

THE

east
village



OTHER

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THE east village OTHER

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Dear EVO,

Fellow Hipsters; Kerista has been on the trail of Universal enlightenment for eleven years. We feel that the beginning of this state will start with world peace. We believe that world peace and world unity are necessarily synonymous. Democracy is the hero of free man. This means a democracy purified by philosopher hipsters who reform the United States through the Kerista movement and make it a truly free, responsible, mature nation. America is the greatest cultural and political leader in the world; yet we are hung up with the generation gap, where our elders who are slowly handing the reins of direction to us are afraid to trust us to take pragmatic responsibility for our fun and freedom; and to undertake the chore of liberating mankind from economic and spiritual poverty.

We must curtail our neurotic anti-U.S. ignorant attitudes and embark on some meaningful project which will accomplish what must be achieved. It is my opinion that we should adopt the attitude of patriotic Americans who are destined to deliver the world to a state of utopia.

We of Kerista have developed the methods to begin the crusade. We are transcending alienation by uniting in friendship and dedicated purpose to avert population explosion and unclear war, and any type of prevalence by the dragon of ignorance and tragedy.

Let's get out of our separate bags and learn to share our collective, lonely, suffering, raring-for action, EGO. It's time to recognize that we are part of society and should resign ourselves to happiness through voluntary cosmic service.

Therefore: I am located at 252 East fourth street, store west. I am in my office everyday at three. Those of you who are cynical, are alone in your uninvolvedness--Communication is transcendence, Mental health is unification of lives and purpose, as well as wearing a mutual label beneath a singular banner.

Peace through courage
 Dau

Dear EVO,

Despite your liberality you remain trapped in the mainstream of American culture! WHERE ARE YOUR SLUMGODS?

Carl Dahlke
 Mary Lee Katz

Dear EVO,

The article by Mike Baldwin, "20,000 Miles of America" which shows what a vast wasteland we live in as regards to the people and their unawareness really made me chuckle. Especially the cop in El Reno who wanted to know what the "Cunnilingus" sticker meant.

I think I found the perfect woman for that cop. My girlfriend and I were shacking-up with our boyfriends at a motel in N.J. for a few nights when my girlfriend discovered she'd forgotten her birth control pills. Since you can only get them by prescription, she figured she'd go back to the "greasy kid's stuff" for a few nights and went into the drugstore in the motel and asked the woman for Emco.* The woman replied, "I'm sorry. I have aspirins and bufferins, but no Emco."

Maybe the woman was sharper than we thought. She might have figured that if you can't fuck you're going to get a headache.

Let's get some sex education in the schools,

Marcia

*Vaginal foam

Dear EVO:

I have told them to stick it before and I am sure that I will tell them to stick it again, but I just want to tell you that here in the army (lack of capitals to denote disrespect), you can get yourself into a bing by reading your paper. Nevertheless, as you can see, I am sticking it out, even in Tokyo.

To continue, may I say that the army sucks and bites. In my 11 months of more-or-less involuntary servitude, I have encountered such a set of ignoramuses, you couldn't imagine. For just sitting and reading The EVO, I have been called a Commie, a pervert, a junkie, and a slimy son of a bitch (unpatriotic, too). So screw them, I say, but still it gets lonely being the only literate within farting distance of Hanoi.

Actually, you could look at it this way; with my EVO in one hand, and Ginsberg and Thomas in the other hand, I shall come through, despite the persecutions of my unchosen peers. I repeat; Screw them! I will overcome!

Thank You

Randall S. Strome
 U.S. Army Medical Command
 APO 96343
 San Fransisco, Calif.

Dear EVO:

Respecting your front page illustration (Feb.1-15) it's not commonly known that the word "fuck" originated as a medical diagnostic notation on the documents of soldiers in the British Imperial Army.

When a soldier reported sick and was found to have V.D., the abbreviation F.U.C.K. was stamped on his documents.

It was short for "Found Under Carnal Knowledge". In this context the ambivalence of the term in its usage makes sense: e.g. "Getting a royal fucking."

Another germane and interesting point is that in Dr. Sam Johnson's time the common word for the sex act was "rodgering". I refer you to Boswell's London Journals. (Boswell did not spend all his time listening to Johnson.)

The term "rodger" is presently dear, as we all know to our astronauts, et al. They slyly persist in perpetrating this obscenity on an unsuspecting public. I suggest we all protest to Bobby Kennedy.

Sincerely,
 W. J. Franklin

Dear EVO,

In Walter Bewart's Interview with an Anarchist, he opens saying that the United States is a democracy. It is not!

According to the War Department training manual no. 2000-25 published in 1928: "Democracy: A government of the masses. Authority derived through mass meeting or any other form of "direct" expression. Results in mobocracy. Attitude toward property is communistic--negating property rights. Attitude toward law is that the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it be based upon deliberation or governed by passion, prejudice, and impulse, without restraint or regard to consequences. Results in demagogism, license, agitation, discontent, anarchy.

"Republic: Authority is derived through the election by the people of public officials best fitted to represent them. Attitude toward property is respect for laws and individual rights, and a sensible economic procedure. Attitude toward law is the administration of justice in accord with fixed principles and established evidence.

dence, with a strict regard to consequences. A greater number of citizens and extent of territory may be brought within its compass. Avoids the dangerous extreme of either tyranny or mobocracy. Results in statesmanship, liberty, reason, justice, contentment, and progress.

"Democracy is the "direct" rule of the people and has been repeatedly tried without success. Our constitutional fathers, familiar with the strength and weakness of both autocracy and democracy, with fixed principles definitely in mind, defined a representative republican form of government. They made a very marked distinction between a republic and a democracy and said repeatedly and emphatically that they had founded a republic."

Sincerely,
 Ian McKormic

Dear EVO:

You are a fine publication in the tradition of freedom of thought and of the press. Indeed, were it not for newspapers like yours, I should be convinced we are living in a fascist state, ruled by Joe Pynes and J. Edgar Hoovers. You are heroes for attacking that epitomy of the castration complex, LBJ, and his fellobrained policies.

In the magazine-book LSD, put out by Dr. Sidney Cohen & Alpert, there is one photograph of a man and wife tripper greeting each other with open arms, laden with flute and harp. It is the most aesthetically beautiful and moving photograph I've ever seen; and one tries to imagine the absolute ecstasies of pure love and enlightenment they must be experiencing. Then my mind switches to those that would take this couple and throw them in jail, calling them pinkos, dope fiends, what have you, bitter vicious creatures who channel their perverse and sadistic drives into political or militant power. Seen in images like this, it makes me sick. Ah well, the Revolution of Christ's Real Teaching is on the make; unless it is annihilated first by napalm or nuclear fallout.

Robert N. Harris
 Huntley, Va.

Dear EVO,

The knowledge of the potency of the Jackson Illusion Pepper is vast around the crowd I'm associated with, but no reactions can be experienced as those described in your paper. Is this pepper-business for real? Many as well as I have experienced highs but illusions have never been present. These are what we look for. Can someone describe in detail the articles to be used? (Type of pepper cigarette, previous state of mind). It would be worthwhile to print it in the EVO if you are all interested in sincerely expanding the psychedelic revolution. There must be hundreds of people who are still down on the ground over this matter.

Bill Walker

Dear EVO,

I thought Tuli Kupferberg's article on the police truly shed the light of truth on this horrible vestigial organ of our democratic power structure, but I felt his solutions to this most important problem to be too far from reality. I propose a different solution to end this crime against man.

First, what is lacking most in "the man" is his total lack of insight into the truth and beauty that is man, and secondly, he is usually very low in intelligence. The people who are the brunt of the policemen's brutality and ignorance constitute some of the most consciously expanded and intelligent people around. Some of them have graduated, or are in the process of graduating from college. My idea, in short, is that the enlightened and paranoid join the police force in large numbers. There, they would fill the ranks of the patrolmen, and those who possess degrees would become detectives, narcos and higher-ups. Soon they would be able to exert some of their own ideas as to what constitutes a deviant act. It is possible that there would even be a take-over of the police, not by violence, but by the peaceful, but possible action of those concerned.

Thank you
 Stanley Sacharoff
 Blue Point N.Y.

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BOX 571, PETER STUYVEBANT STATION, NEW YORK



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FIRST LSD CASUALTY

Nelson Barr was the first person convicted for violating the New York State Health Code under the LSD statute. The following is his first person account of the incident following his arrest. Mr. Barr feels that his experiences should be brought before the "Underground" community at large to protect others from the entrapment and persuasion techniques of "Godard's Army", of beatnik-disguised gun carrying FDA agents.

O.K. acid heads, lovers & brothers - mass alert - they're coming for to take us away, and friends -- they're believers, dedicated followers of Saint-just and the Committee of Public Safety--in other palabras, they think they're doing it for our own good! Reflect on the following scenarios in the limpid pools of your mind.

* 15th of July, 1966--Yours truly gainfully employed phone call from an agent of the New York City Department of Health. (My God, did this sharp-eyed defender of public cleanliness spot me falling to curb my dog? Or was it the time I let fly a honker from atop the Flatiron Building?) After a cloak & dagger stream of officialese, I gathered that I was to be served a summons -- which action took place an hour later with said agent tromping into my place of business - yellow slip in hand. I was then informed that I had dispensed a small quantity of LSD-25 to an undercover agent of the Food and Drug Administration in February of 1965 -- said chemical agent being in my possession without the proper authority.

* 9th of August, 1966 -- Appeared in Part 6A of Criminal Court, and immediately corralled by a gay young thing of a prosecutor who, from the bright glint in his eyes, was definitely on the make and on the rise. Seeing that I was unaccompanied by legal counsel, he leapt at the chance to throw the lamb to the wolves and proposed that I "cooperate" with the agents-in-waiting -- such "cooperating" to consist of ratting out others in return for which he would recommend leniency to the court. Playing for time, I agreed to talk with the bureaucrats endeavoring to learn more about the extent of their wheeling and dealing. My hearing was postponed for a week and the two agents of the Health Department then took me over to the FDA offices in one of the Federal Buildings on Broadway for a "conference". The untouchables at this meeting consisted of the two Health Department agents and two agents of the Drug Abuse Control Commission of the FDA. From the start, I decided to out-"nice guy" them and where they wanted names, I gave them the Acid Gospel. For two hours they tried hail-fellow-well-met gambits as "we know you're a researcher not a pusher and "we can't understand why you won't set someone up when you are faced with a jail sentence" and other such verbal nonsense only to be answered with my personal experiences with the drug and my praising of its beneficence. They seemed to be incredibly misinformed of the nature of the psychedelic experience and grew very interested on being told of the use of thiorazine and librium in controlling the possible unpleasant aspects of the mind drugs on certain unstable subjects. Their interest then shifted to people prominent in the acid world and my relationship to each. Some names mentioned were: Tim Leary, Ralph Metzner, Art Kleps, Walter Bowart, Tony Canepa, Fred Klein and Howard Lotsoff. I told them who I knew and who I had yet to meet -- giving only general public information on those I knew and praising the work of all. Finally they gave up the attempt to get me to assist in entrapment and the meeting ended with my deriding any feasibility of enforcing prohibition of psychedelic compounds and bringing up the unworkability of such previous attempts as the Volstead Act.

* 16th of August, 1966 -- back to court again for hearing -- this time with a frustrated prosecutor out for blood and demanding \$1000 bail or \$200 cash bond. Luckily I was prepared for sweetie pie's wrath and plunked down the \$200 much to everyone's surprise. Since I was still without a lawyer, a plea of not guilty was entered on the indictment and trial was set for the

* 31st of August, 1966 -- this time I entered the arena of the law with a lawyer - and a damn fine one, too--Benjamin Glass who represented me on a 1964 marijuana rap before the New York State Supreme Court. Asking for a postponement in order to study the indictment, Ben then went to work meeting with the legal office of the Corporation Council (as the prosecution is called in all matters dealing with the New York City Administrative Code). In these get togethers, he managed to get them to drop one part of a three part indictment in return for a plea of guilty to two parts. Many delays and appearances in court later, my plea was finally taken at the end of November and sentencing was put off until the 24th of January, 1967 in order to allow time for a pre-sentencing investigation by the Probation Department of the Criminal Court.

The probation officer conducting the investigation was at first very unsympathetic and kept referring to acid as if it were heroin and using such terms as are indigenous to the narcotics world. But as I kept referring to the use of acid as deepening my religious experience, he became more interested and asked me for some papers that I mentioned I had written on my



first ten psychedelic sessions. He never quite transcended the puritanical hurdle of this culture concerning pleasure -- that is, how is it possible to enjoy drugs without paying for it, either by addiction, sin, or ill health. But he did manage to be a human in the full sense of the word and we came to a mutual respect for each other which grew with the more conversations we had. The end result of which was his recommending me for probation in his report to the court. Thus my lawyer and I were little prepared for the vendetta atmosphere of the court when we showed on

* 24th of January, 1967 -- the scene was set--reporters from A.P. and U.P.I. were on hand -- called by the FDA and the Health Department. And a different judge was on the bench from the one who took my plea; in fact I appeared before four judges in all during as many visits to this court. This judge, Amos Basel, was not very well known to my counsel and certainly not at all to me. We were later to find out that he was elected to office on the Liberal Party slate! How's that for irony? I couldn't have received of the Old Bailey. After my lawyer made his plea for leniency and had received a prior promise from the charming young prosecutor that he would make no recommendation one way or the other, said prosecutor immediately began to run down a lurid list of freak-outs attributed to LSD and the amphetamines by that eminent Bellvue "expert", D.B. Louria. You know, the guy who talks of the psychedelic substances as if they were derivatives of opium or heroin. The biggest whopper on the list was that Charles Whitman, the Texas Tower Sharpshooter was an A-head, and therefore I was in some devious way responsible for all those people he killed. Needless to say, Judge Basel was properly impressed and after calling me "the scourge of the community", and ignoring my recommendation from the Probation Department, promptly sentenced me to one year in prison and a \$500 fine -- the maximum, which he publicly deplored as being much too light, but the law being what it is, etc.

Dumbfounded, I was led away and aroused, my lawyer began work immediately on a writ of appeal

to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court on the basis of excessive sentence.

