Tully McSwine Stalks The Planet: 3.

Had an applesauce sandwich for breakfast and a glass of wine too; great, cheap, vinegary wine-type wine that when you puke comes bubbl'n out yer nose and stings a bit. Had another glass after breakfast and feel a whole hell of a lot better for it too. Can hear the clucks of disapproval from dry hearts the land over come rattl'n down me flue, but I don't give one screaming good goddamn. Give me the fuzzy feeling anytime and ye baggy crones and hags can go boil yer heads in great steaming tubs of Battist spittle. Cluck till yer iron tongues tear loose and rusty from yer chalky skulls! Miss away, great toadies of contentment, and preach withered sermons of sobriety whilst I prance merry in my glass handled grave! When flat-ass purity is the only vice within my means I'll part in the coin box and whistle Jingle Bells in hell!

Drink holds no sorrows. Too much misunderstanding about that little point. I can hear lurky clouds of steam rumbling in my bowels and clabbered vapours fill my head. I stagger.... I reel.... I fall to the booger filthy mattress and the curved miseries of my guts. Has the Drunkard's Doom come rattling out of the hidey holes of Eternity eons before my time? Eh? What's that? Do I hear the scuffle of humankind barking outside my hidden windows? Life Lives! The Globe whirls on! Saved again.... must be my lucky year. I'll find me a hunchback and rub his hump.... that should keep a good thing going.

I have a second glass of Old Rot-Yer-Guts and contemplate the blackened tips of my toes. To wash or not to wash? That isn't a question. Whether it would be nobler in my pose to suffer a bit of self-abuse.... a swift whack at the private parts.... or to bathe the lower extremities? The former has been known to drive a body snot-runn'n-out-yr-nose mad.... no need to push a good thing too far. Ah me now, the toes it is then, and a goodly wash under the armpits and down the backside might not be too damaging to the person. Up we go then! Ugh.... easy there sailor! Leave out a little slack! Some low-life oaf is stomping about in my upper stories. Hey you! Leave off! Soft you now. There. That's better. O look at me. A friggin mess. Who's been boiling
garbage on my tongue? Must have been baking mud cakes last night.... eating them too. Zap! Don't touch me with those fingers! Can't help it Sport, they belong to you. Easy then.... with the tips. What a crusted raggedy-ass bastard I am. I'll need a chisel to chip the crud.

Up off me arse. Down me hole with what is left of this evil brew. Scratch me funny. Up me nose-hole to the first joint of me little finger. Something there by Gaud! Snag it under the nail. It's stringy with a bit of blood on the anchoring end. Gaaa! Out into the hall to the can. For the love of God!... don't go barefooted! Feet'll rot off at the ankles. Couldn't stand that. Large pencil scrawl on the wall over the john:

PLEASE DO NOT THROW BUTTS IN THE CRAPPER AS THIS MAKES THEM WET AND SOGGY AND HARD TO LIGHT. THANK YOU.

Back into my room. Slam the door as hard as I can. A Puerto Rican curse comes filtering down the hall at me. "Up yer bum!" I shout back. Over the sink. One lousy tap. Cold water. Cheap bastards. String up all the landlords one of these days. Hang 'em by the flusher chains with their feet dangling in the festering toilet bowls. Punish my hands and face in the icy water. Hike up one foot, then the other. Don't get carried away with it tho. That'll do. A quick swab under the arms and across the belly. I shudder to my soul. Wobble over to the mattress and flop. On with the socks (rank) and shoes (stolen). Scab around in the busted coffee cup and dig out a butt long enough to poison myself with. Struggle into my Goodwill clothes. Stand up. Sway a bit. Make a grab at the walls of my rotting room. Wish I had a small lacer of sweet wine to put me right. All gone through. I sigh like a backsiding stoic. I glance out the wrinkled window. Sun's gonna be bright. Look around for my trusty shades. Find them in my breast pocket. One lens cracked and one ear hook slightly taped with a nasty piece of adhesive. Wind my electric-yellow scarf around my handsome neck. Must look like an old time movie tycoon gone to blast. Ah well, I'm ready.... out I go into this old world with the measurements of a new day.


Everybody head down, neck in, watch-the-hell-out-for-yerself.

