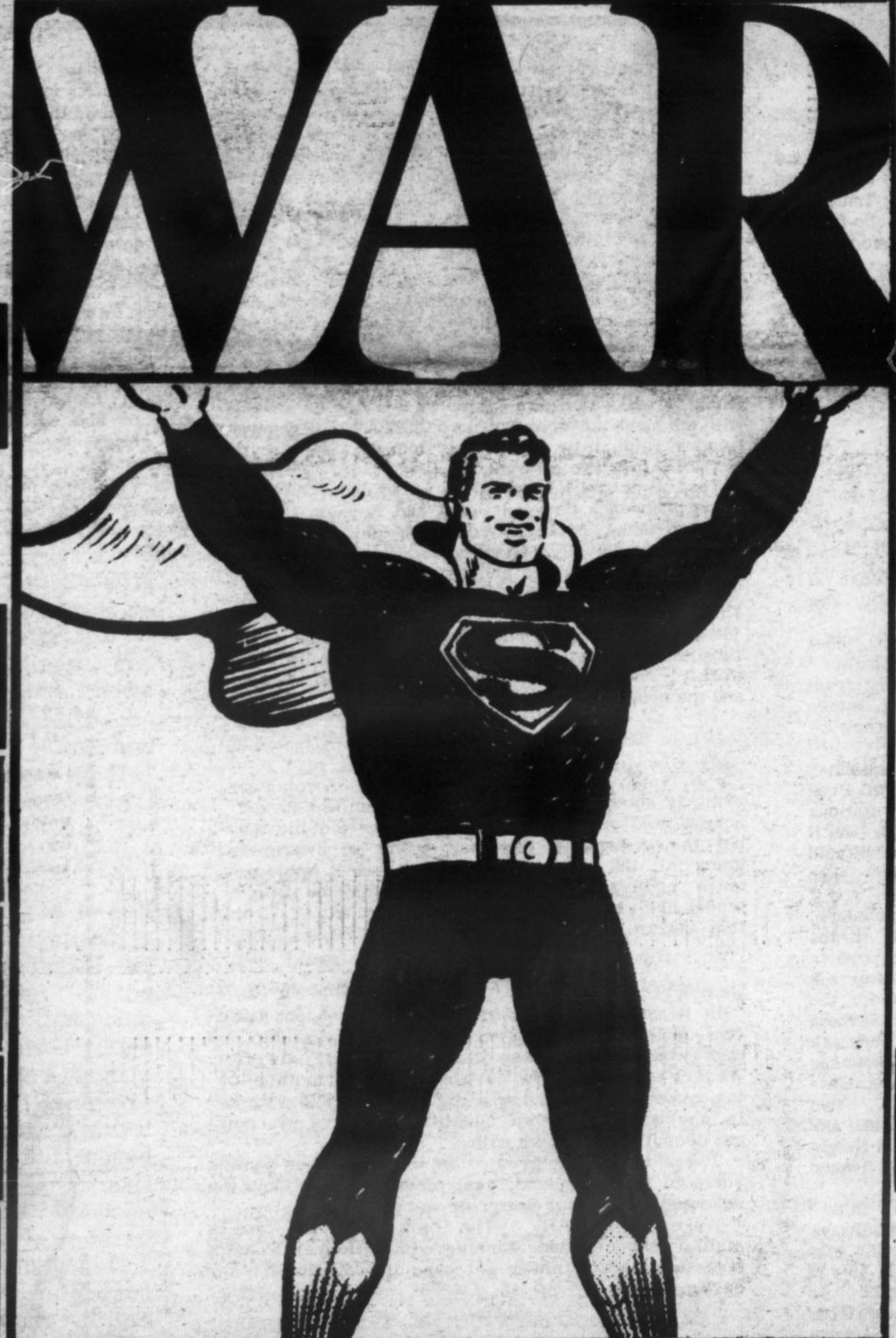


THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

FREE PARKING	KENTUCKY AVENUE PRICE \$220	CHANCE	ATLANTIC AVENUE PRICE \$260	VENOR AVENUE PRICE \$260	WATER WORKS PRICE \$150	MARVIN GARDENS PRICE \$280	GO TO JAIL
NEW YORK AVENUE PRICE \$200	WAR					PACIFIC AVENUE	COMMUNITY CHEST FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS
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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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Dear EVO,

I was over at a friend's house the other night and we were showing Babe the Delights of the Jackson Illusion Pepper. It was a trip of odiferous rainbows on a floating Noah's Ark, but there was missing for me that serene but blinding truth that I have come to think of as Jackson's. So I asked my friend where he scored. He answered, "The Associated on Second Ave." Ah ha, I thought, he's not buying the same type of peppers I am. I told my friend that if he wanted to see things as they really are he could get his peppers from one of the fresh fruit markets on First Ave. such as Three Guys from Brooklyn. My experience is that fresher peppers mellow into better filters. So suck on that you EVO readers.

