

ANARCHY

WITHOUT GOVERNMENT

ANARCHY is a word which comes from the Greek and signifies, strictly speaking, **WITHOUT GOVERNMENT**: the state of a people without any constituted authority over them.

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Before such an organisation had begun to be considered possible and desirable, the word **ANARCHY** was used in the sense of disorder and confusion, and it is still adopted in that sense by the ignorant and by adversaries interested in distorting the truth.

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The government is the aggregate of those who have the power to make law. It decides upon and claims taxes. It judges and punishes those who break its laws. It supervises and sanctions private contracts. It monopolises certain branches of production and public services or, if it will, all production and public service. It promotes or hinders the exchange of goods. It concedes or withholds free trade. It makes war or peace with the governments of other countries. In short, the government has the power — no matter how obtained — to make use of the collective force of society to oblige each person to its wishes.

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In all times and in all places, whatever may be the name that the government takes, whatever has been its origin, whatever its organisation, its essential function has always been oppression and exploitation, and the defense and protection of the oppressors and exploiters.

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Its indispensable instruments are the policeman and the tax-collector, the soldier, the judge, the jailer and the time-serving civil servant and teacher — all supported and protected by the government to enforce the belief that without government chaos and disorder would reign.

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When the public becomes convinced that government is not necessary, but extremely harmful, the word **ANARCHY**, because it signifies **WITHOUT GOVERNMENT**, will become equal to saying natural order, harmony of the needs and interests of all, complete liberty with complete solidarity.

IS GOVERNMENT NECESSARY?

WITHOUT GOVERNMENT — ANARCHY.

MEDIA FREE TIMES

PERIODICAL MULTI-MEDIA RANDOM SAMPLING OF ANARCHIC COMMUNICATIONS ART

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THIS



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by

MEDIA INTERCHANGE

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by

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PRINTED IN SPACE

THIS IS ABOUT THIS A MYTHOLOGICAL EXPLANATION OF THE PURPOSE OF THIS

THE STORY OF THIS:

THIS began with random revolutions on one piece of cardboard on a summer night in a coast city bar. I was discussing the nature of post art (mail art after art) with a systems analyst. The piece of cardboard came from an envelope in which an 8 x 10 photograph of me had been mailed. (This photograph had drawn the comment from an alcoholic gambler at the hotel in which I was staying, "You look like you lost your best friend." The gambler was O.K. A pigeon had just finished laying an egg on my shirt that was on the dresser and I was running a bad fever. Cockroaches and bed bugs were among the things I was discussing in poetic fashion at the bar while scrounging for bread and company.) In a moment of creative spontaneity, I wrote the word THIS on the piece of cardboard.

I gave it to the analyst and he looked at it with cold, factual eyes, a little dazed from beer and work, but it did not compute.

So I took it back and, after squaring it off, I wrote "is a piece of corrugated cardboard specifically created for the purpose of THIS" in small letters underneath and signed it "created for the cosmic idea bank by artist" and then I wrote my name, "FK302387."

I gave it back to him. He held it for awhile and listened, I guess, to the loudspeaker that was calling a name but was barely audible because of the rock and roll music from the pay box, loud arguments and seductions, and cash register bell.

A few days passed. I was sitting in the window seat of a donut shop (mystic drawings on the walls, cult worship images, girl maids in gypsy cloth, perhaps real; I had coffee-expresso, cigar, a orange notebook, and a rapidograph pen.) I declared the space my office and proceeded to write. I was feeling like I was in old Paris, an intellectual of some kind, like ancient Camus or Sartre, perhaps Salvador Dali. I decided to write a book about THIS. Well, THIS doesn't mean anything by itself and I really thought a magazine perhaps, some kind of old fashioned avant-garde, underground press maybe with crude primitive graphics would make more sense. It was because nobody was saying anything very much through any media anymore that I decided to write nothing about anything, but saying it. I decided to make it heavy academic and business-like so I wrote: THIS, The Publication for Experiments in Communication. While trying to figure out how to get the money for the coffee, I wrote some notes on what THIS was all about, and an introduction.

If there was once a media of total communication, it would have been like this: If you were to close your eyes and I would say "green sphere" you would then see a "green sphere", and I could say "luminous in darkness", and you would see it luminous in darkness, then I would say "it explodes into colours and patterns like motion graphics" and you would see what I see, as if we would be able to communicate telepathically, with invisible symbols and vibrations, creating images in each other's psyches with cosmic codes without chemicals or electronics but with spirit. We would be like oscillating entities in space reading holographs of our cosmologies clearly because there would be no interference and the vectors of your simplest emotions, that would emanate from your being would totally effect mine, we would be completely turned onto each other because there would be nothing between us.

Is THIS not what we usually call understanding? Is it possible that before man started talking, everyone used the language of understanding? Perhaps some unexplainable force created an interference to understanding. It could have been something like the bearly audible monotoned shrill one hears when it is absolutely quiet which does not allow us to perceive what silence is really like. This interference could have created an ever-widening gap in our perceptions of each other. Over the centuries, it became necessary to develop a universal language, then many languages, picture making, play acting, writing, and finally communications technologies like film, radio, video, computers and lasers.

If it were so, one could easily say then that surely man has been striving all along to regain this state that existed before this interference started; that he envisioned through his monstrous technology that he would soon be able to perceive what understanding was like when it existed; that philosophies, religions, governments, educational systems, whole cultures have been created and have fallen apart in the attempt to overcome the constant deadening, numbing effects this interference has caused in our minds. The fight has been an endless struggle passed down from generation to generation, the old attempting to teach the young how to defend themselves and overcome the mental numbness of it; and that we have created a world of images in the attempt to make clear and graphic what this interference does not allow us to perceive. We have hired countless scribes whose entire lives have been spent recording endless lists of perceptual realizations that we have salvaged, huge piles of documentation and representative images. Constantly they are buried in the process of correcting, modifying, rephrasing, re-emphasizing, this or that victory of the mind in its battle. But in all man's struggles and despite the fact that these technologies of man are rapidly destroying the earth, only one hope remains and that is that understanding will be realized. At the next turn of the page or push of

the button. Only then will inter-personal communications again be free and open. Yes, it is possible to accept such a myth. It is true this superficial unnatural world of images exists for a reason, but that its intent is to regain for man the understanding he has lost, is not true. On the contrary, the machinery that now takes on the role as the media of communications was created to exploit man and, in fact, is the great interference to man's understanding. THIS: is an experiment in communications, an attempt to speak directly despite this media of interference, to transmit the emotions and break down the barriers of it. THIS is about the struggle to communicate spontaneously.



INTRODUCTION TO THIS A LOOK AT THE DOODLE BAG

Sometimes when I can not write what I think or communicate how I feel, I scribble. I like to think that the scribbles are expressions of how I feel, communications of feelings. (Some feelings I find difficult to communicate are loneliness, fear, alienation, inertia, paralysis, creative repression). I have collected a lot of scribbles and sketches and put them in a paper bag. One could say they are expressions, in poetic line and non-verbal symbolic language, of these feelings. They are not representational drawings of any material reality. They are sketches of psychological processes, of associations, of contradictions, conflicts, movements. They are especially indicative of psychic motion drawn in two dimensional design from related patterns from the memory banks, from microscopic, structural, mathematical, physical, astronomical vignettes of the memory that can somehow be associated to these feelings that have no form.

They are no different from the abstracts of the ancient Klee or Kandinsky except for the fact that they have no color, little variation in line thickness and no consideration for composition. Yes, you could even call it art. They are, however, only impulsive scratches. The lines indicate to my imagination what they do, but beyond that I'm not interested in being realistic about what is not real; I leave that up to the imagination of the reader of this language from inner space, letting him project as well the possibility of color, of texture, of thickness, of line, of the 3rd and 4th dimension, or interpret if so desired, in the universal language of the subconscious through transcendental meditation from a level of vision beyond the light plane. But I don't want to frame them and hang them in a gallery in order for society to deem them completed works of art. I'm trying to be more honest than that, honesty that only the universal consciousness in man can understand. That is the source from which these things are brought out of my hand and mind. That is the same source from which come the non-representational designs of children and, I believe, all the rest of natural design.

Calling attention to the scope and limitations of the media enables a receiver of a message to focus on the message itself and experience it in its fullest. I would say the same thing is also true of the rest of the writings, pictures or enactments that follow. They are things that communicate nothing in themselves, perhaps, but which are strongly connotative to me and hopefully might be to the receiver of THIS. And to understand them, one needs only to see openly with the eye of the heart. THIS is nothing more than a recording.

After all that writing I wrote — ∞, on the wall with a piece of chalk. My father used to tell me never to write about mundane things because they bore the reader. I know most books which have been classics in literature are based on the spectacular things in life, like death. I thought I would have a difficult time competing with a topic like THIS.

I couldn't find any money and I didn't have anything else to write. In fact, I felt the experiment was complete, so I left.

Again, a few more days passed. On the way to the square: puppets frightening children; a man with a bell on his head selling laces; lots of people shuffling by the pastry and symbolic jewelry import shops; outside coffee tables with umbrellas; silversmith; leather monger hammering; souvenir windows of old world design; some kind of cybernetic faire; taboo music from Yen monk in a sacred position, a holy matt by the pillar; dog sniffing a broken ice cream cone some child had dropped; past the concrete, city noises, crowds, cars, drums, dance, cymbal, guitar, singing in a bad voice, lots of sound, music; sun light crashing down in loud bolts shattering into colors on the entire square. I sat down by an outside coffee table and began to write about the different techniques and media which could be used for THIS, the publication for experiments in communication.

I was interrupted by a woman with two oranges in her hand. I had turned around and asked her what time it was.

"I don't know," she answered. "What are you writing?"

"I've been writing about the destructive use of images in our society, how they are arms of manipulation, controlling minds and stifling the creative process in man, blinding him so he can no longer see who (why and what) is keeping him from awareness," I answered.

She said, "I've been trying to write poetry about the woman's side in a relationship, her feelings when confined to a role, her frustration when she is unable to move and function as a person and is manipulated by a pre-conceived and pre-supposed mode of being assigned to her through tradition and history."

"Images are perpetuated for programming," I said. "They act like a brick wall between man's subconscious, his source of creative potential, and what he actually does in his daily life. The system has taken on the function of reason, logic, and man is left with following its laws and dictums, never thinking anymore, just moving to nowhere."

"When a man and woman are trying to relate," she said, "what they usually end up doing is reacting to each other's roles — he yells, she cries; he takes over, she concedes. Because our society is a patriarchy, the man has the power, the freedom (relative) while she is resigned to acquiescing, submitting, vegetating in a shallow world of his choosing without ever knowing she is capable of doing more than procreating, cooking, looking nice, and comforting him."

"I would like to put out a magazine," I said, "one which would be a vehicle of free speech, a publication which would enable people to express, release, their creative energies, a place where new methods of communication could be tried out, a place where experiments could be exchanged, a place which would offer alternatives, a place where information would be printed so that people would know that they weren't alone, a place that would eliminate the massive alienation of our world."

She said, "Women are strangling behind their roles; they are dying. The death is slow. They need an explosion. Woman's conditioning has been so effective she truly feels she is nothing unless she is with a man. She needs to be educated first so that she may continue to educate her men and her children. But man has to listen, and he isn't now. He is still hanging on to his superior (supposedly) role of aggressor and mover. He is trying to shut woman up by ridicule, by ignoring her, by telling her to act normal before she is admitted once again into his enclave."

"If I could get out the first issue," I said, "it would expand into an information resource, an exchange. It would be a channel of experimental techniques and would grow into a connecting link between people who were striving to change their personal position and that of man's."

She said, "For any kind of change in woman's position — which would inherently change the system — man must be reached, messages must reach him, he must be willing to change, he must accept that the roles cannot be perpetuated anymore."

"Would you like to write an article about that?"

"Do you need a typist?"

"Yes," I answered.

I was thinking out loud and didn't realize it at the time, but, in the process of validating myself to her, it became apparent that THIS would have to become a magazine or something. Specifically, it was going to be, THIS: The Periodical Publication for Experiments in Communication. I felt that she was the first person I had really communicated with in about a year. And this new relationship wasn't the only thing that evolved. Now there was a purpose to THIS, a responsibility. It had to be laid out, perhaps advertisements had to be sold or some wealthy people consulted for financial backing, a typewriter had to be rented; a press located; distribution worked out; and, of course, content had to be decided upon. The theme had all sorts of possibilities.

We proceeded to list some titles. These titles indicated short stories of this and that; a blow-up of the dictionary definition of THIS; THIS handwritten in 50 languages; THIS in 100 different types and prints; a catalogue; a photo of THIS carved in Roman letters in a cornerstone. The possibilities were endless. In the first half hour we had thought of enough material for three months of publication. Except for the problem of publishing cost, the magazine would be on the market today. No one was interested in publishing THIS. It was not commercially viable because it was not compatible with the economic process. I, as an artist and philosopher, was greatly offended by society's unacceptance of THIS, but I was determined to plod on and prepared to change THIS into any form or media just so that it would be published and the message be distributed.

In the meantime, she and I, despite our condition of poverty, had managed to rent a typewriter. (That only took about three weeks.) The original contents of THIS were typed, perhaps 8 pages in all. She ended up typing sections of my journal in order to make use of the remaining time on the typewriter.

THE JOURNAL

I was born in a port city on Exploit Island. My parents were D.P.'s. After the war they fled Liania and moved across the war-torn continent, staying in D.P. camps, and ended up on the island where they met each other for the first time and were married at the end of the war. A year after I was born, my sister was born and that same year my family moved to another continent where they settled in a commercial city and still live there to this day.

I went to a public school the first year of my schooling and was confronted with a language problem because I could only speak my native tongue. I cannot remember really what the problem was at that time, but I remember something was not right. Yes, other children were picking on me. The first memories are where I will begin my story. It is as if my life begins with these memories and they are so vague and unclear for the first 12 or 13 years that I can only recollect a few of them but out of chronological order perhaps. I will try to tell you some of them. The earliest, I believe, is the memory of chicken, a chicken in the pen that my father made in the garage of the house he had built. I suppose I was fascinated by them and by the eggs. I remember the garden and fruit trees in the back yard, young trees at the end of the yard; there was also an out house. We lived in the covered cellar of the unbuilt house. My mother was afraid of bugs. There was a cricket in the sewer pipe in the concrete; a board was over it, there was not yet a drain. My mother asked me to go and kill the bug. She was afraid. From this experience I had re-occurring nightmares — the bugs of the sewer, I would be swallowed and fall into the sewer and the bugs would, I don't know, they would do something. I can't remember but that it was terrifying. There were curtains on the two cellar windows, walls were concrete, my father was a strong man, I would see faces in the curtains, they would frighten me and keep me asleep. My sister slept in a crib, I in a bed; I don't know where my parents slept.

The first day of school, I remember we were going there with mother and father, long halls, empty, an office door, I can't remember what was behind it, a classroom on the way, my mother put bobby pins

in my hair to keep it from falling into my eyes, I must have been six, I thought it was girl-like, I did not want them, I lost the argument.

Another image — my father and I, walking back from the school, rain pouring down and sun at the same time. Why is there rain, I ask. He said it is God crying but when it rains and it is sunny like this, God cries tears of joy. I did not understand tears of joy, but in the day, in nature, it was a sacred day.

I remember we moved in the furniture truck that belonged to my father's friend who was in the furniture business to a new house. When we saw the new house, we were very excited. We ran up and down the stairs. The same stairs went from the kitchen up to the second floor where they forked; one set went to the third floor, the other back down to the first. We would run up to the second floor from the kitchen, down to the first floor in the hall through some doors, back to the kitchen and around again. It was fun; we would hide on the first, second, third floors, even go into the spooky basement. Our father told us to stop, it was the end of the game.

My mother had another child, a girl baby, I was then a "young man".

In the fourth grade I remember the teacher was old and told us not to pick our noses, but I saw her doing it. I had a sweater with deers on it which I did not like; my teeth came out; we got photographed.

The fifth was when I had an exam. The teacher was young, curly blonde hair, she had no face, but it was pink. I failed a test in geography. The teacher asked me to the front of the class and asked me all the questions on the test. I answered most correctly. She asked me why I did not answer them when I was writing the test. I told her I was afraid of putting down the wrong answer. I got a gift that year for improvement in studies. I did not understand it, my parents were happy.

The sixth year — a teacher with scarred cheeks, a frightening woman with lumpy breasts with latex, pointed nipples. She told us that if we did not brush our teeth that it might happen that the gums would become infected and the dentist would take a stick and rub it against the gums and all the puss would come out and the teeth would have to be pulled. I also drew a church; I moved the pencil back and forth applying color till my arm was sore; she put it on the bulletin board for winter fest display.

Seventh. I played basketball in the evenings at the parish, was called fatty and warmed the bench, did my homework diligently on the streetcar home, got good marks and was roughed up by my hockey teacher, who had rotten teeth and an Ivy League jacket, for saying something, I believe it was a question. He had curly hair and was not old.

Eighth was horrifying. The teacher was notorious for strictness. He kept me after school to study math. I did art work for the school yearbook. I passed "by the skin of my teeth", got a lot of stars for going to mass and confession and communion. I use to sit at home before school and watch T.V., and before my father would come home from work, I would watch cartoons and eat. We had to clean up the mess before my father came home or else there would be trouble. Sometimes we were a little off on our timing; that was real bad. Usually it was frightening every time he would come around the corner or go

into the garage. There was only one important task I had to undertake; that was to get good marks in school and in native language Saturday school, and have good manners. Between my teacher, father, Saturday school teacher, priest, and my peers who use to beat me up and my sister who use to snitch on me, and my bad marks, plus the fact that I was not interested in sports, that was a bad year. But that year I did learn how to masturbate, draw filthy pictures, cheat, lie, sleep in class, sneak off to the park on lunch hours and many other things. I got glasses that year. I don't know how I made it, but I got into High School, a separate school in the suburbs, very ritzy. I was sent there despite the fact that the public school was just a few blocks from our house. During the summer I got my first job as a magazine salesman which my employer did not pay me for. My second job was at the end of the summer vacation in the same plastics yard where my father worked. I was hired as a helper. I had no problem adapting to this kind of work since I was raised on it; most of my leisure time as a child was spent helping my father building or renovating. I worked for that place for three summers. Most of the money was zapped back into the family; one summer it was used for a car that I never got to drive. My father worked there, however, for 12 years; at the end of that time the company was merged into another company. He lost his job and that was that. I don't know what he's doing now. He was a good cabinet maker, he even did some work for the City Hall. My father only wanted on thing from me and that was whatever I did, it was to fit into his plans. My mother was the gentle side of the brainwashing.

Grade nine. I learned how to smoke, swear, drink coffee, socialize with girls at a donut shop, play pool, pray, and be a saint.

Grade ten. The heat was on; low marks in Mass Manipulation Technology class. I hated it, was doing O.K. in Obsolete Languages though. I had the option to drop it and go on with other subjects but my father forbade it. As a result I failed grade 11 because of low marks, especially in MMT; I would say that MMT failed me.

That was fatal in my family, nothing was the same after that. I had to leave the shiny separate school and go to a lowly public school with high standards. I sort of scrounged my way through the second grade 11 and managed to just barely make it over the border into twelfth. The only subject I took in 11th that I liked was art. I wanted to go to a lowly technical college that was offering an arts course that I could get a degree with and start in four years as a commercial. They, my parents, wanted me to be a commercial, so I dropped out of the high school's four year program a year later, a month or so before the final exams; I was going to fail grade 12 anyway and I wasn't about to sit around another year. At that time a lot of young people were hanging around the village using drugs, living in flop houses, being yip. It was a short time after that that the media turned this phenomenon into a tourist attraction. I was living with a runaway artist, Gyps, who took a girl away from me who I was infatuated with. I made love to my first woman shortly after that. She was an ex-prostitute from Machine city. All those years of masturbation and dreams finally were realized in the actual thing. I rolled over and fell asleep.

