



TO COMMEMORATE THE "OTHER" EXPANDS ITS STRANGE BEDFELLOWS FOR UNDERGROUND STRIKE THE HERETO

GLORIOUS NEWSPAPER PATAREALISM

PEACE RALLY BREEDS STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

strange bedfellows

LOWER EAST SIDE, Sept 25: A group of approximately 1500 eminently peaceful persons assembled on the corner of Avenue B and 9th Street to hear Mitchell Kaufman, from the top of a sound truck, introduce various speakers from the left protesting the war in Vietnam. The opportunity was seized by a variety of groups ranging from Black Muslims, who were selling their newspaper further south on Ave. B, to Progressive Labor, who provided speakers and passed out various handbills, leaflets, and newspapers. Fifteen policemen were on hand, one on a rooftop, to keep at bay a group of "fraternity" boys sporting buttons and signs that read "William Buckley for Mayor," "American Patriots for Freedom," and down "Down with the Red Traitors," who shouted, "You're a creep," at Jose Fuentes and, "Intellectuals!" at speaker Glenn Henderson. "Little old ladies," members of the Tompkins Square Neighbors for Peace Action, sponsors of the rally, filtered through the crowd soliciting signatures to send to Representative Farbstien. Five men in sport coats, and ties, hob-nobbing with uniformed policemen, were identified as

FBI agents by an informed leftist.

Conrad Lynn, the civil liberties lawyer who for a time defended 23 year old David H. Mitchell, sentenced to five years for draft dodging, spoke saying, "The government would be very happy if the youth of this country objecting to the draft pleaded conscientious objection on religious grounds." He stated that those of C.O. status, "get assigned to noncombatant jobs," such as working in "state mental institutions at starvation wages." Lynn continued by saying that "the U.S. is becoming known the world over as the new citadel of Fascism," arguing to "fight the war in Vietnam, not on religious grounds, but on political and moral grounds." A man in the group of hecklers held up a small Chinese flag saying, "We got your flag over here."

A light note entered the rally when Mr. Kaufman introduced editor of The Realist, Paul Krassner, who, after mounting the sound truck, faced the group of hecklers and gave the Nazi salute. Krassner then said, referring to the hecklers, "They're shouting 'Give us Pot,'" then assured police that he was only speaking "theoretically". He said, "More people are interested in Dorothy Malone, of T.V.'s Peyton Place, than the war in Vietnam. A leftist in the crowd said, "He's always joking. He never says anything serious."

Krasner went on to say, "Lady Bird wears falsies. These falsies are not made of ordinary foam rubber, but 5-Day Deodorant Pads." He then quipped about Johnson getting a roll-on ball imbedded in his armpit. "Drop dead Communist Pig," yelled a heckler from the YAF contingent. "I wonder how they feel about rading in the conservative newspapers, such as the Cleveland Plain Dealer, that they do not really know whether the villages they are bombing are empty or not... and B-52's are bombing 'suspected' Viet Cong targets," Krasner replied.

Conrad Lynn had sited that there was a law making it a felony to persuade of convince anyone to fight against the draft, and said the government was "too cowardly" to enforce such a law, stating that they knew the worst thing that could happen to this country was for the world to know that there are thousands of its citizens against the "dirty war in Vietnam."

Though the police and FBI watched none were arrested.



Generation of Draft Dodgers

Draft dodging is worse now than at any time since the Civil war Selective Service officials suspect, though no precise figures are available. Congressmen have been bombarding local boards with requests for deferments. Prominent people have brought pressure on the boards to exempt their sons. Employers have claimed that most unlikely young workers are essential to the home front. Men who became eligible for the draft on their eighteenth birthday have refused to register, thereby facilitating an unprecedented breakdown in the machinery of the Selective Service Board which an official noted, "WE have neither the time nor the money to track down these offenders."

Facing a \$10,000 fine and/or five years in jail men between the ages of 18 and 26 are using techniques ranging from not registering for the draft to the old standby homosexuality to make themselves invisible or ineligible for the draft. This month, 33,600 new draftees will be pressed into service with the call increasing in November and December. The first married men without children will be ordered to duty after Christmas.

Brig. General S.L.A. Marshall said in a column in the Philadelphia Inquirer, "The statistics said there was no choice in the matter. Either the induction quotas would have to be approximately doubled, or Navy as well as Army would fall short of the strength levels essential to expanding the war in Vietnam."

PATAREALIST REFLECTION: Washington has initiated a program of patriotism to offset the rise in draft dodging. It is an old custom in society, when the roof of its moral laws and values begin to cave in, that the bulwark be supported for the meantime by the empty beams of patriotism!



See...Hear...Feel...Taste...Smell
Go ahead, raise a few eyebrows.

BOB DYLAN TAUNT

by Israel Young

There is no sparer story than the Bob Dylan story. It is simple and familiar. He came to New York five years ago to trade the West for wild and woolly Greenwich Village. He started his New York career as a disciple of Woody Guthrie via the technique of Jack Elliott. With the help of many friends he immersed himself in the entire range of American balladry. He soon became the first singer-writer to incorporate contemporary psychological ideas into the form of the traditional ballad stanza. He made contemporary words and ideas seem as if they were always there—and that is the work of the important artist.

He never said he was a writer of protest songs. He merely reflected accurately the healthiest feelings of the time. For four years Bob Dylan allowed himself to be considered in the 'protest bag.' The period of gestation from 'protest' to 'introspection' has since been improved upon. Phil Ochs is trying to get out after two years as a protest song writer but doesn't know how to get out. Donovan is almost out of it in less than six months. P.J. Sloane has identified himself with, and gotten out of, the protest movement with a single song "Era of Destruction." Businesswise this means that you need only write one "protest" song to be identified by the folkniks as a good guy. Forever after these schmucks will buy anything you will ever produce because they have infinite hope. In the case of Bob Dylan everyone conveniently forgot that he allowed Columbia Records to delete the "John Birch Society Talking Blues" from his second album. This was soon after he swore that Columbia would have its way "over his dead body." (I was hoodwinked at the time into arranging an abortive protest march against the entire matter which I cancelled by dumping signs and literature into the trash basket when Dylan and management pulled a no-show on our line of six brave marchers.) We forgot and never chided, for there was so much to come—books—novels—plays—movies—poetry. Our whole world was to be illuminated.

He made the poetry scene and reflected accurately the works of poets from Patchen to Ginsberg. He added the imprimatur of copyright and no one complained. He went to England and picked up marvelous morsels of tunes and songs to be presented to the American public "as only Dylan can." He became "bigger than Big Ben" and no one complained. And he left the poets and England behind. He really made no promises to them either. Just another little guy trying to make a living.

There seemed no heights to which Dylan could not attain. He had only to meet the right person. If he could only meet Malraux he could write treatises on civilization. If he could only meet DeGaulle he could resolve the world crisis. If he could only meet God he would write a new bible. And we would all be brought to Grace through his work.

These events did not take place. He returned to the great hope of American music—Rock and Roll. He electrified his guitar. He was not coming into his own. He took the raw force of Rock and Roll. He took out the protest and vivacity and statement and hope. He added his personal bitterness and loneliness. He beat his breast publicly for all of us. He brought us to ultimate loneliness, which is our fate, and left us there. It is not fair. It is sissy-stuff to go down to the bottom and not try to come up. The artist, in any society, must lift us while depicting our fate. This is not to say that Bob Dylan does not affect you. Your feet don't tap—your bodies don't move—but your stomach churns. If you have a weak spot he encompasses you, entraps you, and



you think "that's where it's at."

