

TODAY...

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TOMORROW THE WORLD

PHOTO/CHARLES ROTMILL

What Does Grandma Say
Your answer is here

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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Dear EVO,

I tried to articulate my private preoccupations and relate them to a community past present and future in a text called "Public Solitude," which I submitted to this paper. The text was published in the December 15 issue under different title, and so out by the editors as to eliminate its social context (as a speech preached from Boston pulpit), its historical context (references to Thoreau, Emerson, Chuang Tzu and extensive citations apropos of present American psychic crisis by Whitman), as well as some contemporary perceptions on the nature of the material City. Furthermore some anthropological correlatives were left out, as well as suggestion and explanation of the Hevajra Tantra as sourcebook for psychedelic ritual.

The reader of EVO's text is left hanging with a negative put-down of the older generation as a conclusion of the essay, and that was not the conclusion I had written. I had quoted Whitman to emphasize a love-desire common to all generations, "adhesiveness" he called it, by which he prophesied that the U.S. of the future might be "anneal'd into a living union."

Yr. obdt. servant,
 Allen Ginsberg

Dear Allen,

Allen Ginsberg, you are full of more shit than any ten poets that I can think of. I don't mean to say that you are not a great poet and a great man, but you will lead us all to damnation if you are not challenged and contradicted in a way you yourself say is healthy in your article "Renaissance or Die," EVO 12/15/66. "A dialogue between these two contradictions is a good healthy way of life, one contradicting the other."

Well, I don't want to turn the world on all at once. I don't think everyone is capable of the shock that LSD brings to the nervous system. Some must pass on to their next reincarnation first. At least that's the way I see it. The world right now is a vast repository of hate and pain. Too much hate and pain to be played with in the way you advocate. A few of us are learning to love again, and, as you say, acid is the chief agent of this new learning. Little by little, one step at a time, one person at a time, we are turning on to the long lost love we have all always been carrying around in our own sweet warm bodies.

Orgies, yes. More LSD, yes. Satisfaction of desire leading somehow to ultimate release from desire (salvation), yes. But all at once and everyone at once, no. NO. A million suicides and the end of the world, no. For Christ's sake man, stop and think before you get carried away by your own messianic fantasies.

Not that what you ask for is at all possible. You're just plain full of shit. It can't happen that way. It never could. People, masses of people, history can't change that way. America right now resembles nothing more than it does a vast time bomb which is all set to go off if it receives too great a shock. Are you trying to set it off and blow us all up? Ass! Look around you baby. Just go for a walk some night down Avenue B. The place is crawling with fuzz. And they are out to get us. They are really up tight about something. They are out to kill. That world of machine people you speak of in your article, they are out to kill and be killed. They are going to commit suicide. They are doing it already. Every day a Daily News headline bears witness to this truth. Let them go, man. Let them go. Let

STEERAGE

Riding the crest of time between the old year and the new it would seem prudent to see where the ship is being steered.

Last week scientists met at the capitol to discuss the emergency of the impending ruined ecology.

Whispers and rumors electrically travel through the wire of assassination: the President, Malcolm X, Dorothy Kilgallen, the 13 witnesses. The sudden cancer attack of Jack Ruby.

In less paranoid political circles the discussion rages as to whether or not a southern military oligarchy really is in power in Washington. More intelligent paranoids are wondering whether the CIA, having had such vast success manipulating foreign governments, is not now experimenting with the control of its own.

Since the current president has made Congress into a non-functioning ridiculed body of 500 some odd dirt farmers, held in subservient check by nothing more than crude blackmail, most people, it would seem, are ready to accept the fact that we do not have a representative government.

The population is balanced on the head of a pin, half of it living in the bygone days of the industrial revolution, the other half living in the promise of the 21st century. The older, practiced, powerful half of the population is recreating their youth of war, nationalism and survival struggle. The younger half of the population, when not busy escaping the world that they have inherited, is thinking of peace in a unified world with a rational economy based on technologic abundance.

The extreme right and extreme left both intuitively sense that a bear is in the cave. Both are running scared from the form our technology seems to be taking -- totalitarianism.

Crew-cut college students, coming alive in the pepsi generation, are conditioned, but with increasing resistance, to go for

the Cadillac, just like poppa did. The hairy ones are dropping out of the rote systems of education to pursue the ancient guru system.

Traditionally in most cultures youth turn for guidance to their elders. The new gypsy class has its Alan Watts, Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg none of whom are over 50. The shortage of elders has been produced by highly accelerated cultural changes which have divided the tribe. The young braves can no longer make any sense of the old-war-horse, big-stick-carrying elders.

Young leaders are coming forth and if we can interpret our future from their trends we shall indeed not be saved from a ruined ecology, nor totalitarian technocracy, nor from mind and motive control.

The danger which fosters the rescuing power remains eminently a danger because the new gypsy class is slow to recognize its strength as a psychic, economic, political force. The danger comes from the rapid transformation since the atomic bomb of the ionosphere affecting the electromagnetic structure of our minds as well as the weather and magnetic field which has produced a subtle but radical change in environment and produced with the help of electromagnetic extension and psychedelic chemicals atomic children with radical, from their parents' point of view, thought processes. The differences produce fear in the older population which reacts blindly and hostilely, as a manifestation of the collective unconscious on a national scale. SEQUENTIAL, CIRCUITAL THINKING ENCOUNTERS LINEAR MECHANICAL THINKING.

In 33 years the millenium will be upon us. It is not too early to begin to consider ourselves the elders of the new millenium.

W.H.B.

that world die, and let it die as slowly as it wants to. Because if it goes off too fast it will carry us with it.

The underground is a third world which is the hope of the future. The only one. Do you remember? We need you, man. We need your fire and your truth and your love. And you need us too, whether you know it or not.

"There can be no compromise with evil." -- from the "I Ching." Do not trust in the damned world of the past. We must save ourselves, for our world is the world of the future. And we must begin to create it now as if it were already true. It is already true in our secret hearts. It is in mine. Let the dead bury the dead. Let them go, man. Let them go.

I see you standing at the gates of Auschwitz waving to us from a page in EVO, and I ask myself is it hello or good-bye. What the fuck are you doing there anyway? That place -- past or future?

With love,
 Jack Rader

Dear EVO,

In a world full of publications devoted to setting up smoke screens to hide our social-diseases you are to be commended for the lurid and ballsy directions which you expound.

Thanks for kicking Ugly Bird in her vestigial balls. Thanks for showing that LBJ is still ofay (where's Lee Harvey Oswald when we need him?) I especially like the articles on the jail system in this great land of ours. How'd you like a first-hand account of military prisons that'll curl your molars?

I dug the article on the titty-boppers (thanks for the mammaries). The land that spawned Timothy Leary thanks you for the Illusion Pepper.

Helpful hints -- If you receive one of those mass produced, computerized legal documents i.e. parking tickets and various other minor summons, take a large red crayon and scrawl "WHAT IS THIS?" on it and send it back. A rubber stamp marked REJECT works well too.

There are a variety of paper punches available which neatly fuck up computer punch cards.

Millet seed is still available in some health food stores. Smoking it makes you very strange.

I hope somebody can use this trivia.
 Rob Howard
 8 Gardner Street
 Allston, Mass.

P.S. George Hamilton still sucks (but not well).

A receipt to keep one's self warm a whole winter with a single billet of wood: Take a billet of wood of a competent size. Fling it out of the garret window into the yard and then run down stairs as hard as ever you can drive, and when you have got it, run up again with the same measure of speed; and thus keep throwing down and fetching up, till the exercise shall have sufficiently heated you. This renew as often as the Occasion shall require.

Nathaniel Iow, 1777

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The Arizona road dipped suddenly out of a high serpentine ridge and fell straight out like a great javelin dropping ever faster and deeper down, down until it was lost from sight in the blinding rays of a white-hot sun.

To all points stretched the desert. Off in the dim, shimmering distance were the brooding, purple peaks of the incongruously snow-capped Vulture Mountains. Like mute towers that seemed to hang suspended above and beyond the endless track were the jagged escarpments of Black Butte. Eagle Eye and Fore Paw -- names of a by-gone frontier -- that marked the outermost rim of this remote world, dead and baking in 105 degree heat. A relentless glare blinded the eyes, set fire to the throat and numbed the brain.

The silence was consuming. Even the occasional truck or car that whined along the highway scarcely broke the deathly still of the place.

At noon, the vast desert stood utterly mute, unfeeling, removed, beaten down with unsufferable heat. Here and there, off against the distant horizons a sudden grey swirl -- a 'desert devil' -- would spin noiselessly, like some aboriginal shade condemned to wander aimlessly forever across the ancient desert floor.

Several hundred yards off the only road to go through the desert -- a road which seemed to have tenuous life of its own, hurrying, anxiously, to get out as quickly as it could -- there stood a cluster of single-story buildings, white in the sun, surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence. A broken empty shack marked the entrance to the site of the Wickenburg Federal Prison Camp, one of six locations scattered across the United States which had been set aside under the terms of the 1950 McCarran Act to serve as so-called detention camps if an "internal security emergency" were declared by a single person, the President of the United States. American citizens could be imprisoned in such a camp solely on "suspicion" that they would "probably conspire to commit espionage or sabotage."

Since 1952 this grim site -- along with five others -- had been prepared to hold several thousand citizens. The evidence is clear that during the Korean War there had been every intention to use it. No less than on 24 occasions U.S. Congressmen and Senators have tried to have an "internal security emergency" declared on the strength of "evidence" that "Communists" were on the verge of overthrowing the country through their asserted "subversion" of the civil rights and peace movements and key trade unions.

Sixteen years after the passage of the McCarran Act, its Title II -- the Emergency Detention section -- was still in full force as the law of the land. Now a new war -- in Vietnam -- undeclared, unpopular and the growing source of bitter frustrations and irrationalities which could well spawn a crisis even worse than the paroxysm, known as McCarthyism, which throttled the nation with fear during the 1950's -- threatened to make a grim reality of "emergency detention" for America.

"For better or worse, we seem to be moving toward a deeper involvement and a wider war in Vietnam," said Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr. in the August 12, 1966 issue of Saturday Evening Post. "This, I believe, is THE CONDITION WHICH WE MUST ANTICIPATE AND FOR WHICH WE MUST PREPARE. As the war increasingly dominates and obsesses our national life, we can look for the appearance of associated symptoms: the oversimplification of issues, the exchange of invective, the questioning of motives and loyalties and the degradation of debate.

"Before we know it, we may be developing an atmosphere which only requires a new McCarthy to become a new McCarthyism," he commented pointedly in considering the rising tide of paranoid politics in America that equates peace and civil rights movements with a "Communist" take-over of the country.

The war in Vietnam could easily generate such an atmosphere; it could easily and quickly escalate to the brink of war with China, plunge the nation into all-out mobili-

zation and set the stage for the immediate declaration of an "internal security emergency" by the President that would fill the detention camps with thousands of American citizens -- "potential spies and saboteurs" -- virtually overnight.

It was of course difficult to imagine such a terrible thing as I looked out over the vast desert. But there was one of the detention camps, Wickenburg, sitting before me -- silent, empty of prisoners at the moment -- but waiting and ready, like some infernal bomb that the slightest political accident or wholly unexpected stupidity could blow sky high.

I could not help but recall the anguish of the late United States Senator, William Langer, the wonderfully non-conforming Republican from North Dakota, one of a handful in Congress who fought a truly principled struggle against the McCarran Act during those stormy days of 1950 when the country was fighting a war 10,000 miles away in Korea and wracked by the hysteria of McCarthyism at home.

"So now it is proposed to have concentration camps in America!" he cried at the end of his long, one-man filibuster against final passage of the McCarran Act.

"We can be absolutely certain that the concentration camps are for only one purpose. Namely, to put in them the kind of people those in authority do not like. So we have come to this!"

He had no sooner uttered the last words when he suddenly crashed forward to the Senate floor.

In the ensuing clamor, as the stretcher bearing "Wild Bill" Langer's prostrate form was carried out of the Senate chamber, a reporter covering the tumultuous uproar was heard to remark: "They've just carried out the Bill of Rights -- and don't you forget it!"

How did the detention camps come into being? The Internal Security Act of 1950 (popularly known as the McCarran Act) has a section called Title II which specifically provides for the establishment of so-called detention centers. Title II authorizes the Attorney General of the United States to apprehend and detain

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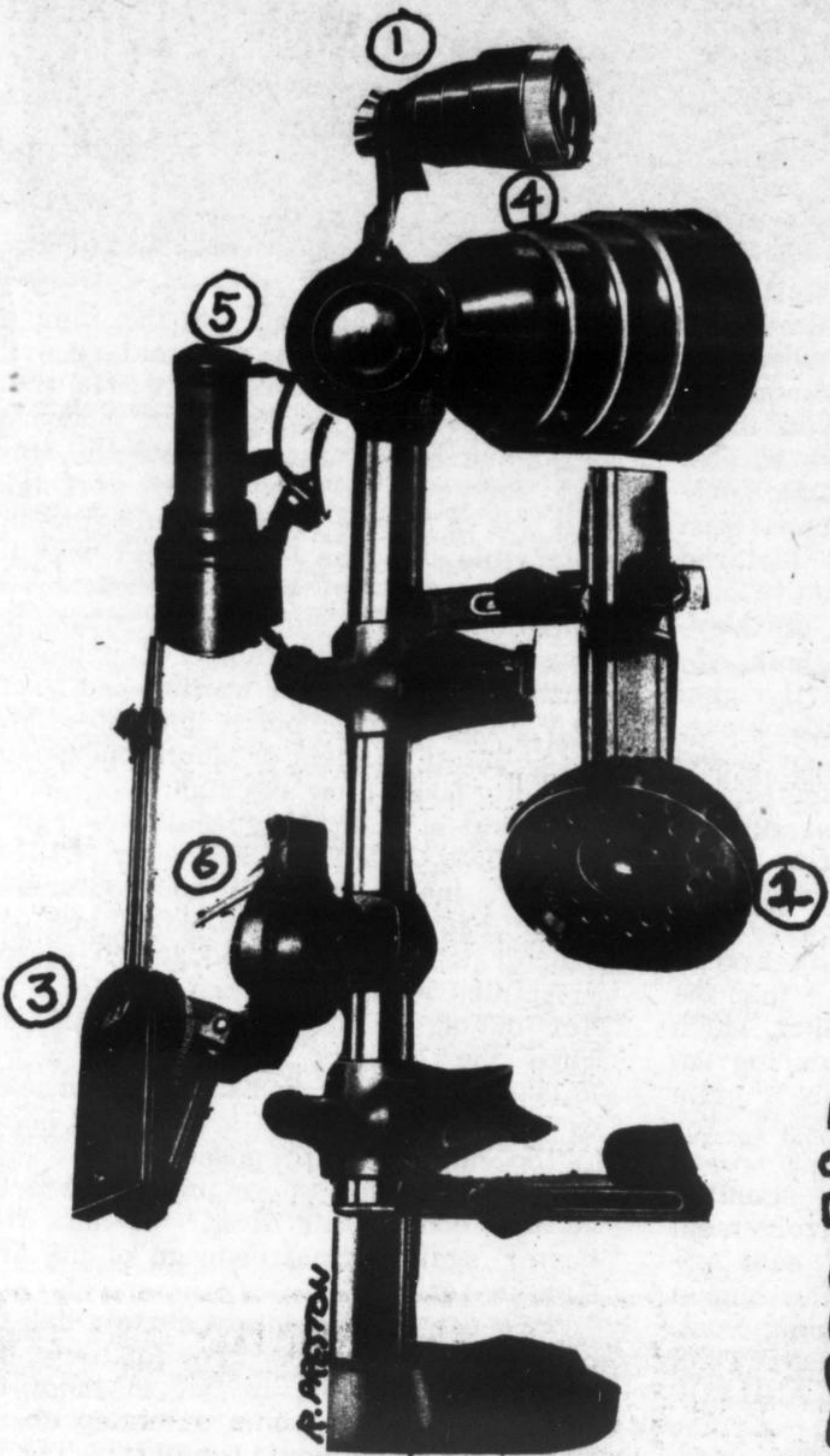


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EL
TILKHAZ
TEEZII
EL CIA!

