Despite many rumors and reports and many difficulties and hassles, financial and otherwise, another issue of Albion's Voice has finally come out. And this time is probably the last time — I say probably because the future is never very sure; continuation is contingent on commitment, and there is still a chance that a staff of dedicated workers will come together to keep the paper going. Obviously, the time isn't right for Savannah to have this kind of paper — or else genuine support would've come through after five issues. Indian chiefs had a marvelous way of knowing the time for a tribal meeting was right: the chiefs of various tribes would come together when they felt the time had arrived; some would come a month or more after others had already gathered.

The results; however, we don't really need to see facts of adequate planning to construction and shoddily built places going up, not to mention the lack of proper sanitation and streets and heaping up of transportation. Worst of all, Savannah's youth reflect the same kind of shallowsand lack of honest commitment as the older generation. Graft and organized crime have been common knowledge to too many of the older people; yet they stand firmly behind "God and Country." As for the liberals — well, there isn't really much to say for their passiveness and superficiality, except that they're like little old women running around in tennis shoes. An A.C.L.U. [American Civil Liberties Union] chapter was proposed at the beginning of the summer; however, still nothing much has come of the proposal. Attorney Aaron Buchsbaum, who has been the most dedicated and dependable legal assistance in rendering gratis A.C.L.U. casework in this area, cannot possibly be expected to shoulder all of the busy work that goes into running a branch chapter. And from liberal groups like the Unitarians there only comes lip-service support. Good men are truly hard to find!

It is to be hoped that young black people will inject some life into Savannah's cancer clotted bloodstream, especially since white youth are too lethargic and uncommitted. However, among blacks there is (and rightfully so) a growing festering feeling of cynicism and hostility toward whites. And cynicism and envy can be just as destructive as guns and bombs. We should all strive to build more positive emotions and attitudes; really strive to keep things alive and to construct a society around Love for all men and not around dollars and cents — doesn't that make more sense?

Instead of raping Mother Earth day after day, we must get away from the concept of profit for profit's sake — what was it the high official of Onion Bag proclaimed in Newsweek, "What does it matter if there's one less whipping crime in the world?"...and build on service to both mankind and the environment. Nader's Raiders are soon to publish their summer's research findings on the Savannah area. Watch for the results; however, we don't really need to see facts and figures in print to know that industrial waste, both in the water and in the air, is daily killing a livable environment. Not just fish and fowl are dying in industries foul pollution — we are too, yes me and you. It's time we start pressuring politicians to vote positively on critical environmental issues instead of catering to business interests and hiding behind "state's rights" as an excuse for not passing proper legislation which should be made on the federal level to instill strong regulations. Otherwise, if one state is more lenient than another, industry will simply go to the more lenient one.

After all, service to the public was the keynote of this year's Democratic primary, wasn't it — "the common man's candidate," vote for me and I'll set you free, among the many other cliches spewed forth in the campaign. Let's truly make service and not profit the primary motivation in our own lives. Then we can begin to solve the very crucial problems of pollution and population. Remember, Love is an acronym for Living on vibrational ecology — let's get our vibes in harmony and then and only then can we be free to be one with Mother Earth and men and other creatures like St. Francis of Assisi was.

To those who have given support to the paper, I extend the kindest thanks and appreciation. I hope Albion's Voice has served the community in more than negative ways, more than simply offending some people and superficially amusing others. I sincerely hope that the paper has managed to provoke some thought and introduced Savannah to new ways of thinking. Self-discoveries will be sure to follow. If this is true (and I feel certain to some extent it is), then Albion's Voice will continue to be heard here, and we'll have no choice but to rejoice!
The Old Version:
Ring around a rose (last sign of plague)
Pocket full of posies, handkerchiefs, sniffing
Has you, kiss you, (last symptom)
All fell down! (death, of course)

And the New:
Ring around a nevus
Coronary thrombosis,
Cancer, cancer
All fell down!

One day the apolitical intellectuals of my country will be interrogated by the simplest of our people.

