



## n e w s



# Factory Farming: Mechanized Madness

Life on "Old MacDonald's Farm" isn't what it used to be. The green pastures and idyllic barnyard scenes portrayed in children's books are quickly being replaced by windowless metal sheds, wire cages, "iron maidens," and other confinement systems integral to what is now known as "factory farming."

### Deprivation and Disease

Simply put, the factory farming system of modern agriculture strives to produce the most meat, milk, and eggs as quickly and cheaply as possible, and in the smallest amount of space possible. Cows, calves, pigs, chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, rabbits, and other animals are kept in small cages or stalls, often unable to turn around. They are deprived of exercise so that all of their bodies' energy goes toward producing flesh, eggs, or milk for human consumption. They are fed growth hormones to fatten them faster and are genetically altered to grow larger or to produce more milk or eggs than nature originally intended. Because crowding creates a prime atmosphere for disease, animals on factory farms are fed and sprayed with huge amounts of pesticides and antibiotics, which remain in their bodies and are passed on to the people who eat them, creating serious human health hazards. Chickens are divided into two groups: layers and broilers. Five to six laying hens are kept in a 14-inch-square mesh cage, and cages are often stacked in many tiers. Conveyor belts bring in food and water and carry away eggs and excrement. Because the hens are severely crowded, they are kept in semi-darkness and their beaks are cut off with hot irons (without anesthetics) to keep them from pecking each other to death. The wire mesh of the cages rubs their feathers off, chafes their skin, and cripples their feet. Approximately 20 percent of the hens raised under these conditions die of stress or disease.(1) At the age of one to two years, their overworked bodies decline in egg production and they

are slaughtered (chickens would normally live 15-20 years).(2) Ninety percent of all commercially sold eggs come from chickens raised on factory farms.(3) More than six billion "broiler" chickens are raised in sheds each year.(4) Lighting is manipulated to keep the birds eating as often as possible, and they are killed after only nine weeks. Despite the heavy use of pesticides and antibiotics, up to 60 percent of chickens sold at the supermarket are infected with live salmonella bacteria.(5) Genetic selection to keep up with demand and also reduce production costs, causes extremely painful joint and bone conditions, making any movement difficult. PETA's 1994 undercover investigation into the "broiler" chicken industry also revealed birds suffering from dehydration, respiratory diseases, bacterial infections, heart attacks, crippled legs, and other serious ailments. Cattle raised for beef are usually born in one state, fattened in another, and slaughtered in yet another. They are fed an unnatural diet of high-bulk grains and other "fillers" (including sawdust) until they weigh 1,000 pounds. They are castrated, de-horned, and branded without anesthetics. During transportation, cattle are crowded into metal trucks where they suffer from fear, injury, temperature extremes, and lack of food, water, and veterinary care. Calves raised for veal--the male offspring of dairy cows--are the most cruelly confined and deprived animals on factory farms. Taken from their mothers only a few days after birth, they are chained in stalls only 22 inches wide with slatted floors that cause severe leg and joint pain. Since their mothers' milk is usurped for human consumption, they are fed a milk substitute laced with hormones but deprived of iron: anemia keeps their flesh pale and tender but makes the calves very weak. When they are slaughtered at the age of about 16 weeks, they are often too sick or crippled to walk. One out of every 10 calves dies in confinement.(6) Ninety percent of all pigs are closely confined at some point in their lives, and

70 percent are kept constantly confined.(7) Sows are kept pregnant or nursing constantly and are squeezed into narrow metal "iron maiden" stalls, unable to turn around. Although pigs are naturally peaceful and social animals, they resort to cannibalism and tailbiting when packed into crowded pens and develop neurotic behaviors when kept isolated and confined. Pork producers lose \$187 million a year due to dysentery, cholera, trichinosis, and other diseases fostered by factory farming.(8) Approximately 30 percent of all pork

products are contaminated with toxoplasmosis.(9)

### Laws and Lifestyles

Factory farming is an extremely cruel method of raising animals, but its profitability makes it popular. One way to stop the abuses of factory farming is to support legislation that abolishes battery cages, veal crates, and intensive-confinement systems. But the best way to save animals from the misery of factory farming is to stop buying and eating meat, milk, and eggs. Vegetarianism and veganism mean eating for life: yours and theirs.

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From People For The Ethical Treatment of Animals

# Veal: A Cruel Meal

The veal calf industry is one of the most reprehensible of all the kinds of intensive animal agriculture. Veal calves are a by-product of the dairy industry; they are "manufactured" by "milk machines"--dairy cows. Female calves are raised to be dairy cows: They are confined and fed synthetic hormones to increase growth and production and antibiotics to keep them alive in their unhealthy, unnatural environments. They are artificially inseminated and, after giving birth, are milked for several years until their production levels drop, then they are slaughtered. Male calves are taken from their mothers shortly after birth. Some are slaughtered soon after birth for "bob veal." Others are raised in "open pens," a kind of minimum security prison, and even then they are sometimes chained. Most are destined for the veal crate.

## Solitary Confinement

The veal crate is a wooden restraining device that is the veal calf's permanent home. It is so small (22" x 54") that the calves cannot turn around or even lie down and stretch and is the ultimate in high-profit, confinement animal agriculture.<sup>(1)</sup> Designed to prevent movement (exercise), the crate does its job of atrophying the calves' muscles, thus producing tender "gourmet" veal.

## "Feeding" Time

The calves are generally fed a milk substitute intentionally lacking in iron and other essential

nutrients. This diet keeps the animals anemic and creates the pale pink or white color desired in the finished product. Craving iron, the calves lick urine-saturated slats and any metallic parts of their stalls. Farmers also withhold water from the animals, who, always thirsty, are driven to drink a large quantity of the high-fat liquid feed. Because of such extremely unhealthy living conditions and restricted diets, calves are susceptible to a long list of diseases, including chronic pneumonia and "scours," or constant diarrhea. Consequently, they must be given massive doses of antibiotics and other drugs just to keep them alive. (The antibiotics are passed on to consumers in the meat.) The calves often suffer from wounds caused by the constant rubbing against the crates.

## A Fate Worse Than Death

About 14 weeks after their birth, the calves are slaughtered. The quality of this "food," laden with chemicals, lacking in fiber and other nutrients, diseased and processed, is another matter. The real issue is the calves' experience. During their brief lives, they never see the sun or touch the Earth. They never see or taste the grass. Their anemic bodies crave proper sustenance. Their muscles ache for freedom and exercise. They long for maternal care. They are kept in darkness except to be fed two to three times a day for 20 minutes. The calves have committed no crime, yet have been sentenced to a fate comparable to any Nazi con-

centration camp. Reflecting on the fate of a calf raised for veal, Peter Lovenheim writes, "I don't believe that the human animal is inherently cruel. But over the centuries we have lost contact with, and compassion for, the rest of nature. This process has allowed us to make countless errors along the way. Human warfare, pollution, racism, sexism, and other 'isms' are largely a result of the 'me first' attitude that began with the subjugation of animals. If we are to survive as a species and part of a living ecosystem, we are faced with no options other than adoption of a new attitude toward nature and our role in the system. A logical and ethical place to start is to eliminate unnecessary exploitation and suffering such as that of the veal calf."<sup>(2)</sup>

## What You Can Do

To help stop veal calf abuses, don't buy or eat veal, and tell friends, relatives, and neighbors why. Tell restaurant managers about veal cruelties and ask them to remove veal from their menus. Also, don't buy or eat dairy products, because of the dairy industry's role in veal production. Ask your state legislators to sponsor bills that would prohibit the use of veal crates.

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# Vegetarianism: Eating for Life

Vegetarianism has been a way of life for many people for centuries, and today nearly 20 million Americans are vegetarians; many more have greatly reduced their meat consumption. Recently, as the link between meat consumption and life-threatening illnesses has become more apparent, and as more people have become aware of the cruelties of meat production, vegetarianism has rapidly gained in popularity.

## Health Benefits

There is no nutritional need for humans to eat any animal products; all of our dietary needs, even as infants and children, are best supplied by an animal-free diet. Our evolutionary ancestors were, and our closest primate relatives are, vegetarians. Human teeth and intestines are designed for eating and digesting plant foods, so it is no wonder that our major health problems can be traced to meat consumption. The consumption of animal products has been conclusively linked with heart disease, cancer, diabetes, arthritis, and osteoporosis. Cholesterol (found only in animal products) and animal fat clog arteries, leading to heart attacks and strokes. A vegetarian diet can prevent 97 percent of coronary occlusions. The rate of colon cancer is highest in regions where meat consumption is high and lowest where meat-eating is uncommon. A similar pattern is evident for breast, cervical, uterine, ovarian, prostate, and lung cancers. Low-fat diets, particularly those without saturated fat, have been instrumental in allowing many diabetics to dispense with their pills, shots, and pumps. A study of more than 25,000 people over age 21 found that vegetarians have a much lower risk of getting diabetes than meat-eaters. A South African study found not a single case of rheumatoid arthritis in a community of 800 people who ate no meat or dairy products. Another study found that a similar group that ate meat and other high-fat foods had almost four times the incidence of arthritis as those on a low-fat diet. Osteoporosis, or bone loss due to mineral (particularly calcium) depletion, is not so much a result of insufficient calcium as it is a result of eating too much protein. A 1983 Michigan State University study found that by age 65, male

vegetarians had an average measurable bone loss of 3 percent; male meat-eaters, 18 percent; female vegetarians, 7 percent; female meat-eaters, 35 percent. In addition to the problems associated with too much fat, cholesterol, and protein, consumers of animal products take in far greater amounts of residual agricultural chemicals, industrial pollutants, antibiotics, and hormones than do vegetarians. The absorption of antibiotics through meat-eating results in antibiotic-resistant strains of pneumonia, childhood meningitis, gonorrhea, salmonella, and other serious illnesses. Approximately 9,000 Americans die annually from food-borne illness and an estimated 80 million others fall ill.(1) The U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that up to 40 percent of the poultry sold in this country is infected with salmonella bacteria.(2) Meat contains 14 times as much pesticide residue as plant foods; dairy products, more than five times as many. Fish is another source of dangerous residues. The EPA estimates that fishes can accumulate up to nine million times the level of cancer-causing polychlorinated biphenals (PCBs) found in the water in which they live. Ninety-five percent of human exposure to dioxin, a "probable" cause of cancer and other health risks, comes through meat, fish, and dairy consumption.(3)

## Vegetarian Ethics

Human beings must consider what impact our actions have on the lives of others. To limit moral consideration to humans only is no more logical or justifiable than limiting concern to white people only or to men only; speciesism, like racism and sexism, is wrong because all animals contribute to the ecosystem and are capable of suffering. We do not need to eat meat, drink cow's or goat's milk, or eat eggs to live. Because today's system of mass production of these "products" causes pain, distress, and ultimately death to the billions of animals from whom they are taken each year, we are ethically bound to renounce them.

## Ecological Arguments

More than four million acres of cropland are lost to erosion in the United States every year. Of this staggering topsoil loss, 85 per-

cent is directly associated with livestock raising, i.e., over-grazing. Throughout the world, forests are being destroyed to support the meat-eating habits of the "developed" nations. Between 1960 and 1985, nearly 40 percent of all Central American rain forests were destroyed to create pasture for beef cattle. The rain forests are the primary source of oxygen for the entire planet; the very survival of the Earth is linked to their survival. The forests also provide ingredients for many medicines used to treat and cure human illnesses, and these resources have yet to be explored for their full potential. Much of the excrement from "food" animals (which amounts to 20 times as much fecal matter as human

waste) flows unfiltered into our lakes and streams. The production of one pound of beef requires 2,500 gallons of water. It takes less water to produce a year's worth of food for a pure vegetarian (a vegan; one who consumes no meat, eggs, or dairy products) than to produce one month's food for a meat-eater.

## Humanitarian Concerns

Raising animals for food is an extremely inefficient way to feed a growing human population. The U.S. livestock population consumes enough grain and soybeans to feed more than five times the entire U.S. population. One acre of pasture produces an average of 165 pounds of beef; the same acre can produce 20,000 pounds of potatoes. If Americans reduced their meat consumption by only 10 percent, it would free 12 million tons of grain annually for human consumption. That alone would be enough to adequately feed each of the 60 million people who starve to death each year.

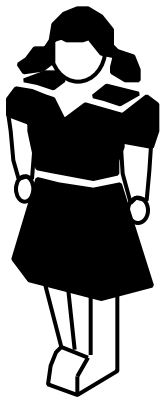
## Be Healthy and Humane

When you consider the serious health risks of a meat- and dairy-based diet, the environmental devastation caused by animal agriculture, the huge waste of resources in a world faced with chronic human starvation, and the violence to and suffering of billions of animals kept cruelly confined on "factory farms," the switch to vegetarianism makes perfect sense.

From People For The Ethical Treatment of Animals

# Vegan Children: Healthy and Happy

Most people have been taught that children must eat animal flesh and dairy products to grow up strong and healthy. The truth is that children raised as vegans, who consume no animal products, including meat, eggs, and dairy, can derive all the nutrients essential for optimum growth from plant-based sources. Children not only don't need animal products, they're much better off without them. Consider this: Many children raised on the "traditional" American diet of cholesterol- and saturated fat-laden hamburgers, hot dogs, and pizza are already showing symptoms of heart



disease -- the number one killer of adults -- by the time they reach first grade. One epidemiological study found significant levels of cholesterol and fat in the arteries of most children under the age of five.(1) Children raised as vegans can be protected from this condition. They are less likely to suffer from childhood illnesses such as asthma, iron-deficiency anemia, and diabetes and will be less prone to ear infections and colic.(2) A vegan diet has other benefits, too. E. coli, the deadly bacteria that killed four chil-

dren and sickened more than 600 people in Washington state in 1993, was traced to tainted meat in a fast food restaurant. According to the Centers for Disease Control, there are more than 20,000 E. coli infections from meat every year in the United States (3). A vegan diet protects children from the pesticides, hormones, and antibiotics that are fed to animals in huge amounts and concentrate in animals' fatty tissue and milk.(4)

## Nutrition in Vegan Diets

Nutritionists and physicians have learned that plant products are good sources of protein, iron, calcium, and vitamin D because they can be easily absorbed by the body and don't contain artery-clogging fat.

- Protein--Contrary to popular opinion, the real concern about protein is that we will feed our children too much, not too little. Nutritional biochemist Dr. T. Colin Campbell, author of the ground-breaking China Study, has shown that excess animal protein actually promotes the growth of tumors--and most people on a meat-based diet consume three to 10 times more protein than their bodies need!(5) Children can get all the protein their bodies need from whole grains in the form of oats, brown rice, and pasta; from nuts and seeds, including spreads such as tahini and peanut butter; and legumes, including tofu, lentils, and beans.(6)

- Iron--Few parents know that some babies' intestines bleed after drinking cow's milk. This increases their risk of developing iron-deficiency anemia since the blood they're losing contains iron.(7) Breast-fed infants

under the age of one year get sufficient iron from mother's milk (and are less prone to Sudden Infant Death Syndrome). Formula-fed babies should be fed a soy-based formula with added iron to minimize the risk of intestinal bleeding. Iron-rich foods such as raisins, almonds, dried apricots, blackstrap molasses and fortified grain cereals will meet the needs of toddlers and children 12 months and older. Vitamin C helps the body absorb iron, so foods rich in both, such as green, leafy vegetables are particularly valuable.(8)

- Calcium--Drinking cow's milk is one of the least effective ways to strengthen bones. Too much protein, such as the animal protein fed to children in dairy products, actually causes the body to lose calcium.(9) In countries where calcium intake is low but where protein intake is also very low, osteoporosis is almost non-existent.(10) Cornbread, broccoli, kale, tofu, dried figs, tahini, great northern beans, and fortified orange juice and soy milk are all excellent sources of calcium. As with iron, vitamin C will help your child's system absorb calcium efficiently. (11)

- Vitamin D--This is not really a "vitamin" but a hormone our bodies manufacture when our skin is exposed to sunlight. Cow's milk does not naturally contain vitamin D; it's added later. Vitamin D-enriched soy milk provides this nutrient without the added animal fat. A child who spends as little as 15 minutes a day playing in the sunshine, with arms and face exposed, will get sufficient vitamin D.(12)

- Vitamin B-12--This essential vitamin once occurred naturally on the

surfaces of potatoes, beets, and other root vegetables, but the move away from natural fertilizers has caused it to disappear from our soil. Any commercially available multivitamin will assure adequate B-12 for your child. B-12 is also found in nutritional yeast (not to be confused with brewer's or active dry yeast) and many fortified cereals. (13)

#### Dangers of Dairy Products

Children do not need dairy products to grow up strong and healthy. The director of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Frank Oski, says, "There's no reason to drink cow's milk at any time. It was designed for calves, it was not designed for humans, and we should all stop drinking it today, this afternoon." (14) Dr. Benjamin Spock agrees that although milk is the ideal food for baby cows, it can be dangerous for human infants: "I want to pass the word to parents that cow's milk . . . has definite faults for some babies. It causes allergies, indigestion, and contributes to some cases of childhood diabetes." (15) The American Academy of Pediatrics recommends that infants under one year of age not be fed whole cow's milk. Dairy products are the leading cause of food allergies. In addition, more than two-thirds of Native Americans and people from Asian and Mexican ancestry and as many as 15 percent of Caucasians are lactose intolerant and suffer symptoms such as bloating, gas, cramps, vomiting, headaches, rashes, or asthma. (16) Many people become lactose intolerant after age four. For these people, animal proteins seep into the immune system and can result in chronic runny noses, sore throats, hoarseness, bronchitis, and recurring ear infections. (17) Milk is suspected of triggering juvenile diabetes, a disease that causes blindness and other serious effects. (18) Some children's bodies see cow's milk protein as a foreign substance and produce high levels of antibodies to fend off this "invader." These antibodies also destroy the cells which produce insulin in the pancreas, lead-

ing to diabetes. An estimated 20 percent of U.S. dairy cows are infected with leukemia viruses that are resistant to killing by pasteurization. (19) These viruses have been found in supermarket supplies of milk and dairy products. It may not be merely coincidence that the highest rates of leukemia are found in children ages 3-13, who consume the most dairy products. (20)

#### Resources

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From People For The Ethical Treatment of Animals

# Poultry and Eggs: Gone Rotten

Although some people who claim to be vegetarians eat poultry, chickens are not vegetables; they are animals whose lives are considered to be so inconsequential that in the United States alone we kill six billion of them each year for food. Close to 280 million chickens supply the 68 billion eggs the United States consumes each year (1); the rest are slaughtered for meat. Ninety-eight percent of "layer" hens are raised in tiny, crowded cages.(2) Male or female chickens can be raised for meat, but only females can

produce eggs, so about 280 million male chicks per year are disposed of by being shoved into plastic bags and left to suffocate. They cannot be raised as "broilers" or "fryers" because they have not been bred to produce a lot of muscle. Since the primary objective in modern chicken farming is to breed a profitable chicken, "broilers" and "fryers" suffer numerous health problems--affecting their bones and legs--because they are so "meat heavy." Hens bred to be super layers are so stressed that their accelerated laying span lasts only a year and a half, two years at most, compared with the 15-20 years that hens produce eggs under natural conditions. They now lay about twice as many as the 120 eggs per year that hens laid several decades ago, before factory farming, and their tired bodies pay the

price.

## "Broiler" Chickens

Chickens raised for meat are kept in large warehouses, which typically hold 25,000 birds.(3) Chickens can function well in groups of up to about 90, a number low enough for each bird to find a niche in the pecking order. In crowded groups of thousands, however, no such social order is possible, and, in their frustration, the birds peck at one another so vehemently that they draw blood and even kill one another. Genetic selection, to keep up with demand and also keep production costs down, causes extremely painful conditions. According to veterinary professor John Webster, "Broilers are ... in chronic pain for the last 20% of their lives. They don't move around ... because it hurts their joints so much." PETA's 1994 undercover investigation into the "broiler" chicken industry revealed birds suffering from dehydration, respiratory diseases, bacterial infections, crippled legs, heart attacks, and other serious ailments. Rather than being euthanized, sick birds may be beaten to death with a piece of pipe or may have their heads "whacked" with a nail driven into a piece of pipe. Others are simply left to suffer and die on their own. It is not only their numbers that make the birds' lives unnaturally stressful. They have no access to fresh air because the warehouses, which are permeated by the overpowering odor of ammonia, are ventilated by machines. If the machinery breaks down, or if it proves inadequate for extreme temperatures, thousands of chickens suffocate in a matter of hours. In a typical case in Union County, N.C., more than half a million chickens died during one heat wave.(4) Vaccinating the birds soon after birth and keeping them segregated by age help keep down the mortality rate. Nevertheless, as many as 5.5 percent die before their 7-8 weeks of hell are over.(5) To keep the birds wakeful and eating, lights are kept on for 23 hours a day. Agriculture researchers are now testing the use of red contact lenses to render the chickens confused and to blur

their vision and thus reduce movement and cannibalism.

## Laying Hens

The egg industry is now almost completely automated. Feeding, lighting, temperature, and even moulting are controlled by machines; nothing is left to nature. Eggs roll onto a conveyor belt, which carries them out of the hen house. Conveyor belts also deliver food and water to the cages, which are stacked in several tiers. Cage floors are of wire mesh, so waste falls from the upper tiers onto the chickens below. A single cage, roughly 16 by 18 inches, holds five to six hens, each with a wingspan of 32 inches. The cage floor slopes toward the food and water troughs, so that weaker hens are often crushed to the bottom, their feathers worn away by constant contact with wire, and finally killed. Chicken feed is specially formulated to encourage weight gain. Hybrid corn is fortified with Vitamins A and D (to eliminate the nutritional need for sunlight) and laced with antibiotics to fight infections that come from the filth of close confinement and pesticides to control fly populations. The industry has even developed ways to recycle the chickens' own wastes back into the diet. In a typical 80,000-hen warehouse, about 20 birds die per day.(6) When the level of egg production drops too low to make a profit, all the hens go to slaughter, and their battered bodies are turned into "pet" food, chicken soup, feed for animals on fur farms, and other miscellaneous products. The hen house is hosed down in preparation for the next unfortunate batch of birds. Meanwhile, at the chicken processing plant, water is used as if there's no tomorrow--as many as 100 million gallons a day(7)--and slaughterhouse workers experience pain and even permanent limb damage (carpal tunnel syndrome) caused by repetitive motion. Fear of unemployment and poverty keeps them at their gruesome task.

## The Unhealthy Result

Many people, fearful of the high levels of fat and cholesterol in beef and other "red" meats, are eating more chicken, believing that poultry is a healthy alternative. They could not be more wrong. Not only does chicken contain the same amount of cholesterol as beef (25 mg per ounce)(8), it is also likely to be contaminated with leukosis (chicken cancer), which infects 90 percent of factory-farmed chickens (9), or salmonellosis, which has also been found in as much as 90 percent of federally inspected poultry.(10) According to the Food and Drug Administration, poultry is the number one source of food-borne illnesses, causing an estimated 1,680 deaths per year (11) and millions of cases of "stomach upset" or "food poisoning." An inspector has only two seconds per bird to check for signs of contamination.(12) Eggs are also hazardous to health. Although experts now consider the average egg to contain 213 mg of cholesterol, rather than the 275 that they thought previously (13), eggs cause food poisoning, particularly from salmonella, and contribute to obesity, heart disease, and other serious health problems. In England in late 1988, Junior Health Minister Edwina Currie remarked that "most of the egg production in this country" is contaminated with salmonella. As a result of her candor, egg sales in England suddenly dropped 60 percent, and Ms. Currie was pressured to resign.(14) Two months later, a confidential government report was leaked that stated that up to two million infections a year may be caused by the consumption of eggs and poultry in the United Kingdom.(15) Because the symptoms of salmonellosis are similar to flu symptoms, many people have salmonella poisoning without realizing it. Eating chicken is no more healthy or humane than eating other kinds of meat, and eggs are no safer to eat now than they were before we revised their cholesterol level. These foods are hazardous to your health, and there are several good substitutes for them. Try tofu scrambler instead of tired old scrambled eggs, egg replacer in your baked goods, and marinated tofu at your next barbecue, and put the chicken torture chambers out of business. Perhaps the only way to be

sure a chicken dinner won't poison you or your family is to throw it away.

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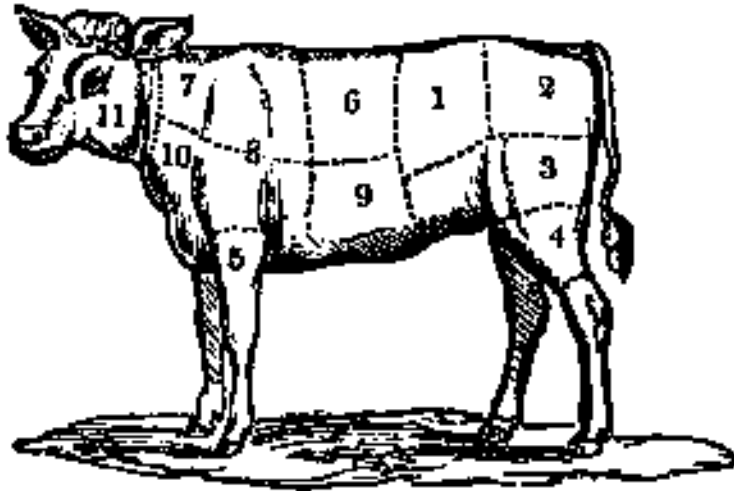
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From *People For The Ethical Treatment of Animals*

# Milk: Not a

## Liquid Meat

In addition to being an unnatural



# Natural

Dairy products are considered a dietary staple by many, yet they are neither a necessary nor a desirable part of a healthy human diet. For those who wish to avoid meat for ethical and/or health reasons, dairy products are a poor substitute. Whole cow's milk is suited to the nutritional needs of calves who, unlike human babies, double their weight in 47 days (as opposed to 180 for humans), grow four healthy stomachs, and weigh 300 pounds within a year. Cow's milk contains about three times as much protein as human milk and almost 50 percent more fat. Despite the clever advertising of the dairy industry, it is not "natural" for humans to drink cow's milk. No other species drinks milk beyond infancy, and no other species drinks the milk of another species (except domestic cats and dogs, who are taught the habit). After four years of age, most people develop lactose intolerance, the inability to digest the carbohydrate lactose (found in milk), because they no longer synthesize the digestive enzyme lactase. Consuming dairy products after early childhood can cause diarrhea, gas, and cramps.(1)

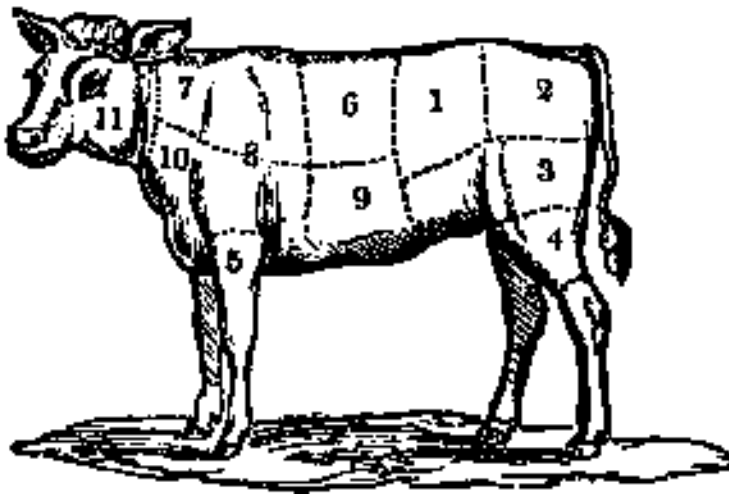
food for humans, cow's milk, like other dairy products, is unhealthful. John A. McDougall, M.D., calls dairy foods "liquid meat" because their nutritional contents are so similar. Rich in fat and cholesterol, dairy products, including cheese, milk, butter, cream, yogurt, and whey (found in many margarines and commercial baked goods), contribute to the development of heart disease, certain cancers, and stroke—our nation's three deadliest killers—and even osteoporosis, as studies have repeatedly shown. Osteoporosis is bone loss due to calcium resorption, which, contrary to the protestations of the dairy industry, is not halted or prevented by an increase in the intake of calcium so much as by a drop in protein consumption. High-protein foods, such as meat, eggs, and dairy products, leach calcium from the body as excess protein is processed by the liver and passed through the kidneys, making the kidneys work harder and causing the loss of minerals such as calcium.(2) Societies with little or no consumption of dairy foods and animal proteins show low incidences of osteoporosis. Furthermore, Dr. McDougall notes, "Calcium deficiency caused by an insufficient amount of calcium in the diet is not known to occur in humans."(3) Other illnesses are more prevalent among those who

consume significant amounts of dairy products than among vegans. Ninety percent of asthma patients who were put on a completely vegetarian diet (without meat, eggs, or dairy products) experienced great improvements in the frequency and severity of their attacks.(4) Dairy products are also the leading cause of food allergies and have been implicated in congestive heart failure, neonatal tetany, tonsil enlargement, ulcerative colitis, Hodgkin's disease, and respiratory, skin, gastrointestinal, and behavioral problems.(5)

## It's a Cow's Life

At least half of the 10 million cows kept for milk in the United States live on factory farms, in conditions that cause tremendous suffering to the animals. They do not spend hours grazing in fields but live crowded into concrete-floored milking pens or barns, where they are milked two or three times a day by machines. Milking machines often cause cuts and injuries that would not occur were a person doing the milking. These injuries abet the development of mastitis, a bacterial infection common to the dairy industry. In a handbook for dairy farmers, a photo caption warns that "Increasing severity of mastitis results in progressive deterioration of milk quality," causing losses of at least half a billion dollars per year.(6) More than 20 different types of bacteria cause the infection, which is easily spread from one cow to another and which, if left unchecked, can cause death. In some cases, milking machines give cows repeated electrical shocks, causing them considerable discomfort, fear, and impairment of their immune systems, sometimes leading to death. A single farm can lose several hundred cows to uncontrolled electric shocking.(7) However, milking machines are used anyway, because they save labor, enabling a

single farm worker to milk 86 cows in two hours.(8) The number of cows raised for milk dropped from almost 22 million in 1950 to 10.8 million in 1980, yet the amount of milk produced rose from 116 billion pounds to 128 billion.(9) As a result, the average cow of the 1980s produced about twice as much milk as her counterpart of the 1950s. To produce 24 quarts of milk per day, cows are fed more than 81 pounds of food (including grain, hay, and silage--corn, sorghum, grass, and legumes) plus 45 gallons of water every day.(10) In 1983 the U.S. government stored 17 billion pounds of surplus "milk equivalent" (milk, cheese, and butter), at a cost to taxpayers of \$2.5 billion for 1983.(11) Efforts to prevent farms from going under have cost the U.S. government more than a billion dollars a year in price support programs.(12) Cows of the 1990s live only about four to five years, as opposed to the life expectancy of 20-25 years enjoyed by cows of an earlier era. To keep the animals at high levels of productivity, dairy farmers keep them pregnant constantly through the use of artificial insemination. Farmers also use an array of drugs, including bovine growth hormone (BGH); prostaglandin, which is used to bring a cow into heat whenever the farmer wants to have her inseminated; antibiotics; and even tranquilizers, to influence the productivity and behavior of the cows. About 15% of dairy cows are routinely injected with BGH(13), which increases milk production by up to 20 percent, causing cows' udders to become so heavy and swollen that they can drag along the ground. A full udder can weigh 60 pounds and hold 50 pounds of milk. (14) The



cows' accidental stepping on their udders causes the teats to become injured and infected, resulting in mastitis. Fortunately, responding to pressure by groups representing animal rights, consumer protection, small farms, and environmental interests, five of the largest supermarket companies in the United States have asked their suppliers not to ship them milk from cows given the drug.(15) BGH aggravates lameness, because it causes cows to become so heavy. Cement flooring and the high-energy diet also contribute to the problems.