EXODUS 1:1



By Barry Schell

California is seeing a mass evacuation of its gypsy "beatnik" population. The beatniks of the Haight-Ashbury District of San Francisco are being forced to leave their homeland, compelled to wander the streets of unknown cities. They are not alone in their plight for survival: the entire young segment of the state will come under the grips of the new plague, the plague of California politics. Not even the sanctuary of the University cloister will protect them any longer. Bad times are envisioned with the expected appointment of John McCone, former head of the CIA, as the new president of the University of California.

There has always been ferment in L.A. where the cops are brutal and the people unfriendly. The people have not changed, the majority are not screaming for drastic measures. Only California state politics have changed with Ronald Reagan taking the governorship on a platform of ridding California of "undesirable elements" (that element partly being the acid-takers of Haight-Ashbury and other like districts).

Already 50 agents have been trained at U.C., Berkeley, for the express purpose of catching acidheads. They act and look like beats. They are the arm of California's new LSD law, one of the strictest in the country, and have infiltrated the scene in the Haight-Ashbury to the point where, after multitudinous arrests, a case of giant paranoia has set in. Nobody is sure if the new hippie in town he is talking to is the fuzz or not.

The Haight-Ashbury district, radiating about eight blocks in any direction from the corner of Haight Street and Ashbury, is the center of West Coast hippieism and an internal underground sub-culture. It is the home of the famous Psychedelic Shop, a major gathering place for mind exploders, and is where Allen Ginsberg once lived and wrote. Now it's all over because of the State House.

There were signs of the coming catastrophe as long as two years ago, when the anti-discrimination housing bill was defeated. Then last summer California became the second state to legislate an

anti-LSD bill, thus jeopardizing the position of almost everyone who lives in the Haight-A., which has been considered by many the acid capitol of the world. This has culminated in the election of an individual who is dedicated to ridding California of all heads, political radicals and literally of culture. Just recently the City Lights Bookstore and the Psychedelic Shop were both raided for selling "pornography."

This is just an indication of what's to come. The heat has been building as the police get more bold, and vice and narcotics agents have begun swarming over the city like death locusts. The use, possession or sale of LSD is now a major offense under the law, just like marijuana.

The turmoil in L.A. is totally expectable, owing to the political structure of Los Angeles County. But why has San Francisco now been chosen for martyrdom?

Possibly it is because California is split into two different cultures: The north is much freer and easier in which to be whatever you are, while the south is neon, controlled by the money of the Samuel Yorty right wing. Reagan is from the south as is his crony Samuel Yorty, the Mayor of Los Angeles.

In Regan's campaign he constantly made references to the evil going on in the S.F. Bay Area. Most Bay Area freaks threw this off as political rhetoric. But now the heat is on and is increasing every day, and as the heat increases more and more hippies leave the state. With the inauguration of Reagan growing imminent paranoia has set in and the desire to get out before getting busted. Paranoia is not a new thing to the Haight freak, but never has it been so intense. Never before has it reached the proportions where they are even afraid to leave their pads even when they are not holding. Arrests for anything are frequent no matter how small or silly the offense.

But why slam the Haight freak seeking his own mind-consciousness in his little hole in the ground? Why persecute these young gypsies living by themselves and for themselves in their own surroundings? Why not leave them alone

with their Kesey, their mind dreams, grass and acid? Because, like the soldier, they are expendable. They are the last group with no rights; they have no power nor do they wish it. They are "weirdos" to point at and say "Get rid of them." They are free. They are the last of the mindfuckers.

And so because of any or all of these things these dreamers and inner travelers are forced to disband their communities, split from their friends, and wander in a paranoid diaspora until the state destroys itself in its frenzy of persecuting righteousness or the revolution restores dignity to America's outcast visionaries.

Some will split for Mexico to see if the heat will be as bad as prophesied. Most will come east to New York and the East Village. They will arrive by car, thumb and bus. They will arrive vacant, wasted by the long trip and the feeling of dispossession. They have been thrown out of their homeland. And in the words of the Stones, "Have mercy, have mercy baby, have mercy on me."

IN A BIND ?

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"THE MIRACLE IS YOU"



By Philip Procter

Tony Agpaoa is an unusual "doctor". He is a psychic surgeon, one of the few men alive in the world today who can perform open-body surgery without the use of a knife. With only his bare hands, he is purportedly able to lay open the flesh of a completely conscious human being, reach inside, remove organs or bits of tissue, and then reclose the wound -- no pain, no infection, no scar.

He's a 27-year-old Filipino who practices his art in a four-room house at Quezon City where he lives with his wife, child and fifteen relatives.

Dr. Tony has become so well known that he hopes to build a permanent clinic with his earnings in Baguio to be able to treat persons from all over the world. He has already been visited by the curious and the cure-seekers from Germany, England, Japan, Canada, the US and the USSR -- to name a few. Although he is certainly the most flamboyant, such healers are quite well established in the Philippines, perhaps the best known being the Espiritistas, a group operating in a church founded by a Brother Terte, who claims to have been performing feats of magnetic healing and psychic surgery since the end of WW II. His services are deeply religious in nature, and he is somewhat outraged at Tony's "showmanship."

In spite of the fact that there is never a scar of any sort, Tony will sometimes place a strip of white surgical tape over an area he's just entered -- tape which he "cuts" with a karate blow of his forefinger, or a well-placed breath from

his mouth. "I don't have to do it," Tony explains, "but I do have to shock the patient into health-consciousness; into thinking they are getting well." As with all "faith healing" it is in the final analysis dependent upon the subject's state of mind as to whether a cure will remain permanent or not; and Tony makes no claims to absolute results. Nonetheless, remarkable and long-lasting cures have been reported and substantiated.

I first heard about this "wonder healer" in a pamphlet prepared from a lecture by Dr. Bernard Jensen, a nutritionist and chiropractor who runs the Hidden Valley Health Ranch near Escondido. Jensen and wife and a group of 30 Americans travelled on their own funds to the islands in order to witness Tony's miracles first-hand; and many of them were operated on. Of the persons worked on in his group, Jensen claims that half of them claim long-lasting curative results.

I also sat in on some "home movies" taken by Dr. Nelson Decker, another nutritionist who made a pilgrimage in 1965 and has since become the only American to have practiced psychic surgery himself, assisting Tony in over 150 operations and performing seven on his own. Decker's color films, shown to a moderate-sized paying audience as part of a local lecture series, were rather amateurishly shot and badly focused in places. But even though Dr. Decker kept saying that "it's better perhaps that these pictures aren't clearer," they were clear enough at times to create a very real feeling of nausea -- which I suppose proves some-

thing. In fact, some of his pictures are simply astounding, and I don't think I shall soon forget the sight of a gentle little grey-haired and bespeckled American grandmother, her skirt above her waist, fumbling with the flash attachment on her Instamatic, trying to get a picture of her own operation while Tony pulled out lengths of her intestine.

Both Jensen and Decker tell the same tale of Tony's gift. As a very young boy, he is reported to have spent three weeks alone out in a rain forest "learning to concentrate" by knocking coconuts off high trees through sheer force of will. Occasionally, for a change of pace, he would turn this power on green leaves, turning them brown. But, they relate, it wasn't until he laid his bare hand on a playmate's accidental knife wound that the true nature of his power became manifest. The wound healed under the touch of his fingers. This was in 1948 and Tony was ten years old then. He's been using this healing force ever since.

Other countries have sent scientists to investigate this phenomenon, and it is reported by Dr. Decker that Japanese doctors attempted to obtain recordings of Tony's brainwaves but that he blew the encephalograph (SP) right out when he turned on his "power." As in the story of Edgar Cayce, Tony and his like are actually performing their wonders as instruments of a higher power or cosmic force, but in Tony's case, he claims, this force takes control only through his hands from the forearms down, leaving him mentally conscious and relaxed. Dr. Decker further describes the experience as a state of localized trance where at the last moment the operator must make his conscious mind "drop out" or become momentarily distracted, in order for the "Holy Spirit" to take control. He described one tooth-pulling operation when his hands suddenly froze in mid-action, and from across the room, Tony told him to start whistling, to sing a song. Decker did so, freed his mind, and the "control" took over again.

In this sceptical Western world, where we leave it up to Hollywood to amaze us, Disney to delight us, Vietnam to excite us on Channel 7, Tony and his significance may elude our understanding. Perhaps it is only for a simple, uncivilized (!) people such as the Filipinos to garner benefits and meaning from such events. Perhaps shaky blurred and underlit pictures are as close as we'd like to be to the spiritual reality of such events. I, for one, believe that it is no longer so -- that the revelation of such metaphysical events in this "modern" world is part and parcel of the major change of our time. And to explain these happenings, I prefer the words of Dr. Jensen and Dr. Decker to those of Joe Pyne: "The healing must come from within. Don't look for a miracle. You are a miracle."

MIND

BLOWING ITEMS

PSYCHIC
DESIGN
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SPACED OUT

C Underground Newspaper

E. E. Bernard, a psychologist at North Carolina University, Raleigh, N.C. Dr. Bernard is presently investigating what he calls "out-of-the-body experiences" sometimes referred to as Astral Projection.

HAYDEN: What is Astral Projection?

BERNARD: It refers to an experience. Not an externally observable phenomenon, but an experience. It's an experience of being out of your body. You know, if you ask yourself the question, "Who is the I who is now speaking?" there is no answer you can give to this probably, but we all have some kind of intuitive feeling that we know who the I is...well, this is the thing that is outside the body. Invariably, it is the intelligent, articulate, reasoning part of oneself which has separated from the body.

HAYDEN: What do you call this part?

BERNARD: Well, there are many names for it -- Mind, Soul, Spirit, Astral Body. Call it anything you like. Call it the Alpha-body. These names don't mean anything. There's nothing sacrosanct about a name. After attaching a name to something you still don't know what it is.

HAYDEN: Then you're referring to something completely separate from the physical body?

BERNARD: If this word names anything at all, then, presumably, it names something apart from the physical body, yes. But there's nothing mysterious about that. I suppose if the word electro-magnetic field, generated by nerve potentials, refers to anything at all, it's referring to something apart from the nerves. And we don't regard that as any mystery...We don't know anything more about it than we do about this Astral Body.

HAYDEN: Is Tibetan Astral Projection via silver thread the same as yours?

BERNARD: I have no idea whether it's the same or not because I don't know that much about either one of them. The only way I can tell whether they're the same is to take a good hard look at both of them. If I find that exactly the same conditions, and only the same conditions,

precipitate these kinds of experiences, then I'd guess that they're the same.

HAYDEN: Some Buddhists say they can see their "silver thread" as they wander about.

BERNARD: A lot of people report this. This silver cord bit is not uncommon. A lot of nice, Republican, Midwestern housewives who have experienced Astral Projection have reported being attached to their bodies by some kind of cord. When a color is ascribed to this, it's usually silver. But in many, many reports, there's no mention of any kind of connecting link. Probably in 50% of the cases they are not aware of any connecting link.

HAYDEN: You've experienced Astral Projection?

BERNARD: I think I have, yes.

HAYDEN: And what did you experience?

BERNARD: Exactly the experience I've just described. The experience of being detached from your body.

HAYDEN I'm sure many of us have felt that way at some time.

BERNARD: Perhaps you've experienced projection too.

HAYDEN: I don't think my experience coincides with what you're explaining.

BERNARD: Suppose you and I both have the experience of being detached from our bodies -- separated from them physically for some period of time -- and in one case it's triggered off by drinking and in another case it's triggered off by fatigue, distress, or perhaps it just occurs spontaneously while we're sleeping. Since we're different people, it's plausible to assume that our experience will be different. For one, I've spent more time studying it, so I might be less panicky than you. You might be more afraid of the experience than I would be. There could be a variety of differences. It's entirely possible that you might be aware of a kind of body that is projected...you feel that you are in some sense embodied, whereas I may not be.

HAYDEN: This may, or may not, be a mystical experience, then?

BERNARD: Right. It's just impossible to tell whether we're talking about the same phenomenon or not.

HAYDEN: Is there any connection between an OBE and an LSD trip?

BERNARD: Well, they're vastly different. Subjectively they have nothing in common at all. There are a few instances of a person reporting his discovery of being on an OBE while taking a psychedelic. But this doesn't seem to be the kind of thing which a psychedelic precipitates.

HAYDEN: Then the OBE doesn't "expand the consciousness?"

BERNARD: Well, it doesn't expand the consciousness in the same way as the psychedelic does, but it doesn't usually expand the consciousness the way a magnificent love affair does. It doesn't expand one's consciousness the way being turned-on to painting does either.

HAYDEN: Then you do not draw any parallels between the OBE and LSD trips?