Harry Family
 Sullivan Street

Dear EVO,

On "Exodus," Barry Schell, you wrote an EVO article titled in stiff letters, "Exodus 1:1." You are also a distorting drag.

Your words imaged that the people you label "hippies," "gypsy beatniks," and "mind-explorers" are very paranoid and that they are exiting from California because of police busts. Barry, either someone is putting you on, or you have total restriction of senses and feeling.

These people are concerned enough for each other to call "Citizens Alert," "San Francisco Bail Project," and two or three radio and T.V. stations whenever someone is busted. It's a goof, and it hassles the police. On the other hand, most acid dealers deal directly with people they have taken trips with. Few police agents take trips, and if they do you have made a friend if you are sincere.

Most paranoia exists in the communes of the meth-freaks. Twenty to fifty meth-freaks live in a twenty-room house and shoot speed. After six months everyone in San Francisco knows where the new crystal palace is. Then, the cops bust them every few weeks until the people split. These are the only people in the paranoid bag. There has been an increase in busts in the streets because dealing in the streets was getting outrageous. Two or three people a day would approach you and ask if you wanted to buy a cap. If you stood on Haight Street you could see caps and money being passed openly every hour or so.

You can find examples of unparanoid spirit in the frequent S.F. "be-theres." A "be-there" is always free except when it's not. People give away acid and cookies and joints and. If you have \$1.56 you will probably steal a gallon of wine and walk up to people, hold the bottle out to the man and laugh from arms, legs, breasts, eyes and BE FREE. A pre-Christmas "be-there" turned out 4000 people who blocked Haight Street for three hours; a New Year's "be-there" brought 5000 people to Golden Gate Park.

If you must write paranoia images I suggest you analyse the New York City scene with its rigid bodies and thought freaks who are cemented in heavy paranoia.

Barry, you can stop smoking grass with people who always put you up tight and start taking acid and being. And if you don't wish to BE, you can get hired by many good-paying hip-team ad agencies.

A Digger

TICKTOCKTICK

The world we've inherited is like a dimstore electric clock. Once it was shiny and new. Of course it had little imperfections like never being terribly accurate and its balance was such that any slight jolt might send it crashing to the floor but, it's hard metallic tick was reassuring. But we knew where it was at and were subsequently careful with it.

But now it's tarnished...its movement is a mockery of its designer's craft...its tick is faint and erratic, indeed, that it works at all is something of a miracle.

The sociological craftsmen who tend the machinery of our world tell us everything that is wrong with it, from economics to sex, and their suggested cures are only for the deceased part of the machinery that they have specialized in and not for the world as a whole. Likewise the politicians have given us their prescriptions, like capitalism, Marxism, fascism, but political prescriptions only work for the politicians themselves and not for the rest of humanity.

What philosophy is there that will unite us in this atomic-automotive age?

In this part of the world all we have is the shredded end of the Protestant ethic -- that monstrous and mutated child of the Industrial Revolution.

We are old enough to know that the world's leaders all work the word democracy to death and we are young enough to want to fight our way out of the current negative world of nihilistic cynicism which seems to be the real philosophy of our age.

True, Leary and the Psychedelicians have told us to "Turn on, Tune in, and Drop out." But is this enough? Instead of dropping out, should we not perhaps drop in...drop in on a world that ticks and functions in accord with the technology of the 20th century.

We think you should, and it is to this end that EVO is publishing the works of the virtually unknown Australian poet and philosopher Harry Hooton.

We feel that his writings, while not the definite word on the construction of a truly 20th century, do lead us into new and much needed avenues of thought.

We recommend them that they may stimulate your thinking and add to your enlightenment.