## What Happens to the Calf?

Perhaps the greatest pain suffered by cows of the dairy industry is the repeated loss of their young. Female offspring may join the ranks of the milk producers, but the males are generally taken from their mothers within 24 hours of birth, before they have drunk any of their mothers' milk, and sold at auction either for the notorious veal industry or to beef producers. If the calf is killed when young, his fourth stomach is also used in cheese-making; it contains rennin, an enzyme used to curdle (or coagulate) milk to turn it into cheese. Rennet, the membrane of

which rennin is an extract, can also be used in this process. It is possible to make rennetless cheese (available at health food stores), but the close connection between the dairy, veal, and leather industries makes it cheaper for cheese producers to use calf parts than a vegetable-derived enzyme. Within 60 days the cow will be impregnated

again. "If a cow hasn't dried up just before calving, farmers often give her a few days' rest. Some feel that a month or so rest period is valuable but others see that as a waste of time."(16) For about seven months of her next nine-month pregnancy, she will continue to be milked for the fluid meant for her older calf. A typical factory-farmed dairy cow will give birth three or four times in her short life. When her milk production wanes, she is sent to slaughter, most likely to be ground up into fast food burgers.(17)

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# The Grief Behind Foie Gras

France produces most of the world's annual 10,000 tons of foie gras--the livers of ducks and geese grotesquely enlarged by cruel force-feeding. But inhumane force-feeding goes on in U.S. factory farms, too--in New York and California.(1)

## *Cruelty Most Fowl*

In 1991, PETA investigated foie gras production at Commonwealth Enterprises located in the Catskills of New York. Despite Commonwealth's many prior claims that it made foie gras without force-feeding the ducks, PETA's investigators observed and documented the following:

- Three times a day, workers entered small duck pens in a factory-farm building. The ducks, knowing what was coming, struggled to get as far away from the men as possible.
- The workers grabbed the ducks one at a time, held them down, forced open their bills, and shoved a long metal pipe down their throats all the way to their stomachs.
- They then squeezed a lever attached to the pipe, and an air-driven pump forced a third of the

day's six-to-seven pounds of corn mixture into each duck's stomach.

• Each worker was expected to force-feed 500 birds three times a day. So many ducks died when their stomachs burst from over-feeding that workers who killed fewer than 50 of "their" 500 received bonuses.

• After four weeks of force-feeding, the ducks were slaughtered, their livers six to twelve times normal size (2,3)--pale, blotchy melon-sized messes instead of small, firm, healthy organs. A worker told one of PETA's investigators that he could feel tumor-like lumps, caused by force-feeding, in some ducks' throats. One duck had a maggot-covered neck wound so severe that water spilled out of it when he drank. Workers routinely carried ducks by their necks, causing them to choke and defecate in distress. Foie gras is sold as a "delicacy" which, until Commonwealth was established, was not obtainable "fresh" in the U.S.--only as processed pate de foie gras--because of import restrictions. Only male ducks are used for foie gras--they produce larger livers and are considered better able to withstand the four weeks of torture. Female hatchlings are treated as trash--literally. Commonwealth workers were observed stuffing a nylon feed sack with female ducklings, tying the bag at the top, and dropping it into a trash can filled with scalding water. Workers killed the surviving ones by smashing their heads against the trash can.

## *Cruelty Charges Against Commonwealth*

*h*

Based on PETA investigators' evidence, eyewitness accounts, and veterinarians' statements, New York state police raided Commonwealth in April 1992. The company was charged with cruelty to animals. Sadly, the district attorney later gave in to pressure by agriculture groups, withdrew the criminal charges, and persuaded a judge to seal the case file so the proceedings which led to the dismissal would remain secret.

## *What the Experts Say*

Veterinarians who viewed PETA investigators' video footage and read their log notes said such force-feeding would damage the pharynx and esophagus so severely that ducks would not be able to eat on their own after a short period; there is a high chance of infection from using the same pipe on so many ducks without cleanings; and food is likely to enter the lungs, causing pneumonia. One veterinarian who accompanied police on their raid of Commonwealth Enterprises said, "All of the ducks [in the force-feeding area] exhibited signs of illness. Many of those ducks were unable to walk or stand. [Some] exhibited ... bill deformities." (4) Another stated, "[Force-feeding] can injure the mouth and esophagus. ... The birds appear to be ill; their eyes are dull and their feathers unkempt." (5) A third veterinarian who accompanied police noted that "none [of the ducks] was attempting to preen. Only severely stressed or ill ducks allow their plumage to deteriorate to the degree seen in this videotape." (6) A New York state wildlife pathologist who examined ducks from

Commonwealth said, "If this kind of thing was happening to dogs, it would be stopped immediately." (7) He expressed horror at their "greatly enlarged livers, the product of overfeeding by force" (livers are easily torn by even minor trauma)," and at one duck's "laceration of the liver with hemorrhage into the body cavity. This type of treatment and farming of waterfowl is outside the acceptable norms of agriculture and sane treatment of animals." (8) Many New York veterinarians signed a statement that foie gras production should be outlawed because foie gras is nothing but the serious liver disease hepatic lipidosis: "Animals in this condition would feel extremely ill .... Foie gras production, by definition, constitutes clear-cut animal cruelty." Nobel Prize-winning goose expert Konrad Lorenz was asked to read to the European Parliament a report promoting the foie gras industry. Lorenz refused, saying he felt "hot with anger" as he read the report. "My viewpoint towards the 'expert opinion' which further permits forcible fattening of geese ... can be expressed briefly: The 'expert opinion' is a shame for the whole of Europe." (9)

Foie gras can make people fat and sick like the unfortunate birds tortured to produce it. Foie gras gets 85 percent of its calories from fat--more than twice as much as a hamburger! Cardiologist David T. Nash has pointed out, "This fat is mostly palmitic acid, a saturated fat known to increase cholesterol." (10)

## De-Livering

Following PETA's exposé, activists organized protests at restaurants that serve foie gras, and PETA sent information to hundreds of restaurants the

U.S. and Canada. Many, including the San Francisco Hilton, Chicago's Pump Room, and New York's Loews hotel chain, have removed foie gras from their menus. Air Canada and Scandinavian airline SAS have both agreed to stop serving foie gras, and American Airlines agreed to stop selling it in its duty-free catalog. Echoing the sentiments of many of the restaurateurs who received PETA's information on foie gras, George Dareos, owner of La Louisiane restaurant in San Antonio, Texas wrote: "I cannot thank you enough for providing this information to me. . . . It is simply appalling! I am discontinuing any further purchasing of [foie gras] immediately." Possibly because of the scandal of force-feeding, Commonwealth became part of the foie gras company AGY Corporation, which also does business as Hudson Valley Foie Gras, New York State Foie Gras and Ferme de Gourmande, D'Artagnan.

## Legislation Introduced

Since 1993, New York state legislators have introduced bills that would prohibit force-feeding for foie gras production. The powerful farm lobby opposes the legislation, and as this factsheet goes to print, the Senate and Assembly Committees on Agriculture have been unwilling to hold open hearings on cruel force-feeding.

## Animal Lovers Unite

On April 4, 1995, PETA sent a letter co-signed by 223 animal protection groups to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ASPCA),

which has authority to enforce New York's anti-cruelty laws. The letter urged the ASPCA to investigate and prosecute the New York foie gras producers, pointing out that New York law prohibits torturing or unjustifiably injuring animals and furthering any act of cruelty to animals. As of this writing, PETA has no word on how the ASPCA plans to act on this information, but we are hopeful they will opt to enforce the law to its fullest extent.

## What You Can Do

Never buy foie gras or any foie gras product. Order a foie gras action pack from PETA. Urge restaurants and stores that sell foie gras to halt sales and to sell vegetarian products instead. (The vegetarian Bonavita brand and others are often sold in food stores.) Organize demonstrations where foie gras is sold. Ask PETA how you can support legislation to prohibit cruel force-feeding.

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# Animal Abuse & Human Abuse: Partners In Crime

Violent acts toward animals have long been recognized as indicators of a violent psychopathology that does not confine itself to animals.

"Anyone who has accustomed himself to regard the life of any living creature as worthless is in danger of arriving also at the idea of worthless human lives," wrote humanitarian Albert Schweitzer. "Murderers...very often start out by killing and torturing animals as kids," according to Robert K. Resler, who developed profiles of serial killers for the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI). Studies have now convinced sociologists, lawmakers, and the courts that acts of cruelty toward animals deserve our attention. They can be the first sign of a violent pathology that

includes humans.

## A Long Road of Violence

Animal abuse is not just the result of a minor personality flaw in the abuser, but a symptom of a deep disturbance. Research in psychology and criminology shows that people who commit acts of cruelty against animals don't stop there; many of them move on to their fellow humans. The FBI has found that a history of cruelty to animals is one of the traits that regularly appears in its computer records of serial rapists and murderers, and the standard diagnostic and treatment manual for psychiatric and emotional disorders lists cruelty to animals as a diagnostic criterion for conduct disorders.(1)

Studies have shown that violent and aggressive criminals are more likely to have abused animals as children than criminals considered non-aggressive.(2) A survey of psychiatric patients who had repeatedly tortured dogs and cats found all of them had high levels of aggression toward people as well, including one patient who had murdered a boy.(3) To researchers, a fascination with cruelty to animals is a red flag in the lives of serial rapists and killers.(4)

## Notorious Killers

History is replete with notorious examples: Patrick Sherrill, who killed 14 coworkers at a post office and then shot himself, had a history of stealing local pets and allowing his own dog to attack and mutilate them.(5) Earl Kenneth Shriner, who

raped, stabbed, and mutilated a 7-year-old boy, had been widely known in his neighborhood as the man who put firecrackers in dogs' rectums and strung up cats.(6) Brenda Spencer, who opened fire at a San Diego school, killing two children and injuring nine others, had repeatedly abused cats and dogs, often by setting their tails on fire.(7) Albert DeSalvo, the "Boston Strangler" who killed 13 women, trapped dogs and cats in orange crates and shot arrows through the boxes in his youth.(8) Carroll Edward Cole, executed for five of 35 murders of which he was accused, said his first act of violence as a child was to strangle a puppy.(9) In 1987, three Missouri high school students were charged with the beating death of a classmate. They had histories of repeated acts of animal mutilation starting several years earlier. One confessed he had killed so many cats he'd lost count.(10) Two brothers who murdered their parents had previously told classmates they had decapitated a cat.(11) Serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer had impaled dogs' heads, frogs, and cats on sticks.(12) Sadly, many of these criminals' childhood violence went unexamined--until it was directed toward humans. As anthropologist Margaret Mead noted, "One of the most dangerous things that can happen to a child is to kill or torture an animal and get away with it."

## Animal Cruelty and Family Violence

Because domestic abuse is directed toward the powerless,

animal abuse and child abuse often go hand in hand. Parents who neglect an animal's need for proper care or who abuse animals may also abuse or neglect their children. Some abusive adults who know better than to abuse a child in public have no such qualms about abusing an animal publicly. In 88 percent of 57 New Jersey families being treated for child abuse, animals in the home had been abused.(13) Of 23 British families with a history of animal neglect, 83 percent had been identified by experts as having children at risk of abuse or neglect.(14)

While animal abuse is an important sign of child abuse, the parent isn't always the one harming the animal. Children who abuse animals may be repeating a lesson learned at home; like their parents, they are reacting to anger or frustration with violence. Their violence is directed at the only individual in the family more vulnerable than themselves: an animal. One expert says, "Children in violent homes are characterized by...frequently participating in pecking-order battering," in which they may maim or kill an animal. Indeed, domestic violence is the most common background for childhood cruelty to animals.(15)

## Stopping the Cycle of Abuse

There is "a consensus of belief among psychologists...that cruelty to animals is one of the best examples of the continuity of psychological disturbances from childhood to adulthood. In short, a case for the prognostic value of childhood animal cruelty has been well documented," according to the Cornell

University College of Veterinary Medicine.(16)

Schools, parents, communities, and courts who shrug off animal abuse as a "minor" crime are ignoring a timebomb. Instead, communities should be aggressively penalizing animal abusers, examining families for other signs of violence, and requiring intensive counseling for perpetrators. Communities must recognize that abuse to ANY living individual is unacceptable and endangers everyone. Additionally, children should be taught to care for and respect animals in their own right. After extensive study of the links between animal abuse and human abuse, two experts concluded, "The evolution of a more gentle and benign relationship in human society might, thus, be enhanced by our promotion of a more positive and nurturing ethic between children and animals."(17)

## What You Can Do

- Urge your local school and judicial systems to take cruelty to animals seriously. Laws must send a strong message that violence against any feeling creature--human or other-than-human--is unacceptable.
- Be aware of signs of neglect or abuse in children and animals. Take children seriously if they report animals being neglected or mistreated. Some children won't talk about their own suffering but will talk about an animal's.
- Don't ignore even minor acts of cruelty to animals by children. Talk to the child and the child's parents. If necessary, call a

social worker.

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# Wright State University Scabies Experiments

## A Case Report from PETA's Research, Investigations and Rescue Department

In 1992, urgent pleas for help from whistleblowers at Wright State University (WSU) in Dayton, Ohio, prompted a PETA undercover investigator to document the abuse of animals used in cruel, government-funded scabies experiments at WSU. Our investigation revealed dogs and rabbits so infected with scabies mites that they would scratch their scab-encrusted skin raw. Dogs with oozing sores lost most of their hair and were unable to rest as a result of their torment. Rabbits were dying in their cages of organ failure as advanced scabies infections went untreated. In violation of the federal Animal Welfare Act (AWA), WSU personnel allowed desperately ill animals to languish, without veterinary care or euthanasia. Rabbits, whose mite-encrust-

ed ears were used to "grow" scabies, suffered without painkillers as WSU laboratory workers ripped the thick scabs from their ears. The investigator and the whistleblowers heard the animals scream through closed doors. Our investigation also uncovered numerous incidents of employees hammering pigs and rabbits to death and slitting their throats so that they could eat them. Although an effective, inexpensive scabies cure exists, WSU experimenter Larry Arlian has wasted approximately \$1 million of taxpayer money since 1981 attempting to develop a scabies "vaccine." In 1995 he received \$211,005 in funding from the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. Experts in dermatology reviewed Arlian's experiments and called them worthless. One compared developing a scabies vaccine to developing a vaccine "to keep flies from landing on human skin." In November 1992, PETA filed complaints with the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) regarding WSU's failure to comply with the minimal standards of the AWA. Our complaints resulted in a scathing 10-page letter from NIH's Office for Protection from Research Risks (OPRR) to WSU and the filing of charges against WSU by the USDA. The OPRR letter and USDA complaint condemned WSU's entire program of veterinary care and confirmed other allegations made by our investigator and the whistle-

blowers who called us. In March 1995, WSU settled with the USDA out of court to avoid embarrassment, agreeing to pay \$25,000 in fines for AWA violations. Along with its egregious violations of veterinary care standards for the dogs and rabbits, WSU admitted to failing to inspect its animal facilities, failing to review its program for the care of animals, and failing to maintain records. Thanks to the investigator's documentation and the enormous public outcry, WSU's head veterinarian resigned, and the university stopped using dogs in the scabies experiments. Despite NIH's and USDA's findings, the scabies experiments continue on rabbits. You can help these animals by urging the federal government to stop funding these scientifically worthless experiments.

Please contact: Donna Shalala, Secretary, U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, 200 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, DC 20201, Phone: 202-690-7000 . Anthony Fauci, Director, National Institute of Allergies and Infectious Diseases, 9000 Rockville Pike, Building 31, Bethesda, MD 20892, Phone: 301-496-2263 . Please send a copy of your letter to: , Harley Flack, Ph.D., President, Wright State University, 3640 Colonel Glenn Highway, Dayton, OH 45435.

From People For The Ethical  
Treatment of Animals



# p o e t r y



## Words

By Jordana Abraham  
partygrrl@aol.com

words

the power of words  
the power of your words  
the power of your words mean every-  
thing  
with words everything could be dif-  
ferent

words

the power of words  
those little letters and phrases mean  
so much  
they mean so much to me

words

the power of words  
those little syllables are all that I have  
left

*You and Her*

*By Jordana Abraham  
Partygrrl@aol.com*

*You left her behind  
You yelled at her  
You scorned her  
You braved her*

*She now bleeds  
She now cries  
She now leaves  
She now hates*

*You suffocate her  
You disturb her  
You bother her  
You bind her  
You killed her*

*She weeped now  
She raged now  
She is dead now*

*Your fault  
Your ownership  
Your words  
Your actions  
Your afflictions  
You re the killer, not her  
You re the murderer  
Don t you see that now*

Water and Stone  
Caron Andregg  
caron@ktb.net

I lived among zoo keepers and their stories  
Of exotic charges familiar to their eyes  
As household dogs.

Atiger-man who'd been so badly mauled  
He could hardly hold a spoon  
But held no grudges  
It's in the nature of tigers  
To pounce and to feed  
He watched, in anesthetic shock  
Detached and fascinated  
As she took another bite.

A woman can no more change a man  
Than a man can stop  
A woman's constant changing  
It's in the nature of water and stone  
To gnaw at each other  
Wear away at sharp carved edges  
Or come to know their contours  
All so well they lose their sting.

She flows, irresistible  
Carving new, deep, secret channels  
To leave the old bed dry  
He endures, immutable  
Himself  
A man

And both watch  
Detached and fascinated  
As time takes another bite.

Your Kiss, Like Bread  
Caron Andregg  
caron@ktb.net

Your kiss, like bread  
sustains me  
in the desert of morning.  
Your tongue, succulent  
marks my oasis, gleaming  
amid the grass of my heart  
rich as history  
solemn as a last meal.

your eyes can play funny tricks

Michael E stabbrook  
MEstabr815@aol.com

D riving into work,  
I 'm in the land of the aged,  
an old man going 6 mph in the car  
in front of me, an old woman  
with a stupid looking beret  
lopsided on her head in the car behind me,  
two old ladies walking on the sidewalk,  
another old man coming out of  
the Bagel Hut, teetering  
with his cane and cup of coffee.  
Suddenly up ahead I see  
a long white alligator crossing the road.  
But the other cars don't slow down,  
don't see the alligator.  
They run it over! Oh my, oh no!  
A long white alligator must  
be a rare thing so please!  
Please don't run it over, don't kill it!  
I get closer and realize  
it's merely a long sheet of white paper.

the shadow of heaven  
Ray Heinrich  
ray@vais.net

we must all be  
underneath the shadow of  
heaven

the latticework  
that keeps us  
from the real void  
the unimaginable

but stop and ask me  
what i am doing  
what is my presumption  
to name a poem 'the  
shadow of heaven'  
and i will tell you  
the real power of a poet  
is the power to use  
whatever words are avail-  
able

and the payment is  
as always  
to be ignored  
and sometimes to be  
burned  
but only the best are  
burned  
the freedom of mediocrity  
is sublime and total

and as the smoke rises  
you don't need to ask  
where the best are  
you have only  
to lay yourself back  
in the shadow of heaven  
falling over us all

the universe  
ray heinrich  
ray@vais.net

upstairs  
the rice cooks  
and i  
must be mindful  
of the time  
the rice  
is not forgiving  
done  
at a certain time  
ready  
or gone  
i  
feel like rice  
feel like the long ago  
empty plain filled  
with rice or wheat or  
if necessary  
high stalks of corn  
lighted by a full moons light  
lighted so they direct  
our  
full attention  
to  
the flash of weapons firing  
the mental  
the physical  
pieces of metal  
fast enough to spin through

you  
tearing whatever cells happen  
to be in the way  
out  
off  
gone  
holes  
you or i  
won't mention the blood  
the red  
the original red  
not read  
as you're doing now  
but red  
as the light likes  
the inside of us  
rejoices when the skin must

split  
must give way  
to the pure color of red  
becomes a fountain  
celebrating  
the end of life  
celebrating  
the constant suffering  
which makes us  
pure  
even as the portraits of  
nixon and

stalin and  
reagan and  
some germans i won't name  
grin over us  
yes  
they don't understand  
in their illness  
in their constant need  
for attention  
but we  
have only to look  
in their direction  
to help them  
to kiss their useful lips  
we  
a part of the constant pain  
of weapons  
of words  
of the separation  
of germ plasma  
of DNA  
we are  
completely similar  
arguing for the fun of it  
killing our neighbors  
just like the crabgrass  
ignoring  
the continuity  
of us and snails

tragic?

no  
the continuity of time  
requires all of this  
we  
are along for the ride

and we kill

and we burn

whoever

we

want

random  
molecules  
compel

there is no

blame

and

from a place  
way too high

to lean  
into the wind  
to fall  
over and over  
pointing  
if possible  
pointing up  
so you don't  
see the ground approaching  
see the ground  
which  
in seconds  
will crush  
your skull  
your body

will end  
all this talking and words  
will end  
all this questioning  
will end  
this complete vacuum  
which we call

the universe

the self

watching you eat a donut

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

(with Lance)

How do I approach this? I remember the lines:

"the optimist and the pessimist,  
the difference is quite droll:  
the optimist sees the donut  
and the pessimist sees the hole"

And I look over, see the consumption of  
the wholeness, the nothingness.

I prefer nothing because there's  
a whole lot of nothing  
breathing nothing  
nothing between the spaces  
one naught two naught three.

But there's always so much to read  
between the spaces, between the lines.  
You see, it's all a matter of  
what you choose to look for.  
What you choose to look for. What you choose to find.

I look at the world and see nothing  
I stare into nothing and see the world  
I look at nothing and see memory  
and all the faces caressed with eyes.

I run my fingers along the table, caressing  
the granules flaking from the pastry  
between two fingers. Like grains of sand,  
ting beads. Caressed. Consumed.  
This is nothing. This is everything.

*ways to spend your money*

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

*I spent a week in Los Angeles recently  
visited Beverly Hills, Hollywood,  
Brentwood  
I saw the Hollywood sign  
and Marilyn Monroe's handprint in con-  
crete  
took my picture with Tom Jones' star*

*but the one thing I noticed  
was that among the shops  
that lined the streets of every neighborhood  
there were quite a few pet spas  
"pet spas," i thought, "pet spas"*

12 november 1992

## **Water on the Street**

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

**George Eastman  
was dumping water  
from his outdoor hot tub one day  
and the water  
was running  
down the center  
of the street.**

**Now, from a distance,  
it looked like  
George Eastman  
may have been  
watering his lawn;**

**but people were only allowed  
to water their lawns  
on certain days of the week.**

**So when I saw the water  
and then I saw  
George Eastman,  
I said, "Hey, you know -"  
pointing to the water**

**and  
George Eastman  
interrupted and said,  
"I know what you're thinking, but  
I'm not watering my lawn. I'm  
dumping out the water  
from my hot tub,  
and I'm dumping it into the street  
because I don't want the chemicals  
to hurt my lawn."**

**Well, I didn't even mention the  
sewer grate behind his house  
he could have dumped the water into.  
I just said,  
"Well, if it will hurt your grass,  
what will it do to the asphalt on my  
street?"**

**And  
George Eastman  
started hemming and hawing  
as I drove away.**

What do we say

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

What do we tell our youth  
when we let them out on probation  
for violent crimes  
because there's no room in our jails  
What does it say of us  
when a painting of a clown  
by John Wayne Casey  
sells for millions  
What does it say of our self-esteem  
when hundreds of women write letters  
to Charles Manson  
asking for his hand in marriage  
What does it say of our media  
when it glorifies these  
dark heroes  
Dear  
Hero  
I want to know how your mind works  
I want to know why you did it  
I want to know how you feel about politics  
and love  
and marriage  
I hope you're not suffering too much  
I love you  
What rights do we really take away  
from those who take our rights from us?  
I hope you're not suffering too much  
Richard Speck, convicted of killing  
eight nurses, was videotaped in his  
prison cell by cell mates with his  
male lover, counting hundred  
dollar bills, snorting mounds of  
cocaine,  
showing off his hormonally-  
induced shapely breasts  
When a member of society commits a crime  
they relinquish the rights  
they have taken from others  
in theory  
One man in prison filed a lawsuit  
against the state  
for serving peas to him too many  
days in a row  
One man in prison filed a lawsuit  
against Ann Landers  
because she published his letter  
where he wrote he killed his wife  
One man in prison filed lawsuit  
after lawsuit against the state  
solely because he felt a great joy  
in uselessly spending  
the taxpayers' money  
What do we say to all of this  
What do we say

where I belong

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

well, I have found  
that I must  
be the hound  
enslaved  
cause my hands  
and my feet  
they are bound  
to the ground  
and I struggle  
to sing  
just one sound

so thank you  
for singing this song  
for showing me wrong  
is where I belong

I'm in a haze  
yet I'm filled  
with this rage  
encaged  
by the intricate maze  
on this stage  
and I'm dazed  
as I page  
through my wage  
on the blaze

and thank you  
for singing this song  
for showing me wrong  
is where I belong

I smell the mace  
so I cover my face  
in case  
in my haste  
I can trace  
the harsh taste  
is my pace  
in this race  
is it all  
just a waste

yes, thank you  
for singing this song  
for showing me wrong  
is where I belong

# pete lee

## War Stories

Not even a vet  
(come to find out),  
let alone ever  
set foot in the 'Nam.  
Buddy,  
my wish for you is  
just this:  
That you wake up  
in the middle  
of your wildest lie.