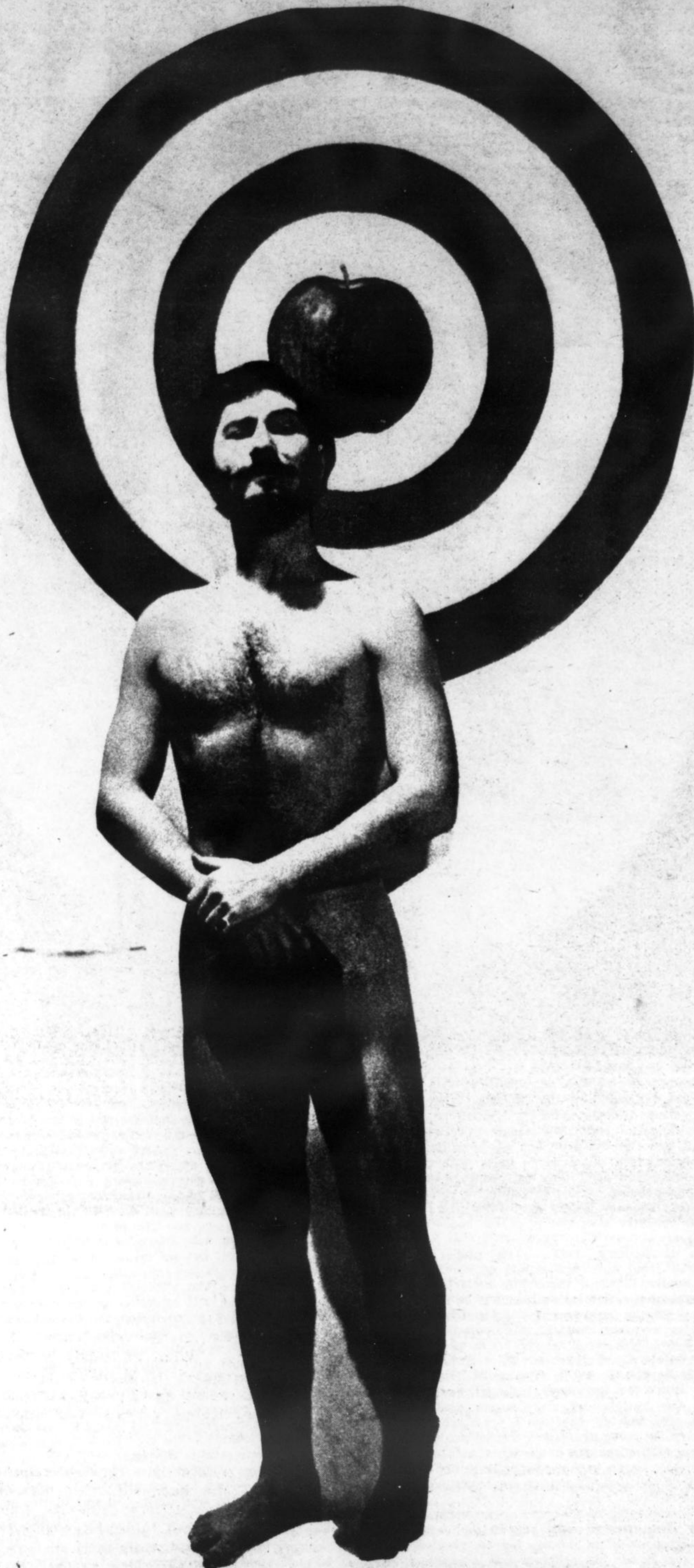
From 11 A.M. Tuesday, the 24th to 7 P.M. Friday, the 27th, I dwelt in that twilight inferno known as prison and saw a bit of everything possible in the New York City system. I was taken, handcuffed, from the old courthouse to the Manhattan House of Detention for Men, euphemistically known as the Tombs, there to spend the rest of the 24th before being shipped to the City Penitentiary on Rikers' Island the morning of the 25th. I was no stranger to the Tombs, having spent some few days there twice before on various protest arrests, but no matter how many times a man goes through that jail, it will crush his spirit as no other can. The windows are opaque and dirty; there is nothing soft or human in the steel and concrete; the noise is deafening and the population is double the capacity of the available space. A more inhuman prison is barely imaginable.

It was almost with a sigh of relief when I left the next day for Rikers' Island, New York's Devils' Island in the squalid East River. I had received a workhouse sentence, but since our noble governor is at present converting Hart Island into a "detention home" for junkies -- the legal distinction is academic -- everyone is sent to the pen.

Physically, Rikers' is a paradise compared to the Tombs -- one can actually see the sky! But my experience there was limited to an isolation cell for all but four hours before my writ was signed and I was freed on bond the evening of the 27th. The reasons for my solitary confinement are fairly easy to understand. The whole place seemed to have had word that I was coming. The press and the grapevine had seen to that. Prisoners and guards alike plied me with questions about LSD and its effects. It was the topic of the hour. The medicine man had arrived on the reservation. Another thing that flipped them was my refusal to have my hair cut. It got to be such a big issue that a deputy warden came to my cell and much to my amazement, reasoned with me that it would be much to my advantage to get one since I might be raped by some of the more horny longtimers in the prison. I replied that the length

Continued page 17

"What have I got to hide?"



LOUIS ABOLAFIA FOR PRESIDENT 1968

Since Louis Abolafia has nothing to hide, he is running for the office of President of the U.S. The descendent of the famous Abolafias, formerly of Spain, Louis' forebears were poets, rabbis, and mystical leaders during the time of the inquisition. A great-great-great-great-grandfather, Don Moses Ben Soloman Abolafia worked on the Kabbala. Louis Abolafia says he is like them in the present, that "in this time of a more sophisticated modern inquisition" he feels compelled to run for President of the United States in 1968.

"I am running on a cultural platform. Since the revolution is all about a style of life, religious or artistic man in political office could lift the values of the entire society and bring about peace and unity, developing the genius of our children. And once this country takes the initiative it will spread all over the world--a super renaissance," Abolafia said sitting beneath his campaign poster, a huge nude portrait of himself, hand covering his privates with the quote "What have I got to hide?"

LOUIS ABOLAFIA FOR PRESIDENT.

Like all political candidates Abolafia blows his own horn most loudly. "Emily Genaur, art critic of the Herald Tribune, said that I had gotten the Met off it's ass and with American art after I smuggled my painting into the Museum and hung it there in protest."

But that was in his youth, when he was still a painter, before he discovered painting was after all politics and decided to go for the real thing. In Dec. of 1964, Abolafia picketed the Met, smuggling his work onto a wall next to a Rodin. In June of '65 he picketed the Modern as an act of "symbolic portrayal of what the creative man feels in this country." He was arrested for disorderly conduct. Then in January of '66, Louis Abolafia went on a hunger strike for 18 days, picketed Lindsay and the Dali exhibition of the Huntington Hartford Museum. "Dali came out and gave me a big hug, 'cause why should he care? But Hartford came out cursing and screaming. Just goes to show you the difference between artists and art-hogs," Abolafia rambled.

Last August Louis Abolafia ran for Governor of the State of New York. His budget was \$50.00 and he got three write-in votes. But this time he's getting an early start.

Why President? "I have a good knowledge of city, community and business relationships. Every one of these political guys has a staff of advisers and I think I'm as intelligent as any one of the present day politicians, so why not?"

"I know I can't win, but I can provide a platform for my ideas which are moral, supra-political. I'm running as an independent because it's an anonymous ticket; as opposed to say aligning myself with either the democrats or republicans. I couldn't possibly see eye to eye with them, 'cause their eyes just aren't ready to see what I'm talking about."

"I'm talking about the elevation of the human spirit through a concerted effort of art. Before man's life in this robot society can become meaningful we are going to have to teach him via art how to lift up his eyes to look for his inherent nobility of life and the human spirit."

"I cannot win but I propose to provoke the other politicians into at least considering the future. At least I can ask them some embarrassing questions: What about Red China? What about India? How about automating the political bureaucracy? Demanding public debate for all candidates on national T.V. Demanding graft investigative agencies which report directly to the people. Are liberals really liberal?"

"It won't be like Amsterdam here. We're going to have to do it by infiltration. The youth have economic control in this country now, but why don't they have a voice? Let's let 18 year olds vote."

Continued on page 17

WILD THING

By Jim Nash

The young sullen brownfaced Puerto Rican kids waited along Houston street to see him last summer along with the smiling pretty faced boys in their Madison Avenue sloppytweeds looking like a cross between Warhol and David Oglivy. He came, finally, jumping from the big Chrysler, into what used to be Tannenbaum Caterers, and now the MFY employment center. He had that misplaced uncombed professionally cut hair, and the twenty-four cent John Lindsay smile, and here he was, the new tin god, Wild Thing, BOBBY KENNEDY.

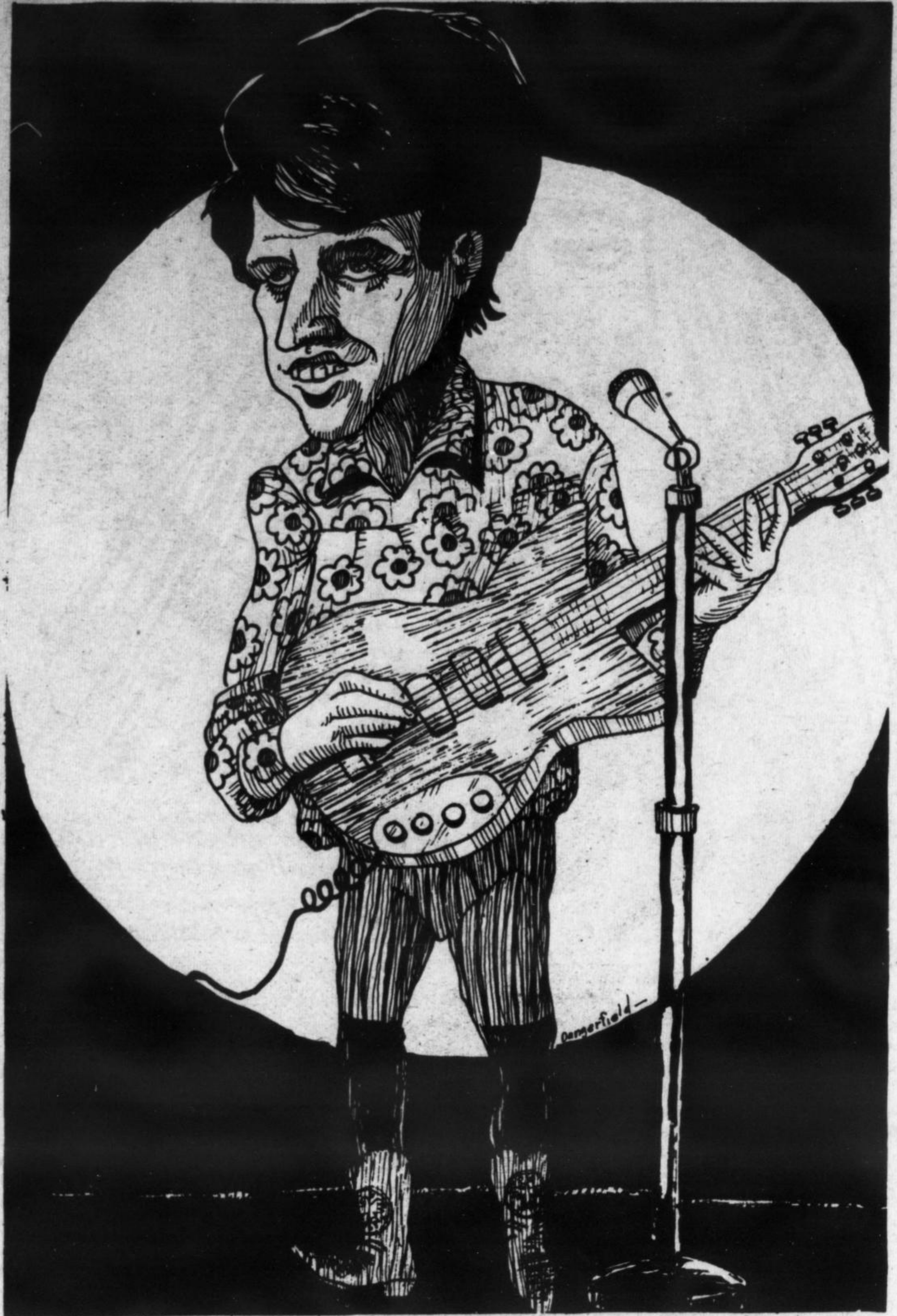
In the history of America, there have been few folk heroes of politics. Only Huey Long had the camp following of a Castro or a Mao. John Kennedy went to Madison Avenue and bought an image. He went to Harvard and bought himself a group of philosophers. John Kennedy, the dream of the American liberal, who said absolutely nothing and said it so damn well, and now comes Bobby, sounding too much like Eleanor Roosevelt eulogizing her husband for comfort.

Bobby Kennedy views the youth market the way the Village Voice views the hippy college dropout on west 112th street. Bobby and the war in Vietnam. He knows exactly what to say and when to say it. He can feel the humanity of the Vietnamese warrior, but refuses to take a stand against war. Bobby and the poverty scene. He knows the right words to use when describing the plight of the poor. Bertrumbek of M.F.Y. and Ted Velez of the East Harlem Tenants Council have given him the guided tours of the communities, and he uses their outmoded statements and viewpoints. He even has the right barber who can make him look like a bucktoothed John Lennon upon command.

Exactly what does Bobby Kennedy say? He has got the patterned speech. He opens up with a memorial to his brother, then speaks about the plight of the poor, and ends it up with a plea for understanding in Viet Nam. He has become a self appointed ambassador to the world, promising the world to the peoples of Africa, Europe and Latin America. Running amok through Harlem and Greenwich Village, bopping around like some overaged hippy in a psychedelic world, buying votes, and destroying any antagonism.

Kennedy sees the youth market, the way his brother saw the quasi-liberal. The right slogans and the right hipness can get anything, and Madison Avenue can produce the image. The real Bobby Kennedy came across with his meetings with William Manchester, author of Death of a President. As reported in the January 30th issue of the New York Times and New York Post. Bobby threatened Manchester, tried to buy him off, turned around and gave him telegraphed consent on publication and then brought law suits against him. Bobby Kennedy came roaring up to a New York hotel, the Times reported, banging on Manchester's door, early one morning. When Manchester, on the verge of a nervous breakdown refused to open up the door, Kennedy was reported to have left in dejection, moaning about his lost image as he sat on the steps of the Waldorf Astoria.

