

If Jack the Ripper was your friend

wd you bring him round

for a beer one day

If Jack the Ripper was yr friend

wd you introduce him

to yr wife

or invite him to shoot pool
on a Thursday afternoon

If yr favourite poet were

suddenly Jack the Ripper

wd you still praise him

for his depth of understatement
or his charming innocence

Or if Jack the Ripper

came to your door

sometime after dusk

on Saturday

wd you slice him a chunk

of bread

and offer him blood sausage

and a pickle

If Jack the Ripper

dropt round yr place

at 10 a.m.

on Sunday

wd you lend him a quarter

or let him use yr washing machine

or share the family pew

with you and yr rosy kids

at St. Timothy's Parish Church

at 11 a.m. Matins

If J the R came to supper

wd you let him

rock the baby

change its pants

wipe its arse

and if someone told you

merely hinted

that maybe

in some off moments

you were playing understudy

and second fiddle

to J the R

wd you flash a smile at him

and ask him for a job

—Tim Lander

the funeral feast

yes, it's been long,

but brilliant, full of the cry

of ripening fruit

and assaults of sunlight

on white walls.

musicians have come here

and seen me dance

black-velled and brazen

while the women hired to wail

covetously eyed your dead clothes.

and there has been time

and time again a solid wooden

table outside under the trees

to hold the mirror, the salt,

the proud head.

the guests have been favoured

with snapshots of saints,

goatskins and amulets

suitable to the occasion,

until the wine kegs stand empty

and the last glass has been smashed

at the feet of the last dancer.

the din of it is done.

now I touch peace with the rings

and, alone as an evening bell,

rock myself gently,

humming a final dirge

conceived in the elegant

ear of an ancient.

—rosemary catalalos

"Let he who does not wish to do anything for
the revolutionaries, do nothing against them."

Social Note: Congratulations etc. to Al & Kath
of Tree Frog, Edmonton.

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WESTERN THOUGHT

The War of Nerves

The war of nerves or psychological war is an
aggressive technique, based on the direct or
indirect use of mass means of communication
and news transmitted orally in order to
demoralize the government.

In psychological warfare, the government is
always at a disadvantage, since it imposes
censorship on the mass media and winds up in a
defensive position by not allowing anything
against it to filter through.

At this point it becomes desperate, is
involved in greater contradictions and loss of
prestige, and loses time and energy in an
exhausting effort at control which is subject to
being broken at any moment.

The object of the war of nerves is to
misinform, spreading lies among the
authorities, in which everyone can participate,
thus creating an air of nervousness, discredit,
insecurity, uncertainty, and concern on the part
of the government.

The best methods used by the urban guerrilla
in the war of nerves are the following:

a) using the telephone and the mail to announce
false clues to the police and the government,
including information on the planting of bombs
and any other act of terrorism in public offices
and other places, kidnapping and assassination
plans, etc., to oblige the authorities to wear
themselves out, following up the information
fed them;

b) letting false plans fall into the hands of the
police to divert their attention;

c) planting rumours to make the government
uneasy;

d) exploiting by every means possible the
corruption, the errors, and the failures of the
government and its representatives, forcing
them into demoralizing explanations and
justifications in the very mass communication
media they maintain under censorship.

e) presenting denunciations to foreign
embassies, the United Nations, the papal
nunciature, and the international judicial
commissions defending human rights or
freedom of the press, exposing each concrete
violation and use of violence by the military
dictatorship and making it known that the
revolutionary war will continue its course with
serious danger for the enemies of the people.

from *Minimmanual of the Urban Guerilla*

—by Carlos Marighella

Western Thought is a continuing feature: reviews,
essays, critical articles. Our readers are invited to
contribute to the progress of Western thought. Up to
650 words.

On Headaches

It's beautiful to be a communist
even though it gives you lots of headaches.

And the thing is that the communist's head-
aches
are supposed to be historical, that is to say
they don't go away with aspirins
but only with the realization of Paradise on
Earth.

That's how it is.

Under capitalism our heads ache
and they decapitate us.

In the struggle for the revolution the head is a
time-bomb.

In the construction of socialism
we plan headaches
which doesn't make them any less frequent, just
the other way around.