Dick Preston

Dear EVO,

Your paper might well instigate a political program which would be similar to the youth movement in Amsterdam. There they elected a man to the city council. Here there is no city election till '69. In '68 there will be plenty of action at the polls. The lesser of this would be the Congress seats. Possibly 25-year-olds could be run for the Manhattan seats in Congress. This would be an outlet in action for your readership. They have plenty of energy which needs only directing to get something accomplished. An early attack upon the old beatupnik hacks of Tammany would get the ball rolling. Later when candidates are needed they will have emerged. I guess they have to be 25 years old by January '69.

A program based on the Right to be Wrong, a Right to make our own mistakes and not be saddled with the hand-me-down boners of the beatupnik generation, a refusal to accept the compromises in life which the oldsters have made.

This youth political program would show how there is no difference between Dems and Repugs, the difference being between young and old. The first activity would be getting petitions signed for the 25-ers to get on the primary vote machine face. We could enter both Dem and Repug primaries, since it is young vs. old that we must point up. All this is in the summer of next year. In the meantime the program can be talked up in your UPS network. There will be feedback from the readers and the program can jell from these ideas.

Paul Maag
 8592 Parsons Blvd.
 Jamaica, New York

P.S. Votes for teeners is one plank. A volunteer army is another. A reformed magician who turned honest told me it was duck soup to fool oldsters but the youngsters had their radar of awareness going all the time. A volunteer army would require a bigger "sell" out of Washington than a troika huckstering the word "commitment." All of this set to music and guitars would be no handi-cap.

Dear EVO,

In a recent issue there was a letter from a certain M.D.R. who wanted to know "what kind of pigs would cop a deal like" your want ads offer. What I want to know is what kind of "mother loving creeps" would pay a pig like her \$25 a throw? In answer to my own question: the guys who can't get decent girls to live with.

There is nothing greater in the world than coming home to someone, and, yes, clean socks without the responsibility of for better or worse.

Wake up, M.D.R. The only thing for free is mutual respect, understanding, admiration, etc. That's something you'll never get even if (doubtfully) your customers do.

D.G.

GOOF...

The illustrations in the Vol. 2 No. 2 edition of EVO for the article Dracula Sucks were from EERIE magazine published by James Warren. True to form we misplaced the credit line and would here like to thank Mr. Warren for his permission allowing us the reprint rights.

To the Editor:

Some of your readers may be interested in a new movement which has gained momentum in the last few months in the San Francisco Bay Area. The California Committee to Legalize Abortion was formed last spring with the avowed purpose of repealing California's outdated anti-abortion laws. These laws allow legal abortions only when the pregnant woman's life is in danger. An estimated 100,000 illegal abortions are performed annually in California alone. Several hundred of these women die.

We believe that abortion should be legally available to any woman upon her doctor's consent. The State, or any religious group within the State, has no right to force its views on any woman. The woman alone has the right to determine whether or not she will continue her pregnancy to the point of childbirth. Any other position is essentially coercive.

If you wish to help the CCLA or wish information on repealing New York's anti-abortion laws, please write to: CCLA, Box 7662, Stanford, California, 94305.

Very truly yours,
 James K. Sayre, Co-Chairman,
 The Stanford Chapter

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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

BOX 571, PETER STUYVENANT STATION, NEW YORK

WITCH HUNT

by Irving Shushick —

Smut City, Washington D.C. The dirt flies high on the Pallantine Hill tonight. The Capitol, from across the Potomac, looks like Peyton Place in drag. The natives are restless, busy dusting off official rusted cauldrons. Lady Bird is casting her post Halloween spells in secrecy behind the doors of the White House Covenant. It is Witch Hunt in early January and Adam Clayton Powell dons the white robes of sacrificial lamb.