After the Kennedy family had completely fucked up Manchester's mind to the point where the author had to enter a Connecticut resthome, they continued to discredit Manchester. When the publishers of Look finally succumbed to the Kennedy madness and allowed a revised and Kennedy a-



pproved article, the hip Bobby sent a telegram of condolence to Manchester.

The image of Bobby as the great enlightened liberal darling psychedelic does not come across through his paranoia and fear. Before leaving for his recent trip to Europe, he told a press conference that negotiations were going on to end the war in Viet Nam. When questioned about this in Europe a few hours later, he backtracked and stated that he thought that negotiations were going on. Once again, Bobby had said absolutely nothing, but his original statement made it sound as if he were against the war, when he was doing nothing more than repeating a persistent rumor.

Bobby Kennedy has not at any point come out against the war in Viet Nam. He sounds like he is against the madness, but never has said anything outright. He often sounds like he favors civil rights, but has never proposed any meaningful legislation concerning equal rights. His personal vendetta against James Hoffa and the Teamsters shows the act of a megalomaniac, rather than the acts of an open-minded white knight. What Bobby Kennedy

says, and what Bobby Kennedy does, does not jive in any kind of semblance. He is running for the presidency of the United States. He is using his brother's death as a tool for sympathy. He is using images to destroy anyone who dares to get in the way. What is Bobby Kennedy? An image created by Madison Avenue to capitalize on the glory glory of brother Jack?

Bobby Kennedy never took any type of stand on the crucifixion of Adam Clayton Powell. He refused to take part in the Harlem symposium on the freedom budget. He will be seen with the infamous, and make crappy little statements about righteousness but what does he do when the chips are down? Buy votes man.

WILD THING(gotta get that image man)
YOU MAKE EVERYTHING(everybody's
got a price)

GROOVY(Daddy, buy me America)
got a price)

GROOVY(Daddy, but me America)

Bobby Kennedy has attempted to become the new savior of the youth/artist in America. His imagemakers make it appear that he speaks for them, and even Allen Ginsberg, as reported in the December

WHAT IS A BEATNIK?

These letters are written by 6th graders from a local east side Public School and were collected for EVO



What is a beatnik

A beatnik is someone who dresses Sloppy and lives in the village and stays out late. Beatniks don't work they are poor and they go all over the place and they have no manners.

What is a beatnik

A beatnik has a long hair plays jazz music, wear different clothes and have a behavior different from us.

What is a Beatnik.

A beatnik is a person that has long hair. They look so stupid and they think they are the most beautiful people in the whole world. And the ladies think they are so in fashion. I see them I laugh because they wear rag's. I think that I think that they are in fashion when they walk barefooted. They are in Wellfare. they wear these crazy hair styles that they look like woman.

What is a Beatnik

A beatnik is a teenage girl and boy that dress different from other people and they like soft music well, like cool music and they leave their hair grow so long that maybe you wouldn't be able to see their eyes or face and boys have so long hair that sometimes you can't tell if they are girls or boys. but they like more fast music than soft. There are old people too that are beatnik.

What is a Beatnik

The Beatniks wear about an Gufie Dress. all of the women beatnik the dress they wear hopen. because they wear shoes a time up. they wear sandals on summer the they don't put no shoes they walk with out no shoe. some times because some times they wear sandals or with out no thing because they don't care what they wear or how they wear it. also the men they don't care or they never take a hair cut because they like to have their hair to grow like if they wear women. the women carry the baby on their back all ways they never care no thing the they sleep on the floor. the babies wear a thing like their mother and father.

Composition - What is a Beatnik

A beatnik is a person like a man who lets his hair grow and wears tight pants and in the summer they don't wear shoes and the women get long hair and in the winter they wear real long boots and some of them wear short dresses and bellbottoms but they wear it tight and the girls beatnik are nice and some of the beatniks have very big dogs and some beatnik are friendly beatniks.

What is a Beatnik

To my idea a beatnik is a person who lost interest in themselves and they devote their time to something else. they don't seem to care how they dress they let their hair grow long they don't seem to care how they keep their house are where they sleep. They eat most anything, and from anywhere they can get it from. they look as if they try to separate themselves away from the rest of the people they don't care one way are another are what they do are who are they most of them are very smart but in most case you would not know think it.

Composition What is a Beatnik

A beatnik is a man or a woman that has long hair and wear very tight pants and sometimes they wear bell bottoms, and on winter and on summer the beatnik people they wear sandals. On day I was with my father. So my father and I saw three or four beatniks, they had their hair long. They had old lady's shoes and they had very tight pants. My father got very surprised because he didn't know. such things like those woman that's what he said.

a, man.

What is a beatnik

A Beatnik is a man or woman who hair is very long like a Beatle and wear short dresses or short pants. and sometimes wear a earring on one ear. and let the other one have nothing on it. A beatnik never heard of a baby carriage they carry their babies in their arm. like a fool. making themselves fire.

{the End}

What is a Beatnik

A beatnik is a boy or girl who dresses mad and go in places where they play drums and take to each other. The girls wear bell bottoms they wear there hair long dark eye glasses. The boys wear bell bottoms and hand made shoes from the village. some of the beatnik wear leather coats some time they have written on the leather coats something like the color the rats. sometime they rob people, take their money, kill them sometime for nothing just for money sometime they kick doors in how the people around who are in the house. smoke something that make them or funny.

SEE PRESTON'S FILMS AT



Psst.
Come on out... it's O.K. now.
It's all nice and clean.
And legal.
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GREEN POWER: next in civil rights?

It is a long way from route eleven in Lauderdale county Mississippi to the winding narrow streets of Greenwich Village. Contrary to the conversations of the hippies in the Annex and the Dom, it is a completely different world. In Lauderdale County, Abbie Hoffman and the Poor Peoples Corporation is considered an insidious communist plot, while the Liberty House store managed by Abbie at 343 Bleeker street is just another store along a street of many specialty shops.

Abbie Hoffman, Massachusetts born civil rights worker runs the Liberty House as a successful business venture, with little of the publicity and violence that had once been trademarks of the movement. Seated across from me in the Pink Kettle, another black controlled enterprise on Bleeker Street, he spoke about the movement, what the store and the Poor Peoples Corporations hope to accomplish and his views on the future of black-white relations.

EVO--What is wrong with the civil rights movement?

A.H.--The movement has been locked in the center by political protest. It has become for the most part meaningless, because they have not taken into account the economic situation. Political action alone will just leave people frustrated. Martin Luther King called for a national movement, and this received a lot of publicity. This brought about very little change on the local level and only left the people more bitter.

EVO--Do you see economic power as the major weapon in the black movement?

A.H.--There are over 200 economically independent black people in the state of Mississippi. Meanwhile in the delta only seven years ago 25% of all cotton was picked by machine, while now 87% is picked by machine. This leaves a lot of unemployed blacks in Mississippi. By retraining some of these people, the Poor Peoples Corporations cooperatives could work as an alternate power base in the area.

EVO--Why cooperatives?

A.H.--If we can organize people into cooperatives, we have a power base to deal with. It then can dictate to outer groups its specific demands and needs. Since the cooperatives will have financial stability, they can deal with what I like to call green power. My only fear is that they may become too conservative.

EVO--Do you see this as a danger in the cooperatives?

A.H.--The co-ops may become too self involved and move away from the organized movement. In the north especially, the co-ops may become too self-oriented and move away from participation with other cooperatives, losing the basic power of the combined cooperatives working as one unit.

EVO--What are some problems of the movement?

A.H.--The cooperatives were founded at the lowest point in race relations in the nation. It was founded during the period of the white backlash. In the state of Mississippi we were going through police and merchant problems. We were constantly being harrassed.

EVO--How successful have the cooperatives been?

A.H.--We started with very little, and we have trained over 400 skilled needlecraft workers. This has made Senator Eastland and the anti-poverty people very nervous, because we have the base for economic and political power.

EVO--What is the relationship (if any) between the Poor Peoples Corp. and S.N.C.C.?

A.H.--Most P.P.C. people are former S.N.C.C. workers. We are two complete-



Abbie Hoffman at Liberty House, his Bleeker St. store.

Photo/Walter Bowart

ly independent movements. Poor Peoples Corporation is a training center, while Liberty House is a marketing center and a functioning business.

EVO--How do you feel about black power?

A.H.--I am in favor of it. It is the right of the black people to develop their own independent power base. Sometimes however, black power and black anger are confused. Black anger is programless, and can only confuse people.

EVO--Do you see black power as being both political and economic?

A.H.--Independence is a stage towards coalition and interdependence. I cannot really see how 10% of the population can change society. All of the alienated have got to unite.

EVO--Who are the alienated?

A.H.--Anybody who is outside of the existing structure. When they had the free speech movement at Berkely the Y.A.F. Goldwater people and the members of Dubois club supported what was going on because they forgot their differences and became students, fighting an administration.

EVO--Can you explain this concept of alienation more concisely?

A.H.--This is an existential concept. Individuals, rather than groups are alienated. You can find many Negroes who feel more a part of the American dream than do a lot of the whites. I would say that people under 21 are the most alienated

because they can't vote, but they may have to fight and die.

EVO--What force does Stokely Carmichael represent in the movement?

A.H.--Under Stokely's command, they are taking the revolutionary stance of saying that it is better to die on your feet than to crawl on your hands. I think that perhaps another alternative may be that it is better to live on your feet. I do not disagree with what Stokely is saying, and can only agree with it, being fully aware of all the violence and frustration that he and the other S.N.C.C. workers have had to deal with.

EVO--What is S.N.C.C. saying in relationship to the movement?

A.H.--They have become exactly what they have had to become. People speak of Watts as a victory because they were able to destroy and shake up a system. Carmichael wants to destroy the system, but his major mistake is in using the tools of the system in order to destroy the system.

EVO--What are the tools of the system?

A.H.--Violence, whether on a psychological, symbolic or physical level. We should begin searching for alternate systems and alternate tools in order to change it. I see economic power as one.

EVO--What about Liberty House in relation to the movement?

A.H.--Liberty House is a community institution, set up to handle community and local needs. The store will eventually be-

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Underground in NICARAGUA



By Donald Gardiner

San Carlos, Nicaragua, town where the only fat people are the cops. San Carlos, one street along the water's edge; back of the town the jungle, the jungle, the jungle, 200 miles to the Atlantic coast, nearly a week by motor launch if it goes, past rum drinking settlements, past the old Spanish fort of Castillo, past the finca de Mr. Kinloch (Scotsman whom they call Irish) in pith helmet with his wealthy plantations of raicilla, man out of Conrad. The Nicaraguan jungle remarkably rich in varieties of poisonous snake, and jaguars (which they call "tigers") and wild-cats (which they call "little tigers").

The cops are possibly the fattest people all over Nicaragua--because the cops are the army and the army the cops, and if you go back by the G.ral Somoza from San Carlos to the elegant colonial town of Granada where the wealthy sons of wealthy families lead the good life and from Granada to Managua, shit-hole of a capital city, you will find the head of the army and the biggest cop of them all, named Anastasio "Tachito" Somoza--after a river-steamer?--running for president of the skinny country with the aid of choruses and choirs of choruses of policemen. Definitely not of Gilbert and Sullivan, they silence the radios of the opposition so that little Tacho can hear himself speak. Everyone else has heard him already any many times since the halcyon days of his early manhood when like a dutiful son he made himself personally responsible for the torture of his father's political enemies--chile rubbed in wounds, his favorite recipe. Everything in the family in Nicaragua. Or as the New York Times childishly headlined an article a few weeks ago: "IT'S SOMOZA TIME IN NICARAGUA"--as though Managua was the fun-city of Central America.

Back in San Carlos you can see perhaps more clearly even than in the capital (100 dead in the abortive rising of last week) what it means to live in a state run by the

military. We were taken to the island of Nuestra Senora de Solentiname by a couple of kids in a primitive rowboat--7 hours across the lake, a piece of sail for when there was any wind if any, 7 hours baling, baling, baling. And for the privilege of leaving the "port"--the word does nothing to describe the actuality of San Carlos, a loose federation of wooden houses which seem to have nothing to do with each other--they had to pay a fee of 5 cordobas to the police. Five cordobas, 75¢--a day's wages on a lucky day. It is on money like this, arbitrary fines and imposts that the police grow fat. Not the streamlined rhythm of the super police state, rule of thumb rather than rule of law, but everyone is under the thumb. So you get drunk, or seem to get drunk. So they put you in jail to cool your head off. So you want to get out, so you pay them to let you out; or else you wait in jail and freeze your head off till your relatives can rustle up the cash to get you released--that is, if you're lucky and your relatives know that jail's where you've been put. And don't forget to pay your debt of gratitude to them when they finally let you go. Lip-service is as important as cash-payment if you're to live even as a semi-free man on the edge of the jungle.

The cops and the ruling family of businessmen--in San Carlos the Pilartes--that is the structure of power in the small communities of Nicaragua. The Pilarte family have a monopoly of virtually every saleable commodity in the town, from motor-boats to thumb-tacks. And if you go up the hill behind the town to the church you will find that on the list of private masses the name Pilarte occurs four times a week, so that it must seem to the average Nicaraguan--it is a deeply Catholic country--as though they have a monopoly of the afterlife as well. Not a very consoling prospect for the kid who pays five cordobas to get his boat out of dock.

It is not a consoling prospect for the revolutionary

either. The poor are divided against themselves, concerned mostly with the business of survival and of keeping on the right side of the twin arms of corrupt police and wealthy merchants. The country is mostly jungle and the communities are so scattered that the mutual political coordination necessary for a revolution seems unlikely. As I say, it takes 24 hours to cross the lake and when you get to the other side you are in a different world. In the west you have the few cities that there are in Nicaragua--Leon, Granada, Managua--and a measure of political awareness, but the opposition is regrettably divided and the unsuccessful revolt of last week was a measure of desperation. The army is in control and the army is incontrovertably loyal to the Somoza dynasty which assures them their goodies. In the west there is jungle and isolated trading settlements. If there is a revolution it will probably break out in the wealthier west coast and there will as like as not be the danger of the time-lag which Frantz Fanon demonstrates as characteristic of anti-colonial revolutions by which the townsfolk are alienated from or unaware of the needs of the peasantry. The Atlantic coast of Nicaragua is still a feudal society, while in Managua the neon lighting competes with Times Square and the presence of Yanqui industry is a continual reminder to the underprivileged of what they haven't got.

