a change. Chances are that the protesting Americans would find themselves subjected to variations of the same repressive forces being used to subdue the other 930 townspeople. Chances are the military camp would also be a police camp.

The most regretful thing about the situation you have been asked to imagine is that it is not imaginary. For such is the present material relationship and incipient political relationship of the United States to the rest of the world. The material relationship is very clear: the United States is systematically plundering the planet's physical resources. And if the political conclusions drawn above are not yet so, they are rapidly becoming so. The logical complement of a nation of plunderers is a nation of police.

Environmental Monitoring

The only way to get with the planet is to find out what it does via a world-wide system of environmental monitoring. A recent report of the National Academy of Sciences makes it clear that this is a necessity not only for coping with global problems, but for dealing with localized problems as well:

The necessity for very broad monitoring is suggested by consideration of a relatively simple environmental relationship. Many people have settled in Southern California to enjoy the sun at the broad, clean beaches. Houses have been built right at the edge of the beach, which in some places have become littered with kelp and buzzing with flies. The houses have displaced tiny animals such as isopods, which previously ate the kelp. More houses have been built inland and in some areas have been subject to floods. Dams have been built and have stopped not only flood water but also the sand that replaced the beach sand being constantly lost to deep water. Thus the beaches are becoming less wide and less widespread. Finally, to get to the beaches, more and more people drive more and more automobiles, and the resulting smog obscures the sun.



1. Institutions for Effective Management of the Environment (National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D.C., January, 1970), p. 37.

2. Copr. c 1940 James Thurber. Copr. c 1968 Helen Thurber. From Fables for Our Time, published by Harper and Row. Originally printed in The New Yorker.

3. This analogy is quoted from Richard Heiss and Noel F. McInnis, Can Man Care for the Earth?, to be published in May, 1971, by Abingdon Press (Nashville)

4. Institutions . . . , pp. 38-39.

5. Ibid., p. 37.

This is a very simple outline of a most complex relationship. We cannot say what happened. We shall have no more success than we have had so far in dealing with these problems in the future without a comprehensive plan for monitoring the whole environment and its changes and knowing the possible consequences.⁴

The whole environment of any locality is, of course, nothing less than the entire planet. Nothing less than an understanding of the entire planet as an integrated system is becoming an absolute requirement for intelligent human interaction with local environments.

The problem of environmental monitoring at present is not that there is none, but that existing programs are partial and uncorrelated:

We do make some baseline and serial observations at present through such environment-related agencies as the Environmental Science Services Administration, the U.S. Geological Survey, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the Forest Service, the National Air Pollution Control Administration. In addition, many local and state agencies secure data on environmental parameters. Most of these data are obtained for special purposes, there is little cross referencing of data, few comparative studies, and no overall evaluation of the quality of the environment. The existing environmental monitoring program has many critical gaps.⁵

Fortunately, we can get with the planet. We know enough about what the planet does that we are now able to develop the means for finding out everything else we need to know in answer to that question. The relevant information is being gathered by numerous national and international agencies, as well as by corporate and educational research departments. In addition to remaining uncorrelated, however, this information about what the planet does is also not being disseminated through the schools. As a result, the people who are least informed about our planet are those who are being prepared to live on it.

Thinking the World Together

The reason we learn very little about the planet in our schooling is because of the curriculum's overwhelming concern with the affairs of men. As far as the curriculum is concerned, man is the planet, and thus it is that we learn to consider only the human inhabitants of our spaceship as having first-order significance. When we do study the planet, it is still a very partial endeavor. We learn about the geographical part, or the biological part, or the physical part, but never are we enabled to develop a sense of the whole thing. Never, that is, are we presented with some perception of the planet as the total system that it is, so that we can perceive its parts in context. While the mind may be unable to concentrate on the planet as a total system, it can certainly develop a planetary perspective or worldview which enables it to concentrate on particular sub-systems in contemplation of the whole.

Unfortunately, geography is largely the study of the names man has given to various locations on the earth and what he does with these locations. Biology is largely the study of terms man has given to the biota. Physics is largely the study of mathematical formulations man has given to discovered functions of the planet. And so on. Our formal studies of the planet, particularly at the level the vast majority of us encounter them in school, are focused upon the symbols we use to identify it rather than upon that to which the symbols refer.

Our present curriculum has enabled us to master our ability to think the world to pieces. Since we can relate to our environment only in the terms that we perceive it, we are now quite effectively tearing the planet to pieces. If we are to think the world together to comprehend (com: together; prehend: take) it as a single piece, we must create a new curriculum to complement the old.

The old curriculum has been very successful in conveying to us the fragmented, analytical, mechanical world view which enabled man to develop a technological civilization and which now shapes us to behave in mechanical conformity with our creations. But the planet and its occupants do not function according to the technological program with which we are attempting to subdue it, and thus our behavior is on a collision course with our own being. The planet's program is preponderantly that of synthesizing parts into wholes. Man's program is preponderantly that of reducing wholes into parts. If the latter program is merely preliminary to a synthesis which accommodates itself with the planet, very good. But if man continues his program of reducing wholes into parts as presently practiced, his will be the ultimate parting from the planet.

We are desperately in need of perceiving the planet as a *gestalt*. The world ultimately hangs together in our perception of it, if we are to hang with it. There is no institution which does more to shape/misshape our perception of the world than the schools. A major burden for the creation of a planetary world view therefore rests upon the schools. At present, any student who emerges from high school or college with some sense of how the world hangs together does so in spite of his formal education. Present and subsequent generations must obtain such a perception as an integral part of their education. Somewhere they must learn to think the world together.

The need to think the world together is increasingly recognized by numerous individuals and organizations, and a few isolated and partial attempts are being made to develop educational materials and strategies to meet this need. Although none of these attempts is as fully developed as some of the isolated and partial environmental monitoring programs mentioned above, they would certainly derive a similar advantage from a concerted effort at correlation. At a minimum, they would benefit from the mutual awareness by said individuals and organizations of one another's concerns, ideas, and objectives. This could be facilitated by a center whose own objective on behalf of thinking the world together is to create such a mutual awareness. Such a center could monitor the activities of others who are working at an integral understanding of the world, and facilitate communication among potentially symbiotic endeavors.

Fortunately, such a center exists. The Center for Curriculum Design, a non-profit foundation in Evanston, Illinois, identifies itself as "An Educational Foundation for Thinking the World Together." Its major concern is with the development of materials and strategies for integrating knowledge. The Center seeks, creates, and disseminates information on persons, organizations, projects, materials, strategies, and ideas for integrating knowledge, developing whole-earth perspectives and other ecological mindsets, and increasing the public's environmental awareness.

Several of the Center's current activities are integrated in a comprehensive program called The Spaceship Earth Curriculum Project. These activities include the compilation of a directory to the type of information mentioned above; the development of a college-level Integrative Studies course at Evanston's Kendall College, entitled Environmental Thinking; the creation of original materials in all media which stress the theme of human/environmental integrity; and the convening of a Spaceship Earth Conference to bring together those who wish to develop wholeearth educational strategies and materials with those who are already doing it. Persons who identify with the task of thinking the world together are urged to correspond with the Center (823 Foster, Evanston, Illinois 60204).

Some time ago it was announced that the missing link between ape man and civilized man had been discovered. It turned out to be ourselves. This announcement was possibly inaccurate in perspective. We have achieved the main fruits of civilization, and are discovering that many of them are too bitter to be tolerated. We have to get beyond civilization. The announcement should read that the missing link between ape man and earth man has just been discovered. It turns out to be ourselves.

So we'd better get with it.

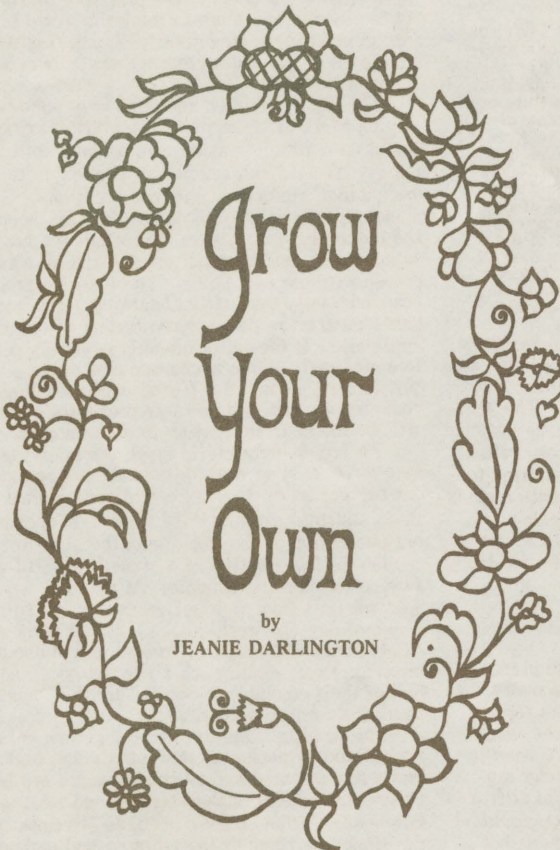
THE CENTER
for Curriculum Design
823 FOSTER STREET
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS 60204
Tel. [redacted]



Tangy red tomatoes, butter peas, crisp lettuce, sweet onions, corn on the cob, watermelon that drips off the chin and other succulent goodies . . . fresh from your own garden. All pure, natural and organically grown.

It's a great dream—but where do you start? Especially if you were raised on concrete and have no handle on terms like "compost," "rock phosphate" and "ecological balance."

Well, we've all got to begin somewhere and Jeanie Darlington has written a great little book that is subtitled "An Introduction to Organic Gardening." It is just that and MOTHER will be featuring sections from time to time. Here, then, is the first installment of:



I haven't been a mad gardener all my life. In fact, I really only began in the spring of '68 with a vegetable garden. I had tended a small flower garden behind our flat in London, but this was my first real attempt. And it was the first whole summer Sandy and I had ever been in one place since we'd met 6 years before.

We moved into a cottage in Albany, California, just north of Berkeley, in August the year before. There was a nice size back yard full of dying roses, 3 foot tall grass and 35 year old fruit trees — apple, pear, apricot and plum. The house was all overgrown with vines and looked straight out of Hansel and Gretel so we left it that way. But we did cut the grass, prune the roses, and spray them and the fruit trees with some poison or other. It seemed like the right thing to do. We didn't do much else until the next spring when I decided I might try planting some tomatoes.