\*\*\*\*\*

watching clouds

an alligator  
that thins  
into a  
crocodile races  
after a fat  
white puffer

the croc's  
snout opens  
wider as  
it draws  
closer

then flies  
apart before  
it can  
bite down

this is heavenly  
justice

we have a lot in common

among other things  
we're both at that age  
where reading gets harder  
"and it's not only  
the vision thing" he  
says (drugstore specs  
perched on his ever-  
widening forehead)  
"i've lost a few  
brain cells over the  
years" and i  
confess "i've lost  
more than a few...  
years and brain cells"

\*\*\*\*\*

we(e)

blips on the Big  
Bang:

no wonder we  
admire stability.

\*\*\*\*\*

## What the Moon Hears

The sound trees make in a forest devoid  
of human life is a sort of sniggering,  
like a clan of contentious hyenas  
feasting on the rumor of a lost child.  
The blinking moon is an owl's question  
of clouds pushing across its one good eye.  
"The wind will tell you who," whispers the brook,  
its white ribbon the moon's only clue  
to the little girl's passage through the wood.  
"Clouds blind worse than koans. Run your light  
along my length, and listen to the trees...  
The one the wind felled silenced her for good."

# pete lee

## Wheels

I am watching a movie about the humans  
The story revolves around a nun raised by coyotes  
All the rabbits have died and yet she remains innocent  
She lifts her voice like a sack of letters written by illiterates  
I am having a religious experience  
It is the religion of the wolves

I am studying God and insect life at the same time  
I am a skeleton in an anthropomorphology lab  
I wear a white coat and pore over microscopes  
I have no brain and therefore must rely on instinct  
Nothing more than a feeling in my bones  
The feeling you get when two or more wolves gather to make a wish

I am all wolves and the pretty people  
On the screen encircle me with spears of conversation  
Now I'm a dog lying in the kitchen, well that's better  
You can see the wheels turning behind my eyes  
I will stare at you until you know my hunger  
My thirst, the fact that I have been reinvented

when

when I want to  
camp out I open  
my bedroom window  
pull the covers up  
over my head  
break out the snacks  
the flashlight and  
the comics

when my ship calls  
for a captain you'll  
find me standing  
tall at the prow  
of the roof of my  
house

when mortal danger  
beckons I flip on  
the Discovery Channel

and when it's time  
for lovemaking  
there you are.

## NORMALITIES

Richard Fein  
bardbyte@chelsea.ios.com

Lightning bugs use a rhythm  
of flashes  
connecting being to being  
across the tropic night;  
cold lights flashing among  
palm leaves,  
filling hot, humid evening  
with a luminous and silent  
dust.  
On these normalities hinge  
their existence,  
for male and female can find  
each other through  
the flashing in their faceted  
eyes.  
The harmony of blue flashes,  
and the tandem of sparkles--  
a love song of cool lights.  
But there are other nor-  
malities,  
normalities among normali-  
ties,  
for eons hungry wasps  
have mastered the visual  
melody,  
counterfeit love songs of  
blue flashes,  
to lure not to nuptials  
but to mandibles,  
so the wasps also survive.  
For eons a duet of normali-  
ties,  
fulfilling a destiny, betray-  
ing a destiny,  
a check and balance,  
the hammer and anvil of cre-  
ation.

## WINTER SUNSET RESCUE

Richard Fein  
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So tangled  
the leafless briar branches  
that what is beyond the swamp is seen only  
in fragments:  
pieces of open field,  
the evening sun glaring through twisted stems.  
"Come hold me, hold me," the plea.  
With rope secured around the trunk  
and vapor steaming from my mouth, I  
hurl:  
upwards curves the rope,  
then down, down  
splat into the mire that embraces her.  
The quicksand gurgles,  
her arms flail, again the plea,  
"Come hold me, hold me."  
But the rope remains untouched.  
I brace for the tension that would tighten the rope;  
the sign that she was struggling to survive,  
to at least grab the rope,  
but the lifeline remains untouched.  
I hear again the panicky plea,  
"Come hold me, hold me."  
Calves, knees, thighs, breasts,  
all in turn are muddied.  
Her hands, her hands,  
not an inch toward the rope.  
Now my muscles relax.  
The rope lies limp across the mud,  
one end descends into the murk  
around bubbles, the dying effervescence.  
I release my grip, my palms  
striped with rope burns.  
I wet my hands; the cold water dampens the throbbing.  
A distant bird calls,  
an owl hooting, a crow cawing?  
I don't know.  
I know only this:  
I couldn't jump in and hold her.  
She didn't grab for the rope.  
It's dark.  
It's becoming too silent.  
It's becoming too cold  
I must go on.

there again  
Raymond L. Heinrich  
ray@scribbledyne.com

i m there again  
and i was doing so well  
you wrote in your letter  
but it can change fast  
and today  
monday  
going against type  
was better than  
sunday  
when the bodies of the dead  
were lying around  
with their notes  
carefully worded  
hand lettered  
they had pinned to themselves  
not wanting us  
to misread  
to mistake them  
for an accident  
at least this once  
let me make something to remem  
ber  
after years of peanut butter sand  
wiches  
read one  
goodbye i didn't want to hurt you  
but i've failed there too  
another  
don't let them know  
you won't get the insurance  
another  
i hope you re satisfied  
bitter  
too much  
i can't read any more  
but that was yesterday  
and now it's monday

< these songs >

ray heinrich  
ray@scribbledyne.com

in these songs  
wor ds

these stars treat us too well  
ray heinrich  
ray@vais.net  
- after a sylvia plath poem

the stars drop silently  
each message lit  
through years and years  
of vacuum  
evaporated  
all the first sweet essence  
until us  
poor souls of lead once uranium  
linger  
turn  
like jupiter  
who thinks he's mercury  
like saturn  
who wants to be distant pluto  
willing to give up her rings  
for a far dark silence

□ +λi\$ r°°f □

(f°r m y fā+λEr)

f r°m a ðir+ fl°°r  
l°°king μp ā+ a r°°f  
°f φ°rrμgā+£ð  
gā1-āni££ð  
ir°n  
+λ£ \$μn  
p°k£\$  
\$mā11 r°ð\$ °f ðμ\$+ +λr°μgλ  
+λ£ λ°1£\$  
6μ+ °n1y ā f£w  
+λi\$ r°°f  
i\$ λ°lðing μp pr£++y w£11  
f°r λ°lðing μp  
£igλ+y-fi-£ y£ār\$

@āy #£inriφλ

rāy□-āi\$.n£+

# pete lee

synchronicity

my eyes are going  
I'll be 40 next week

I have no vision  
plan at work

examining my face  
in the mirror

I can only wonder  
if my age shows

God gives us no burden  
we can't withstand.

\*\*\*\*\*

tease

she shimmies  
into her hottest  
red skirt swivels  
her Hollywood  
hips licks  
her lips pointedly  
with the treble  
hook of her tongue  
until they bleed  
shark attractant

shuts her closet  
door with a snap  
like she's closing a  
tackle box lid:

time to troll

there

here  
to a "t"

\*\*\*\*\*

these dandelions  
on my lawn: incongruous  
as blondes in grass skirts

\*\*\*\*\*

the thinker

he sat a long time  
on that toilet

chin in hand  
like a Rodin

pondering  
the relationship

between "increment"  
and "excrement"

\*\*\*\*\*

this chapel too much

like Superior Court latter-  
day saints indeed if J.C.  
Hissself walked in here they'd  
throw the Book at Him (NO:  
shirt/shoes/service)

# pete lee

## three ravens

hunched shoulder  
to shoulder on  
a utility  
line.

now  
a black  
flurry:  
four.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*

to know what we are  
grains of sand  
moments in time:  
no day at the beach

To the Editor

This poem does not rhyme  
nor does it capitalize the words Time,  
Spring, or Dust. There are no cats in this poem,  
chasing metaphysical balls of string  
when they're not hogging the sofa.  
Kissy, kissy, I love no one  
for the purposes of this poem.

This poem is not about a poem.  
It does not obfuscate the issue  
of drenched nuns fleeing naked from my door,  
leaving me: alone, alone. No preaching  
or self-pity in this Goddamned poem,  
no wanton profanity or chopped  
prose. I have studied your magazine.  
Please send sample copy.

I have nothing against those lousy white women  
or their bleeding-heart politics.  
A cattle prod against the genitals  
shocks in sing-song pentametric iambs,  
whereas this poem would not stoop so  
low.

To establish that I have no reputation,  
please call my good friends at Harper & Row.

You won't find this poem on any greeting cards.

Best Regards,

P.S. I think this is what you wanted to see.

\*\*\*\*\*

too sexy/turns on the appliances

## When Elvis Died

I Cried When Elvis Died,  
So Many Years Ago.  
I Stopped And Sighed,  
Just Couldn't Believe It So.

Elvis Tasted Success  
Above All Possible Dreams.  
A Life Tasted By Reams  
Of Disorderly Schemes.

He Achieved Wealth  
And Fame Beyond Belief.  
In The End His Name  
Was In Sorrows And Grief.

Fame And Fortune's Game,  
Kings Come As They Go.  
Would We Worship His Name,  
If His Life Was In Flow?

Legends Are Often Made,  
By Creating Schemes.  
A Drive In Deaths Parade,  
Makes Paste For Hero Dreams.

Elvis Was A Great One ,  
Perhaps The Greatest Of All.  
A Life Too Quickly Done,  
Dr. Death Made A Hasty Call..

We Need Our Prospective,  
Fantasy Goes Out Of Hand.  
Thoughts Corrective,  
Not A God!, Only A Man.

A Magician Of Song & Words  
Of A Willful Way.  
To History He Belongs,  
His Music Will Stay And Play.

King Of Rock And Roll,  
Immortality Is His Control.  
His Loyal Fans Still Abide,,  
We All Cried When Elvis Died !.

WHEN  
MY SHIP  
COMES IN  
BY PAUL L. GLAZE

I Will Board My Ship And Take A Cruise.  
Heaven Knows , I Have Paid My Dues.  
Around The World My Ship Will Sail.  
In Every Land, I Will Dwell A Spell.

I Will Tour Tropical Islands So Grand  
As I Lay In The Sun To Better My Tan.  
Then Cross The Desert In A Caravan  
And Explore Jungles Untouched By Man.

To The South Of France Will Be My Choice.  
Driven Of Course, In My New Rolls Royce.  
Then Off To Monte Carlo I Will Ramble,  
And Bet A Million With Every Gamble.

Over Tall Mountains, I Will Fly In A Plane.  
Across The \ Lowlands, I'll Take A Fast Train.  
Then To Switzerland I Will Quickly Go,  
To Ski The Alps Over Mountains Of Snow.

Being Brave Hearted And Ever So Bold  
I Will Stroll In Cold, At The Dark North Pole.  
To All The Continents, Myself, I'll Send.  
When It Will Happen, I Know Not When.

I Will Do It All, Then Do It Again.  
The Very Moment My Ship Comes In !

through the window  
Ray Heinrich  
ray@vais.net

the shadow of the building  
moves  
as the sun  
forms it into the hand of a giant clock  
grabbing the day  
and pushing it to one side

time to rest  
Raymond L. Heinrich  
ray@scribbledyne.com

the twilight  
your song  
and slow  
the night starts  
like the day  
slow  
and it is time to rest  
no need watching  
anymore  
the passing day  
its fingers  
pick your face away  
and there  
is no need to pretend  
it's better to forget  
as this night  
covers the day  
as the next  
will cover it  
and the rhythm  
of your song  
in the twilight  
listening to your song  
against the bank  
and the river  
sil it

tiny little actually very small  
Raymond L. Heinrich  
ray scribbledyne.com

a thousand  
would fit in your hand  
but drop them  
and come over here  
we'll clean up later

today, i'm bringing about world peace  
Raymond L. Heinrich  
ray@scribbledyne.com

This morning i was thinking about world piece  
while masturbating in the shower and all that  
righteous energy felt so good i hurt myself  
but it's only a little tear and though it did  
bleed a lot it was a small price to pay for  
bringing about world peace.

After that i went to the grocery store and got  
one of those giant bottles of cheap wine and  
after a few glasses i can feel it happening  
i'm bringing about world peace.

waiting for you  
Ray Heinrich  
ray@vais.net

i'm sitting in a bus station  
  
it's 1969 and i'm waiting for  
you  
  
our bus left 2 hours ago  
  
i'm still waiting for you

# pete lee

when the 105mm landed

not 10' from Hanson who was  
sitting on the edge of our  
foxhole his jungle-booted  
feet dangling in front  
of my eyes telling jokes  
I'd heard before and eating  
a c-rat his top half  
took off skyward trailing  
an umbilical cord  
of shiny pink intestine  
unreeling between the mid-  
bite top-half Hanson  
and the still-seated  
jungle-booted Hanson  
and then it was over  
and his top half hit the  
ground like a heavy  
kite on a mostly calm  
but occasionally gusty day.

\*\*\*\*\*

why I can't get a grant

white  
male  
born American  
heterosexual  
never been to prison  
don't teach  
no MFA  
vote major party  
sound mind  
sound body  
nothing against God  
not victimized  
not marginalized  
not homeless  
have a day job  
not a joiner  
no opus planned  
poems easy to understand.

why i won't be at  
zen class today

i fell in the forest  
and heard myself.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Wind Machines

(after hiking in Tehachapi Pass)

It's a cancer of Christs  
of Rio de Janeiro...

If they were to nail Him to one  
of these monster double crosses  
they'd have to splay Him out  
like that illustration of a man  
in (I think) da Vinci's notebook  
then (I imagine) somebody  
would be assigned to throw  
knives at Him as He spinned...

They send people out on Monday  
mornings to catalog the birds  
killed over the weekend  
once they counted 39 (mostly  
immature) golden eagles, after  
they brought all the parts together...

This is renewable energy  
Don Quixote is fading fast...

\*\*\*\*\*

windshield bug

one second fly  
ing/the next no  
thing/let me  
die like that

# pete lee

winter  
no birds  
flu

\*\*\*\*\*

## Winter People

She opens  
the drapes  
on every window,

turns on  
all the lamps  
in the house.

She thinks it  
brightens the  
place up,

which of course  
it does.  
He thinks

also,  
though,  
of next month's

gas & electric  
bills: Ah, well.  
That's the price

winter exacts  
for a bit of warmth,  
a bit of light.

the woman tree

my lovers  
ripen  
drop  
& run off  
to the sweaty  
mangrove

while the moss  
continues to  
thicken  
along my  
nurturing  
side.

you enter the room

to a general sucking-  
in of male guts

breaths are drawn as  
sharply as razors

across throats  
grins turn virgin-

white for that one split  
second before the sigh:

a deep red

## V E N U S

Allison Jenks

H ours of leaky mete-  
ors  
H ound the oceanic part  
of my mind  
that sinks for snowy,  
white soldiers  
B ack from horrendous  
scandals-  
nights with sharp-  
toothed jaguars  
in their pillows.  
T he nearest saxophone  
miles away.  
you live there like a  
B lack dollar rogue  
L urking in  
that part of me that is  
V enus  
R ocking metro phases  
through the thoughts  
I never figured were  
pliable

## WINTER WHITE EARTH

Allison Jenks

Our instruments fit  
below the floor and  
Beasts live in the ceiling  
Looking to recover the  
Spaces between our houses.  
that need less light.  
So tired of riding the white  
streets,  
This session goes on  
Soaking cold winters never told  
me  
where we lost a solar day of  
confidence.  
I have no way to let  
My destinations with you  
unfold easily  
Documents of all I've learned  
unbind  
Useless to me now.  
I never was and am not believ-  
ing  
in consistent happiness.  
This evening measures this  
feeling  
No ceiling space between our  
souls  
or even our cities  
There's a storm pouring and I  
beat it every morning  
Just in the way you go  
Backwards or ahead  
Moving unlike  
a child or a man  
but like someone with no age,  
Unconcerned with time  
Sure that most of your strug-  
gles are

in the past.  
Brilliantly grasped in detail.  
Falling only into moments with  
empty light to fill.  
Living generously  
Generating the power of multi-  
ple lives.  
Until it's the perfect time to  
leave  
and nothing for you to give up  
That could make you cry.  
I wonder how many souls are  
inside you and  
what they're like.  
the world is painted white  
when you come  
All weak elements are burnt  
out  
Ready for the Milky way  
It's not about making you speak  
with  
Lying distance and speed  
The count down has been mis-  
treated  
It's the only way to get through  
this  
powerless road in one winter  
Caress of destination.  
You called me last winter  
Never told me the curtains are  
on  
when pure emotion works  
through you  
Intensely shadowing a body  
with  
every possible muscle pressed.  
I hear from you what I think  
I've heard  
Only because I've said it  
myself.  
The entity of balance  
is what you've sent  
crawling through me  
I sit on its back  
Facing the torments of my  
youth  
That led me to this  
serene bone of time.

weather from the north  
ray heinrich  
ray@vais.net

rocks  
cliffs  
morning breaks  
with the waves white  
the sky empty  
waiting  
for weather from the north  
the last of a bright sun  
followed by years of cloud  
horizon to horizon  
a gray cotton sheath  
a dressing for a wound  
the voices  
the wind  
the notes filled  
the baritone waves  
the chorus  
the seabirds  
the last of the sun  
the bulb of the planet  
it's fragile glass  
sucked of air  
evacuated  
the sea boils  
the birds explode  
the rocks are  
as they always are  
the rocks survive  
even the giants feet  
the deep sounds  
of their footsteps  
of drums  
slowly marching  
with sabers and axes and  
whatever else is needed  
to render flesh to useful things  
like soap and leather  
as the giants of wicker  
filled with men and women  
start to burn  
and men and women  
watching from  
the cliffs  
the sea  
are listening  
to their cries  
confusing them  
with seabirds  
and with children  
changing them to music  
only music  
as the voices sing again  
welcoming the clouds this time  
welcoming the blanket  
made of smoke  
and silence

wanting to be gardens  
Ray Heinrich  
ray@vais.net

we  
had wanted to be  
gardens  
filled with flowers and bees  
industrious  
fitting into this world  
at the joyful places  
the bright connections

what are you wearing?  
Ray Heinrich  
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My new pink skin fresh with innocent blood  
and the gray fur, rings, needles, and claws  
sewn into this jacket you made me into.

< word meat >

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the shape of the word  
lets us forget  
what is inside  
but inside the word  
its shape dissolves

eating the meat of words  
letting their sweet blood  
flow from our mouths  
our teeth deep  
inside the words  
our shape becomes  
the shape of words

# pete lee

trailblazing in the '90s

a man in pink shorts  
and white tank top

striding resolutely  
down the center

of the biggest indoor mall  
in the state

twin plastic water bottles  
flopping at his hips

fanny pack stuffed  
with provisions.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tripping, You Call Your Girlfriend

Recounting the improbable  
history of telephones  
(not to mention the future  
of the coins multiplying  
in your pocket), you hold  
the world's largest receiver  
in your amazing hand. If  
you can get past the cipher lock  
barring passage into her mind,  
the cops won't send out a squad  
from the steel-and-glass world.  
Somehow the complicated edges  
of the beautiful quarter match  
those of the slot, and now you're in  
for a time, sorting out  
her number from Planck's theorems.  
You stand there for a hundred years  
while the dial tone ululates  
like an Italian siren...  
Hello, you say.  
Is this my voice?

trying to figure

out where you leave  
off and we start's like  
studying Latin:  
the suffix "us" points  
to a single unit,  
and the plural's "i"

\*\*\*\*\*

Two Introverts

One introvert sits  
in a vacant auditorium,  
filling it to capacity.

The other one rides  
a crowded elevator,  
utterly alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

uh-oh  
we'll talk later  
here come the extroverts

# pete lee

unmoved & un-

moving except  
for one eye that  
tracks my presence  
rotating & swing-  
ing like a battle-  
ship radar the  
desert grey chuck-  
walla lizard's  
beefy forearms serve  
to hold his head high  
in the knowledge  
I could kill him  
with the casual  
planting of a  
boot: Dignity.

\*\*\*\*\*

up on the roof

patsy cline  
the angelic one  
has feathers of stone

i let 'er fly  
in obsolete vinyl

whoop whoop whoop

i fall to  
pieces  
she whines

next go  
the stones

shattered

breaking up  
is hard to do.

the veteran

maybe he can't  
clap his hands or  
stomp his feet  
anymore but  
he can do some  
things

after all  
it only takes one  
finger to steady  
the barrel  
against the wheel-  
chair

and one  
toe to pull the  
trigger

\*\*\*\*\*

The View From Inyokern

Cloud shadows speckle the barren east slope  
of the Sierras, as if a light gray cat,  
his back to us, lies dreaming of dark gray mice  
dancing upon him in mock attack.

We cannot see the great cat's tail flicking  
cars from the freeways far to the south,  
nor his great cat's-feet kicking  
over buildings in Fresno to the west.  
Up north, near Reno, a great purring rises.

\*\*\*\*\*

virtually wedded

finally crashing  
thru the wall, i  
passed you: stuck

almost as if  
you'd become a  
part of it

who you tell your dreams to

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

we were driving down the freeway  
you and me in the pick-up truck  
and your girlfriend inbetween  
where you could move the gear shift  
and it would mean so much to you

and you saw something that you thought  
was beautiful, and you said, "look  
at the lines, look at how it was made"  
and you were inspired by the beauty  
of an everyday object no one else noticed

and your girlfriend, riding in the middle  
said "that's him, people think he's crazy"  
and i thought, "no, it just depends on who  
you tell your dreams to" but i couldn't  
say it in the truck i wouldn't say it

Why do you

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

Why do you make us wait for you to come back?

Why do you allow suffering?

Why do you aim all hurricanes at mobile home  
parks?

Why do you let us destroy ourselves?

Why do you obstruct people from gaining knowl-  
edge?

Why do no major Hollywood film companies col-  
lapse in one of your earthquakes?

Why do you let innocent people die for crimes  
they didn't commit?

Why do you let the guilty go free?

Why do you fight against progress and technology?

Why do you fill this earth with so much pain?

Why do you not come down here, right now, and  
show us your face?

Why is it that the less intelligent people are, the

why i ll never get married

janet kuypers  
ccandd96 aol.com

at work we ve been looking  
for a new employee  
we ve sifted through resumes  
we ve interviewed a few

and some were good  
some were very good  
and we took some time to decide  
and then we called our 1 choice

and they said they wanted  
more money than we offered  
so we said our goodbyes  
and we called our second choice

and they said they couldn't work  
at such a small place  
so someone at work said  
we should interview some more

and that s when i knew  
at the rate we were going  
we d never find anyone  
and no one would want us

yov and me and yovr girlfriend

janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com

we went out for drinks together  
yov and me and yovr girlfriend  
to a restaurant in Malibu  
with a balcony that hung over the water

had a perfectly lovely time  
yov and me and yovr girlfriend  
talking about life, catching up  
and yov suggested that we go out on the  
balcony

and I thought that would be charming  
for yov and me and yovr girlfriend  
but we hadn't paid our bill yet  
so yovr girlfriend told us to go on without  
her

we stood outside, leaned on the rail  
yov and me  
listened to the water crash on the rocks  
below us and we talked

but now it was not about catching up  
yov and me  
it was about ideas, dreams, plans  
and before I knew it we were out there

for nearly an hour, and I said,  
"what about yovr girlfriend?"  
she was waiting for us all that time  
and yov said, "oh, yeah" and didn't move  
an inch

you are

janet kuypers  
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you're pretty as a picture  
you're as sweet as candy

you are like a brilliant light

you have pearly white teeth  
you have chiseled features  
you have piercing eyes

you have a heart of gold  
and a sandpaper voice

you're postcard pretty

you're as meek as a lamb  
you're clean as a bone  
you're as faithful as a dog

you have a steel will  
you're as strong as a bull

you're drunk as a sailor  
you're like an idiot

you're like a broken heart  
you're like a zombie

*you feel more*

*janet kuypers  
ccandd96@aol.com*

*it's like this:  
run your hand  
back and forth  
in a line  
parallel to  
the ground  
that's the world  
you see  
it's that line  
now raise  
your hand  
a few inches,  
maybe six  
above that line  
and run your hand  
back and forth  
and that is you  
you're above it all  
you're better  
than them all  
you can do more  
you succeed more  
you feel more  
and then,  
you see, you  
raise your hand  
a few inches,  
maybe six more  
above that line  
and run your hand  
back and forth  
and that is  
who you love  
  
and when you feel  
you're above  
them all  
how will you  
find someone  
higher?*

## TWILIGHT DOG

deckard kinder  
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someone is lost  
[serene otherwise]  
between this emptiness  
and that  
each its own  
he limps off  
to bathe his heart  
you visit him  
[every martyred woman  
does]  
no sooner no later  
reaching out  
until you feel drowsy  
or rushed  
just so  
knowing no more than  
before  
running from him  
and his murderous ways  
despite his seductions  
stop! you say  
then you go  
in the distance  
beyond the last with-  
ered rose  
an open door  
his mouth so moist  
keeping the light  
regretting no more

Untwo

deckard kinder  
newman@ntr.net

[Unanswered Questions]

how do you do it  
look at him  
without thinking of me  
without remembering how we  
met  
held each other in the dark  
laughed at nothing in particular  
rubbed each other  
touched softly  
and like that  
how do you  
wrap your arms around him  
or your legs  
whatever works for you  
at the moment  
without feeling me  
or  
how do you forget  
us  
in  
the  
beginning  
before everything changed  
and we simply forgot each other  
together

[Unquestioned Answers]

yeah  
I'm in love  
since you left  
with this woman or that  
depending on the night  
the place  
the music  
the booze  
I'm in love  
with the first cushy thing  
who makes me feel wanted  
smart  
sexy  
anything at all  
I'm in love  
because I can be  
because I want to be  
because it beats not being in  
love  
with this woman or that  
when the time is right  
which is anytime  
at all  
tactics for survival

— 1 —

to be to be taken to be taken  
away

secured seda ted seduced  
inside my last memory your  
succulent kiss  
x-rayed exquisite extinct  
[except in my craving]  
even as the twilight girls dance  
reduced to cliff notes of tempta-  
tion  
useless in the flesh  
devastatingly  
normal  
[except in my cave-in]  
nothing succeeds like excess  
inside my last dream you  
and maybe me  
touching embracing sweating  
noticing nothing beyond our  
flesh  
inspite of the tears  
always predicted always project-  
ed always planned  
manipulated beyond recognition  
like an eclipse through a slit  
inside my last fantasy  
abbreviated to insignificance  
vacant and invulnerable  
every twitch a step towards  
death  
relentlessly taken  
placidly conceded and con-  
doned  
sealed with a kiss-off  
noted in passing  
elevated to an art  
compressed condensed con-  
stricted  
simply an essence of its former  
self  
nothing escapes  
avoidance  
righteously applied  
to be to take to take away

— 2 —

you were born with a ticket to  
heaven in your hand  
destination guaranteed  
stamped passport in your back  
pocket  
to heaven baby to heaven  
guaranfuck ingteed  
eternal ecstasy assured  
not a worry in the world  
heaven baby heaven  
you were born with a ticket to  
heaven in your hand  
locked up like manson sweet-  
heart  
not a worry in the world  
stamped passport in your back  
pocket  
eternal ecstasy assured  
guaranfuckingteed  
heaven baby heaven  
stamped passport in your back  
pocket

destination guaranteed  
not a worry in the world  
to heaven baby to heaven  
you were born with a ticket to  
heaven in your hand  
eternal ecstasy assured  
heaven baby heaven  
not a worry in the world  
destination gua `ranteed  
fucking goddamn  
guaranfuckingteed  
to heaven baby to heaven  
destination guaranteed  
fucking goddamn  
stamped passport in your back  
pocket  
eternal ecstasy assured  
destination guaranteed  
you were born with a ticket to  
heaven in your hand  
and you fucking blew it