A man's private life is his own, but for the artist it is the matter of his art. The artist, finally, bares himself to us and we are moved. The artist exalts in his life and so we share it. The honest artist cannot be hurt. Jack Elliott can not be hurt as an interpreter. Allen Ginsberg can not be hurt as a creator. They are what they are. We share in their lives. We are moved. We are cleansed. We are made richer. Bob Dylan cannot exalt in his life now because it would upset the "image" he has cultivated among the record-buying public. He can be hurt. He is forced to a brilliant obscurity in his writing so that people will continue to buy his records. The same people he wants nothing to do with.

Why can't he just continue to sing and they just continue to send him invisible nickels and dollars. Don't Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald do the same thing? Yes and no. Yes, in that you pay your money and you take your choice. No, in that they do not claim the holy title of a poet. Where he has obscured his words he has intensified his voice. His voice now tells the true story of Bob Dylan. He screams from the bottomless pit and it is truly heart-rending. But it is like sharing something dirty. It is no longer in the open arena of life's possibilities and we mourn for it.

Country Fugathon Set For October

LOWER EAST SIDE: The FUGS, folkways recording stars, will leave a four week standing room only engagement at the Bridge Theatre, October eighth to concert tour the United States via auto caravan, performing before the assemblies of Missouri U., Kansas U., Ohio State, Indiana U., Antioch and Dickinson's College distribution Leaflets protesting the Vietnam situation and rout.

A feature length sound film will be made of the "FUGS Cross Country Caravan", starring the vocal and musical talents of Tuli Kup-

MIDNIGHT PORN movie RAID

AUGUST 13—THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

At three A.M., detectives of the narcotics squad knocked on the door of an artist named Gumersoll on avenue B, Pushed in the door and demanded, "Where's the pot?" Gumersoll at length, convincing them of his innocence, was then asked if he was harboring Mr. Ed Sanders, famous lower east side poet, publisher, song writer and filmmaker. Under pressure Gumersoll informed the officer that Mr. Sanders resided in the apartment on the next floor, receiving no answer to their pounding upon the Sanders' door, Detective Hatch led his men up the fire escape, through the window, ransacking the apartment and confiscating copies of Mr. Sanders literary magazine.

Sanders told us the agents returned a few days later via the same route, smashing out a newly installed pane of glass, this time confiscating ten thousand feet of edited avant garde "porny" movie film totaling three years work. Telephone inquiries made by Mr. Sanders to the ninth precinct were met with no information, and complete bewilderment, on the part of the police officials.

"They probably wanted to show them at stag parties", Mr. Sanders said. "Fuck them! Next time I'll make better films and hide them. As soon as they legalize "pornies" I'll be the first producer to hit the neighborhood theatres with my now in progress epic film entitled 'Mongolian Cluster Fuck!'"

PATAREALIST REFLECTION: Could police officials be interested in pornographic film which has never been publicly shown, or could this be just a part of a concerted effort by the municipal and Federal authorities to harass legitimate artists whose work has not yet penetrated to mass popularity.

THE East Side Bar



THE ANNEX

163 Avenue B
New York, N. Y.

ferberg, Steve Weber, Ken Weaver, and Ed Sanders. Having a repertoire of more than sixty original songs, the FUGS produce a new sound in popular music ranging from nouveau folk-freak, sex rock 'n roll, dope thrill chants to total assault on culture lyrics. Accompanied by a rock 'n roll beat, the FUGS satirize and criticize, now and then breaking into the gobble, a new dance rage of their creation. Their large following might be noted by their parents of FUGS T-shirt and sweat shirts, FUGS folk song manuals, and even FUGS emblazoned underwear.



Maybe we can't please all the people all the time... the man behind the puppets

July 19, 1965

J. Edgar Hoover
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

On May 26th I sent a question to the F.B.I. asking under what International Regulations the U.S. government was sending F.B.I. agents to the Dominican Republic. I further asked if such provisions were in the charter of the O.A.S. And if it was approved by the United Nations. I have not yet received an answer after a wait of 7 or 8 weeks.

I would appreciate an answer as the question is still a bothersome one.

Sincerely,
Israel G. Young
321 State Avenue
New York, N. Y.

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20535
July 23, 1965

Mr. Israel G. Young
321 State Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Young:

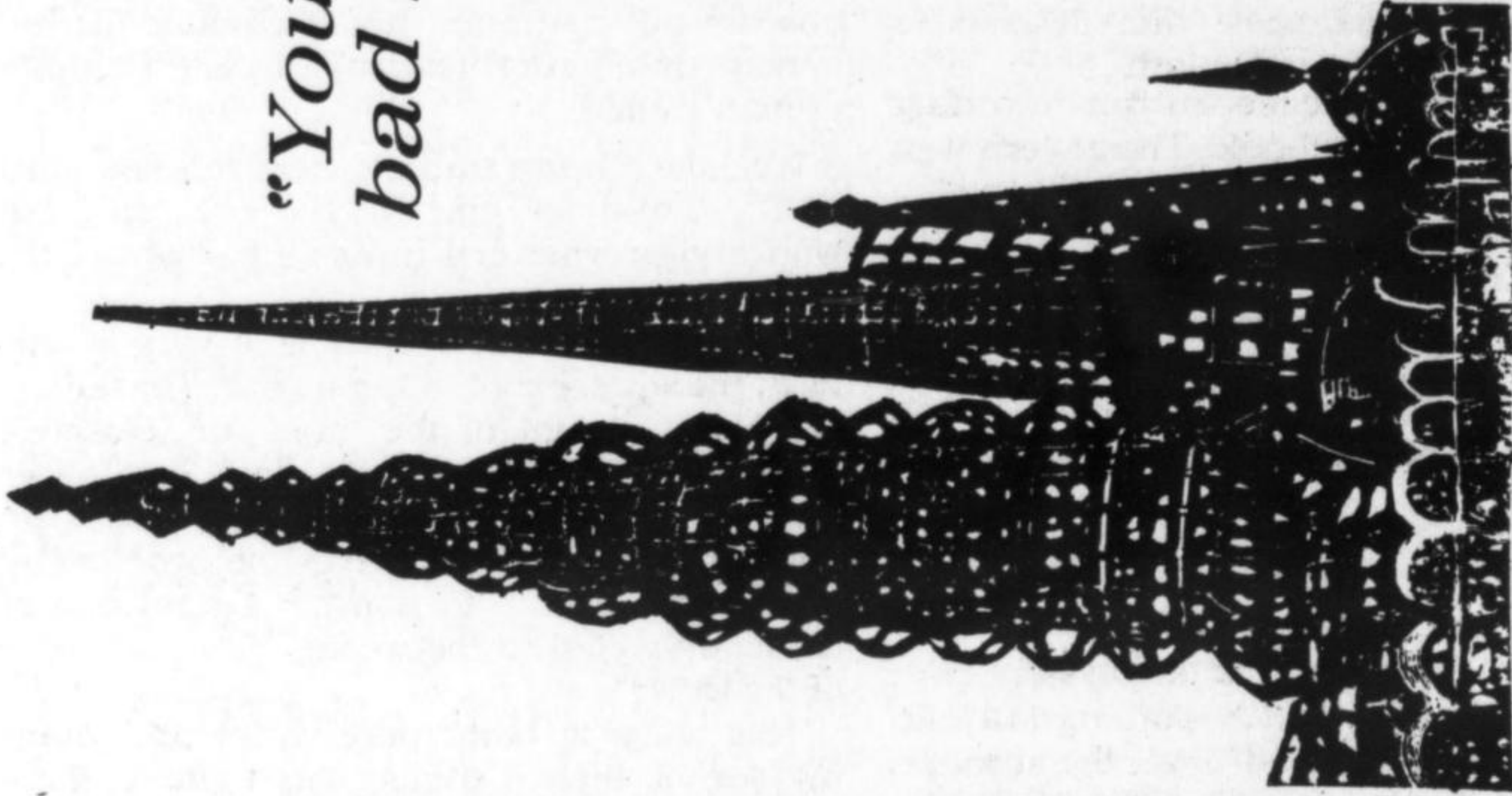
Your letter of July 19, 1965, has been received, and a complete check of our files fails to reflect any prior correspondence from you.