I was working at a nursery at the time, so I had plenty of knowledge about all the super fertilizers and magic bug killers. And I was pretty good at selling these to the customers. One spray company even paid the employees dividends each month according to how much of their product we sold. Naturally I pushed it. Fortunately, it was the least toxic spray we carried and was safe (?) to be used on vegetables within one day of harvest. It didn't contain DDT. But I wondered, "If it kills all the bugs it says it does, how come one day will make it safe for me?"

Here's a sample weekly ad from the nursery:

We've got 'em . . . we've got the guns to murder your weeds, kill them so that they will lay off for awhile. Come in today and ask for a killer.

And then there were the combination chemical fertilizers, 0-10-10, 10-20-10, the numbers denoting the nitrogen, phosphorus and potash (NPK) content. The box told what the fertilizer was for, and that was that. Easy. But a few customers swore by manure and manure alone. How could this be?

Luckily, I happened to pick up from the floor one day an introductory offer to 10 months of *Organic Gardening and Farming Magazine* at half price. It dawned on me then, that I wanted to learn how to garden with natural fertilizers and without poisons. I could hardly wait to receive my first issue. With the offer, I was sent a handy pamphlet as well, called "Organic Fertilizing — Secret of Garden Experts." From then on, I was on the road to discovering about the mysteries of blood meal, ground rock phosphate, kelp meal and other such exotic sounding things. I had thought Organic Gardening was something weird old spinsters in Marin County did, like saving seed from year to year for the past 35 years and things like that.

At about this time, I quit the nursery. A third of the products I was selling were only making Standard Oil

richer and the air and earth more polluted. I felt rather guilty.

In the meantime, I had begun my garden. I chose a small 10' X 10' grassy spot which received full sun all day. I didn't really know where to start, but I thought I should somehow kill the grass. This was before I'd found the magazine offer and I didn't know that I could simply turn the grass under and leave it to decompose. So I applied a lot of sulphate of ammonia, which is a super rich nitrogenous chemical fertilizer, to burn off the grass. (Chemical fertilizers used in excess, and without water, will burn.) I later learned that this was a big mistake because the fertilizer killed the earthworms, and because the sulphur residue left by the fertilizer ate away whatever organic matter I added for quite a while. Fortunately the magazine and the fertilizer pamphlet arrived in time to save me from other such disasters.

I now had a 10' by 10' plot of hard, clay soil rich in nitrogen. With a lot of hard work, Sandy and I and my visiting sister and brother-in-law managed to turn over the soil. By the time we finished that, the fertilizer pamphlet had arrived. In it I read that I still needed to add some phosphorus (P) and potash (K) and some organic matter. So I dug in a sack of steer manure thinking that would be enough organic matter. And I sprinkled on 5 lbs. of bone meal (P) and a whole lot of ashes (K) from our wood stove.

Then I was ready to plant. I planted a lot of things — both seeds and seedlings. Beginner's luck was with me and most everything began to grow. But the soil was still hard as a rock. Water would turn it to gooey mud, and a few days later it was cracked and rock-hard again. I cultivated it, but that didn't help much.

By then I was beginning to realize the importance of organic matter and proper soil preparation. That 10' by 10' plot could have used 10 sacks of manure.

Good soil should contain 50% air and water, 45% inorganic minerals from rock fragments, and 5% organic matter or humus. I seemed to have no air and no humus in my soil, only hard clay and plenty of sulphur residue. In fact, this is the state of many peoples' garden soils.

And then they wonder why they don't have green thumbs. The clay was supporting the plants and they were growing, but I wanted to improve the soil, because I was sure they would grow better. Compost seemed to be the answer. I could make my own humus out of weeds and grass and other things. And I had read that lots of compost would help reduce the toxic effects of a chemically treated soil.

I began my compost pile somewhat sceptically. Would all those weeds and grass clippings and leaves really turn into the beautiful, black crumbly substance they said it would? I added some vegetable peelings and scraps to the pile too, but not very often out of pure laziness. It was easier by far to throw them in the garbage bag below the sink than to walk all the way down the back stairs to the compost pile. It never occurred to me then that I could separate the garbage.

I covered the compost pile with black plastic and it never smelled. I kept the pile moist and turned it after a few weeks. After a month, I began to see evidence of a "black crumbly substance" and I was thrilled. This style of gardening really appealed to me. I felt a bit like an alchemist. Later on, when I began to see the effects of this "black gold" on my plants, I really believed in compost!

Meanwhile, my 10' by 10' garden was coming along. Eight tomato plants crammed in amongst broccoli, zucchini, italian cocciole, bell pepper, eggplant, beets, lettuce, italian flat beans, snow peas, and way too much swiss chard, out of loyalty to an early childhood memory. The taste of swiss chard from the neighborhood victory garden will always remain with me. A delicious earthy taste that I hadn't forgotten, despite the disappearance of swiss chard after the war — on our table anyway.

My parents had always been enthusiastic gardeners. They had a compost pile and they threw around words like humus and manure (titter, giggle).

I used to help my father root pachysandra cuttings in flats of sand, 100 plants per flat, a penny a plant. It was great fun. He used the plant as a ground cover in shady spots and under trees. My parents spent almost every available minute of the weekends in the yard, cutting grass, pruning roses, planting annuals, dividing perennials, and planting new trees. They claimed it was fun and relaxing. Now I see what they meant.

Working with the earth, smelling it, improving it, watching things grow in it made me feel good. It slowed me down and made life seem OK even if I was depressed or sad.

And so the first summer went by. Some failures, but not many. Mostly great success. Squash to give away, chinese pea pods that melted in our mouths, and the most delicious beans I had ever eaten. There were wonderful sweet tomatoes — all kinds — Beefsteak, Spring Giant, Pearson, Ace, Ewaliana, Jubilee, red pear, and cherry, all the way up to Thanksgiving. And lots of swiss chard.

There were very few bugs and absolutely no need for poisons. The few bugs I had were controlled by putting ashes on wet leaves, planting marigolds and using a home ground onion-pepper-garlic spray. The Mexican bean beetle was there, but we still had plenty of beans.

The tomatoes, planted too close together, twined all around each other and broke the stakes supporting them, but we still had plenty of tomatoes. And the hay mulch kept them from rotting.

Mulch, that mysterious word, was largely responsible for the success of the garden. The early summer sun had been baking and cracking the hard soil, and I knew I needed more humus. My compost was on the way, but it would take several months. I did add some more manure and this helped some. Then I discovered mulch. Each month, *Organic Gardening* magazine would arrive

with more good ideas to help me. I only wished I could have known it all to begin with.

Mulch is a layer of organic matter laid down on top of the soil around the plants and between the rows. It keeps the soil temperature even, holds moisture in, discourages weeds, prevents a hard top crust on the soil and eventually decays into rich humus.

The nearest available mulch for me was right next door in the vacant lot — dry wild grass 4 and 5 feet tall. I cut a lot of it and put it down 6 inches deep between the rows and up snugly against the plants.

Then I didn't have to cultivate or weed anymore. I found I used a lot less water. The plants seemed to like the even soil temperature. It acted like a thermal blanket, and it looked nice and felt good on my bare feet when I walked around picking things. Our cat, Lurvie, loved to lie on it in the shade of certain plants. She thought I put it down just for her.

A few days after Thanksgiving, I took the turkey bones out to the garden to bury them. The tomato and squash vines were brown and dead from a very light frost. This left just a few swiss chard plants here and there. I buried the vines well in the middle of the compost pile so that the thick stems would decay sufficiently.

The year was almost over and the garden was finished. I didn't think about things I might have planted for winter crops, not knowing then that it was possible. But I wasn't sad. It had been a fine summer. So I sprinkled the ground with bone and blood meal and put on a nice blanket of leaves. The hay mulch had long since decayed away into the soil.



During the fall of that year, Sandy and I noticed how many birds there were in the yard and especially in the entwining rose and pyracantha trees outside our kitchen window. We had been living in our cottage for a year and four months by then, and hadn't used any poison sprays for the past 9 or 10 months. The birds had passed the word around and had already eaten every red pyracantha berry. The berries made them drunk. One tipsy bird flew into the window once, but luckily didn't break the glass.

I made a bird feeder by tacking a 1 inch edge around a 2 by 1 foot board. I tied it up in the rose tree 3 feet outside the kitchen window and we spent many hours watching them. It's a lot better than the Today show at breakfast. Sometimes we layed out a smorgasbord for them of suet, birdseed, oatmeal, raisins and peanut butter. They even developed a snob taste for health food peanut butter, and wouldn't touch that cheap, hydrogenated stuff. The scrub jays were really funny. They came exclusively for sunflower seeds and would squawk and carry on so that they could have the whole feeder to themselves. They would try to fill up their beaks with three or four seeds and then fly away to a rooftop to eat them. Invariably, they would drop all but one seed while they were trying to stuff the fourth one in, but they would keep trying anyway. And there were catbirds, song sparrows, house finches and a cute little thing I called fat fluffy.

By mid-January, I was already planning for next summer. The seed catalogues had begun to arrive, showing all kinds of delicious things I could raise. It was too early to begin planting, but at least I could write an article for the paper Sandy had been writing for during the last year — the San Francisco Express Times. I wanted to help people get started on gardens and not make the mistakes I had. I wrote an article on soil preparation, so that the organic fertilizer applied would be in an available form come March or April. That was the beginning of *Grow Your Own*.

By January 30, I had already made a crude cold frame for starting seedlings and I had cut the grass once. The rains were warm and my fingers were itching.

A few weeks later, I was digging manure and lots of compost into the vegetable garden and flower border gardens. The vegetable patch looked pretty good although it still needed plenty more organic matter. It was a vast improvement over last year's clay patch.

On February 14, I planted some snow pea seeds. The snails ate them all when they were one inch high. The snails were really thick, due to a very wet winter. But I planted some more seeds and devised a cheese-cloth cover. Soon after, my beets, carrots and parsley seeds went in. As the weather warmed up, I started a lot of seeds in peat pots for the cold frame.

Meanwhile I had been thinking about how I could try to restore the ecological balance in the backyard. The birds had come back and were already busy eating lots of insects on the fruit tree branches. One night while out snail hunting, I encountered a lizard. It scared the wits out of me, until I remembered that they ate slugs. And I knew I could order lady bugs and praying mantis egg cases.