They will be asked what they did when their nation died out slowly like a sweet fire small and alone.

No one will ask them about their dress, their long siestas after lunch, no one will want to know about their sterile combats with "the idea of the nothing."

No one will care about their higher financial learning. They won't be questioned on Greek mythology or regarding their self-disgust when someone within them begins to die the coward's death.

A POLITICAL INTELLECTUALS

The rain falls softly and silently down on the already dew bound ground. A voice somewhere says that he has found what nature has said to be the right way. The clown looks up, a tear falls silently down his cheek for he knows what we are yet to meet.

No one looks and no one listens to what life has to say.

Look just once at the ground upon which you walk if you may.... it's green! Is that what you say?

Stop—look and listen. Take time for it forever goes swiftly as the wind. You can't go back—and once you are there it's too late to return.

—Gypsy H.

They'll be asked nothing about their absurd justifications born in the shadow of the total lie.

On that day the simple folk will come, those who had no place in the books and poems of the apolitical intellectuals, but daily delivered their bread and milk, their tortillas and eggs, those who mended their clothes, those who drove their cars, who cared for their dogs and gardens and worked for them.

And they'll ask:
"What did you do when the poor suffered, when tenderness and life burned out in them?"

—from Otto Rene Castillo
Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I’ve tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Humanism
for animals. We shd
turn them into humans?
The fire will.
(Oh but!)
The fire will.
Fire of the humanistic change
Smoke of the humans
We are humans
turning
to spirit.
Humanism
for animals.

Reach
humanism animals
in the flame we throw
upon you
reach
in the Red agony burning
our souls reach
we burn inside
transform the world
spiritual
reaching
of
humans

We are reaching
as God for God
as human
knowing
spirit

We leave
the humans
We find

the humanity
Humanism
for animals
Spiritism
for Humans
Reach
Brother
Reach

—Leroi Jones
The Last Shall Be First, the First Last.

Unless a grain of corn fall into the ground and die, it remains no more than itself. But if it dies, it brings forth much fruit.

— Bible

The mind is its own place, and in itself Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

— Milton

This world and yonder world are incessantly giving birth: every cause is a mother, its effect the child. When the effect is born, it too becomes a cause and gives birth to wondrous effects.

These causes are generation on generation, but it needs a very well lighted eye to see the links in their chain.

— Rumi

Sometimes naked, sometimes mad.
Now as a scholar, now as a fool,
Thus they appear on earth —
The freemen!

— Hindu Verse

There exists no more difficult art than living. For other arts and sciences, numerous teachers are to be found everywhere. Even young people believe that they have acquired these in such a way, that they can teach them to others; throughout the whole of life, one must continue to learn to live, and what will amaze you even more, throughout life one must learn to die.

— Seneca
The League of Conservation Voters is a nonpartisan campaign committee which gives active support to legislators working to protect the environment. We will raise money and manpower for a few who face especially close races, and endorse others who deserve recognition. Thus we can help our allies in Congress and defeat legislators who are ecologically destructive. The League is closely affiliated with Friends of the Earth. We base our decisions upon the advice and information of conservation leaders from many groups. We judge candidates by their track records rather than their rhetoric. Our goal is to prove that issues like pollution, population, and conservation can decide an election, thus greatly increasing the political muscle of all groups working on these problems. We are not tax-deductible, and money is hard to come by. The number of candidates we can help and the value of our support depends on the seed money we get now.

The League of Conservation Voters, in cooperation with Friends of the Earth, sends money to help candidates it endorses.

Name:
Address:
Telephone:

Send to: League of Conservation Voters, 15 Twenty-Fifth Street N.W., Washington, D. C. 20005

I want more information about the League and who they have endorsed.
I enclose a contribution to L.C.V.
I would like to volunteer my time.
I am working for L.C.V.
I am working in political campaigns.
I am raising money for L.C.V.