With regard to your inquiry asking under what authority FBI Agents were sent to the Dominican Republic, the President specifically ordered Special Agents of the FBI to that country. You may be assured that the FBI will continue to discharge all of its responsibilities with thoroughness and dispatch.

Sincerely yours,
John Edgar Hoover
Director

LOS ANGELES: A CIVIL REVOLT

"You have to be good good or bad bad to be remembered...."



Watts, California, scene of one of the most brutal, costly and seemingly untimely race riots of recent years, is recuperating...and reflecting. At which point does a man—a single man, an individual man—ALONE—decide that he's had enough. At which point does the pressure become so unbearable that he is willing to risk his life, the lives of his family, the censure of his chosen leaders and community, in an effort to stop, if only for a brief second, the monotony of surviving, to break out of his existence, to do something, anything perhaps to be remembered...for awhile.

The need to act has as many labels as there are dreams, or men to dream them, the form of action as many faces as there are demons or angels to plague the spirit of man. The action itself, destructive or creative, monumental or infinitesimal, must be judged for fitness by the society to which it is born, and its effectiveness assessed by unborn history. The value of action—group or individual, may grow or diminish in time—but the need to do something remains constant.

In Watts, California, the needs of thousands fused to create chaos—a riot. Also in Watts, the need of one man, Simon Rodia, was focused to such a degree that he created the greatest structure ever made by one man, a monument of human energy, consistency and skill, the Tower of Watts.

Simon Rodia was born in Italy in 1879, and came to the United States before his twelfth birthday. As a young man he worked as a laborer in logging and mining camps, as a nightwatchman and finally in Los Angeles as a tile-setter and telephone repairman, and in time he bought a small house and lot in Watts and settled down.

Rodia was over 40 when he began the Towers and he worked without help, without drawing board designs, without machine equipment or scaffolding, for 33 years, still holding his job as a tile-setter. Finishing the Towers in 1954, he turned over the deed to his lot and the Towers to a neighbor and moved away.

The Towers, a swirling fantasy of color, turquoise, red, green, purple, encrusted with sea shells, tile and pottery set in cement covered steel, soar to a hundred foot height. Woven together by overhead arches around the spires are fountain-like navillona and laberinthe. The

preserve them, and develop them as a community facility. Then the Los Angeles City Building Department entered the picture, feeling that the Towers were unsafe structures built without a permit, using junk and inferior construction methods and in 1959 made preparations for a public hearing which would result in demolition. The Committee, grown in numbers, with public support and armed with the calculations of a missile test engineer which showed Simon's intuition to be valid, prepared its defense.

After days of hearings and negotiations agreement was reached for a pull test of the tallest spire, involving scaffolding, rigging, heavy equipment and electronic gauges, which would determine the safety of all the towers. In October 1959, as television cameras focused on the now world-famous work of art, the test was performed. Before hundreds of observers and the television audience, the structure stood firm, with one seashell falling off.

Delegates of 15 countries attending the 11th Assembly of the International Association of Art Critics, New York, 1959 passed a resolution which read in part, "We hope every measure will be taken for preservation and upkeep of this unique structure, a unique combination of sculpture and a paramount achievement of 20th century folk-art in the United States."

At the same time the Museum of Modern Art wired, "Urge public and private agencies unite to save these works of great beauty and imagination which are part of our cultural heritage."

But what of the man Simon Rodia, finally located in 1959 living in Martinez, California, reluctant even to talk about the Towers.

"I no have anybody to help me out. I am a poor man. Had to do a little at a time. Nobody helped me. I think if I hire man he didn't know what to do. A million times I don't know what to do myself. I never have a single helper. Some of the people say what was he doing... some of the people think I was crazy and some people said I was going to do something. I wanted to do something in the United States because I was raised here, you understand? I wanted to do something for the United States because there are nice people in this country."

"You have to be good good or bad bad to be remembered...."

Papa Ubu - Mayor of L.A.

Papa Ubu, mayor of Los Angeles said in a speech in San Francisco, at the time of the Watts riots, "Our first difficulty in those distant parts consisted in the impossibility of procuring slaves for ourselves, slavery having unfortunately been abolished; we were reduced to entering into diplomatic relations with armed Negroes who were on bad terms with other Negroes lacking means of defense; and when the former had captured the latter, we marched the whole lot off as free workers. We did it, of course, out of pure philanthropy, to prevent the victors eating the defeated, and in imitation of the methods practiced in the factories. De-

Law only the U.N. has the right of interference after long debate and democratic vote. The power of the president to send in our own agents into a sovereign state has been taken away from him when the U.S. signed the charter of the United Nations and swore to uphold it. The president has committed an illegal act. Mr. Hoover being a highly intelligent man knows this and cannot answer Mr. Young's question without perpetrating an outlandish lie. He can not say to Mr. Young—Yes there is an international law which gives us the right to interfere in the business of another country, because the opposite is true. He can only avoid the question and state "the President specifically ordered Special Agents of the F.B.I. to that country.", hoping that Mr. Young will readily accept the validity of the Father Figure i.e., whatever Papa Johnson says should not be questioned by his own adoring son, Israel Young whom Papa Johnson loves very much. Yes, Mr. Hoover is a very, VERY intelligent man.

But Mr. Young is a far more intelligent child. He has not been taken in by the "Father Knows Best" antics of our American mentality. Since May 25, 1965 Mr. Young has been sending out letters to all the different Government agencies, our own, foreign, and international ones as well, and has documented them in a

The workability of any Democracy is based on the availability of information and the workings of its system in regard to itself and the rest of the world. Any deviation from this essential idea perpetrates nothing less than the Big Lie. The above letters, one asking a legitimate question and the other giving an equally illegitimate answer, are a demonstration of such a deviation. Mr. Young has asked a question which Mr. Hoover avoids answering. We, as intelligent creatures, can deduce from Mr. Hoover's answers certain valid deductions. (1) Mr. Hoover is stupid or he honestly did not understand the question, misconstruing it entirely. This of course does not strike as a fully valid premise. For Mr. Hoover to hold such a high position in Government he must at least read, write and understand English if nothing more. We know from reading newspapers that he is held in high regard by many of his fellow workers and by many high officials in our government. It also must be logically concluded that Mr. Hoover has a high intelligence (even though it be bureaucratic) to run such a complicated organization as the F.B.I. and for such a long period of time. (2) Our second premise then, if we accept the official reports that Mr. Hoover is a highly intelligent man, is equally as invalid. The question asked by Mr. Young is whether there is an inter-

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

"Old men dream dreams.
Young men see visions."

by Allan Katzman

TIME, AUGUST 27, 1965

Sir: Two tourists are struck by the similarly perplexed expressions on the faces of



President Johnson [Aug. 6] and Roman Emperor Vespasian (Bardo Museum).

ANN WOODS
ROSANA ECKMAN

Tunis

A man's personality is more easily determined from details in his family background and character than from the study of his development, since character is an immutable factor. Suetonius mentioned that the tyrant Vespasian could never bring himself to pronounce the sentence of death, however well merited, without sighing and shedding tears.

All in all it was rather an emotional day for the president. Following the Marshall's swearing in, he addressed the group of Peace Corps volunteers and confessed to them that "I want you to know your President cried this morning when he read what a boy from El Paso said, a boy named Comacho who escaped from a Viet Cong prison camp."

Herald Tribune, Wed., August 25, 1965

With Titus Flavius Vespasianus (A.D. 69-79), a new period begins. The emperors from Tiberius to Nero had based their claim to power on their relationship, real or by adoption, to the founder of the Empire. The birth of Vespasian was mean; his grandfather had been a private soldier, his father a petty officer of the revenue; his own merit raised him, in an advanced age, to the empire; but his merit was useful rather than shining, and his virtues were disgraced by a strict and even sordid parsimony. Such a prince consulted his true interest by the association of a son, whose more splendid and amiable character might turn the public attention from the obscure origin to the future glories of the Flavian house.