In this case, when I speak of "restoring the ecological balance," I mean that I wanted to cut down on the plant eating bugs without resorting to bug sprays. To do that, you invite certain predatory, carnivorous insects into your garden, such as ladybugs and mantids. This is a little hard in a small backyard, because a neighbor's spray program could defeat the effort. But it was worth a try and it only cost me \$4.00. The lady bugs and mantids arrived in early April. After eating their fill of aphids, the lady bugs mated, layed eggs and died because it was the end of their life cycle. By the end of May, the baby mantids had hatched and the new ladybugs had come out of their larvae stage.

The lady bugs ate aphids, mealybugs, scale and many other tiny insects. There were plenty of them around. We never did figure out exactly what the mantids ate, but they looked fat and well fed and were very tame. I only saw one or two Mexican bean beetles, and it is said that mantids like them. All I know is that my bean leaves weren't eaten to a lacey remain of veins like they were the year before. And every once in a while, little pint-sized

birds would hop amongst the rose bushes and gobble all the aphids off each new shoot.

The peas grew 6 feet high, despite the fact they were dwarf grey sugar peas (2 and 1/2 feet maximum said the package). We were eating them from the middle of May through the end of June. Beets and carrots soon followed. Then broccoli and chard; italian and Kentucky Wonder beans; white corn, artichokes, zucchini, greyzini, italian cocozelle; oak leaf and ruby lettuce; escarole and endive; shallots, onions and leeks; and finally Spring Giant, Pearson and yellow pear tomatoes. The tomatoes ripened very late, but that was because I had rotated the crop from last year's spot and it wasn't as hot and sunny in the new place. Now I know that rotation isn't really necessary as long as you replenish the organic matter in the soil. The soil bacteria working on the humus will destroy any disease organisms connected with tomatoes if they are there.

I also planted an herb garden containing parsley, tar-ragon, mint, borage, oregano, sweet marjoram, sage, chevril, silver and lemon thyme, lavender, rosemary, chives, comfrey and catnip. There were flowers here and there alongside the steps in a little triangular plot. Here I had sowed a few packets of seed - Old Fashioned Garden, California Wild Flowers, Morning Glory and Poppies. The result was really a knockout - a mass of every color but mainly pinks and reds and blues and purples. It was like having a full blown real life Matisse right in your own back yard for three solid months. Often Sandy would walk silently around the yard, staring at everything. It was a form of meditation.

We loved watching the lady bugs, who especially liked to live in the upper leaves of the sunflowers. Often they would fly down and land on our shoulders and walk a long for a bit and then go back to their roost. A friendly hello.

The mantids seemed to like the parsley and dusty miller best for their homes, although one even migrated to the long row of potted plants on our front porch in late August, where he contemplated a tiny piece of chicken we offered him for four hours before deciding not to eat it. We named him Manty and he stayed on the porch until early December, living in a pot of basil. He shed his skin three times and ate baby leafhoppers and a worm Sandy once brought him. On his last skin moult, he acquired a pair of long brown wings, and soon after he wandered away. To mate, then die? The Bay Area's weather is not mild enough for mantids to survive the winter.

I hope this book will help people get started growing their own vegetables and flowers organically. Having a garden is such a wonderful experience.

Some people still wonder why go to all the trouble to do it organically. I think it's much simpler to garden organically, at least on a small backyard scale. People are beginning to be aware of ecology. Organic gardening is something each of us can do to help. I'm quite sure it's cheaper to garden organically than with synthetic chemicals. You don't have to buy five different types of poison sprays and several different fertilizer mixes. Compost can be made for free or for a very little bit of money. For less than \$20.00, I bought 100 lbs. each of blood meal (N), phosphate (P), and granite dust (K). That will last me several years.

It's without a doubt more fun to garden organically. It's nice to have living things like Manty and the ladybugs around. They become friends. And it's a good influence on your children. It's a pleasure to dig into rich soil, full of fat, happy earthworms. I love watching the birds splash around in our improvised bird bath and knowing that any bread I toss out to them will be gone in several hours.

Organically grown food really does taste better. Unfortunately I have seen some pretty sad looking organic produce at some health food stores. I don't know if this is due to the problems of large scale farming, or bad shipping and storage methods or what. My vegetables almost always look beautiful enough to be photographed for seed catalogues and I'm no veteran farmer.

Most importantly, it's better for your soul to garden organically. If you use chemical fertilizers, you are disregarding the fact that soil is a living breathing thing. Soil becomes only a medium which supports plants upright. Chemical fertilizers destroy many life forms such as beneficial soil bacteria and earthworms. Poison sprays not only pollute the atmosphere, but also kill many harmless insects and many helpful predators, thus destroying the balance of nature. Gardening organically is working in harmony with nature.

Notes:

1. All of the dates in this book refer to the Bay Area, where the first killing frost comes around November 30 and the last killing frost comes around January 30. But as it still takes another month and a half before most spring planting can begin, the frost date is rather meaningless. In most cases, you can plant tomatoes one week after the last killing frost. Here we wait until April 1st at least. Check with local successful gardeners for the best planting dates in your area.

2. My experience with organic gardening has been with a small backyard garden. This book is meant to tell you the basics of what you need to know to garden organically on a small scale family basis. As the size of your garden increases, certain factors may change. But everything in this book can apply to gardens at least up to 100' by 200'.

I didn't grow my garden to save money on the food bill. That would be pretty hard to do with a 10' by 10' garden. It probably costs about the same or a little bit more than buying vegetables at the supermarket. But I get so much pleasure going out to the garden on a cold December morning to pull some leeks for a nice leek and potato soup, and going out again a few minutes before dinner to get some tender oakleaf and ruby lettuce leaves for a crunchy salad. It isn't the same as supermarket buying.

With a larger garden, you do begin to save money by

raising vegetables.

3. Throughout this book you will be reading about N (Nitrogen), P (Phosphorus), and K (Potash). These elements are very important. It would help you to either memorize the symbols or remember to refer back here.

HUMUS

Soil is a living, breathing thing. It is ideally made up of 50% air and water, 45% inorganic minerals from rock fragments, and the rest organic matter, which is called humus.

The virgin soil of this country once contained an average of 4% humus. This figure is now down to about 1.5% or less. The amount of water and air is proportionately down to about 30%, due to the lack of humus. There is no room for water and air in hard, compacted soil. And the inorganic mineral content is up to 68.5%.

Half of this mineral content is due to chemical fertilizer residues that have built up in abnormal and damaging quantities. The continued use of chemical fertilizers and sprays (which leach down into the soil,) is already a serious problem and is getting much worse, as you probably know by now from articles in newspapers and magazines.

Fortunately, it is quite easy to correct poor soil. But it takes time. You see, with chemicals you get "instant" results, and that has a lot of appeal. Organic processes are natural, and slower.

To correct poor soil, add lots of humus in the form of compost, animal manure, green manure (plant an area to clover, vetch or a legume, and turn it under), and heavy mulches. And add the right amount of organic minerals, such as rock phosphate and granite dust or greensand.

Soil rich in humus has structural strength. Humus helps form aggregates of soil particles that cling together and give each other strength to resist crushing, so that there is plenty of air and water space in this friable soil. Humus feeds the micro-organisms, the beneficial soil bacteria and fungi which in turn create a fertile environment for the plants. Earthworms, whose endless tunnelings and castings are so important to soil enrichment, digest humus and aerate the soil. Humus is where the plant nutrients are stored. Humus is the soul of the soil.

Chemical fertilizers put your soil on a speed trip. The normal component balance of the soil is disturbed by the availability of more plant food than can be accepted. For a short time, everything that is living in the soil gets pushed way beyond its normal rhythm of life and of course the humus stores are depleted. A chemically treated soil is almost devoid of soil bacteria and earthworms. The structural strength of the soil is lost, and hardpans form that make it hard for water to penetrate deeply. This causes dust storm and erosion problems.

A forest is an ideal example of good soil structure. The leaves, twigs, and everything else that falls to the ground, act as a mulch and gradually decay, leaving a spongy rich layer of humus just below the surface. It is well balanced in all the nutrients necessary to the soil below and to all the living things in it. All the reserves are there mainly in an insoluble form, and they are gradually released by the action of the weather, the bacteria, the earthworms, and all the other micro-organisms in the soil.

To create your own humus, make a compost pile, as described in the next chapter. Save all your weeds, grass clippings, leaves, and kitchen scraps. Collect some seaweed and get hold of some manure. Layer it well, using some blood meal to help it break down faster. If you have access to stinging nettles, collect them with gloves on and add them every few layers. Their carbonic acid and ammonia will hasten the breakdown process. Keep your compost pile in a sunny spot and keep it moist. Cover it with black plastic and turn it every so often. When it is decomposed, apply it liberally as a mulch or dig it into your garden.

Last fall, I looked at my dried finished tomato vines and felt sad until I remembered that they would go into the compost pile and would carry the soul of last summer's garden over to this summer's garden. The other night we had some fine mussels for dinner. I crushed the shells and added them to the pile. Maybe it seems sentimental, but if this is the way gardening was done up until this chemical 20th century, there must be good reasons. If you take this much care, if you put your affection into the growing of your food, then you yourself become more a part of the living process. So add some soul to your soil and help rebuild the sick soil of this country.

COMPOST

One of the basics in successful organic gardening is compost. You can create your own soil conditioner and fertilizer by simply using all your garden and kitchen wastes and whatever other organic materials you can come by. Compost enriches the soil with humus, and that is the most important factor in a healthy garden. Even if you never plan to have a garden, start a pile anyway and give the stuff away to your friends. Composting your garbage will help the ecology and besides, making compost is fun.

Compost is decayed organic matter. There are many methods for making it. The original Indore Method was developed by Sir Albert Howard, the father of Organic Gardening. He found that decomposition took place quicker if you layered different organic materials.

He first laid down a 5-6 inch layer of green matter, then a two inch layer of manure, and then a layer of rich earth, ground limestone and phosphate rock. He built a series of those layers up to a height of 5 feet, covered the pile with a thin layer of soil, made an indentation in the top to catch rainwater, and left it to decay for 6 months or more. While building the pile, he placed pipes through the pile, and then pulled them out when it was the full height, to provide aeration.