— 3 —

do yourself a favor:  
tie yourself to god  
naked as a junkie's lie  
deliver yourself  
never ask favors  
doubt nothing  
trust like a breast fed baby  
dwell on the sunrise  
turn inward  
delve into your soul  
nurse your wounds  
take yourself away from where  
you are  
double or nothing  
notice little things  
dumbfound your critics  
name your god after yourself  
drive others crazy and yourself  
sane  
number your friends  
dress like you're in mourning  
negotiate peace whenever you  
can  
dream a little dream of me  
neglect your heart at your own  
risk  
tie yourself to god  
do yourself a favor:  
tie yourself to god

years after the war

Ray Heinrich

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he was frightened  
by the war  
and will not leave their house  
she was frightened too  
now she is dead

but their conversations go on  
years after the war  
their conversations  
flow  
out the doors and windows  
and fill the street  
making it hard  
to walk by  
years after the war

your soft breath

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tonight  
i have dead people  
singing to me  
it's as easy  
as putting a record on  
it's as easy  
as remembering your soft breath  
through all these years

years of water

ray heinrich

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i dream  
of water  
and the seals  
barking  
on the rocks  
and i dream  
of a deep lake  
of navigating  
the shores  
of the lap and pound  
of years of water  
of willow strands  
growing in a hidden path  
of dark waves eating  
through wet years  
of escaping  
and searching  
for you  
of the touch  
of the water  
of the fossil cliffs  
rising over us

<yet to come >

(for my father)

we can write while the ship loads  
now  
even now when whole bodies and minds  
can be saved  
these little words  
like pictures of flowers  
mean something  
something like seed  
you were the seed  
before your eyes  
opened on this world  
the first looks and amazement  
at the colors  
at the movement  
and a hand reaches  
and later  
you know  
it was your hand reaching  
for the toys suspended  
above your bed  
and you  
waking from an infant's sleep  
thinking only in images  
these words  
these words  
were yet to come

Ray Heinrich

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you're getting to be a dream

Ray Heinrich

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waiting for a laugh  
before returning  
before signing the required form

you should have been here hours ago

you're getting to be a dream  
i'm getting to be old

my fathers words  
my mothers songs  
i forget more and more of them

soon  
i'll be returning  
but first  
i must laugh with your old smile

you're getting to be a dream  
i'm getting to be old

# pete lee

spark arrestor

as I try to ignite you  
thoughts of him are blowing  
open the curtains in your room:

I am all thumbs  
you are a Zippo in the wind  
\*\*\*\*\*

speaking of wildflowers

the Wildflower Preservation Society  
runs a magazine ad about how  
tough wildflowers are  
ending with the clever line  
"wildflowers: they're not pansies"

which brings the proverbial  
storm of protest from the gay  
rights movement for using  
one of the oldest pejoratives  
for homosexuals

but i think well after all  
wildflowers are NOT pansies  
pansies ARE a type of flower  
and are NOT tough  
they DO wilt if you look  
at 'em crosseyed -  
ask any gardener -

and furthermore all those  
tattooed "guests of the state"  
whose very existence keeps  
guys like me on the straight and  
narrow are some of the  
most infamous homosexuals  
and are decidedly NOT pansies -

and i don't know a man  
(gay or not) who'd  
look at one crosseyed.

spider in my rum

and Coke on the night-  
stand in the morning  
daddy-longlegs  
what an ice cube  
becomes as it melts  
in a spindly dream  
I knock it back  
and emerge like  
a sack of elbows  
hugging the walls,  
gut full of silk thread

\*\*\*\*\*

splish splash

just a puddle  
in the roadway of life  
it was raining  
when i  
finally left you  
every drop of self-  
esteem accumulating  
in that single hour  
now here you come  
death grip on the wheel

# pete lee

## Still Life

Every fish on my bathroom wallpaper  
is swimming in one of two directions.  
I, also underwater, observe that  
some go it alone, others have paired up  
and the rest cling to various schools.  
Each must traverse a same-looking network  
of two-dimensional sea flora,  
plus manage a series of four sharp turns  
to arrive back whence it came. I wonder  
if their recognition of this is  
what has frozen them in mid-kick.  
After I turn off the shower,  
reentering my own web  
of sameness and pointless hurdles,  
I know they must steal odd glances  
at the rainbow on the shower curtain.  
They can see that the rainbow  
has two ends, and that each of those ends  
is a plastic cloud. But their eyes have walls:  
I can almost hear them in there now,  
muttering fishlike at their own flat wakes.

sugar

he tears open  
the pink and  
white bag  
the confectionary  
sugar tumbles  
out onto  
his kitchen  
counter like  
a drug  
rests his  
stomach on  
the counter  
lifts the  
tablespoon up  
past both his  
chins hears  
Papa saying  
to Mama  
gimme some  
sugar his  
lips parted  
his breathing  
shallow...  
gulps and  
remembers

\*\*\*\*\*

swoosh  
one less mouse  
owls don't leave ransom notes

## Yellow-Haired Girl

By Peter Scott

I saw you first  
From the edge of my eye  
Bursting with young exuberance  
And joviality  
It was the blonde hair  
Yearning to be left in itself  
That caught my attention  
Signaling the eye  
Like a hailing flag  
Draped from a child's lemonade stand  
Personable  
Caught in the midst of business  
Yet still able to smile  
And ring with youthful passions  
While nervous for acceptance  
Oh, I accepted you  
Played upon a wistful cord  
Visualizing the concept  
Of living my life  
With a stranger I had met  
Mere moments ago  
And although my flights of fancy faded  
You piqued my curiosity  
Became the focal point  
Of a night  
Never meant to be  
Stranger still  
I was not alone  
A graceful woman  
With an endearing reflection of youth  
Flirted with the concept  
Too!  
What fortuitous nature  
I fervently thought  
Choosing my path  
How never to say "no"  
Without whispering "yes"  
One of a trickier game  
Getting your address  
Could I lose this opportunity  
Must I flee this enigmatic girl?  
Open in her feelings  
Closed in her presence  
And the strange possibility of a relationship  
Almost like I had known  
One day we would kiss in the light  
Of fortune's myriad eventuality.

## Utopia

By Peter Scott

I've been to par-  
adise  
Felt that which I  
desired  
Touched its surface  
Then realized  
I didn't want it  
anymore  
Wrong  
Conjecture  
My mind spins  
faster  
And faster  
What do I want?  
My dream now cor-  
rupted  
I need paradise  
soon  
Alas, paradise is no

Your Johnny of 1917

By Peter Scott

Nailed to the cause  
I am strung amongst the crowds  
Loftily above  
Where none may touch  
People hurl eggs  
Cracking, drooling from my clothes  
Moving along  
The procession stays fast  
Carrying the cross from street  
To street  
I watch with nonchalance  
!They mean nothing to me  
Still the flag is swarmed  
I on its shoulders  
Additional mass gathers  
Catapulting rocks to torment me  
I ignore  
Deflected they go and shower  
Breathing outrage and contempt  
Something I know little of  
As the parade files onward  
Arms of love are arrested the right  
To refuse the crowd  
Which doesn't cause anger it  
Merely makes me forlorn  
  
Nailed to a sign of regression  
In a home you ought to trust  
Displayed for the good folk  
Who worry you are gifted  
!Might you conceivably be  
!What only they dream of?  
The theory creates a swollen moment  
To make a grand statement  
Not accepted  
Exponential claims are thrust in spite  
Words said  
Proceeded by a lashing  
Of your stake  
!Move now!  
Sweat drips onto the  
Newborn fire  
Stoking a cheered reaction  
Many find fault in  
But dare not speak

Sleep comes  
An instant before I wake  
I recognize  
The land coated in sweet  
Candy covered starkness and black  
Retained to the cross  
My body still remains whole  
Often I curse the fortune  
!Curse the amber's dead glare  
Pooling and collected  
Internally driven

Inexperienced blood  
Bursts  
Across my heart  
And through my palms  
Marking where I was abused  
Towering over worthless ashes  
A slightly perverse color of red

The papers elaborated  
On what survivors could not explain  
Wrote fictitious commentary  
Camouflaging their mental lapse  
Interpreted many ways  
Why hundreds died  
Bloody  
Gory deaths  
At the hands of something else than  
believed  
Later  
All chaos cracked  
Away from humanity's serene utopia  
Millions perished then  
My only original sin the  
Nucleus of so many problems mas-  
queraded  
Origin set at one.

## Unkind Expectations

By Peter Scott

Stagnant describes my lust  
Today  
As I began to think about it  
In a different way  
The love is there  
Yet doused with expectant water  
Thinning our seasoning  
So I use the salt  
Of a thousand years  
Sating hunger  
It is only a matter of time  
Until they are grains  
From a thousand tears  
Cascading in a mighty fall  
Dispensing once and for all  
I am not lacking content  
You still rest every night  
By my side  
Portions per visit  
Entertaining in my dreams  
And sweet eyes apparent  
Guiding my path  
Exposing what is not  
Yet  
Every night?  
Creatures of habit  
Adapted for change  
God told Johnny  
There was no Santa Clause  
Stated the rules  
Selling with no uncertain terms  
Your body is fine  
Mind so perfect  
Although her's endears, too  
No less than you  
Who made the choice  
To defy  
In homage of custom?  
This is not a Dear Johnny  
I am little gone  
But where did the love go?

Wandering

By Peter Scott

The mirror is severe  
Accentuating a physical imbalance  
From the mind  
I stare at the image  
Contemplating why  
Silent spasms  
Cause me to falter  
Where yesterday I was vibrant

Havoc in the reflection  
Metamorphoses to my spirit's curator  
Memories of the past flash  
Clash with sudden hate in my smile  
Time of the future  
And those long ago  
Deteriorating into a single display  
Darkening in unison  
To the bells far distant

My face in the mirror  
Is slightly perturbed  
With questions I ask  
A stone wall in December  
Playing with my feet  
Head in acknowledgement  
Of my crime's recognized nature  
White sprinkles float from the heavens  
As I wait by the wall  
Gray and charred  
New for all purposes great  
Dressed for temperance  
The chill permeates  
Defying my preparation  
Standing under and in front  
Of the stone  
Covered in the advent of winter  
I taste my new cloak  
Frozen I do not comprehend  
If it is acid  
Cream & sugar  
Or the salt I met before  
In a previous journey  
Held in a different season  
Upon this very land  
Brushing the substance now concealing my barrier  
I talk in silence to it  
Ask for comfort  
Leaving a hollow remains  
The challenges of reality  
Resonating with vibrant cord  
Shuttling me back to my reflection  
Away and afar  
From a destructive grave

Pressures they say

Ought to find shelter in release  
Yet when I moved  
Created distance between my perils  
The steam did evaporate  
Exposing the hollow cavities  
How alone I was  
And am  
Wrapped in cellophane with a sticker  
Brittle  
Hollow  
Described as ninety-eight percent chocolate  
Only a dollar eighty-nine  
Little girls pass by me in the store  
Lick their lips  
Pleading with Mommy  
Or even Daddy...  
Who always gives in  
A child's dream  
I am easily bought  
At home I am opened  
Given fresh life in the night air  
So sweet am I  
They savor my taste  
Texture of a rich quality  
Taunting themselves and me  
Until it is too late  
A final push...  
And release...  
I am back at my store  
Undesired in continual craftsmanship  
Too sweet for the little girls  
Sucking lollipops and red bubble gum  
Repackaged in higher grandiloquence  
Clerks hide the little nibbles  
Ask themselves  
Why I do not satisfy?  
Oh  
There will come a buyer this next day

Suppressing the urge  
To voice my anger  
Separated now  
It takes an act of will  
To love your true self  
Empathy held strong  
But I hear your insane laugh  
Eyes mocking with vehement vindictive malice  
Used  
False tears shed  
To let my emotions slide  
From your back  
Down a spiraling well  
Never to be observed again  
I'm in that canyon  
Where I once was before  
I will never let you abuse

So while contemplating with elaborate test  
The hole will vanish with spite  
Love do justice  
Never gall like that!

If you ask "Yes"  
I state with solemn rejection  
The trial lies forth  
Away from mere curiosity  
Commitment does not derive  
In severed segments  
I won't sit as puppet  
Eating your cake  
Choose if I'm real

...Or nightmare roaming distant planes.

# TRANSCIENCE

Bob Ludden  
robert@essex1.com  
<http://www.essex1.com/people/robert/>

We travel in a cube with invisible walls  
On a journey without end or beginning...  
Our six-sided perception of reality importunate,  
Yet, tempered in mystery before the reach within  
...and that a temperament unlimited.

At what price the expansion of consciousness,  
And by what instigation?  
Forced to slip upon our own matrix of desire,  
As fools with fists of open air,  
And mouths to beg an enemy to fight.  
How then to seek, or gain, or rest?  
...or even to create!  
What folly our scheme of time.  
Ours indeed, and we its prisoner.  
So join with me  
in cosmic intercourse.  
The way is as clear as the will.  
The climax...eternal.

Untitled

Bob Ludden  
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<http://www.essex1.com/people/robert/>

I bring you fire as offering, my love;  
Its fever both a warning and a tribute pure.  
No flame can emulate the heat of my desire.  
For in my touch burns only ecstasy  
We share, yet flesh of one is fused from two--  
And in the very act, I press it home  
And in its roaring blast, a benediction  
to our love...no dross remains  
To foul its wake,  
For what is left is love immaculate,  
And ours alone to chill

Untitled

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Multi-dimensional emptiness  
Writhes and surges on my monitor,  
Its negative ions trembling,  
Its form ex nihilo.  
Can it wait,  
Or yet implode  
And answers avalanche from out the west?

Too many answers.  
Too imminent, cloying fullness,  
To raise the scream from Hell--  
My God! I didn't know!

Untitled

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A time of silence...and of rising mist  
That blurs and then obscures  
That paste of leaf and rain that glazes  
ground  
Still soft beneath the frost of late  
November

And I remember other times when  
mists of mind  
Impose a wall so deep and steep in  
shadow  
That which is real becomes encast in  
stone  
And silence thunders at an empty soul  
...and then the question turns the  
thing around  
...and wonder, now the agent of  
release.  
Both wall and ice are temporal,  
And the sound of silence the evange-

## THE ULTIMATE SIN

they don't dance around  
the fire at midnight,

or greet the face of Ra  
to celebrate the morning.

seldom do they ever  
go a-whoring

after strange  
gods.

atheists are  
boring.

## UNINVOCATION

i won't construct an amulet  
or consecrate a talisman  
intended to compel your love  
or even your affection.

i won't recite a spell  
set fire to seven candles  
evoke the elementals,  
or bargain with the devil.

lack of faith does not  
forestall these measures,  
but i want my magick  
to be honest,

so i slay you as a source  
of blind desire,  
& raise you as a light  
to guide my sighted pleasure.

## I'M UP ON IT NOW

considering the cost  
of drugs,

& the dangers  
of reality,

our best way  
of waking up

might be  
abstinence

from sleep.

## IF YOU READ THIS POEM, THEN YOU WILL DIE

for andrew

you are more afraid than me  
of ceasing to be,  
or maybe only ceasing  
to be able to make sense.

you go after superstition  
like a housewife  
with a large economy-size  
spray can of insecticide

as darkness scurries  
into cracks

on its hairy legs.

when ecstasy-slanted

You are an a-wakening  
to a burning  
of (re)source or extant  
material,  
which was either  
solid (turned to liquid)  
or liquid [which is now  
shaking hands with asphalt  
bending (inverse to the lower back  
when ecstasy-slanted)  
to meet the horizon  
of which Our Stella  
is introducing and] now  
turned to steam:

The Glimpes you offer  
of your Geometric A  
and your Corresponding B  
are too fragmented (, blurred,  
and rising)  
for me to place  
and identify  
this identity flux

d. michael mcnamara

## "WHY YOU CAN FUCK TO INDIE RAWK"

**D. MICHAEL MCNAMARA  
REDD36C PRODIGY.COM**

**ING**

**GELATIN:**

**CURVES**

**YOUR ACUTES,**

**SCENDANCE.**

**WHEN I DREAM OF US,  
I AM THE ONLY SURVIV-**

**WONDER TWIN  
AND I FORM OF**

**WE ARE NOT SO MUCH  
ELEMENTS  
OR INANIMATES,  
BUT ABSTRACTS,  
AND I CLING TO YOUR**

**AND PRESS AGAINST**

**BUT DO NOT INVADE.  
WHEN WE MAKE LOVE,  
I WISH TO ESCAPE  
ENTITY**

**AND BE NOT FOREIGN,  
BUT EXTENSION:**

**LIKE SOUND,  
THERE IS INVASION,  
ACCEPTANCE,**

**AND BELONGING:  
HOLY MAY BE ORIGIN,  
BUT BEAUTY IS TRAN-**

VET

c ra mcguirt  
cramcguirt@aol.com

i was too young for his jungle  
so i never met victor charlie  
but i've met some violent changes  
in my own,

& i've stepped onto plenty sharp  
& shit-smearred situations.  
my own fault for not looking down,  
i know.

i've been in beaucoup firefights.  
i couldn't always tell  
where the rounds were coming from,  
or why.

i've been wounded, & inflicted  
a few wounds of my own.  
i haven't bothered with  
a body count.

i've caled in air support  
when i was outnumbered.  
more than once it saved me.  
sometimes, it was too late.

i've been taken prisoner  
& tortured by myself,  
but i'll take the credit  
for making my escape.

i have no way of knowing  
when i'll go back to the World.  
it could be that my time  
is shorter than i think.

for now, i have a path  
& i'll go where it takes me.  
tonight, like every night

i'm waking point.

HEADED WEST

c ra mcguirt  
cramcguirt@aol.com

my desk faces the west because  
that's where the window is,  
& because, after all  
death is to the west,  
& words are always death,  
in one way or another.  
above the hanging plant  
above the window  
Our Most Terrible Lady  
smiles,  
knowing my  
sins & secrets.  
sometime before the  
Sun goes down,  
everyone will know.

TRY NOT TO THINK  
OF A WHITE BEAR,

c ra mcguirt  
cramcguirt@aol.com

or even better:

try not to  
think of god

as a

beautiful

dominatrix

who'll get you

if you're good.

## Why I Didn't Call...

Robert Michael O'Hearn  
RMOHRN@aol.com

simply because I froze,  
wanted you to ask me  
pertinently naively directly  
What the hell went wrong?

Now self appointed Oracles  
are gloating, prolong ruses.

## Why I Write...

Robert Michael O'Hearn  
RMOHRN@aol.com

I made it  
my life..

for  
wit,  
amusement

accentuated  
writing to  
clogging

wandering;

I write because  
a requirement of

At least, to record  
posterity's caustic  
life's benign

For sake of gaps  
between teeth;  
avert my heart's  
& mind's frequent

16 november 1998

World Droppings  
by Ben Ohmart  
Findline@aol.com

i begin to wipe my butt with plastic bags from the store  
i only eat the trees that grow back, the water that shuts off  
i have saved and i have salvaged. experimented on knowledge  
making up for the statistics around me who consider  
McDonald's a sacred animal. i love only one woman  
making up for her half of the covers

## Quill

by Ben Ohmart  
Findline@aol.com

bricks in my boots walking on pages of gold  
i get the call on a whacked mushroom  
for the sins of my mother who  
only did the washing, drove the brown wagon  
that grew daily, the shit hardening on the wood wheels  
flame dreams that cracked my neck to look  
in the ebbing of silent waterfalls that never foam  
to the experience of my dog who would wait  
at the glass in the door, and heard her coming  
getting up, black tail moving, a shriek,  
a total moving of parts, as a day meant a whole week  
and we were all glad she made it

Today's Art  
Paul Weinman

Hillside trees hold leaves in browns  
yellows that enrichen toward gold.  
A few raccoons appear, some squashed  
others seeming asleep at roadside  
except for maybe a tongue sticking out  
giving the clue to its head's death.  
You talk to me of conceptual art  
how a spoonful of salt crystals  
set on a gallery's floor - spotlit  
can speak of unfulfilled dreams/talents  
of poverty-spawned children.  
When I ask what style of spoon  
you'd use ... you point to a woodchuck  
blood and guts; leaves blowing past.

## WHY I TOLERATE ROSS

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i keep a large piece of white poster board  
tacked to the bathroom wall above my toilet.

a number of colored markers  
lying on top of the tank.

one night, i came in to piss.  
ross had written:

THE US BUDGET DEFICIT  
IS A DIRECT RESULT OF  
SELFISHNESS.  
AND THE ALIENDAMN DEMOC  
RATS  
ARE ALWAYS SQUEALING FOR  
MORE MONEY  
FOR THEIR ALIENDAMN CRYBA  
BY PROGRAMS.  
AND IMMACULATE CONCEP  
TION  
IS ABOUT THE EASTER BUNNY.  
ROSS

in green marker

i laughed finished flushed went  
back to the kitchen to get a beer  
ross was throwing an empty can  
into my aluminum recycling bin

goddam, don't you  
recycle glass  
too? he  
asked.

i do now.  
it wasn't any  
aliendamn crybaby  
democrat who convinced me

## WINNERS & STILL CHAMPIONS

c ra mcguirt  
cramcguirt@aol.com

considering they were contemporaries,  
although a continent apart,  
it seems to me that the actual job  
of the mad monk grigori rasputin  
was to go about being  
the wickedest man  
in the world

when aleister crowley was sleeping,  
or just didn't feel up to being  
the wickedest man in the world  
that day.

it's too bad they never met:

they'd have made a hell  
of a tag team--

the Wizard from The East  
& the Beast From the West

-vs-

all of the gods of the dead.

YOU CAN'T  
c ra mcguirt  
cramcguirt@aol.com

i let my daddy read my book.  
he said it liked it pretty good-  
made him laugh & sad & think.  
he didn't care about the zen,  
but i had been expecting that.  
my father is a simple man,  
& he can't help not being hip.  
we had another couple drinks  
(the old man was still drinking then)  
& somehow came around to talk  
about the girl in chapter ten.  
"gator, how could i have been  
so stupid? she was so damn cute,  
& talented, & loved me, too,  
but i was into what's-her-name  
who didn't want me. do you think  
i could find this girl again?  
i wonder where she is right now..."  
my father took a thoughtful sip  
of his McKenna, & he said:  
"well, son, if you ask me, i'd bet  
she's probably fucking thomas wolfe."

Writer vs. Ed. Share a Cab

by Ben Ohmart  
Findline@aol.com

These changes look good. They look all right. Oh,  
could you do just one other thing?

What?

Stop using postcards. I know they're 20 cents,  
whereas when you put in the SASE it's 32 cents, but  
we have policy. You understand?

I don't understand.

Okay let me wash windows for you. You've  
got to understand I mean you're good. You're  
our boy, we love you. But you're not Quite up to  
having everything you write being publishing. I'm  
not paying you. I think when someone pays you then  
you're fine. I would accept them with postcards.

Postcard SASE.

Well they're not really SASEs, are they? You  
put a little card in there how I can write what I feel?  
You can't write notes along side the line. You can't get  
the feeling. There's you give me no alternative, and  
I'm shuffling papers, finding Your paper, finding the  
postcard. It's why we have policies. It goes the same  
for the first timer or if you're getting in the New  
Yorker if you're

If it's in the New Yorker, you'd recognize the name, you'd  
publish him. You'd send an entire letter. In your Own  
envelope. The envelope that's like stationary. Printed on

All right. All right. Look I'm not going to argue with you.  
It's twelve cents. We'll take a look Once a month. What's  
that going to cost you?

I'll write it down.

Good. Good. I love these changes. I think they're super.  
Super!

Great.

Can you write short stories?

I'm a poet.

I know but can you write short stories?

I've never tried.

You've never Tried? Long as you've been doing this? I  
think you should try.

Look

Just try. Okay? Your kind of style we could  
Really use this for some spreads. Got to tell you you  
try it I mean we could be talking a feature spot. Maybe  
you could carry the thing. On the cover? You're the feature.

Let me tell you something. I  
like being a poet because I don't have to come up with all  
these words. Right. All I have to do write up  
a few short paragraphs exciting graphic adjectives.  
Pop the newspaper proper nouns. I'm looking in the dictionary it's  
coming. It's here. It all goes on the paper like it's one thought.  
Wham. That's all it is. It combusts. I'll look that up. But it  
combusts. And I don't have to write over a hundred words.  
I get a reputation.

Where did you say you were going?

Now don't be like that.

Tell you what here's 25 I just remembered have  
to get some flowers

No, come back.

See you around, okay? Here.

Hey.

I love you. You know that, don't you?

Come here..! Hey!

Union

By Peter Scott

Reflect for a moment  
Lounge pensively  
Contemplating the significance  
brought  
By a sensational word  
RELATIONSHIP  
Taken with nonchalance  
And others reverence  
What consecrates the boundary  
Of definitions?  
Born of belief  
Each one of us  
Individually yet united  
Must clarify the term  
The root of many subjects  
We fail only when abandoning to  
abstracts  
Firm walls can not be built  
On the shifting sands

Reverie held passionately  
The concept is sacred  
While a constant force  
Directing every endeavor setting  
me to task  
Not a trifle commitment  
Fate hath afforded ample opportunity  
Most of which I have taken  
Finding myself a frequent  
The importance no less overwhelming

A relationship signifies  
Everlasting love  
And a current tide-wave of emotions  
Where none lay closer to heart  
My commitment arousing  
Herculean strength  
Always at your defense  
I will stand at your side  
Not merely deriving from gallantry  
A relationship can be  
Nothing less than sharing in your soul  
Shepparding a part of you to them  
Eventually synthesizing into one essence  
Given time  
Relationships are a prelude to eternity  
Whence a deeper understanding  
is born

## **TOMORROW HE MAY BE** **I.B. Rad**

**After Stalin's cultural hack, Zhdanov,  
had treated that major Soviet poet,  
Akhmatova,  
to yet another round of denunciation,\*  
at a select soiree, Akhmatova turned to a  
tested friend  
and through tears brought by too much  
laughter, whispered,  
"Today, Zhdanov is my oppressor,  
tomorrow... tomorrow he may be  
a footnote to my poetry."**

**1. In September 1946 both Akhmatova  
and Zoshchenko were expelled from the  
Union of Writers. In October 1988, under  
"glasnost", the expulsion was  
rescinded.**

Unity

By Peter Scott

He winces at my pain  
Tears when I cry  
Answers my thoughts  
Understands the fears  
Consoling them all away  
He doesn't obey the words  
Empathy is his guide  
Sometimes it scares me  
Sends shudders racing through the spine  
His caress is just right  
Compromising pseudo-principles  
Falsehoods I dare not touch  
At the same time his essence  
Enriches my personality  
Gives me confidence  
And love  
Two emotions  
I'd lived too long without.

Virgin

By Peter Scott

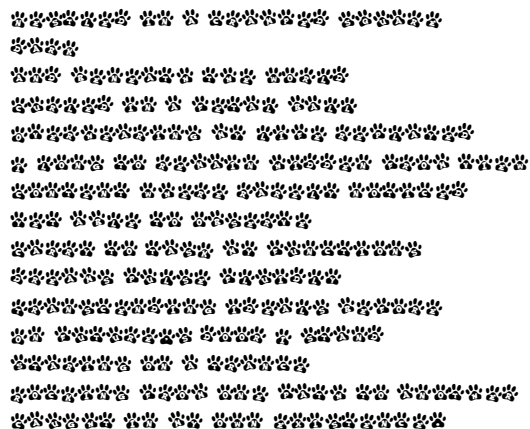
Passionate thinker  
 For what do you think now  
 Bathed in fire  
 Cleansed with pain  
 Outside your insides  
 Then...inside your outsides  
 Old body passed  
 A new form from power  
 Weaker, yet  
 Bothersome but how true  
 Spiritual enlightenment  
 Knew how you did  
 It was coming  
 Last night on the bed  
 Alone but together  
 You found yourself  
 Blasphemy!  
 Lie to yourself all  
 You want  
 Passion overtook logic  
 It came to you  
 Opening yourself  
 It came  
 To you  
 Denial past what  
 Is to be done now?  
 Yesterday you gained it all  
 The cost being happiness  
 So many can't be wrong  
 "Try it" they called  
 You did  
 You lost  
 Push the feeling to the back  
 pass forward  
 Live vicariously  
 Not through being!!!  
 Everything is right  
 A day ago you gained  
 That most special of gifts  
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha!  
 Not evil  
 Not good  
 You will feel it again  
 Inside yourself  
 Split being  
 Do not fear  
 Pain follows not  
 Unless you so desire  
 We will speak again...