I go to cross Avenue A and a flashy cabbie screams a hysterical curse at me.... almost rams truck and screams at truckdriver.... truckdriver screams back.... cop walks over screaming.... mass hysteria begins to catch hold as cop.... cabbie.... truckdriver and two howling women pedestrians all break down screaming with much waving of arms. I am delighted. The globe spins on. I let out three horrible whoops and dash across the street. Nobody on the street pays the slightest attention to the madness going on at the intersection. Normal intercourse of daily living. I am just a wholesome youth going about my father's business.

I trot on the street to keep my cold guts from solidifying. Late
afternoon. The sun slides in the sky. Look! There! Squinting through slits between the suffering buildings... the sky creeps as chips and blue as meadows. Walking south. The day hangs exhausted. Down Avenue A to Houston Street. Great torn up cinders-in-yer-eye type street. Up Houston bordering by ever waiting vacant lots... hard, desolate, wasted ground tangled by piles of broken bricks, burnt black mounds of ash, dirty bushes. Tenements five, seven stories high backed up to the edge of the wasted land. Sad strings of dying wash hang high up from window to window. Every now and again a cold mourner squints across the rooftops from behind a sooty window pane. Delicate birds balance on the ledges. Ferocious gangs of pastel colored children scream along the edge of buildings. A ruined cat crawls belly-flat to the ground. The sun is there but so thin, so far away. I turn off Houston into Orchard Street. Insane push-cart crowded street! The sidewalks dangerous from gesturing hands flying about my face in a frenzy of barter. Floppy men and women with worn and dusty eyelids chant at the beginnings of my curiosity then turn to sneery gossip again as I move away to other views of their hectic wares. I wander among the clutching hands that snap out to grab at my sleeve like a forest of dull knives trembling to slash me limbless. Smiling mouths beckon to me from lurky doorways. My mouth smiles back. Like some old plagued and rotty world this street crumbles in upon itself. Old and antique Jews in big round black hats, black coats that almost sweep the street, black and greying Jehovah type beards down to the belly button, stringy side-curls with the- ing about their ears. Yes yes O Lord! Stalls, stalls, stalls, and women with bundles haggling, begging... some rock-like, firm, unbending, take so much nonsense, no more... some crushed under by stall-keeper scorn. Food stalls, clothing, yardage, knives, toys, bread, beds. The language... the din bobs in my ears... twisted inversions of two, three tongues.

I move on. An old creature in a cloth cap comes scuttling at me sideways from the stale hole of a doorway, hooks his greasy fingers into my cuff and comes near to jerking me smash onto my head. Panic stumps on my liver. My kidneys quail. A thin trickle of pee warms my thigh. Is he a sex fiend? A near-sighted rapist? A cut purse? The mad bomber?

"You wanna buy? I got it! Best buys!" His words slither over me like a drunkard's breath. I want to turn away but am afraid to. I smile like a coward and unhook myself from his claws. He violently waves me toward his stall and I move awkwardly toward it wanting to flee but afraid again... afraid he might call scorn and abuse after me... afraid I would have to hurry past a streetful of stall-keepers with humiliation leaking from my head. I stop and look.

A sidewalk shop full of plaster statues of a holy sort. Little clumsy Christs by the dozen, molded Marys, athletic apostles and a score of plaques with bleeding hearts bursting with evangelical gore. Christian statuary by the gross lot. Crucifixions lined the stall... reproductions of that happy butchery to tack above the bed... The Castigated Carpenter bleeding down the wall, over the shoes, along the floor, under the door and into the streets inundating all the Christian lands with the righteous power of blood and chastity while we sleep tight under this sorrow.

"What'a ya want? Geezus maybe?" His Lizard hands crawl among the
statues. He stares at me. One side of his face curls in an expectant sneer, the other half frozen, his pebbly eyes considering price, profit. The hideous play slips inside me. I feel weak. I giggle and say a bit. I giggle again and try to stop, but the grotesque invites me with a gracious wave and my giggle becomes a mess and slimy laughter slapping him back and forth across the teeth. He looks at me as if half my head had slipped off and he begins to regurgitate a polluted little snicker of defense at my derangement.

I was rearing, almost shouting my laughter. Folks began to stare. My scabby old shop-keeper in the cloth cap began to blink nervously.... his asshole eyes clanking open and shut as if some crippled gnome were inside his head turning a handle. His face looked like an atrophied doll's head that you could tilt back and forth to open and shut the stiff lids. My laughter echoed in his stall as if in a moonish crater. He looked as though he were about to swoon. **Did I Want A Jesus Christ?** It was a question to ponder.

