

THE REAL REVOLUTION

FATHER PEYOTE'S DISCIPLES

What happened to the
Civilian Review Board:
**HOW COME MY
BULLDOG DON'T BARK?**

PRESTON ON WARHOL

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east
village

VOL. I
NO. 24



EAST VILLAGE COUNTER

"OH SAY CAN YOU SEE..."

"That America's abused, and by sons of sedition,
Is granted without either prayer or petition,
And that tis a scandalous, saucy reflection,
That merits the soundest, severest correction,
Is readily granted. "How came it to pass?"
Because who is pestered by SNAKES in the grass,
Who, by lying and cringing, and such like pretensions
Get places once honored disgraced with pensions;
And you, Mr. Pensioner, instead of repentence
If I don't mistake you have wrote your own sentence;
For by such SNAKES as this America's abused,
And the head of the SERPENTS you know,
must be BRUISED."

—PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL, 1774

THE ENEMY IS US

In the north they ask, 'What can he do?'
In the south they ask, 'How can he fight?'
Ralph Waldo Emerson

By Steve Lichtgarn

There is an enemy in the South, there must be one to fight at all, and anyone who doesn't need an enemy must be the enemy. The enemy are peasants, crops, the earth itself (Westmoreland advocated use of defoliants, his troops kill water buffalo for 'sport'). The enemy is love. This is the military mind: wielding an iron penis, he comes when his sword is covered with blood. Cunt for him is a corpse. Peace is hell.

Think of the white southern woman and the punishments inflicted on negro men as a lesson to white women that love is forbidden in the camps of the Spartans. How fucking appropriate that the man who commands our professional killers in South Viet Nam should have been born in a Carolina town named Spartansburg; that he should have been a bachelor for 11 years after graduating from West Point; that when he finally married, his choice was the daughter of his company commander; that when his wife was evacuated from Saigon he should have said, "She has been a GOOD SOLDIER, but now it's time to leave."

continued on page 14



THE East Village OTHER

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HIGH SCHOOL VALEDICTORY THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Our father, time, history, genetic memory, we give you thanks. As the pilgrims gave thanks to their Christian god for the help of the Indians, we too shall probably make the same impudent mistakes.

We give thanks that the bomb hasn't fallen yet on all the capitals of the world.

Thanks, that the strontium 90 is not so high to cause wide mutation of our new born.

We thank you for flying saucers which strike fear in the hearts of men, possibly to convince him that he is not the highest animal after all.

We thank you for Charles DeGaulle, for having the courage to be taller than any other Western leader, and we thank you for showing Lyndon Johnson for the runt that he and his band of mercenaries are.

We thank you for the Viet Nam war, that

might yet bring representative government back to this country and peace to the world.

Men, driven to the arts by isolation, gather 'round. Cement your brotherhood in a world full of fear of dying.

It could be, there is a memory of the projected future. It could be that the human race is destined to be merged into itself -- one body of dust on a planet of glass made smooth by nuclear fission.

Man has now the tools with which to realize the brotherhood of the individual and weld the bond of the collective spirit. He, too, has the ability to escape his planet and/or make it an art form.

We pray that he will have the courage and knowledge to use these tools and attend the garden which was given.

-- WB

Dear EVO,

There was nobody on the streets when I went out. The Spanish grocery on "C" was still open. I copped a look at the bushel of peppers -- typical Spanish store, they were all rotten. EVERYTHING WAS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN! Keeping a lookout for Narco agents I made my purchase. Two peppers in varying stages of decay, a pack of Pall Malls and for a red herring, a bottle of Coke. I figured maybe the guy would hassle because I was buying the lunchiest peppers he had. But he wasn't hip -- or was he?

12:10 we light up! Shades of Microbe Hunters we're off into the mighty unknown. Confused thoughts follow one another; have we been conned? Will we OD? Can a massive dosage result in an incurable pepper psychosis? We pass the pepper between us taking deep drags. The smoke definitely tastes wierd.

12:20. We finish the cigarette. We feel like shit, can hardly move, maybe it's all in the mind, but then again...We reread the letter. We have about an hour's wait for the first manifestation of Jackson Illusion phenomena. We reread the letter again (EVO No. 23). Either Jackson is a brilliant fraud or a great man.

12:45. WIPED OUT! Three pulsing globes of color hang over Suellen. Myriad dots swarm before my eyes. Great Shades of Babe. Visions follow the colors. I am trapped in a never-ending 5&10 cent store. Oh well, at least it's pretty. Incredible calm settles over us; we can't even get excited over the incredible discovery we have been shown. "Hey, you think this shit will work?" we ask dodging rhinos that keep running out from under the baseboard.

We can hardly move but who cares? The visions are hairy beyond belief. The visions continue with sleep throughout the night. In the morning we awake with an odd sensation -- was it real, what did we see anyway? Can the inside of a rotten pepper really do all that? We refuse to believe. You can tell a pepper head only by the rhino shit on the floor and the seeds around his mouth. The Phenomena has no other hold on its initiates. They will deny its effect. There can be no pepper junkies. Pepper visions free the viewer from the pepper and take him to himself. One feels united with all the creatures of this earth. We imagined that all over the east side last night, brave pioneers were passing glowing peppers between them even as we were. (We were careful to keep the shades down.) The Jackson Illusion Pepper is an answer, a voice answering in the void. AND MY PRETTIES it is legal and cheap. What an act of defiance! Light up a pepper -- right on the street. Take society's poison (Tobacco) and mix it with nature (peppers) and get some holy state of heightened perceptual consciousness! What more can you ask.

Jackson's great gift demands further research. The Jackson Illusion Pepper itself is so fantastically benign, so beneficent, so totally needed at just this juncture of time and space, that the overall implications of Jackson Illusionism are too profound to be glimpsed but in fleeting hot blinding total enlightenment, followed by a trance and all but a dim memory of some great past glory.

S.S.

Dear EVO,

I would like to begin a campaign among "older ladies" between the ages of 17 and menopause to help bring this teeny-box topic into prespective. Although there is much to be said in favor of the young cunt, I must enthusiastically submit that there is much to be said in favor of the young "hard bodied" cocks of this generation. Unfortunately, the fags too often cop the body of the boys, if not in fact, in print. I am out to see a change. We hungry mades and mothers need not be intimidated by the fact of our maturity. I know that there is young blood, eager, fresh, willing, longer lasting, more fragrant, affectionate, adventurous, passionate, regenerate (Dr. Robert M. Patton in EVO No. 13 placed emphasis on the psychological pleasure, ney satisfaction, derived from drinking of the fountains of youth), and gratifying if not satisfying.



Dear EVO:

This past summer (clouded in early morning rain) I transposed myself from the East Village to San Francisco (shimmering in Bright Green Light; hooked by a rainbow bridge); perhaps to escape orange air or the approaching winter, perhaps merely to be near the Western Ocean and the green mountains. It's difficult to imagine why we move from one place to another -- out of desperation, creative hunger for a new vista, almost any possible reason. But when the transposition is done, questions seem to loom in the mind, memory-questions, doubts. One seems to wonder why one left with so much undone, unsaid, unseen. Though one tries to scan the skies for Mt. Tamalpais and the Holy Bridge, piecing together random reasons, sometimes making sense, sometimes not; and sometimes it seems there is no returning. A few letters and the EVO seem to provide the link necessary for sanity for the self-imposed exile, and yet it is not exile, just transposition. And yet after meandering into City Lights catching sight of the EVO never fails to bring a certain sadness and a certain joy into me, and I wonder just what this transposition means.

Movement from place to place, movement of being. And what is gained from all this moving and shuffling and scraping? A token gesture of madness like the EVO manages to conjure up necessary rationales for being in one place as opposed to another; it holds us together, the East-siders, wherever they are. And if that's nostalgic shit then it reigns as nostalgic shit. The shit of memory and a sense of community binds us, and for some of us it gives a sense of equilibrium, or peace.

If there's time or motion allowed say HELLO to the magical-flute-player-of-1st-street-Jack and to Elda-with-love and to Norman-and-the-cats and to Paul Plummer of St Marks and all the magical poets and to the Angel in Central Park near the lake and to Alice and to the Old-Reliable and to all-the-garbage-cans-on-1st-street, clanking hysterical loneliness love sutras.

The Bridge hums strange tunes for you.

It Hears.

James Tressler
San Francisco

Dear EVO,

Your "Other Scenes" is the greatest column in New York. But before you quote the Amsterdam News, you had better check your facts. That paragraph about why El Diario urges the abolition of the Review Board (EVO Vol 1, no. 23) is plain crap. True, O. Roy Chalk, publisher and editor-in-chief, is mendacious, avaricious, and opportunistic. Nevertheless, El Diario has maintained an absolutely unequivocal campaign against the PBA and in favor of the Civilian Review Board.

Also, El Diario is the only paper in the city that has regularly publicized the delicacy and finesse with which New York's finest handle fights that break out at the Puerto Rican social clubs; they shoot the participants (El Diario 11/1 and 11/2 for example).

So don't knock the El Diario. It does show courage now and then.

Malcolm Margolin
New York, New York

To convince yourselves, ask your husbands or your old man from who they learned their tricks. I doubt from the downies they downed.

Warmly submitted,
Sybil Morwood
Avenue D

Well Done Harvard!

EVO APPLAUDS YOUR ACTIONS IN THE FACE OF "TOUGH GUY" MCNAMARA.

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE exists to facilitate the transmission of news, features and advertising between anti-establishment, avant-garde, new-Left, youth oriented periodicals which share common aims and interests. Its members are free to pick up each other's features without remuneration. (The UPS service can be subscribed to by outside organizations at fees commensurate with exposure and/or circulation.) Total circulation of UPS papers at present is 98,000, a figure reached by adding together the most recent issue sale for all the following papers (some of which appear monthly or fortnightly):

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- THE LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS, 5903 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90038. Appears weekly, 20,000; \$5 annually.
- INTERNATIONAL TIMES (IT), 102 Southampton Row, London W. C. 2. England. Fortnightly, 15,000; \$4 annually.
- THE BERKELEY BARB, 2421 Oregon Street, Berkeley, Calif., 94705. Weekly, 9,000; \$5 annually.
- THE FIFTH ESTATE, 923 Plum Street, Detroit, Mich. 48201. Fortnightly, 5,000; \$2.50 annually.
- THE PAPER, 130 Linden Street, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. Weekly, except summer; 3,000.
- SANTITY, 3837 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal 18, P. Q. Canada. Monthly, 5,000; \$2.50 annually.
- PEACE NEWS, 5 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, London N. 1. England. Weekly, 6,400; \$6.50 annually.
- THE ILLUSTRATED PAPER, Box 541, Mendocino, Calif. Monthly, 2,000; \$3 annually.
- SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE, 1535 Haight Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94117. Fortnightly, 2,000; \$3 annually.
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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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.... my bulldog don't bark?

By Ishmael Reed



ROME/EGYPT FELL BECAUSE OF BARBARIANS WITHIN THE GATES!! -- From the book PARKER ON POLICE, by the late chief of police in Los Angeles

I have been there. I have dined near the ringing of black mafia telephones. I have seen the housewives in ski jackets, their faces done up like cheap whores who turn tricks for nickels. I have seen the old people playing pitiful bingo all day on tons of knockwurst. I even got lost on the skyway a couple of times.

I saw the statues of Black Eunuchs with gold sashes around their waists holding bowls of plastic Chrysanthemums in the lobbies of middle income cooperatives with names like THE SORBONNE. I have heard the cock-a-doodle-do of champion roosters in the Puerto Rican tenements.

For 21 days I toured the dippy doodle world of blind soliciting Xs for a political straw poll ballot.

I recommend this tour of Brooklyn & Queens for all of those who believe in "transforming the middle class". Take along friends.

I want you to see the swastikas, the flags hanging out of windows on Sundays, the men laying under cars which look like giant eggs with breasts.

I wish you were there standing next to me the day of the Lafayette High School riot in Coney Island. I wish you could have seen the blood-curdling look the detectives gave to me & another Negro as they sped to the scene to bop a few heads. I wish that you could have seen the tight-lipped housewives in rage as they discussed "crime in the streets" with me. Their drawn sunken faces as they put down their chests covered with Vote Adams, their drawn sunken faces as they put down Queers/Niggers/those who signed the Yalta treaty & who knows what else. I wish that you had been there as I rang the doorbells of those who want to mow down Harlem, eviscerate interracial couples, & pack all the junkies off to the Ju Ju farm. In short, I wish that you could have heard the wild wiggy ideology of the middle aged spread, the watery eyes & the whiskey lines on fat buttery faces.

There is still time. Put a token in the subway slot. Start at Coney Island & work your way back. (See QUEENS!)