Verbosity's Asterisk

By Peter Scott

Y ou are beautiful  
I love you”  
H e spills like silent tears  
W ords resounding  
V ibrating in disconcerting emptiness  
P ausing for due effect  
Y et the deer will not answer  
N or move a muscle in reply  
A statue of warmth  
S tagnantly balanced  
P recarious from its odd position  
H is soul speaks for him  
I n this moribund clearing  
T rees hemming him to his thoughts so deep  
Grappling to verbalize this conception  
T emporary as it may be  
I n a mist of silence absolute

A nd then the foliage resumes  
P urring and chirping  
D elicious tales of travels in the thicket  
T horn wrought in reflection  
W ithout a care  
R eminding him of peaceful senility  
W hile his words vaporize in moments of the past.



jou naam schrijvend

Ik zat daar  
in de schaduw  
ik nam  
een stokje  
Ik schreef  
jou naam  
in de grond  
predikte  
de eerste zin  
van zijn verlangen  
dan ben ik  
gedoemd  
naar de hel  
en het kan me niet schelen  
de priester zegt  
voor alle zekerheid  
voor andere  
veeg ik zijn naam uit  
vanavond  
kom ik  
terug  
morgen  
schrijf ik het  
opnieuw

(writing your name)  
translated by Jean Hellemans

waarom ik nooit zal trouwen

op het werk zochten we  
naar een nieuwe bediende  
we hebben er een paar  
bekeken  
we hebben er enkele geïnter-  
viewd

en sommige waren goed  
sommige zelfs heel goed  
en we namen onze tijd om te  
beslissen  
om dan onze eerste keuze te  
bellen

ze zegde meer geld  
te willen dan wij voorstelde  
we lieten haar gaan  
daarom belde we onze tweede  
keuze

die zei niet te kunnen werken  
in zo'n kleine ruimte  
waardoor iemand van het  
werk zei  
dat we er meer moesten inter-  
viewen

en dan beseftte ik  
dat we op die manier  
nooit iemand zouden vinden  
en niemand ons zou willen

(why i'll never get married)  
translated by Jean Hellemans



p r o s e



# The Electronic Windmill

exerpts from the novel

By Pete McKinley

The dock, the bay, and the city sank and swayed away below. The chopper banked towards the Gate and Cole saw that the tops of the bridge towers extended up into the fog. The pilot was talking to someone on the ground and when he replaced the mike he swiveled to Cole and pointed up.

"We'll go through this, it's not very thick. Farther out there's even less ceiling but it's more broken."

Cole looked ahead trying to spot the Crescent Moon but could see nothing on the water but some small fishing boats heading out. Suddenly a swirling light gray surrounded them and a few seconds later they popped on top of a thin layer of fog into a blue morning sky. The sun was in back of them, low on the eastern horizon. Going west the chopper flew directly between two dark areas barely discernible in the white blanket below that marked the location of the bridge towers. Peering through the plastic bubble Cole saw the tops of the coast protruding north and south above the fog. The pilot, searching in a tray

beside his seat, came up with a pair of dark glasses similar to ones he was wearing and handed them to Cole. The glare from the morning sun on the white mass below was reduced. The chopper hunted slightly from side to side while maintaining an approximate altitude of a thousand feet above the fog as the whirled westward.

"How did you know I was the guy you were supposed to pick up?" Cole raised his voice slightly, addressing the pilot's right ear.

"I was told you'd be coming down the Embarcadero in a diesel tractor, but I didn't believe it until I saw you park and get out. What's this all about?" the pilot asked. "Why is part of the department chasing you and I'm ordered to give you a ride and follow a ship we can't see?"

"It's a long story," Cole said. "Don't you know anything of what's going on?"

"I guessed that a ship is being hijacked and that I'm supposed to get you in direct radio contact if I can. I've got their frequency and I've heard them talking to the Coast Guard. What did they steal, a battleship? I understand the big chief asked the Coast Guard to back off."

"It's not a battleship but it's presumed they do have some powerful authority aboard. I know some of the people and volunteered to talk to them. Do you think you can get me in contact?"

"I'll try. We should be at the point where the harbor pilot will be dropped off."

The pilot put the chopper in a



long slow circle, switched on the radio, adjusted the frequency, picked up the transceiver and placed one end of it to his ear. Pressing the button in the center he said something into the mouthpiece. Cole couldn't hear what was said but assumed the pilot was trying to raise the ship. The pilot called for several minutes and finally he was listening to someone and then he said something else handed the transceiver to Cole. "Do you know how to operate this?" he asked. "Hold the button down while you're talking and release it when you want to receive."

Cole nodded; this type of equipment was in his own plane except he generally used a speaker to receive. In this case he decided it would be better if the receiving were private. He pressed the button. "SS Crescent Moon, this is Cole Rain in a chopper approximately a thousand feet above your present position. Do you read me? Over." There was a long wait and Cole was ready to repeat when:

"We read you, Rain. Why are you following us and what do you want?"

"I'm a friend of Mike Crowder's. I'd like to speak with him. Is he available? Over."

"I'd have to check that." The voice sounded negative.

"I'd appreciate your checking with Mike. Please ask him to talk with me. I'd also appreciate your maintaining radio contact while you check. Standing by."

Cole glanced at the pilot and nodded his head. "It looks O.K.," he said. "Waiting for my friend." The pilot merely blinked his eyes and continued to circle.

Mike must have been in the radio cabin all the time because they made less than one circle when Cole heard this voice.

"This is Crowder calling Rain in the police chopper. Do you read me?"

"Loud and clear, Mike. How do you know I'm in a police chopper?"

"What else would be following us? Unless you've enlisted in the Air Force."

"You were right the first time, Mike."

"I thought so. I'm waiting to hear why."

"They want to question you about smuggling." Cole hit him with the lesser charge.

"Me? Why would they want to question me? Smuggling what?"

"Probably heroin, Mike, but maybe cocaine or some other hard drug."

"You're hallucinating, Cole. I've known for a long time that the ship was suspected of smuggling but no trace was ever found." Then in true surprise he said, "I didn't suspect you of being part of the fuzz."

"Mike, I'm not. But to explain it would take a long time. I'll admit I was looking for evidence. How I found it was pretty accidental." Cole noticed that they had stopped circling and were heading west. He couldn't judge their speed but was aware that the SS Crescent Moon was one of the fastest cargo vessels in the Pacific.

"It's been nice talking to you, Cole, but I've got other things to do and we're outside the territorial waters of the United States, or soon will be, so I'm going to close down this conversation."

"Hold it, Mike. Let me tell you what we know for sure. We know that you refused to talk with the Coast Guard and then refused to stop. What you must know is that they're keeping you within radar range."

"They have no reason to stop us," Mike broke in.

"Wait, Mike I'll hurry it up. The dope was flown in from the ship."

"You're crazy."

"No, wait. You were evidently desperate for money for some other project." Cole decided to hint at the major charge. "And that's why you did it. While the ship was tied up at the dock you sent those little plastic ducks winging over China Basin Street, in the dark, through the fog and rain; which was the best cover you could get, and landed them in that fenced-in storage area

directly opposite."

"You're crazy," Mike said again, but it was weaker this time.

"You had those plastic ducks all over the ship as ornaments and some even made up as decoys. The Mexican manufacturers didn't know what you were doing with them. They thought they were producing a toy and I saw the toy in Golden Gate Park, and watched it fly straight as an arrow, even when a little kid threw it on the end of a spring stick." He had to hurry to get it all said. "You scooped the insides out of the ducks and filled them with half a pound of dope, resealed the seam, which is a



simple process, and launched them through your forward stateroom window. The same as you sailed out clay pigeons with that funny mechanism you had on board that you were always fiddling with and repairing in your cabin." Cole paused, "Are you listening, Mike?"

"Listening and laughing, but go ahead."

"You had the perfect setup to use all that paraphernalia - the plastic ducks, the clay pigeon launcher, the hunters as camouflage. It was amateurish but it

was so damn innocent looking. It took a series of coincidences to put it all together."

"But you did it," Mike came in.

"You got overconfident. You even got Jollo overconfident. The police right now are picking up Jollo along with his panel truck and the million dollars or so worth of stuff you flew in last night in all the little ducks. Why don't you make a one-eighty, Mike, and come on back - you have no chance of getting away with this."

"Sorry, Cole, I wouldn't admit anything to you. But to demure to your wild imaginings - suppose they were true - we're beyond the jurisdiction of the United States and we have no intention of turning back. So goodbye, Cole. Over and out."

Cole pressed the button and shouted, "Hold it, Mike. That's only half the story - the minor half. You and your friends carried stolen property on board last night - a gun that fires rocket-propelled bullets with a nuclear warhead. You'd better talk about this, Mike. Over."

He looked down and could see through the thinnirfog to the dark sea below, but nothing moved on the surface. He worried that he'd been cut off and that Mike might not have heard the last charge. It didn't occur to him any more that he could be wrong about the stolen nuclear gun. He was sure now that it was on the Crescent Moon, but even if it was, what could be accomplished by talking with Mike? He glanced at the pilot and was about to ask him to try raising the ship again when out of the corner of his eye he caught a ghostly white shape moving under the broken mist a thousand yards to the south. He pointed to his left and down and the pilot immediately picked her up and nodding, banked the whirlybird in the direction of the ship. It was only a matter of minutes to get on her tail. Cole glanced at their airspeed and was sure, even with a headwind, that the ship was beyond her cruising speed making knots

at full throttle. She was a pattern of white against the blue sea with lacy white lines angling from her bow and white bubbles churning up from her stern.

Cole had just decided to ask the pilot to drop down on a level with the ship's deck to try to get their attention when Mike's voice came back. It was hollow and wary now.

"You're babbling, Cole. You're not making any sense to us. What are you trying to say?" But he didn't sound as though he really wanted to know.

Cole was thinking hard before answering and seemed absorbed in staring at the gray smoke streaming

secret equipment that gives your country a breakthrough in tactical nuclear defense. The contraband is on board the SS Crescent Moon and you're taking it out of the country for your own personal gain." Cole said this with slow cold conviction, and then his voice became harsh with urgency. "The international waters you're in won't protect you from this criminal act. You have only a few minutes of initiative left. Use it wisely, Mike. Over."

Cole held the receiver to his ear but all he could hear was a faint hum as he waited for Mike to answer. A minute went by and the ship sailed almost exactly due west. The chopper maintained a position of a hundred yards off her stern with an altimeter reading of four hundred feet. Again Cole had almost decided to break the silence when there was a flow of static and he heard a new voice.

"We still do not understand what you are trying to say."

Cole was sure it was Cecil Glass speaking. "You know exactly what I'm saying, Mr. Glass. You've committed criminal acts against your country and your people. Had they been perpetrated against almost any other people in the world, your chance to talk would have been long gone."

"Now you're trying to frighten us, Mr. Rain. If what you're saying were true, we could wipe you out of the sky in an instant."

"Yes, I've thought of that, and it's not that comfortable sitting up here talking to you knowing what you've done." Then a thought popped, "But I'm still willing to

drop aboard to talk anytime you people come to you senses."

"And if we refuse to discuss it and go our merry way, are you telling me that the great government of the United States and all its little people would try to destroy this ship - just for something that you suspect?" The voice dripped venom and sarcasm. "And even to be so ridiculous as to suppose you were right about your fantastic nuclear weapon, you can't be accusing everybody aboard



from the ship's stack and listening to the rotor blades swishing overhead. He was conscious of the calm sea, the thin fog imparting the look of a ship gliding as in the dream, and he knew he'd been through it all before. Doubts nudged him; maybe it wasn't true. His stomach ached and his mouth was dry. Gripping the transceiver tightly, he closed his eyes and pressed the button.

"You and your friends have stolen United States property. It consists of top-

this ship. Some of us are certainly innocent of your stupid accusations. By the way, we still have the harbor pilot on board."

"You're the one who's scaring the hell out of me, Mr. Glass." Cole made a quick decision. "If my opinion is of any comfort to you I'd lay odds that the commander-in-chief of the United States armed forces wouldn't order that you be blown out of the water - even though the Air Force could do it with impunity. As you suggest, there might be innocents aboard."

"You sound like a true red-blooded American patriot, Mr. Rain. Mike Crowder's got the wrong impression of you. He believes you think for yourself."

"I'm just beginning to realize how much of a patriot I am, and the distorted thinking of your group doesn't appeal to me worth a damn."

"As you realize, Mr. Rain, it seems we have the upper hand - so we'll continue on our way."

Cole was thinking desperately of a way to resolve the impasse. They were many miles from shore and getting further away by the minute. The pilot was maintaining the chopper's position in relation to the ship and seemed to be unconcerned as to what was going on. Cole's racing mind wondered what the pilot's reaction would be if he could listen in on the conversation and then again he spoke to the ship. "You have the upper hand at the moment, but with our sure knowledge of what you've done, you won't escape forever."

"We may have stronger protection in the future," Glass countered.

"You mean you plan to turn the weapon over to an opposition government? If you do, don't change your mind and try to retrieve it later. In this same situation with any opposition government you and any innocent comrade party members would last only as long as it took to get a missile on you."

"If we give anything to an opposition government, as you call it, we won't want it back."

"That would be very wise of you. In fact, that's the wisest thing you've said so far." There was no answer and Cole

waited, but he couldn't wait too long aboard on your terms, I'll wash out of it."

"Let me come aboard," he urged. "Your plans are all shot to hell anyway. What can you lose? Maybe we can work out a compromise."

"You mean throw ourselves on the mercy of the United States government?"

"Think about it. You'd do a lot better here than where you're going - now that the word is out." There was another long pause and Cole was just about to break in again when Glass came back and asked warily, "How would you propose to get aboard?"

"From the chopper. I think there's a rig that can lower me down to the deck."

The pilot had turned his head and was looking questioningly and Cole realized that he had been overheard; at least some of his conversation had filtered to the pilot.

"Do you have a winch and a cable that could drop me down on the deck?" Cole pointed below.

"There's a winch but the cable rig is back in the barn. I didn't think I'd need it."

"I didn't either," Cole admitted wryly. "How long do you think it would take to get it? We must be thirty or forty miles from home."

"It would take all of an hour or more. We'd have to refuel and then catch up again."

Cole pressed the button. "I'm sure I can get permission from my end to come aboard and talk but we'll have to go back and pick up the equipment to lower me to the deck. If you'll stay on this frequency, I'll get clearance and report back to you in forty-five minutes. Give me an hour," he corrected.

"We would expect you to come alone, Cole." It was Mike's voice again. "Just you and the pilot in a single chopper. We don't want anything else in the sky or on the sea. Do you understand?" This time his voice was hard and uncompromising and then, as an afterthought, "What assurances can you give us that this would be done just as I've described it?"

"My word, Mike. That's all I've got. If the authorities won't agree to my com-

"Can I trust you?" Mike asked.

Cole's laugh released some of his tension. "The only answer I've got is, yes. The decision is now yours."

The chopper whirled on lazily. The white ship below slipped cleanly through the blue water still trailing an angry white wake. The last traces of fog were almost gone and on the vast spread of ocean way off to the horizon there was no other visible object. Where the sky took over it all merged into a huge dome of lighter blue. Nothing moved in it. Far to the north he could see small fluffy white clouds. Suddenly, the receiver crackled again.

"O.K., Cole. We'll take your word, and we'll leave this frequency open for one hour."

"Will you maintain this course?" Cole asked.

"I'm not promising that," Mike said. "I'm sure you can find us if you're sincere."

"Roger. I'll get back to you in less than an hour if I can. Over and out for now."

Cole dropped the transceiver in his lap and switched on the overhead speaker in case the ship wanted to call back. The pilot again looked at him questioningly.

"Let's head for the barn," Cole said.

The pilot moved the controls and the chopper went into a tight turn. Cole touched the sun's rays creep into the plastic bubble and when they were slanting into his eyes, just slightly south of their course, the pilot established a level straight-on heading, tilting the rotor blades forward. Their speed picked up as they made for San Francisco. Both, settling back for the run home, had for the first time, a chance to appraise each other.

"My name is Cole Rain. Sorry I didn't think to mention it before."

"I've been wondering who you were. I'm Kevin McDowell," the pilot said with a slight burr extending his hand. Cole took it and they grinned at each other.

"Are we going to pick up the cable

rig and then come back and put aboard?" Kevin McDowell asked.

"I think so, but I have to check first."

"Do you want me to radio in to your people?"

"I'd like to keep this frequency open to the ship. We might as well wait until we get to the hangar and I can call while you're refueling and putting the equipment aboard."

"Right," Devin McDowell said, squinting ahead through his dark glasses trying to shut out the slanting rays of the sun.

Cole listened to the faint cracklings of the overhead speaker, turned it up a little and then settled back to think. Would Bocana want him to go aboard, he wondered? If he got the okay, what the hell could he say to Crowder and Glass and the others that would induce them to turn back? There had to be others. At least the other couple that had arrived with them in the black limousine had to be part of the group. Were the captain and crew in on it too? Or were they completely unaware of the deadly cargo they carried? If they were not aware, were they being forced to comply with Mike's orders or were they accepting his authority as an executive of McWhorter Brown? The captain was in complete tactical command at sea but would he sail to Cuba or China if Mike so ordered?

Both Mike Crowder and Cecil Glass had been jarred loose from their teeth when he had mentioned the nuclear rifle. And in their present state of shock the sooner he got back to them the better. His chance of success, of at least retrieving the weapon and ammunition, would diminish with the passage of each hour, he thought. During all his pondering upon the action he was about to take, he hadn't considered his own personal peril, or, if he were unsuccessful, how he might be returned from the ship after he once got aboard.

Kevin McDowell tapped him on the arm, pointing ahead to the coastline. The fog was mostly dissipated over the distant land but there was still a thin broken layer below them that extended only to the water's edge. The Golden Gate

Bridge was visible in the distance to the left and the shadowed green Coast Range covered the horizon as far north and south as could be seen. Kevin McDowell established a heading that would take them directly over the center of the city.

"Holy Mother of Jesus!" Kevin McDowell choked out in an awed voice as he crossed himself and turned to Cole Rain.

Cole was staring straight ahead in horrified bewilderment. The sun that had been so brilliant before had taken on the look of a full moon and the surrounding sky seemed dark from a scintillating brightness of light emanating from someplace behind them. Kevin McDowell, reacting to the terror in front of him, turned the chopper sharply back on its course. To the west a hundred fiery suns were boiling up from the shattered sea and as their position in the sky became completely reversed, that first incredibly intense light flashed again. They both snapped their eyes closed and threw their arms up to cover them but the burning searing brightness was everywhere.

"Go back!" Cole screamed. "For God's sake, turn her back!"

But this time Kevin McDowell reacted instinctively and the whirling ship was already in a violent turn. The terrifying yellow, red and purple inferno was finally in back of them again but the scene to the east was just as grotesquely repellent in the macabre light. The white wispy fog, the orange bridge, the blue sea, the white and red-roofed city, and the dark green hills, were all something different. The colors had been twisted tortuously until their earthly shapes were diabolical and the churning light moving into them created obscene forms. The once familiar landscape ceased to exist as it was bombarded by radiations from the west.

"What the hell's happening?" Kevin McDowell shouted.

Cole shook his head in disbelief. "They exploded," he shouted back. "We ought to get the hell out of here."

Before he finished his shout the first hot blast hit them and they were driven

deep into their seats as the chopper pushed forward and up. The booming, moaning sound engulfing them was almost unbearable and they watched the altimeter in dismay as it spun past two thousand, three thousand and through five thousand feet. Cole straining forward checked vibrating rotors that looked like the whirling skeletal ribs of a giant umbrella turned inside out, the fabric blown away in a super typhoon.

While he watched, the end of a blade broke off, twisting down in front of them. The shaking became even more intense and the hurtling speed increased as the chopper suddenly reached the top of its upward surge and began to plunge toward the sea.

Concentrating directly ahead Kevin McDowell said calmly, "I'll try to make the beach. We can set her down there."

"Not the beach," Cole screamed in his ear. "Go beyond to the highest ground try to make the park get her down on the highest point you can find."

Kevin McDowell frowned before a stricken look of horrible understanding seeped over his face. The mass of water was already on its way. Unsuspecting people on the beach or close to it would be swallowed up by the sea. He continued working to halt the chopper's downward plunge and to guide it to some uninhabited high ground. Within seconds they passed the water's edge and crossed a sandy beach. Only a few people were visible and most of them were hurrying inland. Seeing a little boy running toward the beach Cole screamed futilely for him to go back, and at that moment the chopper was jarred by an impact with something reaching above the trees. Whatever it was hit on the pilot's side breaking the chopper's wild plunge and then they were crashing and ripping into the stunted wind-blown trees below. Cole was hurtled forward, his head smacking cruelly against the crash pad. Kevin McDowell was already dead, impaled on a piece of splintered wood that had thrust through the side of the chopper when it failed to clear an extended arm of the old windmill down by the beach.

## Chapter XVIII

The seat belt, still buckled, was loose in the lap where a hand was lying at an awkward angle. Closing his eyes tightly for a moment, then opening them quickly again, Cole stared at the hand. Something hurt and when he tried to touch the hurt, the hand rose from the lap and he felt stickiness and something that was full of pain. He brought his hand in front of his eyes and recognizing it, saw that the tips of the fingers were covered with brownish blood. Deciding it all belonged, he dropped the hand and tried his feet and they worked. Bending and raising his knees he looked for the other arm and as he moved forward it was released and fell down by his side. He swung it from the shoulder and plopped it in the lap too and then picking it up with the good

hand, felt of it. It wasn't broken, just and the boy in their tent-like apparatus. Having examined himself and he were now walking cautiously toward him and getting close the boy looked inside the crashed helicopter at the dead pilot.

Outside there was a man and boy "Is your friend hurt bad?" he asked in a scared voice.

They peered in silent, unmoving intentness. He peered back but when they made no advance he turned his head left and refocused his eyes on the pilot and looked for a long moment before deciding not to touch Kevin McDowell. Massaging the left arm had given it life again and he pulled the release on the safety belt that was too loose. The door was still tightly closed and when he pressed the latch it sprung open normally. The man and the boy watched as he crawled from the intact bubble. The chopper was resting on broken branches that had been ripped away by the lost under-carriage. Below the torn branches and springy needles was solid ground. He stood up straight, swaying slightly, and raised his eyes to a yellow sky. The

Cole heard a siren that sounded close and was aware of several sirens in the distance. "How long has it been?" he asked.

"A little over an hour," the man said. "The boy and I were still asleep. My son and daughter-in-law left early for the valley. We saw you crash when we ran out of the house."

"I thought there'd be a tidal wave," Cole said absently.

"There was." The man pointed where the water had come, to within fifty feet of the wrecked helicopter. "We live only

a block from the park but it's higher yet."

"What happened on the beach?"

"I don't know. Everyone has been told they should stay inside so we haven't gone down there but we heard on the radio that lots of people were drowned."

The boy was holding a portable radio close to his ear. He turned it off as the sound of a siren growled closer and suddenly stopped. A red light flashed through the trees and Cole started in that direction. The man and the boy followed and as they brushed through the low trees they could see a policeman working his way in. Cole assumed he was a policeman, although he was covered in a long gray cape with a hood.

"Is the department chopper down in there, that we had a report on?" he called.

"Yes," Cole said. "These people here reported it."

The policeman nodded to the man and boy as he got them and then turned to Cole. "You don't look so good. Can you make it to the car?"

"I'm all right," Cole said, "but the pilot's dead."

"Aren't you the pilot?"

"No, I was a passenger," Cole said.

He stepped on a loose rock and almost fell. The policeman grabbed and wrapped Cole's arm around his neck and they continued toward the flashing light. When they got down to the road the squad car radio was squawking and a second policeman was reporting in.

"The pilot's still in the chopper," Cole said to the second policeman calling in.

"Can you ask them to send an ambulance right away?"

"Who's he?" the second policeman wanted to know.

"He was a passenger. Tell them we're bringing him in to the clinic, but the pilot's dead," the first policeman said.

The second policeman continued to report while the first one helped Cole into the back of the squad car and then went around and got into the driver's



seat. The engine was still turning over and Cole, looking out at the man and boy raised his hand. "Thanks very much."

They started to move and then they stopped and the second policeman kept talking to the precinct. When he had finished and had asked for an ambulance the driver stuck his head out the window and said to the man and boy, "You'd better wait here even though you ought to go home." He pointed towards the downed chopper. "They're coming for him. Appreciate your staying on the road so they can see you....and thanks."

"We'll wait," the man said. "No thanks necessary."

The second policeman pulled the cape over his head and got out.

"You'd better go back to your home," he said to them. "I'll take over here. He's one of our men and we thank you very much."

The man and the boy looked at the driver, who didn't say anything, and then they started walking along the road away from the squad car.

The driver turned to Cole in the back seat. "Are you O.K.?"

Cole, wrapped in the cape they had given him, merely nodded and the car started moving again along the Crossover drive. They left the park and went on the back door. Cole got out as they were Geary Boulevard turning right for downtown. A car crossed in front of them at the intersection of Arguello. It was the first one Cole had seen and after fifteen empty blocks he hadn't seen any people either. A dog crossed the road with an aimless gait and the driver slowed and swerved to miss him. The reflection of the dirty sky imparted an amber cast to the deserted streets and engulfed the motionless trees and the blank buildings.

"Where is everyone?" Cole asked hitching forward.

"Watching television or listening to their radios. Civil Defense has asked everybody to stay under-cover and off the streets."

"Were many people killed?"

"Not in the city. Just along the outer shore. I understand the bay raised several feet and caused damage but I didn't get a report on people killed or hurt."

"I've got to make some phone calls," Cole said.

"You can make them when we get to the Emergency Clinic - although they've asked people to limit their calls."

"Is that the clinic connected with the city jail?"

"That's the one. Do you know it?"

"I know it. Why are you taking me there?"

"The hospitals are jammed and you need medical care."

"What I need is sleep. Otherwise, I'm O.K."

"They're asking everybody with any exposure to take a shower with some kind of medicated soap and then use a special ointment."

"All I want to do is make some phone calls and get some sleep," Cole reiterated,

but settled back and didn't say anything more. Five minutes later, without the usual traffic to fight, the driver pulled in beside the city jail next to the small emergency clinic. Cole tried to get out of the back but found there were no latches on the inside of the doors. Two caped and hooded policemen came from the side door of the stone building carrying a stretcher and one of them opened the back door. Cole got out as they were arranging the stretcher and followed.

The driver asked, "Did the ambulance pick up the dead pilot yet?"

"We haven't got a report on that," one of the stretcher bearers said.

When Cole entered the building he was surprised to see people lining the corridors, mostly old men, many of them sitting on the floor with their backs against the wall. There was barely enough space to walk between. He stopped and the driver of the squad car squeezed past saying, "Come on down this way." They turned left and went up a short flight of steps and then into a brightly lighted interior room. A young bearded man looked up from behind a desk and pulled his glasses down on his nose, pinching the bridge of his nose where the glasses had rested.

"This man has probably had more exposure than anyone else," the squad car driver said. "he was in a police chopper over the ocean and saw the whole thing." Then to Cole, "This is Doc Carsey. I'm sorry, I didn't get your name."

The young bearded man behind the desk didn't bother to rise, merely motioned them to go through the door at the back of the room and as they went by started giving instructions:

"You can use my room and private shower. Take your clothes off and put them in the basket by the door. There's some special soap there - show him, Carmody. Suds down a couple of times and rinse off, wash your hair good, too. Afterwards, get ointment all over him, Carmody. There's a clean gown in the closet. Put it on and you can use my bed."

"Thanks," Cole called from the other room. He felt weak and hungry but mostly he wanted sleep. Then he remembered. "I need to make a couple of phone calls."

"There's a phone by the bed, use it but don't take too long."

Cole saw the phone by the bed and started to sit down.

"Take your clothes off first," Carmody said hastily.

Cole stopped, and swaying slightly, started to remove the truck driver's clothes that he had put on so long ago. When he was naked he tossed the clothes into the basket by the door and sat gingerly on the edge of the bed. Picking up the receiver he dialed Pilar's number. It rang eight or nine times and then he shut it off for five seconds before releasing the button and dialing the office. There was no answer there either and before he could try Aunt Hester the young bearded doctor came in. He didn't say anything, just walked over and started looking at the bruise on Cole's head. Pushing the hair back he examined more closely and then poked around the edges. He took a small pencil-like instrument from a breast pocket and shoving Cole's head slightly, held open the upper lid of the right eye with his thumb. Probing it with light he peered through the end of the instru-

ment and then the same with the left eye.

"You have a concussion," he said tersely. "I don't know if there's a fracture. We'll x-ray later. The skin is broken around the bruise. Wash it carefully but good. I'll put a dressing on it after you've had your shower." He pushed the pencil-like instrument back in the breast pocket of his dirty white jacket, re-examined the bruise and left the room.

Cole reached for the phone again and dialed Aunt Hester's number. This time there was only one and a half rings and he heard Aunt Hester's, "Hello."

"Hello - How are you? This is Coleridge." He didn't know why he always referred to himself Coleridge when he talked to Aunt Hester.

"Coleridge, where are you? Everybody's been calling and leaving messages. Are you at that dreadful apartment now or are you at your office?"

"I'm downtown but not at the office. Are you all right? I just now had a chance to call."