Communism will be, among other things,
an aspirin the size of the sun.

—Roque Dalton
trans. Margaret Randall

"On Headaches" is reprinted from **This great
people has said "enough!" and has begun to
move....** poems from the struggle in Latin
America selected and translated by Margaret
Randall. Copies of this book, as well as copies
of Marighella's *Minimmanual*, can be obtained
from People's Press, 968 Valencia St., San
Francisco, CA 94110.

time = money

april
june 21st
june 22nd

—konrad bayer
trans. Norbert Ruebsaat

POEMS BY ROSEMARY HOLLINGSHEAD

tune in tone like lyre I play
stringing in and chording find
lost one plucking into mind
not remove me from intense
so necessary in defense
of music that I have in mind
no other string I have to play
in tune one note in melody
in high & low of notes I've sung
bring out harmony in strum
muted down to low degree
in hearing sound through melody
a composition improvise
sigh in thru the wind like trees
in leaf bellied beloved rise
unto the hills in wild surprise
& run on play me into sing
one song only you can bring
chant me cant me call me up

so much of you in dust of me
shining thru in particles of air
colours blue / green like sky
water fire in light above the flame
made in glowing flow
warm thru blood in veins
starting sing in song of me
from the earth / ground
up into the high of hear
in sense of sound / pounding in
beating basic primitive time
in throng of woe throeing thro
catching hold of whole in being
sight sine of field on high plateau
seeing e'er aloft
litting up the song
sung in us / dust floating
filling pull in space of rest

clouds — shifting moving...like lost souls/spirits
i see you forming into masses of cumulus-citrus
seriously staling....

would you like a glass of my
doubokobour dynamite —

thanx....

nothing to be taken
seriously....

only the clouds in rain formation

a practise ballad

daughter and I we live alone
that is just her and me
no men to sleep in our place of loan
to keep us company
we like to live this way we do
(I tell myself most days)
but what a funny life I grew
to end up in this place
I talk to me and me to I
both in and out of dreams
I answer back myself a lie
to save my face in creams
at night alone that this I like
lying naked in my bed
I hold me tight close to the dyke
when water wants to shed
the last 2 lines do sound so queer
with dykes and water shed
that I must tell myself my dear
now make me lie in bed

the mind keeper

keeping all minds
intact
stumbled on a stone
he couldn't retract
he fumbled & fiddled
exhausted his ploys
to say — electric shock treatments —
to shut out the noise
that stone kept exploding
all psycho-therapy
into conundrums
beyond psyche of he
whose training neglected
a course in poetic
which makes me consider
a slip of the tongue
could lead me to river
i'd not return from

a man of wit i want (i thought
& thought & thought to call on it
with brilliant head mind revolving
catalyzing analyzing

culture past present future
rudiments of basic premise
elements in phasic promise
anti-social where social lists
lean assumption barely sound
but sociable enough to twist
the staid & stuffy folk around
to laughter at their foibles fixed
in standards of behaviour mixed
but more important than all this
is that the man would maintain bliss
of ecstasy in intercourse
verbal / mental / physical source
no harlequin or charlatan
but just a ruddy common man

In the world of nowhere is
is the world of nowhere biz
in & out they sot & say
rip & rot they trip & trot
all in the name of mainly viz
be so big/bigger than small
little they make me in chop chop tall

&
chitter chatter smitter smatter
titter tatter latter litter
with clitter clatter up & down
& round on round
singing in
their nowhere song

on alienation i could write a book
bound in barbed wire electrically volted
so revolted am i at you
always telling me what to do
no matter where i go
you are there bitching at me
jesus
you have to ask the air to breathe
on fire i'll blow smoke cinders
if you do not seize

Pulp Press is pleased to announce the
publication of Rosemary Hollingshead's 3 **Men
on Horses** from which the poems above, with
the exception of "the mind keeper", have been
selected. Available at the new **Vancouver
Women's Bookstore**, 804 Richards St.
Vancouver.

Archive XI

Radisson & Groselliers & 300 natives of Ottawa had missed the 700 Iroquois (from NY) ½ way to montreal (where respects were paid to the nuns & 50,000lb of fur sold), & continued to 3rivers (the company town) to finish the deal (400,000) before notifying the Governor of their return. They were in the money!