BERNARD: No, I definitely do not, and I think that the psychedelics are not a promising agent for triggering off an OBE. With LSD too much else is going on, it's hardly comparable to the light trance state we were talking about a while ago. On the contrary, this is on the other end of the spectrum. If you're wide open and everything is going on at a furious pace, this is no time to relax and get out of your body...

HAYDEN: You firmly believe in out-of-the-body experiences?

BERNARD: I'm impressed with the data... very impressed with it. I'm so impressed with it that I feel it's worth spending my time and some money studying it. Belief is a very different matter to be sure. I can't possibly answer the question how I or anyone else can do this. If I pick a little town in North Carolina that I've never been to, project down there in the middle of the night and write down ten license numbers of cars along the street, snap back, hop in the car, drive right down there and look, and I'm right; that's exceedingly improbably to have occurred by chance. To talk about hallucination is to talk meaningless nonsense.



TANGIERS: Pipedream of America



A Young Turk.

By Nick Ehm.

I arrived in Tangier, Morocco, in the late spring after lunch, I gave myself another shot, and pinned of 1966. With me was my long-standing but newly-wedded old lady, Elizabeth. Our arrival was due entirely to the profits of six months of successful drug dealing in New York City, with an occasional straight job as a false front for my income.

We arrived looking just as we wanted to, that is, newly-wed tourists, American, wealthy, eagerly welcomed by customs officials. While in the States we had lived together as modern day pagans, with huge manes of hair and mod clothes, accompanied 24 hours a day by driving rock and soul from our FM radio.

Our house had been spacious, warm and brightly painted, while our tenement building was occupied almost solely by fellow-hipsters.

Now we had reached Tangier after almost a year of work and planning. We came with the set intention of remaining regally stoned for as long as we could and then continuing north to England, smuggling hash to sell in Liverpool and to take back to the U.S.

Upon arriving, our expected stay in Tangier was one month.

As it was, our first month passed unseen as a dense cloud of opiates and hashish settled over us.

I remember first coming across the sign in the pharmacist's window on my first venture into the city alone. Simple and neat, it read in Arabic, French and English "Wholesale drugs sold. No prescriptions required."

My blown but kept in check mind and smoothed out haste to inquire within were rewarded by my purchasing 12 one-grain morphine ampules and one ounce of water soluble opium crystals, reputed to be dynamite when injected directly into the vein. My whole purchase came to just under \$15.

The next eight days and nights were all spent within a six-foot circle of pillows and cushions on the floor of our terraced hotel room. Half under the ever changing sky and half indoors, we roused ourselves only for another shot, approximately every six hours of our semi-conscious day. Night and day merged and became a single unbroken passing of light gray. Time held no significance whatsoever. It simply continued to hang in stagnant, unnoticed existence, very much like ourselves.

On the ninth day, we stopped long enough to straighten the room, wash ourselves in the hall bath and go downstairs to the hotel cafe for a non-hypodermically fed meal. Returning with Elizabeth to our room

as thick as your forearm. The other hash was "kif," rock hard and deliciously smooth Moroccan hash. After a time the poker-faced merchant picked up and wrapped in canvas a piece of the kif about the size of a small loaf of French bread. For this I paid him \$48, giving \$2 to my wonderboy street connection.

Thus our first month passed with us finishing off the shooting O and falling back more heavily to smoking hash.

Later, the flickering days passing by unnoticed, still another month passed, at the end of which I awoke to find us each with only \$50 a piece remaining from our original bankroll.

I had to decide then whether or not we used our remaining bread to ship home to the States or if we were to chance living for two months here in Tangier in the casbah at about \$25 per person per month.

I talked to Liz about it late one night and after much thought decided that we would stay on, risking possible shipment home, penniless and at the consulate's convenience.

From our hotel we obtained a guide who took us deep within the casbah to an ancient but still sturdy apartment building.

We climbed the foul-smelling stairs to the fourth and final floor. There we were shown the apartment for rent. It consisted of two enormous rooms, running the width of the building and opening onto an actually large terrace which looked down on the street scene below. Along with a small cooking alcove and "pissoir" in the hall. We took the place at \$5 per month.

Afterwards when I could persuade Elizabeth to join me in the streets, we found and bought rugs, cushions, pillows and a very low bed structure made of hardwood and leather thongs. This we placed at the back of the terrace and covered with cushions and pillows, rugs and skins. This is where we spent most of our time together, the other furnishings scattered and occupied at times by our newly found head contemporaries. They, like ourselves, had come and been held spellbound by the ebb and flow of unnamed ecstasies which make up the city of Tangier.

Gradually, after a few weeks in our new digs, we began to feel settled. From waking to crashing, we smoked huge amounts of straight hash in clay and water hash pipes. Elizabeth took to putting and water hash pipes. Elizabeth took to putting in the tiny cooking alcove producing different surprise appetizers.

Now and then, when a friend and/or connection would call, we would sprawl sultan-like on cushions and occasionally speak between pipefuls. The days began to fill and be appreciated once more. Each day brought us some new insight to ponder.

At no time did we stop smoking hash and return to normalcy. The world existed for us only as a continuing dream of beauty. By now we were straight hash smokers. Everything we had sought in getting high seemed to be provided by this single gummy resin.

Three months and \$45 of our \$100 spent later, I decided to invest my remaining cash in drugs and make the run to England. Keeping enough aside for our steam passage to Liverpool, I managed to pick up just under three pounds of prime hash from friends and hipsters.

Then we began to once more change our appearances into what was now required. By then I had grown a full beard with an even fuller head of hair. Liz's hair hung straight, black and shining to the backs of her knees. We had both chosen to wear a simple cotton robe with a hood known as a "jalaba" and sandals. From these, we shaved and cleansed ourselves, putting on our freshly pressed suits, and trailing baggage, caught a taxi to our steamer. Once there we walked eagerly and excitedly on board wearing the pressed hash taped to our own bodies. Not a glance or question was directed towards us.

Three days later we docked in Liverpool almost penniless and with a single address. We spent our last cent on a cab from the ship to our friend Tigger's house, where by sheer luck we found Tigger home from sea and enjoying a rest. His immediate offer of hospitality and lodging was accepted with eyes moist and hearts full.

Liz and I stayed almost three weeks at Tigger's home. We smoked and exchanged stories, his of his seaman's life and mine of my feeling of being reborn in Tangier.

We sold a pound of the hash to some of Tigger's friends. With the \$200 profit, we booked steamship passage to New York and from there went on to California. We returned seven months after leaving, older, wiser and two pounds of hash richer.

It was this same hash that I sold in San Francisco at a tremendous profit, allowing me to build the house in which I now sit and write. Through the window above my desk I can see the waves breaking against the rocky shoreline beyond the pine grove. Upstairs Elizabeth reads from a book of myths and legends to our two sons.

And so I sit and sometimes dream of times and places past. And when the remembered scenes begin to fade, I simply fill my ivory hash pipe, and smoking, bring peace and clarity back to my troubled mind.

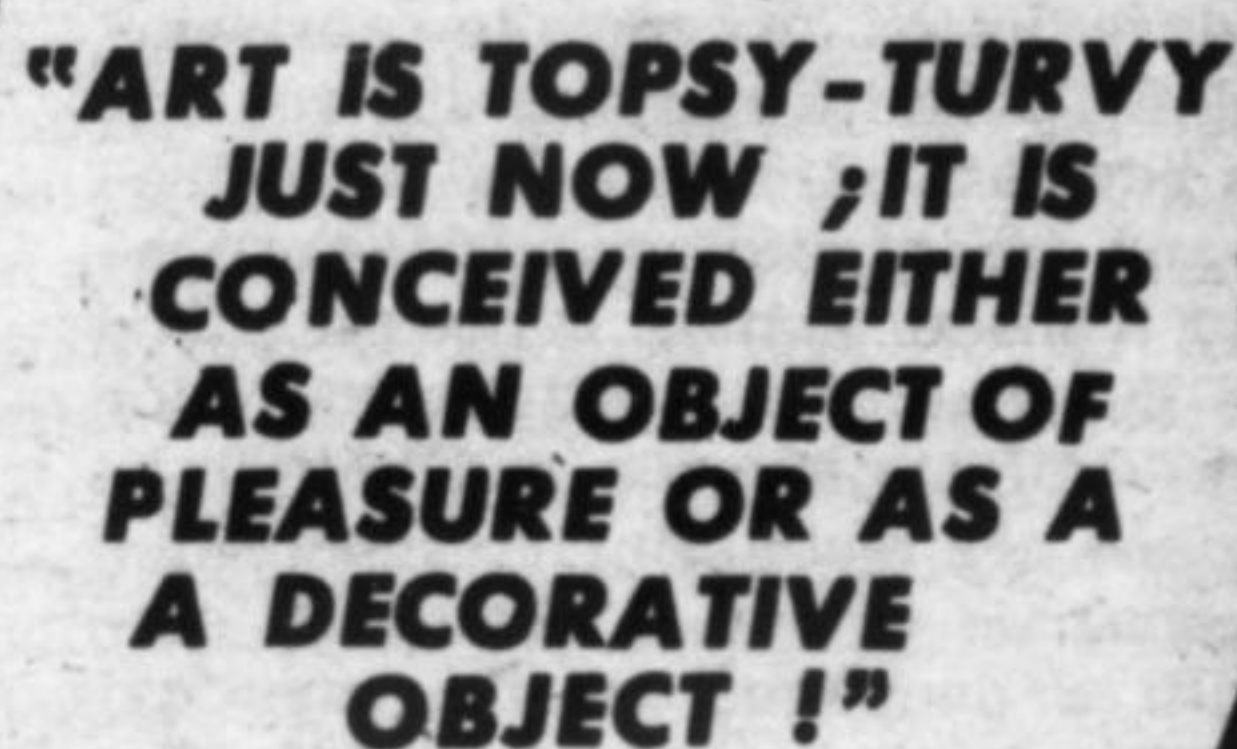
MATTAFFESTO: By Mr. Roberto Matta The Aesthetic Imperative

Since the artist has, like the worker and the colonial subject, known humiliation, he works to win back his dignity. This work I call the work of art.

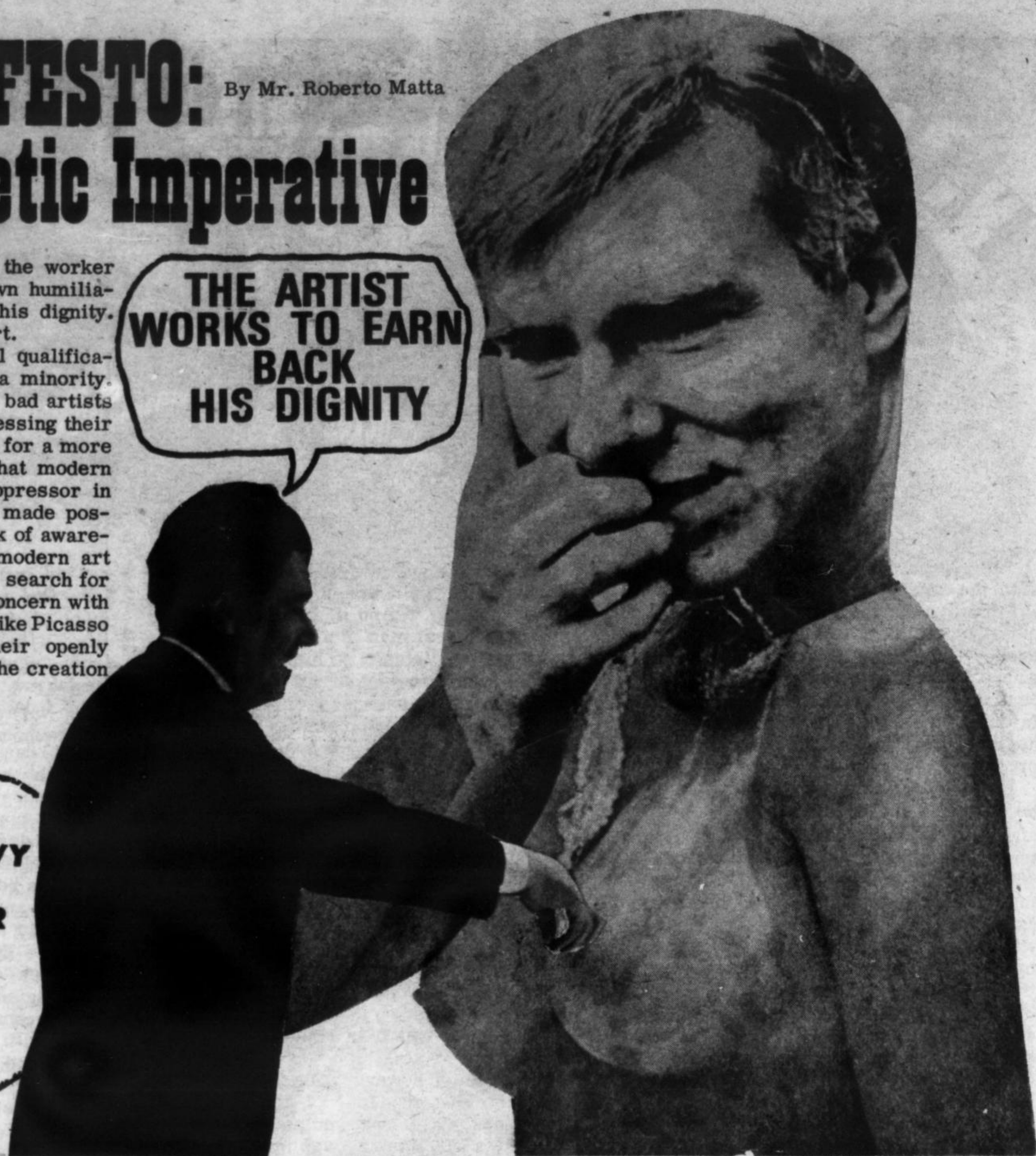
To be an artist is a social qualification, a condition peculiar to a minority. Not all artists are good ones; bad artists are artists nevertheless, expressing their humiliation more obscurely or for a more confused public. I believe that modern art has been stolen by the oppressor in our society. The theft was made possible first by the artist's lack of awareness, then by the naivete of modern art during its early stages, in its search for a language and its apparent concern with trivial stylistic grounds. Men like Picasso added to the confusion by their openly indulgent play of virtuosity in the creation



THE ARTIST
WORKS TO EARN
BACK
HIS DIGNITY



"ART IS TOPSY-TURVY
JUST NOW ;IT IS
CONCEIVED EITHER
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DECORATIVE
OBJECT !"



of "museums without walls." The modern artist is consequently considered not as a composer but as an interpreter. The more vital issue actually called for a complete change of the game; it demanded that we speak for the oppressed, that we give him an awareness of his situation, that we gradually create a society based on solidarity instead of competition.