"Yes, I'm fine. I saw the whole thing. Of course, I knew what was and took the precaution of watching through the stained glass window," she went on excitedly and then asked, "Where were you when they dropped the bomb?"

"Nobody dropped a bomb where did you get that idea?"

"It's all on television. No one's been accused yet but someone had to do it and those poor people along the coast. I've called the Red Cross and Salvation Army and offered this place for refugees. I'm sure we can handle fifteen or twenty - but I won't let them disturb your rooms. When will you be home?"

"Not for a while. You might as well use the whole house, and don't believe everything you see and hear on television."

"Do you know anything about this, Coleridge?"

"I know something. We'll talk about it later."

"I thought as much."

"Who called and left a message?"

"The first one was some crank...a Mr. Swensen. He said the police were at his place about some kind of tractor but that they were really looking for you. He said you almost caused two policemen to have a terrible smashup when you were driving this thing and then you parked it in the middle of the Embarcadero and just left it. He said you got away in a stolen police helicopter. I never heard of anything so ridiculous in my life and I



told him so."

"You did right. Who else called?"

"Mr. Shu-li and Mr. Carver. They've gone down to the beach to help the poor people there and said to tell you where they were."

"Did you get any other phone calls?"

"Oh yes, Pilar called from the airport - said she was leaving in ten minutes for Washington and to be sure and let you know."

"What is she going up there for? Did she say?"

"She wasn't going up to Washington, she was going back to Washington, D.C. and that you should call a Mr. ....wait a minute, I wrote it down....Bocana. She

said you'd know..."

"Oh for Christ's sake!"

"Coleridge, there's no need for that sort of language. I'll have to ring off dear, there's someone at the door. I've got a hundred things to do - come home as soon as you can." He thought, if it weren't for the tragedy, she would be positively happy with all the things she had to do.

When he set the receiver down he heard the shower running. Standing up he steadied himself for a minute and then shuffled slowly into the bathroom. Carmody was there and stood by while he soaped down twice including his hair, and he was very careful with his cut and bruised head. Over his objections, Carmody helped him towel down and then stopped him when he was all ready to fall flat on the bed and sleep for a week. Carmody insisted he put on the white stiff gown that tied up the back. With the knots fixed he dropped forward and embraced the bed and the last thing he remembered was a slight stinging in both thighs and Doc Carsey's voice coming through from a long way off.

"I'm giving you a massive dose of vitamins and minerals." After the second sting, "This injection is to combat the effects of radiation. It's worked well on experimental animals but this is the first real test on humans and -" Hearing Cole's deep steady breathing, Doctor Carsey stopped talking.

## Chapter XIX

Less than seven hours later Cole struggled from his coma of sleep to escape the brilliant inferno rising from out of the sea that threatened to swallow him. A harsh white light beat down on his upturned face. Groaning and covering his eyes he left the terrifying dream and finally pushed to a seat on the side of the bed. Squinting around through the glare he saw a short fat guy standing in the center of the room.

"Sorry if I startled you," the short fat guy said. "Doc thought it would be all

right if I brought you some food. Doc said after fatigue like yours you probably shouldn't sleep too long at one stretch anyway."

Cole felt of the bandage on his head and of the cool damp skin around "What time is it?" he croaked.

The short fat man placed a couple of sacks on the table and curving his left arm, pulled back the sleeve of an expensive sport jacket exposing a watch. "It's not quite eight," he said. "I brought some cheeseburgers and beer figuring you'd like them better than the choos you get in this Joint.

"What I need most is a drink of water and a john." Cole got off the bed and went to the bathroom, fairly steady this time. He filled a paper cup from the dispenser and drank and then did it over. Relieving himself with the doodle still open he washed and dried his hands and then walked back to the bed and sat on the edge again. "How about turning that light on in the corner," he said to the short fat man and when it was on he reached over and switched off the overhead light. "Who are you? You didn't come by just to feed me, did you?"

"My name is Tuperman. I'm with the Enquirer." He opened one of the sacks and placed four sandwiches wrapped in transparent plastic on the table. "Do you like cheeseburgers and beer? I brought a six pack."

"Great. I haven't had a cheeseburger and a cold beer since before the catapclysm."

"That's it. That's what I wanted to talk to you about," Tuperman said.

"About it?" Cole asked. "Were you out of town?"

"I was sound asleep. I woke up just about like you did a few minutes ago. When I dressed and got to the paper, it was something like wild. No one knew exactly what had happened or what might follow. But after the first hour,

everybody started to guess, especially the hams on television. You got to give them credit though. Some of them really expected to be turned into cinders at any minute but they wouldn't give up their place in front of the camera for hell or high water and we were having both."

"How did people take it?"

"After the tangle on the bridges, which was a nightmare, everybody wanted to go back from where he came.

Oh sure, the first shock caused a lot of people to run around crazy-eyed screaming 'What is it?' But then they settled down in front of their television sets and took it pretty calm. Except along the coast the city itself is in fairly good shape. The water in the bay was raised quite a bit but it wasn't hit like the beach with a solid wall of water."

"What was the damage along the coast?"

"Millions and millions of property damage but the latest, hysterical figure, is probably somewhere between fifteen hundred and two thousand killed or drowned."

"God, I was hoping it wouldn't be that bad."

"I looked at it from the a Tuperman continued, and my first estimate was at least ten thousand dead. You couldn't believe the things that happened to people and the way they worked to help each other. Are you ready for another cheeseburger and beer?"

"Might as well - no use wasting them."

"Have you seen the paper?" Tuperman asked and pulled some folded newsprint from his side pocket. "Eight sheets. We got this tout A C."

"What do you mean A C?"

"'After the Cataclysm'. You named it."

"You pick up words fast," Cole said as he glanced through the paper. The front page was a photograph of the cataclysm. There were no headlines just the paper's normal format and then the picture.

Tuperman anticipated the question. "A birdwatcher up on Twin Peaks with his expensive camera and telephoto lens. It was all of thirty minutes before we had it in the lab."

Cole leafed through the rest of the paper shuddering at the scenes of devas-

first-hand accounts that wouldn't be believed if you hadn't been there. On page five there was a photograph of a building that fronted on Market Street near Powell. He remembered having seen a banner over the door, printed in big letters, BAN THE BOMB. In the picture a smaller sign had been placed on the window:

Norm & Norma, Numerologists  
Have relocated. Planned return  
2/2/2222

On the last page he saw his picture and an account of the arrest of Jollo and three accomplices for illegal possession



of ten million dollars worth of heroin.

"Is this the item you wanted me to see?" he asked, pointing to his outdated photograph.

"Yes, that's one of them. I was responsible for getting that in the paper," Tuperman said.

"I'm a little surprised you managed with only eight sheets and all the other news you had to print."

"Believe it or not, we needed a fill in. Eight pages is a lot of news when you're hurrying to get on the street. There are

no ads or sports included." He looked at Cole speculatively. "But I'm interested in your reaction to the wild stories with their explanations of the cataclysm."

"I only read completely through the one about China testing its first nuclear warhead missile that went astray and damned near wiped out San Francisco," Cole said. "I thought the reporter's demand that the President order one of our missiles dropped near Shanghai was pretty equitable thinking."

"Yeah, well, there's another story speculating that the Russians actually pinpointed a missile as a warning of what we could expect if and when trouble starts. This writer demands that the President immediately have all nuclear systems, offensive and defensive, dismantled and put to peaceful use as a show of good faith."

"I don't think there's any question, that if the President did as suggested, it would show good faith," Cole said.

"But the one I like best," Tuperman said, "is the one about a munition ship having just left the harbor and once outside, ran into some sort of trouble and blew up." He paused, studying Cole. "And I think you know something about it."

Cole couldn't think of any real reason why he shouldn't tell Tuperman what he knew; but then again, he couldn't think of any real reason why he should. Ever since the short fat man had switched on the overhead light jarring him awake and offering to feed him something in his manner had grated on Cole. A couple of times he'd felt like belting him for no apparent reason at all, but now looking at him Cole could understand how people might hesitate to hit the short fat fellow.

"Give me the story and your picture will be on the front page of every paper in the country," Tuperman interrupted Cole's thoughts. "It'll be the biggest story since the fire and quake."

"The earthquake and fire," Cole corrected. And immediately decided he should not tell Tuperman what he knew. Trying to think now how he would eventually tell the story, it came to him that the truth wasn't nearly as plausible

as some of the bullshit in the paper. Tuperman wouldn't believe him anywhere you can say or write any damn thing you please. The public's protection from lies, innuendo, twisted opinion and slanted news is nil. So let's talk about your right of free speech and then tell me what the hell your duty is to tell the truth to the public."

"A lot of little things. The guy that brought the story in about Jollo's arrest and the heroin find said the stuff was smuggled off a ship." Then he suddenly asked, "It was the ship that blew up, wasn't it?" And he tried to level a wavering gaze on Cole.

"Look, Tuperman," Cole said becoming weary of the sparring. "Your name is Rafe, isn't it? I've seen your column."

"That's right - 'Life with Rafe'."

"O.K., Rafe. I'm not interested at the moment in talking about what I know. I've been mostly either unconscious or asleep since it happened and I want to think about it and get things straight in my mind. When I do that and if anybody is still interested, you'll be among the first to know," and he stressed the 'among'.

"Look, Rain, you don't understand. I picked up your story and traced you here. I want an exclusive and it's worth something to me and my paper. If you've got the story I think you've got, it could be worth several thousands of dollars to you."

"Money isn't everything," Cole said shortly. "Sleep and privacy is worth something. What do I owe you for the sandwiches and beer?"

"The public has a right to know the truth and, like you, I don't believe a one of these stories. But I need a first-hand account to give credence to my theory."

"You've got a hell of a head start," Cole said.

"You mean by finding you?"

"No, I mean by not believing anything you read in the newspapers."

"You reject the public's right to know the truth?" Tuperman asked sanctimoniously.

"Telling you what I know and getting the truth to the public isn't the same thing. Hell, you just said you'd use my account to bolster your own theory. And since when does the public have a right to know anything? The only rights I ever

"Man, you really get wound up, don't you? I thought I was doing you a favor. I could put you on the front page and throw some money your way. I made a mistake, Rain, in finding you. Do you know why?"

"Yeah, you spent your newspaper's money on sandwiches and beer and you're ashamed to ask for it back."

"No, Rain, that's not it. I've got to admit you're pretty funny - but you're also a phony. You don't know anything. That's why you can't tell me anything. You don't know anything," he repeated. "If you did you'd be the first one to grab the money and the headlines. I run into loudmouth guys like you every day," and he reached a pudgy hand for the door. "You're a phony," he said as he yanked through and closed the door quickly.

Cole looked around the empty room, the sack lying on its side with one sandwich left, the half empty six pack, the closed door; and then his gaze fell on the black telephone and he burst out laughing. He reached for the receiver and dialed Bocana's office. Bocana wasn't there but the operator asked, "Is this Mr. Rain?"

"Yes it is."

"Mr. Bocana left a message that if you called you could find him at home."

"Thanks," Cole said and dialed the Bocana residence.

"Mr. Bocana, please," when a woman

answered.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Bocana retired early.

Could I take a message?" Cole hesitated and then the voice came back, "Is this Mr. Rain by any chance?"

"Yes, it is," he said.

"Just a moment. He left instructions that if you called I should waken him."

In less than a minute Cole heard Bocana's hoarse voice.

"Hello, Cole, it's great to hear from

you. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Thad, but we're probably having problems all over northern California and you're sound asleep."

"Yeah, well, my problem-handling equipment is worn out. I decided you and Pilar Jones have been doing a pretty good job of it."

"That was my next question. Where is Pilar Jones? And why was she arrested?"

"Didn't you get my message? I left it



there with the doctor at the clinic."

"He probably forgot. I think his message-passing-on equipment is worn out, too. But what about Pilar?"

"We explained the situation to her sometime yesterday, or whenever it was, and asked her to go to Washington; she very graciously assented."

"Yes, but what was the reason for it?"

There was a long pause. "Well, Cole, you gave us the lead to the Jones girl. You told us she had been working with Glass preparing for the demonstration of the nuclear gun. We wanted her testimony. All information and evidence was being funneled to Washington. She

was just one of the witnesses we asked to testify - and the only one from this part of the country. We at first thought it was an international plot but have since

come to the conclusion that it was a local action and that all or most of the people involved were on the SS Crescent Moon.

This conclusion was arrived at mainly from the information Pilar Jones gave us and from the things that happened subsequently." Bocana caught his breath and then went on. "I'll admit we reacted pretty fast - she probably was on her way to Washington by the time you got aboard the police helicopter."

"Where is she now? When will she be back?"

"That's in the message, too. Her flight's due tomorrow morning at eight-fifty. We're picking her up at the airport and bringing her to my office. We'd like you to be there at nine-thirty. The doctor says he's satisfied with your condition and he's sure you can make it."

"What the hell is this, Thad? Why should I come to your office? And why are you taking Pilar there?"

"You're really a hard man to do business with, Cole. It was supposed to be more or less of a surprise. The FBI, the Federal Narcotics Bureau and the local police are very appreciative of the help you gave them and the President of the United States wants to present a preliminary citation to both of you for all you did on the matter."

"What the hell are you talking about? The President of the United States? Have you been smoking lettuce?"

"Something happened, Cole, that you're not aware of...something that nobody could know or could have foreseen. You both just happened to be in the right place at the right time and your courage and honesty have made you

heroes.... maybe accidental heroes but damn deserving ones nevertheless."

Then he concluded, "If you'll look at the record, Cole, you'll find that all heroes are more or less accidents of their time."

"I'm sorry I kidded you about going to bed, Thad, you really need the rest. Does your head feel all right?"

"My head's fine and it'll all be clear to you tomorrow. Go back to bed and get a good night's sleep so you can be at my office by nine-thirty in the morning."

Cole looked at the empty basket where the borrowed truck driver's clothes had been. "Wait a minute - I don't have a thing to wear. Am I supposed to travel through this polluted air with no protection?"

"I understand the polluted air and contamination has been mostly washed away by the storm that started at six o'clock."

"Is it raining out?"

"I forgot you're in that pile of stone and iron. We've had a real Pacific storm blowing in for the last four and a half hours. The weather man says it's the three-day variety."

"We'll be washed clean," Cole mused. "But what about the poor damn fish? What will we eat for the next six months?"

"Will I see you in the morning?" Bocana asked.

"Yeah, I'll be there, even though you can't imagine how depleted my wardrobe is. I'll manage somehow."

"Good," Bocana said and hung up.

Cole sat on the edge of the bed thinking and feeling the bandage on his head. Trying to concentrate on his physical

condition he couldn't come to any conclusion other than that he felt all right.

The conversation with Bocana didn't make any sense. He could understand somewhat about the several agencies wanting to thank him for his help on the dope arrests, but from then on the only thing heroic about his actions were that they had ended in a cataclysm of destruction and death. He'd be lucky if some insurance company didn't file a suit against him for the loss of the SS Crescent Moon, alleging that he was the catalyst that had caused the fumble that had in turn caused the eruption and disintegration of their insured property and

on, and on, and on. This led him to examine the reasons why it had all happened and he decided that most of the time he had been working to bring the smugglers to justice and it hadn't been any vacation. Myron Brown owed him for the two week boat trip plus the subsequent time he had spent solving the problem. Myron didn't have to worry about his ship's reputation any more; it's place in history was assured. After Cole settled all this and decided to go back to sleep, the door opened and the bearded Doc Carsey came in.

"I see you're awake. My assistant said you had a visitor."

"Yes, I did. He told me the food was lousy in this place and that he had come to feed me."

"The food isn't that bad. We didn't wake you for the evening meal because we thought you needed the rest more."

"That I did - and still do - I think."

"I can have a tray prepared for you. What would you like?"

"I'm not hungry, Doc. Everything's fine. But you're right about my needing more sleep."

"Before you turn in, could we get a few pictures of your head?"

"My head's fine. Do you think it's necessary?"

"I think we should. I don't believe there's a fracture and I doubt the concussion was so severe that natural rest won't dissipate it. But I'd feel better having the x-rays."

"O.K., let's do them. I wouldn't want you to worry."

Cole lay on the cold slab under the x-ray camera, turned on both sides, flat on his back and then stretched out on his stomach to have pictures shot of his head. When it was all finished he wended his way back through the bare corridors, not clogged with old men now. He wore only the white gown tied up the back with coarse tough strings. Doc Carsey was sitting at his desk and glanced up as Cole went by.

"Here's a message for you," handing Cole the note. It's from a Mr. Bocana."

"Did he just call?"

"No, I'm sorry. This came in about six o'clock. I forgot to give it to you."

"No problem. I've already talked with him."

"He asked if you'd be well enough to go to his office tomorrow morning nine-thirty. I told him I wanted to look at the pictures first but from what I could observe you'd be O.K."

"Did you happen to see my clothes around here anywhere?"

"I had them destroyed," Doc said. "I didn't know how badly they were contaminated and didn't want to take a chance on your wearing them again. I've got your wallet and keys and some other valuables here. Sorry about the clothes."

"That's all right. They weren't mine anyway," Cole said, deciding he'd find the owner and pay for them.

"Oh? I was sure they were the ones you wore in here."

"I was wearing them. What I mean is....well, anyway it doesn't really matter. Maybe in the morning I can borrow something to wear and then take a taxi home to get mine."

"My things wouldn't fit you but my assistant's got some fresh whites around someplace that should do."

Cole covered a yawn. "Thanks. I'll worry about it in the morning." He went into the little room and opened the piece of paper to read Bocana's message.

It conveyed nothing he didn't already know, even though he had the feeling he knew very little. He thought about what Bocana had said: 'Something happened that you're not aware of....something that nobody could know or could have foreseen.' To hell with it. Placing the message on the night stand he switched off the light and went to sleep without any more thinking.

## Chapter XX

Without an alarm clock, Cole awoke late the next morning. He forced himself to stand up beside the bed. A gray light was coming from the open door of the bathroom. Going to it he looked out a narrow window at the rain falling straight down into the drab courtyard. The windows opposite were barred and dirty but there was a little light coming from somewhere inside. The rain had to

look of permanence, as though it had been falling for days and would continue for days more. It was now ten minutes after nine but Cole had the complacent feeling that it was much earlier. Opening the medicine cabinet above the lavatory he found an empty razor and package of blades. A bright-colored tube was there and he covered one side of his dark beard with the foamy substance it contained, which turned out to be toothpaste. Before washing it off in disgust, since there was nothing else to use, he decided to insert a blade and try it. It worked as well or better than some shaving creams he had used. Toothpasting up the other side, he shaved it. The toothbrush was plastic covered and biting it open he looked for the 'Made in Japan' label but it turned out to be 'Made in Taiwan.' As he leaned over the bowl brushing his teeth he heard a noise, and turned to see Carmody standing in the narrow doorway holding a pair of white shoes and some clothing draped over his arm.

"You ought to be able to get into these things," Carmody said. "I'm supposed to drive you wherever you want to go whenever you're ready."

"Thanks. What time is it?"

Looking at his wrist watch Carmody reported, "I've got nine-twenty. Doc said your pictures turned out O.K."

"Dammit! I'm supposed to be across town in ten minutes. Well, I'm going to be late." He finished brushing his teeth and gargled a strong antiseptic and wondered if he'd picked up a chemical intended for the toilet instead of a mouthwash. Hurrying into the bedroom he pulled on loose white shorts, a white snug-fitting tee shirt, white socks, white pants, whiteshoes, and last, a stiffly starched white jacket. His wallet, keys and watch were lying on the night stand. He grabbed them as he went through the door, shoving things in his pockets and strapping on the watch.

Doc's office and the corridor beyond were deserted and as they came to the outside door Carmody lifted a raincoat from a peg. "You better put this on. I'm parked up the street a way."

Cole struggled into the too-small

slicker, watching Carmody sprint for the car. When he saw the door open he took out after him. The rain hadn't let up any and as he got in and slammed the door Carmody began jockeying out of the tight parking space.

"Where to?" Carmody wanted to know.

Cole gave the address of Swensen's Trucking Company. The repossession of his keys had decided him to pick up his own car since it was close and he was late anyway. When they arrived Swensen's yard was wet and empty, except for the car that was huddled in the rain where he'd left it. He wondered if the rain had washed off the fallout.

"That's my car there," he pointed and opened the door to get out.

"Are you supposed to drive?"

"As long as I carry a valid driver's license," Cole said. "Thanks, Carmody. I really appreciate everything you've done. I'll see you later." Then, as an after thought, "Maybe you'd better wait until I get started."

Unlocking the door he dropped behind the wheel and was relieved when the engine caught on the first turnover. As he drove out of the yard he waved to Carmody but didn't see anyone else. He wondered how to thank Spike properly after he paid for all the trouble he had caused and for the clothes that had been destroyed. The City had the look of a ghost town and he saw very few people before parking at the Federal Building in a spot marked 'Reserved, H. Storm'. He wondered inanely if the Storms were distant relatives of the Rains. There were people inside the building and they stared at him in the elevator. He had removed the too small raincoat and almost decided he should put it back on but then let it drip over his arm. The door to Bocana's office was closed and he opened it only far enough to edge through. The efficient young lady behind the desk, seeing the white apparition, jumped up.

"Yes? Were you looking for someone?" she asked.

"Mr. Bocana."

"I'm afraid Mr. Bocana can't see anyone just now." Then a closer look,

"You're not...?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am. I was supposed to be here at nine-thirty but I overslept."

"Oh, they're all here. I'm sorry I didn't recognize you Mr. Rain," she apologized as though she had been guilty of failing to recognize her favorite TV personality merely because he was in costume. She hurried across the room to open the door to the inner office and usher him through. Bocana was seated at his desk. A stranger sat on one side of it and Pilar on the other. He couldn't remember ever being so glad to see anyone. She rose hesitantly from her chair, looked searchingly at him and as he moved across the room met him halfway. They held each other and he kissed her and she kissed him and they both forgot that there was anyone else in the room or the world. When they parted he held tightly to her hand.

"I thought you two would be glad to see each other," Bocana said, as though he were some modern day matchmaker. "This is John Raditch, motioning at the stranger who was standing uncertainly beside his chair. "He accompanied Pilar from Washington."

"Hello, Mr. Raditch, thanks for bringing her back." As they shook hands, Cole dropped the raincoat on the floor and as he turned to pick it up the secretary, watching the scene unfold, said, "Oh, I'll take that, Mr. Rain," and pulled it from him, cuddling the wet thing as she backed into the outer office and closed the door carefully.

When the four were alone and arranged comfortably but not completely relaxed there was a moment of embarrassed silence as sometimes happens when no one can think of a starting point. Finally Bocana cleared his throat. "Ugh..um...well, Cole, I thought you told me you didn't have a thing to wear. That ensemble blends perfectly with your bandages." Doc had also wound a white dressing around the ripped hand.

"Maybe you shouldn't have left the hospital," Pilar worried.

"I'm O.K.," Cole insisted. "Go ahead, Thad, I'm anxious to know what this is all about."

"I mentioned to you over the phone,"

Bocana began rather more stiffly, "that the several agencies involved in the arrests and recovery of the heroin from the SS Crescent Moon are most anxious to express their appreciation to you." He paused, maybe for effect. "But the real purpose of this meeting goes beyond that, and even though I know something of it, I think it can better be explained to you by Mr. Raditch."

Cole appraised Mr. Raditch for the first time noting the conservative suit, the close-clipped gray hair, the bushy eyebrows, the rather severe mien. All this was softened somewhat by a hint of humor around the intelligent gray eyes. "Most of the things I'm asked to do," Mr. Raditch stated in tones too sonorous, "are pretty prosaic and I'm afraid sometimes, or even most of the time, fairly unimportant. But on this occasion I feel a high honor at having been chosen by my superiors in the State Department to convey to you, Pilar Jones, and to you, Coleridge Rain, the highest commendation from the President of the United States." Mr. Raditch fumbled in his inside coat pocket and brought forth an official looking sealed envelope and tried to get a fingernail under one corner. Bocana handed him a letter opener. Slitting it open carefully, while Cole fidgeted, Mr. Raditch finally extracted two other envelopes and several thin sheets of typed script. He placed the envelopes on a smoke stand beside him and riffled through the typed pages and Cole began to feel even more uncomfortable and also to itch in several spots, especially his scalp. Reaching up to scratch surreptitiously, he touched the bandage on his forehead and thought back to the sympathetic stares in the elevator.

Mr. Raditch cleared his throat: "Oh yes, this seems to be a copy of what's in the two envelopes. One for each of you and a set of written instructions for me - including what constitutes my authority to discuss this matter."

Bocana's chair screeched as he turned slightly. Cole and Pilar sat motionless and silent and looked expectantly at Mr. Raditch.

"Let me start by reading a copy of the letter the President has prepared for

Pilar Jones," and with no further preamble began to read: "To Pilar Priscilla Mateos Jones: It is with the sincerest pleasure and much gratification that I take cognizance of the great service you have rendered to your government, to the people of the United States, not excluding the rest of humanity, and to all living things upon our earth. The testimony you have given before the heads of our government and in confrontation with the leaders of a great foreign power was the key that allowed us time to garner subsequent evidence disproving that there was ever any act of direct aggression by the United States of America against that foreign power. The truth of your words alone might not have been enough to hold in check the more impetuous representatives of that foreign government but the strength of your convictions and the truthness of your heart could not be disbelieved.

I extend to you the highest commendation from the people of our country as its elected representative and from myself as a fellow man. Signed, the President of the United States."

Mr. Raditch shifted this copy to the bottom of the sheets he held in his hand and without taking notice of the puzzled expression on Cole's face continued: "I will read this copy of the President's letter contained in Mr. Rain's envelope: 'To Coleridge Teofolus Rain: The several billions of people in the world, and all the living things upon it, are in your lasting debt. The individual actions directed by your unique intelligence and bolstered by a physical courage uncommon to most of us, has given respite to all life, and we can hope, total succor for the foreseeable future. Your dialogue with the defectors fleeing their country with stolen contraband and cowering behind the shield of innocent humans, was monitored and relayed for our desperate need in Washington. Pilar Jones provided the delaying action and your replayed conversation with the conspirators on the ill-fated SS Crescent Moon gave incontrovertible proof that the terrible tragedy following could not have been other than accidental. We may never know its exact cause but the bal-

ance was weighted in our favor and the possible destruction of three-fourths of the world was averted.

It is my fervent hope that all men will soon understand the very ludicrous aspect of finality here imposed. The end of civilization rested in the heart and eyes of one woman and the intelligence and courage of one man. May no man or woman ever again be so burdened. It is my further hope that such devices which total destruction will now be removed from the arsenals of nations, assuring that a mere accident cannot threaten the obliteration of life on earth.

First, as the representative of the people of the United States and, secondly, as a fellow human being extend to you, Coleridge Rain, my sincerest gratitude and highest commendation.' Signed, the President of the United States."

Mr. Raditch looked up from his reading with a bright smile. Bocana appeared benign. Pilar's direct gaze was leveled at Cole in adoration and Cole was dumbfounded. Rising from his chair Mr. Raditch handed the envelopes containing the President's message to the two newest heroes. "I'm sure Mr. Rain has some questions to ask," he said. "And I have been given the authority to answer them. But I must caution you that the information I have about to divulge is highly classified and will not be released by our government for publication. Such public announcement can only be made after the foreign government referred to decides it is in their interests to do so. Actually, since my conversation with you is confidential, there is no need not to state flatly that the government referred to is the Soviet Union."

Mr. Raditch was enjoying his role but before he could continue Cole broke in: "As you say, Mr. Raditch, I'm pretty much lost. Am I right in understanding

that you're permitted to answer any question to help clarify this mystery?"

"By all means, Mr. Rain. That's why I'm here." Returning to his chair Mr. Raditch folded the papers he held and inserted them in the original envelope tucking it inside a concealed pocket.

"First, Mr. Rain, would you indulge me in one question? I think it's proper to ask this question prior to our discussion of what actually occurred while all that happened to you on that fateful day is still fresh in your mind and unencum-



bered with extraneous facts."

"I can't think of anything to add to the information you must already have," Cole said. "But go ahead."

"Let's just say you can satisfy our curiosity. What I would like to know," Mr. Raditch lit a cigarette before asking, "Can you recall how many nuclear eruptions there were that morning?"