In England, the Commonwealth of Cromwell ended, —there being no more wealth. only £1 2s 10d in the treasury... & bills: £1,888,332 (incl. £49,303 for Cromwell's funeral). Charles II was restored; he needed cash.

In France, Mazarin (the Comptroller) died. Louis had to go it alone; but not before marrying the Infanta. As sun-king, Louis XIV wd be a spendthrift.

In Quebec the Gov., just recalled by Louis, took the furs, threw R&G in jail.

"We were Caenans, there being nobody to contradict us. We went away free from any burden, whilst those poor miserable thought themselves happy to carry our Equipage for hope of a brass ring or an aul or a needle. There came above 400 persons to see us go away... which admitted more our actions than the fools of Paris to see enter their King & Infanta of Spain..."

R had been captured before; by the Iroquois. Mohawk. Taken into their country, & adopted. But, one day he made a deal with an Algonquin & killed his brothers, the Mohawk captured them outside of 3iv., —taken back & tortured. His "family" saved his neck. On a trip to FfOrange, NY, he made a deal with a jesuit, & 'nuther with the Dutch, & went to Holland. Where he made a big deal. Returned to Quebec, made a deal with the jesuits going to Onondaga where he made deals with the Iroquois. He had just finished the Biggest deal after 2yr with DesGroselliers among the Cree, when they were crossed by the Gov.

Roy Stone's **The Destruction of Vancouver** has just been published by Pulp Press as the first in the Pulp Content pamphlet series. Available at your bookstore for 75¢. (50¢ to subscribers, by mail.)

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DesGros. was outraged. They had been burnt. More so than if the Iroquois. He had been dealing for yrs. Knew the game & left for Paris. To make a deal.

In Paris 1660-61. DesGros was "paid with fine words & promise." He also made a deal with a Rochell merchant to send him a ship next yr. Rad was anxious to go to Paris too, but waited til his brother came back. The ship came in 1662 but a Jesuit onboard blew the deal.

"He advised me to leave my brother, telling me that his designs were pernicious. We see ourselves frustrated of our hopes. My brother told me that we had a store of merchandise that wd bring much profit to the French habitations in Cadix. I, who was desirous of nothing but new things, made no scruple."

R&G went to New England where they obtained ships for two attempts into Hudson Bay. Both were unsuccessful, & time & money were lost. [R used the time to encourage the New Englanders to capture New Amsterdam & open trade with the Iroquois.] but the two were invited to visit the King in London before the fighting began.

R&G on ship destined for England & the King... (Pirates, etc.)

In London there was a plague & a fire & a war with the Dutch; everything was costing. Radisson & Groselliers waited 3 yrs for financing. In 1668 they were given 2 ships and left for Hudson Bay. G made it; R's ship turned back.

The winter of 68-69 was spent by R in the salons of Oxford, trying to write his story of the last 20 yrs. *"I hope to embark myself by the help of God this 4th yr, & I beseech Him to grant me better success than I have had hitherto... & to make me partaker of that everlasting happiness, which is the only thing a man ought to look after."*

Radisson Superior Voyage.

A poster, **Anarchy — Without Government**, is also available, free, to introduce the Anarchist Petri series of pamphlets.



Too Much Nothing

You are to write THREE essays, one from parts I, II, and III. Take an hour for each essay. Plan carefully. At the end, proofread.

The process of watching over the examination is called "invigilation." The process of adoration is called "unprofessional conduct." At nine o'clock, the beautiful of this world enter the examination room, to find the question-papers and answer-booklets set out for them, and the Professor behind his desk, adoring. There is no other word. He has decided to leave his wife.

Discuss. The theme, "the theme of the poem." He will obscure, praise, the purity of these faces, concentrating, focused, on silly questions: this perfection of flesh, this effulgence. These are his students, and he is their English Professor: *theirs*. They are thinking serious words, writing them down, filling pages, one-side-only, every-other-line-please. He is in love. The process of invigilation consists in doing nothing, vigilantly, for three hours of an April morning.

Q. What did T.S. Eliot have to say about April?

The Professor is going to leave his wife because she said: "You love your goddamned students more than me." Choose ONE of the following topics.