But poverty makes for strange dreamfellows and the Nicaraguans have one of the best dreams in Latin America going for them--the dream of Augusto Cesar Sandino. Sandino is the national underground hero and martyr of Nicaragua. With an "army" which originally consisted of 30 men he fought the combined forces of the Somoza dynasty and the American marines with grenades made from sardine cans and rifles lashed together with bits of string--an army of old men and twelve-year-old kids--an army according to Ernesto Cardenal, poet and priest of Nuestra Senora de Solentiname in his fine poem, "Hora O", that was more united by love than military discipline. Sandino knew the jungle and knew that the jungle was on the side of the true Nicaraguans. When he was eventually beaten, his innocence of the style of sophisticated politicians betrayed him. He accepted an invitation to dinner from Anastasio Somoza, Sr., founder of the dynasty. On his way to the presidential palace his car was stopped by the presidential assassins.

Sandino's innocence and generosity will give birth to a nation. I found the same qualities in every Nicaraguan I met--even the cop from San Jorge--as though Sandino had fathered it on them. It is a good country even for a Yanqui tourist--despite the thirty years of bloodthirsty tyranny originally foisted on them by the American marines. My friends in Nicaragua told me that they had great hopes for the U.S.--because of the monks and beatniks, Ernesto Cardenal said; because the younger generation is alive, according to 60-year-old poet Jose Coronel Urtecho. I tried to explain to them otherwise, telling them of the strength and subtlety of the American right--to which 99% belong, even if 98.8% unwittingly. They looked at me as though it was me who was being naive, and thinking back on these conversations I realize that it may have been me who was wrong.

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SAN FRANCISCO'S 69'ers

By Albert Ellis

Is California setting the lead for the world in general, and for America in particular, in regard to the instituting of new sex mores? My impression is: Yes. And it is my definite belief that Californians, or at least a sizable minority of them, are in the vanguard of the sexual revolution. How so? In several significant ways. They merrily fornicate, and they seem to be less guilty of so doing than are the residents of most other American regions. They freely engage in extramarital and non-marital coital relations with little inhibition or sense of guilt. They espouse nudism, in organized and spontaneous groups, in large numbers.

They do not with great frequency enter into various forms of wife-swapping or other modes of what I call civilized adultery; but they appear to do so more often than do the residents of any other part of the country. They probably engage in homosexual or lesbian acts with greater incidence and less guilt than do non-Californians. They openly talk about sex, and even when they do not overtly perform it to any unusual extent, they tend to tolerate the sexual activities of their fellows in an exceptional way.

Do I have accurate statistics to back up my opinions in this respect? No, my ideas are clearly impressionistic. I doubt, however, that they are completely askew; and most of the intelligent and informed Californians I know are in agreement with them. Maybe, just because of my prominence in the field of sexual liberalism, I come into closer contact with sexually free West Coasters than with abstainers and prudes. Maybe, therefore, I talk to -- and sometimes end up in bed with -- an unrepresentative sample of California girls. Again, I doubt that this is the only reason why I seem to find that Californians are freer than, say, New Yorkers or District of Columbians. Where there's smoke, some of it tends to get in your eyes -- and into various other more accessible orifices of your body! My sexual impressions of California maybe hogwash, but there is a good likelihood that they aren't.

Assuming that I am at least partially correct, and that Californians are to some extent setting the lead for America and the world in new sex mores, what are some of the possible reasons for this kind of revolutionism? My guess is that the following factors have something important to do with this phenomenon:

1. West Coast climate, especially in Southern California where most of the state's population is concentrated is almost ideal for year-round sex. Rolling in the hay is usually a hell of a lot more fun than rolling in snowdrifts. Open fields and beaches are easily accessible for various kinds of sexual delights to almost any young or older person who wants to take advantage of them -- while we less fortunate New Yorkers, alternatively, are forced during most of the year to resort to cars, apartments, hotels, etc., which may be much harder to find or to use to full advantage. The West, with its adjacent open spaces and hospitable climate, has much more to offer in this respect than the East and Midwest.

2. California -- although again I do not have statistics at hand to prove this -- appears to have a very high rate of literacy, education, intelligence, and culture, compared to most other American states. The California school system, from the primary grades through the many state colleges, impresses me as being among the top two or three in the



nation. The residents of the state -- as *Look* magazine showed last year -- seem to like various forms of knowledge, and go out of their way to populate special courses, lectures, seminars, workshops, and other educational-cultural events which the schools and private agencies continually sponsor. Institutes, such as those held regularly at the Esalen Institute at Big Sur Hot Springs, are almost unique to California, and attract wide followings. Although sexual libertarianism is hardly restricted to the upper educational levels, the new mores of our present American sex revolution are far more indigenous to these highly sophisticated groups than they are to less literate individuals.

3. Many relatively free or would-be free individuals deliberately migrate to California today. Sexual varietists especially head for San Francisco and Los Angeles in fairly large numbers; but many also wind up in other parts of the state. Just as oldsters go to the West Coast to retire in comfort, so do youngsters often go there to retire, in quite another sense of this word, in comfort! Sexual liberals, moreover, often require, and actively set about making, converts to the (inter)cause. And if biological inheritance means anything -- and I definitely think that it does -- it may even be that some of the teenage sexpots of today are the highly legitimate offspring of some of the hot-blooded males and females who were attracted to the California scene a generation ago.

4. Because of its great distances and relative lack of means of public transportation (such as New York City's subway system), most Californians have to get around by car at an early age. It

has been known for several decades now that the invention of the automobile has contributed more to the incidence of non-marital sex relations than probably any other technological advance (except, possibly, modern contraceptive devices). Consequently, the high rate of privately-owned and driven cars in California almost certainly abets the high rate of petting and fornication.

5. In recent years, California has been the source of a variety of new publications which have directly and indirectly aided the cause of sexual enlightenment. These have included books (such as those published by Sherbourne Press), paperbacks (Parliament News, Inc.), magazines (Elysium, Inc., and Sun Era, Inc.), and newspapers (The Free Press). Although these types of publications have in part come into existence because of the existence of many liberal readers who have been eager to patronize them, they have also led to an increase in sex liberalism.

6. A number of libertarian groups have risen in California during the last few years, including such groups as the League for Sexual Freedom, Kerista, and the Rene Guyon Society. Some of these groups distinctly espouse and propagate sexual freedom and encourage their members to have overt sex relations in unconventional ways.

7. Religious liberalism would appear to be more rampant in California than perhaps in any other state of the Union. Not only do many congregations, such as Unitarian Churches, flourish and consist largely of members who have liberal ideas, but other more conventional church groups, such as Congregationalists and Episcopalians, often have open-minded clergymen who take unusually liberal sex

BURROUGHING INTO THE AMERICAN VEIN



Undoubtedly the feeling of unnameable, unanalyzable malign pressures moving in on the individual is a very real one in America, and to that extent American writers like William Burroughs are giving utterance to a nightmare vision which is very real. He is an addict turned diagnostician, a victim of sickness now devoted to the analysis of diseases. He has created a vivid and recognizable fictional universe and there is no doubt at all that through this he is concerned to convey a distinct series of warnings and prescriptions; the possibilities of healing are a matter of real concern to his haunted, horror-struck imagination.

He uses addiction as a general metaphor for the various diseases of civilization. The incredible panorama of his book reflects a world to a large extent addicted to death.

In *Naked Lunch* the protagonist William Lee hints that he can catch a glimpse of the future: "a not-yet of Telepathic Bureaucracies, Time Monopolies, Control Drugs, Heavy Fluid Addicts..." The nightmare yields a prophecy. As though having slipped out of the reality of the fifties, he suddenly saw 1984.

In the first section, about the hideous subworld of drug addicts, it is the horrible encroaching presence of informers, perverts and pushers that stands out most luridly.

Willy the informer, for instance, "that blind, seeking mouth" who "would

suck the juice right out of every junkie he ran down." Bradley the Buyer who has a "contact habit," a yen to assimilate other people into his foulness which "comes on him like a great black wind." It is a world of eaters and eaten. From such monsters William Lee flees across mournful, rancid dying landscapes which are sometimes part of America, and sometimes anywhere in the world.

With the appearance of Doctor Benway and his doings in America and the Freeland Republic, a sort of black satire commences. Benway is both a figure of comedy and a figure of horror. He is a particular kind of inspired charlatan, a master of all methods of "assault on the subject's personal identity." In America he had helped to develop the perfect police state in which all the citizens are maintained in a permanently demoralized condition, cowering "like neurotic cats." There is some straight satire on bureaucratic methods of demoralization: "Documents issued in vanishing ink faded into old pawn tickets. New documents were constantly required. The citizens rushed from one bureau to another in a frenzied attempt to meet impossible deadlines"; and various other ways are described in which citizens can be manipulated into losing all sense of their real identities.

In Freeland Benway runs a Reconditioning Center and works on Automatic Obedience Processing. It is the unin-

tended release of the subjects of this center which precipitates one of those apocalyptic scenes of rampant perversion, unspeakable sadism, disease and destruction which recur throughout the book.

Another episode is a composite vision of the modern city, which is also a city of the damned. "Faces of The City poured through silent as fish, stained with vile addictions and broken lusts... All streets of The City slope down between deepening canyons to a vast kidney-shaped plaza full of darkness." This generalized city is the cesspool of the modern world (almost the last words of the book are: "They are rebuilding the City. Lee nodded absently... 'Yes... Always...'"); and here again we find hideous images of devouring creatures. "Traffickers in the Black Meat, flesh of the giant aquatic black centipede," and more specifically, the Mugwumps and Reptiles whose human originals can be detected lurking in "Junkie". "Mugwumps have no liver and nourish themselves exclusively on sweets. Their purple-blue lips cover a razor-sharp beak of black bone with which they frequently tear each other to shreds in fights over clients. These creatures secrete an addicting fluid from their erect penises which prolongs life by slowing metabolism... Addicts of the Mugwump fluid are known as Reptiles... A fan of green cartilage covered with hollow, erectile hairs through which the Reptiles absorb the fluid sprouts from behind each ear." Against these creatures the "Dream Police" are helpless and "disintegrate in globs of rotten ectoplasm." It is a hideous vision of the triumphant reign of life lived on the lowest, vilest, animal level. It is the Mugwumps, for instance, who organize one of those homosexual executions which proliferate throughout the book. A young boy is hanged, he has an orgasm, and is then buggered while dangling on the rope. After, "the Mugwump falls with a fluid, sated plop." The horror of all these scenes and beasts is real enough. Burroughs did not invent the Mugwumps -- he must have seen them.

For most of the rest of the book we are in Interzone. The City of Interzone is "the Composite City where all human potentials are spread out in a vast silent market." It is full of violence, disease, perverted sex. Here is "the Meet Cafe" where every kind of distortion and degradation of the human potential congregate, where all diseases wait: "maladies of the ocean floor and the stratosphere, maladies of the laboratory and atomic war... A place where the unknown past and the emergent future meet in a vibrating soundless hum... Larval entities waiting for a Live One..." Burroughs' evil is a "waiting" evil. Though the book is full of the most vivid and distorted images of the effects and workings of evil, there is an ominous blankness about the source of it. One passage alone offers a burst of sinister clarity on the problem. "America is not a young land: it is old and dirty and evil before the settlers, before the Indians. The evil is there waiting." Evil is a virus; it reduces people to the deplorable state of "total need." It is clearly something that ferociously works against independent, self-sustaining life; some hideous inexplicable impalpable pressure toward decay, disintegration, destruction and death. And where does it come from? "The evil is there waiting."

In Interzone we also meet some very amusing people, or rather we overhear some amusing voices (the world of the

Continued on page 17

Talking with a Family Dog

Chet Helms, top gun of the Family Dog, a tribal production company for kinetic environment, was recently in New York returning from a London inspection tour. While in London he decided to purchase 40% of the International Times. Helms and The Family Dog will soon be bringing the west coast brand of kinetic-light-strobe-rock-acid-rock week-ends to the east. The following is an edited version of a taped interview.

By Walter H. Bowart

EVO: WHAT IS THE FAMILY DOG?

Chet Helms: It has many aspects. It is a production company engaged in the business of producing mixed-media shows, and in so far as this is a business it consists of two partners. However its extent reaches much further in that it is a loose association of talents. As one of the fellows associated with it says, "The Family Dog is the largest brain trust in the world."

EVO: IS IT SELF-SUPPORTING?

H: It exists as a business and employs roughly twenty people. Many more do piece work for it, though they do not derive their entire support from it.

EVO: DO YOU ALL LIVE TOGETHER?

H: At one time I would say that it was relatively centralized in the neighborhood of Pine Street, in a couple of old Victorian houses in San Francisco, but at the present time we're somewhat scattered. However on traditional familial occasions we seem to be together. Like Thanksgiving or Christmas. On the weekends we're together.

The important thing to note is that we are roughly arranged around a sort of organic tribal structure in the sense that people who are natural organizers generally the leaders and everyone relates to the community in terms of what their particular talent is.

I would say that there are at least ten or fifteen tribes or better in San Francisco at the moment. Constellations of people and talents who are mutually associated. But in answer to a question, "how many tribes are there in San Francisco I would probably say that there is just one.

There are various leaders or chieftains. For a certain sort of presumptive shenanigans Ken Kesey has effected the image of a folk hero. Recently he's lost a great deal of popularity, however when the nitty gets gritty and Kesey's up against the wall with the establishment he's nevertheless part of the tribe and he'll be defended by the tribe. I would say close to 100,000 people.

EVO: DO YOU THINK THAT THIS TRIBALISM IS PECULIAR TO CALIFORNIA?

H: No, I think it's a North American phenomenon, perhaps even an international phenomenon. It's somewhat embryonic in London, it's highly developed in Amsterdam. In some instances it is more highly developed in New York than it is in London.