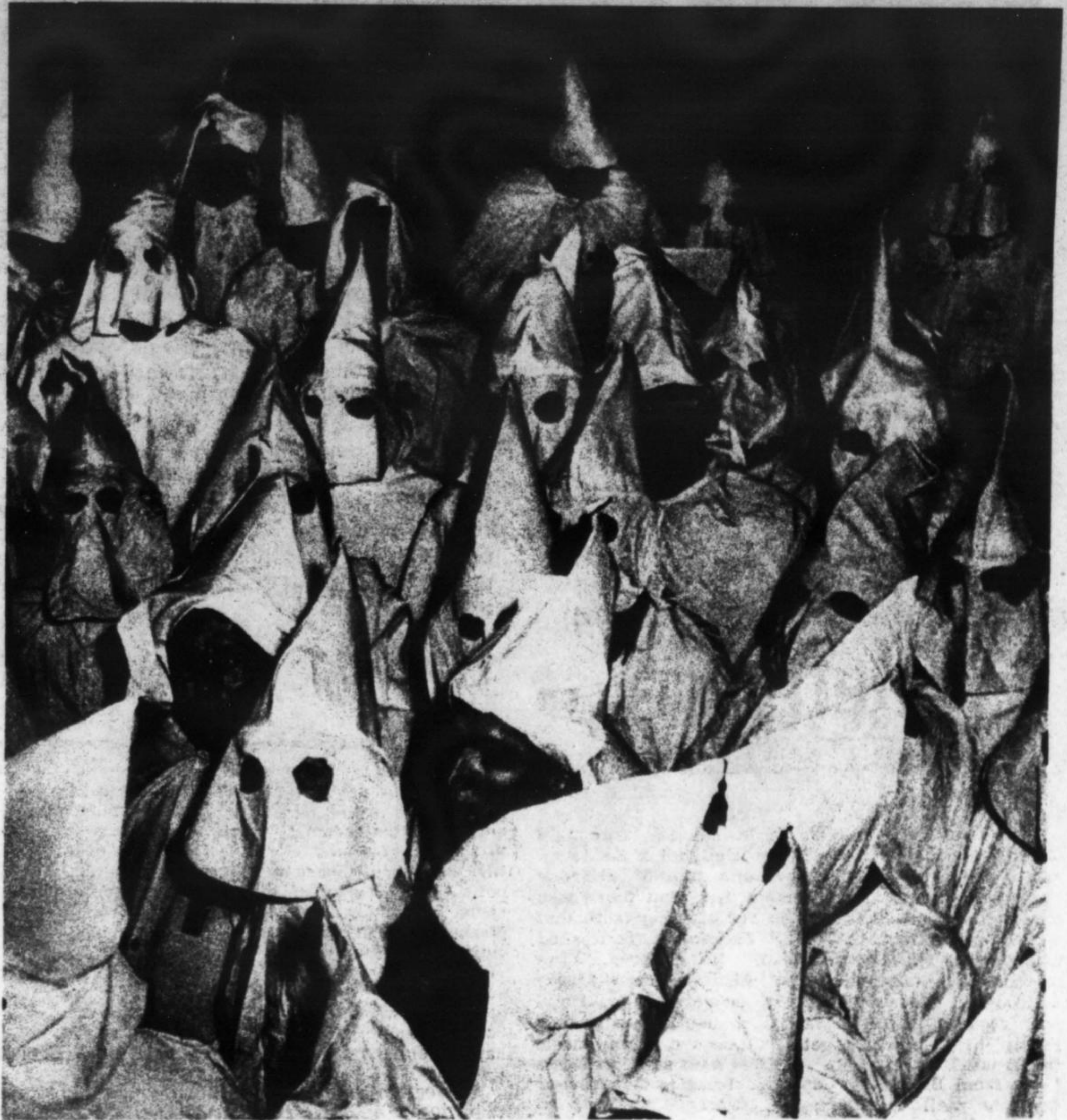
These sporadic forays into the social/political mores of Washington Congressional doings are part and parcel of the superstitious rituals of Democracy in action. They are not unusual for this time of the year. Someone must pay for all the dirty laundry of past congressional ho-ha's. The Mr. Clean Morality that dominates Washington every alternate four years has its basis in reality.

According to Jack Anderson's "Washington Confidential" globetrotting Senator Ellender (La.) made a farce out of the State Department when he travelled to Africa; Representative W.R. Poage (D-Tex.), D.R. Matthews (D-Fla.), Ralph Harvey (R-Ind.), and Charles Hoeven (R-Iowa) took off to Timbukto, stayed four hours and then disappeared to Banako; Robert Corbet (R-Pa.), Dominick Daniels (N-N.J.), Edward Dorwinski (D-Pa.), James Hanley (D-N.Y.), Albert Johnson (R-Pa.), James Morrison (D-La.), and Arnold Olsen (D-Mont.) went to Paris to inspect the post office on taxpayers' money; L. Mendal Rivers (D-S.C.) has never had any trouble getting a plane to travel around in to see the sights. In fact, one time he took off to Madrid (Boeing 707) in a empty plane, of which the pilot contended he was "taking Rivers home." Not to mention another foursome who along with their wives took off on the S.S. Independence to Switzerland, a trip paid for by the House Public Works Committee.