This is an aerobic method. The bacteria rely upon a supply of oxygen to break down organic matter quickly and thoroughly into rich black humus. The process can be speeded up by turning the pile frequently. There is a 14 day method which involves finely shredding the material with a shredder or rotary mower, and turning and watering the pile on the 4th, 7th and 10th days. For more information on this, see the reference to the book *Compost in 14 Days* in the bibliography on page 82.

I prefer an anaerobic method. By sealing the heap, that is by covering it with black plastic, there is no smell, no insect problem, a minimum of turning and water, and quick results: 2-3 months for finished compost.

I don't have a shredder, so I don't put twigs and branches in the pile. But if you have a lot of land and a large garden, a shredder would be a big help. Shredders cost less if you have your own power source such as a power lawn mower. Or perhaps you could buy it along with several neighbors and use it jointly.

A 4' by 8' area built to a height of 4 feet is a good size for a compost pile. If you have a large garden, make several piles. Choose a fairly sunny location and loosen the soil to expose the bacteria. Start with any weeds, grass clippings, dead plants and leaves. Layer these with liberal sprinklings of manure. Keep the hose handy and wet down each layer.

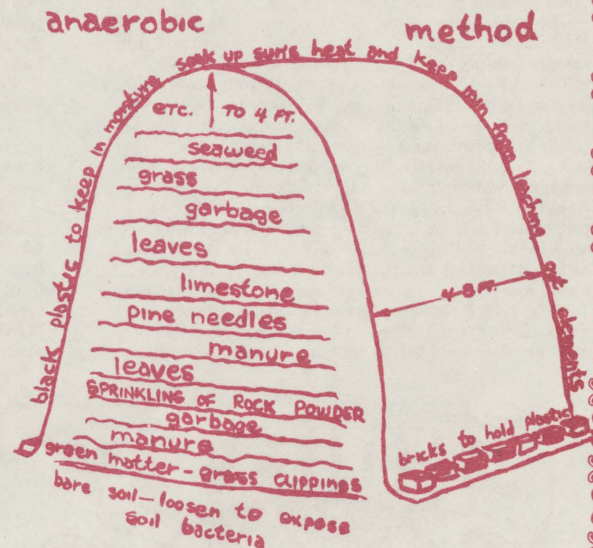
All your decomposable garbage goes in the pile too - vegetable and fruit scraps, eggshells, coffee grounds and tea leaves, bones, moldy back-of-the-refrigerator gleanings, and the occasional recipe that flops. Most supermarkets will give you boxes of produce that are too old to sell. (Probably a lot of it will be edible, in fact.)

Pine needles and seaweed are good additions to the pile. Lumber yards have plenty of sawdust free for the hauling. The wineries in Napa, especially Charles Krug, give away grape residue free. (They also use it as fertilizer for their vines.) You can get a truck load of manure, not well-rotted, but perfect for composting, at Grizzly Peak Stables in Tilden Park (Berkeley) for \$1.50 a truck-load, bring your own truck.

I called the Steam Beer Brewery in San Francisco and they will give you spent hops. Here's how. Take a plastic garbage can with a tight fitting lid over to them. They will fill it when they do the next brewing, but you must pick it up promptly. Forget about Hamm's Brewery. They use extract of hops.

You don't need all these ingredients of course, only what's handy for you.

Cover the pile with black plastic. This helps soak up the sun's heat, keeps the rain from leaching out nutrients, and holds the moisture in. After a few days, the pile should heat up to 130-160 degrees, which indicates that bacterial action is happening. If the pile is not heating up, you need to add more nitrogen. If it should smell, add some natural ground limestone.



A SAMPLE COMPOST PILE

- 1. Water each layer - the order of layers is not important.
2. Cover with black plastic.
3. Leaves tend to mat unless they are shredded, so don't put them down in thick layers.
4. Add your garbage every few days by digging into the pile, adding the garbage and covering it.
5. Turn the pile after a few weeks.

The speed of the breakdown of compost depends upon the amount of nitrogen available. Nitrogen is necessary as a source of energy for the bacteria and fungi which do the composting work. This is why you add manure. Alternatives to manure are: bloodmeal, bone meal, tankage or sewage sludge. I have stopped recommending cottonseed meal as a nitrogen source because of the widespread use of DDT and other pesticides on the cotton crop. If you put sawdust in the pile, be sure to put in extra nitrogen.

Don't bother with commercial "bacterial compost activators." You will have plenty of bacteria naturally in the compost materials. Just be sure to feed them nitrogen.

You may want to turn the pile after 2 or 3 weeks to check on the amount of moisture and degree of decay. Add water if it needs it and add nitrogen in any form if the center of the pile is not finished. Turn it so that the top and side materials become the center.

By now the earthworms will have made their way to your pile. Word travels fast. Or you can buy some red

cont. on following page

GROW YOUR OWN

wrigglers to put in the pile. Red worms like partially decayed humus, whereas blue worms like it more completely decayed. The earthworms and soil bacteria release the minerals, making them more readily available to the plants. The more earthworms you have, the faster humus is digested; and the more humus, the more worms.

I seem to have plenty of worms without having to buy any, but you can get them from various places. See page 85 for addresses.

Compost is a wonderful soil conditioner and humus additive. As a fertilizer, its value will depend upon what you put into the pile. Besides adding nitrogen (N), you can add phosphate (P) and potassium (K) in the form of natural mineral rock powders like phosphate rock (P) and colloidal phosphate (P) and green sand (K) and granite dust (K). Sewage sludge and bone meal have both N and P and wood ashes and kelp meal have K.

Rock powders are relatively insoluble unless they are combined with animal manure or compost. The action of the manure acids on the rock powders causes the nutrients in the rock powder to be more assimilable to the plants. Therefore if these natural minerals are added to the compost pile, the phosphorus and potash will be in an immediately available form when the compost is applied to the garden and the finished compost will be a complete high grade fertilizer.

ORGANIC FERTILIZER

The three main nutrients you want for a productive soil are nitrogen (N), phosphorus (P) and potassium (K). In this chapter, I will explain about some of the organic sources of these nutrients. By fertilizing the soil organically, you are giving the soil natural ingredients rather than synthetic formulas devised by some chemist to simulate the same natural ingredients. And in many cases, you are returning industrial and agricultural waste and by-products to the land, thus helping the ecology by diminishing the ever-increasing garbage problem.

Nitrogen is responsible for the vegetative growth of plants above the ground. With a good supply, plants grow sturdily mature rapidly, and have good foliage, color, food value and flavor. Phosphorus provides strong roots, healthy growth, fruit development, and resistance to disease. Potassium is essential for the development of strong plants. It helps the plants manufacture carbohydrate. Plants that lack potash do not adapt to heat and cold well, and their process of photosynthesis is slowed down.

MANURE is the age old basic fertilizer. Dried composted steer manure is available in every garden store and analyzes about 1-2% N, 1-2% P and 2-3% K. Hot manure, such as horse, hen, sheep, and rabbit manure, is slightly higher in nitrogen. For instance, rabbit manure analyzes 2.4% N, 1.4% P and 0.6% K, and poultry manure analyzes 5% N, 2-3% P and 1-2% K. If hot manures are fresh, they must be composted before applying directly to the plants.

Manure should be stored under cover to prevent leaching of the valuable nutrients. If you mix in some rock phosphate while composting manure, you will reduce the loss of nitrogen. Or if you mix fresh manure into the soil at least 8 weeks before planting time, there will be only a slight loss in plant food. About 100-150 lbs. of fresh manure per 250 sq. ft. is a good amount to start with. Poultry manure should be used more sparingly - about 25-30 lbs. per 250 sq. ft.

Most horse stables will sell you manure very cheaply. They have plenty to get rid of. If it's from the barns it may be mixed with hay or wood chips. That's fine. Find out if they use spray in the barns, however, and use your discretion.

LEAVES are a good source of minerals as well as of N, P & K, and they add organic matter. They can be used as a mulch, in compost piles, worked into empty garden beds in the fall, or dug into trenches between rows. When using large amounts of leaves, especially oak, it is wise to add ground limestone to offset their acidity unless the leaves are being used on acid loving plants such as rhododendrons and azaleas.

GREEN MANURE is really a soil conditioner, but it also adds fertility. Soil tilth (looseness) and fertility can be improved by sowing a green manure crop in the fall and turning it under in the spring a good 8 weeks before planting. Barley, buckwheat, rye, oats, pearl millet and comfrey and many legumes are good to use. With legumes, such as clovers, field peas, soybeans, vetches, and alfalfa, it's a good idea to inoculate the seed. Coating the seed with nitrogen fixing bacteria enables the plant to utilize the nitrogen in the air, thus raising the yield and fortifying the soil with added nitrogen.

There is a different strain of bacteria for every type of legume, so you must specify which type of legume you plan to grow. Legume inoculants are supplied in California by Nelson Laboratory, 1145 W. Fremont Street, Stockton, 95203. Seed catalogues also sell "garden mix" cultures, but these are only useful on pea and bean vegetable seeds. A 30 cent packet will treat 5-10 lbs. of seed.

GRASS CLIPPINGS are fairly rich in nitrogen and good for working into the soil, as a mulch, or as a compost ingredient.

WOOD ASHES contain 1.5% P and 7% K. The potash will leach away, however, if they are allowed to stand in the rain. They can be mixed into the soil or added to the compost pile. They are alkaline.

SAWDUST is very low in nitrogen and can cause a deficiency while it decays if it is worked into the soil. But it is fine as a mulch if you sprinkle some nitrogen rich ingredient on the soil before you apply the sawdust. It is thought that sawdust will help neutralize highly alkaline soils. Or you can put the sawdust in the compost pile, if you add plenty of extra nitrogen. The same rules apply to WOOD CHIPS, although the bark causes them to have a slightly higher nutrient content. The nurseries sell redwood soil conditioner, but it is chemically enriched with nitrogen.

HULLS and SHELLS of cocoa beans, buckwheat, oats, peanuts and rice are wonderful mulch and compost material. Hulls tend to be richest in K, although peanut shells analyze 3.6% N, 0.7% P, and 0.45% K. Cocoa bean hulls - 1% N, 115% P, and 2.5% K can be bought in nice 75 lb. burlap sacks for \$1.00 from the Guittard Chocolate Factory in Burlingame, California.