Send to: League of Conservation Voters, 917 Fifteenth Street N.W., Washington, D. C. 20005

I want more information about the League and who they have endorsed.
I enclose a contribution to L.C.V.
I would like to volunteer my time.
I am working for L.C.V.
I am working in political campaigns.
I am raising money for L.C.V.

Chairman, for the Steering Committee:
Joe Brower, Chairman
Gary Soucie, Treasurer
George Anderson, Secretary
Yesterday morning more than 175,000 mothers looked down on the vague uncomprehending eyes of their newborn babes. Today a similar number are doing likewise, and tomorrow and the next day. All the babies look very much the same, differing but slightly in the color of those vague eyes or their strange small bodies; otherwise so much the same whether the child first senses the light of day in Saigon, Rome, or Savannah. These are the children of the earth, each day in every land they come, insisting in such numbers, the daily host reproducing the human species the world over. Each day, on the average, there are a few more than the day before. So it is known to have been for the last three centuries. Before that we do not really know, except that there were once, millennia ago, the first few scattered groups of men and women, the original ancestors from whom today’s two billion and more have sprung.

So great a company of newborn children, freed from the darkness of their mother’s womb, become day after day a living part of the environment into which each of them has come. Its strength will be theirs, and its weaknesses theirs also. Within the span of merely two lifetimes, the size of this daily oncoming of people has tripled. Part of the saying of Jesus, “Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth,” has been fulfilled. Today humanity, in great and growing numbers, is crowded upon most of the habitable areas of the earth, but man’s occupancy is marked neither by meekness nor by understanding. The Psalmist who wrote “His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth,” experienced a hope for mankind that has been questioned gravely by the course of human events. A child who was born two lifetimes ago, even though he were endowed with the ultimate gifts of prophecy, could not have foretold the developments which, in a sense, are the apocrypha of all previous history. Within so short a space of time, or within six generations, the numbers of people on the earth have increased from approximately seven hundred million to more than two billion. Continents even recently uninhabited have been “conquered” and sapped of their natural resources. Man’s inheritance of the earth is now in truth a completed fact, but as heir he has disregarded the words of the gentle Nazarene and has already destroyed a large part of his inheritance. He has failed so far to recognize that he is a child of the earth and that, this being so, he must for his own survival work with nature in understanding rather than in conflict. In the recognition of his failures in the past lies his hope for the future and his avoidance of the day of destruction that is drawing nearer and nearer as each day passes.

So as we look back on yesterday’s children and criticize, remember one of the most important things: we are today’s children and will we be able to withstand the criticism when we become yesterday’s?

— David I. Marchant

NATURAL CHILDBIRTH

New York (LNS) — For women who are having trouble locating doctors who encourage “natural childbirth,” there is a society in New York who will help you by supplying lists of accredited teachers of the “Lamaze Method” and may be able to give you the name of a doctor.

Contact: ASPO (American Society for Psycho-Phyaxis in Obst,) 36 West 96th Street, New York, N.Y.
For what can WAR but endless WAR still breed?

-Milton

I am tired and sick of war. It glory in all manner. It is only those who have neither food a shot norhearth the thirst and groans of the wounded who can cheer for blood, more vengeance, more destruction. War is hell.

William Sherman

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

For they shall receive mercy.

For the meek shall inherit the earth, and they shall obtain mercy.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it fear.

And the meek shall inherit the earth; and they shall obtain mercy.

For if we would for a moment dream that we may abolish war by removing these historic causes by others more benighted, by turning to newer channels the waters which have flamed in these horrid ways, then must we put ourselves to it to discover and investigate ideas, to find believeable motives, to study them as strenuously as horses, as widely and as worth while as those which have sustained this long struggle of wars.


It is by no means to be inferred that everyone who gets himself at the service of the traditional mora is a hero of moral correction and accomplishment. The trained reason and conscience never have much to do with the great questions of morality...nor with the small worth striving for.


As there is no square inch in space to which the line of progress is not necessary, as to any other square inch, so there is no pos-

sible limit to the moral and physical progress.