I don't think it's unfair to project from Marshall McLuhan the idea that there is coming a retribalization. This motif is particularly applicable to North America. Identification with certain aspects of the American Indian, particularly as seen in the visual motif found on the West Coast is very significant. Everyone in a sense, feels their Americanness, however, they feel very much, in relation to the establishment, as the American Indian feels; having to remain officially silent and mute and having to derive their strength from their associations and sense of community, makes the metaphor of the American Indian particularly applicable.

In New York and London the same thing is occurring. However, certain geographical and physical conditions slow down the process of tribalization. It has happened much sooner in San Francisco, possibly because it's a smaller geographical area with a benevolent climate and relatively small, centralized population. As a consequence, there the subculture is extremely up-front, out-front, above-board and extends throughout the establishment in San Francisco. The establishment in San Francisco is very fast becoming superstructured with the seeds of new institutional ways of relating to things.

The major thing in San Francisco, in terms of pulling the scene together, is the mixed-media happenings. They are generally conducted as five hour or longer continuums. There is no beginning, and no end. The music is continuous. The environmental effects, lights, smoke and so on are continuous. They are set up as in a negative, in the respect that they do not attempt to entertain you, but to create a situation where you can entertain yourself. And for the most part they are reasonably priced. All of these things contribute to a sense of community and the ballrooms have in effect become sanctuaries.

In terms of economic dynamics, the ballrooms have been most successful. The ballroom the Dog operates, Avalon Ballroom, and the one our competitor operates, The Fillmore Auditorium, have done quite a number of benefits for other elements of the scene which don't have the same dynamics in terms of economics. All of this has done a great deal to pull the community together.

On October 16, 1965 The Family Dog conducted the first community town-hall, pop-music, lights-happenings. At that time there were only 1200 people attending. It was the first time that that many people on a large scale experienced the feeling that they couldn't arrest us all. That seed has been nurtured by the ball rooms, and the community at large.

The second significant event pulling the community together was October 6, 1966. On that date LSD



became illegal. And on that date we conducted what was in effect a love pageant, a demonstration of our humanity, we were there to say we did partake of marijuana and LSD and a number of other intoxicants, and to demonstrate our non-hostility, our affirmation, our positiveness, direction, or creation as opposed to negation, which has pretty much ruled bohemia for the last 40 years.

I would say the last time there was a collective creative condition of this order was perhaps Montparnasse.

At that first love pageant, the pop groups who grew up outside the confines of the music industry in that there was virtually no music industry in San Francisco before we made things happen, all played together. In many respects the music is what ties the community together.

This kind of community expression was called in ancient times dramana from which we derive the word drama. Draman was a cohesive expressive effort which was one very important aspect of the Greek religion, the collective taking of a sacrament, that is to say a psycho-chemical under the controlled situation of ritual for the purpose of getting a large body of people's heads together for a community, ecstatic, cathartic expression.

In San Francisco we have gone back to that nitty-gritty element of social cohesion. That central point of the generation of all music, poetry and art out of the collectivity of people grooving together. Today, of course, time is considerably faster. These festivals were originally held yearly among the Greeks and later much more frequently. And at this point we do it just about every weekend, just like church.

EVO: WHAT REACTION HAVE YOU GOTTEN FROM THE OFFICIAL SAN FRANCISCO COMMUNITY?

H: I would say that San Francisco as a liberal cultural establishment does not intend to re-do the same mistake that was made with the beatniks. That is to say they would like to benefit from tourism, from the idea of a cultural coup in San Francisco. In a word, even those people who are somewhat diffident about Psychedelics or the whole scene, to say the least are proud of what's happening there. I think that San Francisco is an island in America in this respect.

EVO: DO YOU SEE THIS PSYCHEDELIC RE-TRIBALIZATION POTENTIALLY INSTITUTING A COMPLETE LIFE STYLE REVOLUTION?

H: The significant facts in 1967 bearing on this are, I think:

God, after ailing for quite a number of years died last year and was obited by most of the press. Leisure in America has to say the least become a problem, abundance has become a problem. An over supply of information has become a problem. These factors have worked toward bringing about an interest in a new spirituality. Creation lacks the sort of cohesive generative aspect it had among primitive peoples. Half the face of America is under 25. This young element has a fantastic buying power, and is extremely more adaptable, more viable, more reachable. The largest inroads made by this group have been in the communications industry. We are at the point where this young sub-culture is assuming the reins of tastemaking, which holds far more power in America than does politics.

At some point or another the political structure will be left behind. This generation that's happening right now is perfectly prepared, at least, to outlive the older generation.

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Joan Baez made the top 40 for the first and only time with a Phil Ochs song: "There But For Fortune." I read the name on the records and sheet music and went around wondering who was this Ochs? (I pronounced it 'Ox' at the time). Then one nite when I was trying to make some record company secretary, the lights were out, we were rolling on the floor at her pad overlooking the Sunset Strip in L.A., and suddenly Frank Sinatra fades out and some guy with a weird voice starts singing about a cat who always carries a purse, has asthma, supports his poor sick mother by working in a defense plant at nite, goes to school during the day, and he's got flat feet. Obviously George Hamilton. It cracked me up. I forgot the chick and checked out the album. That's right--Ox! Singing the "Draft Dodger's Rag." I sat and listened to the whole thing. I was hooked. Where had this guy been hiding all my life?

Not long after that, Crispian St. Peters and some other group floated up near KHJ's Boss 30 with "Changes." Ox was at it again. Then I came East. Started hanging around the EVO office. When I heard Ox was being interviewed, I volunteered to tag along. On the way over to his pad, I got straightened out about the name. "It's 'Oaks,' not 'Ox,' stupid! Where have you been all your life?" "Wyoming," I said, and my feeble brain started putting a tree where Paul Bunyan's Babe had been.

'Oaks' greeted us somewhat sleepy-

eyed, and evidently hungry. We walked to a neighborhood coffee shop and copped some muffins and eggs and things. He paid, which was lucky. Back at his pad, Ochs came on about the New Aesthetic of Songwriting, and how in 10 years songwriters could be as respected and revered as poets, and how he wanted to write plays and make a flick pretty soon. And he fiddled with his contact lenses. Editor Glemby was taking notes, so I just looked around while Ochs rapped. The place was decorated sort of like a songwriters' brain. Mainly empty, sort of Spartan with an upright piano, a couple of couches, and some hippy-camp frills like outrageous paintings and little freaky statues. It was geared for production, with a half an eye for social necessities, no quarter for comfort or coddling, and a few funny extras to keep the folks laughing.

Meanwhile I was catching snatches of conversation. He's separated or divorced. Has a couple of kids. Had to sing around for 2 years in the Village before he got a record contract. Learned from Peté Seeger in some songwriters project. Started out same time as Dylan, who he calls a "stone genius." Used to make all the folksinger-with-a-conscience scenes: Mississippi, peace marches, Berkeley for the Free Speech thing. Doesn't do that anymore. "It's not he or she or it that you belong to." No major agency will handle him--too controversial. Thinks Leary is a great spiritual-social critic. Smokes pot. Hasn't tried acid or amphe-

tamine. Cautious. Sold about 80 thousand records. Sold out Carnegie Hall a couple of times. Wants to sing "Cops of the World" on the Ed Sullivan show. Won't tone down in order to gain a larger audience. Would split for foreign shores if called to fight in Vietnam. "Protest" is negative. Call me a social realist, like in post W.W.II Italian films. Cinematic songwriting. Dylan's that way because he wants to protect his sensitivity. It's too bad Bobby doesn't rap anymore at concerts, he used to be really funny. Got this new song "Miranda." She bakes brownies for the boys in the band. Get it? "Changes" will get recorded by 40 different groups this year. U.S. Army ordered 1000 albums to ship to troops overseas. (!) Eight minute song, "Crucifixion," ties Christ and Kennedy. Most people have to hear it at least 3 times before they get anything out of it.

If the bottom ever fell out of the folksinger bag, Ochs would make a pretty fair press agent.

I sat on the stage in the press section at Ochs' last Carnegie Hall concert. He comes off better in concert than on records. The audience loves him. He acts like he doesn't fathom the extent of their devotion. He seemed shy and surprised at the thunderous applause and the unavoidable encores. Unbelieving. But radiant and pleased. He strums his guitar as he walks on and off stage, smiling, as if to say it's the songs; it's not me. He doesn't try to create an aura of mystery, he doesn't come on like Mr. Personality Cult, and they love him. In spite of. Or because. They sense the all-up-frontness, and they respect it, and they wish they had the guts to be that way, too.

Ochs is many things, but he isn't chicken. He sticks Mao Tse-Tung poems on the back of his Elektra "In Concert" album. He knocks the millions who enjoy relaxing with Mary Jane but won't lift a finger to help the thousands now in jail, behind bars erected by Schenley and P. Lorrillard and ignorance and fear. He slaughters Johnson, the State Dept., the U.S. Army, and the "Liberals" that support them (10 degrees to the left of center in good times, 10 degrees to the right when it affects them personally"). He kicks Christianity square in the cunt. He stands face to face with the in-loco-parentis brainwashers and politely returns the ancient turds they hand him, and tells them to step back while he tries to learn to build a better world. And he finds room in his armory to follow the peregrinations of love. And he finds time for flowers. He wields his songs like Toshiro Mifune wields a sword. The attitudes he attacks stand like dated Samurai with cleanly severed necks. When they laugh, their heads fall off.

What can you say, man? Ochs makes it.

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SURVIVAL KIT no.1

By Tuli Kupferberg

HOW SHALL WE SURVIVE?

At a recent anti-war rally at LIU I heard Paul Goodman say that we were all headed for nuclear destruction & death within 10 years unless 10-20,000 American students (at one time?) stood up publicly & announced that they were refusing to be drafted/ He said it calmly & stated that he'd said it before & would say it again but he didn't know quite how to put it any otherwise: whether to sing it or scream it or whatever, so he was just simply stating it.

That statement has haunted me & this essay is an attempt to come to some grips with that problem. I thot (fool) that after the Cuban missile crisis we would at least have "peace in our time". But instead (unbelievably) we now have the incredible Vietnam War.

This war may end tomorrow. (I remember how the Korean war started: it started completely unexpectedly in a newspaper headline: "US Orders Troops Across The 38th Parallel". The "US" being that simpleminded haberdasher in the White House: Harry Truman (years ago I remember reading in college Poli Sci book how ward heeler HST had really wanted only a local judgeship but had been forced into Senate seat by KC politicians) & had ended just as unexpectedly after years of "negotiations" just like that snap-crackly-pop-also by fiat-by-whim-but not yours nor mine. Well good anyway that it ended). & good when this war ends-how-ever.

But will this be the last war? We really need a strong China to provide a spit of reality for our paranoia. But I guess if even Cuba can give us a hard on maybe Tanzania or The Trucial States can be developed as a threat to "our way of life".

1. The country is splitting in two.

On one side the hawks, most of the millionaires, the old line politicians, the grey haired mothers, the sex starved (old) judges, the retired army officers, the Spellmans of the ecclesia castrata, the sadistic polices, the poor stupid soldiers, the rednecks, the frustrated, the Madison Avenued alcoholics, the suicidal marines, the robot-teachers, the fundamentalist Boone-dockers-what we used to call "reaction".

On the other side the youth, the doves, the beatniks, the poets & artists, the protesting students, the minorities claiming their life, the singers, the rock & rollers, the psychedelics, the young parents crying for the fullness of their lives, the lively professors--whatever remains of the old humanism & classic liberalism, idealism & socialism of America.

& that old socialism has failed. It has failed for 100 years. It has had its chance & been superseded--so that the problems it concerned itself with no longer exist. The Marxist & the anarchist ways have failed (altho the anarchist ideas survive much better into the present & the future).

Marxism was too mechanical. It became hypnotised by the machine. It was formed in the era of steam & coal. It was pre-psychologic, pre-anthropologic, pre-electric, & pre-psychedelic. It was a good theory of society--for the 19th century. Marx always postponed the essential human problems for "after the revolution". But it is now after the revolution.

The revolution (or revolutions) that have already occurred are as follows:

- 1) the sexual revolution: basic because it liberated the bound in personal energies of entire generations, of entire nations
- 2) the automation revolution: in 20 years it made all previous economic thot obsolete
- 3) the artistic revolution: it brought art into life with such force that the two are now inseparable
- 4) the psychedelic revolution: it built on the sexual & scientific revolutions to create new universes

2. What are the obstacles to the successful completions & functioning of these revolutions?

a) the sexual revolution: the obstacles are simply: most people over 40. To those under 20 this revolution is a fact. Nothing even to talk about. The revolution is proceeding so fast that 6-yr. old works by Mailer & Selby (for example) now seem old fashioned. The obstacles are Catholic (& Jewish) district attorney, frustrated judges, sadistic cops, vengeful (half-lived) parents. This is however the strongest sector of the revolutionary front. (Stuck in a damned military analogy!). There will be defeats: Ginsburg decision, Reagan proceas in Calif. but nothing can stop the pill! When sex rears its lovely head...Variety is the spice of wife. New-old combinations your grandmother never even fantasied are here...more are coming--(mostly) filled with joy. We call this a "sexual" revolution but is really a revolution of love.

b) the automation revolution: a mixed (up) front. It was already possible at the turn of the century (if production were rationally organized) to have an advanced (not a primitive which was always possible & even (I think desirable) communism. Now automation makes it so simple one wants to weep. Cut out irrational & war production & every American could have an incredible (material) standard of living immediately, for a few hours of work per week. In 5 to 10 years this standard could be exported to every spot on earth.

Meantime people starve all over the world & kill each other in various subtle & unsubtle ways in competitive games in the great US of A.

Only the youth really know this is the age of afflu-



Photo/Leonard Schechter

ence. I used to worry about how careless young people were in returning small loans I had made to them. In my (para depression) youth \$1-10 was a huge sum. Money was hard to come by. Today it's all over. When there are a million apples who cares what happens to a few? This has given the youth great courage. They are independent, they don't lick asses. They say fuck you to "careers", a jail sentence is a badge of honor not a lepers' label. The establishment (including the economic establishment) is a farce to them--not to be taken seriously: Somehow the means to survive will always turn up.