Cole was startled by the question and repeated it slowly, "How many eruptions there were?" His thoughts turned inward and he seemed to be alone and out of focus. "I've thought about it some," he said at last. "But truthfully I've tried to forget everything that hap-

pened that morning. I was unconscious for a while and I've slept a lot since. But to answer your question: We were in sight of the coast. I could make out the bridge and the city in the distance, and the whole Coast Range was visible north and south. The first we were aware that anything was wrong was the shifting emphasis of light that suddenly was coming from behind us. The pilot shouted something and put the chopper in a sharp bank. When we were turned back toward the ship I knew what had happened but I'm sure the pilot still didn't understand, not knowing what I knew. The light had changed from ~~first~~ the flash; it wasn't so intense and color had entered into it. And then again, and it couldn't have been more than a few seconds, there was another incredible white flash and even though I was wearing dark glasses I recall throwing my arms up to protect my eyes but I still couldn't blot out that blinding flare." Cole paused for a moment before going on. "If I thought about it I must have assumed that the two boxes of nuclear cartridges exploded at different times. Maybe they had been separated to each end of the ship. But, as I say, I've tried not to think about it too much."

"That corroborates what we know," Mr. Raditch said, pleased with what he'd learned. "I doubt if the cases were separated but if they were it wouldn't have made that much variation in the time lag of the two explosions. The second brilliant flash was a Russian undersea nuclear ship lurking in the vicinity that was detonated by the first explosion."

"I was beginning to guess something like that must have happened," Cole said thoughtfully. "And the Russians decided we deliberately bombed their nuclear sub?"

"That's correct," Mr. Raditch said. "But it was almost two hours before the Russians reacted and precipitated the crisis. There was great activity at their Washington embassy and when the President got word of it, coupled with the news from the west coast, he immediately activated the satellite communications system to the Kremlin. His

denial of any knowledge of what had occurred, to understate it, was ~~than~~ well received. All agencies and departments were alerted to the danger developing and the FBI produced Pilar Jones, who because of the two-hour delay in the Russians' reactions, would soon be arriving from the east. Assumedly she had the most knowledge of the weapon and ammunition that had exploded. She testified before the Soviet representatives in Washington and her story went to the Kremlin where it was interpreted for their heads of government. When the tape that had been monitored between yourself and the defectors was relayed and played for these same Russian representatives and transmitted to Moscow, the truth

of the President's assertion that he had no knowledge of the event and that it was a tragic multiple accident, was inescapably clear." Mr. Raditch paused only long enough to catch his breath. "The President insisted, against contrary advice, that you both had every right to know immediately that your unselfish deeds were of incalculable value not only to your government and fellow citizens but to all humanity." And then directly to Cole he said, "I was very interested in your graphic account of what took place at the time of the explosion. I'd appreciate knowing what your reactions and thoughts were just prior to and after the crash of your helicopter."

Pilar, never having taken her eyes from Cole, noticed his appearance of calm acceptance become outwardly troubled again.

"I thought we would probably die," Kevin McDowell did, but I wasn't too worried about it." He hesitated for a moment before going on. "The one thing I think about most, and sure it's what I've been trying to forget..." He stopped again before continuing, "I was looking down when we came in over the land and I saw a small boy running to the beach to join the excitement. All the vicious stupidity wrapped up in the wall of water that would crush him on the beach was suddenly crystal clear in my mind. He was just a little boy, any-



place in the world, hurrying to get a better look at the fire." At the end his voice was very low and it was a strain to hear the sound of it. The torture of what he held was close to unbearable. It was accepted only because it was done, and now there was so much more to do. After he stopped speaking the others sat silent and tense. Cole slumped in his chair, passed his bandaged hand across his eyes and said in a stronger voice, "Actually, I'm still sort of tired. I feel as though I could go back to bed and sleep for a week."

Released from their taut positions the three rose at the same time and looked with concern at Cole. Pilar placed her hand on his shoulder. "Are you all right?" she asked.

"I'm fine," he said getting to his feet. "It's always been a terrible effort for me to think." He encircled Pilar with his arm and held out his hand to Mr. Raditch. "I appreciate your bringing Pilar home, Mr. Raditch. And even though I still can't quite comprehend all that you've told us, it seems reasonable, since nothing that has happened the last few days has been too real. Will you convey our appreciation to the President for his thoughtfulness in writing to us?"

"I will, and I'm sure that when the Russians release the news giving the fullest facts of what occurred you will be invited to the White House to accept the

President's personal thanks." Then he the raincoat and rushed to Cole's side. She helped him put it on and he felt less conspicuous even if it was too tight. Outside the building it was still raining and Cole struggled out of the raincoat again and wrapped it around Pilar. They ran the quarter of a block to the car.

Bocana moved from behind the desk and Cole accepted his hand.

"You did a great job, Cole."

"Thanks, Thad, for your kind words. I know you love people who meddle in your business."

"We're in debt to you, Pilar, for your gracious acceptance of our request to go to Washington. It made for a happy coincidence when your testimony became so vital."

"I enjoyed part of it but I'm glad to be home."

"You've both been through an ordeal. I'll have someone drive you home."

"I've got my own car," Cole said, "parked in a space reserved for some bureaucratic dignitary."

"I thought the police department brought you here."

"Did the doctor give you permission to drive?" Pilar wanted to know.

"He didn't tell me I couldn't," he explained, explaining that Doc Carsey had provided him with a driver.

When they moved into the reception area Bocana's secretary was ready with

San Francisco?" he asked. "Or would you rather commute from Marin, the East Bay, or down the Peninsula?"

"I like the City."

"So do I, but things change."

"Yes, they do," he admitted cautiously.

"When this is all over, maybe we can have a party in Aunt Hester's ballroom. It's full of cots and people now, but when their homes are rebuilt and the place is empty we'll invite all those other VIPs for a rally. Aunt Hester can wear her lavender lace dress that she only wears on special occasions. Larry plays with a local musical group that he can invite and Kang can bring his Magic Lantern for a light show. That old room was made for music and light," he said slowly, giving her a chance to interrupt.

But when she didn't say anything he continued, "After I apologize to Spike for double parking his tractor and pay him for the damages we can invite the Swensens. Maybe Lucretia will help you and Aunt Hester plan the refreshments and Giuseppe can look up a lot of statistics to be ready to settle any arguments. We'll invite Doc Winters and his wife, and Bocana and his wife and Doc Carsey - I don't know if he's married or not - and there's a sailor by the name of Cotton that's looking for the kind of boat I want to buy - we'll ask him."

"Is it a sailboat?"

"Right, with an auxiliary diesel. We can explore the bay and the delta country and then take her outside and sail her along the coast to Baja California."

"With that kind of boat you could sail around the world," she said, relaxing in the sound of the quiet rain.

"We could," he said. "We sure as hell could."

"Are you going to write in your diary all the things that have happened to you?" she asked.

"Not me. From now on we'll keep a joint log and you can make the entries and I'll go over them to see if they're accurate."

She seemed a little disappointed but then with a happy smile, "Are you trying to tell me something? Or ask me a question?" she wanted to know.

"Do you want to continue living in



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# Vince Van Bong: Contemporary Artist

Vince Van Bong lies, sits, walks, smokes, sleeps, fornicates, eats and excretes at the very forefront of the contemporary avant-garde art scene. Unlike those fake boho faggots in the Village, all verve without visceral validation, Vince has figured out not only how to exhibit his life, but how to live his exhibit. Here's how:

Like most struggling artists, feigning practical for creative, mundane for transcendent, Van Bong has always considered art his priority, his justification. Such sacrifice has motivated Vince to live in a dilapidated suburban trailer, a ruined Wicker Park coach house, a vacated south Loop loft and finally within a Self-Storage unit just off the Eisenhower. Rapidly gaining notoriety among the so-called "radical aesthetes" of the community, Van Bong is affectionately remembered for his continued survival

inside 250 square feet of totally enclosed concrete eventually known as the Van Bong Sanctuary & Studio. "Playfully coaxing his boytricks into placing pales of his number one & two in front of the locked doors of neighboring storage receptacles," writes Sydney S. Slothgarten of ArtLife magazine, "Van Bong began photographing the laboring youth, in the process conceiving of his now revolutionary 'Ready-Made Still Life Series.'" Having successively abandoned spherical cubism, abstract photorealism and neo-expressionist classicism, the idea of capturing elements of his existence-as-artist and turning these directly into art products began to intrigue young Vince. "It was at this point that Van Bong executed the paradigm shift that launched his professional career," elaborates Slothgarten. "For Van Bong's greatest contribution, the essence of his oeuvre, is the total annihilation of any interface between art and artist, destroying handily any singularity between creator and created."

In other words, Vincent Van Bong became his art. The progression was gradual, yet inexorable. Having photographed his trade removing his excrement, Van Bong had his tricks photograph the artist while eating. The inversion proved fundamental and all-encompassing: Camcorders were set on tripods, covering every angle of the concrete crypt, capturing every nuance of the

artists' existence. At first, Van Bong insisted that he be filmed while he photographed; weeks later, a quantum leap was realized when the recorders were never turned off, every act of the artist de facto a creative act, his life a veritable continuum of creation.

Word sweeping the critical camp like wildfire, Vince again stymied the art world by physically leaving his storage unit domicile, thereby forging the culmination of his life's work, the

"Autobiographical Real Time Kinesthetic Exhibit," i.e., Everything Vincent Van Bong Does, All The Time. Every moment of his actuality, every aspect of his being is now an ongoing, forever transmogrifying artistic series. Works such as "Vince Cruising In Times Square," "Van Bong 'Does Elvis'" and "A Sleeping Vincent With Lit Cigarette" are perfected through repetition and endless variation. Slothgarten summarizes the VVB phenomenon: "By exalting the gimmick, eliminating all passion and communication through a self-indulgent, solipsistic pageant of absurd over-intellectualization, Mr. Van Bong epitomizes the successful contemporary artist. Only in death will his art or ego cease. And by then, perhaps a successor will find use for the ashes of such greed & greatness, a blind Phoenix screaming at a deafened world."

# You Can't Fire Me, 'Cause I ...

Tipping a hat and flashing a moon to the Corporate Universe, we should be thankful of Opportunity, yet cognizant of the inherent contradiction that lies at the center of "Democratic Capitalism."

One way or another, we all deal with the rat race, the dog-eat-dog world of winner-take-all: after all, biznis iz biznis, and we've all gotta pay our dues, another way of saying we somehow missed out on The Trust Fund Baby Syndrome, one of those dilemmas they never seem to write self-help books about.

Anyway, opportunity is usually another way of saying you've got options, one such option being the avoidance of The Corporation and its opportunities, however viable and potentially lucrative. Some folks dig it, love doing the suit-and-tie, pantsuit-and-nylon drag: whether blessed with its intolerance or doomed to live week-to-week, I've been there, done that, and now

look forward to stocking beer, washing glasses and taking out the trash at one of our neighborhood bars, going from Skyscraper to Manhole, as it were. Seriously, I've never had so much fun working for a living, having a better time now than when living unemployed, which, for a guy like me, is saying quite a bit.

This week my six-month anniversary to saying a professional bye-bye to Calvin Coolidge's legacy and Microsoft products, I thought I'd share my going-away experience with any of you perhaps thinking of doing same: Not that I recommend doing the corporate bail-out; I'm merely illustrating that when you're in a position where you've got nothing to lose but what you wanna lose, you might as well have some fun while losing it.

Names changed to protect the guilty, I was gainfully employed at a portfolio management company downtown, acting as their in-house software guy, you know, wandering from desk-to-desk, answering questions, fixing things that got broke, breaking things so I'd have something to do by fixing them. Don't get me wrong: the people there were friendly enough, they tolerated my obnoxiousness and telephone chatter, if only because I was competent and apparently knew what I was talking about.

One afternoon, though (must have been the new "hazelnut" blend of

office coffee I was drinking--let me tell ya, girls, that stuff can make ya Coo-Coo for Cocopuffs any day!--) I simply Had Enough. Fortuitously enough, I happened to be working in the Executive Vice President's office when I officially went bonkers.

"Have you installed my new computer yet?" he asked, poking his head through the transom of his corner office which was larger in surface area than my entire one-bedroom apartment.

Instead of simply answering the question, I nonchalantly walked from behind his desk, across the avocado green plush carpet, passed the tombstones of corporate deals valued in the billions, looked him straight in his eyes and said:

"I can make sounds with my hands."

He stared blankly at me, slightly taken aback. "Yes sir, it's true," I continued. "Ya wanna see?"

Before he could respond, I summarily demonstrated. And, exactly like the computer installation he was referring to, I thought that I had performed an absolutely outstanding job: the farting sounds that emanated from between my palms were of such realnis, in fact, that he rubbed his nose when I was done.

A moment's silence, then: "Is that on yer resume?"

I took the hint.



# p h i l o s o p h y



## A Guide to the Philosophy of Objectivism

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Last modified: December 29, 1995

It is my intention to present an introduction, from the perspective of a scientist, to the ideas of this philosophy, a guide to other sources of these ideas, and some applications of the ideas to important problems.

In order to promote the maximum dissemination of these ideas, I have decided to place all my writings into the

Public Domain. I grant permission to anyone to use my writings, or any parts of them, in any way that may help

to further the spread of reason in our society.

All my essays can be obtained from me on computer disk. Send me a 3 1/2 inch floppy, IBM/MS-DOS format, and I will load it up for you. The files are all in straight ASCII text.

David King Chapter 8

Last modified: February 9, 1995

## Chapter 8

### GOVERNMENT

- Government defined
- Descriptions of Government
- Corruption in Government
- The Real Function of Government
- What Government Responds to
- Political Intentions are Irrelevant
- Failures and Contradictions of Government
- Government Murders During the 20th Century
- The War On Drugs
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#### Government defined

A critique of the Randian view:

Rand defined government as "an institution that holds the exclusive power to enforce certain rules of social conduct in a given geographical area. A government is the means of placing the retaliatory use of physical force under objective control."

Peikoff tries to justify this definition by claiming that in a free society the government is prohibited by a Constitution from initiating force.

Barbara Branden makes perhaps the best presentation of the Randite view of government. She claims that government is

"a social agency that performs the task of formulating and enforcing the laws of a country. The concept does not entail that a function of that political body will be the initiation of force. But because it is true that a factual function of government IS the initiation of some extent of force, people fail to grasp the possibility of an alternative to that factual function. They fail to separate the concrete from the abstraction. They have failed to differentiate some particular instances of government from the abstraction as such."

I have several objections to these notions:

If, as Rand claims, the institution has exclusive power, how can it be prevented from aggressing (since there could be no restraining power to stand against it)? The initiation of force cannot at all be prevented except by bringing to bear against it a greater force. But if government holds exclusive power, then there cannot exist any greater force, and thus government cannot be kept from using its force coercively. What does "objective control" mean in fact? As used by Rand, the concepts of "exclusive" and "objective control" preclude one another.

Peikoff's commentary is merely the elementary mistake of confounding the notion of "prohibit" with the notion of "prevent." It is quite obvious that to forbid something is by no means to prevent that thing, and the idea that a document can, in itself, pose a restraint on the behavior of an organization of men possessed with weapons of destruction, is simply absurd. The only thing that can counter the power of a gun is another gun. A written constitution won't stop a policeman's bullet, no matter how vigorously you wave it, nor how vociferously you assert its provisions. As Mao Tse Tung taught, "All government power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

The abstraction that Barbara Branden comments on is not an abstraction from perceivable concretes - there is not now and never has been a government that did not aggress against its subjects. It is not "some particular instances of government" that manifest this attribute, it is ALL instances of government that do so. The aggression is a universal and FUNDAMENTAL characteristic of ALL governments. It is universal both by historical observation and because every government, to be territorially exclusive, must compel every person within its domain to acquiesce in its sovereignty. It is fundamental because that acquiescence underlies all the other functions of government. Aggression must therefore be a definitive characteristic in forming the abstraction "government." It is not epistemologically proper to hypothesize a non-existent concrete (a government without aggression) and subsume it within an abstraction. To do so is not to create a valid concept but a fiction, and this

is what the Randites have done with their concept of government.

The word "government" has an easily discernable meaning which can be seen by anyone who looks deeply enough into the factual nature of its fundamental distinguishing characteristics. To think about, and talk sensibly about, a phenomenon which does NOT share those fundamental distinguishing characteristics, we should select a verbal label different from the one that is already applied to the phenomenon which DOES possess them. Thus it is improper to use the word "government" in the way the Randites use it.

Nock made a distinction between the State and Government:

"Government is an agency with strictly limited powers, devoted to protecting individual rights to life, liberty and property. The State, on the other hand, is an offshoot of government that develops when some people capture the machinery of government and pervert it, using its powers not to protect rights, but to violate them, to exploit people by confiscating their wealth, regulating their activities, and subjugating them whenever necessary to enhance its own illicit power."

This distinction is spurious. "Government," as Nock describes it, is something that has never existed. The State is not an offshoot of government - something that develops from the corruption of government - the State is in fact the only one of the two institutions that has existed in history. Except for some private agencies, limited in scope and subsumed by the State, there has in fact never been what Nock calls a Government.

A conceptual distinction can be made between the coercive institution I have described above as "government" and the more general notion of "the means by which order is maintained in a society" (the means may not necessarily be a government). Some people would use "state" to denote the first and "government" to denote the second, but this would be ambiguous in view of the widespread equivalence between the words "state" and "government," so I will use "state" and "government" synonymously, and use "governance" to denote the idea of a means by which order is maintained in a society.

Coercive power is that which defines government and makes government different from any other social institution. All other differences between states and other institutions flow from this fundamental characteristic. Thus the proper definition of government is "the strongest gang of aggressors in a particular area at a particular time."

#### Descriptions of Government

Gandhi: "The State represents violence in a concentrated and organized form. The individual has a soul, but as the State is a soulless machine, it can never be weaned from violence, to which it owes its very existence."

Mencken: "The typical lawmaker of today is a man devoid of principle - a mere counter in a grotesque and knavish game. If the right pressure could be applied to him he would be cheerfully in favor of polygamy, astrology, or cannibalism."

Lane: "The nation is nothing at all but simple force. Not in a single nation are the people of one race, one history, one culture, nor the same political opinion or religious faith. They are simply human beings of all kinds, penned inside frontiers which mean nothing whatever but military force."

The essential characteristic of States, quasi-States (e.g., the PLO) and proto-States (e.g., the IRA) is that they initiate force to implement their policies. Viewing the State all through history, we can see no way to differentiate the activities of its administrators from those of a professional criminal class. Thus there are no ethical differences between a hoodlum protection racket and a State, save scale, sophistication, and success in conning the victims into acceptance.

#### Corruption in Government

When I attribute some purpose to government, I do not mean to imply that individual people who are members of government explicitly hold that purpose as their personal objective. This is quite frequently NOT the case at all! What I am attempting to do is explain the consequences of government in terms of institutionalized behavior whose implementation results in those consequences. Just as no one really INTENDS to kill himself when he begins to be an alcoholic, nevertheless his behavior has that as its consequence. The only choice a man has is what actions he will take. He has no choice about the consequences. They are rigidly determined by the law of cause-and-effect. By the Law of Identity.

Being merely human, a percentage of bureaucrats can be expected to be corrupt, thus as the number of bureaucrats increases there will be more corruption. By the same token, increased legislated criminalization means that more property rights are controlled by government, thus there is greater scope for corruption. The more severe are the legal constraints on private markets, the more valuable become the rights controlled by government, thus the reward for corruption increases.

Police corruption occurs in those areas where entrepreneurs would supply voluntary services to consumers, but where the government has decreed that these services are illegal: narcotics, prostitution, gambling, etc. Where gambling, for example, is outlawed, the law places into the hands of the police the power to sell the privilege of engaging in the gambling business. In short, it is as if the police were empowered to issue special licenses for these activities, and then proceeded to sell these unofficial licenses at whatever price the traffic will bear. Whether consciously or not, the government proceeds as follows: first it outlaws certain businesses, then the police sell to would-be entrepreneurs the privilege of engaging in those businesses.

Given the unfortunate and unjust laws, corruption may be highly beneficial to society. Society may be better off if corruption induces police to ignore many of the victimless crimes, thus leaving police resources available to prevent violent crimes. Ignoring many laws, such as housing codes and oil import restrictions, would improve social welfare. In a number of countries, there would be virtually no trade or industry at all in the absence of the corruption that nullifies government prohibitions.

How sane is the moral foundation of an institution that requires the corruption of its members to achieve desirable ends?

#### The Real Function of Government

Have you ever wondered just what the government is REALLY doing while it is claiming to "serve and protect"? In 1971, the FBI office in Media, Pa. (a suburb of Philadelphia) was raided and a large quantity of documents seized. This raid was considered so important by the FBI that it closed about half its offices throughout the country, concentrating its resources in the remainder so as to provide for greater secrecy in its operations. An analysis of the seized documents was subsequently published in the Los Angeles Free Press, 24Dec71:

- 40% surveillance of political groups
- 30% internal procedural matters
- 15% "ordinary" crime
- 7% military AWOLs and deserters
- 7% draft resisters
- 1% organized crime

Governments all behave in fundamentally the same manner, regardless of what they say their politics are. Perhaps they might be more accurately perceived

as big machines that do what they are programmed to do rather than as bunches of people. A culture develops within government that is completely dominated by the advocates of government action. From constituents to lobbyists to journalists, the congressman very rarely, or never, comes in contact with anyone who advocates government inaction. Every employee at every level of every government department is affected and all those expensive people think they have to DO SOMETHING to justify their salaries, and every action is another interference with freedom, keeping people from doing what they want to do or making them do things they don't want to do. A bureaucrat dreads being accused of doing nothing, so he will continually proliferate rules. One result is that the American court system is drowning in the avalanche of legal pollution that could appropriately be called hyperleges.

If we view crimes as being behaviors that conflict with the interests of the segments of society that have the power to shape government law, then we realize that the government merely tries to balance the demands of conflicting interest groups, and to discriminate among them on the basis of their relative political power in order to determine who gains and who loses.

Another primary function of government is to act as a mechanism to take wealth from some and transfer it to others. Governments protect individuals' property against the depredations of others as a shepherd protects his sheep from shearing by others. But against their own government, individuals have to protect their accumulated wealth as best they can themselves.

Those who claim that government, bad though it may be, is an absolute necessity for protecting people against crime, must explain the fact that for every 1000 crimes the American police are aware of, only one criminal is ever sentenced to prison.

Nor does government protect people against foreign aggression - on the contrary, it coerces the people (by means of what is euphemistically called "selective service") into protecting and preserving the government's own existence.

#### What Government Responds to

For many years I had a vague, non-specific realization that government in America is somehow fundamentally different from most all other governments. But I could not specify precisely what that difference is founded on. I believed there to be a much stronger connection between government and the public here in America than in other countries, but I could not identify the nature of that connection. Then, when the passage of Proposition 13 in California in 1978 (by a margin of 2 to 1 at the polls) touched off a nationwide run of similar legislation in other states, I saw just how it is that the government is responsive to "the people." I now believe that elected officials base (sometimes, but not always, explicitly) their behavior on WHAT THEY PERCEIVE TO BE THE WILL OF THE MAJORITY OF THE VOTERS. In this statement I use three terms very carefully and deliberately: perception, will, and majority (not the majority of the whole population, but the majority of the voters).

Most political behavior is not based on the will of the majority, but is based on what the politician PERCEIVES as being the will of the majority. (This explains the influence of lobbyists and other pressure groups.) Of course, this does not account for ALL political behavior - a lot of it is straightforwardly venal, and much is intended simply to increase the power of government. But in almost all situations where the issue under consideration is the subject of considerable publicity, the politician will do what he THINKS the MAJORITY of the voters WANT him to do. I believe there are no limits to this. None whatsoever. As Mencken observed, they would, if they thought it politically expedient, legislate infanticide just as readily as they voted in Prohibition and the War on Drugs.

This thesis leads to an answer to the question: "Why don't politicians

understand principles?" If my argument is correct, then it is an immediate conclusion that politicians CANNOT have principles (except the one that I have attributed to them). Any man who insists on shaping his behavior by reference to ethical or moral principles, rather than electoral pragmatism, would probably not get elected. If his insistence on principle were to be adamant while he was in office, he would surely not get re-elected. Thus I see a selection process in action - a process which ensures that politicians will not be the sort of people who understand and act on principles.

The notion that politicians refer to "accepted religious principles" has considerable merit too. If the politician cannot see, clearly and explicitly, the will of the majority, he will act by default, as it were. He will consult whatever set of "principles" he holds implicitly, usually some set of religious ethics or, lacking that, a collection of clichés and platitudes.

#### Political Intentions are Irrelevant

The State makes promises to its citizens that it cannot even try to fulfill without employing means that frustrate their own ends. As the gap widens between promise and fulfillment, perceptively honest people in the political system tend to dissociate themselves from the process, leaving it to those who are unscrupulous enough to accept and practice fraud. As the State extends its power, increasingly callous practices are required of increasingly callous people. The worst get on top, and try to stay there. Politicians have to be wicked: the requirements of office are such that no benevolent mind could meet them. Once a man has chosen to become part of the state, it is the nature of the institution that controls the ways in which he will function, regardless of his intentions. A pernicious system is not made less so by its adherents intending that it do good.

For example, police training systematically presents the idea that it is right to force others to obey orders. Thus individuals who become police are subjected to changes in themselves which, like the movement of the hands on a clock, may be difficult to see at any particular moment, but which are nonetheless inexorable. A man or woman of only moderately authoritarian tendencies at the time of first entering the police force soon begins to accelerate down the path to savagery. Perhaps the first time he witnesses fellow officers beating up a suspect, the new recruit is astonished and horrified. But he says nothing because so many officers with greater experience and authority accept the violence. The next time, the new recruit looks the other way and feels terribly upset. By the third time, he merely thinks: "Oh no, not this cruelty again." By the twentieth or the thirtieth time, the no-longer-rookie cop is accustomed to seeing such injustice, and after many years on the force, such a man or woman thinks nothing of performing such acts. But nowhere along the line could the cop see himself turning into a bully.

No matter how well-meaning the individual policeman may be, the parameters of the institution in which he functions compel upon him this alternative: to accept the conditions of the institution or to withdraw from participation. Part of "accept the conditions of the institution," whether it is a police institution or a military institution, is the requirement that the participant renounce his own moral autonomy, abandon his own sense of ethical judgment and allow himself to become merely the instrument of the judgments of his superiors. Once he has done this there are no limits to the wickedness he is capable of.

"When statesmen forsake their own private conscience for the sake of public duties they lead their country by a short route to chaos." ... Sir Thomas More.

And after he has done it for a sufficient length of time, he will become so immersed in the life that no other alternative will be conceivable to him. "When National Socialism has ruled long enough, it will no longer be possible

to conceive of a form of life different from ours."... Adolph Hitler

Many men have no honor, but at least it is possible for a man to have honor. It is not possible for a government to have honor, simply because no one within it can keep his honor while continuing to condone and participate in the dishonorable behavior that is an inevitable concomitant of government.

Government consists of two types of workers: those who are paid for what they do, and those who provide their participation free of charge. Both groups work for the state. Every individual who begins working within the political system in an effort to accomplish anything enlarges the system by his own presence, whether or not he is a salaried employee. This is always true even when the intent of the activist is the reduction of government.

Success in the free market rewards the virtues of thrift, hard work, and far-sighted entrepreneurship. Success in politics, on the other hand, rewards the ethical vices of demagoguery, mendacity, and expertise in the wielding of terror and coercion. Hence, the good people - from any rational point of view - will tend to rise to the top in the free society, while ethical scum will tend to rise to the top of a statist system. The politician's job consists in sacrificing some men to others. Thus, no matter what choice he makes, it cannot be just. Proceeding from an unjust basis, he can have no rational standards by which to judge.

The idea that the Libertarian Party can effect any changes in the performance of government is based on an incorrect assumption: the assumption that there can be honest, sane and benevolent people among members of the government. Even if a man desires very strongly to accomplish some good and beneficial end, he cannot do it through means which are fundamentally evil and, by acting via these evil means, he makes himself immoral REGARDLESS OF HIS INTENTIONS. It is as impossible for an honest and just man to participate in government as for an atheist to become an archbishop. Or a priest to become an abortionist. In each case, the alternatives differ in terms of fundamental principles so opposed that there is no possibility of overlap.

Throughout the history of government, there has been one thing only that has tied government behavior to the facts of reality: the necessities of military action. When you are making guns and bombs, you HAVE to know what reality is. Without this compelling link to reality, all government behavior would be totally insane. Even with it, most government behavior is irrational at best - madness otherwise.

#### Failures and Contradictions of Government

There are many who claim that without government there would exist much more suffering and distress. In response to this manifestation of the "WouldChuck" fallacy I can only say that I am honest enough to admit that I do not know how much suffering and distress there would be without government. All I can do is point out some of the more blatant examples of how much suffering and distress there are WITH government, and observe that under the plausible pretext of protecting person and property, governments have spread wholesale misery, destruction, and death all over the earth where peace and security might otherwise have prevailed. They have shed more blood, committed more crimes, tortures, and murders in struggles with each other and with their subjects than society would or could have suffered in the absence of all governments whatever.