Yes, by my Mammy's tattered hopes I did, and a whole heap of salvation too. Want to soak in the Blood of the Lamb. My path is strewn with the broken hearts of family and friends. Want redemption from the bright evils that lurk in me eyes. Wildness fondles my damnation! Ah, the self-abuse that's in me! I smile at him. He teeters in his skin.

"Got one that glows in the dark?" Want to have the godly example shining a'fore my eyes whether it come night or day, sleeping or awake, in sickness or in health, till death do me apart and I slip down the greased slide to hell or other regions of Christian imagination.

"You betcha!" Fumbles around in back like an old pervert after a schoolboy's fly. Comes up with one that looks like all the rest.

"How do I know that it glows in the dark?"

"Here, I show you." Beckons me into the coffin-sized hole of a shop behind the stall. Dinky little forty watt bulb weakly burning amid the boxed Saviours. Flicks off the bulb. Spooky. Dark as a well-digger's ass. Holds up Jesus. By Gaud He glows! His crude little stamped-out face throwing out a murky halo. I'm delighted! Here, let me hold it. A genuine assembly line miracle. Bet if I kiss it it'll shed a tear. I do. It does. Or is it just one of mine?

"Ya like 'ut?" He leers at me. "A dolla item. Letch's have 'ut f'a six bits." Money is no consideration. Couldn't stand to haggle over a religious article. A real-honest-to-goodness-manufactured-in-Indiana icon. Must have it. None o'yer pigges bones for me. I dig in my pocket for money. Not much there but I hand him his due. Into my coat pocket goes our Saviour. If threatened I just outs with our Lord and waves him at the vampire who goes slinking and hissing and cringing back till he melts into a pool of nung. Feel safer now.

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MoSwine Piddles The Human Condition: 5.

Move through the city. I standing dread and waterless saluting (as I was....) the counterfeit Arch de Triomphe having just (as I had done....) relieved myself into the shallow slime of the kiddies pool (lurky monsters harboured beneath the wet....) smack in the middle of Washington Square Park; one hand clutching at my fly, the other fumbling for change. The obvious was something hopelessly vacuous; perhaps it had something to do with The Boys Over There. The cold increased with every breath I took, glazing my lungs into brittle bags of blood.
A terrifying enemy cranked the zealous handle of an Ioy Machine and
warmed to the task with every stroke. The park was winter bare with
old skeleton fingers sticking from the trees. The earth was sick skin
frozen to a corpse and the concrete tables upon which even in winter va-
cant men with snow banked to their ears played sullen games of chess
appeared as loathsome toadstools that fostered and broke from the dead
flesh to feed on the orange brains of lonesome men. The Arch cele-
brated some grand forgery and mass mutilation and squatted like a giant
hunchback dripping with pigeon shit. The park looked as would the world
after a hail of damnation had been vomited down upon it from the howling
mouth of a diseased and helpless god. The wind swept it all with a dirty
tinkle.

Happy! Happy, ye whirling bastards!
I stand here hated and spinning like a moss moon gathering the
fungus of love. Affectionate nalice is given me. The world is hushed
and harpy at my movements.

There, yonder, over there on t'other side of the park is a man
waving at me.... the stick in his hand is a symbol of his good faith.
And here, behind me, comes the friendly policeman on his beat who with
great joy and peace of Christian Soul would happily batter my head down
through my neck with righteous propriety upon outrage at my happy move-
ments. Come, come Tully, warm up your humours.... wave back at the
ruffian with the stick.... greet the friendly fuzz.

"Good evening Officer,"
"What'm the hell you do'n here after curfew? Was you expos'n
yourself?"
"Why not at all officer.... I was just standing here enjoying this
bounteous park, viewing that magnificent arch over there.... the most
decadent of public monuments possible. Breathtaking.... awe inspiring."
One side of his face swelled in anger. "What'a ya.... some kind of
nut or someth'n?" An impossible question to answer.... so many possi-
bilities.... so many directions to flee.

"I don't think so.... but maybe...."
"What'a ya wav'n yer arms around like that if ya ain't some kind
of nut or something?"
"I was just waving to a friend of mine over there," It struck me
from an unexpected angle that I had to lie to the oaf to assuage his
doubts on my sanity.