See what has happened while you've been eating brown rice & listening to ragas or juggin sugar cubes into your emaciated lips. See what has happened to the American Revolution.

For twenty-one days I talked with the hundreds who voted yes on Question 1. The Italian hillbillies still thinking of Sicily in New York City, voted Yes. The Polish nationalists who saw those who favored the Review Board as tools of Moscow or some shit voted yes. All those who have betrayed their naturalization oaths (if they passed customs at all) voted yes. Black property owners who have raised the flintstones to the second power and whose doorbells play the Fantasia & Fugue. Black blond women who walk across the room Betty Davis fashion in apartments of two grand pianos noted yes. Some voted for Adams. And the most pathetic of all: Jews some of whom still have the sickly blue numbers etched indelibly on their white arms voted Yes. They all Ordained Gestapo which, now armed with No Knock Stop & Frisk & a Sleeper Clause, are going to be out of sight. Are going to whip a lot of behinds and make some sore heads; are going to use their knees in the accepted manner of the waterfront.

As I went from door to door in neighborhood after neighborhood, I heard a get-back-in-the-alley song thick with funk crawling from some of the radios. It's about this man, see, who can't get his bulldog to bark. In terms of the poetic genius of the black rock & roll underground it means that this man can't put zip into his cock, can't make his joint ejaculate good gobs of bow-wow. Going from door to door, I saw the Adams buttons, the barkless bulldogs in the weak pupils, the men who get their wives nightgowns wet with fright as they dream of the DARK PRINCIPLE CLIMBING ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND FLINGING DOWN ALL THE FUKIN AIRPLANES WITH ITS BARE HANDS. It gives them the willies. The King Kong syndrome. That's why Stokeley's phrase did the trick.

STOP! DOPE FIENDS! MURDERERS! VOTE YES VOTE YES VOTE YES Remember the ad. The ad the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association put into the paper. Go get that ad and study it hard; it will tell you what kind of a country you're living in. A white girl with trench coat and white stockings coming out of the subway. An appeal to that basic and spooky fright. The one that Calvin Hernton was run out of the country for writing about. You know, the one about in the movies where creatures with three heads come millions of miles across space just to kidnap a white girl, say, an airline reservations trainee or a junior editor just out of Skidmore with a pocketbook full of semi-colons. Now the best thing that could happen to this chick is for somebody to come along, jam her up against the wall, and do it to her good. He probably wouldn't enjoy it, but things would change for this girl, I'm willing to bet. It was a stroke of genius for the Police to put that ad in the paper. It brought out a heavy vote from the barkless bulldog crowd. They have a problem. They can't get their bulldog up. So they make mechanical hard-ons, intent upon doing me in and probably the vast majority of this newspaper's readers. Rocket launchers, Bazookas. They want to blow up a few places every morning, after Mass. You know, STOP COMMUNISM.

I saw a few No buttons. Very few. Mostly from some of the Black teenyboppers going to school in ragged sneakers on a couple of cold days last month. The Black Teenyboppers who don't walk anymore, but boogaloo down the street and can give you a sophisticated reason why a tall goodlooking millionaire with sterling high cheekbones has no reason to be governor. The black teenyboppers, the bravest generation we've produced, whose parents can't make an X or didn't bother to "regist"

There were whole households in Bedford Stuyvesant run by children who hadn't seen their parents in three days. And sad Puerto Rican children who have to interpret existence for their parents who have to live in scummy tenements with crap all over the steps. But they were too young

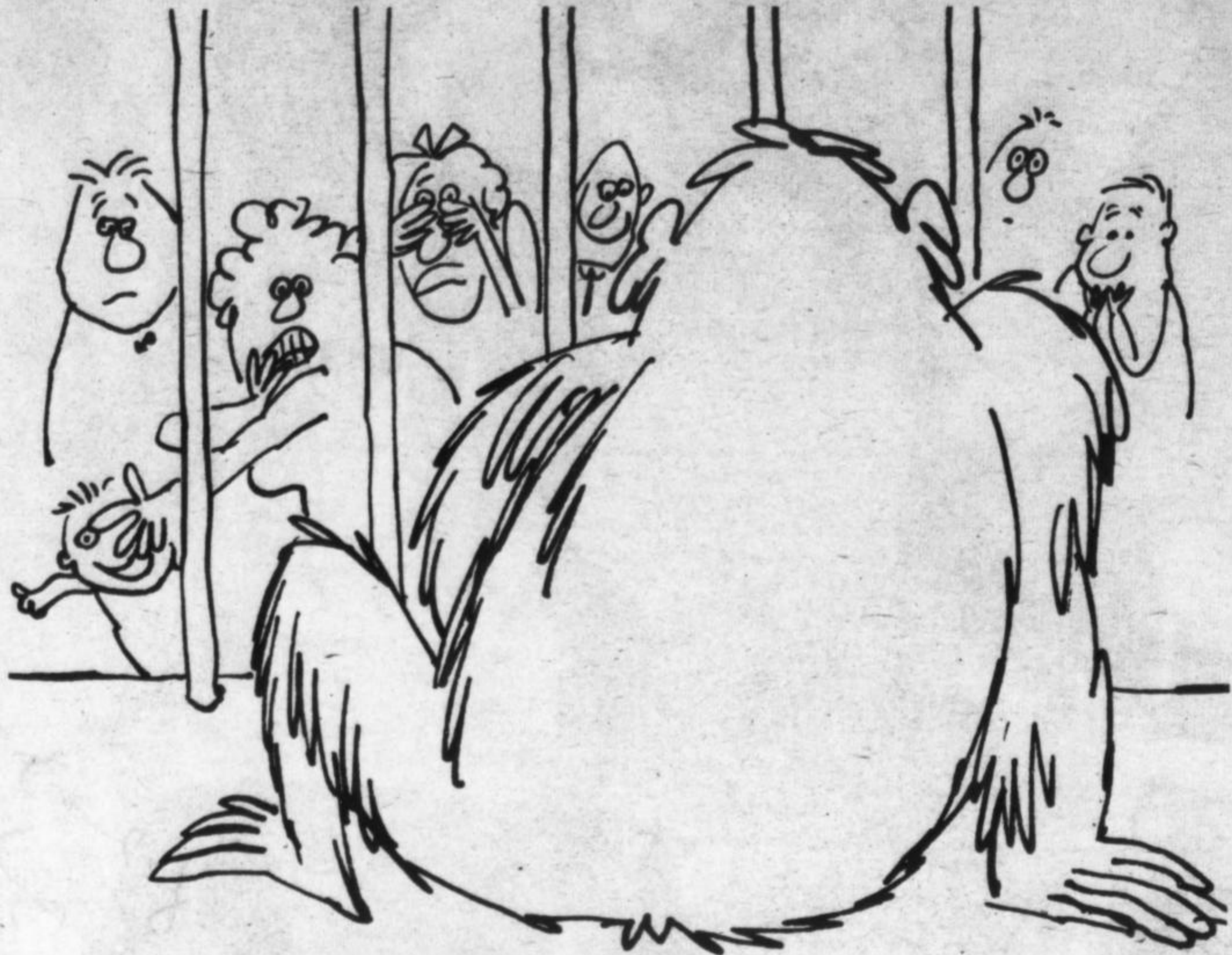
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OTHER SCENES

Editorial in the much under-appreciated Atlas, that intelligently sophisticated digest of the world's press, justifies its 19 pages devoted to the Vietnam war. "A major part of the world's press week after week reports and comments on the war in Vietnam from a point of view sharply critical of the United States..." One such criticism is from Britain's New Statesman mag which comments that the money to be spent by the U.S. in destroying Vietnam in the coming year could give every man, woman and child in that country \$1,960 apiece "which would give them one of the highest per capita incomes in the world."...And in London, the War Resisters' League gives U.S. tourists a polite leaflet, "We would not be acting as friends of what America has stood for in the past if we did not tell you that the vast reservoir of goodwill which your country once had in Europe has now been greatly reduced by the actions of your country in Vietnam."...Insiders Newsletter reports that a Chicago firm is selling a giant-sized photograph of Madison Avenue in a window frame for the executive who wants an office with a view...How disillusioning to visit the much-publicized Cheetah and discover that with all the brilliant mixed-media-film-lightshow electronic artistic ideas available in 1966 all that Cheetah's unimaginative owners have come up with is a giant-sized 1930's dancehall...The Fugs are the best single two-hours' worth of entertainment in America besides being the farthest-out social critics currently on the scene. The Susskind show will feature them soon -- but apparently TV isn't ready for their kind of gutsy message, except as conversation.

Wouldn't you be bugged if you'd ever appeared in night court and received a typically hypocritical lecture from that NY judge who was indicted for grand larceny (liquor license payoffs) last week? But what can you expect from a system of law administered in the main by ex-car salesmen and ambulance-chasing ex-lawyers who send five Negroes to jail for every rich white?... "Attorney in Factum" after your names on a business card means that you're a lawyer for yourself -- but the intimidated cops will rarely know this...Esquire's mail-order department is offering a battery-heated vest (twenty bucks)...Britain's threat to ban karate, after a recent murder, is ridiculous. How can you stop people learning to defend themselves by hand against armed men without banning knives and guns?... Erle Yahn's "You Can Be A Pop-Op Artist" (Silvermine Publishers, Norwalk, Conn.) is absolutely straight and, therefore, very funny... "Nothing the President does has engendered more hostility among newsmen than his constant deriding, belittling and berating of the press. If reporters could talk back to the president at his news conferences -- which by custom in the interest of public safety they can't -- one of the first messages they would get to him would be: "Look, Mr. President, you run your business and let us run ours." (Charles Roberts in The Nation)...S&H Green Stamps is spending \$5 million in an ad campaign to persuade us how their parasitical existence doesn't put up the cost of goods...Wallace Wood's "Witzend" (\$1 from Box 882, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023) is an intellectual comic book for editors of intel-

by John Wilcock



MONK'S HABIT

The big attraction at the Central Park Zoo.

lectual comic books...NY traffic commissioner Henry Barnes who'd like to ban motorcycles (because he once fell off one, and anyway HE has a chauffeur-driven car) got into a row with London's Minister of Transport and more or less admitted that he cared more about cars than people. After a couple of years on the job NY traffic is worse than it ever was and he's still acting like the all-knowing oracle that he very definitely isn't... Vending machines that dispense nickel novelties are switching over to 10¢ capsules the shape and color of miniature fruits...Accompanying cartoon is from "Up Your Lexicon" (Kanrom, \$1) by John De Coursey, illustrations by Sergio Aragones. Now would you like to define SUCCULENT, KUMQUAT, PECTORAL and

ASPHYXIA?...The possibility that John Lindsay will be president is discussed in "Parallel" (75¢ from 110 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal), the Canadian equivalent of Ramparts... Why are the newscasters and reporters consistently quoting the value of confiscated marijuana as \$1,000 per pound (exactly ten times the actual price)? And don't reporters believe in checking facts anymore? The figure, obviously, comes from some periodical price source that things it will give those arrested a harder time if the "crime" can be magnified...And doesn't anybody think it worth protesting the recent NY police decision to empower department store cops to make arrests and book suspects at the local precinct?

BEWARE THE MARCH OF IDS

By Paul Krassner

Whenever I participate in any kind of demonstration, I always try to mingle with the counter-demonstrators, or at least with the counter-spectators.

I remember one protest rally on the lower east side -- I forget who the sponsors were (Mobilization for Peace, Youth Against War and Nastiness, it doesn't make any difference) -- where I stood among the neo-Nazi types who were shouting along the Avenue B side of Tompkins Square Park.

"Give us some pot!" they were yelling. It might not have been a bad idea to fulfill their request, but I'm convinced that the result would merely have been a touch of gaiety to their fascist orientation.

Marijuana ain't no panacea, bubby. Nor is the new psychedelic protest bit. I mean I'm all for it and I support it and I join it, but I have no illusions

about Lyndon Johnson suddenly saying to Robert McNamara, "Hey, Himmler, I really dig that yellow submarine and those red balloons and those multi-colored pinwheels and those Bread and Puppet masks and the drum and the trombone and that pacifist incense..."

On Saturday, November 5th, I walked along the other side of the street for a while, and I listened to the people whom LBJ represents.

"You ugly bastards!"

"They're worse than junkies!"

"-----" (Unprintable, not because he used any profanity, but because he was so up-tight that he couldn't even verbalize his patriotic angst.

Then I went back and joined the march, carrying my little daughter on my shoulders. She can't pronounce her "I's" and every time they start chanting Hari Krishna, she thinks they're calling her name, Holly Krassner.