Nevertheless, you are inevitably defeated by the contradictions inherent in your situation. You want to speak to the masses in a language which they cannot understand. I want to make them understand in the following way: by setting art upright on its feet again. Art is topsy-turvy just now; it is conceived either as an object of pleasure or as a decorative object. Art, which is meant to intensify our consciousness, is alienated.

As things stand now, the oppressed classes need an art which increases their awareness of things, not an art of decoration. They need an image of the world which corresponds as closely as possible to the world as it is. If you change the rules so that art ceases to be a mysterious, mythological, luxurious object and becomes an exercise of the mind and an image upon which we can base our understanding of the world and of society, then you will have a foundation on which to build a new language. Everything must be called by its name!

The central problem is the eternal tendency to denigrate those positive qualities which are foreign to us, and to follow fashion. When the middle class is in power, it quite naturally finds the screams of tortured prisoners pathetic and disgusting. Middle-class art, when considered in relationship to fear, naked-

ness and the humiliation of tortured poets, has something of the SS' uniform and smell of toilet water. Do we want a change of chains? Do we want to transfer the benefit of "la cosa mentale" to the victims? The only other "cosa mentale" is geometry, for geometry has to do with form and order.

I find it extremely anachronistic, however. A fully conscious man should act wholeheartedly, neither forgetting nor ignoring present-day problems or the existence of oppressor and victim. This drama permeates all of daily life down to its smallest details: beauty and ugliness, man and woman, the strong and the weak, the educated and the illiterate, etc.

Until we have thoroughly understood the humiliation inflicted and endured in this world -- and evil is nothing but man's humiliation of his fellow man -- our idea of what we call "life" will be highly superficial. And if "la cosa mentale" to which art aspires means complete understanding, we must give to every element which helps to create poetry the same recognition we accord to the discoveries of science.

If art's main quality is to emancipate each individual as well as society as a whole, we must work towards a poetry, a painting, and a music which frees us and awakes in us revolutionary emotions. The identification of the artist with the underdog is important in the amount and quality of emotional emancipation that he frees.

If the light gun of painting could bombard the mind from the inside and the outside, spreading out the emotional structure and illuminating it totally, we could begin to see how, when, and where emotions act and react.

We could see as a poet.

We could grasp reality as a poet that grasps more reality -- sur-reality -- as compared to the minimum of reality that we use in our half asleep way of life. This minimum reality forces us to see only one side of things and generally that side which interests us the most selfishly. We find ourselves opposing our stupidity to the opposite stupidity, instead of realizing that the contrary of stupidity is awakens.

Can we grasp in our minds a total picture of where we live? If so, it will waken us to an integral individuality. To awaken this integral individuality one has to exercise oneself to an all-at-once picture, a happening in our minds of the total goings-on of each moment.

Can our minds resist this "all-at-once" perception of reality? I believe that they can, after grasping at once and all around us as a spherical history that closes on us constantly. The notion of "picture" becomes modern and revolutionary if we are enveloped by it instead of just holding it in front of us. But this all-at-once happening should be one with the ultimate realities -- death, Vietnam, love -- to introduce the dialectics of history in the art we use to see the world. I believe that what is new in the realm of emotions is a need for programming the way our minds work.

This is a dare thrown in the face of the modern artist. Technology is provoking him to develop at the same degree of intensity. It is shocking to see such fragmentation in the field of those who should discover and create the structure of emotions and the fields of energy that flow from one emotional structure to the next.

THE NEW CONSCIOUSNESS



There is in the world something greater than the achievements of all civilizations with their cultures, religions and philosophies, something even greater than science -- that new altar above all altars where modern men and nations worship, finding there a more true and universal faith -- the only one which, having no dogmas, can remain humble and thus progress.

But even if science could transform, as it does now the whole outlook of man and the external conditions of his existence, the inner misery, ignorance and suffering of the human soul would remain. Saviours have come through the ages, heroes and guides; the face of the world has changed but not the nature of man. Something greater is needed than the visitations of the past: a visitation of the eternal, something which is there already, unnoticed, in its manger, under the stars, unfolding before men the infinite marvel: a most profound and silent revelation -- a most profound and silent revolution, opening within man the gates to the superman.

It is only a state of consciousness. But so unlike the one we know in our every day state that those who experience it feel as far removed from their ordinary selves as that self is removed from that of the dumb brute. For this state of consciousness stands as high above mind as mind above instinct or impulse. And it seems to spread and to develop generation after generation in a slow, silent and sure manner.

This state is called by some super-consciousness or "Cosmic Consciousness," for it makes man feel one with the universe. It is a state of pure bliss, of ecstatic awareness, a light of understanding which embraces all beings and all things -- something more than love, for love is selective, exclusive. It transcends emotion as well as intellect. It is a state of absolute peace, all fears, doubts and anxieties once and for all vanishing as clouds before the sun -- a state of absolute freedom, plenitude and certitude, of oneness with the eternal and the infinite.

It comes unexpectedly, without apparent how or why or wherefrom, not necessarily to the wisest, the most learned or virtuous, the most perfect. (It is not the most perfect gem which has become the first living thing, nor the most perfect animal which has become the first man. It is not the most perfect man who reaches the superhuman state.) It comes generally to the humble.

The first time I met one of the privileged it was on a solitary road in southern France, while returning with some fellow students from an evening lecture in the country nearby. We were walking in the night when a song like a paean of glee arose, and we met a man whose like

I had never seen. He told us why he was singing: "I am nothing. I know nothing. I own nothing. And I am alone. But I am the happiest man in the whole world." For long we listened to him, marvelling. He had the greatest of all possessions: this joy which possessed him. And he left, leaving behind something, to us radiant in the night.

The "Greatest Thing" cannot be produced or obtained arbitrarily by any device, effort, or training. All the psychological disciplines, the elaborate methods and "yoga" of the oriental or occidental mysticism fall short of securing it. It seems to be simply given, granted, bestowed, and resembles most what the theologians have called "pure grace."

For this experience, though lasting in most cases but for a short instant, has durable effects. It leaves a seed of inner growth which in time produces its flowers and fruits.

Sometimes, however, the visitation can last for long periods. I know, here in New York, an artist, sculptor of repute, who for a whole month was in the ecstatic state of supra-mental consciousness. He wrote afterwards, without preparation, an extraordinary book of science "The Universal One," which in spite of a laceration of technological language contains illuminating concepts of cosmology and even of practical chemistry.

Another case of a long duration of the spiritual event is that of the now departed Djivendranath Tagore, the elder brother of the poet, mathematician, philosopher, who for one month also enjoyed the blissful state. He told me at length how it came and went, reproaching himself for his inability to retain it lastingly. But the inner man is apparently not ready, in the laboratory of nature, for the permanence of this state which will be that of the superman.

That this state is no more dependent on exterior circumstances than on inner desire or preparation appears in the fact that it often occurs in the most dreadful environment. A soldier in France told me that he experienced it suddenly during World War II in a foxhole. And I know a workman in the Ford plant, in Detroit, who felt several times its ecstatic spell in the midst of the noise and turmoil when at work.

In every station of life and grade of intellectual or moral development, men and women can be chosen for the great Gift.

Among the women, one here in New York, having received it, started without funds one of our most outstanding schools of art. Some, having no other qualification than that of ordinary society women, were chosen. One of them afterwards found this appropriate definition of the state of consciousness in which we usually live: It is an "anachronism."

This is how a young woman described it. She experienced it at the very moment she was trying to take her own life, without any reason other than an unconscious will to break through and transcend the obstacle which separates man from his supramental, superhuman self.

But though all those who have passed through this revelation of ecstatic consciousness express it in almost identical terms, none of them tries to offer any mental description or concrete representation of the infinite essence and reality. For this revelation is not mental but supramental, and the infinite essence is not concrete but transcendental. It does not lend itself to the kind of dogmatic formulation of which ordinary creeds and beliefs in all religions are made. But it compensates for the absence of any mythological element with a deepening of the mystical sense and experience of what is fundamental in all religions.

That is why the teachings genuinely inspired by this experience, as that of the Buddha or of Lao Tse, decline to deliver any information about "God," or the "soul," or the "life after death." For these are but mental constructions, which differ in all contending "revelations" and religions. They are, at best, different forms of imagining that which transcends all sense images. They can be used if needed as visible symbols of invisible realities -- any human idea is a kind of idol -- provided they are not mistaken for the reality itself behind the representation, and for the light beyond, which the mind cannot comprehend.

When this light is seen, it becomes a matter of indifference to express it through any belief or disbelief whatever. For belief and disbelief are as dumb as the ass and the ox in the night of a Nativity. Thus, the one who knows can recognize the truth behind any creed and idol. He can also remove any obstacle of creed and idol before the eyes ready to recognize the truth.

But if the essence of the ecstatic consciousness is not rational but suprarational, not mental but supramental, it is however in the general line of biological and psychological development which has led from the pure sensitivity of plants to the emotional instinct in animals and to the mental, rational, logical faculties of man. And if no technique is known for the production and enjoyment at will of this supramental consciousness, at least some conditions are known, negative and positive, which control its possible manifestation.

Concerning the psychological origin of Cosmic Consciousness, four steps, according to Dr. Bucke, can define its evolution:

(1) From the primary faculty of excitability sensation appears and through com-

DRACULA SUCKS

*I am sick, because I have given myself away.
I have given myself to the people when they came
so cultured, even bringing little gifts,
so they pecked a shred of my life, and flew off with a croak
of sneaking exultance.
So now I have lost too much, and am sick.*

*I am trying now to learn never
to give of my life to the dead,
never, not the tiniest shred.*

...D.H. Lawrence

By Lorraine Glennby

Vampires live vicariously, feeding on the blood of the living; by ingesting life they support the illusion of life in themselves. In this tradition the establishment today looms like a monolithic Dracula over the minds of countless Americans, sucking the creative energy from the nation's artists and draining them of every potential drop of entertainment value. This is its life substance, for entertainment is the one thing that the vast army of consumer-zombies who serve the monster cannot provide for themselves (or so they believe) so they continue to pay for it with their cash and their consciousness, ignoring the fact that what they are buying is illusion. Creative energy, when it is fastened upon by this modern Dracula, becomes not a means to authentic artistic expression and development, but a commodity to be processed for profitable public consumption. The artist, once a source of truth and revelation, however maligned in his society, is no longer allowed self-possession. In the clutches of the establishment he becomes a mere supplier, a tool to be exploited until it dulls or until the supplies are no longer demanded.

The ways and means by which this predator is perpetuated is subject matter for a volume of True Tales of Horror, Neo-American Gothic genre. The tales would be numerous, perhaps hundreds relating to the victims of each of Dracula's conspicuous organs, like the press, the galleries, advertising, and television.

The "slick" breed of all of these -- the biggest and also the most money-making -- are rooted in an ironclad middle-class frame of reference which colors every idea as they represent it to the public. Witness the press. Artists, youth, Negroes, workers, any group or individual trying to effect any actual change in the society is immediately viewed from within the establishment as an outsider, a potential threat to be watched. Meanwhile, their activities are reported and "reviewed" in a patronizing manner. But diplomacy on the part of the press gives way to bias and distortion as soon as the outsider seems to be taking hold in the society and thereby infringing on their ingrained concepts of propriety (you know: KEEP OFF THE GRASS, YOU WEIRD SONS-OF-BITCHES!)

When numerous artists bent on hard work and cheap living began moving to the Lower East Side, the press recognized a pulsating throat and seized upon it accordingly. "Bye-Bye, Greenwich Village, New York Has a New Bohemia" announced a gleeful headline in the "Herald Tribune" shortly before it merged. Like all others of its ilk, the accompanying article is a projection of the cancer of conformism filled with smutty insinuations about the dark world of people who live with freedom from controls. The reporter offers this view of "life in the New Bohemia":

"...At night you can walk through Tompkins Square and listen to obscene poetry readings...you can buy an ice-cream cone or a stick of tea -- that's gage, grass, or marijuana, man -- on any street corner... there are talk-it-up joints that feature integration...



BATS! THE LIGHT MUST BE ATTRACTING THEM...



...WAIT! THEY...THEY'RE CHANGING... THEY'RE NOT BATS AT ALL...THEY'RE...



YES, SIRE! AND AS THEY KILLED MY DAUGHTER SO SHALL THEY SLAY YOU! BUT NEVER FEAR...I'VE KEPT MY WORD. YOU'LL HAVE ETERNAL LIFE...THE ETERNAL LIFE OF THE UN-DEAD! THE FATE OF THE DAMNED...UNTIL SOMEONE DRIVES A STAKE IN YOUR HEART AS WAS DRIVEN IN MY DAUGHTER'S!

and LSD orgies...The women seem to have a certain happy vitality, yet there are times when they seem to wear a touch too much leather and seem overly fond of those high-heeled Sadie Massie boots... the East Villager is committed to...gitty, unpopular causes such as End the War in Vietnam and Ban the Bomb... In the New Bohemia...wall to wall roaches come with the cheap flats...underground movies are one of the biggest artistic kicks. Without pasting a label of obscenity on anything, we can only say that many of the titles of these experimental films cannot be quoted in a family magazine."

The establishment attitude towards the artists' community, whether real or imagined, as evidenced in the press, is typically one of secret salivation and manifest decorum; it reacts by moving towards it in recoil. But since reportage on life in the "fertile soil of art" is of wide popular interest and hence means good business, such surveys appear at least once a month in the magazine section of one of the "family" papers or as a feature in one of the slick consumers' magazines. Regardless of the vehicle, however, SOIL it remains, and the emphasis is invariably upon the prurient interest rather than the aesthetic or artistic one.

But there is money in the House of Dracula, and money buys food, time, and materials with which to work. Should an artist approach or be approached by the predator in order to secure these, he more often than not must pass en route a merchandizing, calculating Scylla and Charybdis in whose coils he will either be devoured or drowned.

Take the painter. Once the prototypical artist starving unrecognized in his garret, he now has the possibility of exhibiting his work to the public in the numerous galleries which line our cities' more fashionable streets. But awake, dear reader: this is a True Tale, not a fairy-tale. The fact is that Art is now big business; in the hot hands of entrepreneurs and gallery owners seeking profit and in the corroded minds of the customers seeking status and interior decoration, the handling of others' work has become "the art game."