It is also known that McNamara will fly any senior congressman anywhere on the face of the earth -- at Air Force expense. Many took off to Vietnam, got their pictures in the press, and ended up chasing women in such renowned places as Honolulu, Acapulco, Paris, Rome and Hong Kong. In fact, it became so flagrant that Johnson wanted to call a special session of Congress to deal with the situation but an aide told him: "If you do, you better call it in Paris."

Though Johnson never managed to call the special session, it was managed in the case of Powell. He was singled out literally as the "Black Sheep" of the "Family." It is also strange that some of the members of the committee which is investigating Powell should be Abraham J. Mutler (Bklyn), the ranking Democrat on the House Banking Committee whose conflict of interest has been challenged several times, and William Colmer (Miss.) whose committee chairmanship has been in jeopardy because he refused to endorse the Democratic platform (commonly called party disloyalty, which is a standard reason for stripping a member of his powers). Not to mention John McCormick, Speaker of the House and the committee's chairman, who knew that others were guilty of the same so-called crimes. Even Gerald Long, who has been junketing across the globe on Air Force planes along with a lot of other congressmen, thought that Powell's penalty was rather severe.

It has taken 21 years for antagonistic House members to dump Powell. Many of them wish it could have been done



more quietly, but knowing Powell there is small chance that anything so major could have occurred in silence. Coming as it does on the growing wave of new civil rights agitation it gives Powell another boost amongst his fellows and the possibility of even greater power -- this time where it counts most: with the black voters the country over.

He now becomes a special kind of martyr to the blackman's struggle for equality. His chant that he was doing nothing that anybody else on Capitol Hill wasn't doing becomes more potent and meaningful now that he has been denied his seat with them.

If there was any doubt before, it is now clear for all to see where the racists have been prospering. It is paradoxical that on this day of their first triumph over Powell, Lester Maddox would be appointed governor of the state of Georgia by that state's legislature.

It is ironical, though not surprising, that Powell would be chosen to carry the blackman's cross. What other "negro" has been described as returning "well tanned from his long stay at Bimini" as was Powell in a recent Washington POST report.

The problem which Powell has forced upon Congress is more basic to the congressional system as it has evolved since 1800 and calling it backlash is to miss the point, or one of them, even if it fingers the partial cause.

What seems to anger these congressmen most, though there are few who will admit it publicly, is that formerly hidden systems which have been making politicians universally rich and comfortable are being uncovered through Powell's blatancy which is only his pride at being

as good as the rest of them and a member of their exclusive club.

Holed-up in that seraglio of theirs which they kindly refer to as Capitol Hill and which as everybody knows by now, or should, is a dripping bastion of arrogant pandering to the status-quo and big money along with zestful aperitifs of executive ass-licking, the House of Representatives has committed the ultimate hypocrisy by targeting Adam Clayton Powell, an obvious scaregoat for their own delirious charades.

So Powell was singled out, served on a silver platter to the White Lady of the Confederacy that southern coalition of Democrats and Republicans who overwhelmingly voted to have him stripped of his powers while he was being investigated. The small minority of northern liberals who voted against him could excuse themselves like Udall: "You can't fuzz this up, you can't fake it. If we don't do this, the Republicans will come in here and do it." Little could they care that they might have played into the hands of Salome, that they may have helped the dance of hate and prejudice to sever the head of the civil rights movement. For it is not one man who is being sacrificed to the political ritual of purification, no matter how guilty that man might be, but 20 million men. It is another matter to sacrifice one man for the sake of political ballyhoo but to sacrifice a people is the highest form of witch hunt.

They are preparing the city tonight. The stakes are being driven into the concrete walks of Washington. They are preparing the wood and the fire. They are casting the spell.

Will They Release This Girl?



By Emmett Lake

Let your mind relax itself into the realm of the totally absurd and try to imagine what would happen if some fool put out a rock 'n' roll record about inter-racial dating in which a white teenybopper and a Negro guy, barely post-pubescent, fight their teachers and parents and friends for the right to hold hands with whoever they choose, regardless of race, creed, or color, but finally the white chick cops out, saying she's only "Society's Child," but that one day she's gonna quit listening to authority figures and then she'll make it with whoever she wants. Say the music is good enough to make the "top ten" nationally. But the theme is dynamite. What would happen?