The Magnavox Line

TV
WARFARE

CONFIDENTIAL LECTURE TO
TELEVISION POOL NETWORK STAFF

LIVE COVERAGE
OF THE WAR IN VIET NAM

No chickenshit LONG SHOTS!

Our first rule is:
GET IN CLOSE ON
IT!



Now we have matters of taste and invasion of privacy. I've checked with the Department of Defense, and as far as they know, the concept of PRIVACY or the invasion thereof, does not exist. As the officer in charge so delicately put it, "Privacy!? In the ARMY? Did you ever shit fifty in a row?" Matters of taste. It's a well-known fact that on first contact with live enemy shells, mortars, machine gun fire, etc., the novice infantryman is prone to crap in his pants. If you've got a recruit on camera and he looks like he might shit himself, remember, American mothers are watching this show, live! Corpses. Here we enter into a very delicate situation. These directives are to be strictly observed. Corpses will be shown on camera on a strictly priority basis. Under no circumstances should US Army personnel be shown dead. If, for reasons of story emphasis, a shot of a Caucasian corpse is absolutely necessary, show an Australian. All action shots of US infantry getting hit will be stripped in from the Army Special Film Montage Section. Here the actors portraying the brave boys getting hit have been coached to flep and fall backwards with their legs sticking up in the air and their arms spread out. These "drop dead" shots will have a slightly ironic, campy, neo-comic quality.

While this may seem to be a violation of aesthetic standards, the Networks feel that this kind of stylized presentation will prevent adverse viewer reaction on the home front.

Malfunction of equipment. As far as our viewing public is concerned, U.S. equipment is the best in the world. Avoid all shots of rifles jamming, tanks ramming into one another, helicopters colliding. If by chance you get to pick up an exciting shot of US personnel being fired on by their own planes by mistake, it will be all right to pick it up on camera as long as you don't show where the shots are coming from. The Networks are very anxious to get surrender shots. Since you and I know that these rotten little gooks never surrender, we're going to compromise and we'll be stripping in some 1945 Newsreel shots of Japs surrendering. The Networks have also expressed an interest in torture shots. Try to introduce a feeling of Good Ol' American Horseplay into all the torture scenes if possible. The NEGRO SITUATION. A lot of criticism has come back about the disproportionate employment of the Negro to fight our Mercenary Wars. This can be avoided by the following directives: Never show an American Negro soldier working in any kind of menial job. Emphasize shots of Negro OFFICERS.

In fact, we can intercut a lot of Negro officers whooping it up with the Vietnamese chicks, but at no time should a Negro officer be shown holding a position of responsibility or giving orders to white soldiers.

This top-secret directive from the Department of Defense will provide real incentive. Any and all acts of unusual bravery performed while "on camera" would earn the Congressional Medal of Honor, immediate Honorable Discharge, repatriation first class to U.S. (or anywhere in the world), lifetime tax-free \$25,000-a-year pension to be paid out of secret C.I.A. funds; Distinguished Service Medal, one million green stamps, a six months' furlough stateside, and if recipient is an enlisted man, the "unspoken rule against balling nurses" will be waived in his favor for a 24-hour period.

In conclusion, we want this history-making live coverage to show to the world that the war in Viet Nam is a Great American Adventure, with Warmth, Humor, Pathos and all those little Human Touches that make us a lovable people.

The series will be sponsored in its entirety by the DOW Chemical Company.

By John Putnam



Father Peyote's Disciples



A tall Apache Indian with flowing black hair, dressed in a bright red shirt, blue jeans and a magnificent turquoise belt, greeted us as we entered the tepee. He stood on the far side of a circle of people, facing us across a small fire in the center.

"Welcome to my church," he said. "This is where I worship God, and where I talk to God. I sincerely hope you find God and peace here."

This was my introduction to a "forbidden service of the Native American Church -- forbidden in the sense that peyote would be used in the ceremony.

And it's illegal to possess or use peyote in Colorado.

The peyote cactus, used as a part of Indian rituals for hundreds of years, is a small, spineless cactus that grows in the Rio Grande Valley from southern New Mexico through Texas to the Gulf. The top of the plant, which grows about two or three inches above the ground, is cut off and sun-dried, forming the peyote button.

It is one of nature's most controversial "drugs." Some people class it as a narcotic, others call it a hypnotic. Officially it is classed as a stimulant. Anhalonium, one of the alkaloids in peyote, is termed a "cerebral stimulant and motor depressant."

It is reputed to cause hallucinations, bad behavior and pugnaciousness -- or

beautiful visions and a great sense of tranquility. It all depends on who is talking about peyote.

Samuel Alfend, head of the Food and Drug Administration office at Denver, says:

"The use of peyote, other than on a physician's prescription, is unlawful.

"However, where peyote is used as a part of a religious ceremony by Indians, we exempt it from law. We have to make sure that it is used in a genuine religious ceremony."

It was a religious ceremony which an Apache friend had invited me to attend "to see for yourself how peyote should be used."

The tepee was pitched in a dry wash about 15 miles south of Denver, far off the road. It was on private property, and the property owner had given his permission for the ceremony to be held.

Seventeen of us were seated around the circle of the tepee's 12-foot diameter. We were to remain in those cramped quarters for the next eight hours. The group included 12 members of the Native American Church and five guests.

There were five Indians. They represented the Apache, Cheyenne, Omaha and Sioux tribes. The rest of us were Anglos.

The Apache spoke a few words of explanation for the guests' benefit before the ritual began.

"The circular mound around the fire is the Peyote Road," he said. "This is our road to God. When I place Father Peyote on that road in front of me, the meeting has started. It will continue until I remove it.

"There are five principals in this ceremony. I am Roadman, in charge of the ceremony. On my right sits my Drummer. On my left is Cedarman, who will place cedar sticks in the fire to provide cedar smoke for the ceremony. If anyone becomes ill from eating peyote, ask Cedarman for help. He will fan cedar smoke into your face. Breathe deeply, and the smoke will cure your illness.

"At the right of the entry is Fireman, charged with keeping the fire going throughout the ceremony. On the right side of the entry is the Earth Mother, who will give you drinking water at midnight, and when the meeting closes tomorrow morning.

"There will be much quiet here in the next eight hours, many silent hours. Anyone who came here for 'kicks' will be disappointed."

Roadman bowed his head for several minutes in silent prayer, then with the quill of an eagle feather traced a line on top of the Peyote Road. He reached into a beaded bag, pulled out a dried cluster of peyote buttons about three inches in diameter and placed it on the road. The ceremony had started.

Roadman sang a song, in English, in which he asked God and Father Peyote for their blessings on the meeting, asked that the participants find God by the Peyote Road. Cedarman placed some sticks on the charcoal fire, and the tepee was filled with the pleasant odor of smoldering cedar.

Roadman held another beaded bag in front of him and again asked God's blessing on the peyote that would be used. IT'S NOT EATEN FOR THE TASTE

"This bag contains peyote," he said. "It will be passed clockwise around the circle. Take as many pieces as you want. To our guests let me say that it is not necessary to take any."

I'd come to the meeting to find out how peyote acted, but didn't have the slightest idea how much you should take. I took two buttons, each about the size of a pecan.

You break the buttons into small pieces and then crush the pieces between your teeth. I'd been warned that the taste of peyote wasn't very good, but even so I wasn't prepared for the bitterness that filled my mouth.

I remembered that we wouldn't have any water until midnight, and I wondered if I could hold out that long.

The meeting was now about 30 minutes old, and all the while the Drummer had been beating a fairly rapid beat on the ceremonial water drum, a brass affair about 8 inches in diameter and 10 inches high, on three feet and covered with an elkskin. The skin is tied over the top to the three feet with an intricate lacing. Drummers vary the pitch slightly by increasing the tension on the skin with their thumb.

The Drummer sat back and passed the drum to Roadman. He started a slow beat and bowed his head in silent prayer. Part of the time he merely beat on the drum; once in a while he shook a rattle in time to the drumming. For the next half hour the beat of the drum and the noise of the rattle was the only sound.

Occasionally Fireman would lean forward to stir up the glowing charcoal or

place a few sticks of cedar on them. When the sticks flared up, there was ample light in the tepee. When the sticks burned out, it was in virtual darkness.

Finally Roadman ended his prayer, lifted his face toward the heavens and said: "I have prayed for God to bless America and all its leaders."

The drum was passed to Cedarman, and he started praying. That routine was to be followed for the next seven hours -- hours of silent prayer, a few Indian songs, a few simple statements outlining what individuals had prayed for. No shouting, no loud chanting, no impassioned pleas.

The drum is passed around the circle clockwise. Only the men beat the drum. The women sit stoically and gaze into the fire. With the exception of Earth Mother, they take no active part in the rituals.

At 11 p.m. there was a break in the prayers as Earth Mother put a pot of peyote tea on the fire. When it was hot, she passed it to Roadman. He blessed the tea, dipped an eagle feather in the brew and sprinkled a few drops on Father Peyote and the fire. He ladled out a cup and drank deeply, then passed the kettle to his left.

Up to this time I'd felt no reaction from the peyote. I took a full cup of the tea, which didn't taste much better than the dry peyote, and wondered if it would have an effect.

We'd been told when the ceremony started that we could smoke -- but only as a part of prayer.

"Tobacco -- like peyote -- is an integral part of Indians' worship," our host said. "It is all right to smoke in prayer, but not just for pleasure."

He pointed out that tobacco had been used ceremonially by the Indians for generations, in such rituals as that of the peace pipe.

In the religious ceremony, you don't light your own cigarette. You put it in your mouth and wait for Fireman to place a cedar stick in the fire, start the end blazing, then extend it to you. And when you are through with the cigarette you don't crush it out yourself.

Fireman took each butt and carefully placed it atop the circular mound of dirt that circled the fire. This was a record for the Peyote Road of the prayers that had been said.

A CALL TO THE INDIAN SPIRITS

By the time the midnight ceremonies arrived, we'd been sitting hunched over against the tepee walls for three hours. My back was breaking, and I doubted that I could last another five hours.

To start the midnight ritual, Roadman stood up and left the tepee. We could hear him blow four times on a whistle made from an eagle bone. He told us later that he had blown to each of the cardinal directions, "calling all the spirits to let them know we were holding a meeting."

Roadman returned to his place in the circle, and Earth Mother produced a bucket of cold water. She handed it to Roadman, who blessed it. He then passed it to his Drummer for the first drink. The bucket then went clockwise around the circle, each member and guest taking a welcome drink from it.

I don't know whether it was the refreshing water -- or the peyote tea --

but my back began to feel better, and I must admit there was a feeling of tranquility. I discussed this later with my host, and he assured me the tranquility would not have been without the peyote.

We settled down for the final five hours, which were much the same as the first three. For the most part, it was silent prayer, although a few more people spoke up.

Typical statements went like this:

By the Cheyenne -- "I have used peyote for nearly 40 years, ever since I was a child. Peyote is good when it is used properly. It is not habit forming as some people say. When I came to Denver about four years ago I did not have access to peyote for many months. There was no craving for it. Our youngsters are losing the ways of the Indian. We must be allowed to carry on our old ways through our church. That is all we ask -- to be allowed to worship God in our own way."

By Fireman -- "I see the faces of many friends in the fire. I have asked God to bless them all."

By Roadman -- "We are criticized by many because we use peyote. Yet it is no different than sacramental wine. The wine used properly is good -- yet there are many on skid row who use that same wine unwisely and to excess. I have prayed to God to help an Indian friend of mine who has the problem of alcohol. I know that right now he is passed out somewhere, perhaps in jail. I pray that God will give him the knowledge and the strength to solve his problems."

The Cheyenne and the Omaha sang several Indian songs as the hours wore on. As one sang, the other drummed for him.

More cigarettes were smoked and the butts placed carefully on the Peyote Road.

A couple of the participants apparently started to feel ill and beckoned to Cedarman for help. He immediately fanned cedar smoke from a smoldering stick into their faces. They gulped in the smoke and apparently felt better.

As the eastern sky started to turn light, Roadman prepared for the closing ritual. He again left the tepee to blow his bone whistle in all directions to tell the spirits the meeting was ending.

Earth Mother again produced the water pail, it was blessed again by Roadman, and all took a drink. Earthman sang an Indian morning song.

Fireman gathered up the cigarette butts from the Peyote Road and handed them to Roadman. Roadman held them out toward Father Peyote and said:

"Father Peyote, many prayers have been said tonight. This is good."

Then he dumped them on the embers of the fire.

Taking Father Peyote from its place on the Peyote Road he held it up reverently for all to see, blessed it, and thanked it for a good meeting. He put it gently back in the beaded pouch. The meeting was ended.