Activated sewage SLUDGE contains 5% N, 3-6% P and can be bought in 50 lb. bags at just about any nursery under the name Milorganite. It's from Milwaukee's very best sewers and tends to be on the acid side.

And now we come to the slaughterhouse by-products. TANKAGE contains 3-10% N and 3-10% P, depending upon whether it is meat or bone tankage. BLOODMEAL analyzes 15% N, 1.2% P and 0.7% K. When used as a fertilizer, 5 lbs. per sq. ft. is plenty. In the compost pile, it speeds breakdown and it is available at most nurseries. BONEMEAL is too, and it is an excellent source of phosphorus. It contains 1-4% N, 25-30% P. It is more effective

on a well aerated soil, so use it with compost at 5 lbs. per 100 sq. ft., or add it to the compost pile to aid breakdown. It helps reduce soil acidity.

If the slaughterhouse by-products don't appeal to you, there are various meals - soybean, linseed, peanut, coconut oil, corn gluten, and cottonseed meal. Cottonseed meal is the only one that most garden shops carry, but remember that until DDT is banned, the cotton crop will continue to be sprayed with it. I am told that the seed is well protected inside the hull, so you can make up your mind about this. These meals analyze 4-7% N, 1-3% P, and 1.5% K. They are valuable soil and compost additives and can be used at a rate of 10 lbs. per 100 sq. ft.

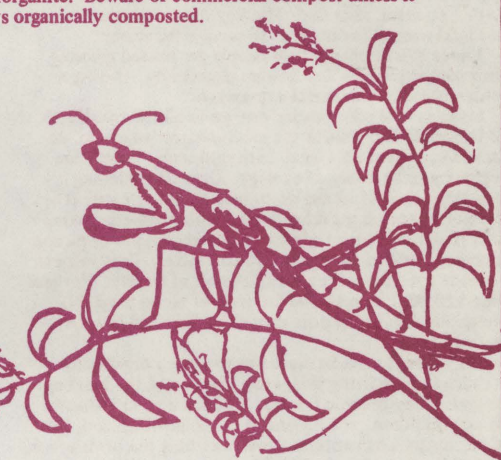
When iron ore is smelted to form pig iron, you're left with BASIC SLAG. It is rich in calcium and contains various trace elements such as boron, sodium, molybdenum, copper, zinc, magnesium, manganese, and iron. It is alkaline in action and is best applied in the fall.

SEAWEED and KELP are high in potash (5%) and in trace elements. Use it fresh from the sea as a mulch or in the compost pile. Some people wash the salt off and some don't. I wonder if the salty seaweed or kelp wouldn't be a good snail and slug deterrent when used as a mulch. It is also available in a meal form at some health food stores.

Finally, there are the natural mineral rock fertilizers. PHOSPHATE ROCK (30-50% P) and COLLOIDAL PHOSPHATE (18-30% P) contain phosphorus, calcium, iron sodium, magnesium boron and iodine. GREENSAND (6-7% K) and GRANITE DUST (3-5% K) are excellent sources of potash. Apply the rock powders as a top dressing or mix them into the soil at 10-15 lb. per 100 sq. ft., or add them to the compost pile. The availability of nutrients in rock powders is increased by applying them along with animal or green manure or compost, because the decay of the organic matter helps release the locked up nutrients in the ground rock.

This is by no means the end of the list of organic fertilizers. Depending on where you live, you may find bat guano (1-12% N, 2.5%-16% P), dried jelly fish (4.6% N), feathers (15.30% N), red snapper and grouper fish scraps (13% P), NYC garbage rubbish (3.5% N, 1.4% P, and 3% K), hair (12-16% N), hoof and hornmeal (10.5% P), silkworm cocoons (9.5% N), and wool waste (5-6% N, 2-4% P, 1-3% K). And I could go on.

You will most likely find the following organic type fertilizers in nurseries - bone meal, blood meal, cottonseed meal, hoof and horn meal, dried steer manure, and Milorganite. Beware of commercial compost unless it says organically composted.



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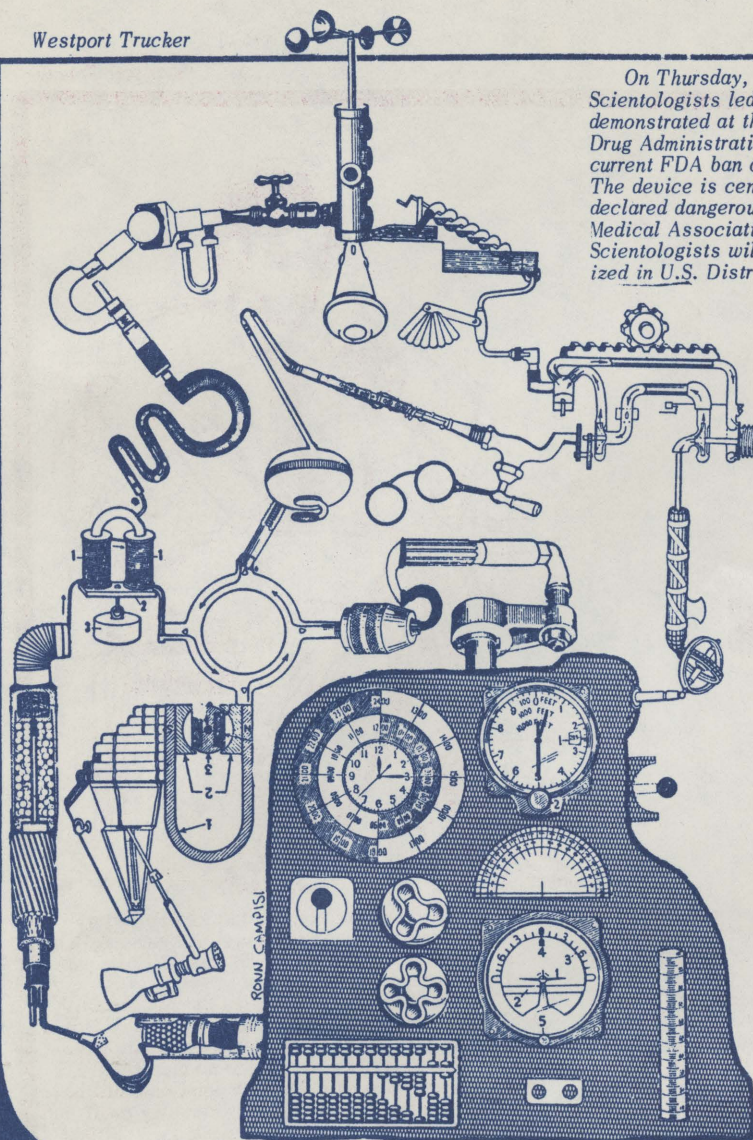


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On Thursday, May 27, a group of Kansas City Scientologists led by Tam Denham and Tom Eubank demonstrated at the office of the federal Food and Drug Administration here. They were protesting the current FDA ban on a device known as the E Meter. The device is central to Scientology but it has been declared dangerous to mental health by the American Medical Association. In Washington D.C. on June 7 Scientologists will attempt to get the E Meter legalized in U.S. District Court but until the outcome of

that trial they are claiming religious persecution. The Kansas City Star, in reporting the protest, attempted an explanation of the E Meter but could do little more than, "... a small box-like, battery-operated device with a dial to measure emotions." The following article is a detailed description of the E Meter and its strange significance written by one of its most prominent users, William S. Burroughs, author of *Naked Lunch*.

BRAIN WAVES

flat on the E meter

William Burroughs

The E Meter, designed and patented by L. Ron Hubbard the founder of Scientology, has been impounded by the Pure Food and Drugs cops and ridiculed in the press as a fraudulent healing device. What exactly is the E Meter and what are its uses? The E Meter is a reaction detector. Reaction to material presented to the subject is shown by the movements of needle on a dial while he is holding two cans on resistance to a thought. If the subject reacts to any thought presented with fear, anger, disagreement, anxiety, guilt, the Meter will read with a fall long or short depending on the intensity of reaction. Consequently the E Meter in skilled hands is an infallible lie detector that could replace all brutal interrogation methods and clear innocent people. If the subject tries to suppress a read the read will be heavier. This use of the E Meter is incidental. The essential application of this instrument is to bring conflicts and problems into precise focus where they will dissolve. To show how this happens I will define two concepts introduced by Mr. Hubbard: to not-is and to as-is. To not-is something is to fight it, resist it, react to it, try to wipe it out by force. Not-ising always aggravates conflicts and problems. 'A man who has fought evil all his life still has evil with him. A man who has fought ugliness all his life still has ugliness with him.' On the other hand to as-is something is to see it as it is without fear, anger, disgust, love, propitiation or any emotional reaction, which will bring about the disappearance of what is as-ised in the mind of the subject and often externally as well. This would seem almost impossible to achieve. You may realize that it is to your disadvantage to react with anger or embarrassment or anxiety to a person or situation and yet be powerless not to react. No effort of so-called will power can prevent these involuntary emotional reactions. However, there is a means whereby any material no matter how painful or highly charged can be seen for what it is with no reaction. This means is the Hubbard E Meter. If you are reacting to material presented your reaction will read by a fall on the Meter. When the Meter no longer reads you are not reacting to the material presented. The same item may read in another time and context but for the moment it is flat. You are not reacting to it. So the seemingly impossible transformation of being able to look calmly and objectively at something that half an hour ago caused you to boil with rage, tremble with anxiety, cringe with guilt and shame, can be accomplished on the E Meter. To give a simplified example. Take a Black Militant and put him on the E Meter. Tell him to mock up a Nigger killing Southern sheriff chuckling over the notches in his gun. The needle falls off the dial. He mocks up the sheriff again. Needle falls off the dial. Again again again for two hours if need be. No matter how long it takes the time will come when he mocks up the sheriff and there is no read on the E Meter. He is looking at this creature calmly with slow heart beat and normal blood pres-

sure and seeing it for what it is. He has as-ised Big Jim Clark or his equivalent. As-ising does not mean acceptance submission or resignation. On the contrary when he can look at the sheriff with no reaction he is infinitely better equipped to deal with the external manifestation as a calm man fights better than an angry one. If you can't bring yourself to see the target you can't hit it. What causes these involuntary reactions of rage or anxiety is a hidden goal to give in and submit which is implanted by all control machines and all existing governments are control machines. In the face of mistreatment and injustice the subject cannot confront this hidden goal. Once the goal to submit is as-ised it disappears. Then resistance becomes rational controlled and effective. As-is the goal to submit and you will overcome. As-is the goal to lose and you will win. As-is the goal to fail and you will succeed. As-is the goal to give in and you will fight very much better because you are no longer fighting on two fronts. When the needle reads you are off target.