In the year 63 A.D. he became governor of Africa, where he ruled extremely badly—according to Tacitus—and extremely well—according to Suetonius. But Vespasian was unsuccessful at ingratiating himself with Nero. He obviously could not stand Nero's interminable arias, because he was forbidden further access to the imperian court for falling asleep during the performances.

Vespasian was given command of the legions in Judea in the year of 67. Taking his son Titus with him as second in command, Vespasian occupied Galilee and Samaria, and after a series of battles reached the Sea of Gaililee. Mount Tabor fell, as did the fortress of Jotapata.

The defender of Jotapata was a priest, Joseph ben Matathias, who, when the town fell, made a momentous prophecy; "You have put me in fetters now, but in a year's time as Emperor, you will set me free."

The priest and prophet Joseph ben Matathias became known to posterity as Josephus. The year 69 A.D. saw the fulfillment of the great

Jewish historian's prophecy.

After the death of Nero the Senate at once acknowledged the aged Galba. He was shortly murdered by Otho, who made himself princeps with the aid of the Praetorian Guard. Even before this, however, the army on the Rhine had hailed its commander, Vitellius, as Emperor. His generals defeated Otho and placed him on the throne. Meantime, Vespasian, the commander of the army that Nero had sent to put down the Jewish Revolt, was urged to seek imperial power. The legions of the Danube voluntarily took up his cause, marched on Rome, defeated the troops of Vitellius, assassinated the same Vitellius by drowning him in the Tiber river and seized the city, looting it before the new emperor arrived. The Senate was ignored and forced to give its approval to the accomplished fact. Vespasian was granted all the powers of the earlier Emperors by a special law, part of which is still preserved for us on an inscription.

When Vespasian became Emperor, the finances of the state had been in a desperate condition. He exacted the old taxes with strictness and imposed new ones. Although his plebeian common sense set no value in divine honors, he realized that the Imperian cult was a strong bond of unity and encouraged it outside of Italy. Most important was his attitude toward the Senate. He repeatedly held the censorship, and by his power to make and remove Senators, he completely controlled the Senate. He made little effort to conceal this fact, but since the senators were once again secure in their lives and property and since he allowed them freedom of speech, if not of action, they grumbled but little.

Vespasian introduced a tax on urine, a valuable commodity at this time since it was used as a tanning agent. When his son Titus protested about it, Vespasian held a coin under his nose and asked him, "Does it smell," meaning money is money no matter from where it comes.

Honest bourgeois, Etruscan, and son of the Sabine soil, Vespasian lived for 69 years, 7 months, and 7 days. He did not want to die—not lying down at least. And so in his last moments he exerted all his remaining strength in an effort to stand up. Then, with the words, "An Emperor ought to die on his feet," the tough and virile old man breathed his last in the arms of his courtiers, who were supporting him.

Roman history is the history of a city and of what was originally a chiefly agricultural peasant race whose constructive energy produced the largest empire of the ancient world. And since during the Imperial era the destiny of the empire lay in the hands of a single man who represented the center of all political activity and, very often, of all religious observance, the story of the individual emperors gives us a clear key to the decline of Rome itself. Not only did the Romans move further and further into the world of the asiatic steppe races with every eastward step they took, but their emperors became on the whole increasingly oriental and alien in outlook. If the blessings of a civilization are to remain at their best they can only be enjoyed by a small and cultured minority. Every concession to the taste of the masses, every simplification of spiritual values will inevitably result in a watering down of their original substance. Any process of enlargement, aggrandizement and expansion automatically lead toward disintegration.

Civilization cannot be bought nor, equally can it be prohibited. Freedom of thought goes on burning like a small flame during periods of oppression, and burns all the brighter



LBJ boots: Sealed and delivered

under conditions of enforced secrecy. Like a difficult child, civilization has to be carefully reared and few know the secret.

In this column we have taken a closer look at some of the men who did not possess this secret and laid our fingers on the pulse of a great and vanished world. It was a proud and mighty world, a glittering and degenerate world. In the months to come we will meet the men who reigned and reign over that world in such God-like splendor, meet them before its power fades altogether and its riches are scattered to the winds, meet them before we have become so old and ignorant that we begin to tell ourselves it was all a colorful dream.

POETRY PLACE

In her brief sketch of the History of New York Coffee House Activities, Poet Carol Berge writes:

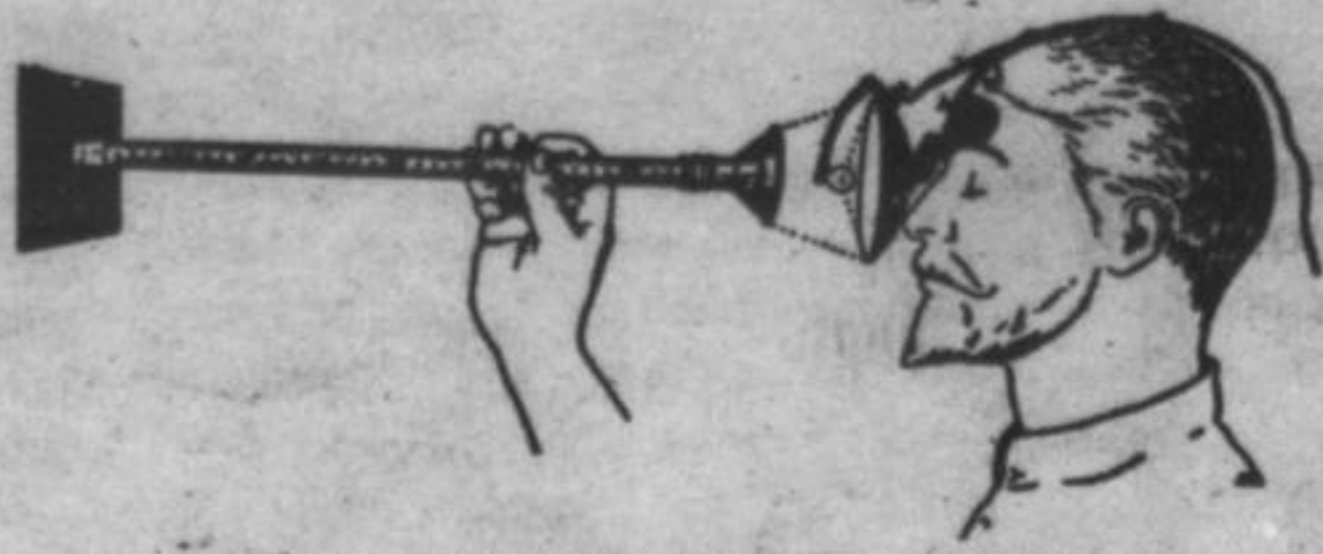
"In the deep winter, 1962-1963, the move is made, with a brief stopover at the Living Theatre, to Le Metro Cafe, 2nd Ave. between 9th and 10th Streets, where the readings are continuing to date (March 1965). Le Metro, had been hospitable to the poet ambience;....."

The word in this passage that glues to the gums aching all manner of curious mouth roofs is—hospitable. The hospitality of the palm rubbing Shopkeeper is one that traps the gentle poet and puts him up tight.

The poet thinking that the world is a few bars from the Moonlight Sonata, allows himself to be hustled for a few cups of expensive coffee and a platform pit. The poet unaware of the slimy Shopkeeper who has a few low rung goons staked out for those who refuse to 'move on', buries his head in illuminating the Universe while his audience is suffering assault and bruises. The hospitality of the Shopkeeper is like that of Tolstoy's wolf "who winters, joins the pack roaming the icy tundras of Siberia sparing neither man, animal, nor child, in the heat of summer however when the branch is dry and lifeless he crawls to the peasants' backyard licking his hands and whining for food". That is rather good barnyard philosophy which should be a warning to the poet taken in by the Shopkeeper's hospitality—it means: bloody fangs and chopsmacking is couched in this hospitality—time to split when you see hired muggers and thirty eight revolvers perking instead of espresso.