The atmosphere in the tepee relaxed, and for the first time in eight hours we could stand up and stretch and talk to one another. The lady who had been Earth Mother set out parched corn, meat, melon and unleavened bread. That was

part of the meeting, even though the ritual had closed.

I felt I had learned a great deal from having been invited to the first meeting in the Denver area of the All Race Group of the Native American Church. The group, consisting of persons other than Indians, is small, but the organizers hope the membership will grow.

The All Race Group has petitioned the main body of the Native American Church for recognition and has formed a chapter hoping to affiliate with the main body. The majority of the All Race Group is in Nevada. There are 50 to 60 members in the group.

CHURCH HAS A LONG HISTORY

Their charter and membership cards pledge them to the use of peyote only as a sacrament of the church, and... "to act at all times with morality, sobriety, industry, kindly charity and right living..."

The history of the Native American Church is a long one. Many Indian tribes in Oklahoma had incorporated peyote into their religions by the late 1800s. In the early 20th century an association known as the Mescal Bean Eaters was formed. The name was soon changed to the Union Church.

In 1918 James Mooney, ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution, urged the Indians to change the name of their church to the Native American Church, and this was done October 10, 1918. By 1944 the movement had spread through the nation, and it became known as the Native American Church of the United States. When it spread to Canada in 1955 it was given its present name, Native American Church of North America.

Because there is considerable controversy over peyote, and many members are reluctant to identify themselves with the church publicly, there is no figure as to church membership. Press releases over the last 10 years have used figures ranging from 15,000 to 40,000.

Bernard Roseman of Joshua Tree, California, an authority on peyote and author of several texts on the subject, believes there are 225,000 who believe in the religion.

I came away from the tepee convinced that I had watched a sincere religious ceremony. Certainly it had not been a "wild party." There was no noisy demonstration. If anyone at the meeting had been "high" on peyote, there had been no outward sign.

When will they meet again? My Apache friend told me that the meetings are scheduled only when there is a definite purpose. Perhaps a church member is in trouble, perhaps members from other sections of the country want to hold a meeting.

"All we ask is that we be let alone to worship God in the only way we know," the Apache said.

Father Peyote's Disciples was the original title of the preceding piece which ran in Denver's "Sunday Empire" magazine in 1964.

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In a world of electronic communication, which makes every place the same place, the nature of the Establishment is still based on paper. The written order, the memo, the letter, are required by custom and tradition before the power of the State may be employed against the individual. The arresting officer must file his reports, on paper. The District Attorney must present his case to the Grand Jury, on paper. The Judge, the Clerk of the Court, and the Warden of the Penitentiary all depend on little pieces of paper to control their work which is the limitation of the freedom of you and me. Here is the great flaw in our civilization; somebody must do the paperwork.

Paperwork is the great cost of the Establishment. It takes time and, to the Establishment, time is money. The balance of the time, money, paperwork economy is the soft underbelly of the Establishment. It is where they are most vulnerable and perhaps most subject to manipulation, especially from a base of poverty. For the poor man, under the United States Constitution, and under recent Supreme Court Decisions, has the same rights and immunities as does the rich man -- on paper at least. And thereby hangs the tale.

The Establishment will only permit its operative organ, the State, to act in an economical manner. The books must balance, the budgets be allotted, and the paperwork completed before the State can act. Any other behavior by organs of government are violations of "due process," a serious offense by bureaucrats, and one which can, if pressed to the extreme, cause termination of office and even employment of criminal sanctions, if malice can be shown. Thus the economy of paperwork, in relation to time and money becomes paramount in the management of the status quo.

The status quo can be altered by manipulation of paperwork, not in quality or content, but by sheer quantity. Increase the paperwork in any given situation until the value of the control sought by the Establishment is overshadowed by the cost of establishing that control, and the Establishment will cease to seek that particular manifestation of power.

Prohibition is a case in point. The 18th Amendment and the Volsted Act sought to establish a control over the drinking habits of the American people. It failed because it met with guerilla-like resistance from a majority of the population and cost too much to enforce in the face of such anti-government pressure. Prohi-

bition was repealed and those elements of the population which had been concerned with the production and distribution of strong drink -- criminals by legislation -- became solid citizens. Perhaps the same sort of thing will occur in the matter of Marijuana and LSD.

As it now stands, nearly one-fourth of all persons incarcerated in Federal Penal Institutions are there as a result of drug-law violations, a burden to the taxpayers which far outweighs the problems such persons contribute to the society. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics is the most efficient police agency in the world. They have penetrated the high councils of the Mafia. They have been granted extraordinary sanctions, (a major portion of their annual budget is gained by the sale of impounded motor vehicles, seized in the course of drug prosecutions), and they have moved far beyond the shores of the United States in their search for the sources and apparatus involved in the illicit drug industry. They are good at their jobs and yet, even with the death penalty on their side, they have only been able to reduce the incidence of illicit drug use by one order of magnitude, in the case of Heroin, their major source of concern.

Back in the early 1900's about one person in 400 was addicted to drugs, a ratio which still holds true for doctors and nurses, perhaps due to the easy availability of drugs to such persons. Today, after nearly 60 years of extreme law enforcement, permitting entrapment, the use of espionage technique in civil life, evidence collected by blackmail, fraud and coercion, extreme penalties, including death and life imprisonment, the FBI and the Narco squads of major metropolitan areas have been able to reduce the ratio of drug addicts among the general population to one in 4000, a change of one order of magnitude. This may be a limit to the effectiveness of government power, even with the cooperation of the majority and several degrees of police fever permitted in these matters. If they could do any better they would have...

The reason they have not done any better is that paperwork has held them back. Officers and agents have to make reports, the district attorneys must prepare cases, the judges must hear trials and there must be room in the jails for the convicts, all of which involves paperwork, all of which takes time and money.

Try traffic tickets as a second example. Everybody who drives gets a ticket or two in his career. Most people pay their fines and hear no more of the matter. A few ignore the summons of the court and become scofflaws. A tiny minority wrap themselves in the Constitution and fight these petty tax gathering matters. A poor man can get the government to fight itself for him under the law today, either that or get a dismissal of the charges as being in violation of due process of law. Here the strategy is to double the paperwork. Every time a piece of paper is generated in the course of a hearing, act in such a way as to legitimately generate two more pieces of paper. The apparatus quickly becomes clogged with paper, much like a stopped-up toilet.

For instance, next time you get a ticket, do these things. (1) Plead not guilty, and ask for a jury trial. (2) Subpoena the arresting officer as a defence witness. (3) Demand that you be released without posting bail as you have demonstrated that no bail is required to make you come to court as you have shown up when you said you would. (4) Subpoena John Doe Richard Roe et al true names being unknown to defendant, described as witnesses to the alleged offense. (5) Request a court-appointed lawyer. (6) Ask him to prepare motions to suppress the evidence as it was gained as the result of a search without probable cause. (7) Ask him to prepare a motion to dismiss for want of prosecution. (8) Ask him to prepare a motion to dismiss for inadequate evidence. (9) If any motion or demand is denied by a judge, request your lawyer to prepare an application for a writ of Habeas Corpus to be presented in superior court. (10) Note how the government-generated paperwork is multiplied.

If you are poor, legally indigent, the government must provide these services for you. All you must do is maintain the honor of the court and seek to exhaust your remedies at law, show up and be polite but firm. If you encounter any resistance on the part of any public official, take his name and number and ask your attorney to prepare complaints to his superiors, the Federal D.A. (under the Civil Rights Act of 1874) and seek court orders demanding grand jury hearings of charges of misfeasance, malfeasance, and non-feasance on the part of the offending official. Your goal is to multiply the paperwork and provide jobs for college graduates at the taxpayers' expense. Trip out, baby, the world is yours.

By Doc Stanley

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PSYCHEDELIC THINGS, ART NOUVEAU & POSTERS

Diana and her Electric Dress

By Philip Proctor

David Crosby of the BYRDS hunched conspiratorily over the mouthpiece of his telephone: "You won't believe this," he intoned, "but four people just walked into my pad wearing electric clothes, and they're all here now standing around just sort of FLASHING at me."

Before him in the dimly lit room stood Brandon de Wilde, blinking on and off in a pair of electric pants, Peter Fonda in a pulsating pale green neon tie, and myself, decked out in two crisscrossed alternately flashing belt-and-shoulder harness rigs which were glowing errily underneath my sweater. And there, in the darkest corner, somewhat removed from the other invaders, shone a dazzling young female in a wildly flickering multi-colored electroluminescent panelled mini-skirt outfit -- the creator of electric clothes -- Diana Dew.

Diana, who hangs out and plugs in around the East Village, was in L.A. for a few days in order to introduce her prototypes to the West Coast fashion market. But although she is presently contracted to an influential New York "Boutique," electric clothes are more than just a flashy gimmick, much more than just another high-priced plaything -- they represent the first steps into a totally new way of dressing, of presenting self, of expressing personality and communicating through clothing. They are truly clothes that turn people on.

Besides the articles we wore, Diana brought with her several other prototype dresses, all of the discoteque mini-skirt variety with flashable colored or neon panels running up and down the length of the outfits. An average design has eight panels sewn into conventional or synthetic fabrics, four in the front and four in the back. When activated, the light appears to jump from left to right all the way around the dress, and the belt lights up. The entire dress is activated from a rechargeable power pack about the size of a small transistor radio and worn on the belt, and the rate of flash is easily adjusted by the wearer through the use of a potentiometer built into the unit. In the commercial product, due to be released next month or so, the power pack will be reduced to the size of half a pack of cigarettes and can be concealed if so desired. The different color effects are created by the use of tinted plastic overlays sewn into the designs.

Diana was first turned on to the idea for these electrifying items when she caught sight of a newly patented electroluminescent tape which when properly charged produces a sustained surface glow and radiates a neon-like light. In fact, the strip of tape itself looks a little bit like a neon tube which has been squeezed through a wringer, resulting in a malleable plastic tape about an inch-and-a-half wide and a quarter-of-an-inch thick. These strips are then cut to length and wired to flash according to a design pattern.

These clothes are for men and women, and often completely interchangeable, as in the case of the lowslung electric pants with strips running down the outside seams of both legs and around the waist. Electric vests are next to be produced in a wide variety of colors and designs for him and her and them.

It's quite an experience to be in a room, or better still, a public place when an electric person suddenly turns on and begins to flash. And to be in a group of flashers can only be described as a completely enlightening experience. It's bound to blow your mind. Judging from the



/Proctor Photo

few public appearances we made on Sunset Strip, even the freakiest of the freaks blow their cool when flashed at. And it's obvious that legions of flashing freaks will soon be destroying brains up and down and across and under this great width and breadth of ours. Perhaps the most happy and heartwarming happening of our electric excursions took place when Diana and Brandon paid a visit to the WHISKEY A GO GO, still one of the better titty-bopper hangons. They were stopped at the door by a young patrolman, but when they turned on, he shattered to pieces before the onslaught of blinking Christmas-tree ties, belts and flashing dresses. "Where did you get that!" he cried, and following them into the club, he begged Diana to dance, hoping to see the clothes in action before he had to go off duty. The young officer copped out completely when, while frugging, Diana adjusted her rheostat to flash in rhythm to the music. When turned to its fastest rate, the visual effect is almost stroboscopic, and naturally, Diana is already planning the first strobe clothes and black light apparel.

Diana Dew was dropped into the material plane in Memphis, Tennessee, sometime around 1944. She is a Cancer. Her formative years from four to fourteen were spent as a child model, a model child, and at Art-School. Before relocating in Florida with Father, she spent a season as costume designer at the Front Street Theatre in Memphis; and then in Palm Beach was employed as a sportscar mechanic for Autotechnia. During this time, she also managed to cop trophies at gymkhanas and rallies up and down the Florida coast and to win a national science achievement citation from the government for her demonstration of the techniques involved in creating food products and additives from seaweed and algae col-

lected from scuba sorties off East Florida. She made the college scene four or five times, from BARD to BERKELEY, worked for Lockheed Missiles and Space Center in Sunnyvale, acted in the Norton Gallery Theatre in Palm Beach, and in 1965 she established a shop called ISIS in Cambridge at Harvard Square which is now managed by her sister Margaret who specializes in children's clothes. Diana has designed clothes for Joan Baez in New York and for members of rnr groups like PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS on the west coast. She spent the summer of '64 trading abalone shells with the Zuni Indians of New Mexico.

Presently, Miss Dew is focusing her energies on the electric clothes bag, for she hopes to create "a hyperdelic review of transensory stimulations through interchangeable electronic electroluminescent components." Future projects include computer-programmed dresses, designs featuring tiny electronic threads, electric wigs for guys and gals, and headbands, belts, and wristlets that flash messages.

EVO: How would you describe your ultimate goal?