As-ising goals to lose, give in, submit, is very painful and it may take long hours on the E Meter. But it can be done. Once you has as-ised a painful goal that resulted in humiliating defeat you will realize that all defeats can be as-ised and erased.

I have just given a simplified example of a known enemy who would be expected to read strongly on the Meter. The E Meter can also find and nullify unknown enemies. *the E Meter knows what you know and don't know that you know:* that a trusted business associate is out to cheat you, that your girl friend is a two timing gold digging bitch. If the E Meter reacts strongly when someone's name is called you are in conflict or disagreement with that person whether you know it or not. In many cases a strong read indicates an enemy. And you know who your enemies are. To find out that a close associate is actually an enemy and that you have really known this all along is of course a common experience. It is truly surprising to call the name of someone you have never thought of as either a friend or an enemy and see the needle fall off the dial. When this happens you have found a hidden enemy. When a person or situation reads strongly on the E Meter you will see that person or situation light up on a screen in front of you. When the item goes flat the screen goes out and the sound track shuts off. This suggests that persons and situations that have defeated you in the past and now keep you imprisoned in an intricate net of compulsive reactions are literally turned on by your resistance. As-is this resistance and the sound and image track is shut off. I have frequently found that when an item is as-ised on the E Meter the external manifestation of that item disappears as if by magic. Perhaps a battery of Negroes with E Meters could as-is the Southern law men out of existence (Appropriate photos on the dial)

E Meters can be purchased at the London Scientology Center 68 Tottenham Court Road for £50 and

the instruction booklets cost about 15 shillings. The skill that only long practice confers is essential for successful use of this instrument. Otherwise you may bite off more than you can as-is. For one thing you must know how to get reads. Some items are so highly charged they do not read at first. Patience and skill are needed to run an item to the flat point. And no matter how long it takes an item that reads must be run flat. If you don't run the item flat you are missing the target and giving the target a shot at you. To run an item flat means that item no longer reads on the Meter when called aloud or brought to mind. There is no charge left on that item. A flat point may or may not result in a floating needle. A floating needle is a needle that floats from side to side right over the item. A floating needle always brings a feeling of calm release a sensation of floating.

In a previous article I described how Doctor Miller taught rats-(and human beings)-to lower blood pressure and rate of heart beats, to control digestion and produce alpha brain waves and this supposition could easily be checked. Certainly the pulse is slow and steady, blood pressure normal, muscles and mind relaxed.

The E Meter as a research instrument could keep psychologists busy for many years. The Meter as a research instrument could keep psychologists busy for many years. The Meter could of course take other forms. A dot of light on a TV screen could replace the needle. When a flat point is reached the sound track shuts off and the picture freezes.

It is immediately apparent that all governments run on the not-is principle. Not-is the drug problem, student rebellion, obscenity, crime, Communism. Pass a law. Increase penalties. Stamp it out. And the harder they stamp the worse the situation gets. The attempt to stamp out drug addiction in America by police action has resulted in the worst addiction statistics of any Western country. And now England is following the bad example of America like a latter day Banana Republic. Tear gas, night sticks and bullets have fanned the student revolt into an international shambles. The not-ising of Communism has been equally unsuccessful. Will the politicians never learn? All attempts to not-is problems by force result in more problems all insoluble because never seen for what they are. The final stage of not-ising is of course war. And all wars result in more wars. On the other hand any problem seen clearly and calmly for what it is can be solved. In fact a problem so seen is not a problem. It will solve itself. Legislators equipped with E Meters to as-is the problems considered could change the ugly face of this planet.

Are they really trying to change its ugly face? The attempt carried on over thousands of years to open a door out when the door opens in calls in question the sincerity of attempt to open the door. It would seem that all monopolistic power groups are dedicated to control by force and do not want their position seen for what it is.

an interview with

Paul Edwards

By
Dee Lux



His wife, Sally, and their newly four-year-old son John, were sitting at the table finishing dinner when Paul Edwards settled back in his living room chair with a glass of good red wine—he had taken advantage of the April wine sales—and talked about his three year involvement with the Westport community council.

After a year as first vice-president and two years as president, Paul Edwards had given everyone a good strong dose of reality shock when he stepped down from office May 10. His replacement as president, Larry Downs, is an architect, urban planner and a man vitally committed to Westport, but for three years Paul Edwards had been the driving force of the community council, accumulating experience, expertise and political contacts which would be almost impossible to replace.

Edwards wasn't interested in making a "state of the union" address, though, about Westport . . .

"I don't have any problem about being an 'elder statesman,'" he said. "I think that life is spent graduating from things. That's an optimistic view, by the way, because it assumes that you're never boxed in and that no scene is a finale.

"I feel as though I've contributed something called leadership in the past few years and knowledge and expertise and energy—but I've become jealous of all the things that take me away from my family and my professional career.

"And I've been giving the community council about 85 hours a week."

He was more interested in talking about the Westport ideal that his 85 hours a week had built into a viable political force.

"Basically," he said, "I'm an 'in-system' person. I think the kind of changes we need are going to be accomplished through the existing channels though not by politicians or businessmen but by people convinced of and associated with ideals."

The 'in-system' emphasis may sound like a good liberal concept but when linked with belief that people are more important than profit and ideals more powerful than money, it becomes a genuinely radical proposition.

And Paul Edwards has made that radical proposition into a pragmatic political force. "To save Westport's ass," as he put it, he got the city to remove funds earmarked for construction of a highway up Pennsylvania avenue from its 1969 Program for Progress bond proposal; he helped the Rev. Harry Hall get elected to the Kansas City school board and this year he helped organize two major upsets for the powers that be: the defeat of the Broadway Area association's plan to take over the Valentine

neighborhood to turn it into high rise office apartment complex and the overwhelming election of Joseph Shaughnessy to city council despite opposition from the Citizen's Association.

It was the election of Shaughnessy, engineered by Edwards and a team of Westport-oriented political commandos, that really floored Kansas City's establishment. They still can't handle it except by muttering something about personality cults.

"It's not a personality cult around Shaughnessy, Edwards said. "Really it's an idea around Westport.

"What we're building here in Westport is a greater sense of democracy than we've seen before. The central force today is one of freedom, with much less concentration on profits than on living a human life in the city."

Why has the force of that idea focused on the Westport area?

"I think it's because Westport is a demonstration that people with different values, life styles, origins and appearance can live in a relatively cramped space with much enjoyment and little complaint.

"On a planet rapidly growing toward three billion people, we need a few lessons of that kind.

"For example, there was every reason in the world to believe that putting Manual high school—an all black high school—right across the street from Westport high school—which had been a racial tinder box since 1958—would result in calamity.

"It didn't. And I can't see that happening in any other area of the city.

"And take the cultural conflict between the young long-hair society and the older short hair society.

"I was talking to a young man from California the other day and he was saying that Kansas City—and by that he meant Westport—was the coolest place in the whole country.

"Another example: for the last ten years Chicanos have been moving into Westport. The population of the West Side decreased from 15,000 to 7,500 in the last decade and most of that movement has been into single family neighborhoods in Westport.

"It's been a peaceful movement without friction or tension, without a mass exodus of whites.

"It's these kinds of things that make me feel good about Westport as a model for the rest of the country.

"When I look at Westport I see it as the coming together of a whole lot of forces—almost by accident. It wasn't planned, at least the coming together wasn't planned.

"It was accidental that Wornall—I think it was John Wornall—left his plantation to his slaves and gave us the black population south of 43rd street.

"It was an accident of history that George Kess-

ler was city architect after the turn of the century when Kansas City began to expand and gave us Penn Valley park, Roanoke park, Hyde park, Gillham park and Southmoreland park.

"I think it was fortuitous that the Kansas City Art institute, the Nelson Art Gallery and the U.M.K.C conservatory of music all happened to locate here.

"It was certainly according to no plan that Westport developed as a dispatch point on a hill between two valleys—Turkey Creek (Pershing road) and Brush Creek. It was an accident, I guess, that we're the only community in Kansas City that can't see city hall from where we live.

"And so we have these forces at work for us: geography, history, racial mix and an enrichment of amenities and the coming of exciting people who created Westport and allowed it to survive.

"All that is what makes us different than the West Side or the Northeast.

"And the sum of the forces at work here is certainly greater than the parts.

"If I were planning a new town, I'd learn and duplicate from Westport. And if it were done well, I'll bet that the new town would work.

He has some ideas about the future of Westport, ideas grown from his work with the community council.

"Who's going to keep the zoning commission from making parking lots out of residences? Who's going to keep the planning commission from putting fried chicken stands on every corner? Who's going to keep the city council from putting in miles and miles of highways to serve the big business interests? Who's going to push for good schools? For better human relations?

"For Westport to become what we believe it can become is going to involve a greater degree of control over it's own destiny," he said.

"We're going to have to work out a system giving much less power to the city council, the city plan commission and the zoning board."

Under his leadership, the Westport Community council was moving in that direction. In many ways, it had begun transformation into a functioning, unofficial Westport city hall.

What will happen now that Edwards has filled his time in office is problematic in some ways and he knows it.

"But," he said, "to the extent that the community depends on any one individual, the community is weakened."



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HOW THE POOR STAY POOR



by Tam Denham

In 1968 the SUNDAY TIMES of London reported that a General Motors official had said in an interview, "We want to be known as a car and appliance manufacturer, not as a merchant of war. But we also want to be ready to profit from the apparently endless series of brushfire wars in which the United States seems to involve itself." GM has already received more than \$780 million for a diversity of war goods including the Sheirdan Tank, M-16 rifle, helicopter and aircraft engines, artillery pieces and other weapons. (New Republic April 10, '71, p.6)

Five hundred to six hundred F-15 planes were to cost \$5 to \$7 million each in June of 1969. In September the cost estimate rose to \$6 to \$8 million. Three months later when McDonnell Douglas Corp. got the job, Brig. Gen. Benjamin Belles told newsmen the Airforce would like eventually to buy seven hundred of these planes at a new cost of \$13.5 million each bringing the total outlay to ten billion dollars. The pentagon has already confirmed an additional four billion dollars to the Minutemen missile program over and above the original estimates. A General Accounting Office study of thirty eight major weapons shows an average cost rise of 50% over original contract prices. A total increase of twenty billion dollars. (Look, May 18, 1971, p.80)

Of the sixty billion bucks that has been dumped

into United States corporations for goods and services related to the war, thirty three and a half billion went to consumer oriented companies according to a student research group, the Washington based Council on Economic Priorities. 523 such corporations nestle together in the greedy war grab bag.