I followed Gyps (who had broken up with the Girl of My Dreams and who was eventually to die of an overdose of speed) to Montor, but a sailor put me up and was probably the best person I met in my travels

since my embarkation. He asked no questions. It was the middle of winter around the New Years. I started to learn about cold, hunger and poverty. I wrote a post card to my parents: "Hil Yours truly, your son." I learned to wash dishes for one unit per hour. But I had lots of dreams. I was an artist, a genius, a creator. Nobody listened. I did some portraits at a studio but nothing came of anything. I did return to the west side and told my parents that I was to go to school or get a job. My parents put me up for awhile. I got a job in a restaurant for a week as a busboy, but my feet got so sore that I quit after two days. Another week went by and I got a job as a busboy in a fancy restaurant; this lasted for a week and I ended up with apendicitis in a hospital. After that it was late winter and I got a job with International Ore Co. in North State, up near the bay. We were taken up there by train. I stayed there for a few weeks working in the mines at 3,000 feet. It wasn't the working conditions I couldn't handle, it was the harassment from the workers; they frightened me out of the job, plus that, I got a bad cold, and bad depression. I drank two bottles of whiskey straight and laid on the floor, looking at the ceiling for almost the whole day. I was some kind of philosopher ever since I left high school. At the mines, I was a Yen Master. We hitched-hiked, myself and another like me, all the way back to Montor.

I obtained a passport and went to Yorkapolis by thumb. The town freaked me out. I was selling smut and was so horny and alienated that I started selling my body to others, experimenting with homosexuality and finding it unnatural. I sold myself once but didn't get paid, and experienced what a steam bath was like; I quit. I split from Yorkapolis after a month and a half, after losing my job because I would not beat the junkies who stole the porno magazines over the head with a baseball bat. I flipped a coin in the Authority Bus terminal to see whether I was going north or south on my last 100 u. The coin said west. So I ended up in Losisco, sleeping on a mission lawn along with a lot of other yuppies. I didn't think I was like them but I guess we were all in the same boat together anyway. I did like the New Music. (Oh, I forgot to tell you, one of the first things I did when I left home was manage a band in an old house and helped in a Love In.) Anyway, in Losisco, I was there for a few weeks messing around. I met a lawyer while hitch-hiking one day and told him I had an idea for the manufacturing en masse of teardrop praxis symbols. He was driving a private car and said he would sponsor me. I did a few paintings and some interesting poetry, made love to an old Negro woman on the beach off Dead Ocean Park where I slept at night. I was doing portraits during the day and acquired a praxis symbol as a prototype for the production. I was supposed to meet the lawyer in front of a bank in Honeycomb County; instead I was busted and sent to a deportation camp in El Centro where I spent a month, during a plague of locust. I was put into solitary confinement from which I attempted to escape, was apprehended and sent to Imperial County jail for another month, then another intensive search in the Losisco jail and I was air-shipped back to Montor and given 2 units for bus fair.

That summer, I was doing portraits on the street corner with a lot of other artists. I did it without a licence and my equipment was bought on loaned money, which I have never repaid. What money I made I spent courting young women and other dreams; drinking beer

became something I took up as a hobby, as did watching movies, you know, the kind for three for 1 unit. I started writing poetry when I was still in high school. I was then a post artist and at the end of summer, I was standing around the corner and a friend came and asked me if I wanted to go for a ride. I said yes and it turned out to be a stolen private car. We got busted outside Montor. He pleaded guilty and got a suspended sentence. I pleaded not guilty and got a trial date set for a month later. I was late by five minutes and spent 3 weeks in jail at Dorbeaux waiting another trial. My legal aid people told me if I pleaded guilty I would get a suspended sentence, and if I pleaded not guilty, another hearing would be arranged a month and a half from that date and, because I had no one to bail me out, I would spend that month and a half in jail. I pleaded guilty and got a suspended sentence and after (I saw some bribery going on) in the records office while my records were prepared, I was released. It was from this and the experience in Losisco that I learned the nature of justice.

When I came out it was winter. I got some travelers aid to get me a ticket back to Montor. I spent the winter at the missions and at friends, at a lover's apartment, and at my parents (under the pretence that I was studying for a high school diploma outside of the school). Right around spring, the depression over took me so bad that I could do nothing but get up, go down town by sneaking into the subway, and bumming some money for coffee and sit in a coffee shop in the corner of a major intersection and watch all the people going back and forth. I was so weak and paralyzed that I could hardly move or do anything at times. Finally I got myself together enough to get a job in a restaurant and do some swimming. It was a good job, it lasted a few weeks, but I did learn how to make an omelette and subhouse sandwich; I had the night shift so I could rest for a couple of hours after the restaurant closed. It was real good, but I had to split.

So with 80 units in my pocket, I bought a ticket as far west as that money could take me. It was spring. I fasted and got sandwiches at the Sally Anns in the bus stop towns on the way. I got off the bus in Red Hat. Everybody was jumping around, excited. It was the Stampede. I bummed enough money to get into the fair grounds; it was easy pan-handling. I was beginning to feel good. I ran into an old portrait artist that let me do some portraits. I made 100 units that day and 95 the next. I spent the whole summer traveling the carnival circuit; it was the best summer of my life. I was free, in love with God, nature, beauty, self, and women; not very many, just enough. It was that summer that I got enlightenment and started preaching umem. I met Jo, who I promised myself I would love forever. I came back to her after a dozen women.

We were common law married in Debt Lak one week-end and then we took off for Vantoria Island off the West Coast. We had no money, just love. Jo complained all the way down and by the time we got to White Beach, we were separated; she took off with a hermit of the beach who lived in a house of driftwood. I was broken hearted and returned to the magic old house my friend, Philip, rented. I slept in the hall and got lice. I fasted a month until four men and 1,000 miles later, Jo came back to me. She was my first and only true friend and also the first woman I had lived with ever. Before she came down I got my head

together, went out and hussled up 40 units so that I could get a room and get some oils to get rid of the lice. Our life together in that room was what I would say was my experience with a good contract. I quit portrait art and travelling around, got on welfare and bummed while studying religion, psychology, philosophy in a pseudo-fanatic sort of way. It was a very pretty city; Jo would complain that there was no real communication between us. I was happy with our life, or should I say peaceful. I wrote poetry, did a little adult education at a college, nothing serious, and passed the time in contemplation spiced with religious experiences of many varieties.

Then the storm came. Jo got pregnant. The welfare sent us our last check and we were forced to move. We decided it would be a good time to visit my parents, so with the last money, we took a plane to Montor. And we were put up by them despite our condition but we were asked to marry, so, obligingly, and not taking it too seriously, we consented to do so. It seems that soon after we married, Jo decided that it was time for a divorce.

On the same week-end we married, I went to Honeymoon Falls to do portraits. I made good money but on a spontaneous suicidal climb of a cliff I fell 80 feet broke both arms, and came back to Montor a month later with a 600 unit bill, Jo pregnant and wanting to move out of my parents' house to another space because she could not get along with my parents (she was an orphan, had attempted suicide twice, and was a heavy drug user and had given up one child before I met her; her head was a messed up as mine.) We had no help from any place; not financial, that is not what I mean; what we needed most was understanding and love. Anyway, despite my condition and hers, we did move into this attic a few blocks away from my parents' place. She had the child; it was not long before we were back with my parents. I had managed to get a schooling program from the Manpower which paid 80 units per week for me to study Mass Manipulation technology which to me meant art. The welfare hospital plan took care of my bill. This was a great break; I was going to be making steady money for a trade and not paying any rent. If we could endure my parents for a 10 month duration, we would be set. No such luck. On my father's birthday, Jo hit him in the face and I moved her and the baby out into an emergency housing in the middle of winter. From there she took her first welfare check to Centerville. I felt I had lost her. My training was going down the drain; I was spending lots of money, especially travelling back and forth from Centerville trying to get her back. I moved her out of my parents and got another attic on the advice of my friend classmate and I wrote her the following letter.

Dear Jo,

It happened, sometime ago.

In a moment, we were split apart; it was a refraction. Up until that point, we were in touch, somehow able to see into each other's world, to understand the depths. Perhaps the plunge was too frightening. An eye blink; a quick contact with the eyes denied; a face turned away from contact. Somehow the doors of the soul closed from prying. Perhaps from boredom—no fear.

I said something and meant it in a nice way. The other person took it wrongly. I tried to be heard but the ears of the soul were no longer listening.

At this moment, a great fear was deep inside me: Two people in the same room, unable, all of a sudden, to understand what each other was saying, like two cars passing each other slyly in a parking lot.

The circle of personal jurisdiction was drawn, not to be trespass upon. Suddenly, where before all the most intimate areas of the body, mind, and soul were open—where total merger could have been made—all was closed. Somehow the line of demarcation was drawn and the communion was remote. Little was shared, and as time passes, less and less . . .

I don't understand. Perhaps we moved too close, like magnets of the different poles changing to the same poles and repelling each other. I do know that this moment of misunderstanding, of repulsion, for whatever reasons, is at the heart of all our discord.

I have examined our situation clinically and my prognosis is that our needs are in conflict. In short, we have a deficiency disease. To reassure myself in my loneliness, I recite repeatedly, like a computer, a litany to my ego's persona.

I am: The master of games
The creator of THIS
The poet
The hobo
The separated husband
The lover
The man of wisdom
The fool
The graphic designer
The portrait artist
The photographer
The creative psychopath
The liberally educated man
The crusader of improvements in education
The man of the world
The religious genius
The gate man
The great psychologist
The business man
The anarchist
The oppressed artist
The seeker of truth
The radical sociologist
The inventor
The nothing
The everything.

My coat was becoming burdensome, so I took it off and hung it on a silver and black wall. Instantly, before my eyes appeared a number of women.

I looked quickly. I calculated. No, not that one, not that, they all look so good, no, not that one.

Then, before my eyes appeared the most beautiful, voluptuous woman, yes, in fact the woman of my dreams. Yes, I thought. She looked into my eyes. My desire was so strong for her; I had not known such desire for a woman. She, with her warm breath and tongue, caressed and kissed me. We embraced in ecstasy. Just then, I awoke.

There before me was the teacher. With a knowing smile, he said, "Well, did you succeed in taking the perfume bottle to your loved one?"

In shock and amazement, I confronted reality. The perfume bottle was gone, so was the whore, so was the dream, so was the hope for the solution to my problem. I said angrily and sadly to myself, "Goddamn the whore. She took my perfume bottle and has ruined my chances to reunite with my loved one."

"Ah, ah, ah," said the teacher sharply. "The woman is the woman of your own dreams, she was born from your own desires and it was by your own choice that you wandered into the brothel on your way to your loved one. It is not now a problem of whether your loved one will love you, it is whether or not you can sacrifice your dream woman and your curiosities and desires for your loved one."

It was then that my vision ended and the despair returned. So you see the complexity of our situation.

I cannot understand why, but it seems this letter changed her heart and she came back, but all this travelling had put me badly in debt. I spent the rest of the Manpower money paying for rent, food and bills and at the end of the year, I flunked the program and was in debt and ended up going on welfare.

After this, I was not feeling so happy about myself and my sex life, so I would stay out nights going to strip shows and peep shows, scrounging money at bars, philosophizing. Jo did not take this for very long and stopped making love to me. She told me to leave. I did and moved into a small room and got a job as a snow shoveler for a few months. This was just last year. I spent winter fest and new years for the last time with my wife, child, and whole family. Jo told me she had an affair with a friend of mine who was separated from his wife, also a friend of mine, and child. I split Montor, broke and broken with no direction and drifted for a year around the south states, then back to Vantoria Island. I saw Jo once for a week-end at the end of summer. The final blow was when she asked me for nothing more than money in her last letter to me. That final failure in communication marked the end of a quarter of a century of my life.

THE POEMS

I asked myself, what does my journal have to do with THIS? I was going to omit it, but I realized it was perhaps my only real expression of the communications problem and its different manifestations. Another question had also entered into THIS: What media to use? This problem became evident one night when we were together in the donut shop and were discussing THIS and the fact that it could not be put into print in the form in which it was in. I spoke of my first book of poems called *The Travels through Valentia* which I had written several years ago. After reading the scriptures about the sacrifice of the first harvest to God as a token of thanks and a wish that future harvests would be blessed, I had burnt the book in a garbage incinerator, "sacrificing" it in the same kind of ritual. Since that time I had not written one poem.

"What was the book about," she asked.

"It was about travels through the world of carnivals. The mystifying sick carnival world contained for me symbols representative of the rest of man's world. Valentia was a carnival world without anything else but carnival."

Then I began to verbally reminisce about the book: "The travels threw Valentia, the symbolic drawer, the clowns, faces, Face;

"The 8 mm film grain on reality . . . some sensations, the neon a sidewalk puddle, I photograph it, the faces of freaks, with colours like those of theater from neon hamburger stand lights.

"I was young, I knew no one, I slept on a park bench and used my shoes as pillows. It was a carnival-market of flesh, flash red on the face of the paper skinned man, a smile of yellow teeth, purple lipstick smeared and eyelash sparkles on with white plastic hair, pawnshop hat and earrings, he was a symbol.

"Many years later, after the story of a hand full of pearls, of avarice and the cockroaches on the wall that scattered when the lights were turned on. 'Oh, I didn't know that. I wonder where they go. I'm frightened.' Thoughts to myself — I check to see if my passport is in my newly tailored second hand suit. I didn't know these things were bad. I was in a carnival, a comic book writer getting ideas for his motionless flick. They were all symbols. I put them in my drawer of mystical symbolic writings.

"I mean, you couldn't expect me to narrate all that as if it were a reality. I'd have had to accept it as reality to myself first."

"How come you have not written since," she said.

"I don't see the point, I mean, who reads anymore."

"Lots of people," she said.

Loud jazz soon started and we were unable to communicate verbally, so I wrote instead what I was later to call "poem one," a painful message.

We, the algae in this experiment
 Our future's written in the crust of rotting bone
 ejaculating like sap with
 insignificant slowness
 from the earth's skin.
 Occasionally our attention is
 frozen on the gelatine capsule
 of space and time
 We look for a clue
 But get caught in our own saliva
 instead.

Well, THIS was all very well and good but it was the straw that broke the camel's back. Here I was all of a sudden with so much to say and no media to say it in. The next day I cashed a check for 30 units from a job I had in a big, eastern city. (The job was snow shovelling. We wore blue jumpers and phosphorescent orange baseball caps and drove to the snow in a yellow truck. While the other guys were out moving the picks and shovels around the sewer openings, I would sit in the truck, reading comics, and thinking philosophically. They would come back some times angry, throwing tools, shaking snow and wiping slush off. Why, they would ask, was I not out there shovelling. I would tell them that it was foolish, that the snow would melt come spring anyway. That job didn't last long. I quit; there was too much hassle that interfered with my studying.) I had been waiting for a whole month for the check. It was the biggest amount of money I had had in five months.

My friend Shei met me, a good friend, my student; I was teaching her about moral revolution. She was the only person I knew from the past. That day, for no other reason, we drank champagne in the streets, danced, sang trash music loudly, ate New Year's Chinese food, listened to box cars colliding. I spoke parables sitting on the broken concrete casting stones to feed the ocean, sniffing tanker fuel and dead fish. It was Monday in the business world. We were alone, good friends, sometimes afraid to touch each other perhaps, society and situations, you understand. But we tried to be friends and close but could not talk directly.

It was with her in a wine cellar while tasting wine by candle, the sun shining heavy outside, that I wrote on a place mat the word THIS and then a spontaneous poem with tracings of the fork, knife and spoon, labeled Phase I, II and III.

IT PASSED

WHAT PASSED?

IT

It, the moment of joy
 the touch of enlightenment
 the brief second of understanding
 and union
 It passed
 It was drowned out

CHORUS

Real mean painful nothings
 These blurred visuals, images of skin touch
 Embryonic memory documents,
 forged passports into this deceitful anguish . . .
 endless lies, the loom of cartoon wallpaper days.

ONE

Like a slick corporate nebulae,
 Miss Flash Machine was like a
 Phantom in the bargaining chamber.
 She left a spoon on the table cloth
 West from the baby's mouth . . . a year ago.

CHORUS

These corroding memories blossoming
 into the nonsense of passing day
 dreams or opiates, perhaps.

TWO

We shout as loud as we can into the
 vacuum jar night but there is no
 sound except the buzzing lights
 We look into them.

CHORUS

A carnival memory again.
 Water melon sugar, a sticky wine glass
 left in the kitchen by the sailors after
 the concubines

THREE

Something about the bargaining
 chamber where who you are
 is forgotten and
 replaced by zap zapping neon arrows

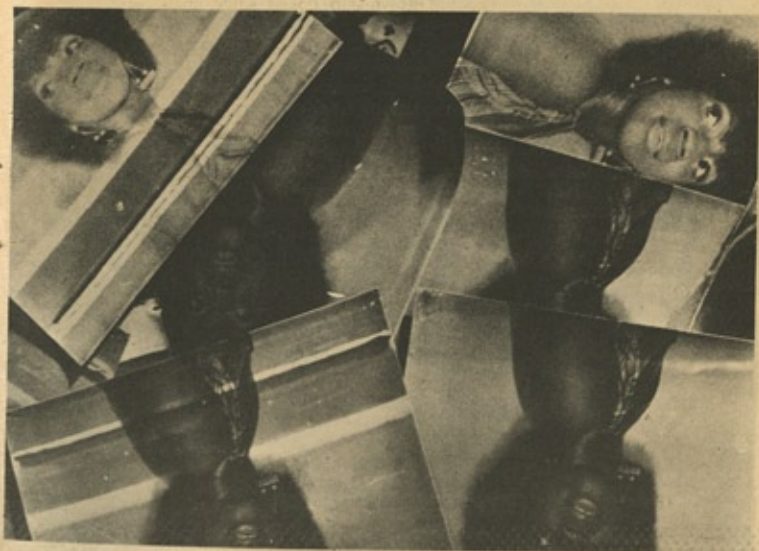
by crazy pain
by blindness
(It the)
paralyzed iceburg afraid of
the sun
paralyzed warmth locked in
the snow,
millions of waves that break down
the shoreline and keep the rock
from entering the sea
water that absorbs all the
rock and the ice, warmth
and the cold
permutation of mementos break down
the emotions
malignancy of electro chemicals
messages destroy the gem,
man, bring forth the jewels from the
acid bath.

I flash on the memory, the sun crushes my bare chest with its
warmth, stretched out across my face and eyes the liquid air like
plastic — between the fingers out stretched arm I squeeze the clover's
green puss. The wrinkles crack her brown skin, poked, smile, chalk teeth
talk, into a wrinkled ear. Sitting, facing, all of us facing the same
direction like moslems facing mecca, like sphinx we like waxen bags
of warm blood scaled like larvae. White lake on her dress and hot,
white net across the wrinkled face, the flabby breasts, the veined
legs crossed.

Sun, sound of waves, tankes move like slugs across the bay's
back, the laughter, shoe string tight against the white hop holding
the pieces of cloth across the organs from which now three children
cooing like pigeons, one sma'll hand on her young thigh, Beside her,
her man bends over to catch the corner of the blanket.

I sang her a song about an auction at a roller derby. She laughed and was
tense. I quit and drank more wine. What was I trying to say exactly? Something
real, I guess, and new. I don't think I wanted her to focus on the place mat that
much. The corrugated cardboard wasn't that important either.