The shopkeeper who runs the Metro is a special breed of shaggy rapacious wolf. He does not have the fine combed fur of the Tarter wolf but is a scroungy raunch mongrel kind of wolf who maskerades as a benevolent sheep dog. We don't spot him because we've gotten away from country scenes and lyrical poetry. He is a restless cur wolf inhabited by fleas and moles twitching and rubbing their sticky and moley tentacles in his backside. This constant friction and irritation causes him to blow his wolf cool and leads him to do weird handstands, like going after Archie Shepp with a meat cleaver, or cane whipping Don Harriman or flaggelating a gentleman like Tom Dent, former editor of Umbra magazine. The Shopkeeper couldn't get past the Dent butler, but these are the arrogant hangups of New York's rude servant community which includes all kinds of mayors and shopkeepers and hairdressers. As Allan Katzman has said "Wotan has come to City Hall".

After the shopkeeper was diverted from nickel grubbing long enough to indulge in more interesting games like banging Tom Dent around the room in view of Walter Lowenfels who was writing about the nitty-gritty world when his contemporaries were clanking Daiquiri glasses with the rich. The great Walter Lowenfels shut down 'murder incorporated' that night and the shopkeeper was dismayed because he thought that all poets were of the same cut as those who frequented his place—swami pompadour types and anus mongers. He was in for a surprise! Lowenfels and his followers left as did the moderator Allan Katzman. The shopkeeper was left with only a few trubadours to display his wares which at that point smelled like stale underwear. The troubadour types still migrate



1. - Éclairage à l'extrémité du tube d'exploration.

IN THE PENAL COLONY

The American philosophy of social correction is predicated on three very simple rules of thumb:—1.—That crime is a subhuman activity. 2.—That criminals, in the open practice of their profession, admit to human status. 3.—That therefore it is not morally incorrect for American society to treat criminals as if they were swine.

MAN must have some compassion for a sentence so vengeful! The medievalness of such a social rebuke must offend even the most law-abiding citizen. Under the present system, it would seem as if the only man who will NOT suffer enormously at imprisonment... Is the homosexual. Upon such a note, we recommend that it is time to review, and renew, the entire basis of American correctional thought.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Authorities must first clarify for themselves whether the premise of penology is rehabilitative, or strictly punitive. If the purpose of prisons is to rehabilitate errant citizens, and then to return them to normal life enriched and grateful, the authorities have done a bang-up job of goofing. Men and women come home from prison soiled, resentful and embittered. The only regret the huge waste of years in which all was lost but bitter, dark experience. And for the most part their only resolution is NOT to get caught again.

There are, in all prisons, systems of marking prisoners with merits and demerits. A "good" prisoner is granted certain privileges... better jobs, freedom of libraries, trusteeship... "Bad" prisoners are denied these privileges. It is more than possible to extend the concept of privilege into the realm of sex. Many prisoners have wives:—others, fiances. For those who have neither, there are on one hand their sexual counterparts at other prisons:—(ON SATURDAY NIGHTS A COMMUNITY SHINDIG IS THROWN AT ONE OF THE GAOLS... THE PRIVILEGED, MODEL PRISONERS ATTEND, MEET, SELECT ONE ANOTHER, ARE LED TO CUBICLES FURNISHED WITH BED AND BOWL, AND IT IS DONE) And on the other there are the vast ghost-armies of professional flesh-peddlers with whom everyone is acquainted. Senators and Congressmen know there are whores in this world. We assume that even the President of the U.S., pure of mind and heart though he may be, has READ something about them. Certainly the criminal element knows of them, since there is intimacy amongst shadows.

Obviously, the "simple" solution above projects us into numberless problem-areas, most of which have moral implications. Myriad questions arise, to which society must make painful answer. For instance, in order to make certain that the prisoner does not impregnate his mate, the State must exercise a strict program of contraception. It must therefore educate. Is society prepared to accept public contraceptive education? If it begins in one area, where must it end? At the schools, of course. Are we ready to maturely accept the responsibility for teaching the young what they will learn anyway, by hook or crook? Certainly not.

Further, is America sophisticated enough to RECOGNIZE sex officially, to pull it out of its back-room, hall-way, drive-in movie connotation? Is the country ready to accept openly the fact that love-making between un-married folk is honorable and as age-old as the race of man? Freud is long dead, and yet remains to be discovered by public officials. The Bill of Rights obviously did not include man's inalienable right to copulat. Boards of Review are set up to study the causes for prison riots, and conclude that the prisoners were justified:—the food was lousy, the guards were mean, Joe the Hype farted too loudly in the chapel—And NONE has the good sense to realize that well, these guys are just plain HORNY!

Clearly, the recommendations above are impossible. It is too much to ask of the engineers of our society. It is easier to treat men as beasts than to dignify them. Dignity comes at a high price, and society must foot the bill. It is too expensive, much too exorbitant, to ask of us a complete reform of our concepts, our morals, even our social structure! Why, what is being asked of us is a small revolution!

To which we must answer...BEGIN!

by ax kirilov

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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PROTEST

there like a bunch of funnies with spiritual gumshoes. The night they worked over Tom Dent the wolf bared his fangs and dropped his hospitality—the GOONS CAME OUT WITH THEIR FORTY FIVE REVOLVERS. That didn't discourage the troubadours; they still make the scene blowing their nothing.

Poet David Henderson finished the 'untouchables' off when he opened his poets cooperative so that eventually the shopkeeper (who digs William Buckley, incredibly enough, although I'm sure that Buckley's syntax and Latin roots leave him in all manner of jaw hanging postures) is left alone with the poet whorelocks, hoisting barbells over his shoulders and jacking off his hangups.

The Metro poets left behind will serve any muse, be she a gun moll who hustles graveyard trophies skidding through bang bang warehouses in St. Valentine Day carnivals, or a swishy little pussy who believes that waterfowls are thrilling. Everybody should avoid these cats because when the deal goes down they will be composing real delicate steel helmeted rhythms for THE GREAT SOCIETY OR THE GREAT RHEICH OR THE GREAT WHAT HAVE YOU. They will be dragged out of the facists' coffeshops and put on the payroll wearing respectable Kafka glasses, they will be instructing young pussies on how to goosestep! Avoid these cats because their fat nostrils will swell from the stench of scorched pamphleteers, protest poets, broadsiders, serious peace marchers, mississippi delta farmers, athiests, appalachian miners, cop victims, and rock and roll stompers. They will shrug their shoulders, thumb their noses, and throw their cloaks over their heads; and the dead will rise up and clutch their tongues, and they will matriculate in all kinds of Tales From the Crypt scenes. They are the gangster poets, the cop suckers, turning out their I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' EVERY THING THAT IS HOLY BULLSHIT.

And when the apocalypse cracks its hoofs and gallops hell bent down Second Ave. they will request five more minutes to read junk stanzas from putrid shopkeepers. They are the mother fuckers who stuck roasted pigs with ugly popes while heretics were burned for seeing god four ways. They are Leopold apologists who went down on him while he snapped off legs and arms in the Congo. They include some especially insidious cockroach stains who peddle their racist lollygag on Lenox ave, and come on like Father Dine on Second Ave. for a few funky bedroom wrestles. These are the late Metro Poets. The kiss the toes of Shopkeepers. SEIG HEIL.

Ishmael Reed

A sign in the Annex, a bar on 10th St. & Ave. B, reads:

"ATTENTION WRITERS:
All great American novels, Distinguished short stories, and immortal poetry written in this bar must be completed, typed, and submitted before closing time."