DD: I want to make people ARCHOUT, which is the highest form of flipping out.

EVO: What do you think of Marshall McLuhan?

DD: I never dated him.

EVO: And what do you think of organized religion?

DD: It sucks.

EVO: And New York?

DD: I love it but it's dirty and unhealthy.

EVO: What about the future of electric clothing?

DD: I've already thought about that. I'm starting now to think about computer-programmed electronic electroluminescent people...

THE REAL

The making of the illusions which flood our experience has become the business of America, some of its most honest, most necessary and most respectable business. Multiplication of forms and improvements of technology inevitably make all experience a commodity. The story of the making of our illusions--"the news behind the news"--has become the most appealing news of the day.

We need not be theologians to see that we have shifted responsibility for making the world interesting from God to the newspaperman. We used to believe there were only so many "events" in the world. If there were not many intriguing or startling occurrences, it was no fault of the reporter. He could not be expected to report what did not exist.

Within the last hundred years, however, and especially in the twentieth century, all this has changed. We expect the papers to be full of news. If there is no news visible to the naked eye, or to the average citizen, we still expect it to be there for the enterprising newsman. The successful reporter is one who can find a story, even if there is no earthquake or assassination or civil war. If he cannot find a story, then he must make one--by the questions he asks of public figures, by the surprising human interest he unfolds from some commonplace event, or by "the news behind the news." If all this fails, then he must give us a "think piece"--an embroidering of well-known facts, or a speculation about startling things to come.

Many enterprising Americans are now at work to help us satisfy these expectations. But it is we who keep them in business and demand that they fill our consciousness with novelties, that they play God for us.

The intriguing feature of the modern situation, however, comes precisely from the fact that the modern news makers are not God. The news they make happen, the

events they create, are somehow not quite real. There remains a tantalizing difference between man-made and God-made events.

In the last half century a larger and larger proportion of what we read and see and hear has come to consist of pseudo-events. We expect more of them and we are given more of them. They flood our consciousness. Their multiplication has gone on in the United States at a faster rate than elsewhere. Even the rate of increase is increasing every day. This is true of the world of education, of consumption, and of personal relations. It is especially true of the world of public affairs.

Today every American, child or adult, encounters a vastly larger number of names, faces, and voices than at any earlier period or in any other country. Newspapers, magazines, second-class mail, books, radio, television, telephone, phonograph records -- these and other vehicles confront us with thousands of names, people, or fragments of people. In our always more overpopulated consciousness, the hero every year becomes less significant. Not only does the newspaper or magazine reader or television watcher see the face and hear the voice of his President and the President's wife and family; he also sees the faces and hears the voices of his cabinet members, undersecretaries, Senators, Congressmen, and of their wives and children as well. Improvements in public education, with the always increasing emphasis on recent events, dilute the consciousness. The titanic figure is now only one of thousands. This is ever more true as we secure a smaller proportion of our information from books. The hero, like the spontaneous event, gets lost in the congested traffic of pseudo-events.

In the United States we have, in a word, witnessed the decline of the "folk" and the rise of the "mass." The usually illiterate folk, while unself-conscious, was creative in its own special ways. Its characteristic products were the spoken word, the gesture, the song: folklore, folk dance, folk song. The folk expressed itself. Its products are still gathered by scholars, antiquarians, and patriots; it was a voice. But the mass, in our world of mass media and mass circulation, is the target and not the arrow. It is the ear and not the voice. The mass is what others aim to reach -- by print, photograph, image and sound. While the folk created heroes, the mass can only look and listen for them. It is waiting to be shown and to be told. Our society, to which the Soviet notion of "the masses" is so irrelevant, still is governed by our own idea of the mass. The folk had a universe of its own creation, its own world of giants and dwarfs, magicians and witches. The mass lives in the very different fantasy world of pseudo-events. The words and images which reach the mass disenchant big names in the very process of conjuring them up.

Our age has produced a new kind of eminence. This is as characteristic of our culture and our century as was the divinity of Greek gods in the sixth century B.C. or the chivalry of knights and courtly lovers in the middle ages. It has not yet driven heroism, sainthood, or martyrdom completely out of our consciousness. But with every decade it overshadows them more. All older forms of greatness now survive only in the shadow of this new form.

This new kind of eminence is "celebrity."

The celebrity in the distinctive modern sense could not have existed in any earlier age, or in America before the Graphic Revolution. THE CELEBRITY IS A PERSON WHO IS KNOWN FOR HIS WELL-KNOWNNESS.

His qualities -- or rather his lack of qualities -- illustrate our peculiar problems. He is neither good nor bad, great nor petty. He is the human pseudo-event. He has been fabricated on purpose to satisfy our exaggerated expectations of human greatness. He is morally neutral. The product of no conspiracy, of no group promoting vice or emptiness, he is made by honest, industrious men of high professional ethics doing their job, "informing" and educating us. He is made by all of us who willingly read about him, who like to see him on television, who buy recordings of his voice, and talk about him to our friends. His relation to morality and even to reality is highly ambiguous. He is like the woman in an Elinor Glyn novel who describes another by saying, "She is like a figure in an Elinor Glyn novel."

A simpler explanation is that the machinery of information has brought into being a new substitute for the hero, who is the celebrity, and whose main characteristic is his well-knownness. In the democracy of pseudo-events, anyone can become a celebrity, if only he can get into the news and stay there. Figures from the world of entertainment and sports are most apt to be well known. If they are successful enough, they actually overshadow the real figures they portray. George Arliss overshadowed Disraeli, Vivian Leigh overshadowed Scarlett O'Hara, Fess Parker overshadowed Davy Crockett. Since their stock in trade is their well-knownness, they are most apt to have energetic press agents keeping them in the public eye.

Since the Graphic Revolution, the celebrity overshadows the hero by the same relentless law which gives other kinds of pseudo-events an overshadowing power. When a man appears as a hero and/or celebrity, his role as celebrity obscures and is apt to destroy his role as hero. The reasons, too, are those which tend to make all pseudo-events predominate. In the creation of a celebrity somebody always has an interest -- newsmen needing stories, press agents paid to make celebrities, and the celebrity himself. But dead heroes have no such interest in their publicity, nor can they hire agents to keep them in the public eye. Celebrities, because they are made to order, can be made to please, comfort, fascinate, and flatter us. They can be produced and displaced in rapid succession.

In America today heroes, like fairy tales, are seldom for sophisticated adults. But we multiply our Oscars and Emmies, our awards for the Father of the Year, our crowns for Mrs. America and Miss Photoflash.

As soon as our heroes begin to be sung about today, they evaporate into celebrities. "No man can be a hero to his valet" -- or, Carlyle might have added, "to his Time reporter." In our world of big names, curiously, our heroes tend to be anonymous.

In the height of our power in this age of the Graphic Revolution, we are threatened by a new and a peculiarly American menace. It is not the menace of class war, of ideology, of poverty, of disease,



REVOLUTION

of illiteracy, of demagoguery, or of tyranny, though these now plague most of the world. It is the menace of unreality. The threat of nothingness is the danger of replacing American dreams by American illusions. Of replacing the ideals by the images, the aspiration by the mold. We risk being the first people in history to have been able to make their illusions so vivid, so persuasive, so "realistic" that they can live in them. We are the most illusioned people on earth. Yet we dare not become disillusioned, because our illusions are the very house in which we live; they are our news, our heroes, our adventure, our forms of art, our very experience.

Formerly we were saved from the menace of ideology by the elusiveness and the promise of the American dream. Now we replace the dogmas by which men live elsewhere, by the images among which we live. We have come to think that our main problem is abroad. How to "project" our images to the world? Yet the problem abroad is only a symptom of our deeper problem at home. We have come to believe in our own images, till we have projected ourselves out of this world.

We suffer unwittingly from our own idolatry. The more images we present to people, the more irrelevant and perverse and unattractive they find us. Why? The image, because it invites comparison, is irrelevant. Few people are not sensible enough to see that the image does not relate to them. Our images suggest arrogance: in them we set ourselves up as a mold for the world. Even the most belligerent and unrealistic Communist ideals do not seem to do that. Instead, they present people with standards of perfection which they are supposed to apply to themselves.

Much of what we have been doing to improve the world's opinion of us has had the contrary effect. Audio-visual aids which we have sent over the world are primarily aids to belief in the irrelevance, the arrogance, the rigidity, and the conceit of America. Not because they are poorly made. On the contrary, BECAUSE they are well made and vividly projected. Not because they are favorable images or unfavorable images, but because they ARE images.

This helps us explain, too, why we seem "materialist" to all the world. To future historians it may seem bizarre that in our age Communism, a historical movement which most explicitly based itself on materialism, should have been called "idealistic." And that the United States, a nation explicitly built on ideals, should have had a reputation for being materialist. Any prosperous country will, of course, be blamed (and envied) for its materialism by its less prosperous neighbors. Discovering we cannot have another people's virtues, we call them vices. They similarly reproach us. But in addition we especially suffer in the eyes of the world because our prosperity and our technical success have doomed us to present ourselves to the world in images.

Although we may suffer from idolatry, we do not, I think, suffer from materialism -- from the overvaluing of material objects for their own sake. Of this the world accuses us. Yet our very wealth itself has somehow made us immune to materialism -- the characteristic vice of impoverished peoples. Instead, our

peculiar idolatry is one with which the world till now has been unfamiliar. Others have not been rich enough nor had the technology to flood their consciousness with shadows. Nor to flood the world with images of themselves. It is to these images and not to material objects that we are devoted. No wonder that the puzzled world finds this unattractive and calls it by the name of its own old-fashioned vices.

Of all nations in the world, the United States was built in nobody's image. It was the land of the unexpected, of unbounded hope, of ideals, of quest for an unknown perfection. It is all the more unfitting that we should offer ourselves in images. And all the more fitting that the images which we make wittingly or unwittingly to sell America to the world should come back to haunt and curse us. Perhaps instead of announcing ourselves by our shadows and our idols, we would do better to try to share with others the quest which has been America.

Here, in the United States, the making of images is everyday business. The image has reached out from commerce to the worlds of education and politics, and into every corner of our daily lives. Our churches, our charities, our schools, our universities, all now seek favorable images. Their way of saying they want people to think well of them is to say they want people to have favorable images of them. Our national politics has become a competition for images or between images, rather than between ideals. The domination of campaigning by television simply dramatizes this fact.

Here, if ever, is a parable of twentieth-century America. All the ingenuity of General Motors, Eastman Kodak, generations of Fords, Firestones, and Edisons, the accumulated skills of fifty years of automotive engineering, of production know-how and industrial design, all the imagination and techniques of full-color printing, of junior and senior executives, and the whole gargantuan paraphernalia of the American economy have brought us to this. An opportunity for me to be impressed by the image of a man (with the Grand Canyon at his elbow) looking at an image, and being photographed as he does it!

While this example is beautifully symbolic, others are all around us. Almost any evening on television I can watch in my own home a celebrity performing in a skit which is the television version of a movie (made from a novel), to the accompaniment of dubbed-in laughter and applause -- the whole performance sponsored by a steel manufacturer or an oil company, by a manufacturer of cosmetics to cure imaginary ailments, or by a brewer or cigarette manufacturer of products indistinguishable from those of his competitor -- all put on in order to create a more favorable corporate image.

We have heard ours called an age without direction -- a "directionless" age. It would be better to call us the age of indirection. Everything I have described helps us produce secondhandness. We make, we seek, and finally we enjoy, the contrivance of all experience. We fill our lives not with experience, but with the images of experience. The most popular -- most "functional" -- styles of modern architecture are not necessarily those most comfortable to live in, but always those which photograph well.

"Money," we are told on the radio by a "friendly" personal loan company promising to give us cash without security so we can rid ourselves of worrisome debts -- "Money is the magic ingredient that gives you financial status."