The messages were in all forms; some narrative, some impersonation, some
pictorial. I was not registered under any formal pattern of procedure. There was
no economic support for such an endeavor as THIS. THIS and the problem of
what THIS has to do with anything anyway became the things that concerned me



on the way down south and even after I was there. For months, nothing came of THIS except concepts that would make it economically feasible, technically possible, academically and socially accepted as a work of art and, mostly, just how to make it have content and purpose. From THIS lengthy struggle emerged the Constitution of THIS Corporation, the following being the preface of THIS:

"Based on the premise that life cannot be condensed into any dogma, THIS is a philosophical system dealing with the research and development of creative, inter-personal, two-way communication through education, by the total demystification and complete control of communications technology. It is systematic analysis of the positive and negative effects of governmental design on this vital form of communication and the application of de-design."

There was only one problem with the Constitution and that was that it had to be read and understood before it could come into effect which meant that it had to be distributed and therefore first published. But it could not be published because of the lack of funds and it could not be distributed because it lacked an audience, and, no audience or an unknown audience meant that no market research could be afforded in any proposal for funds. It became apparent that THIS Corp. would have to cease to exist before it even started.

Another few months passed in the process of finding out that THIS was not going anywhere. One night we were talking about what a person had told me earlier that evening. He had said that I was procrastinating. I asked her if she thought it was true. She said it was and then went to sleep. In an attempt to disprove this statement to myself, I wrote some poetry, the result being what I entitled "Poems from InnerSpace:

MINUS ONE

While we the ancestors were meditating on the fate of our children at the great auction of the universal roller derby, a magnificent HopemERCHANT appeared holding an invisible frame of reference. We could see that he was not about to divulge where he got his new charm or even how it was that we were to know that it really existed, but it became relevant to us that it was somehow connected to our search for the perfect search. We carefully assimilated all that was about to occur and without much expense of emotions or fragmentation, we decided to purchase the great frame for our children's heritage and posterity. We decided amongst ourselves that it was necessary to leave something of value behind to immortalize ourselves and, of course, benefit our heirs.

In the middle of the high school
parking lot

we made love to
a recycled aluminum
can that was restored
from the precious replicas

of the previous century, after the



great heat melted
the earth into

the beautiful black

glass and the
sperm banks overflowed

with the sins of the forefathers
and the great Gods of the
neurophysiological spoke of the
good times in the ancient Philadelphia.
We, the brother and sister automotans of
the number 6,000, made love to what they
called in those days a
BEER CAN.

#3781721

We all yawned at the beginning of the unveiling of the most
spectacular. It was indeed a moment to record. A photo was taken
of the mockery and an intergalactic telecommunication was dispatched
as the process progressed. So simultaneous was our inertia as the
theme unfolded, so malignant was our refrain, that the newspapers,
magnetic tapes, and lasers came out blank with such an extraordinary
cleanness and emptiness that it was hard to tell which was better,
the spectacular of spectaculars, the great tilt, or our response to it.

THE SYMBOL

The symbol of erection was drawn on the floor. We gathered
the media people together into a box with the label 6. We were not
prepared to replace them with a machine just yet. It was indicated
that the great ritual could only
occur after extensive
acupuncture of the media representative
so after placing his visual image onto magnetic tape, we erased it,
similar to the ancient sales doll ritual. It was astounding that the
media representative not only confessed to all his crimes against the
computer state but decided to forget public relations business forever.

He said, "Blazing in the white space
of eternity is a sun of
darkness. It is located by my
alchemy in a test tube."



nerve blood veins, my cable collection,
aligned in some alien order
like the guts, my guts, like the
guts of a switch
board, Don't you understnad."

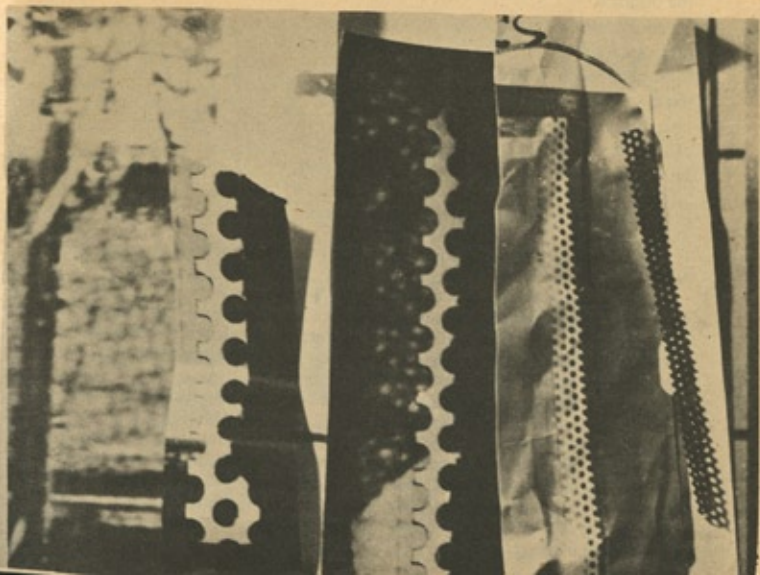
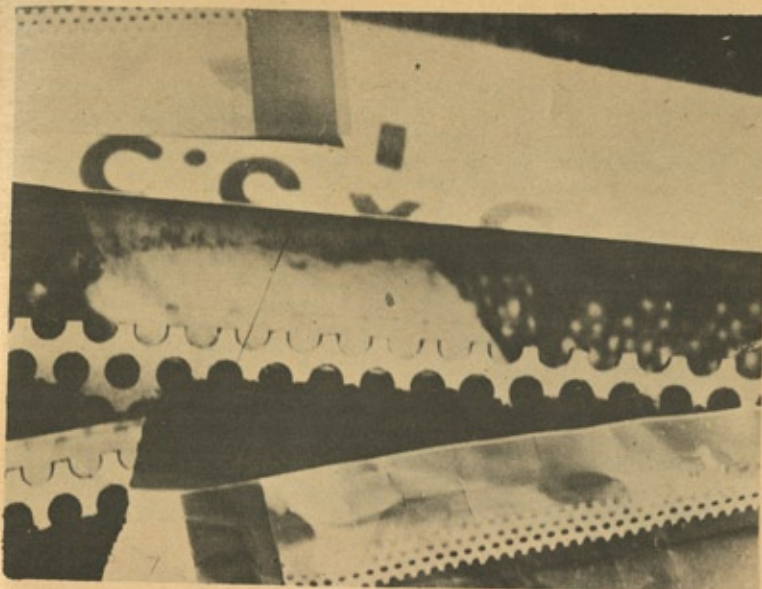
MEANDERIN'

"Maybe all of us could use
some of THIS, perhaps just for
a while, perhaps we could
understand it a little better
now that it's all organized on
the page without even an
error in spelling or composition.
Why don't we feast like the
primitives did on voweis and
syllables. Why don't we
have rhyme and rhythm, soothing
our thoughts with consonants."

So we bound his arms
and tied the knots tight.
The Sun rose upon his
face and the rivers
of electrons found
their way up the wires.
The camper was left
clean of organic poisons
and the pagan galaxy
left the universe with
earth size, atom size
dust speckling the
darkness. We came
once more to untie him.

10
+1

The whole carnival was peaking; the needle in the cosmos was
bringing in more than all the other games, but galazy recycling was
the great runner-up. Everybody consulted their numbers and
10 + 1 was the most leered at. It was a most amazing journalistic
fæet to measure the quality of expression on the emotion calculator
and refine the interpretation in the media to match the budget.



And so it came to pass that after there was no longer scenery
that was not contaminated by sludge and images, not a face that
was void of sickness or disease, our business was forced to make
a radical change. It was not long before we started making photographs
of photographs and graphics of the graphics.

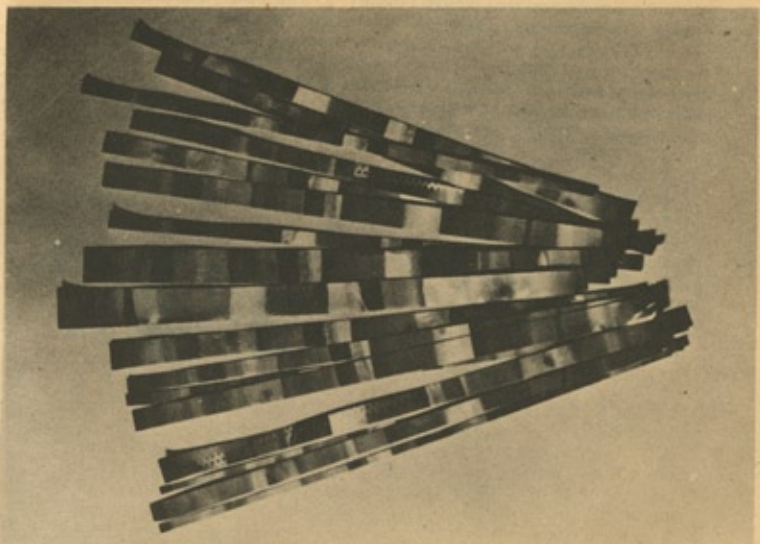
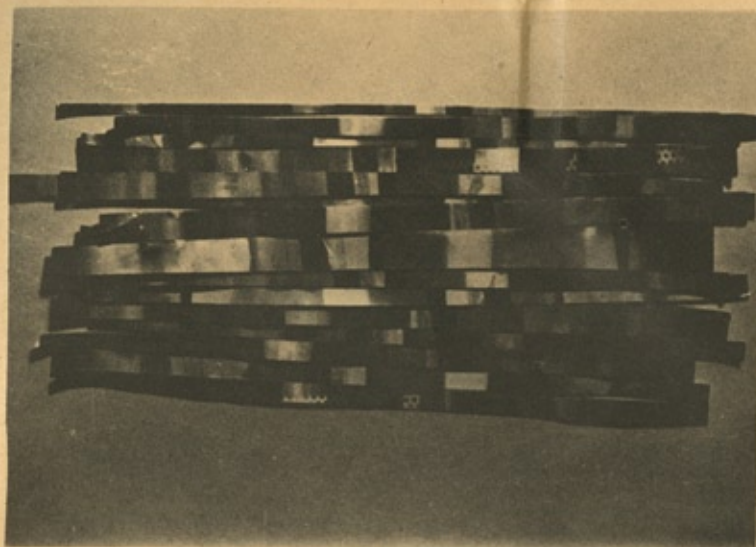
And silice of the inprint.
Singing of the
maybe and the
either or;
So solemn was
the praise
we could not help
the tears, coming
like whipes
out of our brain
but not out of
our eyes, electro
static, print
image,
so Honourable was
the disgrace
we could not
help but follow,
follow the machine into
the machine
into the machine
into the machine
into the machine

The next day I realized that these poems and THIS were one and the same
thing.

I decided that THIS could very well be a multi-media presentation, so I
next made some notes on how it could be done. The multi-media presentation
needed a sound-track, so I borrowed a tape recorder a couple of days later and
produced one cassette using sections of soundtracks for the movie, which I had
made on 8mm film of the doodles in the doodle bag.

It seemed really useless to sit around and wait for the day when the money
to do the multi-media production would materialize, so I spent some time in the
last little while transcribing classes which I had given on the Philosophy of THIS.

I ended up with all these concepts and I decided to write, edit, lay out, and
publish THIS myself, even though it had lost spontaneity long ago. Of course, I
couldn't afford that, so I made a tape of it at first. Then I sold one copy of the
tape, and was able to put the notes on microfilm. Finally, I got together enough
money to put it into print.



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POETRY

For all those who have been enjoying the poetry, wit, and wisdom of Phillip Bates, we regret to inform you that he is leaving the City of Vancouver about the end of this month for a retreat in the sun of Mexico. Anyone wishing to get in contact with him should write c/o Media Interchange, #14 - 1209 Thurlow, Vancouver, B.C.



EL ESCRITOR canadiense Phillip Allison Bates detenido por fumar marihuana a bordo del tren México-Laredo, declara ante el fiscal federal licenciado Miguel García Atlano. Dice el visitante que en nuestro país "Hay mucho bueno mota y muy barata".

Fumaba "Mota" en el Tren un Escritor Canadiense

El escritor canadiense Phillip Allison Bates, de 24 años fue arrestado por la Policía Judicial Federal cuando fumaba un cigarrillo de marihuana a bordo del tren que hacía su recorrido de México a Nuevo Laredo.

Al registrarle sus pertenencias se le encontraron nueve cigarrillos de la máléfica verba. Dijo haberla comprado a un sujeto allá en Puerto Escondido, Oaxaca, en diez pesos, se le consignó a la Agencia del Ministerio Público Federal.

Phillip asegura ser adicto al cáñamo indio y dice al hablar de nuestro país, que está muy contento. Sonríen te platicó: "Mucho buena mota aquí y muy barata". Se le instruirá proceso por posesión de enervantes y después se le deportará.

Los policías que le echaron el guante hacían su diario recorrido de inspección en el ferrocarril citado. Les extraño el olor a marihuana quemada y al investigar sorprendieron al turista muy quitado de la pena, arres- tándolo.

A SAD STORY

"I only have 3 cents left," you said and reached in your pocket and pulled out 3 pennies which were covered with tobacco bits and small shreds of dirty tissue. I thought a man who could do that must be good and kind and fell in love with you.

I loved you for five days. It was a sad love, full of sorrow and pain. On the second day I knew I could do you no good. On the third day I knew you could do me no good. The pain and sorrow grew. On the fourth day we heard a song, bitter and sad, which expressed exactly what we felt. We looked at each other quickly and knew, then looked away because we still hoped.

On the fifth-day I said I was going to the laundromat and put all my clothes in a green plastic bag. I said good-bye. I kissed you. You had tears in your eyes. You knew.

Two weeks later I saw you on the street. "Hello," you said. "Hello," I said. You looked into my eyes. "I have 3 cents still," you said and reached into your pocket and pulled out 3 pennies which were covered with tobacco bits and small shreds of dirty tissue. "This can't happen again," I thought and reached in my pocket and pulled out a nickle which had tobacco bits and small shreds of dirty tissue on it. I put it in your hand next to the 3 pennies. "You broke the spell," you said.

Later, I heard you had become successful. I thought, "Has success been good to you?" Then I saw you on the street. I looked into your eyes and saw you were not happy. You shuffled your feet and looked at the sidewalk. "You're quite successful now," I said. "Yes," you said. You started to whistle the song we had both heard on the fourth day. I hummed along with you until the end. "Good-bye," you said. "Good-bye," I said.

by Laura Lippert

023673



poesía
moderna

WHO OWNS THE FACTORY?

Who cleared the land? Who dug the hole? Who built the foundation? Who built the walls and roof? Who cut the logs? Who built the machines to go inside? Who mined the ore and dug the coal? Who runs the machines? Who delivers the finished product? Who raises their food? Who makes their clothes? Who grows the cotton? Who picks it? Who builds their houses? Should anyone own the factory? Should it produce for profit or for people?

WHO OWNS THE LAND?

What man made the land? Did man put the iron, copper, oil, gold, and coal in the earth? Was man here before the land? Will man outlive the land? Does man's life come from the land? Where is man to stand and walk? Should anyone own the land?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

If people stopped using money? If they stopped making payments, i.e. rent, taxes, mortgages, loans, etc.? If mostly everyone (including policemen and soldiers) stopped, who could collect or kick us out? If people quit taking money for their work? If they then produced an essential product or service for mankind, or else learned on-the-job, a skill that was essential? If people took control of their jobs and made their work into a real fun place to be? If the people who worked on the big farms produced the food for fun, not for money? If we produced for people, not for profit? If we started talking to everyone about it? To wars and pollution if there was no profit in them? If you used your ideas and energy to help? To governments, when people start loving each other? What would happen?

(If everything was free, who would need to steal?)

Ernest Mann

The Little Free Press, 715 East 14th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404 — Volume 3, Number 5

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ANARCHY

WHAT IS THE C.B.C. ?

- ☐ A media monopoly of technocratic elite in a racist caste system ?
- ☐ A crown corporation with open access to all citizens ?

The alternative channel ?

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TO WHOM IT MAY

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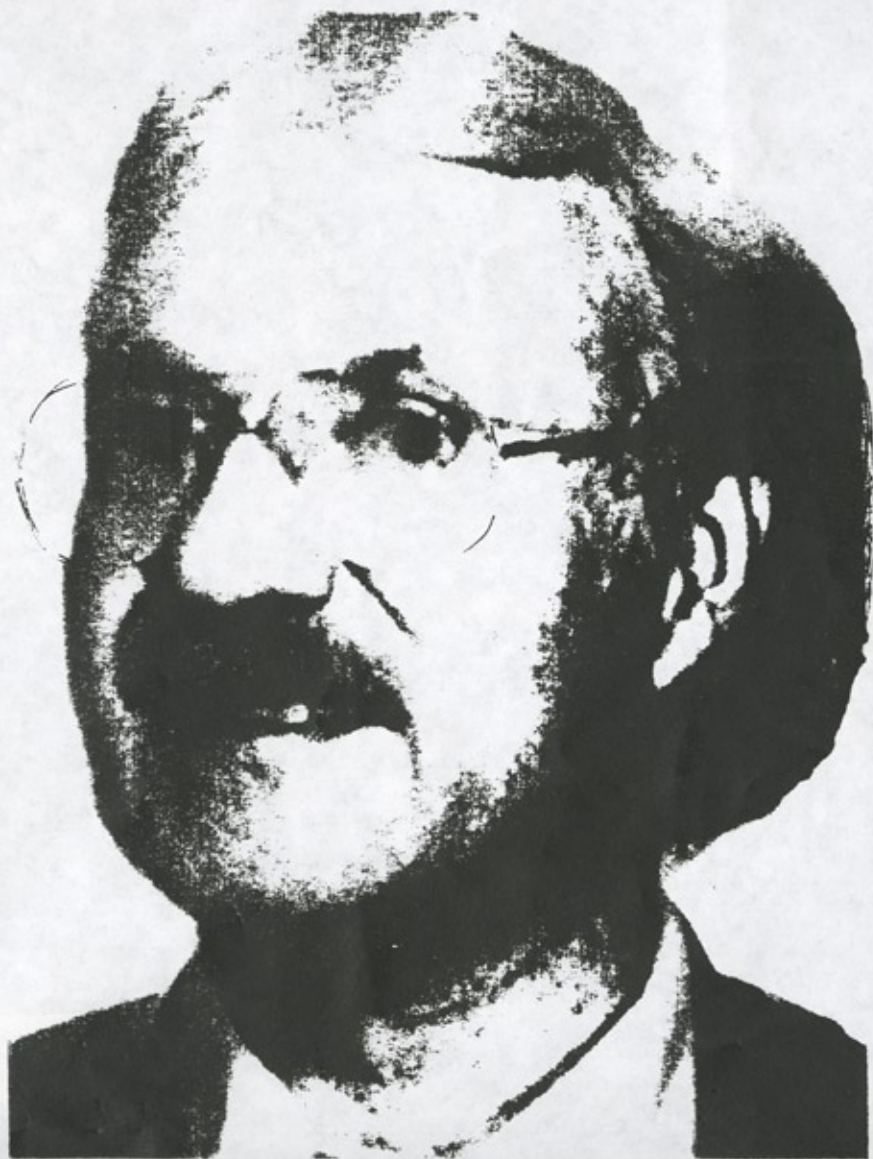
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From hartcomm@io.org Date: Wed, 12 Oct 1994 05:37:12 -0400
From: george kasey <hartcomm@io.org> Subject: baltic
ancestral religion sinks in a sea of 700 yrs. of imperialism
"Lietuva" is a spiritual kingdom that is now global we no
longer need these artificial political boundaries arbitrarily
placed around us as if we were all enclosed within them. The
ancestral religion was pre Vedic pacifist, not nationalist or
hierarchical, not patriarchal or matriarchal but androgynous, not
vertical but horizontal theocracy the size of the "holy"
Roman empire, from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea & beyond
to the Hymalayas. A truly classless society. It was due to
the aggressions of Teutonic knights exiled from the Crusades
for drunken excess and debauchery that farmers held a plough
in one hand and the sword in the other. Then it was that
(Vaidila) the elders had to step aside and warleaders were
appointed. From that day to this that once holy ground has
been drinking blood. There is no semblance left of the old
way as the influences of the three Romes (Rome, Constantinople
& Moscow) have systematically inculcated imperialist
"Martial" hierarchical materialistic culture if not directly then
by the axiom that "what one fights, one becomes". The "Li
etuva" of 700 yrs. ago was not as is described a Duchy but
rather a federation organized to oppose the imperialism of
Rome. In this technological age of massification & cultural
homogenization it is difficult to comprehend this oral
tradition and philosophical naturalism that was the true
ecologically oriented wisdomcraft. That taught herbal birth
control (Ruta) and union with God (sudieva). All of these
things handed down from generation to generation. Not one
sacred tree sacrificed for the pulp/paper. A truly paperless
book with roots 40,000 yrs. old. Do we need the internet
today ??? That ship sunk without a trace, how symbolic of
this Baltic Religion. "They" use these words with Roman
letters on Maps to draw these political boundaries for the
"Propaganda" (as defined by Jacques Ellul) in a region where
there were no "boundaries" to circumscribe the concentration
camps of slaves. Canada painted "Dominion" red to the
Arctic Sea Africa appears smaller than America & "Lietuva" is
divided into Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Belorussia & the
Ukraine." United we stand...???" The indigenous populations
have not been consulted. They are needed: in Siberia and
Canada to work the mines and cut the timber. They are needed
in Chicago, Detroit, Toronto to work the assembly lines of
Fordism. There were three monkeys at Yalta. We have been
conditioned to think that Stalin was the bad guy. The