"Ya mean the guy with the stick?"
"Yes, that's right. Old Cecile. Always carries a stick."
He looked quare at my left ear (museums full of pigges bones!)
"Beep beep! Just old Cecile is it?"
"Hub?"
"Bow Wow!"

".............................? ..... Did you say something?"
He held one hand on his hip and the other extended toward me and limp
at the wrist so that his hand dangled down like Madam Cafritz offering
her finger bones to the lips of a noble gent.

"Just old Cecile with his stick eh? Oh thats niiiiith...."
His voice squeaked into a lisping falsatto.
"I'm sorry," I said, "but it seems as if rapport has broken down
here...."

"Woof Woof!"
"Yeah, sure.... go to it. Woof woof as you say." I started edging away around the wading pool. "Hold it there!.... Beep beep!"
"CLANG!" he shouted out the side of his mouth and started around the wading pool after me. "CLANG CLANG!" he shouted beating his night-stick on the edge of the pool. "Beep.... Bow WOW.... Woof Woof.... CLANG!" his entire repertoire as he circled around after me.

"Beep Cecile with his Woof Woof stick.... CLANG!"

I had circled all the way around the wading pool to where I had a good view of the Monument. Cecile was still standing under the Arch waving his stick (comforting, I thought.) .... the park cold and maddened.... the cop gaa gaa.... Cecile waving his stick and I circling the pond. The cop suddenly stopped and stood stark-ass still, caught between the balance of his crazed sound effects and for a moment I thought he had slipped into catatonia, in which case I would have joyously grabbed his club and belt the shit out of him. Not so. He raised his stick with his left hand as if to throw it at me (awkward like a girl pitching a ball). I watched hand, stick and arm float there while all the flashing rings of his jewelled fingers snapped at my throat.... with his other hand he pulled open the ruby/d buttons of his velvet and gold brocade coat and jerked a silver cannon out level with my belly button, the fine dutch lace of his cuffs hiding the striker-stone, wick and lock-levers of his shortened fowling-piece.

"Look out for the Moonlight!" I shouted and he whirled dodging the quick moonbeams screaming and waving his cannon at the yellow jelly dripping from the sky. "Glub glub Zap! Cecile's Stick Stuck! Heebe ho ho! Take that you Bastard! Woof Woof!" he warbled sending a stream of minnie-balls and lead sinkers smashing into the moon. I fumbled the plaster statue of Jesus out of my pocket and waved it at him and his face began melting and sliding down over his cravat, his shirt, his belt, his silken tights, his net stockings and trapped his shoes in a puddle of Mung! Oatmeal leaked through the widening pastules on his head.... his hand dissolved around the handle of his gunne and it dropped into the puddle of plastic slime.... a finger poked from his ear and withered as I watched.... his coat caved in and the hair squirted in a tangle of escape from the top of his head. "OPFAL OPFAL OPFAL!" I screamed and flung the statue into the palpings mound convex of proto-jellification as it writhed and sucked at the frozen skin pressing at osmos with earth and grass and black stratus of quietude.

The gelatin spasms stopped and the bubbled surface of the melted man leaked air and steamy vapours till the dry transparent crust the small leaves curl/d on the ground had dropped away in the frost of my silent breath.... safe again! I looked across to the arch but Cecile was gone. I closed my fly and left the park.

10.

"Say, you going to stay in that tub till you just a soggy bag of wrinkles?" I twist about in the tub and behold Lovely Dolly with the heaving bosoms.

"I was just laying here in this collapsible bath thinking on what to do with myself.... my life that is."

"Just don't do it when I'm around."

"You're lovely."
"Stuff it."
"No... really, I'm melting with sincerity."
"It's not your sincerity that interests me."
"That's all I've got to recommend to your lov'n arms."
"You've got a lot to recommend you, but it's got nothing to do with sincerity... unless of course that's the code name you've given it."
"You belittle me."
"Not with that thing I don't."
"You flatter me."
"It's not flattery friend. It's, shall we say... a feeling I have for the thing."
"If you like. I begin to think it's only my body you're after."
"You sound like a highschool whore McSwine. It seems I can remember pulling that one a few times."
"You've more originality than that."
"I've learned a lot since graduation."
"True, true... academic circles can be limiting."
"Yeah... ivory towers."
"Ivy covered walls."
"Rose colored glasses."
"And some not so ivory towers."
"...cracks in the walls..."
"...and in the glasses..."
"...cracked glass walls..."
"...and towers..."
"...dying ivy..."
"...and mouldering roses..."
"...the ivory chipped down for bookends and paperweights..."
"...old bidets and thunder mugs..."
"...smashed by turbines of chrome and dynamos of steel..."
"...pitiless exposure under the historic leer of neon..."
"...set upon... shot upon..."
"...eroded by the waves lapping from a sea of piss..."
"...moss entrails clinging... spangled with old crab eyes..."
"...split... splintering... parting from the skull in great shale... to slither and drop beneath the yellow waves..."
"...an ivory bottom to the sea..."
"Waiting beneath the fishes..."
"...and the end not to come..."
"...waiting there for an endless coming..."
"...while here we come without end..."
"...ended by our coming..."
"...of unending cone..."
"...coming endlessly..."