Light does not travel in a straight line in those parts of the universe where there is gravitation, but its path is curved like that of heavy objects.-Albert Einstein, Theory of General Relativity.

Things are in the saddle and ride mankind.

-Emerson

The human race had the wisdom to create science and art; why should it not be capable to create a world of justice, brotherhood, and love? The men have to provide for the world an Aristotle, a Shakespeare, and Hugo, Michelangelo and Beethoven, Pascal and Balam, all those who are called geniuses, and who can turn the perception of the human soul towards the right way.

What's in a Name...

What motivated the picketing of the Board of Education recently? Could it be because the "concerned citizens" did not want their children to ride buses to schools which were too far away to walk? That is what one would imagine after reading the signs. But look at the whole picture: the Blacks have been busing their kids to schools halfway across town for years because there were no Black schools in the neighborhood. Were these good ladies then? The truth is, these people don't want their children to sit in the same room with a Negro. What they may not be aware of is this: no matter where they go there will be blacks (not enough of them though) to really "endanger" their children. At this point I am wondering who will be more dangerous to whom.

The day after the picketing started, our infamous governor, Lester flew into Savannah to talk to the Concerned Citizens Association about the "problem." They hope to have a state law passed nullifying the federal law. (Remember that one, history fans? It was one of the major causes of the Civil War. Heaven knows this country has enough trouble without another war to worry about). These people who are trying to keep the school system as segregated as possible, which may lead to another major division in our population, are the same hypocrites that babble about national unity. (The same ones, by the way, who celebrate the Confederacy while flying Old Glory out front).

What this country needs now more than anything is understanding. You can't judge a person by his color. I made an interesting discovery one afternoon a few months ago. I was a bigot in a way: I thought everyone with a flat-top and overalls was a red-neck and hated kids with long hair. Then, one day out by Rod's, the car hit a bump and something started making noises. I didn't know much about cars so all I could do was stop and feel bad. Thirty seconds later a man and his wife, both looking pretty red, stopped and in five minutes he had the car working. He didn't ask for money and just drove off with a smile. This showed me that you can't judge a person by his looks.

If everyone who hated blacks would take the time to know one, there wouldn't be any racial trouble. The same is true for Jews, Catholics, red-necks, Indians, Mexicans and anyone else. Anyone who feels that another person is inferior because of race, religion, or nationality is just trying to project his own inadequacies on a scapegoat.

The CCA is like a branch of the KKK. They would like to see things continue the same as always: two separate nations, Black and White, with separated laws and standards of living. The races have got to come together some day, be it a peaceful integration or a violent conflict; the races will meet and when they do there has to be more than a tolerance. There has to be a genuine love and understanding.

Please try to remember that we are all brothers; we are all equal under God and if it is good enough for the Lord it is good enough for me.

Ira Giffen, seq.
LONELINESS is a long cold WINTER—come out of the cold in the CENTER!

an Honest ad!

WANTED: MODELS for ART CLASSES
Requirements:
must be at least 18;
will pose either nude or semi-nude.

CALL INSTRUCTOR at 236-5812
No wonder high school students seldom learn much about Socrates or Jesus, or Beethoven or Buddha— or anyone else really worth knowing about. Because almost any great man would probably be kicked out of Savannah, or any of the local high schools these days, even if he did trim his hair over his ears, tapers it back, and wears shoes. These men would have to be categorized as disruptive influences—they had minds of their own and dared to act on their inner promptings. Socrates, at the guiding of his inner voice, had the unmitigated gall to defy the whole city of Athens. Jesus tossed the money-changers out on their noses (and incidentally was crucified as a result).

It may also be true that we cast, and wear short hair and shortened noses (and incidentally were schooled out of the mists of the future. In the meantime, while fear runs rampant in the schoolhouse and independent thought is branded as subversive, short hair and propriety remain the emblems of successful education. Socrates would never have made it!  