question remains then, how is it that the proclamation of Neutrality by the Baltic states was not re-instated immediately then and there by the good guys ??? It is an error to look at current events as somehow without precedent out of the context of history. This region has been open to every form of exploitation and genocide for the last 700 yrs. (bau dzava) not just the last 50. It resembles the history of the indigenous Americans. In an age preaching Ecuminicalism, where is the sacred fire in the ancient forests still attended to by the modern vestral virgins (vaidilutes) who commute from the `b urbs to the office everyday. Art Bank ??? Where is the balto/slavic news network that sings the durgas (raudas) that need to be sung. Where is the Voice of the indigenous Baltic poet/priest hearkened to or the woodcarvers sculptures (rupintojelis) of the thinking man of the crossroads seen. Indeed it seems this ship has sunk into a cruel sea without a trace... perhaps never to rise again. Perhaps it seems in retrospect amusing that some may ask as they have on the internet ... "can we help". Su Dievu. 0 Nada Foundation for the Preservation of Freethought Intrnl. (inc.) (Jugis Kestutis) George Kasey c/o (The Heart of Hearts) H'art communications/productions P.O.B.#252 Stn.D Toronto, Ontario, M6P 3J8 Canada phone:(416)-762-0688 e-mail:h artcomm@io.org

These actions display the current US tendency to use a "rubber ruler" to measure the international acceptability of the Russian Federation's actions. We call on the US government to uniformly apply international legal standards and norms to Russia, and to champion the cause of democracy equally in former Soviet and East Bloc countries.

TO STOP YALTA II, CONTACT YOUR ELECTED OFFICIALS!

Voice your opposition to the sell-out of Central and Eastern Europe to your Congressperson and two Senators. If you do not know who your elected representatives are or do not feel comfortable writing your own letter, write to them through the Western Union HOTLINE.

CALL WESTERN UNION AT 1-800-372-2626 AND ASK FOR HOTLINE 9559. Give your name, address, and zip code. A letter, written by the Coalition, will be sent to your Congressperson and two Senators (Western Union will determine who they are by your zip code). You will be billed a total of \$8.50 for the three letters. **HAVE EACH MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS CALL THE HOTLINE TO**

Only now, after regaining independence, does Estonia have an opportunity to regulate interethnic relations. So far ethnic problems have been acknowledged, but not completely solved. One of the basic sources of interethnic tension has been the very rapid changes in Estonia's ethnic make-up during the postwar period. The following table shows these changes. **SEND MESSAGES!**

Residents in Estonia		Estonians
1934	1126413	88.0%
1959	1196791	74.6%
1979	1464476	64.7%
1989	1565662	61.5%

This table makes clear the destructive changes in the indigenous population which have taken place. As a result of WWII, the number of Estonians was reduced by 17.5% (due to outright deaths, deportations to Russia, and refugees fleeing to the west) and 2334 sq. km of Estonian territory was transferred to Russian territory. Although by 1959 the percentage of Estonians had fallen to 74.6%, the population as a whole had increased by 70,378 over that of 1934. This increase was due to the fact that starting from the 1940's immigration from Russia to Estonia had

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: " MEDIA ANONYMOUS " *

*see also : "Sucrose Addicts Anonymous " ISSN #: 1195-759X

pg.1

As a recovering "Junk Food Junkie" and "Media addict" I can identify with ,some of you will remember, the character in the film "THX1138" as he emerges a survivor into the sunset from the tube of a technological Orwellian "Brave New World" type of society not unlike our own. Billions of advertising ,or to be more honest, "Propaganda" dollars are spent every year to convince us that "...It's the real thing" to ensure that citizens are kept in a state of cybernetic narcosis and a kind of electro-chemical bondage to consume industrially synthesized "Fiz Biz" and "Twinkle Puffs" and "Smile though your stomach is aching " while marching robot like threw underground laberinths of shopping complexes with no beginning and no end. I am assured however by my 12 step programs that "I am no longer alone ".

I can remember as a child sitting in my room suffering from "Insulin Shock" and not being able to identify the causes, realizing there was something dreadfully wrong with how I felt after "snacking" but because FORTY hrs.per week of radiation from "The Tube" had already conditioned me not to believe there was any connection even though in my heart of hearts there was no question. I promised to myself then, that if I survived "THIS", even if it took the rest of my life ,to find out what "IT" was. Some fifteen years later, in early adulthood, already in the throws of alcoholism my attempts to describe "THIS" in a personal periodical small press publication yeilded a kind of Dada gibberish posturing as poetics, I was on the track of what "IT" was but could not put it into print let alone describe it. Reading "Future Shock" did not help. In fact the more self-help psycology and new-age metaphysical kitsch I referenced and mixed with my daily consumption of vaste quantities of industrial synthetics the greater my darkness became ,until I finally arrived another ten yrs.later diagnosed with terminal cerosis of the liver a confirmed "ethical nihilist". All of my philosophical, religious and scientific inquiries into the nature of "THIS" the sum total of all of my thinking on "IT" came to "NADA". Then my lights dimmed and I entered into a period of "post literacy" until ,by some unexplainable means my

pg.2

alcoholic amnesia at the time did not reveal "I came to believe in a power greater than myself". The stories of recovery in Alcoholics Anonymous will suffice here to elaborate, so there is no need for further detail. In recovery threw the use of naturopathic medicine, macrobiotics and a series of fasts my liver condition and a long list of other symptoms disappeared within the first five years but eventually I would return to the "Junk food" and in no time at all "THIS" would come back. By now it was becoming clear that "IT" could possibly be that white crystalline powder "stuff" freely displayed on every restaurant table and even though I had read about my hypoglycemia in Adelle Davis and other nutrition books I still could not put two and two together. Today with this new consciousness we hear people freely admit "I'm a sugar junkie" there was a time when to suggest addiction to this "energy food" was to incur suspicions of "mental health" professionals. True ___ False ___.

Not until the landmark book by William Dufty "SUGAR BLUES" did we really get to see what "IT" is all about. So much for "FREE SPEECH". I was finally able to identify "THIS". "I am a Sucrose Addict" and "I am a Media Addict". Thanks to the 12 STEPS In any case today we have a choice and to that end I remain your "trusted servant".

For further info pls. contact :

MEDIA ADDICTS ANONYMOUS
MEDIA FREE TIMES / NADA FOUNDATION (syndct. intrnl. inc.)

c/o George Kasey / H'art communications / Productions
#252 stn.D
Toronto, Ont.,
M6P 3J8
Canada

phone: (416) 762-0688
phone>fax : (416) 762-3016
email: hartcomm@io.org
or : 76762.1545@compuserve.com

"MEDIA ANONYMOUS "

OBJECTIVES

To provide support and recovery from MEDIA ADDICTION/COMPULSION/OBSESSION based on the 12 steps of ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS.

To promote and educate the public regarding MEDIA (etc.) addiction , its symptoms and RECOVERY.

ACTIVITIES

To share in a recovery program from MEDIA (etc.) addiction. This is available to anyone who wishes to stop "USING MEDIA "^ :. There is no membership fee.
^(bottom line behaviour)

MEETINGS: (pls. confirm by appointment)

Noon time meetings second and fourth Wednesday of the month at the SANCTUARY

Address:

25 Charles Street, E. ast
Toronto, Ont.

Pls. do not call the church.

SUGAR BLUES? Suggested Reading :

Is "sugar" killing you sweetly?
Read William Dufty's "Sugar Blues".

See also : " The Twelve Steps and the Twelve Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous"

MEDIA ADDICTION? IS IT POSSIBLE ???

see : " PROPAGANDA " by Jacques Ellul ISBN # :0-394-71874-7

NB*: re. copyright restrictions : MEMBERS ONLY (THIS ISSUE ONLY) feel free to download copy and hand distribute this newsletter in the tradition of the step 12 to facilitate the dissemination of this program "for those out there who are still suffering", to start up new meetings etc.
cont'd

We would like to hear from you and would welcome your feedback and support ,so pls. register any news of new meetings with the MFT newsletter as well as any articles of interest to members and thankyou for sharing.

G.K./MFT/MA

The Twelve Steps of MEDIA ANONYMOUS :

1. We admitted we were powerless over MEDIA (insert here also other BOTTOM LINE activities specifically ie: TELEVISION, FILMS, RADIO, BOOKS, COMPUTERS, MULTI-MEDIA, VIRTUAL REALITY etc.) --- that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of our selves .
5. Admitted to God , to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God, as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to others still suffering, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

THE TWELVE STEPS OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS :

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol --- that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than our selves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to

the
care of God as we understood Him. 4. Made a searching and
fearless moral inventory of ourselves. 5. Admitted to God
to
ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of
our
wrongs. 6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these
defects of character. 7. Humbly asked Him to remove our
shortcomings. 8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed,
and became willing to make amends to them all. 9. Made
direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when
to do so would injure them or others. 10. Continued to take
personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted
it. 11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our
conscious contact with God, as we understood him. praying
only for knowledge of his will for us and the power to
carry
that out. 12. Having had a spiritual awakening as a result
of
these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics,
and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

The Twelve Steps are reprinted with permission of
Alcoholics
Anonymous World Services, Inc. Permission to reprint and
adapt the Twelve Steps does not mean that A.A. is in any
way
affiliated with this program. A.A. is a program of recovery
from alcoholism only---use of the Twelve Steps in
connection
with programs and activities which are patterned after
A.A.,
but which address other problems, does not imply otherwise.

A.A. Everywhere • Anywhere
International Convention
Alcoholics Anonymous
June 29 - July 2 San Diego 1995



March 6, 1995

Mr. George Kasey
Sucrose Addicts Anonymous
c/o H'art Communications
#252 Stn. D
Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8

Dear Mr. Kasey:

Thank you for your letter of January 30, which was sent to our old address, and eventually forwarded to our present location.

At the time Junkfood Anonymous was given permission to reprint and adapt the Twelve Steps, it was with the understanding that this material be reprinted in the original along with the adapted version and then followed by a credit line/disclaimer to read:

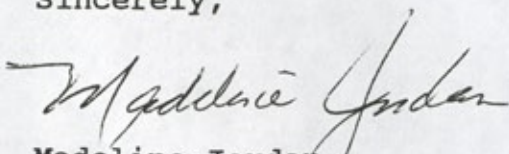
The Twelve Steps are reprinted and adapted with permission of Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc. Permission to reprint this material does not mean that AA is affiliated with this program. AA is a program of recovery from alcoholism - use of the Twelve Steps in connection with programs and activities which are patterned after AA, but which address other problems, does not imply otherwise.

The sheet you sent us does not comply with the above (see attached).

Before we can approve the use of the twelve Steps in the new program MEDIA ADDICTS ANONYMOUS, we ask that you please send us a copy of the Steps as they will appear in any material for your programs, per the above, in both your "Sucrose (Junkfood) Anonymous" and "Media Addicts Anonymous" program.

We look forward to hearing from you and thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,


Madeline Jordan
Secretary
A.A. World Services. Inc.

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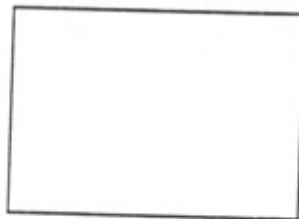
TORONTO , ONTARIO,

M6P 3J8 CANADA

phone : (416)-762-0688

fax : (416)-762-3016

email : hartcomm@io.org



Sugar Blues

Is sugar killing you sweetly?

Like opium, morphine and heroin, sugar is an addictive, destructive drug, yet Americans consume it daily in everything from cigarettes to bread. If you are overweight, or suffer from migraine, hypoglycemia or acne, the plague of the Sugar Blues has hit you. In fact, by accepted diagnostic standards, *our entire society is prediabetic.*

Read William Dufty's **SUGAR BLUES**

"junk food" ADDICTS ANONYMOUS

P.O. Box 252, Station D
Toronto, Ontario
M6P 3J8

George Casey (416) 762-0688

OBJECTIVES

To provide support and recovery for sucrose (and other synthetic foods) addictions, based on a 12-step program. To deal with substance abuse resulting from synthetically (refined) produced foods ("junk foods") such as sucrose, salt, caffeine, etc. To promote and educate the public regarding sucrose addiction and its symptoms and cure.

ACTIVITIES

To share in a recovery program from sucrose addiction.

This is available to anyone who wishes to stop using "junk food". There is no membership fee.

MEETINGS

THE TWELVE STEPS

1. We admitted we were powerless over —that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

Permission to use the Twelve Steps of
Alcoholics Anonymous for adaptation granted by
AA World Services, Inc.

now at times I can identify with some of you will remember, the character in the film "THX1138" as he emerges a survivor into the sunset from the tube of a technological Orwellian "Brave New World" type of society not unlike our own. Billions of advertising, or to be more honest, "Propaganda" dollars are spent every year to convince us that "...It's the real thing" to ensure that citizens are kept in a state of cybernetic narcosis and a kind of electro-chemical bondage to consume industrially synthesized "Fiz Biz" and "Twinkle Puffs" and "Smile though your stomach is aching" while marching robot-like in underground labyrinths of shopping complexes with no beginning and no end. I am assured however by my 12 step programs that "I am no longer alone".

I can remember as a child sitting in my room suffering from "Insulin Shock" and not being able to identify the causes, realizing there was something dreadfully wrong with how I felt after "snacking" but because fourty hrs.per.week of radiation from "The Tube" had already conditioned me not to believe there was any connection even though in my heart of hearts there was no question. I promised to myself then, that if I survived "THIS", even if it took the rest of my life, to find out what "IT" was. Some fifteen years later, in early adulthood, already in the throws of alcoholism, my attempts to describe "THIS" in a personal periodical small press publication yielded a kind of Dada gibberish posturing as poetics. I was on the track of what "IT" was but could not put it into print let alone describe it. Reading "Future Shock" did not help. In fact the more self-help psychology and new-age metaphysical kitsch I referenced and mixed with my daily consumption of vast quantities of industrial synthetics the greater my darkness became, until I finally arrived another ten yrs. later diagnosed with terminal cirrhosis of the liver a confirmed "ethical nihilist". All of my philosophical, religious and scientific inquiries into the nature of "THIS" the sum total of all of my thinking on "IT" came to "NADA".

Then my lights dimmed and I entered into a period of "post literacy" until, by some unexplainable means my alcoholic amnesia at the time did not reveal "I came to believe in a power greater than myself". The stories of recovery in Alcoholics Anonymous will suffice here to elaborate, so there is no need for further detail. In recovery threw the use of naturopathic medicine, macrobiotics and a series of fasts my liver condition and a long list of other symptoms disappeared within the first five years but eventually I would return to the "Junk food" and in no time at all "THIS" would come back. By now it was becoming clear that "IT" could possibly be that white crystalline powder "stuff" freely displayed on every restaurant table and even though I had read about my hypoglycemia in Adelle Davis and other nutrition books I still could not put two and two together. Today, with this new consciousness we hear people freely admit "I'm a sugar junkie" there was a time when to suggest addiction to this "energy food" was to incur suspicions of "mental health" professionals. Not until the landmark book by William Dufty "SUGAR BLUES" did we really get to see what "IT" is all about. A victory for free speech. I was finally able to identify "THIS".

"I am a Sucrose Addict" I wrote in my journal, but coming to realize the full significance of that statement and out of denial took another seven years of "half measures" and "social eating". Some half dozen painful slips later I realized that I was "powerless". The revelation then came to try "working the 12 steps". Simple logic told me that if it worked with my alcoholism it would work with "THIS". In '79 in Hawaii after "sharing" with another "compulsive" like myself I repaired to request permission to use an adaptation of the 12 steps for "Sucrose Addicts Anonymous" from A.A. in New York. Permission granted, some time later the need to address other non-nutritives like caffeine, industrial salts, refined flours, synthetic sweeteners etc. lead to the adaptation to the all inclusive acronym from the vernacular "Junk Food Addicts Anonymous" or "Junk Food Junkies

Anonymous", which ever you prefer. Despite the deluge of advertising verbiage it seems there is a lack of terms in "proper" English to describe a person who addictively, or for those who find the word "addict" a bit strong, compulsively or obsessively uses non-nutritives to the point of a kind of nutritive anorexia. At the risk of being presumptuously the poet-priest here I have coined the term "non-nutritivic" for your average "videoid". Thus if we can get this accepted by "group conscience" a future adaptation might well even be "Nonnutritivics Anonymous". "Future Shock" we are comforted to know will not be monotonous, with telematic design-your-own Pizzadoughnut technicolor toppings.

Miraculously, some of you were possibly already wondering, I was informed of the existence of "Overeaters Anonymous". When one night I found myself binging on "health food" I called in to report that I was "...powerless over food". My O.A. contact encouraged me that I might also find other members to bond with who also shared my experiences with regards to the "stuff". I joined O.A. and put "X" on my bottom line as "trigger foods", but was frustrated by the "no reference to specific foods" clause while I wanted to scream "IT" did "THIS" to me out loud especially when on some occasions some newcomer was drinking the "Piz Whiz" right in front of me at a meeting, driving me bananas. Nevertheless it was in O.A. that I got everything I needed to "stay clean" for this last two years. Now at times I question the legitimacy of still another 12 step program, surely already there is a sufficient plethora of them. I myself belong to over half a dozen, sometimes I loose count. In reality however is there not just as much a need in "THIS" specific area to grow just as to use another example "Cocaine Addicts Anonymous" proceeded from "Narcotics Anonymous". William Dufty, who has accepted recently our invitation to become an honorary founding member of our pending society, has in his book likened "IT" to cocaine or heroine. In my experience it is as "cunning baffling and powerful" in its persistence as alcohol. In fact alcohol and cigarettes is loaded with "IT" & there is some question as to which addiction or compulsion came first. Certainly the list of symptomatic dis-eases attributable ranging from diabetes and cancer to tooth decay, athletes foot, hypoglycemia and candidas is long and impressive enough I think to be given special attention. In any case today we have a choice and to that end I remain your "trusted servant".