It is a game in which the artist is the first to lose. The chips are stacked against him in various ways. A gallery may offer a painter the equivalent of a salary with which to live and continue to produce paintings over a period of a year or two. During this time the gallery holds back from "pushing" his work with the result that, at the end of the time stipulated, the gallery owner informs the artist that his work has not paid off. In short, the painter is made to recognize that he is in debt to the gallery for the sum of X dollars which he has received from them in payment and "good faith."

He then is given the opportunity to give over all the work he has produced up till then in payment of his "debt" and may even be given a token sum for whatever else he happens to have on hand at the

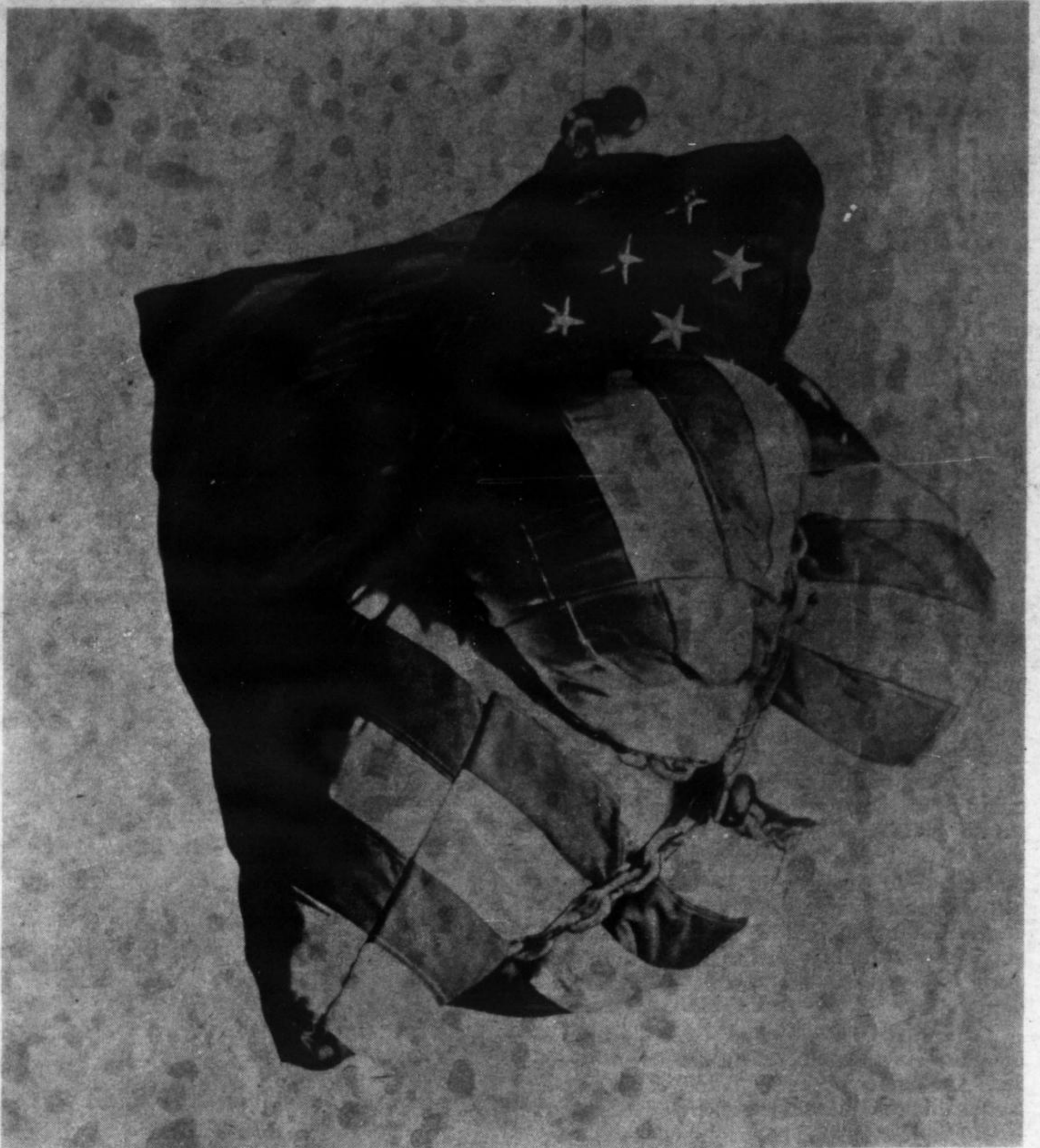
continued on page 13

Coming Soon: Next Week: ART ART

By LIL PICARD

Our mind blows Art and Art blows our mind. Art is anybody's business. Art is big business, and business becomes Art with big business. How do you take any stand in Art? What is good Art, bad Art, no Art, yes Art, real Art, any Art? Why Art at all? Do you like object Art, Why Art at all? Do you like Object Art, Abstract Art, Black Art, Minimum Art, Maximum Art (has to be born 1967), Sex Art, Anti-sex Art, Erotic Art, Cosmic Art, Art-is-Art Art, Life-is-Art Art, Art-is-Life Art, Psychedelic Art, Insane Art, Sane Art, Underground Art, Something Else Art, LSD Art, Amphetamine Art, Art for the insiders, Art for the outsiders, White House Art, Man-is-a-man Art, Art-Boutique Art, Art-Disposables, Art-Gimmick Art, Vinyl-Buttons-Fashion Art, Platonic Art, Art-International Art, Packaged Art, Fuck Art, Dirty Art, Clean Art, Art-as-architecture Art, Black Mask Art, Destroy the Museums Art, Fight the war game Art, Art uber Alles Art, Fruitfly Art, Sexual Organs Art, Abortion Art, Bellringing Chant Art, Everybody his own Buddha Art, You are saved, man Art, Art as a Religion Art, Anti-Religion Art, Love Art, Hate Art, Sell it, sell it, sell it Art, Washington Square Super Kitsch Art, I am doing my own soul Art and nobody else counts Art, Harper's Bazaar, Vogue and David Susskind Art, Madison Avenue Dollar Art, Eager Beaver Publicity Art, No risque Art, Primitive Art, Art as Art goes, I don't give a damn Art, gilt-edge Art, Art for the Lord and Loyds Art, Art Gang Art, Private Mafia Art Advisers, Inside Club Art, Fancy Paraphernalia Art, Paperdress Art, Comics Art, Manufactured Art, Anti-Vietnam War Art, Lousy De Gaulle Art, Neon-electric-electronic Art, Nature Art, I express myself Art, Never mind what others do Art, \$25 Necktie Art, Gadget Art, Saucers and Cups Art, Multiples Art, POP*, ENDPOP*, OP*, ENDOP, Postpop, Postop and Minimpop Art, Hard-edge Art and Soft-edge Art and Soft-hard-edge Art, Words Art, Look up a new word in the dictionary Art, University Art, High-school Art, Surrealistic and Anti-surrealistic Art, Provincial Art, Healthy Art, Absolutely unhealthy depraved Art, Pure Art, Not so completely pure Art, phallic Art, Not so completely pure Art, Phallic Art, Photo Art, Happening to express Life Art, Destruction-Happening Art, Poetic Art, Propaganda Art, Marshall McLuhan and the extensions of man multi media Art Art, Film and Balloon Farm Art, just doing watercolors, collage, oil-paint, pencil, lithograph and things Art, I wish I could paint with a laser Art, inkspot Art, Zen Art, I am retiring from the scene Art and split the scene Art, going into the desert Art, boring, boring, boring Art, utterly boring cool Art, I hate all Art Art, don't think about anything just do it Art, let others worry about it all Art...

There is a party everyday Art, do I get in free Art, everybody sponging on everybody else Art, Corruption Art, Alienation Art, Colorfield and Postpainterly Painting Art, Projected Art, Art in the Mirror Art, Pastiche Art, Phony Chi Chi Art, from the Chelsea Hotel to the Hotel Stanhope silverdress manipulating operating Art and vomiting Art in Central Park, Cop Art, Naive Art, Old Masters, Young Masters, Middle-aged Masters Art, and Children Art under 13, and Children Art over 80, and Nude Art, Bikini Art, Food Art, Vitamin Art, Technology Art, Auction Art, Take it off take it off the taxes Art...Art Art Art Art...Names



Marc Morrel, a young artist has his first uptown New York show at the Radich Gallery with a series of assemblages made from blue, red and white textile materials. They are used as symbols of the American flag. He has made those things himself, stuffed the pieces of flag-striped and star-spangled textiles with cotton, like puppets or pillows, and has adorned them with yellow golden cords or metal chains and locks.

Phil Ochs records play continuously; they are the tape background sound to this strong anti-war assemblage show. Morrel has a definitive message and is a convincing protest Artist. His "J'accuse" is a visual statement. The best piece is "Cops of the World," a large spreading spider-form in black plastic, in the middle a steel helmet, a gas mask and a piece of material taken from the star spangled part of the American flag.

LONG MAY IT WAVE

The Ramparts red glare at the Radich Gallery Thursday evening 12/28. The Cops of the World zeroed in on one Marc Morrel, a 29 year old artist who was having his first one man show; a series of assemblages made from blue-red-white textile materials. O're the bombs bursting in air the summons was served to Steven Radich by Patrolman Burns for publically displaying American flags that were defiled and mutilated (Penal Law 1425-16D).

Mr. Radich realized "something was afoot when last Friday some plainclothesmen from the 19th precinct, headed by a Lt. Mahoney, came to look over the show." "They had received many complaints and came to watch through the long perilous night." The show consisted of stuffed american flags, puppets, and pillows adorned with yellow golden cords or metal chains and locks. One piece which did not amuse the blue coats was a spread out octopus with steel helmet and gas mask entitled "Cops of the World."

Hank DiSuvero of the N.Y. Civil Liberties Union, has taken the case. "There is a clear violation of the First Amendment," Mr. DiSuvero said, "and there is no sanctity in the symbols of government, an artist has every right to use any materials for his art." "In fact," Mr.

DiSuvero went on, "there have been many cases of American flags used for such purposes: Jasper Johns for one. There was a case in Mississippi of a college professor who got in trouble for using the Confederate Flag."

The most recent case before the courts was the flag burning which occurred on the stage of the Bridge Theater. The License Department dropped the charges in November. Meanwhile Mr. Radich is getting together a statement to be signed by N.Y. artists and critics to protest the law. He is due to appear at Criminal Court, 52 Chambers St., January 4, Rm. 207 at 9:30. And in the words of Francis Scott Key, "Oh say can you see the star spangled banner yet wave, O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

continued from page 11

DRACULA SUCKS

moment. Then the gallery promotes his work and keeps all the profits therefrom. The painter has but to begin again.

Or a painter whose work seems promising might be given sums of money by the gallery on speculation, until his work proves how well it will sell, at which point he may be given a contract guaranteeing him a percentage of the profits. Well and good. However, painters, like all artists, need to develop. Yet gallery owners are so insecure in what they are doing that they are unwilling to advance a painter money with which to expand; they prefer that he continue producing what has already proven salable. To the businessmen who "deal in art," paintings and sculptures are simply stock. Most of them are not interested in their intrinsic value but in their potential market. As one painter put it, "I want to work bigger, to experiment with new materials, but they want to confine me to only a part of myself."

If an artist's work continues to sell, the artist himself becomes a marketable item. Once his name begins to be mentioned about in the right offices and at the right parties, the man himself begins to undergo a dangerous and debilitating transformation into a celebrity. Then the image-makers move in, Dracula starts concentrating all its forces on the prey, and the artist dwindles into popularity. Or kills himself, and begins again, which is what "8 1/2" is all about.

The society that destroys together enjoys together as it strips the flesh and the privacy from each and every one of its idols and manufactured celebrities. They are a disenchanted multitude frantically trying to attain synthetic ideals while the real ones wither quietly away, unobserved. And the establishment profits by it all.

Consider advertising. Advertising is an industry devoted to the manufacture and perpetuation of false ideals for the sole purpose of making money. To do this, advertising agencies employ some of the most talented and creative minds in America, exploiting them to the last possible degree. Of course, it should be mentioned that many might-have-been artists capitulate willingly to the machine, but there are others who approach it in an effort to secure a stepping stone, to get their work before the public. What they have to learn is that most of the art directors in advertising agencies and on magazine staffs are "nine-to-five artists" whose operations are actually extensions of the business ethic. Knowing that since the field is so competitive newcomers will agree to almost anything in order to get an assignment, they prey upon the up and coming artist.

A common ploy of the agencies is to place ads in the papers to draw in whatever creative talent happens to be around. Then they tell the applicants that, although they are not being hired, the agency "wants to see what they can do." They are instructed to write, shoot, or design something in relation to a particular theme and submit their work after the weekend. The applicant believes he is being tested, whereas the agency is simply trying to get some fresh approaches. After seeing the fruits of the labor of 15 or 20 young artists, the agency is satisfied to dismiss their work as unsatisfactory and, after the dejected creators have gone home, rework their writing, photos, or designs into a successful, high-paying campaign.

Often the professional photographer or illustrator finds that not only his ideas but even his finished work is stolen while he is deprived of adequate pay-

ment and denied the credit for his own style and vision. It is not uncommon for fashion magazines to photostat a photographer's work "to remember what kind of thing he does," and then to extract from these certain unusual touches of style or setting which they then give to their own staff photographers to copy.

Most photographs and illustrations should be sold for one-time use, with payments based on their market, e.g. less for trade ads and more for national ads. Yet more than a few photographers have been contracted to shoot items supposedly to be used for trade ads and, having been paid accordingly, only discover their pictures used in a national ad after the check has been cashed and it is too late. The victim has no recourse because, fully aware of their lie before the fact, corporations are wont to inscribe on all such checks (on the back, of course): "paid in full; all rights retained by Firm X."

The ad agencies steal more than money, work, credit, and ideas: they also steal personalities. A basic concept behind the mass media is that, in order to sell everybody, you must use a nobody. Hence the rise of the "mannequin." It is significant that this term for an inanimate model was not changed but that live human beings were made to fit the term. One such mannequin, now retired by choice, described to me how the fashion industry tried to "depersonalize" him: "In the agencies they process people like cheese, and they all come out the same -- American bland."

The result is often crippling; having been conditioned to project the flawless non-sexual image which has become the American "ideal," many actors and actresses who originally went into modeling to supplement their incomes find afterwards that they are unable to act anywhere other than in television, where this insipid quality is the desired norm.