Well, it'd probably be banned from the air in most areas by the defenders of the status quo, labeled controversial, and stuck on the shelf. WBAI would play it in New York. Maybe WOR-FM, too. Certainly not the "Good Guys" or their amphetamine-mouthed ilk. Down South you'd never hear it. Or maybe it'd go right to the top because they'd interpret it as a statement of the way things are, rather than a put-down. It'd probably get

fair play in some cities in Wisconsin where they don't have a Watts or a Harlem and can afford to be liberal. But almost everyone would agree that trying to get a hit out of such a song would be economic suicide.

It was. The record sold 30,000 copies, but it never began to repay its promotion costs.

The single was originally produced for Atlantic Records. But they changed their minds -- said their black nationalist DJ's might not like it. Under the Verve-Folkways aegis the disc went into the top ten in several cities in the North, and it got a lot of airplay in some places in the South -- as a defense of the status quo.

"Society's Child" did accomplish one thing however: the introduction of the collective American ear to a talented songwriter-singer -- Janis Ian.

She's 4'8" small, New-York-New-Jersey Jewish, thin on looks and long on charm. I've got to say up front that she's 15, because you won't believe it after you read the rest. She sings better and trickier and more subtly than many a long-

time blues pro. She writes songs with melodies that defy categorization, chord lines that seem "folky" but are often super-sophisticated and sort of classical. She spins lyrics and phrasings and rhymes and non-rhymes with ease. And she can blow your mind or make you laugh or make you say "!" She's a pretty potent chick.

She's been singing around -- the Gaslight, of course, where Robert Shelton of the Times heard her and flipped for her -- and she's got some engagements in England come Easter vacation (she attends a Music and Arts high school). She's due at the Village Gate soon -- and it won't be long till Town Hall and the Carnegie bit fall her way.

Janis takes it all with the grace and aplomb of a 15-year-old: "I'm going to England!" And still she doesn't realize the magnitude of the thing: "How much is this trip gonna cost us?" she asks of her manager, Jake Solman. "Whaddya mean cost? THEY'RE paying YOU." Solman tells the world that Janis is an up and coming super-star, and he says it like he knows.

Some people don't like Janis Ian. She comes on too strong for a 15-year-old kid. She's conceited. She's a snotty brat, they say. And there is some truth in all this -- normal high school kids just don't talk out like Janis does -- she's too candid. Asked to sing an anti-war song, she replies, only half in jest, "I like protest singing against parents better."

Her first Verve-Folkways album is due to be released soon. She has some of the best studio musicians in New York backing her up, and they were working for love as well as money. It's hard to stay uninvolved when Janis is around: the care and thought that went into the sessions is very apparent. The sounds were made to fit the words. Some of the cuts are a real mind-fuck.

"JANIE'S BLUES"

"Mother plays on the golf course every day,
And Daddy sits at home and he plays with the maid . . .

They've found the perfect alibi:
Stay together for the sake of the Child,
You know divorce don't fit
And they're too young to split
They think they're martyrs
But they're killing the kid. . . .
... Cry for Janie

"PRO GIRL"

"Now if flesh were the only thing you sold,
Might be alright,
But for just five pounds,
You'll also sell a smile. . . ."

"NEW CHRIST CARDIAC HERO"

"Yesterday's preacher,
Today's bikini-beacher . . .
How does it feel to pull out the nails and find out you still can walk? . . .

Now isn't it boss?
You don't need a cross
to get around. . . .

"42nd STREET PSYCHO BLUES"

"I don't go to parties anymore.
They ask for entertainment,
I don't feel like a guest; I feel like a whore."

"Don't curse or smoke in public,
Your image won't sell,
I'm trapped inside my own private hell,
Blind man on the corner,
Won't you show me my way?"