“Parental discipline is the gateway to knowledge.” — Spiro T. Agnew

Despite the theoretical opposition of monotonism to dualism, the monotonism of the West became ethical monotonism—and evil is profoundly problematic in a universe governed by a single God both beneficent and omnipotent.* If, then, one is to believe that evil is either an illusion or an expedient of the Godhead, there is no motivation for the strenuous effort against it which both Hebrew and Christian moralities demand. In a universe of ethical monotheism evil must then be considered as an effective and highly dangerous rebellion of the creature against the Creator. But the energy with which this rebellion is hated and opposed by those on the side of light can of itself endow the resistance to the Devil.

*Consider Lucretius’ proposition: There exists evil and suffering in the world. Also, there exists a Godhead that is beneficent, omnipotent, and omniscient. From these premises arise several paradoxes: If God is good, why then is there evil and suffering? Why can He not eliminate such wretched conditions? If He cannot do so, then He is not omnipotent, He is impotent. On the other hand, if He fails to apprehend evil and suffering, then He is not omniscient, all-knowing. Yet if He does in fact recognize evil and can prevent it but does not, then He is malicious, or if He refuses to prevent evil and suffering, then He is perverted. However, if the original premise that God is beneficent, omnipotent, and omniscient is held to be true, why then is there evil and suffering? (Ed. insertion)
Local Bank Started by the Mob
- Owned by the Mob

What Others May Not See!

If each man's secret, unguessed care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who have our envy now!
And if the promptings of each heart
No artists concealed,
How many trusting friends would start
At what they saw revealed?

- Anon.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and
not be believ'd.

- Blake

I am writing this article as a pilot to a complete ex-
pose on a tight group of greedy, grasping gangsters and
their hired frontmen who have literally "taken" Savan-
nah for everything they could for the last 4 decades.
Knowledgeable insiders have reported some of the
facts and figures that would bring the citizens of Sa-
vannah "up-in-arms" against these so-called up-stand-
ing people. As these widely separated estimates were
revealed, it is apparent that no one really knows the
total extent of the gang's "take-over." Following their
successful procedures in attacking legitimate business
enterprises and local land owners, these vampires of
society are skilled in secretng themselves behind a com-
licated network of dummy corporations, pistol-part-
nerships, frightened frontmen and money-hungry op-
portunists.

Extensive investigations on various members of this
"mob" has repeatedly shown a pattern of either in-
filtration or complete dominance of several legitimate
fields including: the vending machine business of all
types, including the cigarette machines and juke box-
es; the operation of nightclubs and bars.

Yes, Savannah, it's time we begin to push these "exec-
utive" gangsters who are quiet business minded frontmen
who deal in our legal matters and/or contracts, corporate
fronts and images of respectability. These people are
twisting our laws to protect their operation and rake in
their profits, using everything from "goon" tactics to
blackmail to suave management.

What can and will be done to stop these society "leech-
es"?

Local, state, and even federal law enforcement agencies
are hampered in their efforts. Politicians and law enforce-
ment officers who are bought-off by these people are qu-
ick and careful to claim that such an organization doesn't
exist and that it's just some type of propaganda to over-
throw the local government. Frequently, mon-high lo-
cal offices have made deals with this group to insure
their election.

Probably, most of the younger generation of Savann-
ah won't appreciate or really understand much of this
article, but I am positive that a number of the older
and supposedly up-standing citizens will comprehend
it with the greatest of familiariry. Relief for the local
youth of Savannah is on the way because, gentlemen,
your days are numbered in your games of graft, black-
mail, and deceit, even if the wine did taste sweet. I
write as I please and let the chips fall where they may,
rather the bowling pins.

- David I. Marchant

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utive" gangsters who are quiet business minded frontmen
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Thoughts on Food and Nutrition

Several years ago while I was living in London, I entertained as a dinner guest a young doctor newly arrived from India; he complimented my hospitality in the inimitable Indian manner, and to my surprise inquired whether I had prepared all the food with my own hands.

My Indian friend soon enlightened me, "I have looked at all over grocery store," he said, "but everything in packet, not possible for Indian man to eat such stuff."