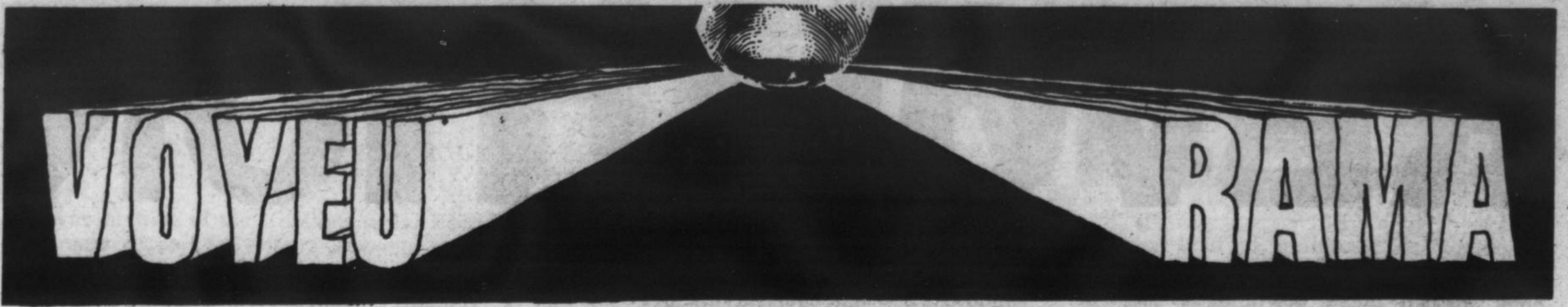
The awkward monstrosities of our everyday speech betray the secondhandness of our way of looking at everything. We no longer talk about something; we talk "in terms of" it. In an organization a man is no longer important; he is "at the policy level." What we seek, we are told, is no longer wealth or glory or happiness, but a sociological concoction called "status." We do not simply "believe"; instead we talk of "the values we hold." We cannot do something in our spare time, we must cultivate it as a "hobby." We do not study music or art or literature; we study the "appreciation" of music or art or literature. We do not rest; we "seek relaxation." We are not asked to go see our Ford Dealer, but rather to "visit our local dealership." We no longer do a job; we play a role. We do not learn parental virtues; instead we are prompted on how to "play the role of" parents. We less often say we like a man or find him sympathetic; instead we prefer to observe that he has "made a good impression on us." We do not simply plan to meet again; we must arrange to "set up" another meeting. We do not find a person; we "contact" him. We do not discuss a problem; we look at it "policy-wise."

The technology of our daily lives has, of course, prepared us for all this. When we have a letter from a person, it is no longer in his own hand (as it would have been if Franklin or Washington or Jefferson had written us); it is a typewritten, mimeographed, or Thermofaxed image of what he has written. Often it is a transcription not of his writing at all, but of the words he spoke into his dictaphone, copied by a secretary he has not seen. The voice we hear, more and more often, is not in the physical presence of the speaker, but a sound in a telephone receiver, or from a phonograph record, or over radio, or on television.

This is the age of contrivance. The artificial has become so commonplace that the natural begins to seem contrived. The natural is the "un-" and the "non-." It is the age of the "UNfiltered" cigarette (the filter comes to seem more natural than the tobacco), of the "UNabridged" novel (abridgement is the norm), of the "UNcut" version of a movie. We begin to look on wood as a "NON-synthetic" cellulose. All nature then is the world of the "NON-artificial." Fact itself has become "NONfiction."

But people -- even twentieth-century Americans -- will not so supinely allow themselves to be deprived of the last vestiges of spontaneous reality. By a new residual effect, then, we become doubly interested in any happenings which somehow seem to offer us an oasis of the uncontrived. One example is the American passion for news about crime and sports. This is not simply an effect of the degradation of public tastes to the trivial and the unserious. More significantly, it is one expression of our desperate hunger for the spontaneous, for the non-pseudo-event.

The world of crime, even more than that of sports, is a last refuge of the authentic, uncorrupted spontaneous event. Of course there are rare exceptions (the



They are talking a lot about Art these days. There have been three forum discussion evenings in NYU's Loeb Student Center in October and five more will follow this month and next. And they are all about Art. "What is Art today?" To clear the mind, to find out, where do we come from, where do we go? Middle-aged people are bothered; young ones rebel.

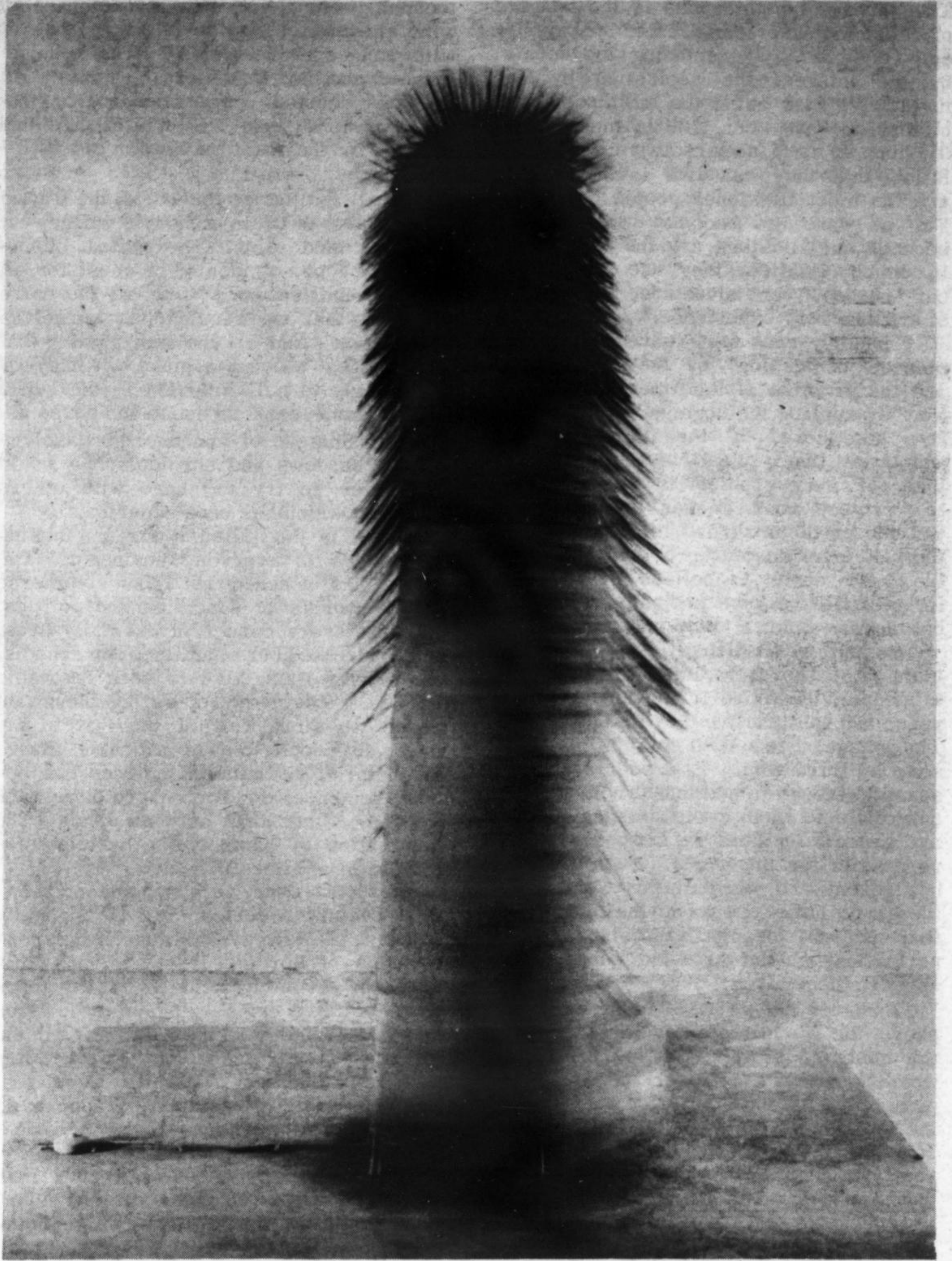
Provos invaded the first evening, "Homage to Hans Hoffmann" selling a 5¢ leaflet "Black Mask" asking in Neo-Dadaist jargon "to destroy the Museum of Modern Art." That was a shattering experience for museum directors and curators on the panel, who wanted to talk about the "Explosion of Art," "the shattered Frame of Reference," "the Scrambled Oeuvre." What one got out of talking and complaining and negating "on Art as it is now" was more Scrambled Eggs than anything else. Many famous names had been advertised as participants but only some showed up.

One heard Harold Rosenberg on tape, against most anything after Action painting, and Peter Selz for European Art, denouncing American Chauvinism. Only Sam Hunter, director of the swinging Jewish Museum, agreed with the primary affairs of happenings in the shaped canvas, systemic way of things. Painter Theodoro Stamos disliked everything, even Hans Hoffmann as painter and as teacher. He looked so dreary, one felt he didn't even like himself.

Only a sprinkling of young people sounded more hopeful for the New York scene and were less disparagingly despaired. Richard Goldstein, "POP" writer in New York's *Wo/Jo/Trib*, loves it all -- Pop and Rock and Discotheques and the Beatles. But Nicolas Calas, *helas*, didn't like Pop-boy Richard nor any of the things for which he stands and isn't hip on Discotheque-hopping, whereas poppy Richard isn't so hot on Gallery-hopping and so it went...

The older people on the panel misunderstood the younger ones, and there appeared a really serious split between the generations. Robert Smithon, young Systemic-sculptor, couldn't speak very well but sounded as if he knew what he was talking about, and Oyvind Fahlstrom, the technology-wizard of "Kisses Sweeter than Wine," (best piece of the Armory Technology Theater Show) spoke up hopefully for the future. Dr. Richard Huelisenbeck, grand old Daddy of Dada, gave the youngsters admonitions on war, barbarism of art today and was full of Socratic wisdom; he received a Neo-Dada-Ovation. It seems we live in Dada times again. Anyhow, the younger speakers thought today's state of Art not half as bad as all the other VIP's did -- who perhaps should retire to better climates and write their memoirs. *Black Mask* sold well.

Art and Life will go on and Art has broken it's boundaries. As Martial Raysse said in the last sentence of his statement: "Painting begins tomorrow. It will be the work of young artists that are to come." Raysse has a sow at Iolas, with neon lights, colors galore and geometrical pop-paintings of mouth, eyes, faces. An optimistic color-gay show.



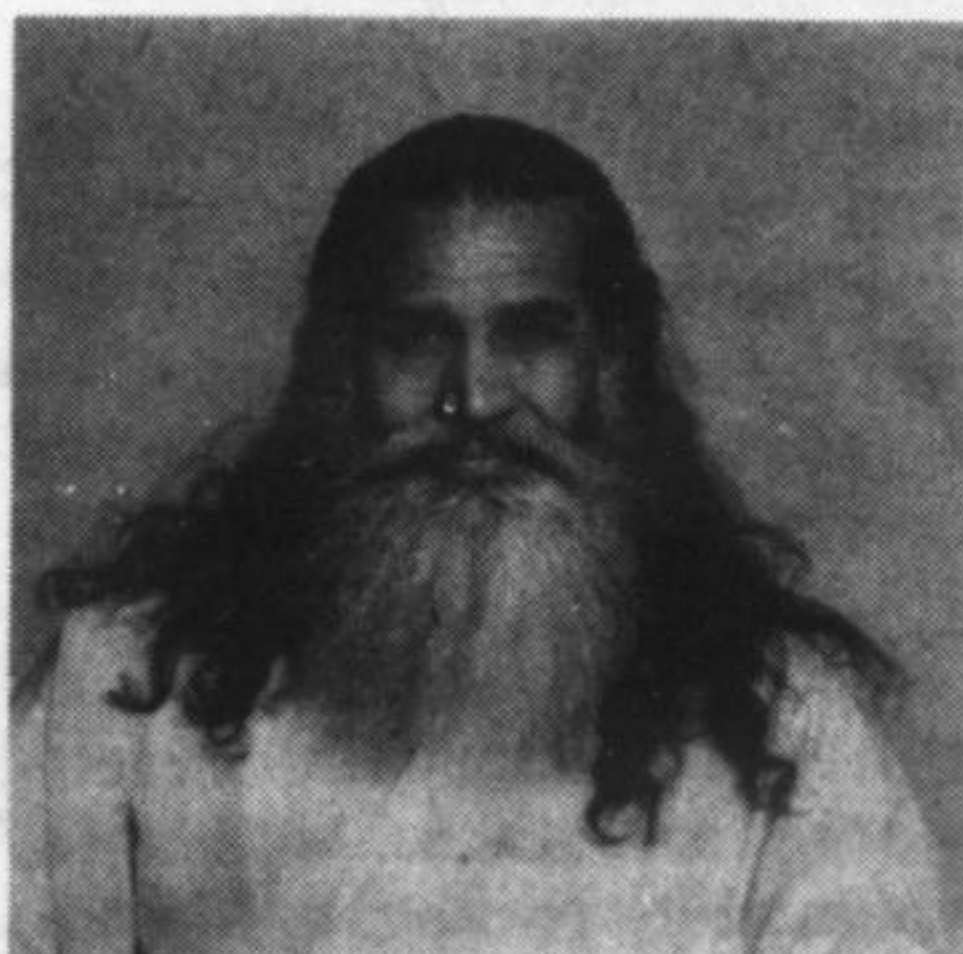
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REAL REVOLUTION

Cont'd from page 11

planned "violators" of law for political purposes, like the suffragettes, or more recently the Freedom Riders in the South). But generally speaking crimes are not pseudo-events, however industriously they may be exploited by the press. Only seldom are they committed for the purpose of being reported. Quite the contrary, a man who commits a murder or a rape, who robs a bank, or embezzles from his employer, hopes to get away with it.