-Kirby Doyle
CARPERS: A NATURALISTIC TRAGEDY

Nick Cernovich is selling underwear on Avenue C.

Sudie Bond has burned the brownies again.

Where is Billy Linich's wig?

Valda Setterfield owns the cracker jack concession in Central Park, and she has just cut her hand on a broken soda bottle.

Larry Kornfeld has just become president of the United States.

And he has named Joel Oppenheimer secretary of state.

LeRoy Jones supervises a sweat shop on Lower Broadway. It makes only denim pinafores for charity schools.

A piece of lettuce has stuck in Clive Matteson's thorax. At this very moment he is coughing and turning purple.

Freddie Herko has lost his evening bag again. The poodle is chewing it, under the chandelier.

I have decided to devote my life to polishing the credenza.

John Wieners has turned into a roller skate, and is skating over Marc Schleifer, a wedding cake.

Marian is a kite caught in a tree.

Ann Holt is Isadora Duncan.

Jay Jay Mitchell has just burned the last extant copies of Mayakovsky.

Lita Hornick is washing all the Giottos. With ivory soap.

Who will be elected Pope next? Joe Le Sueur? No, Kenward Elmslie has won by a hair. He is building a swimming pool filled with holy water.

Connie Robbins has married Ray Johnson, a simple Hopi ceremony at the White House.

Howie Schulman is the new weatherman.

--Diane Di Prima
Fudgy

I'd swish through the door
tip-toeing
goofed on speed balls
with a yellow jaundice twinkle
in my glassy eyes
you'd be waiting in the kitchen
perched on a chair
like judge Leibowitz
your face mooned
our thighs
puddling wet
on each other

Instead
I stash my joints
in the food bare freezer
take five
through off my clothes
drop in bed
like a marble sinking
in a blob of jelly

I'd stink of
cutting in basements & on roofs
barnacled with sores & pimples
sweat-starchy socks & greasy underwear
on my back two weeks
you looking top-flight
curlicues of perfume
running through your
nesty hair
but I was slimming-off
in sleep
a glazed tear on your chubby cheek
whimpering out
I found a bag of that stuff
in the Bible--
you're never home any more

aaahhh
shut up--
you're lucky I'm home tonight

and nod back in my bucket
till the monkey
creaked my back awake
goble out of bed
fire-man my clothes on
pistoled out of the house
after I'd squat & beat you out
of your car-fare & lunch money
for my morning fix
I took cures & cures & cures
wrote you letters
piled with rusty words
we'll start all over
never take-off again
clean-up for good this trip
you were my first high
cop a slave & work for you only
I'm really getting down in therapy
this time

sign them
Your forever
Loving husband

P.S. I need commissary

on a paper napkin
you wrote
Dear Liar
Come home.

O my chocolate princess
I lay in bed
smelling of Life Boy soap & tooth paste
light a stogie & watch the smoke lick
ghost-nude thoughts
unshoeing the nights away

my feet gag my heart
they're cold.

--Frank Lima
To The Floating Bear:

Diane Wakoski's well-intentioned letter in the last Bear re Yvonne Rainer's originality or lack of it has several mistakes and misconclusions.

Miss Wakoski mentions Miss Rainer getting "applause for her 'originality' of method." Audiences like things because they are good, not because they are original. Audiences don't know what's original, anyhow, and with reason, because nothing is. Miss Wakoski says "The idea she uses for constructing dances through an improvisatory and associative manner, using her own voice as an instrument, is a technique which was developed in the Ann Halprin Dance Company and which was really most extensively used and elaborated on by a dancer named Simone Morris. All of Miss Rainer's methods are derived from the dances of Simone Morris."