Next time I visited the store, I took a long look at shelf after shelf of packaged and processed foods, and well understood the doctor's dilemma. In this gimmick sick world, the products that snap-crack-a-doodle-pops, the flip top, the handy container, these are the criteria of quality — whatever happened to food?

Nutrition is the missing link that has been carefully structured out of our diet. The dictionary defines nutrition as "the supplying and receiving of nourishment."

Surely, this quality must be found in bread!

Consult any cookbook and you will find the basic recipe of flour-yeast-sugar and water, salt may be added if desired, and a small quantity of shortening to keep the bread moist. This is a simple recipe of few ingredients, not difficult to make at home — visit any supermarket and you will find a manufactured product also called bread. Commercialized bread, however, comes with complex additives that obscure the simple ingredients — but what do they add?

Consider one of the additives, sodium propionate, a substance used to "prevent spoilage." Spoilage, however, is an unfortunate choice of a word to find on a food package, and just recently has had a change of name — it is now "preserves freshness."

Manufactured bread contains one chemical that acts as a raising agent, another that prevents shrinkage, one to preserve moisture, and so on. Other things have happened to bread: it is whipped into a consistency of sponge rubber, but worse yet, the flour itself has been bleached and robbed of the vitamin rich wheat germ. Good bread is hard to find; so why not try home baking for a change? Use whole wheat flour and baker's yeast. Stone ground wheat flour if possible — the stone presses don't press out as much of the wheat germ as steel ones do. If not possible, Winn Dixie carries the Pillsbury Whole Wheat Flour which is more nutritious, of course, than white flour. All in all, fresh yeast can be bought at Gottfried's. Your first few loaves may not turn out just right and your home baked bread isn't going to taste like the "store bought bread," the pop that clutter grocery shelves, and you may even have to get used to tasting bread for a change — real wholesome bread!

Sheilah Stratton

Bitchin' from the Kitchen

Bread is the most fattening of foods. Illeal fat causes colds.

It causes cavities in the teeth. Bread is never fully digested.

It is one of the most common causes of constipation.

The protein of the bread is defectively absorbed.

It causes rickets in children.

It causes celiac disease in children.

It causes sterility in adults.

It causes ulcerative colitis.

It is one of the causes of conjunctivitis, an eye disease.

It is a factor in bronchitis and pneumonia.

It causes gastric irritation.

It is the greatest culprit in causing allergies.

Bread is a common cause of hives, eczema and migraines.

It leads to hardening of the arteries and heart trouble.

On top of all this there are 4 or 5 dangerous chemical additives used in the baking of bread — and they call this "The Staff of life..." It is people like those who write songs called "I Like Lemonade," who perpetuate this fallacy. I say, and will say again and again and again, if you wish to take years from your life, eat bread or any other product made from wheat or rye except of course wheat germ and bran.

November, 1959, Prevention Magazine

RECOMMENDED READING: Health for the Millions, Food Combining Made Easy, and Fasting Can Save Your Life, all three by Dr. Herbert Shelton in paperbacks printed by Natural Hygiene Press, Inc.
I could say that declining Rome was quite similar to our world today, the same fury of life, the same violence, the same lack of moral principles and ideologies, the same despair and the same self-complicity."

And further, "Mankindemains ever the same, and the principal characters of the story seem up to date. Encolpius and Ascyltus, two students who are half bourgeois, half beatniks, such as we can see in our times on the Spanish Steps in Rome, or in Paris, Amsterdam and London, go from one adventure to another... even the moral core - without the slightest remorse, with the natural innocence and splendid vitality of two young animals."