Among those named are General Electric
Magnavox
Bulova Watch
Singer
General Time
Hamilton Watch
U. S. Time
A. M. F. (Harley-Davidson,
Ben Hogan)
Kodak
Waltham

Fifty one of these consumer oriented companies were among the sixty two firms that got contracts of one hundred million bucks or more. Of the 25 million poor people in America only half are on relief. The rest are too proud, too ignorant or are working at low pay occupations. Of the ten million recipients of Aid to Families with Dependant Children only one percent are employable men. Tax expert Penchman figures in the April '71 New Republic that if all unnecessary producer sub-

sidies were eliminated, along with exemptions given mostly to the rich and super rich, our government would rake in another 25 billion a year. That's enough money to raise the twenty five million poor people (below 3800 dollars a year for a family of four) above the poverty line. But in the total picture of the taxes everyone pays a strange fact emerges. Those people with 2000 dollars a year income pay out 44% in taxes. Those with income of fifteen grand a year or more pay out 38%. Forty four percent of nothing costs a lot more in human suffering than thirty eight percent of a pretty nice slice of life.

In effect the poor are subsidizing all of us. Especially the big companies and particularly those with their fat hands in tax dodges and or the war. Taxes are low in America compared to other modern countries but not for the poor. The National Urban Council Coalition issued a 350 page paperback book: COUNTERBUDGET: STATEMENT ON NATIONAL PRIORITIES which pointed out that the percentage tax yield available to service after defense is only 13.8% in America. It is 26.7% in Canada, 30.9% in West Germany, 27% in the United Kingdom, 31.6% in France and 36.8% in Sweden.

DEAR DR. HIP: STICK TO SEX!!!

The following "Hippocracies" column was censored out of the San Francisco Chronicle but was printed in the Berkeley Barb the same weekend it was to appear in the Chronicle.



Dr. Schoenfeld

DR. HIP

Washington, D.C.

"The police surrounded my ambulance, smashed all the windows and pushed me up against its side, holding a nightstick to the back of my neck and forcing my face into the side of the van."

Frank P. McDowell, an ambulance driver for The Medical Committee for Human Rights (MCHR) describing his experiences during the May 3-5 demonstrations.

The D.C. Police are generally regarded with respect by most residents of the Nation's capital, young and old. Considering the unprecedented number of arrests, (approximately 12,000) there was relatively little head smashing. Certainly this was not another Chicago.

But the physicians, nurses and corpsmen who volunteered their services for the demonstrators feel they were singled out for abusive treatment by the police. Judging from their reports their suspicions are correct. On the last day of the demonstrations many of them removed their red cross arm bands in order to pro-

tect themselves from attack and arrest.

MCHR had worked out an arrangement with Mayor Washington permitting authorized personnel and vehicles to attend to sick and injured demonstrators. Prior to the May 3rd attempt to disrupt traffic, the most serious medical problems had been bad drug trips caused both by fear and impure drugs passed among the thousands camped at West Potomac Park. When the camping permit was unexpectedly revoked and the park ordered cleared, several medics, including two physicians, remained to guard their medications. They were among the first to be arrested.

Frank McDowell, a Washington resident, had volunteered his services and van to The Medical Committee for Human Rights. The van was ordinarily used for short hauling jobs. On Monday morning, May 3rd, McDowell was driving his ambulance, two two-foot high red crosses on each side, when he was halted by a police lieutenant.

The officer ordered McDowell to drive across the road in order to pick up two injured demonstrators. McDowell did as he was told and noticed five MCHR medics

attending to the injured. At that moment the U.S. Park Police made a sweep, beating and arresting the medics and smashing the windows of the ambulance.

The lieutenant who had ordered the ambulance to the scene, then appeared and ordered McDowell released. As he drove away the police beat on the sides of the ambulance with their clubs.

A few blocks further, McDowell's ambulance was stopped again, this time by a motorcycle policeman who reached inside and ripped out the ignition wires. Now more policemen surrounded the ambulance, they opened its hood and smashed the distributor cap with their nightsticks. Then they deflated all the tires, including the spare.

"Yo have 10 minutes before this vehicle is impounded and towed away", they told him.

Francis L. Wenger, M.D., a Washington D.C. internist, described a similar episode. Unlike McDowell, Dr. Wenger is a middle-aged man with short graying hair who wears business suits. He has a private medical practice and is a member of Mayor Washington's Advisory Committee on

Vocational Rehabilitation.

Dr. Wenger was driving another MCHR ambulance clearly marked by large red crosses when he was ordered by police to stop at 23rd and Virginia. His vehicle was driven around the corner and its ignition wires torn out. Dr. Wenger spent the next few hours fleeing from clubs and tear gas.

The destruction of these ambulances were not isolated incidents. Dr. Mike Davidson, a resident at D.C. Genral Hospital told me that all but one of the MCHR mobile units were disabled by the police.

The remaining MCHR vehicle was impounded by the police and used to carry arrested demonstrators to the concentration pen at J.F.K. Stadium.

Yippee Stew Alpert, who ran a surprisingly close race for sheriff in Alameda County (California) told me he was hustled away in an impounded MCHR ambulance.

Medics involved in San Francisco's demonstrations during the same period also believed that their red crosses marked them as preferred targets. Perhaps police officials feel that removing medical support will demoralize the demonstrators.

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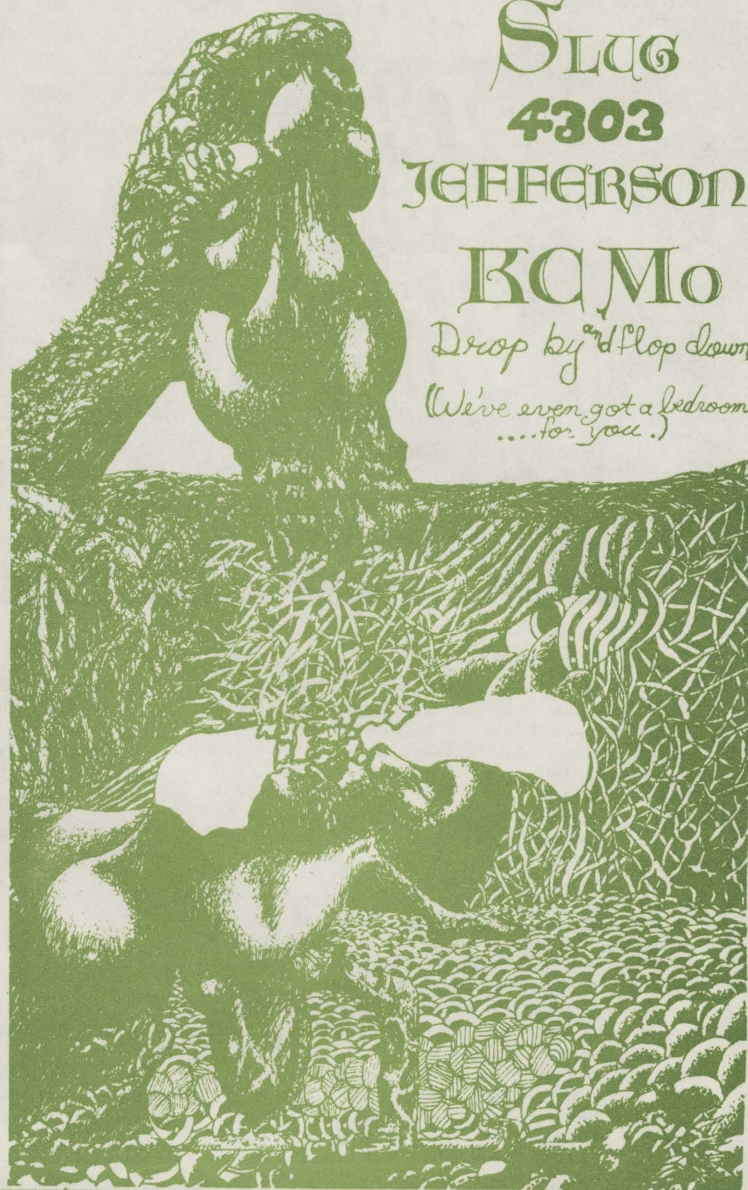
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Genuine Article
2 east 39th.

LETTUCE BOYCOTT *cont.*

growers out just as they did during the grapes. The Department of Defense doubled grape purchases during that period ('67-'70) and that probably was the reason the struck growers didn't break sooner. During the last quarter of 1970, and the first quarter of '71, D.o.D. lettuce purchases rose 240% from the largest struck grower, Bud Antle, Inc. Antle is partly owned by the Dow Chemical Company (17,000 acres). UFWOC believes that Antle/Dow are getting special help from the Pentagon because of Dow's huge dealings with the Defense Department.

What about legislation to protect farm workers? After five years of successful strikes and boycotts, grower groups and the food industry are spending huge amounts of money to get "legislation for farm workers" both on the state level and in Washington, D.C. Why? The legislation they are promoting will take the workers' ability to strike during "critical" periods of the season, take away their right to boycott, place them not under the Labor Department's jurisdiction, but under the Agriculture Department's which is dominated by large agribusiness. UFWOC's position is NO LEGISLATION until it gives power to the workers and not the reverse.

NEW UNION CONTRACT

Mel Finerman employs 5,000 lettuce workers over a four state area. Workers on his ranches asked for union bargaining two months ago and on April 23, Finerman signed a contract covering all his holdings with UFWOC. Finerman is the largest individual owner that has a contract with the United Farm Workers and ships 15,000 rail cars of lettuce and other vegetables to market each year.

Finerman negotiated quickly rather than face strikes and the boycott. UFWOC hopes that other growers will learn from Finerman's good judgment and bargain before strikes occur.