Gregory's

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475-9191

HANGING BY A HAIR

By Lou Delpino

Remember the kid in the movies who was the school laughingstock because of his ragged clothes? Or his counterpart, the little chick who was snubbed because she couldn't afford fancy dresses and lipstick? What about the kid who was roughed up daily in the schoolyard because he would rather practice his violin than join in the local gang? Anyone who knows the characters I'm referring to also remembers that these were the kids who grew up to become the heroes of the story. Somewhere in the film a stern -- but always lovable, a real softhearted weeping willow when it really counted -- grandfather would brush the kid's tears away and say: "Remember, son, it's not what a man HAS but what he IS that makes him a man!"

Such scenes were probably the first lectures in character that many of us heard as children. Those of us who took grandfather's pearls of wisdom seriously are probably still wondering where this concept fits into today's society. Where are the stern old men with hearts of gold who have the capacity to recognize character through the superficial aspects of dress, haircuts, beards and regional diction? Having given the question some thought, I'm inclined to believe that such old men existed solely in the imagination of the script writers.

Consider a recent statement by J. Edgar Hoover that appeared in the newspapers (September 23, 1966 -- Associated Press). Mr. Hoover, in defining his qualifications for federal lawmen, said that the FBI did not want "...any of the beatniks with long sideburns and beards." He continued by adding that he was not interested in "collar ad" types either, but for "...men who are clean cut, mature and who will measure up to the image which I think the American people feel an FBI man should be."

This overt interest in how people look seems to be of major concern to America's men-in-authority: school principals and teachers, law enforcement officers, executives, educators, etc. All the people who are alleged to hold character in esteem and shun the superficial have, in fact, as much interest in character as does a Skid Row wino. Witness the everyday instances of kids being suspended or expelled from school because of clothing and haircut regulations. Witness the sly comments of television newscasters whenever "beatniks" are apprehended at protest rallies. Listen to the PTA moms who incessantly tsk-tsk the rock groups on television.

When it comes to truly dedicated scapegoating, beards are still in first place. There was a case in Philadelphia not too long ago where a guy got a traffic ticket -- a guy who happened to have a beard. The judge, in an unprecedented act of senseless bullshit, gave the guy a choice: pay a fine or avoid the fine and shave the beard! Naturally, the judge made no effort to justify his sentence in terms of logic, relevance to the violation, etc., although he did say something about how he felt beards were "disgraceful." Lucky for the defendant that His Honor -- sitting like an asshole dressed in an absurd black robe! -- didn't choose to declare pricks as being "disgraceful."

The whole situation boils down to this: the pillars of America's officialdom have to concentrate on superficialities because their own ineptness won't permit them to tackle things that count! Why should they go after Mr. Big and risk being gunned down when they can grab some poor slob



Collage/Carol Alonge

with a beard and bust his balls? The public opens the paper and sees:

**BEATNIK GIVEN CHOICE
PAY FINE OR SHAVE!**

So the public figures everything is safe again -- give those beatniks what they deserve because they're the ones responsible for the state of things! Likewise, it's "those teenagers" who are also making life miserable for society. Make the little bastards dress right and things will get better. I personally know a cat who has a thirteen year-old son who is the epitome of manners and breeding, quite an intelligent and likable kid. This kid went to school one day wearing modified ankle boots, the kind with a regular low heel and elastic gores on the side. Two hours later he came home and told his mother: "My teacher told me not to come back until I get a pair of 'school shoes.'" School shoes? WHAT THE FUCK ARE SCHOOL SHOES?

When is this country going to wake up and cut out the horseshit? When are the men and women with character going to quit fucking around with this cat's hair, that cat's shoes, and some other cat's suit? When are they going to face meaningful matters like the men and women they're alleged to be, instead of making a big noise over trivia and shoving their mini-morality down everyone's throat? When is the judge going to look down at his robe and realize it might be somewhat idiotic in light of his appearance-as-a-standard-of-character view of society? When will Mr. Hoover consider that some men with short hair might also be short of brains?

When is the saggy-assed, bag-breasted lady at the candy store going to realize that the chick who comes in to buy pretzels has a right to wear her hair all the way down to her lovely Capri-sheathed ass? EVERYBODY can't be ugly, lady!

When are the advertising punks who use go-go music and go-go people in their television ads -- and make a fortune from it! -- going to quit fucking with the "image" and let their underlings dress as they please? When is the creep in the IBM office going to let his junior execs loosen their ties and unbutton their collars because it's a hot summer afternoon and there's no reason why they shouldn't?