Fellini's free adaptation of Petronius' Satyricon is a cornucopia of monstrosities. Perhaps, ugliness in its extremities promises some hope of beauty, something akin to Mary Shelley's Frankenstein: behind the mask of hideous grotesque ugliness lies beauty. Fellini theatricalizes and he visualizes in an understandable state of monstrous montage after montage. Dreamlike, yes, yet in answer to some critics' attack on Fellini's technique, the film's intention is in travelling through a maze of inner geography, and as the mind wanders past image and symbol after symbol in a picassques Juventus that becomes more and more haunting, the characters must unify the episodic swirls of action that are like Dante's journey through the inferno... How does one measure sanity in an insane society? Or like Dostoevsky's The Idiot in which the hero is misunderstood so much to be considered a foolish impractical idiot, although his vision is far above those surrounding him. The dream imagery in Catch - 22 did become a bybdeon. It began to seem a contrivance for shock and not aesthetic effect. However, I suppose getting the point across to audiences like Savannah's, Nolcs was justified in his repetition.

Catch - 22 is a more sophisticated anti-war film than say MASH with all of its slapstick humor. Catch - 22 manages to get at the essence of the military-industrial machine in incisive style: imperialism and capitalism are clearly revealed as the core of the military's conquest with cock on dunghill feet lose on rampages of mindless destruction. Catch - 22 is a good manual for military instruction! It has been in Savannah for over two months now; yet if you somehow missed it on this run, be sure to catch it next time around.

Can man through excess of perversions (symbolism equated to polyomorphic perversion) ever hope to achieve innocence? Can man unify his many selves in the face of a montage of monstrosities of vice and vice's price - must man go mad before he can become sane? Satyricon poses these problems and so do the Beatles answer them with the line, "Once there was a way to get back home?" Fellini, it seems to me, says Yes! to these problems of existence. For once he affirms on the aesthetic level the humanistic hunger for identity and value, two of man's greatest philosophical problems - today as then, yes especially today in day in years...

Bill Strong

(Credit also to Max Ozenhansler's re-view in Winterof Film Quarterly.)

Sinema

From penthouses and country estates of the jet set to hippie communes and the dark alloys of the asphalt jungles the demonic threats for a boy whom E. hopes to be at one with yet finds he is impotent. A failure at work itself does not adhere to any strict codes of expressionistic and subjective, the lyre. Petronius' dulges in long passages of rhetoric. Demands, he says, that the film's intention is in travelling through a maze of inner geography, and as the mind wanders past image and symbol after symbol in a picassques Juventus that becomes more and more haunting, the characters must unify the episodic swirls of action that are like Dante's journey through the inferno... How does one measure sanity in an insane society? Or like Dostoevsky's The Idiot in which the hero is misunderstood so much to be considered a foolish impractical idiot, although his vision is far above those surrounding him. The dream imagery in Catch - 22 did become a bybdeon. It began to seem a contrivance for shock and not aesthetic effect. However, I suppose getting the point across to audiences like Savannah's, Nolcs was justified in his repetition.

Catch - 22 is a more sophisticated anti-war film than say MASH with all of its slapstick humor. Catch - 22 manages to get at the essence of the military-industrial machine in incisive style: imperialism and capitalism are clearly revealed as the core of the military's conquest with cock on dunghill feet lose on rampages of mindless destruction. Catch - 22 is a good manual for military instruction! It has been in Savannah for over two months now; yet if you somehow missed it on this run, be sure to catch it next time around.

Can man through excess of perversions (symbolism equated to polyomorphic perversion) ever hope to achieve innocence? Can man unify his many selves in the face of a montage of monstrosities of vice and vice's price - must man go mad before he can become sane? Satyricon poses these problems and so do the Beatles answer them with the line, "Once there was a way to get back home?" Fellini, it seems to me, says Yes! to these problems of existence. For once he affirms on the aesthetic level the humanistic hunger for identity and value, two of man's greatest philosophical problems - today as then, yes especially today in day in years...