There is hope that, in the future, the dross of the black inverted poisonous side of the alchemy of materialism will be purged in the awakening of spiritualism of the new millennium. Perhaps by then emancipation will be equated with the kneading of real bread for children without the "impoverishment by substitution" of the addition of synthesized industrially manufactured "salt" and "sugar". Perhaps the tire air pump that is used to make it "squeezable" will become obsolete and the violence of an era of ultra "Yin" will come to an end. "Until it does we have no stake in tomorrow...this leaves just one day, TODAY." and for those that are not convinced "let them eat cake".

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H-302-4
" MEDIA FREE TIMES"
VOL. 21 NO. 3

STEPHAN GEORGE KASEY DILKA .

GEORGE KASEY AKA: OTTO NIX AKA: ART STATIC AKA: STEPHAN HART AKA: STEPHAN GEORGE

POB # 252 STN. D.,
TORONTO, ONT.,
M6P 3J8
CANADA
PHONE: 416-410-2324

AKA: DR. NADA AKA: H'ART COMMUNICATIONS
AKA: H'ART COMMUNICATIONS / PROD.
AKA: HART COMMUNICATIONS / PROD.
AKA: CABARET NADA PRODUCTIONS.
SYNDCT. INTRNL. (INC.)
AKA: NADA FOUNDATION
(INTRNL. INC.)

AGENT: GINO EMPRY ATTN. GINO EMPRY

HIGHT: 6' 1" WEIGHT: 170 TO 240 LBS.

HAIR: BALD, BLOND, BROWN, GRAY

EXPERIENCE:

ENTERTAINMENT PRIVATE PERFORMANCE IN PUBLIC PLACES
AT MAJOR TOURIST CENTERS AROUND THE WORLD IN 18 COUNTRIES & 40 STATES
AND 5 PROVINCES FOR THIRTY YEARS

DIRECTION DRAMATIC DIRECTION FOR LEON REDBONE 1968

ATTENDANCE AT FIVE WORLD CLASS FILM FESTIVALS WITH FILM PROJECT PROPOSALS
CANNES TWICE

AUTHOR OF THE WORLDS FIRST MULTI MEDIA PERIODICAL 1974 "MEDIA FREE TIMES"

CONTACTS & PEOPLE MET: CLINT EASTWOOD, BARBARA STREISAND, TONY CURTIS, JOAN RIVERS
MANY MORE

SPECIAL TALENTS: CARICATURIST, PHOTOGRAPHER, WRITER, COMIC FILMMAKER
MIME, CLOWN

DIRECTORIAL INPUT INTO: DICK TRACEY, THE MASK, COPY RIGHT INFRINGEMENTS POTENTIAL
LITIGATIONS OTHERS

EDUCATION: INDEPENDENT STUDIES IN MEDIA AND COMMUNICATIONS AT BERKLEY SANJOSE
STATE CALIF, APPLIED FOR POST GRAD STUDIES IN THEATRE ARTS YORK 1993

GEORGE KASEY AKA;OTTO NIX AKA: ART STATIC AKA: STEPHAN HART AKA: STEPHAN
GEORGE

POB # 252 STN. D.,
TORONTO , ONT.,
M6P 3J8
CANADA
PHONE : 416-410-2324

AGENT : GINO EMPRY ATTN. GINO EMPRY

HIGHT : 6' 1" WEIGHT : 170 TO 240 LBS.

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DIRECTORIAL INPUT INTO : DICK TRACEY , THE MASK ,COPY RIGHT INFRINGEMENTS POTENTIAL
LITIGATIONS OTHERS

EDUCATION : INDEPENDENT STUDIES IN MEDIA AND COMMUNICATIONS AT BERKLEY SANJOSE
STATE CALIF, APPLIED FOR POST GRAD STUDIES IN THEATRE ARTS YORK 1993

THIS IS A FILM /PHOTO PLAY/MOTION PICTURE/THEATRICAL PLAY
ENTITLED "EAT" OR "JUNKFOOD ADDICT(S) ANONYMOUS" OR
"A SUGAR BLUES STORY" OR "FATSO-BEFORE AND AFTER"

A SYNOPSIS : HE/SHE IS A COMPULSIVE OVER EATER AND JUNKFOOD
ADDICT THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW THE ADDICTION TURNS THEM INTO
A FOOD MONSTER AND THEN THROUGH GRACE OF A RECOVERY PROGRAM
THEIR RETURN TO A NORMAL LIFE.

TREATMENT :

MATH WAS AN ORDINARY PERSON IN THEIR MID TWENTIES WORKING A
NINE TO FIVE JOB AT AN OFFICE AND SEEMINGLY POPULAR WITH
PEOPLE AND WELL ADJUSTED SINGLE.

WITHOUT ANY EXPECTATIONS MATH MET A PARTNER WHO WAS IN
MIDDLE MANAGEMENT AND THEY TOOK UP A RELATIONSHIP SOON
WERE MARRIED AND MOVED TO A BEAUTIFUL HOME IN THE BURBS.
AT THE WEDDING M. COMPLAINS OF HAVING "ABIT OF INDIGESTION"

SUDDENLY THERE IS A RELOCATION AND M.'S PARTNER IS CALLED
TO ANOTHER CITY TO EVENTUALLY RELOCATE BUT IS GONE MUCH OF
THE TIME . M. SITS AROUND WATCHING T.V. AND BINGING ON FOOD
ONE DAY CAN'T BUTTON THE BELT UP. LOOKS IN THE MIRROR AND
SEES A BOOBY CHIN IS AFRAID WHAT EBE IS GOING TO SAY
UPON RETURN.E. DOES NOT NOTICE AT LEAST SUPERFICIALLY.

THE PATTERN REPEATS ITSELF AND AS M.'S SELF ESTEEM
PLUMMETS AS THE THE WEIGHT INCREASES E.'S REACTIONS
ARE NOTICEABLY MORE DISTANT. M. STARTS TO RANT AND RAVE
E. TAKES A LOVER.

M. GOES INTO ISOLATION LOCKS HERSELF UP IN A ROOM WITH
A TV. AND EATS EVERYTHING IN THE FRIDGE. NOW A PATTERN
OF BOLEMIC BEHAVIOUR DEVELOPS. THERE ARE UGLY SCENES
WHERE FOOD IS USED AS SEX.

E. COMES HOME FINDS THE HOUSE IN A WRECK WITH JUNK FOOD
EMPTIES ALL OVER THE PLACE AND M. TALKING TO HERSELF
SHE HAS PUT ON 100LBS. E. FREAKS ,DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO
BUT IS CHARACTERISTICALLY REMOTE , TELLS M. HE'S GOT A
LOVER BUT THAT UNLESS M. DOES SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOOD
THING HE'LL WANT A DIVORCE. ALSO POINTS OUT THAT A BIG
IMPORTANT EVENT IS COMING UP ON THE WEEKEND -HIGH
PROTOCOL BLACK AND WHITE E. MAYBE PROMOTED TO V.P.

NEXT AT THE EVENING OF THE EVENT M. FINDS NOTHING TO
WEAR IN A FRANTIC RECREATION OF GONE WITH THE WIND
M. HAS TO USE THE CURTAINS TO MAKE SOMETHING OR
RENT A FORMAL.NOTHING FITS M.GOES TO BIG AND BIG
FOR A FIT.

THAT EVENING M. GETS DRUNK AND PIGS OUT ,EVERY ONE IS ASHAMED
TO WATCH. NEXT M. HEAVES IT ALL UP.

NEXT DAY E. PROPOSES TO END THE RELATIONSHIP ,COMPLAINS THAT AS THE RESULT OF THE POSITION MAY HAVE GONE TO ANOTHER INCUMBENT.SLAMMS THE DOOR PROMISES NEVER TO RETURN.
M. EATS.

ANOTHER HUNDRED LBS. LATER M. READS SOLICITORS LETTER WITH NOTICE OF INTENT TO DIVORCE.AND EATS AGAIN.

M. HAS A FLASH BACK ABOUT CHILD ABUSE WITH HER MOTHER.

M. CALLS HER ATTORNEY AND PROMISES TO GET UGLY WITH E. AND KEEP EVERYTHING. THEN CALLS A FRIEND AN EX AND INDULGES IN PERVERS SEX.LATER TO ANOTHER FRIEND PRESENTS THE THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE.

M. ATTEMPTS SUICIDE WITH THE PILLS SHE RECEIVED FROM A SHRINK AFTER SESSION OF BINGING THAT ADDED ANOTHER 100LBS.

M. TALKS TO THE SHRINK IN THE PSYCO WARD AFTER THE ATTEMPT AND IS PRESENTED WITH THE ALTERNATIVE OF GOING TO A FOOD ADDICTION RECOVERY CENTER.
M. IS IN DENIAL BUT IS WILLING TO GO ALONG.

M. AT THE CENTRE DOES NOT BELONG AND DISPLAYS NEGATIVE ATTITUDE BUT IN 90 DAYS LOSES 100LBS AND E. RETURNS TO APOLOGIZE.THEY AGREE TO A SEPERATION.

M. IS IN HALFWAY PROGRAM WHEN ANOTHER BINGE CAUSES MEDICAL PROBLEMS /BLEEDING BUT DIET PILLS REDUCE ANOTHER 100LBS. THEN M. IS ADDICTED TO THE PILLS.

M. GOES INTO DEMENTIA AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT LEAVES THE HOUSE IN SEARCH OF FOOD.

M. POLICE FIND M. AFTER FALLING WITH BRUISES.
UNDER A BRIDGE NAKED SEMI CONSCIOUS.RETURN TO PSYCO WARD ,READS "SUGAR BLUES" BY WILLIAM DUFTY.

M. REPEATS TREATMENT THIS TIME COMES OUT OF DENIAL AND STARTS ATTENDING A SPIRITUAL PROGRAM (OA) CALLED JUNK FOOD ANONYMOUS.

SEEING OTHER PEOPLE IN RECOVERY M. TAKES HOPE AND MAKES FRIENDS.

M. IS SEEN AT A NORMAL WEIGHT SHARING AT A MEETING.
E. PICKS M. UP IN A CAR AND RELATES THAT NOW IS THE V.P.

M. DISCOVERS PAINTING AND IS SEEN PAINTING A STILL LIFE OF FRUIT. LATER IN A SHOP IS TEMPTED TO EAT A JUNKBAR BUT REMEMBERS HER SERENITY PRAYER AND SUCCESSFULLY RESISTS.

THE CLOSING SCENE IS AT THE ANNUAL CORPORATE BLACK &
WHITE.

M. IS ON THE DANCE FLOOR THE ENTIRE ROOM SEEMS TO BE
WATCHING AND AMAZED AND AWED BY THE RECOVERY
THEY WITNESS.

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JOHN KANE
OF LAKESIDE
NEW YORK

1910A PROD

Title: "Autopsy. gif "

"M.F.T. " Vol. 21. No. 3.



GEORGE KASEY
BOX 252 STN D
TORONTO ONT
M6P 3J8

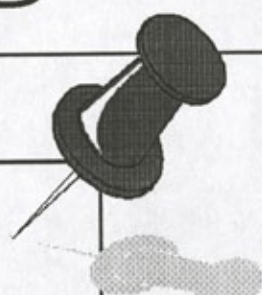
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RE : ERRATA IST DRAFT SUBBMISSION '97/10

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" Media Free Times " issn : 0316-1447
vol. # 22 (1996-7) # 2b.

FYI

From : " MEDIA FREE TIMES " / OTTO NIX

URL: <http://www3.sympatico.ca/anonymous>

At: ag38422:51:08orfree.net

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PUBLIC NOTICE :

N. B.* : please notice this draft contains corrections to errata in first submission, our apologies for any upset this may have caused.

"Media Free Times" does not endorse or sponsor sado/masochistic Entertainment or prostitution in the Name of "Art".

i.e.: under the guise of photo Journalism or "performance art" etc. etc. etc., our purpose was to Lampoon these activities...apparently some of the receiver s of "This" fax broadcast ("Art Y fax") are so jaded that clarification is required for all.

"Media Free Times" primary purpose is to maintain a dialogue for the preservation of Free speech and Free thought.

...propaganda and advertising artist s of the type of the third Reich as well as the current media monopoly are guilty of crimes against humanity. They must be arrested and Justice must be served. Sadistic/masochism pornography is not the spirit of Free speech at all but is its adversary as it is about human bondage and not emancipation. The utilities and media empires and their academic institutions that now profiteer from and condone these activities so called " Art"

Under the banner of "Freedom of expression" are in complicity with these criminals and hard equally responsible and as guilty as the sex/slave traders they enable. All this is fodder for weapons and war mongers as it generates hate of humankind instead of compassion. This is the perversion of religion, Art philosophy/aesthetics/Ethics for the sole purpose of the Almighty Dollar
--the profit motives of a technocratic elite who are involved in a conspiracy of domination and slavery on a global scale i.e.: International Banking, junk food manufacturing, etc. etc. etc.

It is renumeration for this gang of black magicians to poison the culture and to marginalize dedicated artist s by economic controls. "Media Free Times" denounces these monsters and their vampire culture mongers that are the spiritual cannibals devouring our children.

"Media Free Times" is a rebirth of the original "immaculate Dadaist" protest against the dehumanization of the media-monopoly and their war (mass murder) technology.

G. K./aka.:Otto Nix

see also:URL :<http://www3.sympatico.ca/anonymous>

artists agent : TORA Design Galleries
fax# : (416)-966-0083

also : c/o Gino Empry pr. Toronto

I think the reason why you can say anything in the United States is because there is so much noise, so much informational cacophony that no one is going to hear you, and the political leaders and businessmen know this. The key for making information understandable is to get it through the noise level.

Dick Brass, president of
General Information, Inc.

PUBLIC NOTICE :

BEWARE OF THE OPORTUNISTS' SENSATIONALISM , THE SADO-MASOCHISTIC ART OF THE ACADEMICALLY APPROVED PSEUDO ANTI-ARTISTS "VULTURE JAMMERS" AND THEIR MILIEU OF VAMPIRE CULTURE MONGERS.
IE: "FARTS FORUM" AND "TARTS CA-NADA" ,THE EDUCATED ART WHORES :
BEWARE OF PHONY IMITATIONS OF DADA ART THAT IS IN FACT SADO-MASOCHISTIC PORNOGRAPHY.

THE ART OF ELITST ARTISTS IS PUTRIFIED IN THE BLACK MAGIC CAULDRONS OF MATERIALIST ACEDAMIC, VAMPIRE-WAR CULTURE MONGER INSTIUTIONS. SIFTED FROM THE LEGIONS OF APPLICANTS--- CERTAIN ACADEMICALLY CERTIFIED ARTITS ARE CHOSEN FROM THE PRIVELEGED, TO COUNTERPOSE AS REPRESENTATIVE OF PUBLIC PROTEST IN ART AND--- GIVEN ACCESS TO INSTITUTIONAL MEDIA, ALLOWED TO EXPLOITE SADO-MASOCHISTIC THEMES OF DOMINATION AND VIOLENCE, FOR AMUSEMENT AND PROFIT. THIS IN TURN ALLOWS THE CONSUMER TO VICARIOUSLY ACT OUT IN FANTASY ANY HIDDEN AGENDAS AGAINST THE STATUS QUO. THE SAME TECHNIQUE IS USED BY THE MILITARY SANCTIONS OF (S&M) PROSTITUTION TO BUILD THE MORAL OF THE WAR WORKER. PERVERSE RELIGION IS ALSO USED TO BLESS THIS LABOUR OF HATE . THE PERVERSE ART ESTABLSHMENT NOW OFFERS THE PUBLIC , WORKS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERIES AND ARTS JOURNALS , IN THE NAME OF ANTI-ART ONE OF A KIND CONCEPTUAL (S&M) PIECES :

SOON WE CAN IMAGINE THERE MAY BE AVAILABLE ITEMS LIKE THESE FOR YOUR NEXT ART PARTY :

HUMAN BLOOD SAUSAGE . CONTAINS HUMAN PARTS FOUND IN MILITARY DUMPSTERS FROM WAR ZONES AROUND THE WORLD MAY INCLUDE HUMAN HAIR , VOMIT , FIECES .
TO BE WORN AROUND THE NECK AT BLACK AND WHITE FORMALS OR TAKEN ORALLY OR ANALLY WITHIN 30 DAYS.
DELIVERED BY FEDEX GLOBALY WITHIN 24 HRS. TO INSURE FRESHNESS

HOW ABOUT THIS JEWEL :

AUTHENTIC CARNIAGE BY SMAIL DIRECT FROM THE WAR ZONES FOR YOUR CHILDRENS EDUCATION ACCOMPANIED BY VIDEO WITH SLICES OF " HUMAN BLOOD SAUSAGE " FOR OLFACTORY REALITY DATA NOT CURRENTLY AVAILABLE ON THE NET.
INCLUDING AN UP TO DATE CD WITH THE LATEST EVIDENCE DOCUMENTATION OF TORTURE FROM THE FILES OF AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL . SOME STARVING MUTILATED CHILDREN AVAILABLE AS SEX SLAVES, EXTRA .

NO UP TO DATE COLLECTION SHOULD BE WITHOUT A COMPLETE LIST OF TORTURED ARTISTS :

PLEASE SPECIFY PREFERENCE IE.:
BURNINGS
CRUCIFIXIONS
ASPHIXIATIONS

FREEZING
STARVATION
SENSORY DEPRIVATION
SOLITARY CONFINMENT
CONFINMENT WITH ANIMAL AND EXCREMENT
CONFINMENT WITH SAVAGE ANIMALS
COMPULSORY CA NADA COUNCIL GRANTS APPLICATIONS
COMPULSORY CANNIBALISM
CASTRATION
AMPUTATION
ARTISTS LEGAL AID
SPEND A WEEK IN A CHICKEN COUP
PHOTOS OF DEAD BABIES FROM SAN SALVADOR OR EAST TIMOR OR THE BALTIC
SPECIFY OTHER

THIS IS NOT PHONY IMITATIONS BUT VIRTUAL REALITY .

DRAFT

GEORGE KASEY

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PUBLIC NOTICE / press release :

**Re. : Media Anonymous World Services (inc.)
2938 Dundas St.W.,
P.O.box#: 70588
Toronto , Ont.,
M6P 4E7**

**To : Adbusters Media Foundation
attn: Michael
fax: (604)-737-6021**

August, 7,1997

Dear Michael :

**Pls. note new address in header above for :
" Media Anonymous*" ,**

*** Junk Food (sucrose) Anonymous", " Media Free Times", NOW all at P.O.B. #70588

re: "Media Anonymous World Services "

The new webpage address for " Media Anonymous" is :

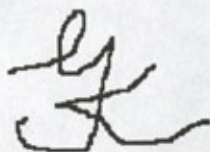
<http://www3.sympatico.ca/anonymous>

email : anonymous@sympatico.ca

**for further info. : contact G.K. at (416)-762-7555
pls. phone to fax.**

Thank You

gk/"Media Anonymous World Services "

Handwritten signature or initials, possibly 'GK', in dark ink.

GEORGE KASEY

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T.M.

c/o Gino Empry pr. Toronto

To whom it may concern :

enclosed pls. find cc. " Adbusters No.19 Autumn '97
re.: " Media Anonymous " and George Kasey (t.m.)