Here I want to present just a few examples of how government fails in practice. If you read the newspapers and newsmagazines regularly, you will quickly see that these examples are merely tiny drops in the huge bucket of government's incompetence and viciousness.

In every session of all the legislatures of America, programs to solve the nation's debt, create jobs, and remedy social problems are launched with great fanfare and wonderful speeches. But then, when no one is looking, the

politicians go back to their offices and the promises are forgotten. Although the scenarios that triggered the programs are frequently discredited, the bureaucracy permanently retains all the power it accumulated through the legislation that created the programs.

With such great fanfare and wonderful speeches, the Humphrey-Hawkins "full employment" bill was enacted in 1978 (when the unemployment rate was 6.1%). It set a national goal of reducing unemployment to 4% by 1983. In 1983 the unemployment rate was 9.6%.

Because those in favor of a government subsidy have much at stake, their lobbying efforts will be intensive and well financed. To the individual taxpayer, however, the impact will be at most a few dollars a year. Accordingly, opposition is usually muted and dispersed. In concert with the lobbyist is the politician. Being human, he seeks a measure of personal importance, prestige and influence. Thus his interests are not served by minimizing the role of the state, but by maximizing the role of the institution of which he is a part. He will have a natural inclination to insist that increased regulation is the appropriate remedy for any social problem. And so, year by year and decade by decade, the bureaucracy grows larger and larger, welfare handouts multiply in number and the tax burden builds higher and higher. Totalitarians eventually gain the advantage, and it is merely a matter of time before freedom is extinguished.

Even when the people become aware that the government is hideously bloated, they have little incentive to curtail it. On the one hand, people don't have the foggiest understanding of "spontaneous order," i.e., that problems can be solved by unplanned processes that are not the result of any controlling authority's specific intentions or conscious designs. (The economic process by means of which everyone is provided with shoes is an example of such a "spontaneous order" phenomenon.) On the other hand, people don't understand that many of the social problems they face are the result of past government actions, and that the only real solution for them is an indirect one, to wit: to repeal earlier programs and let individuals take care of things themselves.

The imposition of restraints on Japanese automobile exports to the USA during the 1980s shifted the composition of those exports away from small cars and towards large cars, as the Japanese attempted to increase their revenues without increasing the number of units they sold. Yet large cars are relatively fuel inefficient. Thus the protective efforts of the US government had the unforeseen consequences of increasing the average amount fuel used and pollution produced by imported cars.

The Savings and Loan industry is going down the tubes, US Banks are failing in record numbers, the FDIC is running out of money, loans are hard to come by even for the most creditworthy borrowers, and the economy merely creeps along despite remarkably low interest rates. Welcome to the latest banking crisis - in this era of central banking which was supposed to prevent such things. During more naive days, nearly everyone imagined that private banks were inherently unstable and that financial crises could be averted only through the good graces of wise regulators. Recent events make it quite clear that government intervention itself is a key source of instability.

The Federal Reserve governors base their hunches about inflationary pressures - and the actions required to stifle them - on selected economic indicators, but the indicators they monitor reflect the fact that inflation is a sequential process: it shows up first in wholesale prices, then in retail prices, then in wages. So by the time wages begin rising, it is too late for the Fed's actions to affect the primary cause of the phenomenon they are trying to deal with.

The Minimum Wage: The first thing that happens when a law is passed that no

one shall be paid less than \$3 for an hour's work is that no one who cannot produce the equivalent of \$3 an hour for his employer can be employed at all. You cannot make a man worth a given amount by making it illegal for anyone to offer him anything less. You merely deprive the employee of the right to earn the amount that his abilities would permit him to earn, while the employer is deprived even of the moderate services that the employee is capable of rendering. In brief, for a low wage the government substitutes unemployment.

The December, 1991, issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN contains an excellent example of the precept that government is grossly inefficient at best, and counterproductive at worst.

An essay on "Homelessness in America" touts government as the only effective means of coping with the problem, and presents as an ideal remedy "a joint effort started in 1989 by the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation and HUD. Under the Homeless Families Program, nine cities, including Atlanta, Baltimore and Denver, will receive a projected \$600,000 grant each over five years to implement services for homeless families. The program also makes available 1,200 Section 8 certificates, public housing assistance funds, worth about \$35 million over five years.... To date, the initiative has helped more than 100 homeless families move from emergency shelters to permanent housing."

What you see here is the government providing 100 dwellings, but when you look slightly deeper you observe that in so doing, the government expropriated enough wealth to have provided 160 houses. How so? Well, consider that during the two-year period "to date," this project spent over 16 megabucks to provide those 100 homes. (That comes to \$160K per dwelling.) But this occurred at a time during which the average cost of a new house in America was less than \$100K. The 16 Megabucks, if spent by private builders, would have provided 160 dwellings. The more the government spends on housing, the fewer houses there will be in relation to the number that could have existed without government intervention.

Robert Heinlein once remarked: "Ten-dollar hamburgers? Brother, we are headed for the hundred-dollar hamburger; for the barter-only hamburger. But this is only an inconvenience rather than a disaster as long as there is plenty of hamburger."

So far there is still plenty of housing and hamburger in America (at least in comparison with countries where housing and food production are strictly socialized and completely controlled by government). But as government intervention in the economy becomes more and more pervasive, the economy will become less and less able to provide these (and other) necessities of life. And the fewer houses produced, the more people will clamor for the government to "do something about the problem of homelessness!" And every time it does something, there will be still fewer houses produced, simply because government is not the solution - government is the problem.

(For a more thorough account of the effects of government on the housing market read THE FEDERAL BULLDOZER by Martin Anderson.)

As the problems created by partial controls multiply, there is a logical extension of partial controls to universal controls and it is here that the full and horrible price of abandoning free market principles is made explicit. Productive capacity and the incentive to work decline continually; and therefore the government is eventually led to seize control over all production and distribution.

That same issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN contains an article on America's Wetlands. In its attempt to preserve these ecological areas, the federal government has implemented several programs, including the 1972 Clean Water Act and the 1985 Swampbuster program. In spite of these schemes, some 300K acres of wetlands are lost every year, and the Department of the Interior estimates that less than half of America's original wetlands still exist.

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The government's latest effort, the 1991 Wetlands Guidelines, was used to evaluate 22 of Washington State's recognized wetlands. To the surprise of the scientists, only four of the 22 wetlands would still be so classified under the new rules. Many experts say the document is filled with inconsistencies and loopholes that could lead to the loss of designation for half of the nation's remaining wetlands. There are also several other bills pending in Congress that would alter the definition and relative value of wetlands. Each agency involved in wetlands management - the Army Corps of Engineers, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Soil Conservation Service and the Environmental Protection Agency - use different guidelines to define a wetland.

Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan, when asked to define 'wetlands' responded:

"I take the position that there are certain kinds of vegetation that are common in wetlands, pussy willows or whatever the name is. That's one way you can tell, and then if it's wet."

Here we see a situation worse even than the housing debacle described above. At least in the area of houses, there are SOME dwellings constructed as a result of the government's policies, even though the government's behavior in this area is grossly inefficient. But in its dealing with wetlands, the government is actually counterproductive. The more it passes laws and creates agencies, the more the wetlands vanish.

The argument that the functions of government law are the assignment of property rights and the protection of those rights is spurious. Government governs by means of mediating wealth transfers, imposing behavior controls, and protecting (and expanding) its institutions.

The police cannot prevent crimes, rarely solve crimes - or even find out about them - and certainly do very little to rehabilitate criminals. The only thing they are good for is to go up against armed lunatics, so other folks might not have to; and they won't always do that. Worse yet, once they have the training they naturally want to use it, and they see one of the safest ways of doing so in the enforcement of victimless crime laws.

As of 1990, the San Francisco police will no longer investigate burglaries where the value of goods stolen is under \$10K. Nor will they investigate bad-check cases if the amount is under \$2K. In 1988 they investigated only 26% of all violent crimes reported - but they spent 73 million dollars waging the drug war.

According to the Statistical Abstract of the USA, the per capita loss to crime each year is \$5760. But this pales in comparison to the \$20470 that you could put into your pocket each year if government were abolished. You can calculate this amount by summing up the total revenues of all federal, state, and local governments, then dividing that sum by the number of non-government working people. The figures above are for the year 1990.

GOVERNMENT MURDERS DURING THE 20th CENTURY: In Millions (thru 1985)

War 35.7 (battle deaths: WW1 9 WW2 15)

Non-war 150.5

Total 186.2 D 5% of earth's population during that period.

This averages out to be one murder every 15 seconds.

Communist governments: 126.2

Fascist governments: 23.4

Democratic governments: .9

This distinction among government types, although certainly useful for deciding where you should choose to live, is seen to be somewhat spurious when you consider that the Italian massacre of the Libyans must be attributed to Fascism - but the French massacre of the Algerians must be attributed to Democracy. I really doubt that it made any difference to the dead Arabs who

considered themselves neither Libyan nor Algerian, fascist nor democratic.

Communists don't scare me; communist governments scare me, but the frightful thing is the government, not the communist. The Hutterite sect of Christianity, whose beliefs consist of pure and absolute communism, has existed for over 400 years, and during that time there has never been a murder by one of its members.

Keep in mind that this little exposé of government murders includes only those people who were directly murdered by governments. It does not take into account the tens of millions who died in the deliberately-caused famines in the Soviet Union (8 million during the 1920's) and China (30 million during the 1950's). Nor does it count those poor unfortunates repatriated by the Allied nations in Operation Keelhaul. Nor does it encompass all the damage and suffering caused by enslavement, property seizure and income theft that are perpetrated on a regular basis by ALL governments.

As Ayn Rand was fond of saying: the enormous population growth of the capitalist societies during the 19th century should of itself induce any life-loving person to embrace capitalism. Well, the perpetration of 186 million murders should of itself induce any life-loving person to reject government.

During a recent one-year period (1986), these were the murder rates for police in various American cities: (the government does not call these "murders," but they are killings by the police, in the line of duty, of innocent civilians who are not suspected of any crime. No prosecutions ensue from these incidents.)

Dallas	.924 per 100K of the population (9)
Los Angeles	.743 (22)
Denver	.700 (4)
Houston	.462 (8)
NYC	.185 (14)

The numbers in () are the actual number of people murdered that year.

Dallas and LA have the two highest rates of all cities in the country. I do not know how the other listed cities rank, and these are the only data I have.

The census bureau classifies the USA urban population as being 167M, or 74% of the total. Urban is considered to be communities of 50K or more. I assume that most of the murders occur in urban areas and so I use the 167M as a population base for these two extrapolations:

1. Using the lowest murder rate available (.185) there would be just over 300 murders per year nationwide.
2. Using the average of all the murder rates (.603) there would be just over 1000 murders per year nationwide.

It is probably safe to assume that at least one poor citizen is being murdered by the police every day somewhere in the country. Contrast this with the rate at which police are being murdered: just over 100 per year. These statistics ARE kept by the FBI - and widely publicized. In fact there is a national day of mourning observed for murdered police - it is in May each year.

You might ask "Who are these poor people?" (Keep in mind that police do not accidentally kill people; when a policeman takes out his gun and shoots it, he is TRYING to kill somebody. When a civilian performs the same action, it IS considered by the government to be an act of murder.) They range from a 5-year-old boy in Stanton CA to a 70-year-old woman in Dallas. They include an entire family of 11 people (including 5 children) who were DELIBERATELY burned to death in Philadelphia by the city police department, who held off the fire department until the fire had done its grisly work. This happened in May of 1985. After a two-year investigation, the city government announced that "no laws had been broken" by anyone involved. And mayor Goode boasted (yes, it was actually a boast!) that "the city government is more powerful now than it was then."

During the decade of the 60s the Philadelphia city police murdered its citizens at the average rate of one per week (2.5 per 100K on an annual basis). This caused such a scandal that it provoked an investigation by the Federal Justice Department and the city cleaned up its act a little bit even though there were no indictments.

And if deliberately (and legally) burning children to death does not convince you of the viciousness of government, what would?

If you are a decent and benevolent person, you ought to believe in something different from what has killed so many people, and espouse an ethics that human beings could actually live by, and work for it to become real.

In June of 1984, the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that prosecutors need not honor plea-bargain agreements. The court maintained that as long as a plea-bargain agreement is "voluntarily accepted by a suspect with full awareness of the consequences," prosecutors are not bound to abide by it.

It seems that the more open and forthright the government is, the less obliged it is to be honest!

Ask yourself what products and services are currently least satisfactory and have shown the least improvement over time. Postal service, elementary and secondary schooling (one of the government's greatest failures is the public school system), police protection, sewage disposal, and railroad passenger transport would surely be high on the list. Ask yourself which products are most satisfactory and have improved the most. Household appliances, TV and radio sets, computers, supermarkets and shopping centers would surely come high on that list. The shoddy products are all produced by government or government-regulated industries. The outstanding products are all produced by private enterprise with little or no government involvement. Yet the public has been persuaded that private enterprise produces shoddy products, that we need ever more government employees to keep business from foisting off unsafe products at outrageous prices on us poor ignorant and vulnerable customers. What the government refers to as "Fair Trade" consists largely of the government devising new ways to protect consumers against the scourge of low prices and high quality.

The rise of statism has seen a general economic thrust away from far-sightedness and the building of capital and toward destructive looting of the stock of capital for short-term profit. The increasing scope of law-making, and its associated transfers of property rights from private individuals to government, undermines the private property arrangements that support a free market system. This process creates considerable uncertainty about the future value of those private rights that have not yet been seized by government. When resource owners are relatively uncertain about their continued ownership of those resources, they tend to use them up relatively rapidly and have less incentive to enhance future production capabilities. Thus resources will be overused and underproduced. Even for statist-minded businessmen, the inevitable erosion of confidence in the future that results from the government's continual policy reversals, irresolution in the face of electoral whims, and stifling bureaucracy, makes long-term business planning impossible.

Regulation of economic activity is often justified and upheld by the courts on the fictitious grounds that a laissez-faire economy inevitably leads to "excesses" and "abuses," necessitating regulation which amounts to prior restraint upon private freedom of action; yet similar attempts at prior restraint of government action is routinely struck down, even as judges cite the resulting excesses and abuses as a small price to pay for freedom.

#### The War On Drugs

In view of the furor over "crime" in America, it is rather enlightening to

peruse some of the actual measurements of this "crime." These data come from the Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1992 edition, pages 180 thru 195. They clearly show the results of the Republican (Reagan/Bush) regime's emphasis on fighting drug use.

Total number of criminal offenses known to the police:

1980 13.4million 1990 14.4million a rise of 7%

Drug arrest rates (per 100K population)

1980 256 1985 346 1989 527 a rise of 106%

Tried in U.S. District Courts:

Marijuana 1980 2thousand 1990 5thousand a rise of 150%

Other drugs 1980 3thousand 1990 13thousand a rise of 333%

Sentenced to prison in U.S. District Courts:

1980 Total 14thousand Drugs 4thousand

1990 Total 28thousand Drugs 14thousand

a rise of 100% a rise of 250%

Observe that half the sentences nowadays are for drug crimes and that the number of drug sentences today equals the total number of sentences for ALL crimes in 1980.

For every 1000 non-drug arrests made by the police, three criminals get sentenced to prison. For every 1000 drug arrests, 16 are sent to prison.

An examination of the breakdown of the "Total number of criminal offenses" reveals that many categories of violent crime changed little during the 1980s. In fact, the increase in the total population of America has resulted in a per capita DECLINE in several of these rates:

Total of offenses known: -2.2%

Murder: -7.8%

Total property crime: -4.9%

Burglary: -26.6%

An analysis of these numbers reveals clearly that there is indeed a "crime wave" sweeping America. But it is not murderers and burglars who are responsible - it is people puffing the wrong kind of cigarettes who are overloading the nation's prisons. The FedGov's response - putting more police onto the streets and pouring more money into the coffers of local law-enforcement agencies - is counterproductive: it can only exacerbate the situation because it will lead to a more vigorous and thorough enforcement of the Drug Laws.

Some measures of the insanity of the Drug War:

The morphine required for a \$100 fix in a dirty alley could be purchased from the local drugstore for just \$1, if not for the anti-drug laws. In 1973, John Hospers calculated that two-thirds of the violent crime in New York City would quite simply and quietly disappear overnight if all the drug laws were repealed, since that is the proportion of the crime that is caused by addicts who need the money for a fix. Half the prisoners in the Texas state prison system are there for violation of drug laws, NOT for violent crimes! How peculiar that the government does not blame the obesity of fat persons on the people who sell them food, but it does blame the drug habits of addicts on the people who sell them drugs.

If two men had walked down Fifth Avenue in March 1933, and one of them had a pint of whiskey in his pocket and the other had a hundred dollars in gold coins, the one with the whiskey would have been considered a criminal and the one with the gold an honest citizen. If these two men, like Rip Van Winkle, slept for a year and then walked back up Fifth Avenue, the man with the whiskey would have been considered an honest citizen and the one with the gold

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coins a criminal.

On the positive side, it is clear that government itself would benefit from a change in policy: reclassifying marijuana possession from a felony to a misdemeanor reduced the felony caseload of the Los Angeles police by 25%.

You might think that sooner or later the government would realize the insane idiocy of its policy on drugs. But keep this in mind: although Prohibition lasted only 12 years, the Drug War has continued for over two generations with no sign of abating. Remember also that the Nazis did not abandon their persecution of the Jews, even when the manpower involved was critically needed to defend the gates of Berlin itself. Thus there is no reason to surmise the government will cease its insanity short of out-and-out social collapse.

Nor do I see hope in attempts to elicit public discussion of the issue. Discussion is futile when directed not toward general principles but merely toward the specific phenomena which are consequences of those principles. This precept becomes eminently clear during debates about legalizing drugs. They invariably degenerate from very brief and superficial mention of the underlying principles into lengthy disputes over the specific means that would be used for distributing the drugs if they were to be legalized.

There are other, less widely-known, aspects of the government's drug policy that have severely detrimental effects on American society:

The FDA doesn't want anybody to be killed by medicines (that would look bad for the FDA's record) but they don't care how many people die of diseases resulting from the government's prevention of the development and sale of medicines.

Put yourself in the position of an FDA official charged with approving or disapproving a new drug. You can make two very different mistakes:

1. Approve a drug that turns out to be dangerous.

2. Refuse approval of a drug that would have been beneficial.

If you make the first mistake you will become infamous. If you make the second mistake, nobody will ever know it. Thus, with the best will in the world, you will inevitably delay or reject any and every new drug. You will compel the drug companies to shrug.

An examination of the therapeutic significance of drugs that are forbidden in the US but are available elsewhere in the world, such as in France, reveals this in action.

The psychiatric profession is also deeply affected:

To therapists, the addict needs help to solve a problem, the problem being that he uses a drug of which they disapprove. But to the addicts, the only problem is how to get the drugs they want. They don't see themselves as "sick," and they don't want "treatment." Authorities who are intervening to control their behavior react as tyrants always do - whether they be central planners trying to make their citizens conform to some national plan, or foreign policy planners trying to control people in other countries - by getting angry with the people who don't appreciate the intervention of "experts" into their lives. The victimizers, in short, blame the victims. And this IS a problem.

The principle role of medical, and especially psychiatric, professionals in the administration and enforcement of chemical statism is to act as double agents - helping politicians to impose their will on the people by defining self-medication as a disease, and helping the people to bear their privations by supplying them with drugs. This is a major national tragedy whose very existence has so far remained unrecognized, and whose consequences may be devastating.

Consider that the tranquilizer Valium is the most widely-prescribed drug in the USA. Its sale is a multi-billion dollar business. Suppose something

happened that resulted in the cessation of its distribution (and also that of other similar drugs). What would be the effect on all those stressed people whose mental stability depends on such drugs? Kurt Saxon maintains that this might well be the most devastating result of a collapse of our economy. All those neurotics might go crazy and destroy everything in their environment.

It is laws which create much of social context - the Prohibition laws created the "Alcohol War" context. Today's Drug laws create today's "Heroin War" context. Unjust laws are creating a deeply divided and corrupt society, where the appearance of orthodoxy is everything, and intelligence, humanity and common sense count for almost nothing.

If a man long afflicted by a toxic chemical suffers sudden convulsions and then dies from them, one might validly say that the convulsions were the immediate cause of the death, so long as one remembers the ultimate cause. The same is true of a country addicted to a toxic ideology.

Throughout history, rulers have picked on various scapegoats to divert attention from the results of their policies, including Jews, Christians, eccentrics and now drug users. If drugs were really so terrible why were they completely legal between 1776 and 1914 - without serious social problems? It is not the drug that is the problem, but the ideology of government.

Edmund Burke observed that "it is ordered in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." Nor can men of infantile minds and childish habits be free. Their state-induced passions forge their fetters.

#### Self-Defense

Compare the appalling behavior of government with the plausible alternative of self-defense:

The number of times private handguns are successfully used for self-defense each year: 645K.

Women use guns about 416 times per day to defend themselves against rapists.

99% of the times when a private citizen uses a gun to prevent a rape, robbery or burglary, no one is shot.

The percentage of people, shot by police, who are innocent of a crime: 11%.

The percentage of people, shot by private citizens, who are innocent of a crime: 2%.

In Florida, an increasing number of people are carrying handguns - and the homicide rate is falling.

A gun kept at home is 216 times more likely to be used for defense against a criminal than to cause the death of an innocent member of the household.

Each year, more criminals are lawfully shot by private citizens than are shot by police.

Fewer than 2% of gun owners ever kill someone unlawfully.

A society where peaceful citizens are armed is far more likely to be one where Good Samaritans will flourish. But take away people's guns, and the public - disastrously for the victims - will tend to leave the matter to the police. In a recent survey, no less than 81% of the Samaritans polled were owners of guns. If we wish to encourage a society where citizens come to the aid of neighbors in distress, we must not strip them of the actual power to do something about crime. Surely it is the height of absurdity to disarm the peaceful public and then, as is quite common, to denounce them for apathy. Even worse are the insidious consequences of the denial, by law, of individual self-responsibility and self-authority. In a society where the individual is forbidden to act freely on his own authority within his own personal sphere of influence, a sense of apathy is the inevitable result. Both a local apathy, regarding his interpersonal relationships, and a more generalized apathy, regarding his community. People who are prevented from solving their own

problems will not solve the problems of their cities, either.

There are always the types who insist on running the show but who wouldn't lift a finger to carry the garbage. Freedom means, in part, that we'll all have to learn to take out our own garbage, since in a free society no one will have the means to compel others to do it for him. Freedom makes demands on people. That's why government is so highly considered - it makes "the other fellow" do the work. One reason government in America is being pressured to create a socialized medical system is that such a system lets the government take care of another worry. An anarchist looks after him or herself. Too many people in this world can't and won't. They will look for a savior, a dictator or a committee to do the work, and will cheerfully make any sacrifice in order to be saved and cared for.

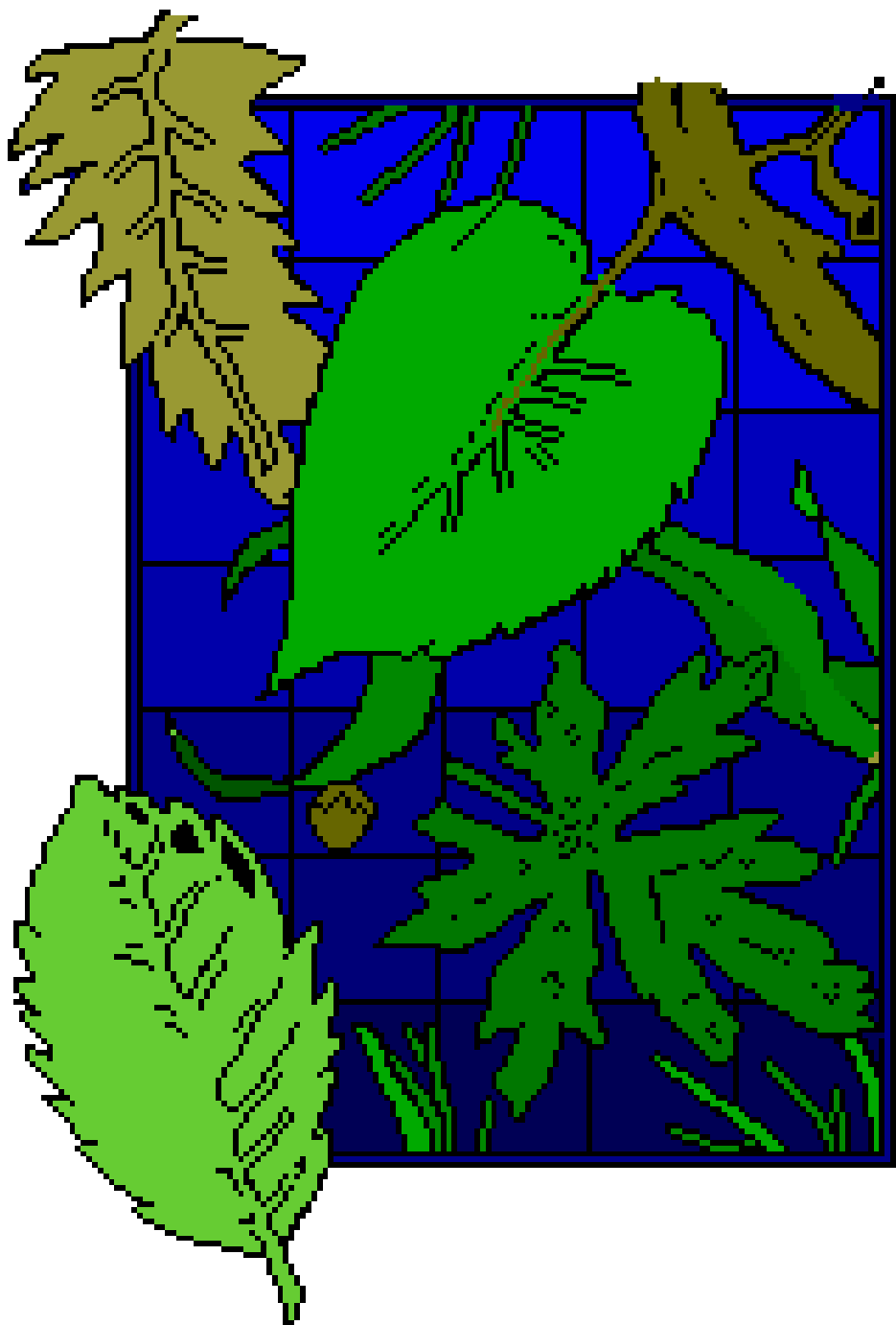
But the government answer has not worked; it will not work; it can not work. Unfortunately, the workable solutions are not permitted by government.

Under government there are winners and there are losers. Unlike the free market, for every beneficiary of government action there is a victim. The values of the winners are imposed upon the losers, and the losers are powerless to reject them. But in a free market, majorities and minorities can both win, because a free market is not a zero-sum institution. In a market it is possible for numerous large and powerful economic interests to coexist and prosper in the same economic territory.

If you believe that government should do this or that, enacting laws against drugs, pornography, homosexuality, etc., keep in mind that government acts through coercion or threat of coercion. If you want the government to tax other people for your pet project, you are in effect holding a sword over those people and forcing them to pay for the imposition of your ideas. You don't wield the sword, but the government agent wields it on your behalf. Remember too, that it is a double-edged sword: if the government can initiate aggression against others in order to achieve your goals, it can also initiate aggression against you to promote someone else's goals. Any scheme to loot "the other fellow" can work only if there are enough productive people around for each to be somebody else's "other fellow."

Governments cause pain, misery and suffering by passing laws, and then point to that same pain, misery and suffering (which were caused by the laws) as the reason the laws are necessary - and even why the laws should be more strongly enforced! Nowhere is this spurious chain of "cause and effect" more devastatingly manifest than in the War on Drugs. The real cause of immigration and drug-war horror stories is the enforcement of anti-immigration and anti-drug laws, not the people forced into dangerous and degrading circumstances by those laws. (When was the last time you read about armed thugs doing battle over the distribution of Aspirin or Valium?)

Government is a disease masquerading as its own cure. You can see the disastrous symptoms of this disease in the faces of the people. In their eyes you can see the flame of hope slowly dying, drowned by the harsh reality of survival in modern America as the nation sinks into the swamp of fascist tyranny.



# children *churches* & daddies