The idea of the commune is reappearing: the East Side anarchists, the SF Diggers, the Provos of LA, Kerista, the Living Theater, USCO, Millbrook & the League for Spiritual Discovery. An important new journal devoted to utopian-intentional community and its parameters has just begun to publish (The Modern utopian, Box 144, Tufts University, Medford, Mass.)

The contrast between the affluence of some & poverty of others however, both in our country & abroad is one of the most serious threats to the survival of all of us. Unless this problem is solved & quickly, it alone may be enough to bring us all down to spiritual & bodily death.

Here some of the traditional socialist ideas are of most value...but they must be used in new & imaginative ways & combined organically with the new technology. SDS & the militant Black organizations are trying to come to grips with the ideological & practical solutions to these emergency problems. Affluence now!

We must have dramatic demonstrations of the (economic) brotherhood of man. This country must give with no strings attached vast quantities of its superabundance to the poorer nations. One first step might be immediatly to disarm & give 1/2 of our war budget to China, 1/4 to our internal poor, 1/4 to the rest of the world. Such "utopian" solutions must be taken seriously or we may face "realistic" annihilation at the hands of those who want or those who want to keep, or a mutually destructive symbiosis of both.

Apocalypse!

For those who can--a total redistribution of their personal goods a la Vinaba Bhava or Danilo Dolci may be personally saving & a spiritual catalyst to all others. (This is not the social revolution but it is a way of dramatising it). Certainly there are those among us (myself?) who would benefit by a living total demonstration of the revolution. Those who are rich in their

souls can give more can they not?--without losing that which is most precious? Maybe now only some vast new "movement" of primitive communism & community & sharing & a living together physically of the most disparate: say like Jacqueline Kennedy & a Bowery "bum" can save us. If Joan Baez or Bob Dylan were to give their entire fortunes to the causes--what a final mockery it would make of America--of capitalism--of greed--of man being the prey of man.

It is of course easy for me to speak so. (O hypocrite lecteur-mon semblable mon frere!) I have not done it, have I? Only the spiritually richest can do this. This is the real revolution.

c) the artistic revolution: Great subverter of the hollow society. Mass your media--you are helpless before our skills. You don't know if we are parodying you or you are parodying us anymore. Beatles, Dylan, happenings, pop. Rock & roll great continent! The Box will destroy you! Our bodies are opening. A thousand penises will bloom. Cunts too! We will force you to support us--to support the artists who are digging your dark grave. Join us before it is too late. Do not die! There is life enough for everyone!

"When the mode of the music changes the walls of the city shake"

d) the psychedelic revolution: This is our magic. With this we break open heads & new worlds emerge. Would you believe?

Break the patterns. Shatter the images! Down icons!

Tune In Turn On Drop

Fake games! Your games are fake, boring.

Man was made.

Man was made to change. No single thing abides. Flow with me. Fast flows the abiding tide.

God in a bottle?

But Lord they said you were everywhere.

3.

Out of my enthusiasm, out of my love I have spoken a poem. Only sometimes do poems change the world. Sometimes the world changes poems. Is this the call of the siren? Have I minimized difficulties? Many will die between the time I write this & the time you read this.

I only did what I had to.

I will not express fear & death. I will express life & hope.

Someday some youth's vision will spring us full blown into Paradise.

Either that or we die.

Come dance with me in Johnsons land!

BURROUGHING INTO AN AMERICAN VEIN

book is, as much as anything, a world of voices -- not communicating, but talking all at once, all the time, to themselves -- of which we hear unlocated scraps.) We hear the Professor, the Prophet, the Party Leader bumbling on about "ORDINARY men and women," some of whose complaints we then overhear. Like the American Housewife who protests that she is being sexually accosted by her kitchen gadgets; and the Hustler who complains that his customers want to take over his life ("they wanta merge with my protoplasm...they wanta take over my past experience and leave old memories that disgust me") and so on. It is a world best summed up by the story of the man who was taken over by his "asshole." The man is gradually covered by a jelly of Undifferentiated Tissue which seals off everything but his eyes -- because the blind anus needs the eyes, but not the human brain behind them. It is in this world that the doctors talk about replacing the complexity of man with "one all-purpose blob."

Now this idea of matter returning to lower forms of organization -- entropy -- is at the heart of the book. All the various addictions break life down to a lower level (hence the recurring use of the word "ectoplasm"). The brain taken over by the anus if only a paradigm for all the low forms of life who devour higher forms of life throughout. Humans regress to animals, vegetables, even minerals. It is all a downward, deathward slide. It is no wonder then that, like Norman Mailer in a different context, Burroughs uses cancer as another crucial metaphor: the rampaging cells which destroy the helpless host. Thus: "Bureaucracy is wrong as a cancer, a turning away from the human evolutionary direction of infinite potentials and differentiation and independent spontaneous action, to the complete parasitism of a virus." Seeing evil as a virus, Burroughs makes a parenthetical comment that is nearly a key to the book: "It is thought that the virus is a degeneration from more complex life forms. It may at one time have been capable of independent life. Now it has fallen to the borderline between living and dead matter. It can exhibit living qualities only in a host, by using the life of another -- the renunciation of life itself, a FALLING towards inorganic, inflexible machine, towards dead matter." The diagnostic vision in Naked Lunch is summarized in the parties of Interzone. On one side there are the Liquefactionists, Senders and Divisionists -- all in their various ways hostile and threatening to spontaneous individual life. The Liquefactionists dedicate themselves to activities of dissolution and absorption, while Senders believe in completely dominating people's minds by various methods of control, but they are "notorious for their ignorance of the nature and terminal state of sending." That is, they have no values to justify their means of control. "You see control can never be a means to any practical end...Control can never be a means to anything but more control...like Junk," as-

serts a warning voice. the Senders represent a nightmare of total, meaningless manipulation by mysterious forces from without.

The Divisionists, on the other hand, are a force making for "replicas" of themselves, and of course "every replica but your own is eventually an 'Undesirable.'" It is a fairly straightforward satire on the forces of conformity in society. The nightmare end of this process is that eventually there will simply be "one person in the world with millions of separate bodies." Again, it is a threat to all independent, differentiated forms of life. Part of the great drive toward the "one all-purpose blob." In opposition to these formidable forces there is only one party -- The Factualists, who are against all the rest. They deplore the Divisionists because replicas are a "menace to life on this planet." More passionately they are against the Senders, because of their abuse of telepathy. "We oppose, as we oppose atomic war, the use of such knowledge to control, coerce, debase, exploit or annihilate the individuality of another living creature." They see the Sender as a sort of voracious void. "The Sender will be defined by negatives. A low pressure area, a sucking emptiness." Sending is "evil" irrespective of what is sent, since it annihilates spontaneous life and reaction. "The Sender is not a human individual...It is the Human Virus (all viruses are deteriorated cells leading a parasitic existence...every species has a Master Virus: Deteriorated Image of that species). The broken image of Man moves in minute by minute and cell by cell...Poverty, hatred, war, police-criminals, bureaucracy, insanity, all symptoms of the Human Virus. The Human Virus can now be isolated and treated."

The forces of evil, then, work through Liquefactionists, Divisionists and above all Senders. And they are opposed by the Factualists. Presumably this party resists the other forces by undertaking a dispassionate scientific analysis of what is going on in the universe. Perhaps we should see Burroughs as a Factualist who almost succumbed to the various powers of the Liquefactionists, Senders, etc., but who has returned with his diagnosis of the dread force at work through all of them -- the Human Virus. His books, then, are an effort to "isolate and treat" that virus.

We can see Burroughs' work as an attempt to sight and resist those dark demonic forces which operate through human consciousness in order to transform complex life down into a mere mess of matter. We are given an ironic tension between the subject matter -- a world sinking to madness and death -- and the art, which is vitally intelligent throughout.

In much of Burroughs' subsequent work he sees the human race as trapped in time and body (or shit -- used emotively to convey his disgust at the foul matter we are immersed in). Fear keeps us cowering in these temporal and physical dimensions; and there are powers at work

still taking us over. But what is the ultimate source of our imprisonment? "The Word." Particularly all the words that work on us as bodies living in time. His invitation is -- come out of time and the physical world into clean empty space; come out of the world of words into the world of silence. To this end, he intends to use words that cancel words, a language that will destroy language -- the writing of silence.

"If drugs weren't forbidden in America," he says, "they would be the perfect middle-class vice. Addicts would do their work and come home to consume the huge dose of images awaiting them in the mass media." In this connection Burroughs has increasingly interested himself in films, with the ultimate implication that for a lot of people "reality is actually a movie." But "the word" remains as the most powerful way in which to take over a person's mind with a false reality. In our helpless passivity in the face of manufactured word patterns we readily fall prey to the hostile powers who manipulate us and rob us of our spontaneous individual life and draw us down toward the state of "the all-purpose blob." Coming from someone who once worked in an advertising agency it is an understandable and authentic vision.

In his book Nova Express the Nova Mob is made up of various criminals much like the liquefying, devouring, assimilating beasts of his earlier work. Addiction -- every kind -- is again the method of the enemy, who promise that these various forms of addiction lead to "The Garden of Delight": but, says Inspector Lee, "their Garden of Delights is a terminal sewer -- I have been at some pains to map this area of terminal sew-

Continued on page 17



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DEATH RATTLEART

By Li: Picard

Visual associations and word images are Ray Johnson's preoccupation. He wanders as a happy hunter, wide awake in the ambiguous space of analogies. He is an artist, a poet and a collagist. Every minute detail of life is an adventure for him. And he loves the smallest things, bits of paper, envelopes, and small prints. He also adores puns, double meanings, and he transforms his ideas, witty thoughts, humorous escapes of mind into collage art. Ray Johnson registers with jet speed the microscopic occurrences of our realities.

In my opinion he discovers the essence of a strange artistic world, his very own world. His collages, which he showed in two one-man shows at the Willard Gallery and recently at the Feigen Gallery in Chicago, are built meticulously in the tradition of Kurt Schwitters and Joseph Cornell, but he also has a touch of Paul Klee. In March a series of Ray's newest works will be seen in a group show at the Finch College Museum in a collage show dedicated to the Visual Art in Process of this particular medium. The theme of the artist is Marianne Moore's famous "Tricorn Hat." Four versions of this black hat will be exhibited.

At this particular moment Ray Johnson announces with a new collage, not yet shown anywhere, his death. He was born in 1927, and one can read in the collage tombstone (see photo) the year 1966 as "death year." Concerned with the death image, he created an ad in his "Paper Snake Poetry Book" (1965, Something Else Press) with the cryptical word collage: "Send 96 cents postage for eight pages of the book about 'Death' to Ray Johnson, 176 Suffolk Street, New York City."

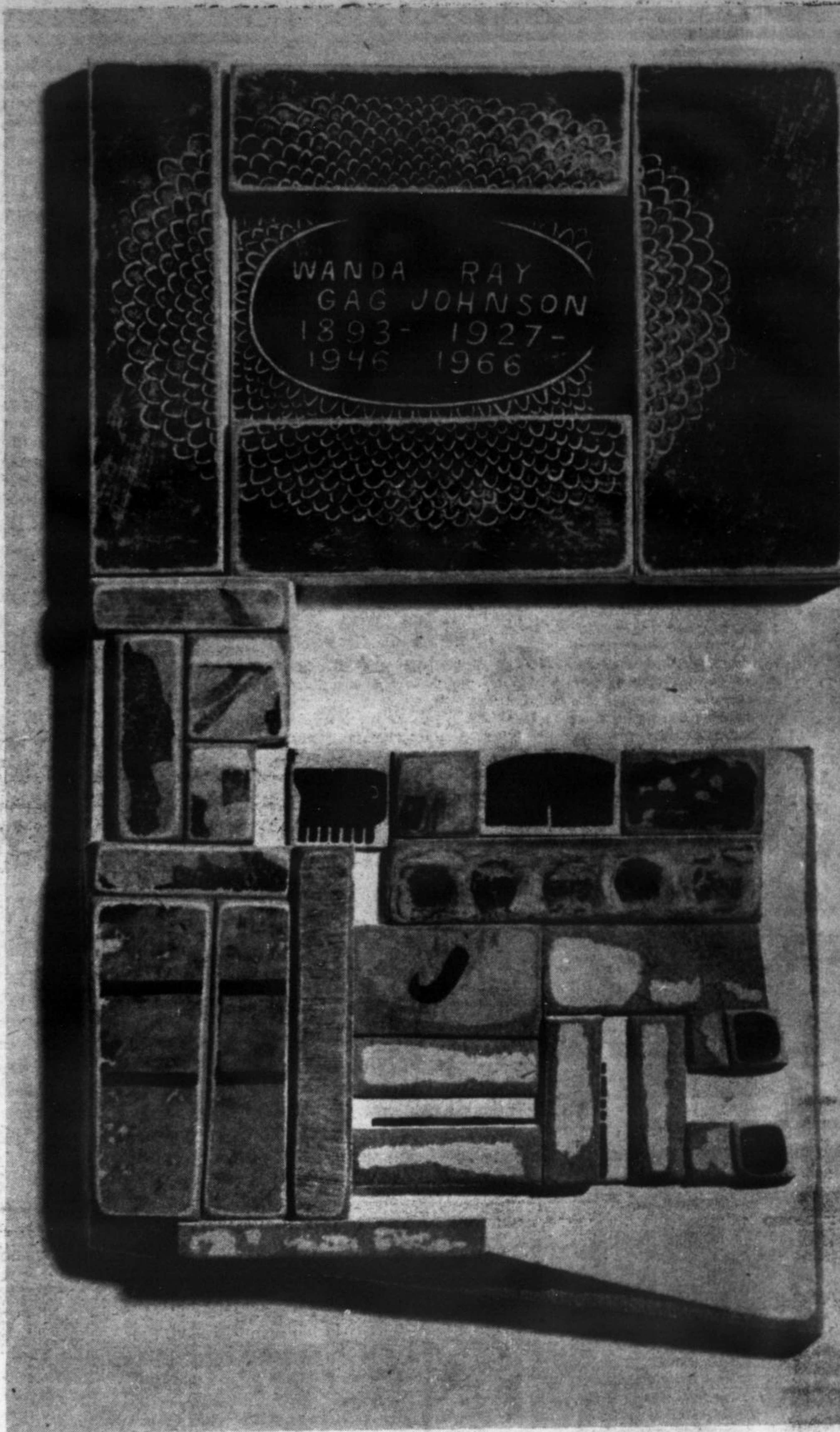
He has been living and working in a small room on Suffolk Street for quite a long time. When I met him at the high time of abstract expressionism in 1960, he appeared to me like a strange monk living in this tiny room, doing detailed small collages from cut cardboard. He was sending pieces of these collages out to friends and also to strangers "by mail." Ray had a love affair with the U.S. Post Office, and he created his own communication system of art. All kinds of people, artists, friends, famous and infamous people in New York and in the country received rays from Ray. William Wilson says about this adventure with "direct mail art" that "Ray Johnson plays the U.S. mails like a harp."