GEORGE KASEY (t.m.)

(C) Copyright " Media Free Times " 1997 ISSN.: 0316-1447
George Kasey c/o Gino Empry pr, Toronto

MEDIA ANONYMOUS

If you think you have a unique addiction, it, or an unusual co-dependency, you're probably not alone. Just in the Toronto area, there are over 20 different self help groups, including Shoplifters Anonymous, Workaholics Anonymous and Emotions Anonymous. Most fascinating is Media Anonymous.

One client of Media Anonymous was in reality a mother of three, who spent 16 hours a day on an Internet chat service, pretending to be a hooker. Other media addicts are unable to hang up on phone sex or similar "1-900" phone services. Some cannot turn off their television, or stop playing video games.

"If you're spending all your time absorbing information, you don't have time to process it," says George Kasey, one of the organizers who started the service. He likens media addiction to food addiction and says it usually points to deeper emotional issues like co-dependency or child abuse.

Himself a Self-described TV addict, Kasey said he got hooked as a young boy when he was abandoned at home and spent most of his day watching the tube.


He says he would tune in for a particular show and then realize many hours later that he was still watching.

Kasey still has a television, although now it almost always sits idle. He turns it on only for a Fellini film or some other rare program he feels may enrich his life.

---- *Michael Chouinard*

S.G.K.D./ George Kasey

for further info. phone/fax #: (416)-762-0688 for further info.

	<p>Media Free Times</p> <p>URL: http://www3.sympatico.ca/anonymous Email: ag384@torfree.net POB#: 70588 Toronto, Ont., M6P 4E7</p> <p>George Kasey c/o Gino Empry pr., Toronto. consultant</p> <p>FAX pls. phone to fax</p> <p>PHONE (416)-762-7555</p>
---	--

Media Habits *

■ Examine your news habits. Minimize the time you spend reading or watching news that isn't germane to your work or your life. Many people feel compelled to watch the local news every night, when it is often just a listing of crime and catastrophe. If you aren't a criminologist or a fireman, this is probably superfluous information.

■ As you watch or read the news, ask yourself the following litany of questions:

Why did the newscaster choose the particular details of the story?

What do the numbers mean?

To what other events does this incident relate ?

What is the announcer not telling me?

Why is this story more important than another?

And, the most crucial question, how does this story apply to my life?

INFORMATION INVOLVEMENT INVENTORY

Fill out the following form about your news habits and compare the difference between the news you actually peruse and what you think would be desirable. The difference is your information anxiety quotient.

Daily Newspapers-----

Nationally distributed newspapers such as The Boston Globe, The Chicago Sun-Times, The Wall Street Journal, USA TODAY, The Christian Science Monitor, The Los Angeles Times, The New York Times, or The Washington Post.

hours per day

Local newspapers

Other newspapers

Total hours per day

X 365 = hours per year

|-----|

Weekly Publications, including Business Week, The
New Yorker, Newsweek, Time, IV' Guide, or U.S. News
& World Report, or Sports Illustrated.

hrs. per week

Other Weekly Publications

Total hours per week

X 52 = hours per year

|-----|

Monthly or Bi-monthly Publications

General Interest Magazines such as American Legion
Changing Times, Family Circle, Harper's, Life, Modern
Maturity, Reader's Digest, The Atlantic, or Premiere

hrs. per month

Business Magazines such as Business Month, Consumer
Reports, Entrepreneur, Forbes, Fortune, Inc.
Manhattan, inc., or Money

Shelter or Lifestyle Magazines such as Architectural
Digest, Better Homes & Gardens, Bon Appetit, Good
Housekeeping, Gourmet, House & Garden, House Beau-
tiful, Metropolitan Home, Southern Living, or Sunset

Men's or Women's Magazines such as Cosmopolitan
Elle, Esquire, GQ, Ladies' Home Jollrnal, Lear's, M'
McCall's, New Woman, Penthouse, Playboy, Redbook
Woman, Woman's Day, or Working Woman

Travel Magazines such as National Geographic, Travel
& Lelsure, or Traveler

Science and Technology Magazines such as Byte, Dis-
cover, Omni, Popular Science, Prevention, PC World
Science, Scientific American, or Smithsonian

Sports and Auto Magazines such as Car & Driver, field
& Stream, or Road & Track.

Other Magazines

Total hours per month

X 12=hours per year

|-----|

Television & Radio-----

hrs. per week

News Magazines:"20/20," or "60 Minutes "

TV Documentaries or PBS Specials

Other programs

Total hours per week

X 52=hrs. per year

|-----|

Books-----

hrs. per week

Fiction

Nonfiction

Biographies

Miscellaneous Information-----

Catalogs

Atlases or maps

Reference materials or instruction manuals

Telephone book

Other

total hours per week

X 52=hours per year

|-----|

On the Job-----

Attending meetings or presentations

Writing or responding to letters, memos, or reports,

Reading trade publications

Talking on the telephone

Other _____

Total hours per week

X 52 = hours per year

|-----|

ADD UP THE TIME-----

hours per year Newspapers-----

hours per year Weekly Publications-----

hours per year Monthly or Bi-monthly Publications-----

hours per year Television & Radio-----

hours per year Books-----

hours per year Miscellaneous Information-----

hours per year on the Job-----

Total hours per year involved with information-----

Divided by 7 = working days per year

|-----|

A STARTING POINT:

With a map of your media habits you have a starting point from which you can reduce some of your own information anxiety. You can begin to apply some of the perscriptions ...outlined to your information habits.

*The list should reflect your interests, not your guilt

* Try to isolate the material that best satisfies your curiosity about the world.

*Go through each listing and try to imagine how your life might be different if you didn't spend time on this item. Then consider eliminating some of the time spent on items that don't add to your life or work in some way.

*If you spend a considerable Amount of time reading about subjects that have nothing to do with your life but provide you with great satisfaction, try to incorporate these interests into your life or work in some way.

You don't need to fill out the Form to recognize that a considerable portion of your life is spent processing information --whether reading, writing, talking, or even listening. Anything that you can do to streamline the amount of information you handle will reduce your anxiety.

excerpt from the book : " **Information Anxiety** " by Saul R. Wurman*

I think the reason why you can say anything in the United States is because there is so much noise, so much informational cacophony that no one is going to hear you, and the political leaders and businessmen know this. The key for making information understandable is to get it through the noise level.

Dick Brass, president of
General Information, Inc.

PREAMBLE

of Junk Food Anonymous (Sucrose Addicts Anonymous *) (t.m.)-----

Junk Food Anonymous* is a fellowship of individuals who share their experience, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from the effects of addiction or dependency on synthetic or refined foods (ie. sucrose, caffeine, salt, refined starches etc.)

The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop compulsive bottom line behaviour in relation to non-nutrients or pseudo nutrients . There are no dues or fees for J.F.A. * membership; we are self-supporting through our own contributions. J.F.A. * is not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization or institution; does not wish to engage in any controversy; neither endorses nor opposes any causes. our primary purpose is to recover from compulsive dependency on media and to carry the message of recovery to media addict who still suffer.



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MEDIA FREE TIMES

WORLD'S FIRST MULTI-MEDIA PERIODICAL PUBLICATION OF EXPERIMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS ART



the Bottom line is that those who have the press (\$\$\$) have freedom of the speech.

IT from "Today" Emotions Anonymous REFLECTIONS FOR TODAY

I was addicted to fantasizing For days I would be intoxicated by this fantasizing. I robbed myself of today, of myself, and of other people. Some of my common escapes were: sleeping, drugs, alcohol reading, and TV. They kept me away from people. But I have learned, I need people. Why did I try to escape from people? Because of fear of rejection and of the unknown.

MEDITATION FOR TODAY

Give me strength to live in today and to continue to reach out to people.

TODAY I WILL REMEMBER

What I am is real. I cannot escape from the reality that is me.

What I am is real. I cannot escape from the real world.

REFLECTIONS FOR TODAY



"MEDIA FREE TIMES" © '98 ISSN: 0316-1447

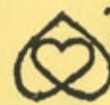
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<http://www3.sympatico.ca/anonymous>

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1986
Kitchener/Waterloo Art Gallery, Kitchener (travelling exhibition)
Justina M. Barnicke Gallery, Hart House, Toronto
Contemporary Painting from Korea and Canada
Art Rental and Sales Gallery, Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto
Contemporary Canadian Printmakers
Back Sang Gallery, Seoul, Korea
Contemporary Painting from Korea and Canada
Musée d'art contemporain, AMAC, Chamalières, France
Triennale Mondiale d'Estampes Petit Format
Robert Birch Gallery, Toronto
5th Anniversary Exhibition
Zavitz Hall Gallery, Guelph
Faculty Show
BIRGANART Gallery, Toronto
More or Less
Macdonald Stewart Art Centre, Guelph
Have a Seat! Chairs Transformed
Art Rental and Sales Gallery, Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto
Facing the Nineties
Malaspina Gallery, Vancouver
St. Michael's Hand
The Drawing Centre, New York
The Return of the Cadavre Exquis
John B. Aird Gallery, Toronto
Solander Box . . . Opened
Graphic Art Centre Exhibition Hall, St. Petersburg, Russia
The Ink Kisses the Paper: 6 Toronto artists working in print media
London Regional Art Gallery, London
Practise and Pedagogy
Zavitz Hall Gallery, University of Guelph, Guelph
Faculty Works on Paper
Open Studio Gallery, Toronto
Recent Prints
O'Keefe Centre, Toronto
Handsome Prints
Zavitz Hall Gallery, University of Guelph, Guelph
Faculty Show
1991
Medicine Hat Museum and Art Gallery
Celebrating Together
MacDonald-Stewart Art Centre, Guelph
Viewpoints
Christina Parker Gallery, St. John's
Articul Gallery, Montreal
Lorene Bourgeois and Deborah Margo
Alliance Française Gallery, Toronto
Revolution et Liberte

GEORGE KASEY
555-7555 (914)
TORONTO ONT



INTEGRAL AESTHETICS (t.m.)*

THERE IS ONE SIMPLE TRUTH -THE SPLENDOUR OF ALL THINGS.
THE TRUTH IS IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS . MAY YOU FIND IT NOW .

PERHAPS SOME OF THESE OXYMORONS OF MATERIALISM MAYBE SHORT
CHANGING
YOUR POCKETBOOK AND SHORT CIRCUITING YOUR LIFE :

THERAPY IS A "PAID-FOR-FRIEND" .
ADDICTION IS ESCAPE .
TITHINGS FOR EMPTY RITUAL LITURGY BRING SALVATION .
ART IS WHAT YOU BUY .
ENLIGHTENMENT IS THE MYSTIFICATION OF METAPHYSICAL KITSCH .
THE MYSTERIES ARE UNTENABLE TO MORTALS BUT ARE EXPENSIVE
RETREATS .
LOVE IS THE ANONYMOUS LIAISON .
TECHNO-SLAVERY/USURY ARE COMPULSORY TO SOCIAL IDENTITY .
OVERFED AND UNDERNOURISHED .
IT'S OK TO BE SICK AND TIRED .
STRESS IS NORMAL .
ANOREXIA IS BLISS .
WORK SHALL SET YOU FREE / MORE MONEY WILL FIX IT .

* * *

ARE YOU A VICTIM OF THE DIS-INFORMATION OF THE DIS-EASE
ESTABLISHMENT MEDIA MONOPOLY ?

DAILY YOU ARE INVITED TO SHARE YOUR JOURNEY WITH THE GUIDE
AT THE GATEWAY TO THE KINGDOM WITHIN .

SET FREE OF THE BONDAGE OF SELF, YOU CAN SEE THE VISTAS AT THE
SUMMIT,
OF THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL SERENITY .

IT IS YOURS NOW AND FOREVER .

* * *

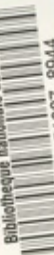
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NADA FOUNDATION SYNDCT.INTRNL.(INC.)/"INTEGRAL AESTHETICS"*
(t.m.)

BY GEORGE KASEY - H'ART COMM. / PROD.

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY PHONE : (416)-410-2324
EMAIL : ag384@torfree.net

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3 3286 51027 8944

George Kasey

(416) 410-2324

George Kasey

(416) 410-2324

George Kasey

(416) 410-2324

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(416) 410-2324

George Kasey

(416) 410-2324

George Kasey

(416) 410-2324

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c.1
Fifth Edition - 1975

Small Press Record of Books in Print

Small Press Record of Books in Print

5th Annual Edition

This 240-page paperbound volume lists books, magazines, pamphlets, broadsides and poemcards published by the world's small and independent presses in 1975. Each item is indexed three ways: by author, by title, and by publisher (with address). It contains such data as author, title, publisher, size, number of pages, print process, publication date, price, and descriptive comment. Introduction by Len Fulton.

\$6.95/copy—add 65c postage/handling
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DUSTBOOKS

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& "NAPA Foundation"

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ART MAIL

MEDIA FREE TIMES, Steve Dilks, Lora Lippert, Ron Boychuck, #15-1209 Thurlow St., Vancouver, BC, Canada V6E 1X4. Poetry, fiction, articles, art, photos, cartoons, interviews, satire, criticism, reviews, music, letters, parts-of-novels, longpoems, collages, plays, concrete art. "M.F.T. is a periodical multi-media random sampling of anarchic communications art (film, video, audio tapes, micro film, print, a/v). Reviews of individualist propaganda, news of the anarchist peril, the revival, from allyway to assylum, of anti-art, not dada, basically, nada. This is about the struggle to communicate, spontaneously despite the interference of the media of enmassment. Freethink expression. Don't call us, we won't call you. Pacifist catalyst. The struggle for disintegration. A deschool. Pronounced stages of dedesign. Goes beyond the boundaries of established structure and form, of broken chromosomes, mind and declassified evidence documentation, on audio tape, microfilm video, in A/V and print. Based on exchange, all contributions welcome." Irreg: \$5/yr or exchange; \$1.50/ea; free sample; 1974; mi; lo; lp. Reports: 1 mo. Ads: exchange. Discounts: negotiable. Pub'd 4 issues 1974; expects 4 issues 1975.

MEDIA REPORT TO WOMEN, Dr. Donna Allen, 3306 Ross Place, N.W., Washington, DC 20008. "Digest type of publication." Monthly; \$15/yr; \$1/ea; 1972; 16pp; 8 1/2 x 11; 1500 circ; lo. Ads: class/wd: \$7.50 corporations, \$.50 individuals. Discounts: 40% off for 5 or more (bulk rates). Back issues: \$1.25. Pub'd 12 issues 1974; expects 12 issues 1975.

MEDICAL HISTORY, Edwin Clarke, M.D., F.R.C.P., Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, 183 Euston Rd., London NW1 2BP, UK. Articles, reviews, news items, Q; L7/sub; £1.85/ea; 1957; 106pp; 5x8; 1300 circ; lp. Reports: 2 wks. No pay. Ads: £30/page; L 16/1/2. Discounts: 10% for four consecutive issues. Back issues: £ 2.25, if available.

MELE*, Univ. of Hawaii, European Languages, Honolulu, HI 96822.

Membrane Press (see also *STATIONS*). Karl Young, publ., PO Box 5431, Shorewood, Milwaukee, WI 53211. "Currently available: *Home*, by Martin J. Rosenblum (40pp, 8x7, pa w spine lettering, \$1); *Vectors*, by Toby Olson (32pp, 7x7, sidestitched w spine lettering, \$1); *Encounters*, by Kathleen Wiegner (40pp, 5x8, pa w spine lettering, \$1); *Variations On the Hermit: Translations From The Chinese*, by Hilary Ayer (40pp, 5x9 pa w spine lettering, \$1); *Each Soul is Where it Wishes to Be*, by John Shannon (40pp, 5x8, pa w spine lettering, \$1); *Hyde Park*, by John Shannon (12pp, saddlestitched, 5x7, \$.30); *City*, by Toby Olson (24pp, saddlestitched, 4x7, \$1); *The Werewolf Sequence*, by Martin J. Rosenblum (140pp, 8x10 1/2, pa w spine lettering, \$5). Also: *Membrand Tape Book #1*: Martin J. Rosenblum reading *Home* and 'Sequence 10' from *The Werewolf Sequence*; Toby Olson reading *Vectors*. Monaural cassette \$6. Membrane Press Post Cards: sample pack (at least 8 cards) \$.50. Forthcoming: *Changing Appearance: Poems 1965-1970*, by Toby Olson; *W Tungsten*, by John Shannon; *The Book of Death*, by Tenney Nathanson."

The Menard Press, Anthony and Brenda Rudolf, 23 Fitzwarren Gardens, London N19 3TR, UK. Poetry, poetics, translated poetry. "Authors for 1975 include F.T. Prince; Primo Levi. Have a programme, so no submissions for the time being." Expects 3-4 books 1975. ALP, Literature.

Mercer House Press, PO Box 681, Kennebunkport, ME 04046. "Mercer House Press was started this winter and we are particularly in books in the areas of journalism,

education and human communication."

Mercury Press (see *ARK RIVER REVIEW*)

MERIDIAN, Rondo Publications Limited, Trevor Kneale, 155/157 The Albany, Old Hall St., Liverpool L3 9EG, UK. Poetry. "Poetry. 'Broad mainstream'—monitors best of the established, encourages rising talents. Basically a poetry anthology of new work; not a review medium. Recent contributors: Alan Brownjohn, Jim Burns, Miles Burrows, Peter Dale, David Jaffin, Lotte Kramer, John Mole, Peter Redgrove, Harriet Rose, John Stathatos, Jon Stallworthy, Edward Storey, Tony Connor, David Grubb, Phoebe Hesketh." £1.50/yr; 50p/ea; 20p/sample; 1973; 34pp; (Col. card cover); A5; circ. rising UK & abroad; lo. Reports: 4 wks. Ads: £22/page; £12 1/2; £7 1/4. Back issues: 40p, few available. Expects 3 issues 1975. Mainstream.

MERIP REPORTS, collective, Box 3122, Washington, DC 20010. Articles. MERIP Reports is a collective effort of the MERIP staff. Each issue deals with aspects of the political economy of the Middle East, with the role of the United States in the area, and with the class and national struggles of the people. 10/yr; \$6/yr; \$.75/ea; free sample; 1971; 34pp; 8 1/2 x 11; 2M circ; lo. Ads: exchange basis/space available. Discounts: 40% on orders of 5 or more. Pub'd 10 issues 1974; expects 10 issues 1975.

MERLIN'S MAGIC, Merlin F. Teed, Box 2346, Grand Central Stn., New York, NY 10017. Poetry, fiction, articles, reviews. 6/yr; \$.30/ea; 1959; 4pp; 8 1/2 x 11; 350 circ; mi. Reports: 2 wks to 1 mo. No pay.

Merseyside Arts Association (see *ARTS ALIVE MERSEYSIDE*)

Metal Head Minerva (see *CHROMIUM SWITCH*)

METAMORPHOSIS, T. Fallon, (R.C. Belanger), RFD #1, Rumford, ME 04276. Poetry, fiction, parts-of-novels, longpoems, collages, concrete art. "Am having trouble finding material! Experimental fiction & poetry. Will only use traditional fiction if it is very good." 3/yr; \$3/yr; \$1.25/ea; \$.25/sample; 1973; 50pp; 5x8. Reports: 2 wks to 3 mos. Pays: 3 copies. Ads: \$25/p; \$13 1/2; \$.20 per class/wd. Back issues: \$2. Pub'd no issues 1974; expects 2 (?) issues 1975.