Watch the forms wriggle up out of the darkness in a television tube. With a single gesture you can open Pandora's box and watch the deluge of anaesthetic demons which daily pour over the minds of America's masses, entrenching them ever deeper in their mediocrity. The power behind them, the power behind all the machines is the enemy, the vampire establishment which will drink the blood of American brain cells until all is emptiness and death. Only collective consciousness can ward off this end, and it is the artists who must inspire and direct that consciousness towards the realization of a world which uses technology for freedom and freedom for the meaningful expression of the individual.

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THE KINETIC CRYSTAL BALL

Crystal balls are traditionally a little cloudy, and mine is no exception. But may be this is all for the good for while the true shape of the future may not be visible in all its hard-edged accuracy it does make a better reflector for the images I want to project. Anyway, it's a better game to play at this time of the year than the one they call "The Ten Best."

Let's begin with TECHNICS.

It won't be long before a grainless film will be marketed which, amongst other things, will mean that 8mm movies could be shown at Radio City Music Hall. Shortly after this emulsions will be made that have the same sensitivity to light as does the human eye, thus obliterating the curse of artificial light. And perhaps, even before this happens, one-quarter inch magnetic tape will be used in pocket-sized television cameras. And maybe film and editing equipment will be made totally foolproof and perhaps even durable.

A compact rear screen projection unit will become standard equipment. Cinemas are going to be built with the same loving care for detail and function that was once given by architects to the great cathedrals. (Len Lye is the first of these great architects.) Their interiors will be organically designed so that the whole atmosphere will supplement the nature of the show taking place. Multi-screen projection will become commonplace.

The current trend towards private and storefront type cinema will sweep New York. The main function of these is to provide a tool...a logical extension of the process of filmmaking which will give the artist a greater control and freedom over his work. I predict (and here my crystal clears for a moment) that in a couple of years New York and all major cities in America will be covered with storefront cinemas and theatres.

As the synthesis between the arts grows, multi media will become the standard type of entertainment medium. Broadway will become the centre of programed and computerized extravaganzas, and any show that doesn't mix its medias will be considered old-fashioned in a very purist sort of way (like the playing of baroque music on instruments of the period.)

I do not see any increase in the quality of what goes on the film, and there will always be a surplus of badly conceived products, but because of the accessibility and perfection of equipment the good stuff is going to come from some very strange and frequently humble origins. As it is now I believe that some of the best filmmaking going on now is being done in 8mm by people who are quite anonymous to the public and who the industry would consider as total filmic illiterates. What this real underground is shooting today will form the CONTENT of the films of tomorrow.

I'm not going to try and bullshit my way through this one, but I'm fairly sure it's going to contain large elements of the erotic. Suddenly there will be such a profusion of good old fashioned sex that the taboos of the last several thousand years will crumble to dehydrated semen. So too will plot and the tensions created by the artificial manipulation of human affairs. These will give way to the new dramatics of light and color. And then, one day, all cinema, films, painting, drama etc. will disappear because they will be no longer needed. They will not be needed because we shall have learnt how to communicate with our minds...We shall be able to project and receive patterns of thought, histories, designs, sounds. We shall have learnt how to communicate, totally, with one another.

That, dear, reader, is my millenium. Of course, if the apocalypse catches up with us, the most important kinetic activity the survivors will have to cope with will be the re-discovery and manufacture of the candle.

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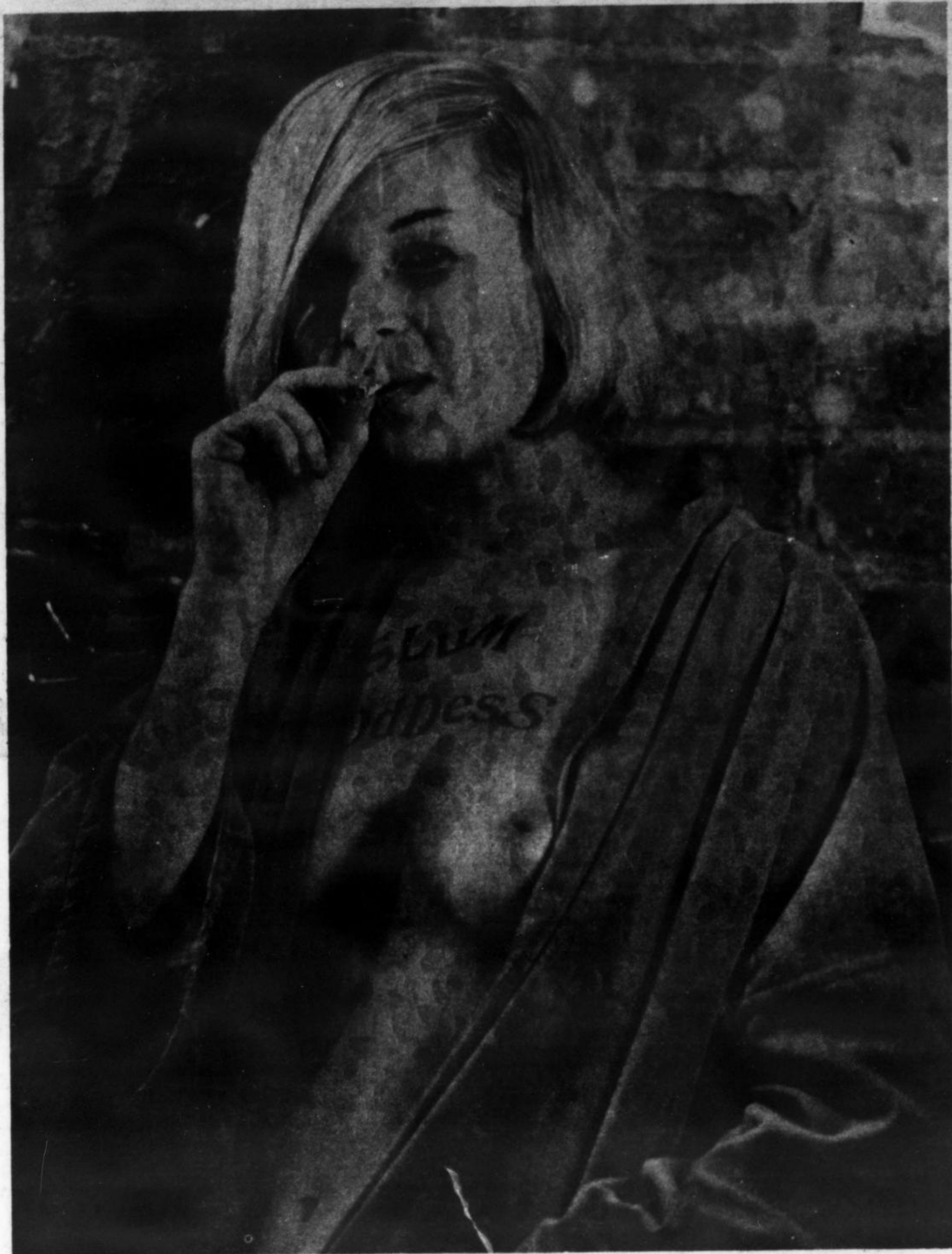
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CONCENTRATION CAMPS

continued from page 3

"in such places of detention as may be provided by him...all persons as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person PROBABLY will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage and sabotage."

Such procedure is contingent upon the declaration of an "internal security emergency" by the President alone under certain conditions -- namely, an invasion of the United States or its possessions; a declaration of war by Congress; or an "insurrection" within the United States in aid of a "foreign enemy."

During August and September of 1950, the United States Senate witnessed the turbulent passage of the McCarran Act, whose primary provision required that organizations, periodicals and individuals, accused of being "agents of a totalitarian power" by the Attorney General, register themselves as such with the Justice Department.

The detention camp provision was, interestingly enough, NOT an original part of the McCarran Act. In point of fact, the original proponents of the McCarran Act fought AGAINST inclusion of the Title II detention camp proposal, scoring it as "a concentration camp measure."

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The detention camp proposal as presented by a group of Democrats in the Senate was readily crushed by the McCarran forces -- who then turned around and added the measure (in even more severe form!) to their own bill, calling it Title II of the McCarran Act.

A mere seven United States Senators voted against the McCarran Act on September 12, 1950, and they were swamped by the 70 who passed the measure Later -- on September 22nd -- three more joined the original seven in a courageous but foredoomed attempt to sustain President Harry S. Truman's vigorous, yet futile veto of the McCarran Act.

With typical candor, President Truman had warned in his historic veto message that the McCarran Act "put the government of the United States into the thought-control business." What the President did not say was that the McCarran Act also put the government into the construction business -- the construction of concentration camps. They are now up and ready -- and have been for more than fourteen years -- waiting to be filled, according to a law of the United States which today is still in full force.

Who would be picked up in the event Title II were ever invoked? How many people would be put into the detention camps which have been ready and waiting since 1952? What agency is entrusted with the pick-ups?

While the precise answers to these and related questions have never been offi-

Throughout the 1950 Senate debate (colloquy is a more descriptive word) on Title II, both Hoover and the FBI were unquestioningly referred to as THE supreme arbiters as to who and how many would be picked up.

My own estimates, based upon actual figures and potential capacities given to me by U.S. Bureau of Prisons officials, indicate that the detention camps today could take from 8,500 to 11,500 citizens if necessary at the four sites which now are fully prepared to handle the problem. By adding other sites available to the Bureau of Prisons, The Times' assertion that "thousands more could be put in detention camps as fast as they were rounded up" is no exaggeration.

My own attempts to seek interviews with relevant officials of the Justice Department were unavailing. (The FBI not only refused comment but predictably sent agents to telephone and visit my neighbors in a characteristic display of intimidation.)

J. Walter Yeagley, an Assistant Attorney General at the Justice Department and the bureaucrat heading its Internal Security Division, is the person whose primary responsibility is the administration of the McCarran Act. His office develops the cases put before the so-called Subversive Activities Control Board (SACB) and of course is concerned with the detention camps.

When I requested an interview with him, Yeagley replied in a letter dated May 26, 1966: "It strikes me that any official view I might have on the subject of your inquiry (Title II and the detention camps) should be for my superiors only and not a subject for public discussions." (1)

The attitudes of the FBI and the Justice Department stand in significant contrast to the straightforward honesty and deep disquiet of the Bureau of Prisons. And it is perfectly clear why: the FBI and the Justice Department's Internal Security Division have a powerful vested interest in Title II. Their purpose in hiding the facts about the detention camps -- which, according to bureaucrat Yeagley are "not a subject for pub-

lic discussion" -- is obviously a deliberate, calculated effort to maintain a high level of intimidation by keeping the public ignorant of the camps. This stratagem of course has its exact parallel in the use of the concentration camps in Nazi Germany:

It is to belabor the obvious to point out that the present Vietnam conflict could easily lead to a formal declaration of war, which, very likely, would immediately result in the invoking of Title II by PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON SOLELY ON HIS OWN AUTHORITY AS PROVIDED UNDER THE LAW. In that case, it is obvious, the leadership of the growing peace movement which dissents so militantly from the Johnson policy in Vietnam -- those "nervous Nellies," in the words of the President, who panic "under the strain" and turn "on their leaders and on their country and on their own fighting men" -- would be among the first "Communists" and "potential spies and saboteurs" picked up in 'Operation Dragnet.'

The ghetto uprisings in Watts, Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago suggest another area in which Title II could be invoked. The rapidly mounting and increasingly organized resistance of the Negro people and those bearing arms in self-defense against the force and violence of the bigot mobs, the police and national guard -- could well provide the pretext for the White House to declare that such resistance was in actuality an "insurrection from within;" and of course that, in turn, under the McCarran Act, would fill the detention centers with the militants of the civil rights movement.

Nor is this idle conjecture. On a small scale, it already has happened. In the summer of 1965, several thousand interracial civil rights demonstrators -- mostly youngsters -- were seized by Alabama state police and forcibly put behind hastily erected barbed-wire 'pens' for more than 72 hours on the state fair grounds at Birmingham in what was nothing less than a make-do concentration camp of historically classic proportions. Already a familiar voice is being heard with increasing frequency in the land -- in the Congress, in the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, in the FBI and in the countless local witch-hunting agencies -- alleging "evidence" that the ghetto upheavals are the work of "outside" (Communist of course) forces bent upon "overthrowing" the United States government.

At this point there certainly is no room for easy and false optimism about the present opposition to Title II in the United States today. While there have been general expressions of opposition to the McCarran Act by noteworthy organizations and individuals, there has been no specific move to repeal Title II and dispose of the detention camps. The reason for this lamentable state is quite easily understood: the people clearly do not know about the existence of these camps. It is as simple -- and complex -- as that.

By Charles R. Allen, Jr. This is reprinted from the booklet of the same name, commissioned by the Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties, 22 E. 17 St., N.Y. 10003. The booklets are available for \$.70 each, 10 or more \$.60 ea., 25 or more \$.50 ea., 100 or more \$.40 ea.