He, too, is writing carefully in the regulation booklet. For solidarity, see, we are all alike oppressed. He will try not to look at the bent heads, busy hands, writing, writing. [*Discuss conflicts of this sort.*] "With specific reference." He will try and try, not to look. The loveliest will never know, never suspect; he won't touch them. "A reader may be, at first, puzzled by a work in which nothing much seems to be happening." The girl in the second row has long yellow hair, and a Valentine locket on a chain.

"Such a reader may find illumination...."
Strive vigilantly upward. Said the Buddha, perhaps.

The Professor is writing a letter; it looks like this: *Dear Valerie, I am leaving you, good-bye, good-bye forever.*

He is writing a poem. He is thinking of a song heard on the radio, this morning: something about the waters of oblivion. *Saved her all my salary / from the waters of oblivion.* What he heard, understood, was *celery*. He thinks of the tall green celery growing there, pale green stalks waving wetly there, in the murky deeps, in the waters of oblivion. He knows those waters well; he has seen the celery. Valley, I'm sorry, you can keep the car, the furniture, the children. And the celery. There are so many bodies here in the examination room, and I am full of desire.

He is saying to them, in his heart: "Little brothers and sisters." They are writing about metaphor, about the Central Experience. He knows about that, too: the C.E. It is a new department of the Government, very suspicious, an obscure agency housed in a former warehouse, in a provincial city. Questions are asked in parliament, continually: the Honourable Member from Purple Falls wishes to define the Central Experience. They will reply, softly, *Celery*. Plant tall celery, tend it, in the quiet sea.

Q. Please, can I go to the washroom?

A. Yup.

Wallace Stevens wrote: *The body dies, the body's heavy liver.* Discuss. (How did he know?) Little brothers and sisters, I will plant tendencies in the hearts of English Professors, your masters, everywhere. You will forget what an escape is, and it won't matter. Shapelessness will save you, shapelessness will suffice. *Analyze this poem.* With reference to one or more. *More*, always. And I shall seed the waters of oblivion, lovingly, for you.

The gardeners wear flipflops and masks, pale green, who go down into the waters of oblivion. Gently, they weed and prune. Their bodies are the colour of damp plaster, in that light. They make no sound.

The man who is leaving his wife sits alone in the examination room, at the front, writing. *Levels of meaning.* If he were half a man he'd be in a logging camp, building Character, muscles. Meanwhile he has a terrible hangover, and the aspirin isn't working. He is remembering more of the song: *Too much nothing / makes a man feel bad.* The examination will soon be over.

The caloric content of celery is a negative quantity.

Harvesting the waters of oblivion, a project: cutting celery, in the green sea. The gardeners use small ivory-handled knives, souvenirs of the Jubilee, to slice the celery, sever the tall green stalks.

Where no fish glide to and fro. Where no bright red and golden fish dart, to and fro, among the pale stalks.

Upward, my soul.

George Orwell, D.H. Lawrence, John Cardil, William Carlos Williams, Alden Nowlan. NOTE: The Kermess is a Flemish outdoor festival. You learn something new every day.

Upward, my soul, vigilantly through the green waters, those murky waters, oblivion. *Explain, in as much detail.* The students are beginning to drift away. One by one, they go, the beautiful of this world. "Icarus, a figure in Greek legend..." Good-bye. Good-bye forever.

At the end, proofread.

on modern poets

the poet
in a yellow blouse
(who once made clawing
love on the tomb of Darius)
told us his mother used to put
Eddie Guest pomes
under his pillow at night
& added : shit.

"waste removal"
corrected the lady teacher
in his modern poetry class
(who couldn't remember
just when she had last made love)
She told us she had read
all of modern poetry
& understood not
a whit.

you must have
dung & roses
in your garden
to draw on, said the poet
"surrealist pomes"
"metaphor assassination"
like Dylan Thomas.

"Word salad"
said the lady

the poet
(more interested in Greece)
asked hopefully
what Porlock meant
& looked around & around
the class in vain,
then read Stevie Smith
"Thoughts about the Person from Porlock"
where Coleridge hit a bumper
on Kubla Khan.