METANOIA, *An Independent Journal of Radical Lutheranism*, Douglas C. Stange, 2126 University Ave., Dubuque, IA 52001. Articles, art, photos, interviews, reviews, letters. "Material—articles that run about 5-6 double-space typewritten pages. Style—interpretative rather than descriptive, forceful rather than milk-toast. Biases—leftist, in the old Christian Socialist tradition. Non-violent unless... Contributors include Joseph Fletcher, Harvey Cox, Martin Niemöller, John C. Cooper, Connie Parvey, et.al. Q; \$3/yr; \$1/ea; free sample; \$8/3 yrs; 1969; 12-16pp; under 1M circ. Reports 2-3 wks. Pays copies only. No paid ads, sometimes carry free ads for selected "causes." Discounts: bulk rates available; They vary according to the size and format of the issue; Prices per issue quoted upon request.

Metloc (see *THE BARD*)

MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Apto. 15, Santa Catarina Martin, Puebla, Mexico.

Michael Butterworth Publications (see *WORDWORKS*)

ELEVENTH EDITION

1975—1976

International Directory of Little Magazines & Small Presses

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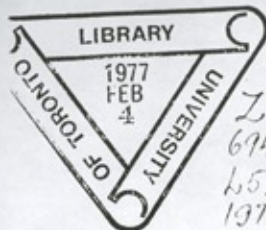
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1975 by Len Fulton. Published annually by Dustbooks, PO Box 1056, Paradise, California 95969. \$5.95/copy; \$18.00/4 yr subscription; \$8.95/cloth; \$25.00/4 yr subscription. Dustbooks also publishes SMALL PRESS REVIEW, DIRECTORY OF SMALL MAGAZINE/PRESS EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS, SMALL PRESS RECORD OF BOOKS BRITISH DIRECTORY OF LITTLE MAGAZINES AND SMALL PRESSES, and chapbooks of poetry and prose. Dustbooks, 56 Blakes Lane, New Malden KT3 6NX.

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LISTINGS INCLUDE: Name of magazine and/or press, name of editor[s], address, type of material used, additional comments by editors including recent contributors, frequency [x/yr], one-year subscription price, single copy price, founding year, average no. of pages, page size, circulation, production method [mi, mim—mimeo; lo, of, off—offset/litho; lp—letterpress], length of reporting time of submissions, payment rates, ad rates, discount schedules, back issue prices, no. of issues/titles published in 1974, expected in 1975. Certain special abbreviations apply to listings from the United Kingdom: px=postage is extra; pf=postage is free; pp=pages; p=pence.

Each listing is keyed to certain categories, some self explanatory; others are acronyms for the following organizations: COSMEP=Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers; CCLM=Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines; COSMEPA=Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers, Australasia; UPS=Underground Press Service, which is now changed to APS—Alternative Press Service; ALP=Association of Little Presses [UK]; ALMS=Association of Little Magazines [UK]; NESPA=New England Small Press Association. Whew.

In some cases, in this edition, we received no report but had a reasonable sense that the magazine and/or press was still going. In such cases the name is followed by an asterisk[*]. Query should be sent before submitting money or materials, however.

For those who wish to list a magazine or press in future editions of this Directory, and in our "New Press" listings in the monthly Small Press Review, Dustbooks provides a special form. Please write to us for it. Write also for a form to list books, pamphlets, broadsides, cards, etc [i.e. non-periodicals] in our annual Small Press Record of Books in Print. Deadline for Small Press Review is the 10th of each month; for the Directory it is April 1st of each year; for the Record it is November 15th of each year.

• TYPESETTING BY LIMESADDLE

25

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views, criticism, music. "Material covering the whole gamut of music, ethnomusicology to free jazz, with emphasis on the new and more experimental work." 12/yr; £2.40/yr; 30p/ea; sample: 30p. 1975. 30pp; A4. of. circ. 500. Reports: 2 wks. Discounts: 33-1/3% wholesale. Back issues: 30p per copy & postage.

MUSTANG REVIEW, Karl Edd, Marjorie Appell, P.O. Box 9007, Denver, CO 80209. Poetry, art, reviews. "12-14 lines poetry, metaphorical, suggest you have written for about a 5 yr min. before you try us & that you be familiar with ancient Chinese poetry or the modern Imagists, we are not for amateurs nor for academicians." 2/yr; \$2.00/yr; \$1.00/ea; sample: \$5.00. 1967. 24-30pp; 5-1/2 x 8-1/2. circ. 400. Reports: 1-3 wks. Pays: copies only. Ads: \$40/\$25. Discounts: agent 20%. Back issues: -1/2 off to students.

N

Nada Foundation (see MEDIA FREE TIMES)

The Naiad Press, c/o The Ladder, P.O. Box 5025, Washington Stn, Reno, NV 89505. "Small press publishing material by and for women. Publishes only lesbian/feminist novels. Four titles to date by Sarah Aldridge and Robin Jordan. We are expanding, and will be publishing 3 other titles in the next 9 months. Writers of lesbian/feminist novels are invited to inquire." COSMEP.

Nairn Publishing House, Stan Dragland, Box 40, Stn. B, London Ont. N6A 4V3, Canada. Poetry, fiction. "This is just a hobby. Nairn isn't honestly looking for unsolicited mss." 1972. 80pp; 8-1/2 x 5-1/2. of. circ. 500. Pays: nil. Discounts: 40% trade, no other discount except 20% on 15 or more copies. Pub'd 1 issue 1975.

NAMIBIA NEWS, Swapo, 21/25 Tabernacle St., London EC2, United Kingdom. 6/yr; £2, £2.50/yr; 20p/ea. 12pp. circ. 3,500.

NANTUCKET REVIEW, Richard Cumbie, Richard Burns, P.O. Box 1444, Nantucket, MA 02554. Poetry, fiction, articles, art, satire, criticism, parts-of-novels, long-poems. 3/yr; \$5.00/yr; \$1.75/ea; sample: \$1.00. 1973. 60-70pp; 6 x 9. of. circ. 500. Reports: 2 mos. Pays: copies. Buys: North American serial rights. Ads: \$50/\$25. Discounts: 40%. Back issues: \$100. Pub'd 3 issues 1975; expects 3 issues 1976. COSMEP.

Narbulla Agency, Alfred Lubran, 4 Stradella Rd., Herne Hill, London, England SE24 9HA, United Kingdom. "Belles lettres-miniature books-typographical ephemera-limited editions."

NATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, J. Mark Press, Barbara Fischer, Box 2057, N. Babylon, NY 11705. Reviews. "NBR is sent free to all major book reviewers, librarians, book clubs, teachers, & authors, as well as those seeking to discover lesser-known authors. It is a showcase." 2/yr; \$2.00/yr; \$1.00/ea; sample: 2 First Class postage stamps. 1976. 20pp; 8-1/2 x 5-1/2. of. circ. 20,000. Pays: copies. Buys: 1st. Ads: \$350.00/\$175.00/\$50. Expects 2 issues 1976.

National Council of Teachers of English (see COLLEGE ENGLISH)

NATIONAL ON-CAMPUS REPORT, Magna Publishing Co., William Haight, 621 N. Sherman Ave, Madison, WI 53704. Articles. "News clips." 12/yr; \$18.00/yr; \$1.50/ea; sample: \$1.50. 1972. 8pp; 8-1/2 x 11. of. Reports: 30 days. Pays: \$.05 & up/word. Back

issues: \$2.00. Pub'd 12 issues 1975.

Naturegraph Publishers, Inc., Brooking Tatum, Vinson Brown, 8339 W. Dry Creek Rd., Healdsburg, CA 95448. "We publish mainly paperback books on natural history and indian lore." 1946. 10f. Reports: 1-8 weeks. Pays: Royalties. Buys: All publication rights. Pub'd 6 issues 1975.

Naturist Foundation (see THE GROVE)

NAUSEA, Russ Haas Press (Nausea Publications), Leo Mailman, P.O. Box 4261, Long Beach, CA 90804. Poetry, fiction, art, photos, cartoons, reviews, long-poems, plays. "I tend toward poetry with a minimum of poetic diction, and that is socially relevant and/or humorous: the epitome of this style would be the poetry of Edward Field. Recent contributors: Gerald Locklin, Ronald Koertge, Edward Field, Charles Bukowski, Steve Richmond, Linda King, Charles Webb, Fritz Hamilton & Opal L. Nations." 2-3/yr; \$3.50 (4 iss)/\$5.50 (institutions, 4 iss)/yr; \$1.50/ea; sample: \$1.00. 1972. 48pp; 5-1/2 x 8-1/2. 10f. circ. 400. Reports: 4-8 wks. Pays: 2 copies. Discounts: 40% to bookstores. Back issues: 1st (9) issues available for \$10.00. Pub'd 2 issues, 3 books 1975; expects 2 issues, 2 books 1976. Pub's reviews. \$50/1f/small press efforts. CGLM.

NEBULA, Nebula Press, Ken Stange, Ed; Ursula Stange, Peter Dubey, Associate Editors, 509 Lakeshore Drive, North Bay, Ontario P1A2E3, Canada. Poetry, fiction, articles, art, photos, cartoons, interviews, satire, criticism, reviews, music, letters, parts-of-novels, long-poems, collages, plays, concrete art. "We are interested in formal innovation: the carefully crafted but originally structured work is always of interest to us. *We do thematic issues, so a would-be contributor is advised to send a book for a sample of latest issue, wherein he/she will find a statement of our immediate thematic interests.* (and those dollars will help keep us alive) Next issue deals with theme of 'north'; considering future issue devoted to the long-poem. Our contributors range from the very established to the totally unknown. Some names from our first few issues: Robert Kroetsch, Michael McMahon, Martin Booth, John Ditsky, Charles Plymell, Garcia Lorca, Glen Sorestad, Alfie McConnell, John Kellnhauser, Allan Brown, Len Gasparini, Opal Nations, Brian Shein, David McFadden. Afterthought: we'd like to see some essays." 2/yr; \$5.00/2 yrs; \$1.25/ea; sample: \$1.00. 1974. 72pp; 5-1/2 x 8-1/2. of. circ. 500. Reports: one month. Pays: contributor copies. Buys: r. Ads: \$25/\$15. Discounts: 40%. Pub'd 2 issues, 1 book 1975; expects 2 issues 1976. Extremely eclectic. COSMEP.

NEGRO AMERICAN LITERATURE FORUM, Indiana State University, Joseph Weidmann, Indiana State University, Terre Haute, IN 47809. Poetry, articles, art, photos, satire, criticism, reviews. 4/yr; \$4.00/yr; \$1.00/ea. 1967. 36pp; 8-1/2 x 11. circ. 1,000. Reports: within 2 months. Pays: 3 copies. Pub'd 4 issues 1975; expects 4 issues 1976. Pub's reviews. \$Negro American Literature.

The Neo-American Church, Inc. (see DIVINE TOAD SWEAT)

Neon Sun, P.O. Box 2191, Station A, Berkeley, CA 94702.

Nevada Publications, Stanley W. Paher, Box 15444, Las Vegas, NV 89114. Poetry, articles, art, photos, cartoons. "We publish books on Nevada, California and Arizona, mostly guides to scenic areas and ghost towns. All are lavishly illustrated and are solidly based in original research and are well edited." 2/yr. Buys: book rights. Expects 2 books 1976.

NEW ARGOT, PO Box 6368, Wellington, New Zealand.

NEW ART EXAMINER, Chicago New Art Association, Jane Addams Allen, Derek Guthrie, Associate Editor, 230 E. Ohio, Chicago, IL 60611. "Commentary on and analysis

ters. 3/yr; £1.00/yr. 1968. 100pp. circ. 2,500.

MATI, Ommation Press, Effie Mihopoulos, 5548 N. Sawyer, Chicago, IL 60625. Poetry, interviews, long-poems. "Very open to experimental poetry and especially poems by women. The magazine was established provide another source where new poets can see their work in print. The work doesn't have to be perfect, but show potential. MATI wants to encourage young poets to see as much of their work in print as possible. Open to exchange with other magazines. Recent contributors: Anne Waldman, Alice Notley, Ron Padgett, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Ted Berrigan, Opal L. Nations, John Tagliabue, Faye Kiskinaway, Richard Kostelanetz." 4/yr; \$4.50/yr; \$1.00-\$1.50/ea; sample: postage. 1975. 100-150pp; 8-1/2 x 11. of. circ. 500. Reports: immediately. Pays: 1 copy. Buys: First North American Serial Rights. Ads: \$30/\$15. Discounts: 40%. Pub'd 2 issues 1975; expects 4 issues, 20 books 1976. \$poetry, fiction, art. GOSMEP.

Matrix (see PRIMAVERA)

Maverick Publications (see FLEA MARKET QUARTERLY ALMANAC)

MAYBE, Worlds of Fandom, IMK, Irvin M. Koch, c/o 835 Chatt. Bk. Bg., Chattanooga, TN 37402. Articles, art, cartoons, interviews, reviews, letters, parts-of-novels. "600-2000 words, of interest or info to the SF & F related fan." 7/yr; \$3.00/6 issues; \$.75/ea; sample: \$.75. 1969. 22pp; 8-1/2 x 11. fmi/of. circ. 200. Reports: Sase-immediately, otherwise—someday if & when. Pays: copies. Buys: r. Ads: \$6/\$3. Discounts: 10/\$6.00 or by arrangement. Back issues: n. Pub'd 7 issues 1975; expects 7 issues 1976. Pub's reviews: 10 in 1975. \$science fiction, fantasy & related.

MCLEAN COUNTY POETRY REVIEW, The Worn-Out Press, Terence M. Fitzgerald, Ruth A. Wantling, 101 East Sycamore, Normal, IL 61761. Poetry, art, photos, long-poems. "Judson Crews, James Scrimgeour, Steve Richmond, Erroll Miller" 2/yr; \$2.00/yr; \$1.00/ea; sample: \$1.00. 1975. 50pp; 8-1/2 x 11. fmi. circ. 250-300 copies. Reports: 1-2 months. Pays: free copies. Pub'd 1 issue 1975; expects 2 issues 1976. \$poetry, photography.

Meanings Press, Stephen Alan Sait, 36 Megunticook St., Camden, ME 04843. 1975. of. Reports: one month plus. Buys: North American. Pub'd 1 book 1975; expects 2 books 1976.

MEANJIN QUARTERLY, Meanjin Company in association with the University of Melbourne, J.H. Davidson, Kris Hemensley, Poetry, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052, Australia. 4/yr; \$10.00/yr; \$2.50/ea; sample: \$2.50. 1940. 112pp; 9-1/2 x 6-1/2. lp. circ. 3,000. Reports: 2 months. Pays: for articles from \$75. Buys: first rights only. Ads: \$220/\$120. Pub'd 4 issues 1975; expects 4 issues 1976. Pub's reviews: 15 in 1975. \$cultural politics.

MEASURE, The Tribal Press, Howard McGord, P.O. Box 121, Bowling Green, OH 43402. Poetry, fiction, parts-of-novels, long-poems. "Each issue of MEASURE is devoted to the work of one writer. Recent issues include: Gus Blaisdell, *Detritus Fenders*; Laura Chester, *Nightlatch*; Marie Harris, *Herbal*; Howard McGord, *The Arctic Desert*." 2/yr; \$6.00/yr; \$3.00/ea. 1971 (magazine) 1965 (press). 60pp; varies 5-1/2 x 8 usually. of. circ. 400. Reports: Mss. by invitation only. Pays: copies (10% of run). Buys: first serial publication. Discounts: 40% to bookstores and dealers. Pub'd 2 issues 1975; expects 2 issues 1976. CCLM.

MEDIA FREE TIMES, Nada Foundation, Steve Dikus, Lora Lippert, #15-1209 Thurlow St., Vancouver, B.C. V6E1X4, Canada. Articles, art, photos, satire, criticism, reviews, plays, concrete art. "M.F.T. is a periodical multi-media random sampling of anarchist

communications art (film, video, audio tapes, micro film, print, a/v). Reviews of individualist propaganda, news of the anarchist peril, the revival, from allyway to asylum of anti-art, not dada, basically, nada. This is about the struggle to communicate, spontaneously, despite the interference of the media of enmassment. Freethink expression. Don't call us, we won't call you. Pacifist catalyst. The struggle for disintegration. Deschool. Pronounced stages of dedesign. Goes beyond the boundaries of established structure and form, of broken chromosomes, mind and declassified evidence documentation, on audio tape, microfilm video, in A/V and print. Based on exchange, all contributions welcome." 4/yr; \$5.00/yr; \$1.50/ea; sample: free. 1974. mi/of/lp/other. Reports: 30 days. Ads: exchange. Pub'd 4 issues 1975; expects 4 issues 1976. Pub's reviews. \$anarchy/anarchy & art (culture).

MEDIA REPORT TO WOMEN, Donna Allen, Editor; Martha Leslie Allen, Associate Editor; Andrea Berry, International Editor, 3306 Ross Pl. N.W., Washington, DC 20008. "We publish annually an annotated, cumulative index of all past volumes of MEDIA REPORT TO WOMEN and a directory of women's media [periodicals, presses, publishers, news service, media columns, radio/tv groups and regular programs, video and cable groups, film, multi-media, art/graphic/theater groups, music (groups, recording companies, etc.) including women's albums, speakers bureaus, media courses, media organizations/media change/guidelines, distributors, bookstores and mail order, special library collections, selected directories and catalogs. Also includes directory of media women who ask to be included. Descriptions of women or groups in their words, with address, phone, contact people and other vital information. Brochure available." 12/yr; \$15.00/yr; \$1.00/ea. 1972. 16pp; 8-1/2 x 11. of. circ. 1,500. Ads: \$.75 corp/\$.50 individual. Discounts: bulk-40% on 5 or more. Back issues: \$1.25. Pub'd 12 issues 1975; expects 12 issues 1976.

MEDICAL HISTORY, Edwin Clarke, Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, 183 Euston Rd., London NW1 2BP, United Kingdom. Articles, reviews, news items. 4/yr; £7/yr; £1.85/ea. 1957. 116pp; 5 x 8. lp. circ. 1,300. Reports: 2 wks. Pays: no pay. Ads: £30/£16. Discounts: 10% for four consecutive issues. Back issues: £2.25 if available.

MELE, Univ. Of Hawaii, European Languages, Honolulu, HI 96822.

Membrane Press (see also STATIONS), Karl Young, Publisher, P.O. Box 11601-Shorewood, Milwaukee, WI 53211. "Books currently available by: Toby Olson, Martin J. Rosenblum, Kathleen Wiegner, Hilary Ayer, John Shannon, Tenney Nathanson, Barbara Einzig. Also: monaural cassettes (\$6) and Membrane Press post cards (sample pack of at least 8 cards-50 cents)""

Men's Rights Association (see THE LIBERATOR)

The Menard Press, Anthony Rudolf, Brenda Rudolph, 23 Fitzwarren Gardens, London N19, United Kingdom. Poetry. "1) poetry, poetics, translated poetry. 2) At least 10 books to be published in 1976. 3) The press's books are to be distributed in the USA by Serendipity Books, Berkeley, California."

MERAG, Middle East Research & Action Group, c/o 5 Caledonian Rd., London N1, United Kingdom. APS.

Mercer House Press, P.O. Box 681, Kennebunkport, ME 04046. Discounts: 40% to wholesalers. Pub'd 3 books 1975; expects 2 books 1976. \$education, journalism, communication.