To explain Ray Johnson's poetic conundrums is an impossible task. He is like rain on a windshield, like smoke above a hillside, like melting snow in a baby's fist, and his masterfully executed paper collages are concrete poems, crystallized ideas. In his last work forks become ceramic-like: ceramic fragments washed again and again from the waters to the shore, smoothed by the waves, rounded by the sand. The colors are very pale, whitish, blueish, pinkish, just traces of designs are left, which one can contemplate.

The tombstone, a particular collage invention, shows an intricate lacy drawing, remembering "Wanda Gag," the romantic writer, who died at the age of 53, June 28, 1946. Wanda Gag, author of children's books ("Millions of Cats," "The Funny Thing," "Snippy and Snappy," "The ABC Bunny" and "Gone is Gone") is coupled with Ray's own declaration of death "1927-1966." Ray indulges in a kind of weird black humor and he also jumps to all kinds of rock-rolling associations, like gag-gagging, a gag. It is this private world of Wanda Gag and her sister Flavia Gag which intrigues him, meandering in the Alice in Wonderland space of fantasies.

Flavia Gag, he tells me with great pleasure, wrote a magazine titled "Fried Ice"; these two words "Fried Ice" inspire Ray to all kinds of imagination. Wanda Gag, as a personality, as author, writer, teller of tales is for Ray Johnson the inspiration to be as dead today as Wanda. "Ray dies today to be alive tomorrow."

The small brick-like cardboard rectangles speak to us with innocence. They have the spirit of patience and are sandpapered and painted over and over with intense concern for smoothness and perfection. Ray Johnson seems to me like a Fra Angelico of collage mastery. Fra Angelico's golden angels are Ray's bits of cardboard cutouts. With unerring mind and eye these tiny specks of paper are collected and joined into a miniature architectural world. Mind, imagination and poetic vision work here together in a happy fertile marriage giving birth not to "Millions of Cats" but to a million paper children of Ray's never ending inventiveness, his humour, his wit and dancing spirit.



like "happening" was the wrapping of bodies in aluminum foil. Here Carolee Schneeman reached a dramatic impact, and the scene was casting a spell. The crackling noise of the foil material coupled with the movements of slowly moving bodies, tortured, symbolically suggested napalm destroying the epidermis of human beings.

of today. He died in 1962. But in 1960 he did a floor sculpture, which is a golden grave of space. In Frency he named it in a visionary, prophetic way: "La Tombe, ci git l'espace." (The Grave-death, here lies space.) It is a golden rectangle with round imprints. On it rest white roses and a blue wreath (a blue sponge). It's a poetic grave vision, a tombstone, a symbolic act done with an artist's strange, mystical expression which guided him to do work which not only anticipated his own early death but also "art manifestations," which only today are understood.

Yves Klein painted "minimum" monoblu, monopink, monogold. He used the rain, the wind, the fire and air itself. He worked with water, with "chance" and with the human body, "living brushes." He was a true inventor, and he didn't spare himself. He truly, unrestrictedly painted himself into his death. Yves Klein was a genius.

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Photo by Ronnie Hersh SLUM GODDESS, HELENE

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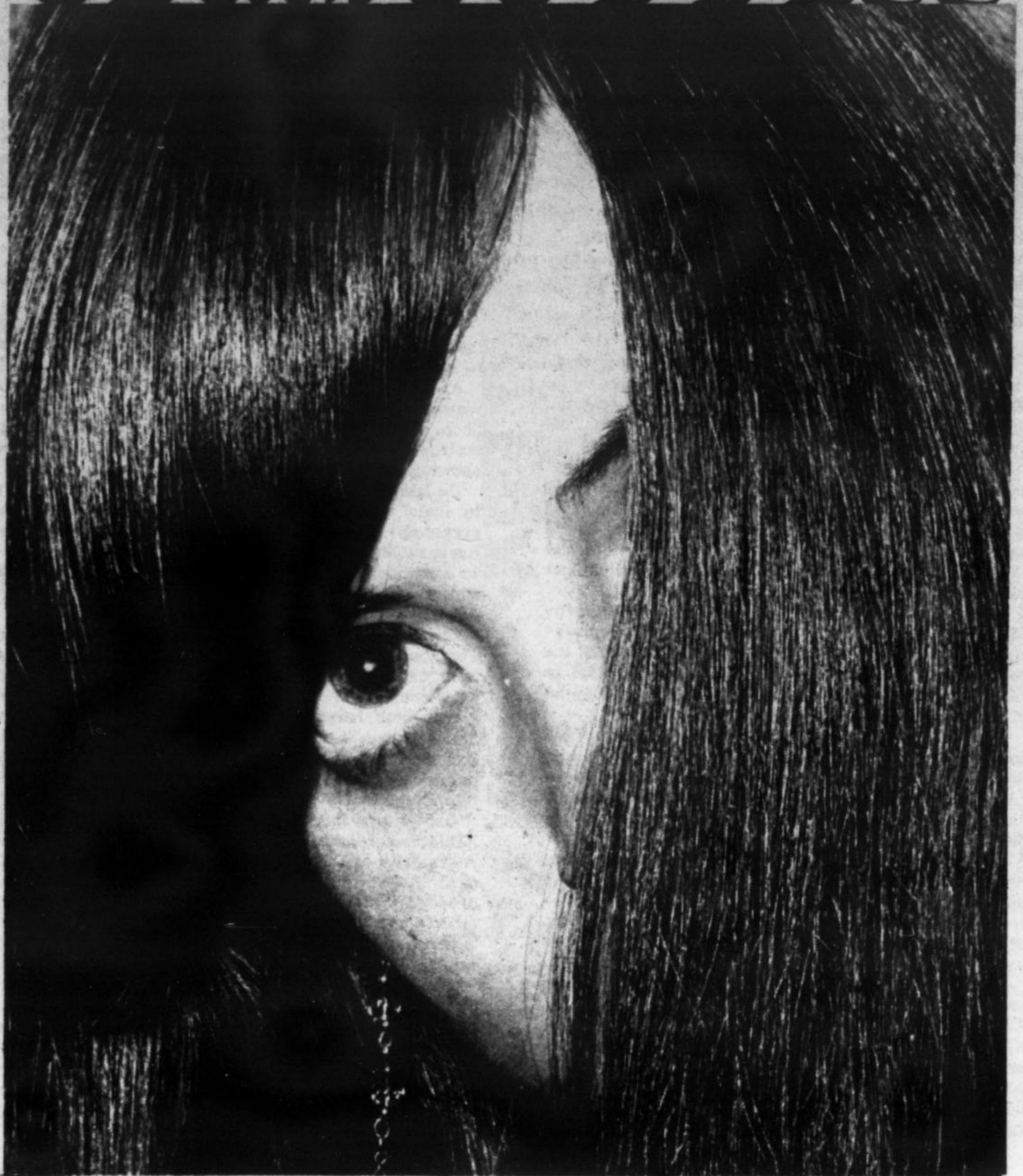
Continued from page 15

age in the so-called pornographic sections of Naked Lunch and Soft Machine...Stay out of the Garden of Delights -- It is a man-eating trap that ends in green goo." The message could not be more clearly stated. "The purpose of my writing is to expose and arrest Nova Criminals. In Naked Lunch, Soft Machine and Nova Express, I show who they are and what they will do if they are not arrested. Minutes to go. Souls rotten from their orgasm drugs, flesh shuddering from their nova ovens, prisoners of the earth to come out. With your help we can occupy the Reality Studio and retake their universe of Fear Death and Monopoly." He offers us no delights as a reward, only "total austerity and total resistance." The cosmic drama is an extended allegory based on drugs that cause addiction and drugs that cure it. This is important. It means that both the threat and the salvation are external. There is bad control but also good control. Black magic can be countered by white magic. This is demonology -- even if it is a demonology based on some pretty extensive study of recent developments in science.

In Nova Express there is one late section called "One More Chance?" which seems to indicate that although we can be controlled by various alien instructions being fed into us on a tape, it is somehow possible to "wipe" the tape clean, until "the person becomes what they call a CLEAR sir": it also seems possible to "laugh" the tape clean, which might explain the intention behind some of Burroughs' own black humor.

One can see the book as an attempt to show people how their consciousnesses and lives are manipulated and taken over in the modern world. It urges -- as other voices have urged in American literature -- that people should break out of the false pseudo-realities in which they are imprisoned and emerge into true reality. To this end one can appreciate his strategy of silence, a state of cultivated immunity to the "word and image" onslaughts of the world.

Reprinted from the Partisan Review, Vol. 33, No. 4, Fall 1966, by Tony Tanner.



green

Continued from page 7

come a point for movement information.

EVO--What does Liberty House sell?

A.H.--We primarily sell the goods of the cooperatives in Mississippi. We sell leathers, children's clothing, candles, dolls, jewelry, greeting cards, all produced by workers in Mississippi. We also sell literature, books, records and buttons, the paraphenalia of the movement.

EVO--Are your prices competitive?

A.H.--Yes.

EVO--How successful has this venture been?

A.H.--The store has reached the point of real success. We have set up a store on a commune type basis of people working together and we have been able to reach a large percentage of the people in the community.

Abbie Hoffman manages this venture in human cooperation and love. The music inside the store is soft and mellow, bringing back memories of warm summer nights in the delta, without having to turn around paranoically to worry about the nightriders. Three years ago, the civil rights movement was a lot of college students trying very hard to love black children in rural Mississippi and show them that the world wasn't really that bad. In 1967 it is the manifestation of a new major revolution that deals with the basic economic structure of the nation. Open until 7:30 every night except Sunday, Liberty House on 343 Bleeker Street is the new face of the movement. In the well-lit store on a well-lit block, a group of workers have found answers that the whole Shriver braintrust with their millions of dollars in poverty funds have not found. The simple answer of giving people pride and a sense of belonging. This is where the movement is at in 1967.

James Nash

nude

continued from page 4

"I am going to provoke in many ways. My campaign poster is a picture of myself nude and vulnerable as the youth of America stands right now. Should I have fear to expose myself to the face of the plastic Americans?"

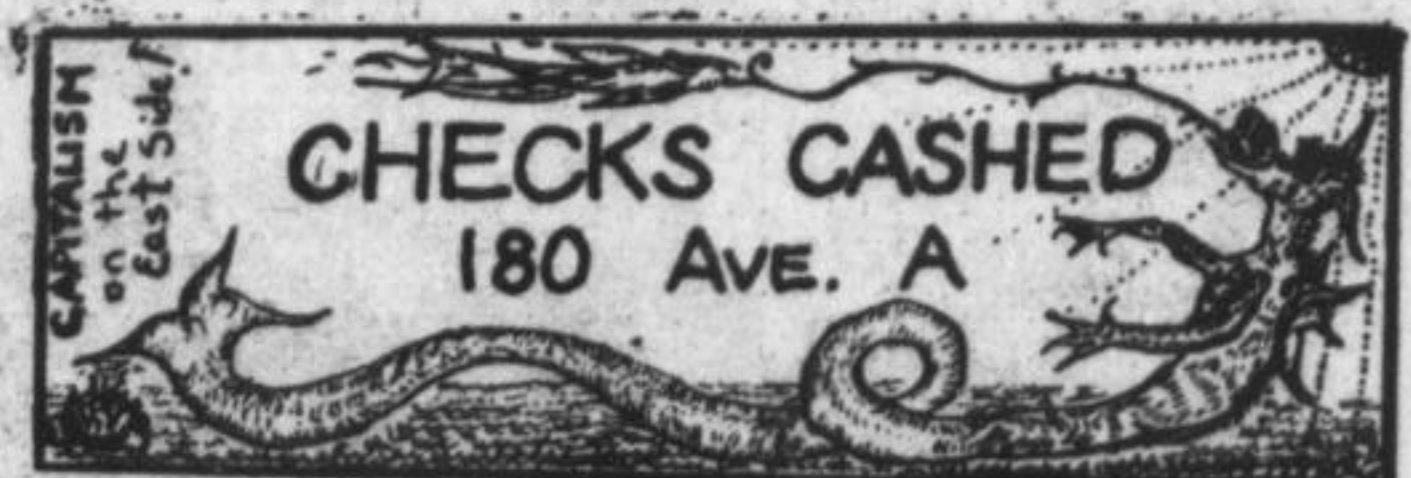
† Louis Abolafia, candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America is receiving campaign donations at 129 E.4th Street, N.Y.C. 10009. For contributions of more than \$1.00 he will send you a poster: a picture of the first candidate for the presidency to ever run nude.

CASUALTY

Continued from page 3

of my hair was a matter of conscience to me and that I would not get it cut under any circumstances. Well, it was war now and the seige lasted for two days. On the 27th, I was enticed out of my cell with the excuse of a visit to the infirmary. On the way, I was backoned into an empty room by my old nemesis, the deputy warden, and after another fruitless discussion on the matter, he grew as adamant as I and dropped me to the barbershop where he ordered two guards to cut my hair. It was a rather difficult job for them as I was limp on the floor, but they made the best of a sorry attempt and I was carried shorn back to my cell by four of them -- men who would have rather been doing anything else but that. Afterwards I was shipped to a private cell in the main penitentiary, there to spend four hours of infinite boredom until I was released on one of the fastest writs to have come through at Rikers' in some time.

And the beat goes on -- my appeal will be heard in the next few months and what will happen is anyone's guess. My case is the first in New York under these new repressive laws, but will hardly be the last. It is time for all of us to stop kidding ourselves about the LSD revolution being won -- it's only begun.