Upstairs
Emily Dickinson
wiped her
blue tears
(and her asshole)
with pink toilet paper.

—Nellie McClung

Wreck Beach

"His black eyed daughters
little losing muses"
Nine o'clock at the elephant gun
Ugeo' Gama

F. At the glistening blink of an eye it comes.
D. What comes?
F. Snap; and there you have a picture.
D. Fresha, do we got to fill a hole book? Know something Fresha?
F. Yes Dud?
D. We suffer from Identification...
F. I know.
D. We were flinging bottle caps today and even tossed some lids. You know anything about flying saucers Fresha?
F. No Dud.
D. The message was sent out; they came as ghosts to walk, and wait. Fresha, it seemed to me they were no there to open eyes — you know.
F. Would you have me answer you with a promise or counsel doom; that is not my role, for I was also there...
D. You see...
F. Yes, and even yet I'm not appeased, nor even they. Tis most strange... Fare well my friends until the dawn.
D. Keep warm.
F. Keep warm. Watch the river today, I'll see to the mountains.
D. Find luck.
F. See you Dud.

—Roy Stone

Correspondence

Good Luck Prayer

"Trust in the Lord in his own words of knowledge of him. He will guide you."

This is a copy of a letter started in the Netherlands; it has been around the world seven times. You will have good luck 4 days after you receive it. This is no joke!
Send no money. Send this copy and five others to the people you would like to have good luck. Do not keep this letter. It must leave your possession 96 hours after you receive it.

In the USA a military man won \$10,000.00 Jacson Justin lost her life when she failed to circulate the letter but won \$75,000.00 before she died. Yansilles won \$6,000.00 but lost it when he failed to continue the chain.

Send this copy and 5 others to see what happens on the 4th day. Put your name on the bottom of the list and scratch off the top name; don't send return address.

Norman Mailer
Manron Lanier
Mona Manlinerr
Romann Allimer
Norman Rimpler
Normal Mainer



PERIOD PIECE,

A PLAY

Radisson

Groscellers

Action in the Canadian
backwoods & the salons of
17th Century England

The memoirs of Radisson.

The dictation of the memoirs of Radisson
in imperfect English.

Radisson.

Dictating.

Radisson & Groscellers.

Their idea.

The idea of Radisson & Groscellers.

The cursing of Groscellers.

Gooseberries and Radishes.

Action.

Groscellers waiting for Radisson to come
and tell him everything in French and then
to begin going with him.

Scenery.

The Hudson's Bay Co.

Waiting for Radisson

to begin going with

Groscellers to be able

to commence telling

everything in imper-

fect English.

Radisson dictating.

Radishes and Gooseberries.

The memory of Groscellers waiting for

Radisson to come and tell him everything.

The memory of Groscellers.

Fade.

What is there left.

Radishes and Gooseberries.

The possibility of Radisson coming to

Groscellers to begin telling him everything

in French.

The Travels of Radisson & Groscellers.

Their adventuring.

The arrival of Groscellers to begin waiting.

Radisson.

Dictating.

—J.S.O.

No

His wounds said: "No"
His chains said: "No"
And the turtle dove
which spread her feathers
to cover his chest
and to shield his wounds
said: "No"

"No!" for those
who sold and bought
the jewellery of Gaza
They sold the gun
and bought a goose
stop your quack
oh silly goose
and listen to him
just once, saying: "No"
Have pity for him
He did not succumb
under neon lights
or in between
the candle and the moon
Have pity for him
There was no death report
or mute funeral rites
no moaning poem
nor hymn
oh rocks!

will you permit me
to write but one line
which I may recte
to false-bearded men
stop your quacking
just for a while
and listen to him
shouting: "No"
He stands like a wall
on a house in Gaza
a thousand times
he's killed every day

—Mu'in Baisassou

—Translated by Naseer Aruri

Mu'in Baisassou: b. Gaza Palestine 1928. Studied literature at University of Cairo. Returned to Gaza, became active in Palestinian leftist circles. Detained several times in the 50s by Egyptian administration of the Gaza strip. Released after restoration of cordial relations between Egypt & Soviet Union. Lives in Cairo where he has been a literary editor for the semi-official daily, "Al-Ahram." Married with 4 children.