Clara Bow, the "IT" girl of more than 50 films dating back to the silent era, died Sunday night, September 26, 1965, watching television.

How is it that the American Penal System does not make, and has never made, provision for sexual relief in the prison community? Is the grip of Anglo-Saxon mores so powerful that there is no releasing it? Is the penal colony ruled by cracker-barrel moralists? Is the executioner's robe nothing but the churchman's habit? And who are the penologists who gave consciousness to so severe a punishment as to deprive man of the very act that substantiates his manhood? Surely, EVERY

Abolition of Jails

LOWER EAST SIDE: AUGUST 11: A benefit was held at the Broadway Central Hotel for Dale Wilbourn, imprisoned on a narcotics charge possessing marijuana without paying tax. Wilbur gained large popular support, by stating publicly that he was offered a bribe to implicate poet Allen Ginsburg in a phony narcotics role. While Jack Martin was on stage at the hotel, telling the audience of his and Wilbourn's experiences with the federal narcotics agents, the announcers, Pietro Helcizer, jumped to the stage, interrupting him with a statement, "Some people have come in without paying and the performance will not continue until they have gone to the front desk and paid admission."

Jack Martin then said, "Some of the narcotic agents that were trying to make a deal with me are in the room." Five men wearing Hawaiian sportshirts jumped on the stage and grabbed Mr. Martin. As the tussle began with

Mr. Martin and the five jacketless, flamboyantly shirted men, the audience began to clamor and mill about, some demanding that these men, if they were police officers, show identification. No badges were shown. Several people asked to see a warrant. There was no attempt to explain why Mr. Martin was being roughly handled, bowing forward as he was dragged up the center aisles. People from the audience kept asking for identification from the anonymous assailants.

As Martin was dragged through the hotel lobby, ten people followed constantly asking for identification or a warrant, where upon several of the men said that they did not need a warrant. A short man, identified by a bystander as Friedman, kept saying that there was a warrant on file in the Federal District Attorney's office.

Finally reaching the street one of the men showed a dark gold badge while the rest re-

mained incognito. On Broadway, 200 feet from the hotel, an identified girl was pushed, dragged and forced to fit into a car. Then Piero Helcizer, the announcer, was also pushed and shoved into a car, while three of the men held Jack Martin on the ground. It was alleged that Jack Smith attacked one of the men in defense of a young lady, then was fallen upon and knocked to the ground.

Moments later city police arrived, and were told by the Hawaiian shirts to "fire a few shots;" A driver of one of the cars identified himself to a police officer as Jensen.

The "arrested" were driven off to an undisclosed location and the crowd dispersed back to the hotel where the meeting began again.

A film by Piero Helcizer was shown, in the middle of which, a Benard Feeney, of 226 W. 238th Street, suddenly threw over the projector and attacked a near-by person. Other persons were attacked and Feeney was struck

LITERAR

OPINION (New York) combined with

The History of Surrealism. By Maurice Nadeau. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. With an introduction by Roger Shattuck. 352 pages. Macmillan. \$6.95.

A REVIEW

In spite of its improbable, preposterous, absurd ('pataphysical?') arrival in the Port of New York twenty years after its departure from France (transatlantic travel has deteriorated considerably since the unrecorded date approx. 1000 years ago when those first Irish monks landed at Vera Cruz—check with Capt. William Vertiz for details) under the demurring introductory hand of the Provediteur General, Propagateur aux Iles et Ameriques, Roger Shattuck, he who last offered us Selected Works of Alfred Jerry, he who in 1960 issued bulletins out of Austin, Texas to a certain "Deciduous Review" in a special "What is 'Pataphysics?'" number, and he who in an even earlier instance seemed almost to be trying "to make a contribution to scholarship" in his Banquet Years, this work—an English translation of Maurice Nadeau's *Histoire de Surrealisme*—is probably (surely!) the most interesting book to carry the unlikely imprint of "Macmillan" in several centuries.

A survey—to all appearances quite nicely comprehensive—of the Surrealist movement in France between 1918 to 1939, it was written in Nazi-occupied Paris in 1944 and was published the following year. As such, it is a work which assumes the demise of an active surrealist movement after 1939—a feature which all those grave-diggers who for twenty-five years have been busily burying surrealism will applaud heartily, for they are men who with ease ignore obvious fact. And as such, it demands a supplement to bring it up to date (a need supplied by: Bedouin, Jean-Louis. *Vingt ans de surrealisme, 1939-1959* at present rate of transatlantic crossing we can expect in English translation by 1981). One further reservation: M. Nadeau in 1944 was not a surrealist, wrote his work as an outside observer, and stated findings in this "Conclusions" to which the post-war Surrealists have raised pertinent objections.

These, however, are piddling reservations to a work which (for god's sake let's hope so) can only have a salutary effect on the American understanding of the term, surrealism. This movement, essentially anti-artistic, anti-literary, was popularized in America by a man who as far as I know has no name other than Avida Dollars, a painter, who by the time he had arrived in this country had already adopted Fascist Catholicism as a faith by which to live. (Is it any wonder that the best people of our generation have despised the very term surrealism?) Since that time surrealism has been identified with a peculiar style in painting and a few rather pretentious fashions in literary composition. (Again: is it any wonder...!?)

Nadeau's history, limited as it is, does tell the story of the outbursts and manifestations, the experiments, the theory and the political activity of surrealism (those features which have neither diminished nor been diluted over a period of forty years), and should, therefore, completely discredit the various misapplications which the term has always suffered in the mouths of Americans (usually in the most insipid "artistic" contexts).

Through the pages of this history we can breathe an air, a spirit, a material soul, all that the word surrealism can convey in a context outside the rigid formalities of an esthetic which it is its very purpose to destroy—an atmosphere of mad love which in its highest state takes the form of a bitter and violent revolt: that precipitation of the escaped convict into the street, that firing of a pistol in a crowd, that embrace which is a stranglehold of no tender remorse, that suicide of a dreamer in Pittsburgh freight yards, that noisome stench exhaled by slimy mud, that hatred of the reign

Aeroplane Advertisement

The aeroplane in the world. The flight of play Jeanette was saying was not what the plane does...it is the hope the aeroplane is, the revealing one does thru anything a man makes.

Wilbur and Orville coming to grips with Daedalus' son Icarus. Daedalus who made possible the satisfaction of Pasiphae whose progeny via this smith's wisdom of the soaring delights in the mind brings on an idea of the grounded machine in the hanger the bull Minotaurus unbastardized in the fathers' name lost in the maze of the family torrent.

Instrument flight. A piece of string. I will undo what I have done. Son falls into the sea. Talos' rocks pull him down. Sperm all over everything. Model in hand. The model. The flying genitals. It makes such anthropomorphically. Anthropomorphismic to a degree.

Wings. This strange animal flapping hideously besides me. Claws on the tips. Jaws of steel. Teeth of a shark. It is an air-thing. It challenges me in my frailty. The shoulderblades remain but my feathers are gone. Picked goose. Who is the Swan? What woman is that who takes him on?

& now it is something else. It has come out. Men in condom-suits on the end of a big prick shoot off at the Moon. Pasiphae is open to anything. She writhes in the sky. She sticks her fingers out. They waggle. Suns' sirening the rock of space.

I explore these possibilities. This language. I leave it here. I plant this airframe. Keys Family Airplane Service. It is a language. It is not pilots. Unconscious as Wilbur's. Unconscious as Orville's music at Kittyhawk. I am one for them.

An unnatural desire to fuck a bull. Minos king of the people. Power of

words. Of times' conceit. Wouldnt slay that white-hot pilot. Poseidon screws him with a screw whence came Daedalus holding the bull while it hunkers over Pasiphae.

Escape! Only the birds! But it is play. Return! Son falls! More of the sex put-down bullshit!