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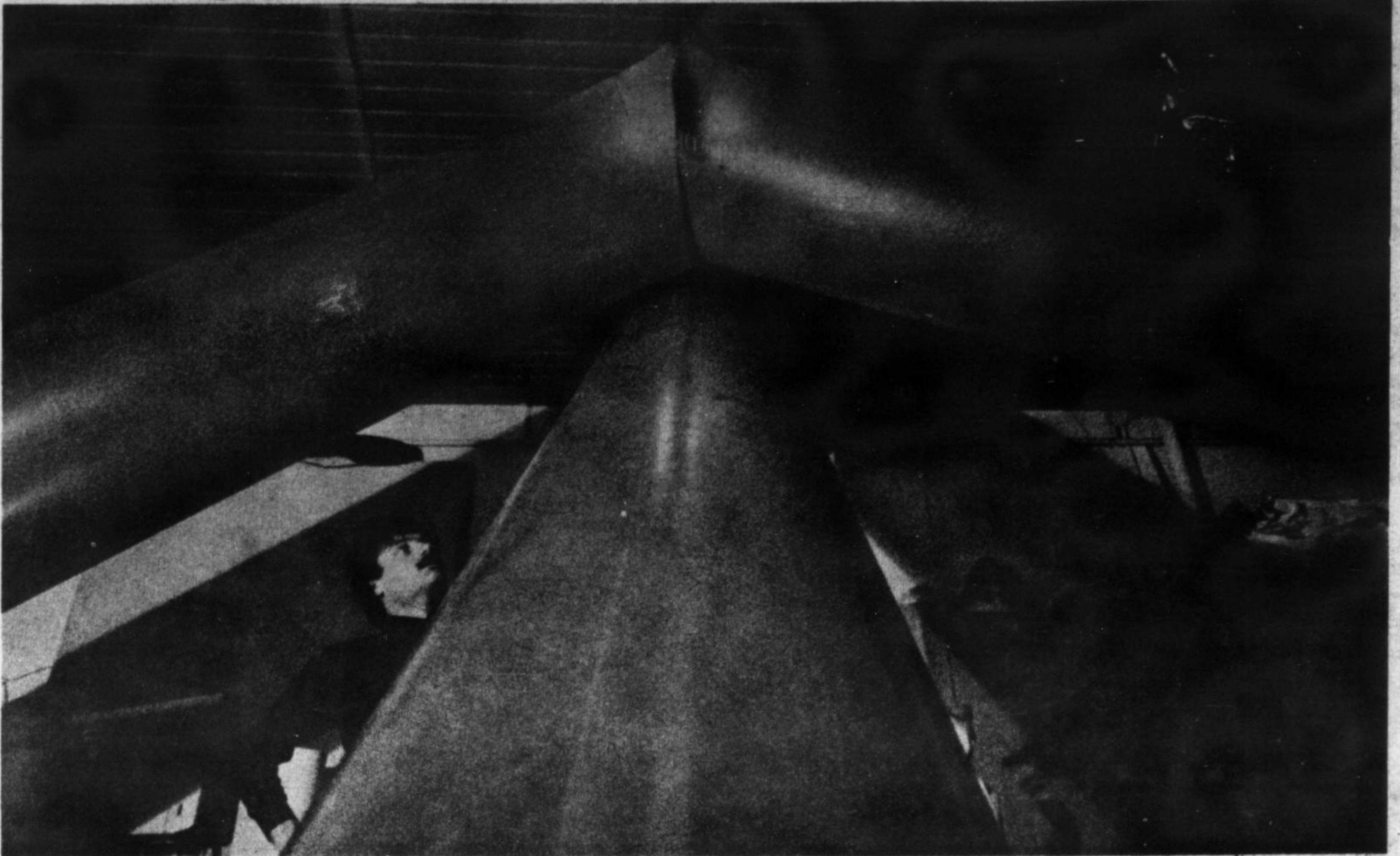
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The elimination of sex is an ever present problem in our society. Homosexuality is rampant across the nation and is often believed to be the last stage in the breakdown of normal sexuality along with sado-maso tendencies. But what is true is that homosexuality and its other tendencies are really the first stage towards the complete elimination of sex. In our synthetic society the urge to control nature has led to an imbalance in the air we breathe, the food we eat, as well as the emotions we proffer.

Man has tried to control the birth rate and the quality of birth in his environment. He has changed men into women and women into men. Through and by his technology which inadvertently competes with nature without the full understanding of balance, he has created new diseases, new drives and new needs. Normal sex has been driven towards a sexuality without contact. He has created a synthetic sex which in reality is only a new product to be consumed by his unnatural environment. Our normal emotions towards the opposite sex have become untenable in our newly man-made environment. Our high speed electromagnetic technology is conditioning its tenants to a life without contact. We watch and wait, subservient towards the happenings of life. Our visual sense has become so overstressed as to practically eliminate our sense of

touch and at the same time unconsciously make our sense of touch the most urgent of our needs. Our sense of touch has entered the realm of the unfamiliar leaving entrance to those few who are willing to explore its innermost secrets.

The artist, who is sensitive to changing technologies, understands what is happening to sexuality per se and that a new technology stressing the tactile is imminent. But most artists working in the field of erotica today still overstress either the visual or tactile aspects without ever striking a balance of all the senses which is so important to any visionary art or environment.

Of the many artists working in the field of erotica none can match the genius of Kip Coburn who has struck the balance in his art using the technology at hand. Kip, who works out of his loft on Spring Street in the middle of Little Italy, has

stumbled on the secret of what makes puberty tick. The rites of passage begin as soon as you enter his domain. Polyethylene bags abound in various psychedelic colors from the ceiling and the floor. With the flick of a switch from his master control board, giant blowers enter a steady stream of air into the bags; different colored lights switch on and off at intervals; recorded conversations of men and women wander into earshot from every corner of the room like the ghosts of undeclared love. As if this isn't enough a motion picture and slide machine throw sensual images of color to the deepest crevices

continued on page 17

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of his loft. And meanwhile, while your psyche is being inundated with images, the polyethylene has turned into tubular penises and testes ensnared by tubular legs. No one can mistake it: Priapus run rampant on Spring Street. Kip even has a tubular penis which runs the gamut of the room throwing over tables and chairs snuggling against your skin, a tactical goody thrown in for measure just in case you haven't gotten the point.

What it all comes down to is that Kip Coburn is a total artist: poet, painter, sculptor, film-maker and technician. His art is an environment which he has mastered with the skill of a 27-year-old Da Vinci. He is a one man corporation of genitalia who understands that every part of the body from the eyelids to the toes is sensual and sacred. His film *Flesh* is a perfect demonstration of this understanding. And as if this isn't enough of a trip, ask him to show his film *Cocaine - FLASH - The Brain of William Burroughs Exposed*. What is hidden in the brain of Kip Coburn lies around in 151 Spring Street: a turn-on and a hard-on; Genitalia Inc.

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An intimate account of the teeny-boppers and their aim-
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Tony Barsha

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directed by Tony Barsha
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27, 28, 29 at 8:30 PM

Call for reservations 982 - 8825
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2nd Ave. & 10th St.

982-8825

continued from page 10

THE NEW CONSCIOUSNESS

plex sensation percepts develop.

(2) The accumulation of complex percepts, from generation to generation, led to a condition through which groups of superposed percepts combine in a composite image or idea called recèpt.

(3) Now, on the higher plane of human brain system, when after thousands of generations the mind has reached the limit of purely receptual intelligence, a new synthesis is made, that of concepts, integrating thousands of receipts into a single abstract idea which is to them what algebra is to arithmetic, and on which the whole human language has its foundation.

(4) And now the fourth step can take place -- that of the synthesis of concepts changing mental intellect into supramental intuition, and the human form of consciousness into that, ecstatic, of the superman.

Its creation in man can in no wise be arbitrary. It probably depends in part on organic and therefore hereditary circumstances and generally remains buried in the depths of the human consciousness, most often obliterated and defaced by the overwhelming activities of the mind.

Its manifestation in this case depends mainly on the withdrawal of those destructive activities. And this can be achieved only by the denial, voluntary or not, accidental or not, of the ordinary mental functions. It is that which forms the object of the different methods of yoga devised to produce the perfect silence of the mind. And anything leading to temporary but absolute mental passivity, even as it happens in some pathological or anesthetic states, can be the negative, necessary condition of the advent in man of his more divine consciousness.

As everything transcendental, infinite, this greatest of all things -- the kingdom of bliss -- is within us. Not in all minds perhaps is yet perfected the synthesis integrating all conceptual elements into supramental light. But if not to the same extent, at least potentially, all have in them a spark of this light. Thus the possession of the hidden treasure depends no doubt less on the effort to conquer it than on the chance removal of the inner obstacles to its spontaneous manifestation.

The greatest of these obstacles is mind itself. There is less bliss -- more mental torment -- in human life than in the life of the animal. "Look at the birds," as it was said in the Sermon on the Mount. And less bliss in the life of the animal than in that of the plants. The most ecstatic being on earth is a tree. "Look at the lilies of the field," again said Jesus, speaking of the kingdom of heaven...

The obstacle of the mind is threefold. It consists in the fundamental egoism of the individual self-affirmation, self-limitation -- its exclusive will to be. In man, it consists also in the greater power of mental imagination which creates more fears and greeds for the present life, and finally in the projection of these fears and greeds beyond this life, in the form of creeds. This becomes the supreme obstacle.

Bliss is the consciousness of the infinite impersonal one. The greater the limitations, the lesser the conscious bliss. Mind is the consciousness of the finite -- the field of conflict of all opposites. To reconcile these opposites, to make exclusive concepts become integrated "transcepts," to think only in terms of synthesis, unification of dualities, is to train the mind to transcend itself, to be illuminated by the supramental ecstatic consciousness which is that of the Infinite. Of little moment is the obstacle of physical pain between the individual self and the infinite bliss, a cloud darkening the face of the sun. Of little moment is, even, the obstacle of our mental anxieties between us and the joy of being, cold winter nights hiding the sun. But the greatest obstacle is in the greatest of our creations -- our exclusive conflicting creeds, blinding us permanently from the light of the real sun, that of the infinite oneness and omnipresence within.

Idols of wood and stone are harmless idols. Everyone knows that they are only visible images of invisible realities. But invisible idols -- those of our ideas, our

beliefs and creeds about the unknown, beyond, when we mistake them for this beyond itself -- those are the harmful idols.

Only the like knows the like. Only the bliss within knows the bliss infinite... So for those who have not yet experienced the greatest thing -- the ecstatic, supramental consciousness -- another thing is still possible, the only one which can prepare and approach the former: a transmutation of all beliefs and creeds into faith -- true faith which ignores but trusts the unknown, becomes one with it, and thus, safely, walks on the abyss.

Reprinted from "The Seven Steps To A New Age" by Paul Richard, New Age Publications, L.A., Calif.

SNOWS

by

SCHNEEMAN

in

January



WHEEL AND DEAL



Wringing

EMPLOYMENT

The East Village Other Record Company, Ltd., needs qualified musicians -- piano, organ, electric bass, lead guitar, mouth harp, sitar. We need people who turn on to Donovan, Mimi and Richard Farina, the Fugs, Emilio Quadheim, Ravi Akbar Kahn, and the Blues Project. Phone Emmett Lake at 473-0589. No alcoholics, please.

WANTED: Shapely, pretty female figure model for photographer. Call 989-8751 any day after 4 p.m. Experience not necessary.

DAYCARE -- Children's Atelier. Modest Crafting: Watercolor and Crayon. The Ground of Play, Sympathy, Creatures. A Pocket Voyage for Small Children \$25 to \$35. Parents of three to five year olds may apply at 13 St. Mark's Place, Apt. 5-R, or telephone 228-5478 in the evening.

Trio impoverished Yalies need girl Friday legal, please. Full or part-time, room and board, fringe benefits, depressing environment but work light. Call 206-772-0897.

Artist's model, female, evenings, two or three, \$2.50 an hour. Wa 4-5071.

Figure models wanted for professional magazine photographer. Experience and great beauty not necessary. Very good pay. Call Robert Studio answering service Lo 4-3250.

Wanted: female figure model for photographer. Attractive, slim. Release required. \$15 per hour. Experience unnecessary. Call 989-4814 nights.

Don't Blow Out Your Lamp.
It's Dangerous



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Aphrodisiacs -- Make love a joy, not a job. \$1 for material and free samples. To: Coman Research, Box 352, New York, N.Y. 10011.

TURN ON -- TUNE IN -- DROP OUT sweatshirts, S-M-L-XL, \$4 each. Bumper stickers 50¢ each. Johnson, 528 Lakeview, Bayport, New York.

Psychedelic mandala art prints, set of 3, 8 1/2" by 11" for \$1. Bardo Matrix, Box 572, Boulder, Colorado.

Bolex H-8, w/3 lenses, \$150. LYTAR f1.925mm lens for 16mm cameras, \$35. King "Master" cornet \$100. King "Super Symphony" trumpet, sterling bell, lists for \$375, sell for \$200. Box 93-A, Okeechobee, Fla.

People who wear buttons make out better! People who sell buttons make money. People who read this ad should send for our free mailorder catalogue. Underground Uplift Unlimited, 28 St. Mark's Place, NYC 10003.

FINE FOOTWEAR -- Complete your hippyization or purchase yourself the boots you need to be a better rider or jumper. You worry about definitions -- I am in dire need of money. One pair of Miller's British riding boots for sale, made in England, black, almost new, quite large, approximately size 7 1/2 (woman's size 7 1/2). For \$15, will not quibble. This is CHEAP. Call Marn at EVO 473-8894 or call 473-0589 early or late evenings.

Public art creations. Just 69¢ each. These are not reproductions. Send check or money order to Gene Hrycyk, 426 Carroll Street, Akron, Ohio 44304.

A groovy and even a true button. TULIKUPFERBERG: THE SECOND COMING. 25¢ each or five for a dollar. Parklane Cosbo, 52 Broadway, New York, New York.

For sale: GMC school bus, seats 29 passengers, \$500 (cheap). Good condition, excellent engine. Write Box BUS, c/o EVO.

Want stardom? Models, dancers, playboy type for union scale movie soon to be filmed in NYC. Excellent figure models for magazine work. If you have "it" will manage to stardom. Experienced or not. Appointment only, after 12 p.m. 279-7070.

THE CANBY SINGERS
An independent small choral group of 21 singers is interested in qualified amateur singers who are good readers with light accurate voices. The repertory ranges from early Renaissance to the 20th century. For information on auditions to be held in January Call 579-3350 days Mrs. Florillo or write E.T. Canby, 780 Greenwich St., NYC Recordings: Nonesuch records.



TRAVEL

RIDERS -- Sunny SAN FRANCISCO is the destination of the WHAMMY EXPRESS leaving frigid NYC in late January and enroute making the scene briefly in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Madison, St. Louis, Lawrence and Denver. Other stops can be arranged. Write now for reservation. \$35 takes care of all. Send name, address, phone number and times to WHAMMY, Box 704, Stayvesant Station, New York City 10009.

Young man, bored with NYC, wishes to drive to west coast with chick who will share driving and perhaps some expenses. Hoping to leave about January 15, 1967, but flexible. (Presently employed by City of New York). There will probably be four people in car. Pleasant, liberal and sincere only need apply! No men! Will gladly submit references. Write: Meyer G., Box 406, Canal St. Station, New York 10013 or call 859-8802. (letter better!)

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Ads are accepted on a paid basis at the rate of 10¢ a word. \$2.50 is the minimum charge. Call 883-7560 or write What! and Deal Dept., EVO 147 Avenue A, NYC 10003. No box numbers will be given.

PUBLICATIONS



TURN ON with TURNABOUT...
A magazine on transvestism. For brochure write Abbe de Choisy Press, Box 4063-E, New York, N.Y. 10017. Discretion guaranteed.