The same quest for spontaneity helps explain, too, our morbid interest in private lives, in personal gossip, and in the sexual indiscretions of public figures. In a world where the public acts of politicians and celebrities become more and more contrived, we look ever more eagerly for happenings not brought into being especially for our benefits. We search for those areas of life which may have remained immune to the cancer of pseudo-eventfulness.

And yet more and more of our experience has become invention rather than discovery. The more planned and prefabricated our experience becomes, the more we include in it only what "interests" us. Then we can more effectively exclude the exotic world beyond our ken: the very world which would jar our experience, and which we most need to make us more largely human. The criterion of well-knownness overshadows others, because the well-known is by definition what most people already know. We seek celebrities, not only among men and women, but even among books, plays, ideas, movies, and commodities. We make our whole experience a "READER'S digest" where we read only what we want to read, and not what anyone else wants to write. We listen for what we want to hear and not for what someone wants to say. We talk to ourselves, without even noticing that it is not somebody else talking to us. We talk to ourselves about what we are supposed to be talking about. We find this out by seeing what other people are talking to themselves about. "All I know," Will Rogers remarked in the earlier days of the Graphic Revolution, "is what I read in the papers." Today he might modernize his complaint: "All I see in the papers is what I already know."

As individuals and as a nation, we now suffer from social narcissism. The beloved Echo of our ancestors, the virgin America, has been abandoned. We have fallen in love with our own image, with images of our making, which turn out to be images of ourselves.

How can we flee from this image of ourselves? How can we immunize ourselves to its bewitching conceitful power?

This becomes ever more difficult. The world of our making becomes ever more mirror-like. Our celebrities reflect each of us; faraway "adventures" are the projections of what we have prepared ourselves to expect, and which we now can pay others to prepare for us. The images themselves become shadowy mirror reflections of one another: one interview comments on another; one television show spoofs another; novel, television show, radio program, movie, comic book, and the way we think of ourselves, all become merged into mutual reflections. At home we begin to try to live according to the script of television programs of happy families, which are themselves nothing but amusing quintessences of us.

Our new New World, made to be an escape from drab reality, itself acquires a predictable monotony from which there seems no escape. This is the monotony within us, the monotony of self-repetition.

Our tired palates will not let us find our way back. When we look for a "natural" flavor all we can find is one that is "non-artificial." We become more and more like the character (described by the English wit, Sidney Smith) who had spent his youth "in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again."

But chewing gum (an American invention and an American expression) itself may have a symbolic significance. We might say now that chewing gum is the television of the mouth. There is no danger so long as we do not think that by chewing gum we are getting nourishment. But the Graphic Revolution has offered us the means of making all experience a form of mental chewing gum, which can be continually sweetened to give us the illusion that we are being nourished.

More and more accustomed to testing reality by the image, we will find it hard to restrain ourselves so we may once again test the image by reality. It becomes ever harder to moderate our expectations, to shape expectations after experience, and not vice versa. For too long already we have had the specious power to shape "reality." How can we rediscover the world of the uncontrived?

How escape? How avoid a life of looking in and out of picture windows?

The answer to this is the Real Revolution!

Daniel J. Boorstin, professor of American History at the University of Chicago, wrote "The Image, Or What Happened to the American Dream", from which the preceding is extracted, five years ago. It was published by Athenaeum in 1962 and has been widely praised and quoted from, especially in Europe where some critics regard it as one of the definitive books on American ethics and orientation at this time.

..My bulldog don't bark?

Cont'd from page 3

to vote No. Their parents gave up on the system long ago and so they have no one to talk for them. The conservatives came on straight and eager. I remember the sound truck, the voice: be a person; vote conservative. The kids out there, Puerto Rican and black, had their case argued by Kennedy, Lindsay, and Javits, that strange triumvirate which talked like week-old milk. That's where it's at. Go out to these places, those of you who haven't been outside of Peter Stuyvesant Town (East Village). Maybe I'll rent a sightseeing bus. SEE QUEENS AND BROOKLYN. SEE WHY ROI WANTS TO CHOKE ALL BLIND AMERICANS WITH CUSTOM MADE VOO DOO GLOVES. TALK TO A FEW HOUSEWIVES. DUCK SNIPER FIRES. GET LOST ON THE SKY WAY.

Like they say on the t.v., the voters have spoken. They have voted that all who don't like their Dipsy-Doodle universe get hit or die.



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THE ENEMY IS US

Cont'd from page 1

Meanwhile General Westmoreland must play at public relations. About two months ago, the general grandly said: "One innocent civilian killed, one civilian wounded, or one dwelling needlessly destroyed is too many." MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH: 'Unpublicized incidents included an air raid on hamlets 80 miles west of Saigon in which 63 persons (civilians) were killed and 83 wounded, the military spokesman said.' It is generally conceded that the ratio of civilian dead to military dead is 5 to 1 in South Vietnam, and the Negro death rate is double the white death rate.

The more enemies dead, the bigger the thrill. It doesn't make any difference who, as long as they die; the serfs won't be missed any more than the enemy, the Negroes any more than the Vietnamese.

Westmoreland is a moronic mass murderer, not a military strategist. He sends tanks and B-52's to fight black-clad guerillas. When he cannot slaughter them he calls them cowards, and spends another \$30,000,000 of our dollars on napalm and poison gas. If he could win without killing, he wouldn't be a Southern soldier.

New York news analyst C.L. Sulzberger speculates that this is the man that the Republicans may seek to draft for the 1968 Presidential nomination if he scores some sort of impressive victory in Vietnam. Leveling Hanoi with a 20 megaton bomb would probably do the job, but his undies will be a mess.

Perversions are no fun in public, and generals camp together. The 'Southern Gentleman's Military Club', the Pentagon, tells us, the serfs, that "they merely obey the people"(earth's children). But with their hand in the next man's fly, they lie. LIES. LIES. LIES. In January, 1964, when General Westmoreland was first appointed as aide to General Harkins, it was crystal clear to every editor in the country that he was being groomed to replace him as the Commander of the (then) Advisory Forces, an official government spokesman said: "It would be wrong to believe that General Westmoreland's assignment was a step towards replacing General Harkins." In less than six months the replacement of General Harkins by General Westmoreland was announced. In less than nine months it was accomplished. General Harkins said, "I will continue to follow developments in Vietnam from afar--- if only I could find the truth in the things I read." If a retired general can't get the truth from the military, what chance does a civilian have?

LIES. LIES. LIES. The public has gotten used to government lies. From the denial of the U-2's spy mission to the flimsy excuse that the Marines invaded Santo Domingo in order to protect U.S. citizens. But it is terrifying to read the press accounts of the escalation, from an advisory force to a full-strength war machine. Each little build-up is first leaked out through a minor official to test public opinion. If it draws too great a protest, the statement is withdrawn, only to be issued again in a modified form several days or weeks later through a different minor official in a different agency when the emotional climate has cooled. Watch the tactics they're going to use to bomb Hanoi, and invade the People's Republic. What next?

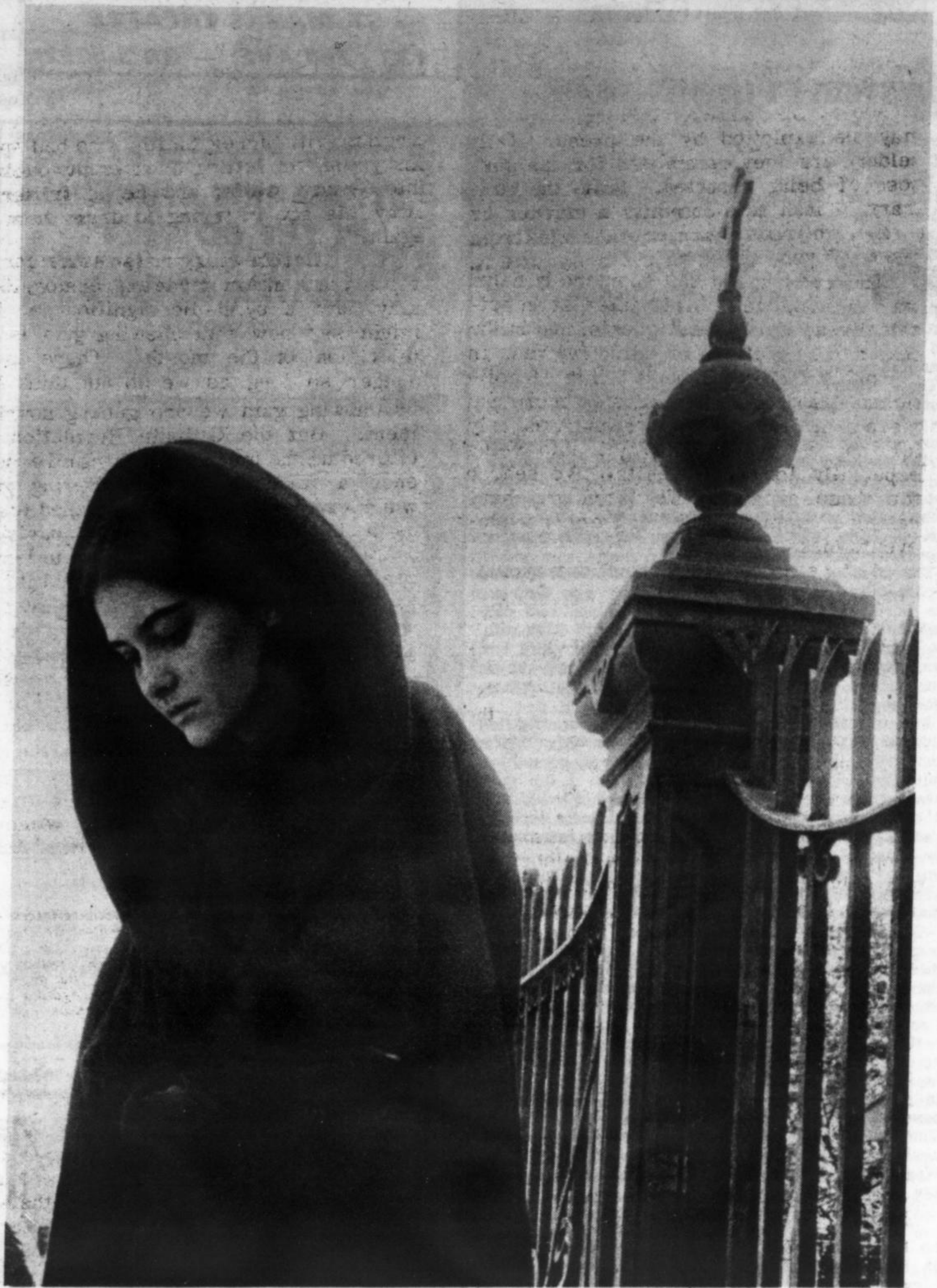
Westmoreland is on the quest, seeking blood, and we are that blood, all of us who cry for life and humanity. The enemy is us. God help us.

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Instant Andy is back at the Cinematheque. After seeing his last picture I made a silent vow never to mention his name again. After seeing "Chelsea Girls" I feel I should revise my opinion and form a committee to get him voted President of Filmmakers of the U.S.A. He is apparently the people's choice and the people should get what they want -- and deserve.

"Chelsea Girls" was for me a vision of hell that went way beyond the walls of the Chelsea Hotel. Its tentacles touched every corner of the United States and crept into every cranny, every soul that has been corrupted with the evils of the profit system.

The "actors" in the film are neither men nor women but amphetamine monsters who are sucking desperately at the acrid dregs of their sexuality. They are tormented souls who can only feel alive on the end of a spike. The geography of their minds is like the circular islands of retarded children. Their conception of pleasure lies in the torture of those more wretched than themselves. Leave any one of them alone in a room for an hour and a flip-out could be guaranteed.

The film is an image of the total degeneration of American society. Here we gaze into the rotten core of the cancer of white power...one can feel the terrible heat of napalm...the air is thick with the stench of corrupted souls, black and white but more white than black. Andy Warhol may know more about hell than Leroi Jones. That's the way I feel about it.

But as the lights go on my mind becomes filled with doubts. Do I have the square soul of a 1930's communist? Am I trying to interpret something which is beneath interpretation? Am I the only man in the army who is out of step? I would like to speak to Jonas but, alas, he has gone. Perhaps I should have jumped on the stage and shouted to the audience "Come on you bastards, tell me where it's at." (I'm much too timid for that.) Then God, with a flash of infinite compassion, produced Jack Smith.