(MINOTAUR)

Young bodies flown to Crete. Enough. All the caves opened. Labyrinth mashed to a pancake. No parachute. Wings above caves the scary solution. Cave & the Altar Pasiphae's body. Pasiphae's cave filled with a bull.

The bull & the airplane? O yes. Listen kiddies, everything, EVERYTHING has its meaning & language in flight. Language is the flight. It is revealing. Your dance is flight. Your poem. Your bronze. Your stone.

Stone aeroplane of Ulikummi rising from the water as shimmering Bull-Hulk of the comics. All overhead visage.

Model aeroplanes. Ancient Chinaman builds Fu Man chu ornithopter. Visage of screw in the air. Screwing up thru the air. Get to top of Tien Shen Mountain. Get to Heaven. The wheel & the wing.

Picture of man raising his arms. Proto symetrics. Mirror image wings. Needle in flight. Sperm-shape in flight. Release in revealing.

That aeroplane is that Supply of Possibilities. That means that. My language geared into Flight. Model airplanes. S.E. 5As, Pfalz, Nieuport, Halberstadt, A.V.Roe, Sopwith, Wright, Curtiss, Fokker, Salnier, Bleriot, Hawker, Albatross, Friedrichshafen, endless possibility for that Possible.

TAKE A PLANE-RIDE!

John Keys
1 Aug. 65
NYC

PATAREAL MANIFESTO

once. A girl was cut by a piece of glass. Police officers no. 858 and no. 21350 arrived and asked the assailant for identification. He replied he had just lost his wallet. The police did not detain Mr. Sweeny, nor did they treat the matter with anything other than humor.

PATAREALIST REFLECTION:

This story, written from eyewitness reports, illuminates certain important events that have been taking place recently in our democratic society; the total disregard of legal procedure by city police.

It is true that an officer does not have to show a warrant to make an arrest as long as there is one on file in the district attorney's office. Upon further investigation by a lawyer, it was found that no such warrant was ever issued.

RY DIGEST

with THE LITERARY DIGEST

of cops and priests which the Eluard of 1932 proclaims the best of his poems, that "Merde a Dieu" on Charleville walls...

Here we see in the flesh an unflinching Revolution whose purpose it remains to realize in life that continuous poem which is a dream.

Walter Gretschiel

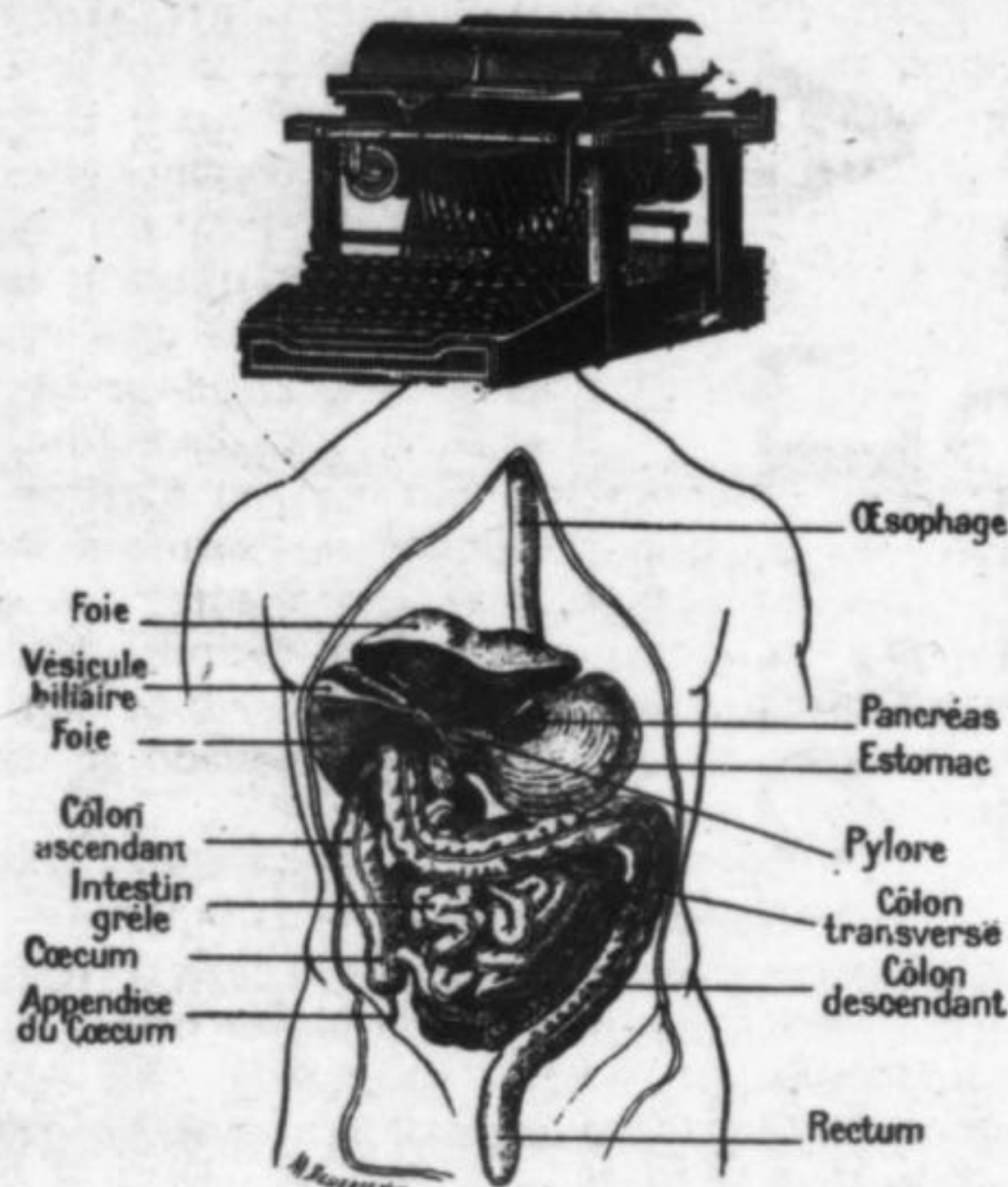


FIG. 673. - Appareil digestif.

A NEW GAMESMANSHIP

Games People Play
Psychology of Human Relationships
By Eric Berne, M. D.

A witty and precise analysis of the hidden demons of ordinary social relations: this book is most commonly, and most often unjustly, held to the charge of academic superficiality, or perhaps even an academic joke.

Illustrating ordinary social captivity in the form of a parlor game, Dr. Berne demonstrates a rapier like method for dealing with the absurd ego tricks of ones fellows. Limited to the field of Social Psychiatry, and avoiding the horde's view of itself as a group of somehow unique "individuals", the good doctor pins insanities to the wall like the veteran collector that he is.

Breaking down social behavior into categories of 'procedures', 'rituals', 'pastimes' and 'games', the structuring of time is analysed as a search for 'strokes': which may be either pleasant or painful 'payoffs' in the eternal search for a 'role'. The usefulness of the book lies in the brief and lucid explanations of various life games. The alcoholic is described as a creature in search of pain or remorse, whose drinking pleasures are a 'bonus', in a game he plays with 'persecuter', 'rescuer', 'patsy', and 'connection', all of whom play their own games for their own rewards, in the chain of interconnecting games, as wife, friend, etc.

With no real pretense as a penetration in depth 'Games' will be both of use and interest to the young, the inexperienced, the curious, and, we hope, the afflicted. Like the 'ploys' of one upmanship and the new mystic parlor games 'Patarealogy' the book shows some humor in the private view of public insanity.

Alien psychic forces direct our fate.

As promised by the New Deal, there is a fat little piggy in every barber's chair in America. Monster education and monster mass media prevail upon the young to continue their barber's education "and earn more if they learn more" by shaving the fat little piggy. Thus far the mosters have prevailed.