LSJ - GUIDELINES acclaimed most concise summary on safest methods, where legal, for maximum self-insight and spiritual enlightenment. Send \$1, Box 1502, Costa Mesa, Calif.

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

DEAL

From Montreal, young bohemian French Canadian couple in their thirties; she a nurse, he a free lance writer and journalist, planning a soon holiday in New York, interested in young bohemian couple and finding out where to stop and stay in "New Bohemia." Write to: Janine & Paul Joly, Box 2, Station "C", Montreal 24, Quebec, Canada.

ARE YOU TIRED OF RUNNING TO THE SAME OLD PARTIES WEEK AFTER WEEK? I AM A PERSONABLE, SINCERE YOUNG BACHELOR WITH MANY INTERESTS. AND I WANT YOU TO CALL ME (IF YOU ARE AN INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, LIBERAL-MINDED GAL). LET'S MEET AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS! CALL BEFORE 11:00 P.M. AT 581-3412. GEORGE.

INNOVATOR -- Exciting young man in search of a swinging uninhibited woman for all forms of communication advanced and ultra-innovated. Call (315) 472-1171.

School teacher offers non-prudes stizzling physical emotional relationship. Call Larry (5 to 7), HI 9-4543.

One of New York's most attractive and eligible bachelors is in love with himself...or am I the wrong Mozart lover, my darling? J.

Twenty-seven year old bachelor seeks New Year's Eve date with free-loving gal. You name conditions. Interested in '67 dating too. Bob 871-0479 even-ings. Virgins shouldn't call.

Normal bachelor in mid-20's loves country music -- Cash, Williams, Snow, etc. I seek friendship of gal who does and wishes dates to see country performers. Call Len Tr 1-0479

PERSONAL



WOMAN WANTED to share my home, with or without marriage, employed or unemployed. I'm financially secured, 45, and able to provide. Phone any hour. Joe 874-7065.

GIRL WANTED who wants sexual relationship with competent male, average height, educated, in 30's. Mutual pleasure. Without hangups, complications. De-cent treatment, clean, nothing to fear. It doesn't solve any problems but it sure is fun. If you've wanted to here's the chance. Call 288-1114 eves. for Paul.

Man in twenties, white, wants women 18-40. Any size, height, shape or race. Will try anything once. Clean-cut, attractive, affectionate only apply. Fatties also welcome. No thrill-seekers. A31 Message Center, 74 Grove St, Sheridan Square, New York 10014 or telephone 201-924-2676. Leave message.

WANTED: DAKINI -- The inventor of the LSD sugar cube and vodka acid lost his fiancée while spending a year in prison. If you are a young (18-28) woman, lovely inside and out, intelligent, sensitive and out-sul, and want to be loved and cherished by a man whose desire is to grow in the knowledge and love of God, then come join me in the dance of enlightenment. Must be courageous enough to explore the outer reaches of Tantric yoga. If you have faith and trust and are not afraid to kiss the toad in order to discover your prince, write The Toad, c/o Message Center, 74 Grove Street, New York, New York 10014.

Young handsome bachelor seeks female roommate (22-27). Gal must be attractive, good body, well-endowed and able to cook and keep house. I am ready to either move into an occupied apartment or set up one. Brooklyn or Queens area preferred. This is no joke. Prudes and virgins need not apply. Call Al at 769-4086 evenings 10 p.m. to 12 a.m. Monday through Thursday except Tuesday.

I am a man of 49 who desires a companion and housekeeper. I have a four-room apartment, two beautiful dogs, a '67 Mustang, all possible comforts, everything I own is yours free. I live in upper Manhattan. Call after 3 p.m. Mike Tr 6-6382.

Male connoisseur of Albanian fruits and vegetables seeks female connoisseur of Nicaraguan knishes 875-3150 or 625-7208.

Young man, 25, searching for female to share cold winter, off Broadway, walks, music and movies. Liberal-minded girl preferred but not necessary. Call before 10 p.m. Let's meet and find out. Jamie Se 3-4966.

Now open -- Musicians Karate DOJO 749 East 8th (and Avenue D) 6:30 to 9 p.m. Monday through Sunday. 228-9183. Instructor John Blair. Violinist and first degree black belt. Gojoryu.

The Migrant Theater has recently been established to create an integrated non-profit touring theater, which will be relevant to and expressive of the aspirations of all the peoples of America who are in ferment. It is bi-lingual (English and Spanish) in order to reach an even larger segment of the population. Director is composer/playwright Joanne Forman. Anyone interested can write or subscribe to The Migrant Theater Bulletin (published monthly) at 3046 Wynwood Lane, No. 6, L.A., Calif., 90023.

AND

Young man, 22, independently wealthy, wishes to share his townhouse in mid 70's with liberal-minded swinging male. Looks and sex a must. Chicks Ed at 744-6609 anytime.

BORED? Send stamped self-addressed envelop to Gilby, Box 1018, Mission, Kansas. Ph.D., attractive and successful, seeks intelligent liberal young woman. Box HO c/o EVO.

One year marriage? (with renewable option) support for a bright young coed willing to put up with set ways of bachelor writer (38) and help with his articles and books. Picture with application a must. Write Air-By-Line, Box 240, Madison Square Station, NYC 110.

MALE SERVANT: European student, late 20's, congenial, clean-cut, good-looking, dependable, seeks part-time employment with female employer. Phone Louis 245-8656 (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.)

Young man, personable, interests include writing, literature, would like to meet attractive young lady. Only immediate desire is to wait upon her hand and foot. Stewart, Hotel Continental, 330 West 95th Street, NYC.



When the chicken bleeds and the ebou crow is invoked Succubus shall attain the man-drake and the Lycanthropes Ungual. Yu 2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

During the week between the end of January and the beginning of February, the Greenwich Village Peace Centre is having "Angry Arts week." Musicians, dancers, painters, poets, theatre folk and filmmakers have all been asked to contribute their names and work to the festival. Anyone interested my contact the Greenwich Village Peace Centre, AL 6-1341.

BLOW YOUR MIND! Join two dozen other get-away-from-it-ers, M&Fem, on year cruise around the world on three-masted schooner. Hippies yes, sickies no. \$1500 total fee. (You can't live at home for that kind of money!) Cruise, Rt. 2, Box 83-A, Okesehobee, Fla. 33472.

Nubile teenyboppers wanted, amateurs only, hot bods for suburban scholars to enliven trips to city. Opportunity to sample philosophical par-mours from Nietzsche to para-philia. Free trips to seacoast emotions. Liberal pay in honest emotions. Write ABES 10 Redground Rd., Old Westbury, N.Y., or call Mike 516-Ma 6-1233.

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NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY FOR INTERESTING, YOUNG PEOPLE. Saturday, December 31 from 9 p.m. until -- THE WRITERS EXCHANGE, 140 East 7th Street, Apt. 5-A. Contribution is \$3 for fellows, \$2 for girls, or \$4 a couple. Contribution sandwiches, soft drinks, and liquor free. For additional information, please phone Herb Vernon at 473-5605.

Real music theory. Piano lessons and other services. Larry Leitch, Yu 2-3205 (answering service Ju 6-6300.) Free consultation.

Moving & Trucking 24-hour service. No charge from garage. \$5 - man & van; \$8 - 2 men & van. Experienced movers. Ox 1-5424.

EXPERT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIR. Gr 5-6699.

Young man, 22, female and, I believe, relatively good-looking. I want to get to know males who're conscious of their external predicament and struggle to come to terms with it. I don't care what you look like. I do care whether you're a tired phoney, shallow quick-lay-seeker or tiresome bullshitter. 982-1721.

UNIQUE is a dating service especially designed for physically attractive, personable and intelligent people who wish to meet members of the opposite sex. Simply write a short paragraph about yourself, include your name, address, phone number, sex, age, height, general physical appearance and a short description of your personality and interests. Then write a second paragraph telling what you desire in a dating partner. (Send photo if available.) The first 100 replies are matched absolutely free. Write: **UNIQUE**, Box 525, Cooper Station, 10003.

GALLERY GWEN every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday East 4th Street off 2nd Avenue, Contribution 50¢. Free coffee and tea. Guitarists, mouth harp-ists, dulcimerists, lutists -- all invited to perform. Painters and photographers invited to inquire about exhibits. **COME AND LISTEN TO SONGS THAT HEART YOUR HEAD AND FEET AND BOWELS.**

WHEEL New York Poets For Peace will observe a 24-hour fast for world peace at St. Marks Church in the Bowery on January 13, 1967, at 8 p.m. The last four hours of the fast, beginning Saturday, January 14 at 4 p.m., will feature an open poetry reading to which the general public is invited. Sponsors of Poets Fast For Peace include: John Ashbury, Paul Blackburn, Carol Berge, Spon-neth Koch, Barbara Guest, Allen Levvertov, Allan Katzman, Eve Merriman, Joel Oppenheimer, Muriel Rukeyser, Ed Blair, Ed Sanders, Don Katzman, Yuri Suhl, Ted Berrigan, and so on.

Want to meet an honest and sincere marriage-minded young lady, with or without child, to manage and maintain my country home. Race or religion no object. Transportation available if needed. Write: Raymond H. Maynard, R.F.D. #2, Butts Bridge Road, Canterbury, Connecticut.

Writer would like to rent acid head or ex-acid head who digs the whole scene. Cool, hip, articulate. Call 228-8891 after 1 p.m.

ELECTRONIC ENGINEER, 33, 5'11", 180 pounds, with various interests and great potential to share affectionate female. Work near Village, have unpretentious but usually private garden apartment and large working space in East 70's. Both apartment and I are yearning for the right feminine touch...You? Tr 9-7799 8 to 12 p.m. Call tonight!

I'm black, 22, female and, I believe, relatively good-looking. I want to get to know males who're conscious of their external predicament and struggle to come to terms with it. I don't care what you look like. I do care whether you're a tired phoney, shallow quick-lay-seeker or tiresome bullshitter. 982-1721.

SICK of all the MacDougal Street bullshitter? Pissed off at paying \$3 or more (and having to buy a dollar's worth of goody kid-stuff, too) just to hear some plastic war-baby barf up a song and masturbate his guitar? Want to hear some new, relevant blues? Want to hear some timeless rock-n-roll, Anne Tansey, Reggae, "Psychodelic Ragtime Orchestra Stompers," Ray Ruble, and a couple others at THE GALLERY GWEN every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday East 4th Street off 2nd Avenue, Contribution 50¢. Free coffee and tea. Guitarists, mouth harp-ists, dulcimerists, lutists -- all invited to perform. Painters and photographers invited to inquire about exhibits. **COME AND LISTEN TO SONGS THAT HEART YOUR HEAD AND FEET AND BOWELS.**

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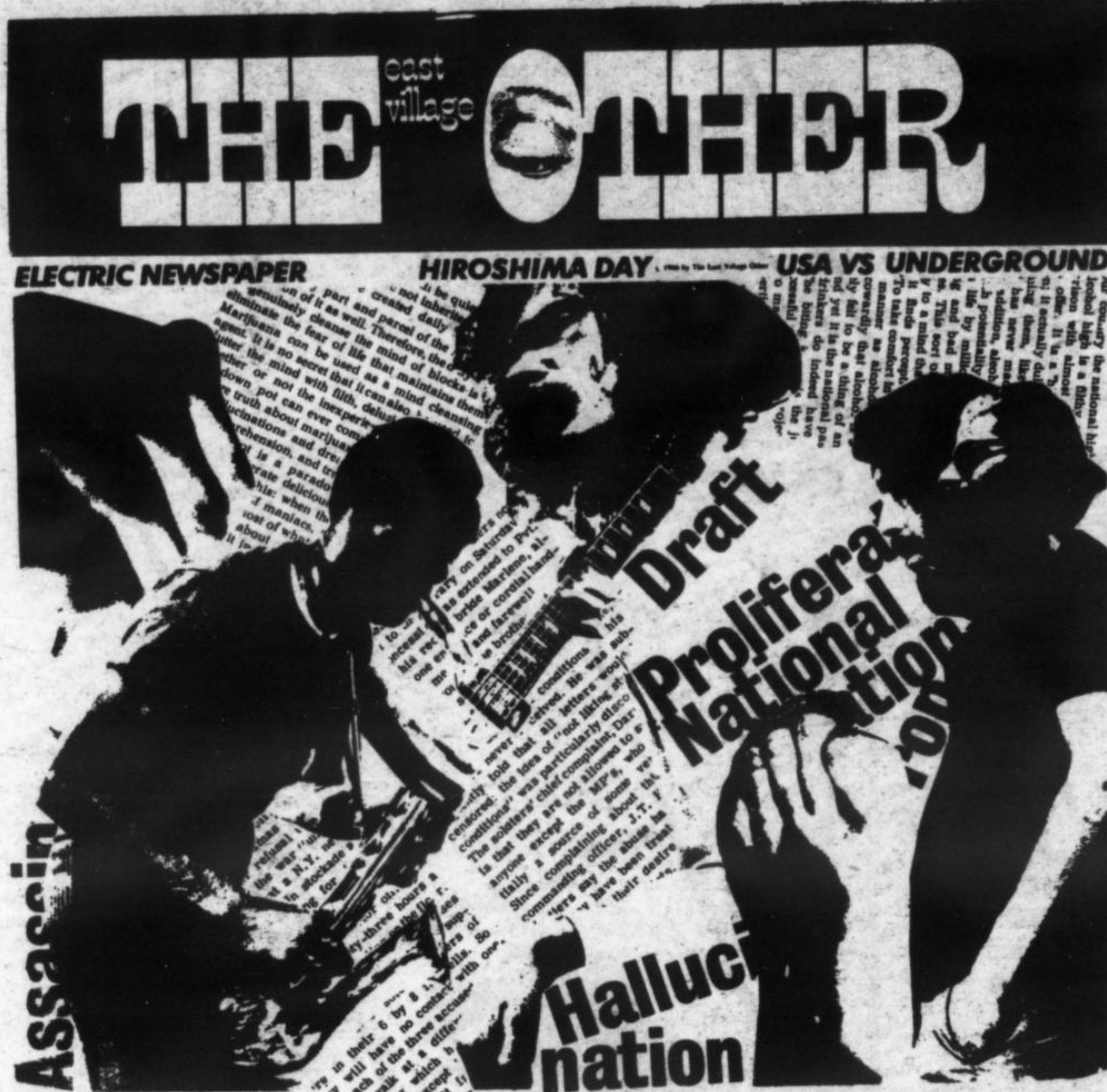
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