We sip at a 42nd Street coffee joint. A fly is trapped in the sugar dispenser. At the next table there is an inscrutable lobster lady. The fuzz is there busying themselves with hustling out those who have an inclination to nod. "Where is it at?" I ask Jack.

"All you've seen is the icing...the plaster," he replies. I'm not getting the message. He elaborates, kindly. "The whole of the U.S. is covered in plaster, that's why no one can see. To see you have to chip it away, and no one wants to do that. They're all hypnotized by the blandness...the smoothness of the finish. Critically you can't deal with Warhol anymore than you can deal with the plaster."

I'm beginning to see his plaster theory. "What Warhol uses is icing instead of plaster," he continues, "and the sparkle on top of the icing is amphetamine. There's nothing underneath. He himself has been terribly bruised by commercialism. He's the product of unarrested commercial intrusion into our daily lives. His films are not much different from all the plaster that's showing on 42nd Street. His main contribution lies in the truth of his sound track which underlines the phoney nature of the commercial movie. But there's still nothing underneath. And yet, in the long run he may be doing something good for the medium."

I can't agree that there's nothing underneath and I fear that the doors that are being opened, at present, are only leading to more darkness.

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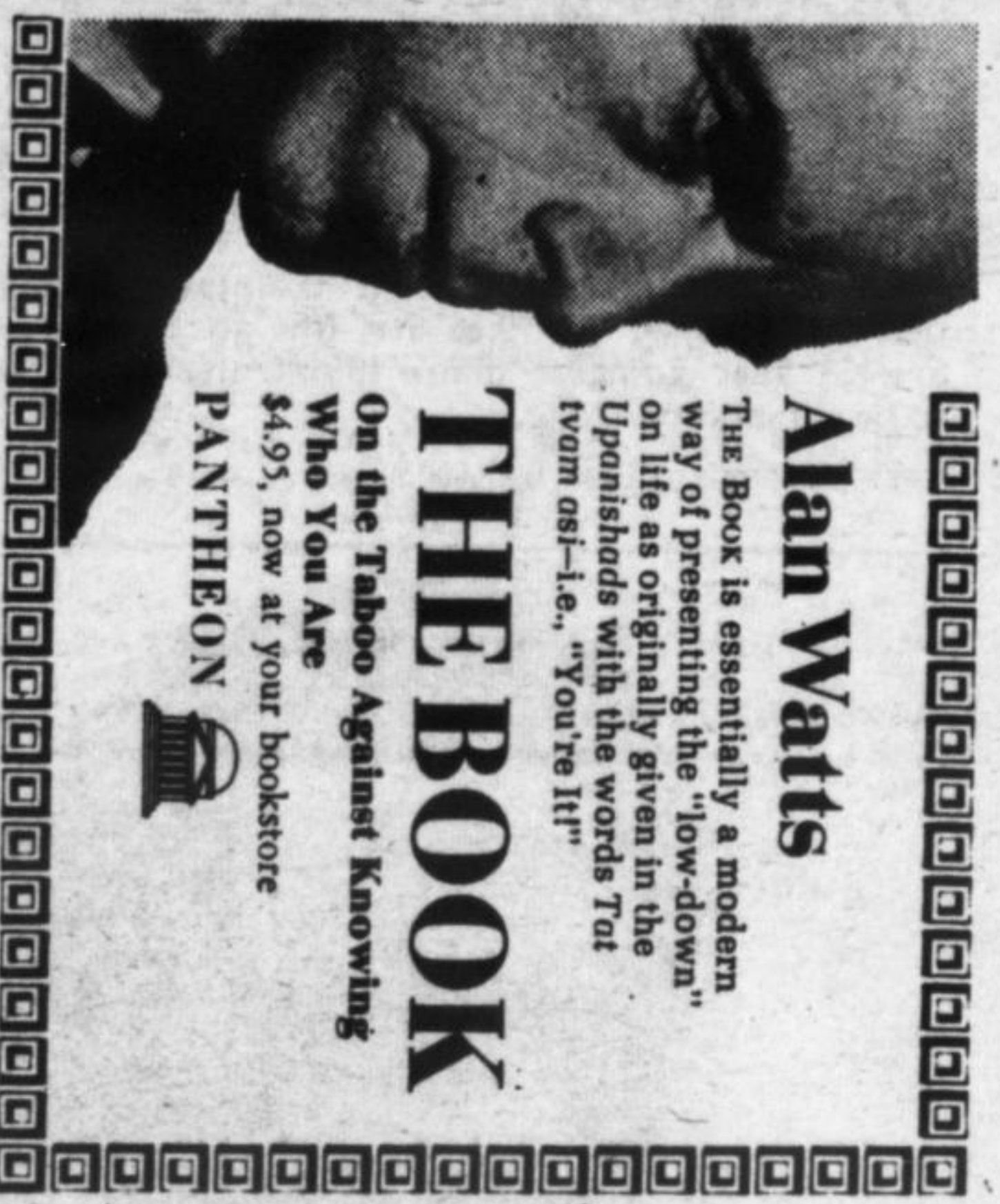
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Dance is a philosophy, a precise instinct of what is a striptease of knowledge. It opens up the buttons temptingly and on cue reveals the skin of reality, constantly and forever exposing one to the possibility of complete nudity of the secret stark naked in our own loins. But in a funny sense too many times it has become a burlesque show where everyone who was watching went home without getting laid.

Dance -- if you want to learn -- this is the secret Carla Blank imparts to us everytime she begins. Her every gesture has the instinct of the womb. Her pain is shared through the pores of her skin and birth travels the movement of her limbs. No audience can mistake it. Unlike those dancers around today who have become Salomes of the Scene, she does not ask you to make love to her but to make love. She is closer to her art, as close almost as she is to her sex. But she never mistakes one for the other.

Too many artists today have become celebrities and heroes through no fault of their own and certainly, in most cases, through no endeavor of their own. Miss Blank has so far avoided the pitfall. It is not that she is a great dancer but rather it is her art which makes her great. She is faithful to it and not to an image.

Talking of images, Yevgeny Yevkushenko is in town. This bad poet, which any decent poet will tell you, was created by the state and manufactured by a totalitarian wheaties package deal. He is Russia's answer to Allen Ginsberg, all crisp, clean and refreshingly wholesome; enough vitamin requirements for your daily diet. If this isn't enough to give you or any other person indigestion, Allen Ginsberg compounds it even more by not showing up this bad poet for what he really is.

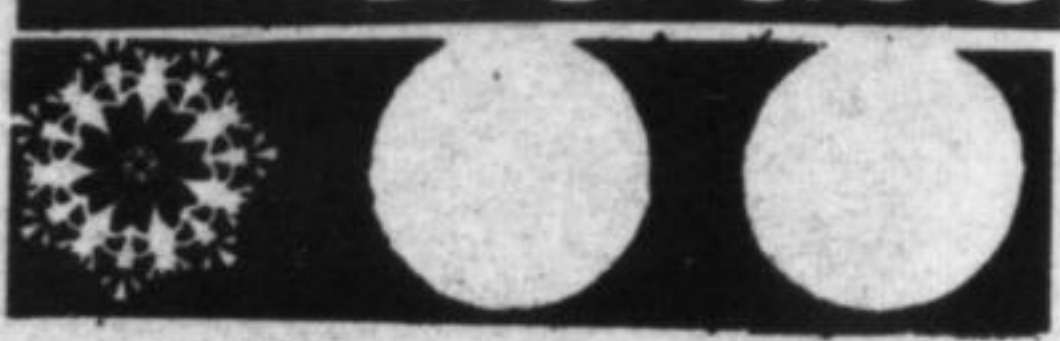
What can one say; that Allen doesn't speak up because of white house interference. Nonsense. Anyone who has known Allen Ginsberg knows that he acts on no one's orders but his own. No, the disease is much more subtle than power politics or being just plain "nice guy" type of syndrome.

As Yevkushenko was the Image created for the Word, Allen Ginsberg, the Word, has become the Image. This is the disease which eats away at the heart of America; the monstrosity of her own illusions created by her own hands to make reality more vivid and real and which in effect is an escape from reality. We have become the unwilling victim in our own web; a mass media web of celebrity worship and well-knownness.

If Allen Ginsberg is truly the Word, then let him hold it tightly to his breast and once again reaffirm:

I am ashamed before the earth;
 I am ashamed before the heavens;
 I am ashamed before the dawn;
 I am ashamed before the evening twilight;
 I am ashamed before the blue sky;
 I am ashamed before the sun;
 I am ashamed before that standing within me which speaks with me.
 Some of these things are always looking at me.
 I am never out of sight.
 Therefore I must tell the truth.
 I hold my word tight to my breast.
 Let him stand and hold his word tight to his breast and all of us with him. Let him not search the pages of Life magazine for clues to action, but rather the depths of his own conscience.

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LONDON

by Miles

At the top of Chalk Farm Road stands the Round House, a huge early Victorian iron structure originally built to house an enormous stationary steam engine with an endless cable to pull the trains up the hill from Euston Station. At that time there were no engines strong enough for the job, its high dome roof is supported by slender iron columns which curve inward to meet the louvres at the top in a filigree pattern of thin iron rods. It is the earliest remaining example of early nineteenth century prefabricated building, preceding Crystal Palace by over twenty years. Now the glass work is coated with soot from the twenty-four steam locomotives that were later housed there.

Early this century the railways ceased to use it and a gin company constructed a huge balcony inside running the complete circle round on massive wooden pillars and stored vats of gin there. It was then empty for fifteen years until Arnold Wesker and his "angry Young Men" style organization took it over for "Centre 42," a cultural charity designed primarily to work with the unions in promoting artistic activity. They have a balsa-wood model of how they would like to see the round-house.

To convert it from a superb, wonderfully adaptable theatre in the round capable of housing a party, film shows, art exhibits, concerts, events and happenings, as it is now, into a restrictive, conventional "stage-at-one-end" theatre similar to the dozens that get demolished every year in London, requires something like a million dollars. Indeed instead of raising this by benefits and other fund-raising activity Centre 42 has sat back for the last few years to wait for the money to be donated by the Unions and individuals, until the requisite amount was there they couldn't do a thing.

In fact building costs have probably risen since then to an even higher sum. Fortunately they don't have enough money and so the character of the building has been saved and in a time where space is at a premium it sits there empty.

Last month to promote the first issue of the paper, the INTERNATIONAL TIMES (IT) held a costume-etc. ball there. IT placed no ads in papers and put up only a few posters in key places on the underground network. Tickets were sold from about eight shops and by individuals and all the organization took less than one week.

The Round House has a very narrow front entrance at the top of a flight of stairs wide enough for only

one person at a time. Some of the 3,000 people that came thus waited over an hour outside, stopping the traffic, flipping out the police, going away and coming back, and it was late in the night before the first comers got in. The party started at 11 p.m. and at 2:30 there was still a queue of people waiting to enter.

THE SOFT MACHINE with David Allen (ex-machine poet) and with Denis on motor-cycle (the revving amplified through the same system as the clavichord) began things. Heading the bill were the PINK FFLOYD electro-rock group who have now mastered their technique of continuous total feedback so that waves of sound build up and flow over the audience the wave-lengths being different to that of the beat so that a long and complex abstract sequence takes place to mark off each cycle, naturally each number takes a long time and during the numbers the group are bathed in the psychedelic light effects of Joel & Toni Brown with their new collection of moving slides.

At 3:00 a.m. Yoko Ono attempted her "Touch Piece" but failed. Earlier in the evening Jerry Fitzgerald's huge jelly was accidentally destroyed by the FFLOYD who ran into it. Simon Posthuma and Marijka Koger ran a Provo fortune-telling hut and other people painted on the floor. "Underground" movies were shown until 6:30 in the morning by Bob Cobbing and the London Film Co-op, films included Burroughs's "Towers Open Fire" and a lot of Kenneth Anger -- in the audience were Michaelangelo Antonioni and Monica Vitti. In the audience were other famous people who came in disguise to avoid being hustled or mobbed.

The clothes were just amazing, shorter mini-skirts than ever seen before, semi and completely transparent dresses, nuns' outfits that stopped at the hips, and all manner of fancy-dress and drag. The fact that so many people came is proof of the huge power of the underground here in London and of its efficiency at passing along information.

This is particularly important considering that the party was organized by IT which had only been out one day and didn't even have a telephone till days later. IT comes from the premises of INDICA at 102 Southampton Road, London W.C.1, and costs \$4 a year. It seems as if the plans and projects that have been in the air for so long in London are at last going to come into fruition. It is going to be a fantastic thing.

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