LICENSED BY THE N. Y. STATE BANKING DEPT. Art. IX A

FREE PRESS BUSTED

BY PETER WERBE AND HARVEY OVSHINSKY

As forecast in the FIFTH ESTATE (Dec. 15-31, 1966) federal, state, and local "narcotic" agents swooped down upon Detroit's underground community Jan. 24th to enforce Michigan's archaic and repressive narcotic statutes. The late night raids resulted in the arrests of 56 persons ranging in ages from 17 to 33 years old.

Although the raid was carried out at eight locations and utilized the entire 22-man Detroit Narcotics Squad, seven federal narcotic agents, five customs agents, three members of the Michigan State intelligence bureau and an agent from form the Federal Food and Drug Administration, only a small amount of marijuana was seized.

Sites of the raid, which started in the early evening and lasted until midnight, were mostly in the Wayne University area. A special target was the Artist's Workshop on John C. Lodge, where the largest number of arrests were made.

The Workshop has long been the center of avant-garde cultural activity in Detroit providing a place for poets, musicians, artists, and writers with a place to practice and perform. The Artist Workshop Press has printed many small books by young poets and writers and publishes several magazines, including a paper, GUERRILLA.

The Workshop also served as the meeting place for LEMAR (Legalize Marijuana) Committee which observers feel was a contributing factor in the desire of the police to hit the site. After all, if the group was to succeed in its goals all of the narco cops would be out of jobs.

John Sinclair, head of the Artist's Workshop and columnist for the FIFTH ESTATE, reports he was in his studio practicing with the Detroit Edison White Light Band, when several men entered. Sinclair said he was unable to do anything because the band kept blasting away with its rendition of "Love Supreme." When the love band stopped playing, the men identified themselves as narcotic bureau agents and placed Sinclair under arrest for giving two marijuana cigarettes to an undercover agent. Fifteen others who were present were taken to the station under a charge of investigation (an illegal procedure).

Sinclair, who has been convicted twice previously on narcotic charges, said the undercover man was Vahan Kapahian, the same agent who last arrested him. Kapahian, wearing a beard and long hair and going under the name "Louie," gained the confidence of the Artist's Workshop. "He even brought fried chicken to our communal dinner and his wife helped with putting together our magazine."

"That's the way these people operate," Sinclair concluded.

The January 24th raids were masterminded by Lt. Warner Stringfellow, of the Detroit Narcotics squad. Stringfellow led the raids during Sinclair's last two arrests. Artist Workshop magazines, posters and books were confiscated by the police. The agents had no warrant, but said the matter would be explained later.

Sinclair told one narcotic agent that he must be quite a danger, to which the cop replied, "I just hope none of those kids are listening to you."

"We aren't criminals," Sinclair said, "and these laws can't make us ones. This wasn't just an attempt to stop 'drugs,' but an attack on a whole way of life."

Another building hit in the raid was occupied by Sandy Weinstock, proprietor of Plum Street's Reality Toké Shop. Weinstock said about ten police officers forced their way into his home at 647 W. Forest, without showing a warrant.

He added that his place was torn apart by the agents in their search for illegal drugs. The police also arrested ten people coming to visit Weinstock. Barbara Shapoff and Mike Knight were arrested while walking in front of the building. Knight was charged with sales and possession, but Miss Shapoff was released with no charges filed against her.

One of the occupants of the house, Mary Kay Tomaino, charged that police opened her contact lens case and dropped both of them to the floor, where they were crushed.

Inspector Joseph Brown, chief of the Detroit Narcotics Squad, said members of his bureau had infiltrated the groups arrested and claimed they had made purchases from the accused. All those arrested deny this allegation.

Brown was quoted in the Detroit News as saying "This is one of the largest raids in Detroit in recent years. Among them were suspected LSD users." He described the men seized as "bearded, booted and dressed in 'way-out' manners. The women were in mod."

Brown told the FIFTH ESTATE that he thought those arrested were a danger to the populace of Detroit, but he would not be drawn into a controversy about it.

Of the fifty-six arrested, only ten were held for arraignment and the others were released. The ten stood mute before Judge Geraldine Ford in Detroit's Recorder's Court and were released on personal bond with the exception of John Sinclair, who had to post

69'ers

Continued from page 9

views. I, for example, get more unsolicited favorable letters from regular California ministers on my sex books -- such as "Sex Without Guilt," the "American Sexual Tragedy," and the "Art and Science of Love" -- than I get from ministers in almost all the other states combined.

The foregoing reasons do not pretend to be exhaustive. Many more significant origins for California's liberal sexual leadership probably also exist. The point is that from all the signs I can see, this leadership is and will probably continue to be a reality. To which I can only say: Vive le West Coast! On a sunny California day, there are doubtless more novel oranges and more orange navels, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

\$1,500 bond. Also among those arrested were Penny Pepper, Charles Scruggs, Don Mayes, Marlene Croghan, John Nagel, Ralph Greenwood, and Norman Weingarden.

In later developments, the Board of Directors of the Detroit chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) met and voted to set up a special committee to investigate possible infringements of civil liberties. Those arrested claim all of their houses were searched illegally and are especially irate about the unnecessary arrests and detainment of the 46 persons released with no charges.

LONG SLEEVE POLO SHIRTS EASTERN-THINGS
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N.Y.'S UNITED ACID
HEAD SPEED RELIEF FUN BALL
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"SMOTHER ME"
FREE FORM WALKING HISS BOO LOVE US COME COSTUMED
IF YOU DON'T COME SEND YOUR COSTUMES ANYWAY TO US
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WE ARE GIVING EVERYTHING
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WITH ALL YOUR
FAVORITE HEROES
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FEB 25 FROM
2-6 PM

NEW YORK POST - THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1967

the
GATE

'Chafed Elbows' at Gate Theater
By ARCHER WINSTEN

In "Chafed Elbows," at the Gate Theater, the avant-garde's assault on the old verities and conventions becomes considerably rougher and less incommunicado.

Sex is not only dragged out into the open but kidded outrageously. An early incident sets the pace when our harried hero, Walter Dinsmore (George Morgan), leaving his matutinal bed and the female there, bids her good-by with the words, "Good by, mother."

And when she turns her head to the camera, sure enough, she's a hag with teeth missing and a nasal whine.

The picture also indulges itself in burlesques of easel painting, low budget movie-making, ruminations of the law, the Bar Mitzvah, and half a dozen other sacred or profane subjects.

Some of the picture is presented in still pictures, some live. Some of the performances might, by some stretch, be considered acting, some not. All the girls, including the mother, are played by Elsie Downey—a blazing case of nepotism—for she is not only the director-writer-producer's wife, but also the mother of his two children. Dr. Oliver Sinfield, a bald psychiatrist played by Lawrence Wolfe, supplies his own and 33 other voices in the picture.

It is that kind of picture. Nutz. But for once there is a kind of verbal logic that can be followed without footnotes or a guide at elbow.

The name of the main attitude is youthful irreverence. As a demonstration it's free-wheeling, hard-swinging, and wild. The young ought to find laughs in it. The somewhat older, whether in disagreement or slightly bored by the frequent expectatness of the sallies, will have to admit that they receive it loudly and with sufficient clarity. They'll know what is intended even when they won't be enjoying it.

"Chafed Elbows" does indicate that the Underground is gradually finding a voice that can be understood by oldsters and outsiders as well as the young-ins. Director-writer-producer Robert Downey, previously notorious for "Babo 73" and "Sweet Snell of Sex", here shows marked improvement without much loss of instinct for the shock-juggular.

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THE LAST TESTAMENT OF LENNIE BRUCE.

I want to share a phantasy with you. It's this. Since all things that men make sooner or later turn to dust through the grindstone of time, why don't we find a magic that will turn our works to dust the moment WE die.

Imagine the Metropolitan Museum with its guilt frames surrounding only a piece of unprimed canvas which contained stensiled words like REMBRANDT... GAUGIN...VAN GOGH. or seeing a film which pro-

Films From North & South VietNam
and
Eyewitness Report

Grace Mora Newman
Feb. 21, 8:30 PM
St. Mark's Church in the Bowerie
2nd Ave. & E. 10th St.
Ausp. East Side SANE
(Contrib.)



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jected only the words RON RICE or sitting through a concert of silence and contemplating a program which contained only the name BEETOVEN.

"But what", cries a chorus of dealers, bankers and assorted parasites, "but what about posterity?"

"Fuck posterity", says I. The only posterity of any value lies in the seed of ones loins. We have to train ourselves to recognise talent when we see it... to nurture it...to guard it and value it because talent is a real live irreplaceable human being. The things it makes exist only because he (she) existed. The artist is a billion times more valuable than anything he makes. And when we have learnt where the true value of the artist lies, we shall have learnt the most important truth about all men. It's no use waiting until someone dies before we can begin a careful evaluation of their work. Tranlated that means - what's in it for us - like money, baby. We have to dig it now.

I feel this issue particularly strongly because I never saw Lennie Bruce - alive. In fact it wasn't until quite recently that really dug the razor sharp edge of, not just his wit, but his whole intelligence and being. He was quite an extraordinary man who, in any other profession, would have made the cover of TIME. As it was he only got an obituary.

Most of us are aware of the total absurdity of law and politics. From time to time we take an occasional swipe at them just to let them know that we know it's all bullshit. But Lennie was braver than we.

With both eyes open he entered the social-legal maze and wended his way through to confront the mad Minator with a sword made of its own absurd logic. He fought almost as good a fight as Jason and wounded the beast extensively... how extensively remains to be seen. But unlike Jason he had no bail of thread to guide him to the exit.

Grievously wounding the Minator is one thing. Getting out of the maze is something else.

In the film "Lennie Bruce" to be shown at the village Theatre on February 17th, a film made, I believe, about 18 months before his death but never previously shown in N.Y., one sees Bruce making an attempt to extricate himself from the maze. The humour is fiercely bitter...the humour of a man enveloped in a totality. One sees a mind in dire need of a computer to help it sort, sift, itemize and program its accumulation of 1,000,069 social and legal idiocies... a mind desperately trying to make logical everything that is illogical. It is of course the mind of a revolutionary. And this is where he was when he died.

If Lennie Bruce's film had been buried with him, our society would have lost one of its most important documents. And it would serve it damn well right. In its anger at the man who had the audacity



to rub its bourgeois nose in its own stinking taboos, the society labeled him "sick". The invective came easily because it was a perfect reflection of its own rotting soul. This is a great opportunity to honour the man, who along with D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller, has broken the semantics barrier and who in a very positive way has made the world a better place for his having lived in it.

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Feb. 17: To be Announced

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THE HUMAN BE-IT issue of the **NEW ORACLE**, 200 copy edition, cheaper by the dozen. Call AL 673-8828, even 780-9451/426.

THE SMALL PRESS REVIEW (quarterly) - news, features, small press/little magazine **ALSO LITTLE MAGAZINE DIRECTORY** (annual) - 800 listings \$3.50 for four editions. DUST-CALIFORNIA, Box 123, El Cerrito, California.

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Very handsome, intelligent, artistic young man, 25 years, date-wise (or heterosexual) (433 after 5:00PM) Call Bill, 99. Not on Sundays.

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THREE LEVEL OLD SPACE HOUSE FOR SALE. Ideal for group of family. Three-quarters acre, well, heat, 35 miles north of N.Y.C. \$20,000...write! Point, Willowgrove Road, Stony Point, New York, 10993.

Jackson Illusion Pepper Bumper Stickers 50¢ each. Other quaint phrases 5¢ stamp for list. Johnson, 528 Lakeview, Bayport, New York.

Young man nearly 30's good looking, intelligent, wishes to date a beautiful, intelligent, artistic, and creative woman. Please respond to the following address: NYC MASSINGHAM, 200 W. 110th St., Apt. 2B, New York, N.Y. 10027



STUFF

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ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSITY chapter, August for academic Freedom, Feb. 17th, 4:30 PM, Founders Hall, R.L. MUKHELJE, D.Sc. (Edin.) speaks on "Oriental Sexuality."

It's fun to be NACKED. The water who wears nothing but a bell. College boys, Gentlemen, Photographers, Models invited - for immediate contacts and self addressed envelope \$5 stamp, to FF, P.O. Box 182 Arverne 82, N.Y.

GROOVY SOUNDS, The Jefferson Airplane & The Sixties, Feb. 17-18 (Fri. & Sat.), 2nd Rock College, Swanton, Pa. Postside Phila. Asto, film, work-shops. (Tickets available for all events.)

Yellow submarine wishes to announce that it is proceeding with the assistance of a turned-on micro-biologist. Call CAE-7022.

I need many dynamic, young people as volunteers to assist me in attacking THE SYSTEM (Establishment) for its flagrant discrimination against creative writers & allied artists. Please contact Herb Vernon, Chairman THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE, at 472-5600.

E.S.P. KUDA BUX demonstrates Fri. Feb 17 and Fri. Feb. 24 at 8:00 & 8:30 PM, 135 W. 4th St. Domestics with this at \$1.00 TIMES. "The power of the mind" strange Indian baffles medical science. "ROAD DAHL, KUDA BUX is one of the most fascinating men we have ever met!" EDITORS: ARGOSY MAGAZINE.

Sat., 8:00 W.C. Fields "Barber Shop", Laurel & Hard. "Two Tare", Charlie Chaplin, "Immigrant", Eddie Cantor, "Immigrant", Emanuel Y. 344 E148 St. Coast, N.Y.

SPECIAL SERVICES GALLERY do some beautiful, well built, to horror comedy. Pay well. CIG-9810. Call before Feb. 20.

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PEACE CENTER OPENS ON - warming celebration of non-violence. (Lempha) 105 Ave B, near 7th St. Fri. Feb 17, 7:30PM on dress party, 4-6PM, open house for all. 6:30PM on, open house live band. Admission free.

WANTED FEMALE, intelligent, attractive, no pretensions, no ego, all intelligent with a sense of humor. A girl who wants to be a companion, a girl who wants to be a friend, a girl who wants to be a lover. Please respond to the following address: PO Box 200, P.O. Box 200, New York, N.Y. 10009

Young man with West Coast V.I. class paid wants you. See if you are living up to your potential. Call Oct 1, 6131

Wanted: Female models for figure studies. Prefer long hair, experience not necessary. \$5.00 per hour. Call 284-5202 Even and Sat.

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EMPLOYMENT

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SPECIAL SERVICES

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WHEEL

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