This idea of constructing dances, or any other art form, by means of an improvisatory and associative manner is not something begun by either Ann Halprin or Simone Morris. It is almost impossible to list the antecedents of such methods, since they are in fact so widespread in the arts. The use of voice in dance is a completely common procedure; in ethnic dance, in modern dance, even in ballet. In the 1940's Ballet Theatre produced a work by William Saroyan and Eugene Iorio in which the dancers spoke. In 1951 Merce Cunningham made a dance in which he made sounds with his voice. Other dancers have on many occasions experimented with these techniques. Improvisation in theatrical dance has been a commonplace at least since Duncan -- Krutzberg, Wigman, St Denis, all these and later moderns have explored this and been influenced by it in their work. Ann Halprin's own methods are derived from these predecessors. As for Simone Morris, she is not a dancer at all. She has studied little in the usual dance techniques, nor has she wanted to. Her work has been in the realm of the "event," or "happening," developed in New York by Allan Kaprow, Red Grooms, Dine, Oldenburg, Brecht, Hansen, et cetera, et cetera, and by the Gutai group of Japan.

The fact is, many things arise in many places simultaneously, the force of an individual personality causing certain configurations to seem "new" or "original." This is not to deny the power of work to influence, but each of us is a sum of an untold number of such influences. In Miss Rainer's work, the influences are manifold, yet assimilated and disciplined to an unusual degree -- as must needs happen. As for "all" of her methods deriving from Simone Morris, this is an obvious untruth, since the majority of Miss Rainer's devices are simply those of dancing, dance steps, and the things that all dancers do.

Aside from all this, the important thing is that art is done well. This is the only thing that counts. The idea of "originality" as a criterion of value is a relatively modern one, and one which inevitably is doomed to fade again from fashion. Myself hold no brief against the academy, if it can produce with vitality, and love. Schools have their places. I, too, am grateful to Simone Morris for what she has done. Work, or research, is work that has got to be done, by somebody. The more people there are to do the work, the faster it all goes. If you want to go fast, that is. Each of us has his own tempo.

--James Waring
Lieber Bär,

Lately, musical commentary concerned with die jungen avantgardischen Komponisten (who are beginning to "machen os") has had much to say of Alban Berg — indubitably an ausserordentlicher young musician, wholly wertvoll and deserving of the highest Achtung for his always interessante work. Doch, it must be considered as urecht that to this attention is added any applause for so-gennante originality of method. Being a Viennese I am cognizant of the fact that Herr Berg's techniques (though masterful and highly expressive) are nicht original with him. The abandonment of traditional harmonies and tonality, and the employment of a "series" utilizing all notes and intervals equally as the basis of organization is attributable wholly to a musician named Arnold Schöenberg. All of Berg's techniques are derived from the music of Schöenberg, Nicht misverstehen. I am unreserved about the positive values in Berg's music -- sehr. However, in all justice, a critic who does not know of Schöenberg and his hoch importance for the music of this century should. The interest of historical exactitude necessitates that credit for the 12-tone system must belong to Arnold Schöenberg completely.

—Anton Webern

Sirs:

Just read Madam Wacoski's note in last Bear and wd like to add for her information and maybe the whole of the tribe of nit pickers she might be representative of: (A) T. S. Eliot's Waste Land might seem original to you squares but in reality that poem was modeled on a pessimistic advertisement (which first appeared in the Boston Transcript in 1921) written, I later found out, by Lester Fenibiscuit, who was once the most famous obscure poet in Boston. (B) Bessie Smith got her whole style from that little known south western blues singer Blind Boy Schonberg.

Please pass this information on to Lady Wacoski and the other six dwarfs.

best,

—Miles Campion, Toronto

NOTICES:

Erratum: Clive Matson's name is misspelled, in CAREERS.

Al Leslie supplied stamps and paper for issue #22 and paper for issue #23.

Dick Maxfield, famous electronic composer, is looking for pupils. Anyone interested should call LY 5-3893.

Send a stamp to the Bear.

New Directions has just put out a paperback book titled "Breakthrough to Peace" with twelve views on the threat of Thermnuclear Extermination written by, among others, Norman Cousins, Thomas Merton, and Lewis Mumford.

John Daley reminds us that Ray Johnson's wedding took place in the White Horse, not the White House. It was his first wedding which took place in the White House.