CONSPIRACY

Kraft Foods was due to begin a multi-million dollar television campaign two weeks ago linking Kraft Mayonnaise with head lettuce. Consumers were to be rewarded with a quarter for sending in the Kraft label after buying head lettuce. The campaign was the brain child of Western Iceberg Lettuce, Inc., to help bail the lettuce industry out of its boycott problems. Pressure was exerted in the form of boycott threats to Kraft and the day before the ads were to begin on TV, Kraft dropped the whole package. It was a beautiful example of organized people exerting moral influence upon a huge corporation. Viva!

INJUNCTION RULED UNCONSTITUTIONAL

For a while it appeared that everyone else, with the exception of the farm workers themselves, had the right to decide who should represent farm workers. Teamsters and growers were first to conspire to squelch UFWOC efforts in the lettuce industry. Bud Antle (Dow Chemical) was successful last December in obtaining an injunction against the boycott through a Monterey judge. The judge rules that UFWOC should call off the boycott, the picketing, etc., because the farm workers already had a union in the Western Conference of Teamsters. When Cesar refused to comply he was jailed in Salinas on December 4.

What followed was one of the strongest shows of popular support in farm worker history. Workers held vigils outside the jail constantly, at times five thousand strong. The steps of the jail served as a speaking place for the friends of the farm workers. Coretta King told of Black solidarity with the farm workers. Ethel Kennedy marched between three hundred jeering growers and the three thousand farm workers to visit with Cesar in his cell. The twenty days of Cesar's confinement unified those on the outside in a common struggle against injustice.

On the day before Christmas, the California Supreme Court ordered Cesar's release until an appeal on the injunction could be heard. That appeal was finally heard last week. The higher court ruled that the injunction which jailed Cesar was unconstitutional. It took four months for the judicial system to reverse its own obvious injustice.

VISIT 3 GROCERS, RESTAURANTS OR INSTITUTIONS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD AND CALL US AT WITH THIS INFORMATION:

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UNITED FARM WORKERS
K.C. LETTUCE BOYCOTT
4245 E. 60th Terrace
Kansas City, Missouri
64130

RECORDS

THINGS WE LIKE by Jack Bruce on Atco Records

by Apostle Bill & Saint Mike



Although this album was recorded in 1968, it wasn't released until just recently. The reason for this (from what I've heard) is that Jack Bruce didn't want to be labeled a jazz man. On this record though, we hear Mr. Bruce thumpin' away on an upright bass. And if we are to classify what he is playing, it is nothing but good progressive jazz. It's nothing like his last album or his famous Cream adventure.

Playing with Jack on this album is Dick Heckstall-Smith, John McLaughlin, (whom Jack works with in a group called "Lifetime"), and John Hiseman. Together, these four produce some fine playing. Jack's bass playing is well-conceived and always clear in tone. He uses his solo time very well. On one of them he turns in a beautiful solo using a bow. Guitarist McLaughlin does his usual wild thing on his instrument. He makes some unbelievable sounds come out his guitar. No more needs to be said about his talent. The drums of Jon Hiseman brings a strong foundation to the music. He is always playing some very nice rhythms behind Bruce and the others. His highlight in played on the tune "Hekhh Blues." He doesn't solo or play fast on the track but his playing is so tasteful that you, if you don't take notice, chances are you're not listening very well. All I want to say about Heckstall-Smith is that sometimes he sounds good and sometimes he doesn't. Most of the time he is enjoyable, although now and then his solos sound a little sloppy and even boring. Don't let that discourage you from checking out the record though. Let your own ears be the judge! Maybe you will like what Jack Bruce is into now.

BEFORE THE FAMILY GET-TOGETHER, WHY NOT GET SUPPLIES AT TINY TIM'S MAGIC CIRCUS?



Wanting to share an apt. with a semi straight girl. Call Cindy after 5:30 p.m. at [redacted]

K.C. Fantasy & Comics Society now forming. For info, contact Clint at Clint's Bookstore, 3943 Main, or Gary,

Students/Artists-consignment work (25%) wanted for booth in Things Unlimited. If you need an outlet, contact Bob, [redacted] or Jesse,

If anyone knows where Bruce Keys is please contact Sue at 444-6195, or Ginny at [redacted]. We lost Bruce about a year ago. Thanks

Conga Drum for sale. \$50.00 Cheap!! Richard, [redacted]

Space Cr vboy sez: "Caution! overtones may be hazardous to your throat!"

1957 Cadillac Hearse for sale. Black, good rubber, outside nice, inside out-of-site, new curtains, thick carpet, just right for parties. \$400 Call [redacted] or [redacted]

Bulletin Board

Wanted: old license plates. See Ron at Toedman Cab or call [redacted]. Come see the House of License Plates at 4147 Locust, Apt. 2.-5.

For Sale--LP's - Symphonies and Concertos by Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Dvorak, Grofe, Many More. Cheap-good condition. Contact D. Doyle thru Westport Trucker.

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Dave Barr & Michael Craig, Scooter is looking for you. 1412 W 39th., [redacted]

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Sleeping bag wanted. Leave word for Dennis at the Magic Circus.

Freelance silk screen printing-- anything. Contact Jack 3628 Charlotte

Looking for ten hat and/or a fiddle. Maria [redacted] at night.

Tarot readings, \$5.00. Send description and birthdate to STAR at Magic Circus. Questions concerning occult sciences, black arts, etc., discussed on request. Immediate response guaranteed.

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3800 McGee

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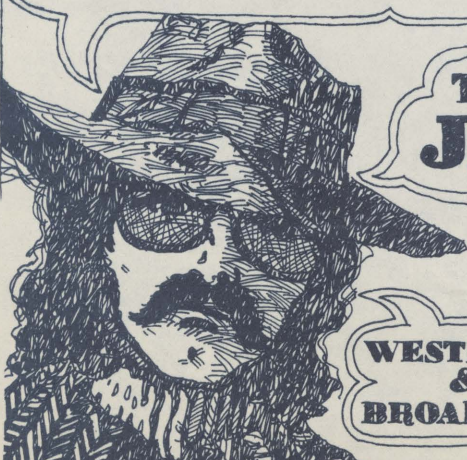


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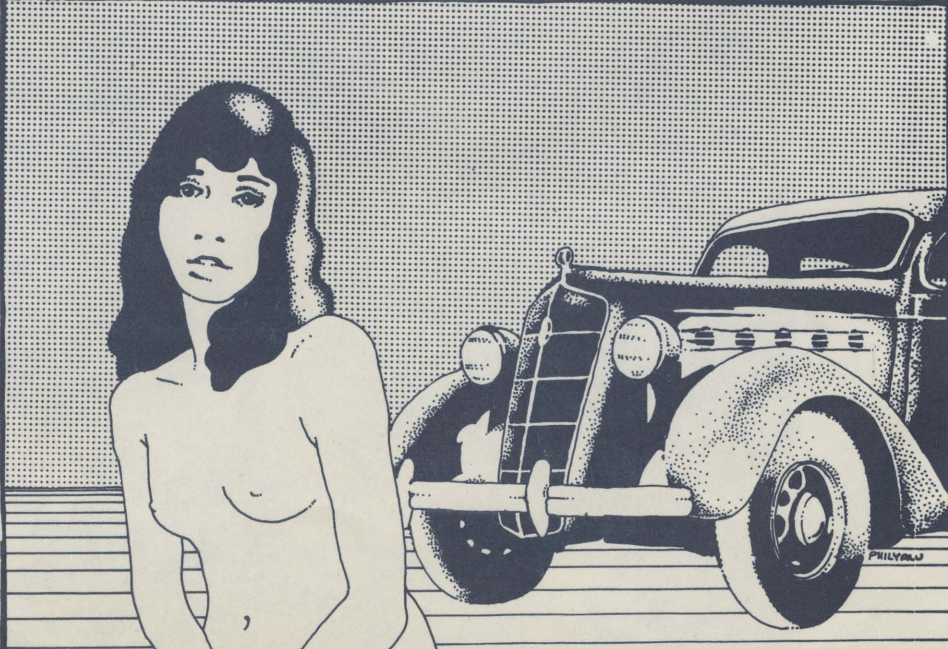
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Thunderhead

Your Swamp

by Prof. Ali Gator

In appraisal of the hip-universatatis proclamation of zealous anti-materialism, I release a swamp belch!

Low and behold, armies of sisters and brothers (cognition freaks to be sure!) spue forth metaphysical zygosporos of god-revealing, life-saving, and karmic resurrecting "highs". These "highs" abort and drip forth as rules, morals, and tennis shoes (I think) (or at least aluminum foil).

This means: hip is. And hip ain't. And that's why hip is hip.

Hip can only be fertile in an atmosphere created by individuals (not male and female role players) (yes sister and brother individual) who know the nonexistence of hip and who perfect a sweet blossom out of nonfragmented total awareness and its realization in total acceptance or true passivism.

Thus, the lexicographenic rulist, mode establisher, or street respouter of repeated rhinestones disturbs the passive natural systems of open conditioning or "free" awareness trip (in this instance for real, as no pre-established form or doxology was measured up to) (thus freedom had no goals to meet and life flowed FREE with no holds).

To return to the disciples of antimaterialism we see rules.

One's karma can't be too good-giving as the guru said materials are evil.

Thus a rule of non-use and a rule of evil are assumed and incorporated in the minds of many, the novice rule believers. These rule people, as with most free willites, believe they cognated a well ordered life based on this and that, without realizing their this's and that's had previously been delivered by established environs.

Thus what might have been a freedom or karmic high or momentary conditioning environment, in the span of an open life, is envisioned to be an absolute philosophy or rule.

And, as rules to all people are reinforced by social rewards, this force negates nature's passive evolution.

To review: the rule destroys hip; anti-materialism is a rule (as all deified trips are); therefore anti-materialism could be anti-hip.

Thus sister and brother gators, consider the laws of your swamp.

What game warden rulist maintains your ecological formula?

Attain unity with God; become the perfect microcosm within the cookie jar; expand but not by establishing limits on your next karmic high.

Transcend the steps to perfection by creating a perfection of all each day. Rise above searching for answers by action rather than cognating question-answer relationships.

Why a child can learn many foreign languages when quite young? Because the language mystique had not been programmed into his small brain. There aren't the rude attacks of language and grammar rules adults find distressing their attempts of language acquisition. Thus natural freedom springs from the real hip of the no-rule.

Peace.