Bill Strong

(Credit also to Max Ozenhansler's re-view in Winterof Film Quarterly.)
Dear fellow freaks,

My husband and I and our close friends have been living in Savannah for 2 months now. Since my husband is in the army I can’t give you our address or first names, I’m sure you can dig our paranoia. One of your salesmen said a late issue of “Albion’s Voice” on us today. Mindless to say, we really got good vibes from the dude. Anyway, we’ve been pretty isolated from the hip scene, since most of the freaks we have seen here look like pseudohipsters, playing the hip game to be cool. What it is, it’s not music, it’s our reality. When we went to see “Woodstock” at the cinema theater, we were the only hardcore freaks there, all the others were dressed up in their mod clothes. The more possessions you have, the less physical freedom you have. If you want the freedom to move around and experience new environments and people, the less you have the more mobile you are. We would love peace and love and we live peace and love. We want real people, not ego trappers. Of course, we don’t condemn anyone and we just wish people would learn.

By publishing your magazine you are trying to change things. Think of everyone is entitled to their own opinions and it takes patience and a real attempt to communicate to change people’s heads. I hope you can dig where I’m at. Show them that you do believe that all men are created equal and that all men are brothers. All men, including those who oppress. Don’t you think “pigs” are oppressed? They are just as much a product of this sick society as you and me. Read Joan Baez’s rap in June Playboy and take heed. I beg you in the name of freedom for all men, don’t be so radical that it turns people off, good people who might otherwise be friends with influence to help us be treated as equals, rather than dirty commies. We all have freedom in our heads, but our physical freedom is being oppressed and the more we rebel, the more they will hate us and attempt to oppress us. (I’m talking about violent revolution on our parts.) We can do enough by being what we feel, by dressing the way we want to dress and by being what we want to be without hurting or insulting others deliberately. So for all men, peace, dig life, dig nature and keep on trying to change, just do it peacefully.

Can you dig it?

Love and Peace,
Mr. & Mrs. Jones

Editor’s note: Right on, let’s fight on - non-violently, yes, otherwise we’ll only digress.

As a newcomer to Savannah I really don’t know that many facts about the people. I have received a few impressions which I would like to share with you.

I wanted to share what was happening with young people here. Where were their heads at? Are they all members of the Georgia Hysterical Society or the John Birchers? Where were their heads at? Their heads are just as much a product of this sick society as you and me.

Dear Albion,

Why do you people always talk about getting it together? You people are so far from being together it’s unreal. You continuously contradict yourself. For example, you people are so down on capitalism but sell your paper for 20¢. Your parents are capitalists and most of Savannah’s hip people live with their parents. I say hip because they’re definately (sic) not hep. Hep people can make it in this country. Hep people know that the only way to change heads is to be cool, rap your views, and respect other’s views. When people see that you can have long-hair, smoke grass, hold a good job, and be making it they may start to believe that your ideas can work. How many people in Savannah (hipsters) support themselves? I’ve never seen so many pan-handlers in my life. And man - pan-handlers are screwed up. Everyone is broke occasionally (sic) but not everyday. Are you hep?

Next time you wonder why you can’t get more people behind you or why you can’t sell your paper, read the thing and look at your hip (I?) community. Peacefully yours,

California

Editor’s note: About selling papers being capitalistic: street sales don’t nearly clear operational costs, let alone make money. And ads aren’t doing it either. And that is, after all, capitalists’ basis isn’t it – making money. As for Savannah’s “hipsters” who just hang on, there is a word for their lifestyle – hypocrisy. On that point, I wholeheartedly agree, as well as on hipsters here being very untogether – and yet, ironically enough, especially on our former staff. However, I note with interest your choice of words – you people – and I wonder just what you’ve been doing lately to help keep your “hipness” – or are you too busy for that since “your people” is to me one of the most sexist phrases in the English language.

— Charles Roue

Ed. note: An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory.

Nomadic Artists

Zephyr wander
through the body cells of island kitchens,
illustrated in the brushstrokes
of the inked and papered page.

Lightlike, fashion stellar patterns
on abrasive, dusty tiles,
the floor below this ball of air,
this formally composed and random point,
this room, this brushtip’s load.

See through heaviest of lenses,
heaviest of coins, the Aleph,
large, see no reason to stop.
See nothing, everything, the All
which, hovering and last abstraction,
vanishes, its weight dispersed.
— William