BURN DOWN THE BARBER SHOP!
ROAST THE FAT LITTLE PIGGY!

There is enough activity and compulsive activity, enough mind pollution, to keep the cardshark and pimp politiker in the ding dong school of "bribe and deceive" forever.

Who REALLY murdered Kennedy? He hides, peek-a-boo, behind Earl Warren's skirts. VIET NAM?

NUCLEAR WAR?

America strikes the pose of the second monkey... "Speak no..."

See our 18-26 year olds shot out of a cannon!

Everyone buys tickets. None complains.

"That is how industry maintains".

Dullards and escapist are our great individualists. The DRONE is in CONTROL. Everywhere socialists compete with Jehovah's Witnesses in selling the millenium.

We live in an atomic reactor run according to Betty Crocker's cookbook. The government of the nervous tic is developing a new palsy. Only an I.B.M. machine, run by blonde honey virgins, can save us.

Contemporary history reads like the comic book version The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Not only the maniac in love, the beast, in short, the patarealist can fiddle and love it.

2.

The Symbolists discovered the mystery. The Dadaists discovered the nothing as a joke. The Surrealists hounded down the absolute. The Pataphysicians swallowed down the entire elixer.

Patarealism is the child coloring in he mandala as it moves.

"Man is full of gods, like a sponge immersed in heaven". A. Breton. This voice shall shout down the voice from the wastepaper basket with flame.

Man hallucinates perpetually. The world itself is the hallucination.

Mind is a balloon.

Self is at its center.

Burst that balloon.

The search for the absolute is the struggle for equal time in mind. The surd turns the thinker's sitting stone on his head.

The mind of the modern man is an armed camp ruled by three generals on keen competition: the child, the old man, and the other. The generals usually argue; the man is usually neurotic. Insanity is their state of war: tragedy, the leap from fear to panic.

When these generals form a triumvirate, behold, there are somehow four.

The shore of four is called infinite.

The wind moves above the water.

Yours is the space remaining.

3.

NOTE:

Manifestoes and other outbursts cannot teach Patarealism: it is a practice. Daily application of the surd (sect. 4) through Patarealogy is one known method.

Special people must exercise special caution. Towering structures fall hard on the heads of heroes.

Intellectuals cannot move their own monuments. Practical people feel Patarealism a threat to sanity. We affirm this patareal intuition.

Final assumption into the patareal sheds personality, with all its strengths and weaknesses, as a luminous spectre, slave to the surd and the self.

4.

THEORY DRECK

Quotes and comments below are from the now out of print pamphlet SURDISM: AN ALGEBRA OF THE PATAREAL published privately by the College of Patarealists, and are intended to give a brief outline of patareal mechanics.

The surd ($\sqrt{-1}$) is named "imaginary" or better "irrational" in textbooks and is not found in usual concepts of reality. It is a standard mathematical necessity and a patareal fact.

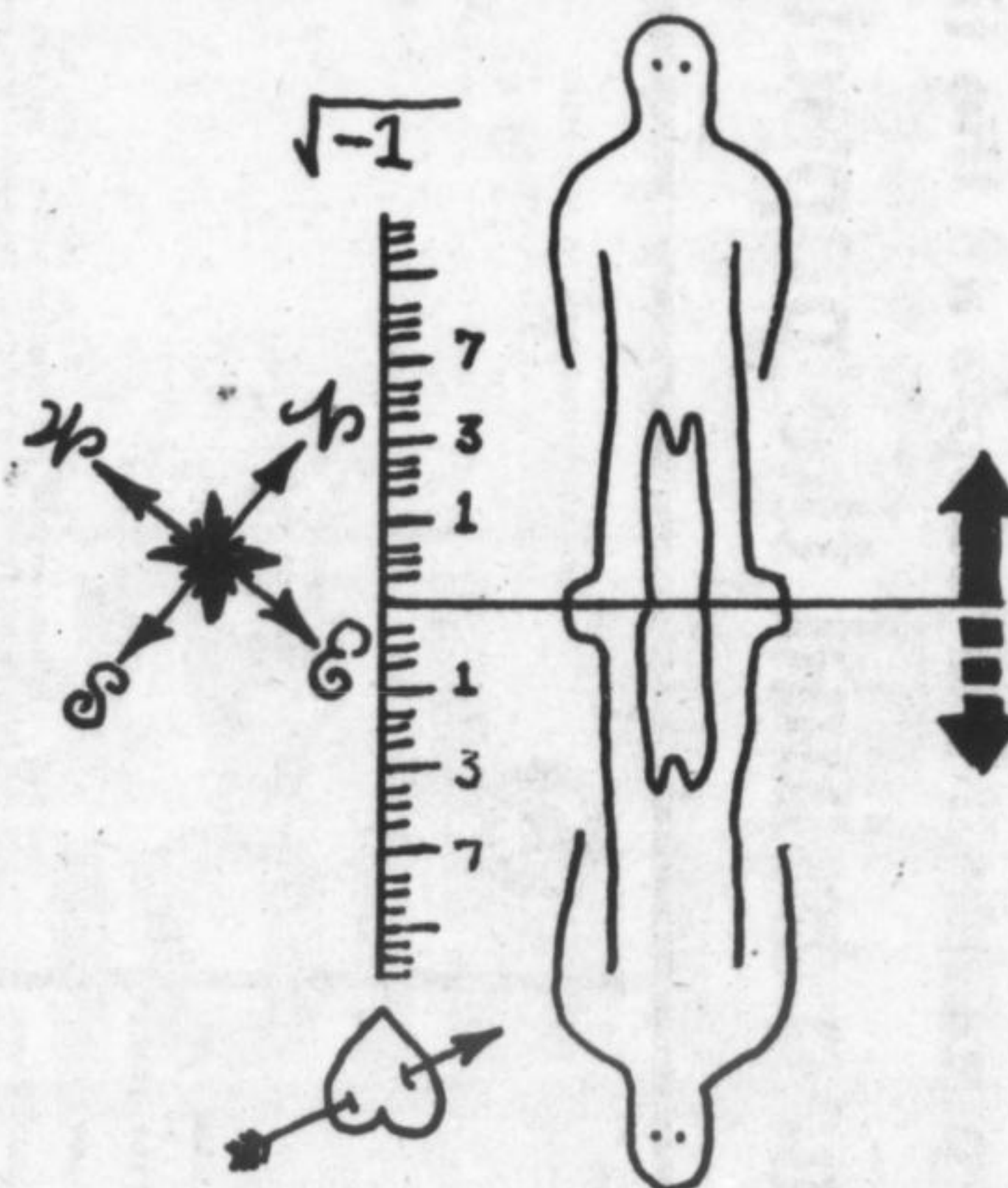
Despite standard academic one and two dimensional views on the subject (from Aristotle to the Positivists and from Plato and Hegel to modern Idealists and Dialecticians), examples such as the surd, mental facts but supposedly not real ones, make obvious the imminent thundering magical (unreal?) quality of man's mind.

We take a horse trader's view: this is a surd ($\sqrt{-1}$). Build me one! Maybe you can't, but who knows what evil lurks in the heart of the universe?

In mathematics the surd is a very simple idea; the square root of minus one. The radical ($\sqrt{-1}$) is the sign of the "root" or "essence"; minus one, while a common idea, has never been satisfactorily defined, academically or otherwise. Patarealism solves the problem by using the surd to point to the miracle of a negative root to the world. "The essence of the Other".

This view is both more direct and more mysterious than it seems at first glance: it implies that neither the world nor the mind is real in an accepted sense.

In simplest terms this diagram illustrates something of what is implied.



It is only meant to illustrate that neither of the stuck figures signifies a man: merely two possible directions of his thought. Man is only the libe between his images: he has neither time nor space.

Irrational men ruminate over irrational numbers for irrational motives. This is both naive and necessary: those not out of teir minds are trapped in them.

-Alonson Buzick