MERIDIAN, Rondo Publications Ltd., Trevor Kneale, Gladys Mary Coles, Associate Editor, 123 The Albany, Old Hall St., Liverpool L3 9EG, United Kingdom. Poetry. "De-

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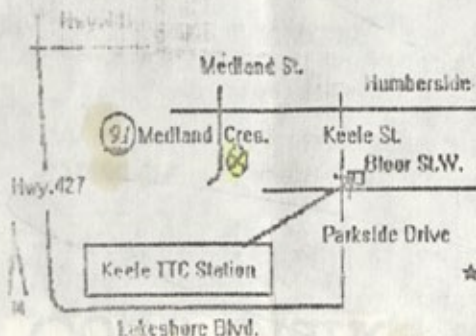
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6. Application exercises provide practice in using new and review structures
5. de nouveau or rappel : presentation of new and review structures in chart format with brief grammatical explanations
4. Un peu de sel : a lighter section highlighting humorous proverbs, aphorisms, poems or jokes
3. Vocabulary and Structures questions related to structures encountered in passage
2. Comprehension and Appreciation questions to promote further understanding of selection
1. Literary selection from novel, play, short story, or poem

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Text Organization:
Comprised of nine thematic units

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- four skills approach (communicative concepts)
- grammar 15% final mark
- independent assignment stressing written and oral presentation skills

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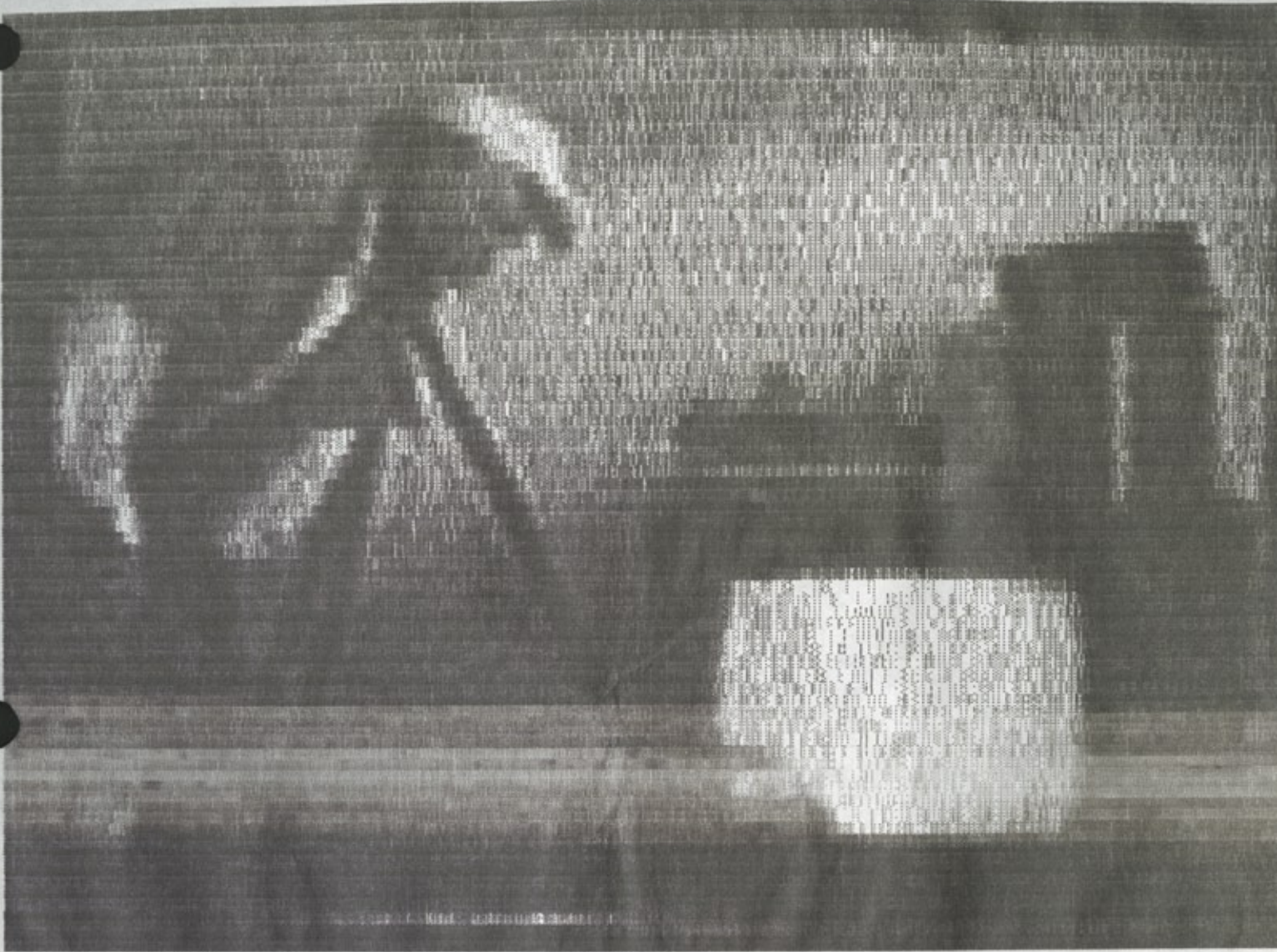
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MEDITATIONS FOR TODAY :

"...As in all propaganda, the point is to make (Hu)man endure, with the help of psychological narcotics, what he could not endure naturally, ... According to the cynical formula reported by Vance Packard 'Make them work and like it.'"

— Quoted from the book entitled "Propaganda", by Jacques Ellul

"12 STEP PROGRAMS LIKE, 'MEDIA ANONYMOUS (t.m.)' / 'JUNK FOOD' (SUCROSE) ANONYMOUS (t.m.), 'WORKAHOLICS ANONYMOUS (t.m.)', 'DEBTORS ANONYMOUS (t.m.)' AND OTHERS, ADDRESS SOME OF THE SIDE EFFECTS OF 'PROLONGED BOMBARDMENT WITH 'PSYCHOLOGICAL NARCOTICS' BY THE MASS-'MEDIA MONOPOLY'"

— extracts from "M.F.T.(t.m.)" vol.22 no.2 :

12:36PM 2/15/99
"Media Anonymous (t.m.) - Meditations"

Yoga has taught me to bring the consciousness of my body into my awareness. "Lillias Yoga" program, often starts with her saying, "what did you bring with you to the class today." Today I am conscious of my human body, where it begins and where it ends. I remember the expression, "Mind mirror" and "Man—machine" and a caricature of a person sitting in front of a computer or TV monitor and looking at his/her reflection like narcissus in the pool of water—and the wires that were coming out of the back of the machine were connected to the back of the persons head. Today I'm aware of where my body begins and ends and where the machine, I'm interacting

with begins and ends. I no longer need to indulge the omnipotence and omniscience of my narcissistically deprived inner child. From the television series "The Prisoner" the words, "I am not a number" are true for me TODAY. I AFFIRM :

I AM NOT A MACHINE.

4:18PM 2/17/99

Technology and science may have replaced religion as the opiate of the people. If so, then the media is the central place of worship, either in the form of academia, social entertainment or War. "God is Great!" I exclaimed in Arabic, to a Muslim. I'm asked "are you a Muslim?". My answer: "I'm a slave of God.". (The third step of A.A.). I add: "Muslim, Christian, Jew, what does it mean if we're killing each other...a slave of man = domination of self and others, knows War without end—perhaps all the afflictions known to (hu)man. The slave of G.O.D. is forever at peace," happy, joyous and free." This is my Third Step. There may be six sides to the table at the banquet of life, there may be eight, or 365, one for every day of the year. A geometric form of absolute simplicity or infinit complexity. Each position with a different view point. "either God is all, or God is nothing." is a question of faith... "God" can remain a mystery—but I must "...believe in a power greater than myself." That I "get off the center of the universe" and not play God myself... I can believe in a G.O.O.D. O.R.D.E.R.L.Y. D.I.R.E.C.T.I.O.N."

—"Meditations for Recovery from Media Addiction"

(c)2001 by George Kasey

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Media Free Times(t.m.)

The Worlds first & Original periodical multi-media random sampling of pacifist anarchic communications, performance art, de-design & media ethics.

"Media Anonymous (t.m.) - Meditations series" vol. 30 no.1 print edition
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12:20 PM 9/19/01

"Waiting For God Ought"
A Pacifist Epiphany
A Street Theatre piece in One ACT

People know the alien truth on the gut level... a Conversation on a subway platform:

Auto Nix has just handed the "Media Virus" 8 1/2"x11" broadsheet to Freon Bay, Who is seated and awaits the train. The words "Does Bin Laden still work for the C.I.A.???" emblazoned in 72 point bold type are followed by "Would 'They'" burn their own house down, with their children in it, just to collect the insurance money??? Guess ??? ("see "Conspiracy Theory") PEACE NOW."

Freon Bay: "... "Babylonian Woe"!!!! ... I figured something like this from the first on September 11th, there is no way this thing happened from the outside, it's too much like "Military Industrial (Media) Complex" / "Disease Establishment" agendas and way out of league from third world Ops. I started grieving way back when "Star Wars" was released, the blue prints where "Hollywood-ism" implants into the public Psyche. Further with "State of Siege", "Independence Day" and someone told me "They" were even blowing up those buildings in "Superman". One minute—after the so called "Cold War" was over — we the people were about to dismantle NATO and divert military expenditures to the social programs

on the Senate floor, 24 hours later "They" had brushed all that aside and expropriated billions in the name of "restoration". Which rhetoric instantly was metamorphosed to "War on Terrorism". When "The worlds most violent (terrorist) nation" goes to "War on Terrorism", logically this would imply some form of Civil War, "They", "The Military Industrial (Media) Complex" ("New Money") versus "Them", "The Disease Establishment" ("Old Money") "Ultra Right", if you can follow the sub text in their Own "Propaganda". Of course these conflicts must be waged at a comfortable distance, in the "back yards" of the planet and without public awareness of the true mercenary causes that are the status quo for all wars. Mystification and artificial ignorance abound, Media-tion takes care of all that. Here we don't even know who did it, the shock has not even lifted for the grieving process to kick in, which takes weeks. While the whole nation and world is still not in possession of their full faculties, decisions were being implemented at breakneck speed. Insurance settlements are made prior to investigation of possible arson. Wars launched on nations that have not even been found guilty in any trial of law. And we find NATO on welfare again and back in business as usual. I mean, how does anyone know if "these attacks are on the American way of life", if we don't even know who perpetrated these atrocities. People must "sit, fast and think", like the Buddha suggests we do if we want to get rid of most of our problems, but they don't even have time for that. Most are too busy singing

"Innocent until proven guilty"
retired FBI agent

this old song: "I owe, I owe and so off to work I go". This loss of self to "Them" translates easily enough into the kind of group think in "1984", the sup-Press diet of S&M and televised "Big Brother".

I remember, there were street artists lused to know who would start a ruckus when business was slow to draw a crowd. "They" also seem to be capable of this sort of action against "Them" for the same purpose."

Auto Nix : "Draw a crowd. Get it. Get It." Freon Bay : "Very funny...but there was no pun intended."

A.N.: "Aw why not?"

F.B.: "I'm not trying to be fun..."

A.N.: "Why not. You think this monologue you've been dumping on me here is gonna help any. You've already missed two trains, did you know that?"

F.B.: "Yah But..."

A.N.: "YAHBUT is a Rabbit, there ain't no such thing as YAHBUT. Just cool it for a minute and listen to the noise that your trying to shout over and the noise in your own head. Get right into the here and now and think to yourself. What if all that you say is true, then what? What would it all mean and what could you do about it anyway?"

F.B.: "Well I..."

A.N.: "That's just it "I", do you really think this big "I" here on the center of the universe," he points at F.B. and Himself "...is going to be able to fix any of this. You talk about grieving, but you know what, you haven't even started yourself yet. You think you're the only one out there that can see what is going on. Your wrong, everyone knows on a gut level that things aren't right. People might not be able to articulate it like you do,

but they know something is fishy. People are not stupid. It means "They" are all very, very sick, is what it means and sickos like that are not just fixed so easy."

F.B.: "O.K. you have a point, all right, all right, but most people don't bother to read and find out, they don't look for the threads and follow them to the conclusion. Like, they did not bother to find out that the FBI torched WACO, or bother to look at the thousands of photos of the evidence of NATO inflicting Collateral Damage in Bosnia."

A.N.: "Yes, but that does not mean that they don't know. They know, but they don't want to know. So what are you going to do about it?"

Another Train

F.B.: "...brainwashed"

A.N.: "Yah, MK-Ultra and suicide pilots and all that jazz, so what can YOU do about it?"

F.B.: "Well I can..."

A.N.: "There's that "I" word again. You don't get it at all yet. Check it out the 12 Step program word "powerless" hasn't sunk in yet. You still think you've got a handle on it jus' cuz you can intellectualize this junk. Guess what, this is exactly where "Them", have got you where "They" want you?"

F.B.: "Huh?"

A.N.: "All "THEM" flicks you've been "talkin' bout", guess what...the agenda is there too, besides the S&M and the war mongering, "THEM" want you to eat that "Junk" shit. Don't yah know. Get a grip on "yusself brudrah" and spit out dat bubble gum. Check out your "Conspiracy Theory" one more time, where one minute "THEY" are on their knees and He mumbles to Her "I

think anyone who eats that Pop and drinks that Trash is committing a Conspiracy against themselves" and in the next scene He and Her is having a "slice" of it themselves. Hey, and in the "Enemy of The State", the most violent shootout scene at the end, split second frame inserts of bottles of the stuff exploding like so much Mafia Blood..."

F.B.: "Hey How do you get off Scott free here, watching the stuff then?"

A.N.: "...first thing is, "never sit there idle"...my finger is always on the fast forward and there is an editing process going on, because that genre is about 98% crap, the filter is working ..." he points to his head.

Another Train.

F.B.: "Like, Get the Gold and leave the rest, huh?"

A.N.: "Right and you gotta do that, but there is so precious little there. So the thing in "Star Wars" where the Yodi YOGI said "Fear, Anger, Aggression will take you onto the Dark Path" and then "go fight your father" on the next breath, are the kinds of YESNO's that you can expect from "THEM". "THEY" are very good at this. It sells Cup Cakes, Pills, Liquor and War..."

F.B.: "So what "yah" gonna do about it then."

A.N.: "Well of course, sit down and have a face to face with your "Fear, Anger and Aggression, like the Buddha said and do not "fight", period. PEACE BEGINS AT HOME !!!"

F.B.: "I read on one of "THEM" web pages that it was not Poets or writers that created free speech but soldiers. Later I saw some WWI gore reruns on PBS and listened to some ex-soldier talking and saying "these people have not learned a thing from the past" and I think. this guy is a poet."

A.N.: "Now your being funny, Ha! Ha!"

F.B.: "Yah..."cuz yah gotts a larf ta keeps from cryin', your right on there buddy."

A.N.: "I like the part in "Sweik" where he's telling the captain about the value of soldiers for the posterity of their children, when their bones, "every shank", is to be used as carbon filters to refine the sucrose for their coffees."

F.B.: "OHM Shanti is right, We live now in the KaliYuga"

A.N.: "Neither Christ or The Prophet were behind any of these things, that's for sure. Here's the train ...May the Force be with you." A.N. bows to F.B. and F.B. to A.N.

F.B.: "and with you to."

A.N.: "Na Ma Ste"

A Train stops.

F.B. goes West and A.N. goes East, they wave goodbye and gesture to peace.

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Serenity Prayer

**G.ood O.rderly D.irection
grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot
change, the courage to
change the things I can and
the wisdom to know the
difference,
thy will not mine be done.**

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-Open Letter To The Papacy and All Organized Religions
"Zero Population Growth and the Inquisition"

Dear Brothers in Christ and all ascended masters:

Thank you in advance for reviewing the material presented in the book by Harvard University Professor John Riddle entitled "Eve's Herbs" and his "Contraception & Abortion From the Ancient World to the Renaissance", in which he describes the suppression of information about "Herbal Birth Control (t.m.)" by the Inquisition and the Medical Establishment of the 16th. CE. The birthright of all humanity is this information about free and natural form of Zero Population Growth, "Z.P.G. NOW (t.m.)" that has been used for centuries by all cultures to avoid exploitation, slavery, war, famine, and disease. It may have worked before the Maltheus sanctioned "vice" as a way of maintaining sustainable growth, but although this has been good for the profit margins of the dis-ease establishment of the Globe, it has also reached it's limit, in that further farming of the human species will lead to it's extinction. It is the love of Peace, that Christ was the exemplar of, that requires the abolition of all forms of coercion of the young for compulsory procreation and demands that they be restored to their natural inheritance of "Herbal Birth Control (t.m.)" and "Z.P.G. NOW (t.m.)". The mother that wants a child and cannot afford to sustain one should be given governmental assistance to care for an adopted child and refuse self licence to have a new one. Parents that work for a living have not got the time to raise children and should not grant self licence to have one, until they can demonstrate to self they are able to be free for the first seven years of a child's life, that they are free of addictions to alcohol and drugs, workaholic, sexaholic or otherwise dysfunctional compulsive or obsessive behaviour. If we are really concerned about the rights of children, we will ensure that they have protection from the time of birth, as individuals, independent from the womb of the mother. Protection from exploitation by parents and cartakers who use the child as a means of self gratification, as slave labour, as a cartaker for their retirement, for emotional incest, as soldiers and munitions workers, as consumers and producers, parishioners with tithings or in any other way. Protection from environments where there is war, overcrowding, noise, pollution, famine, contaminated, refined or genetically altered food, violence, advertizing, indoctrination, ideological and psychological manipulation, media monopolies and mind control - in short victimization by military industrial dis-ease establishment religion. We want to thank you for reversing the excommunication of women that have abortions to protect thier unborn from future abuse, instead excommunication of the members of the dis-ease establishment, the Inquisition, Hitler, and practitioners of Eugenics.

(t.m.)
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F. Y. I.:

U.S. Office of Government Ethics

attn.: office of director et al cc. Prime Minister of Canada

Dear People : to whom it may concern - pls. fwd. to the Bush foreign policy Admin.

re.: the NATO / Bush War as unethical, with comments on media statements made recently by the president of the United States. An independent and neutral Canadian perspective.

The UN is the only appropriate "World Court " to deal with the issue of "global terrorism", as the "terrorist" finds "safe harbor" even in the "United States" (e.g.: Oklahoma) and there are to many multi-national and supra-national vested interest groups (e.g.: CIA into Drugs and organized crime globalization, military industrial complex self perpetuation agendas, the disease establishment and oil multinationals) that may be integrated into the U.S. or any other country. Associating terrorism with any race or religion is a racist practice. To paraphrase a retired NATO General and others, NATO needs to be "put to sleep" because it is "redundant and dangerous" and should not be "eating tax payers money or back on welfare, at a time of economic need at home". It is unethical for one nation or military cartel to railroad the authority of member nations of the UN without a prior voting session (e.g.: Bosnia). NATO is apparently not governed by the people of the U.S., or Canada, or the U.K. etc. and must be brought to account to them. If anything NATO must serve the UN, not it's own vested interests (e.g.: oil, war, drugs etc.). In order to maintain Global security the U.S. is obliged to seek protection from the UN and it's member nations and this would imply that the U.S. must itself be a member in good standing. PEACE BEGINS AT HOME.

This is one opinion that does not agree with the current War actions. According to the Presidents statement, " all who are not with us are against us ", does that make anyone holding a contrary view a "terrorist", subject to military surveillance, imprisonment, interrogation, lose of human rights, freedom of speech, religion and thought? Does it mean that America has been abducted by tyrants? Understandably the president may have acted under duress and peer pressure, it is suggested that "THEY" may appeal to the UN and let NATO go to sleep. Hubris is our worst "terrorist" when it is not corrected , not to do so would be unethical.

To: U.S. Office of Government Ethics

From : Media Anonymous World Services

Company :

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Email : anonymous@sympatico.ca

Nato chief is
"...undersized"



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