If America were as hip as it thinks it is there wouldn't be any need for categorizing people by their clothes and haircuts -- Mods, beatniks, rock-and-rollers, Ivy League. Balls! People don't put labels on clothes to tell the clothes apart; they take the labels and put them on the people who are wearing the clothes. So, if you've got tight pants and a beard, don't expect to get that high-paying respectable job at the bank. What's that, kiddo? You have an I.Q. of 210? You have a degree from seven universities? You were a mathematical genius at six and helped Einstein through some rough moments? Well, how come you have a beard? You don't have a physical defect in your feet, do you?...I mean, those shoes are awfully unusual. Imported, you say? Ohh...just a minute while I phone Mr. Hoover. Nothing to get upset about, sir...just a routine procedure, a question of image.

LONG SLEEVE POLO SHIRTS EASTERN-THINGS

WESTERN-THINGS LO-CUT JEANS

SPANISH SWEAT SHIRTS OLD PIN-STRIPED SUITS

OLD THINGS TURTLE-NECKS

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Freddie Hubbard Quintet

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Yusef Lateef Quartet

Slugs

in the far east

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GR7-9737

MASSACRE OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

The hypocrisy of the American intervention in Vietnam is nowhere more vividly seen than in the contrast between the behavior and attitude of the so-called liberating forces of South Vietnam and the bucolic mountain tribes which have survived two thousand years of oppression because of their adherence to communal life. You may hear these people called "montagnard" or "moi." The first is a French word meaning "mountaineer." The second is a Vietnamese term meaning "savage" or "barbarian." Understandable, the tribespeople resent this.

There are believed to be 700,000 Montagnards in Vietnam and today he is the man in the middle. The French colonial administration found them too intractable to the destiny planned for exploiting the wealth of Asia for the use of Paris and ignored them when their puppets eliminated their villages in punitive slaughters. They were also a convenient target for the lowland Vietnamese to work off their aggressions, thus diverting energies otherwise available for revolt against the French exploitations.

Since the highland (Montagnard) and lowland (Vietnamese) enmity is so great a part of their traditional culture, the United States has tried, with some success, to enlist their aid as guerrillas, giving them modern weapons and training, thus offering them a great advantage in their age-old struggle with lowland Vietnamese. Since the United States has also armed the lowland Vietnamese for aggression against the democratic forces of the National Liberation Front, the Montagnards find the lowland elements of the NFL the natural target for their new found armament. While grateful for the tactical help of the Montagnards, the United States does not desire them to become a political force in its puppet governments of Saigon, and so pursues a policy of keeping them controlled by periodic forays of the regular puppet lowland troops of the South Vietnamese. This also pleases the lowland Vietnamese, whose instinct for extermination of the Montagnards transcends their appetite for combat with the NFL forces.



The combination of modern aircraft with village battles offers countless instances, without incriminating evidence, for ingenious application of this new plateau of American military aid. Since American planes bomb targets indicated to them by the lowland Vietnamese forces and which American know only as co-ordinates of the map, all a lowland Vietnamese commander has to do is radio that he has knowledge that the Viet Cong has occupied a Montagnard village and call for its destruction by his allies. The fact that after the bombing hundreds of men, women, and children are found mutilated and dead is the new measure of achievement for the lowland officer; he has literally killed two birds with one stone: the Americans feel more comfortable for having eliminated another "nest of Viet Cong," and the lowland officer feels relief at having exterminated an enemy which generations of his family have feared. This cynical American policy of using ancient feuds for their modern aims unrelated to the welfare of the Montagnards can lead only to the extermination of these brave people, for they will die either from their lowland enemies, South and North, or by

the "friendly" planes of their allies.

What other destiny can the US planners have for these people? Only the most sentimental bourgeois could believe that the Americans want to preserve these peoples' "way of life" for this can only disturb the stability of their puppet regimes, which have proved over and over that they can exist only as long as they remain absolutely subservient to the tactical needs of the Americans. Another set of "rulers" seems always in the wings, if Washington changes its policy.

Since the conflict will be a long one, and the Montagnards are few in number, capitalist money, weapons, and time will solve this troublesome political problem. If there is any timing problem, withdrawal of medical aid, to which the Americans have accustomed these people, for "humanitarian" reasons will do the rest.

This story is written by an ex-Marine, recently returned from Vietnam, who wishes to remain anonymous until he is entirely beyond the reach of U.S. military jurisdiction.

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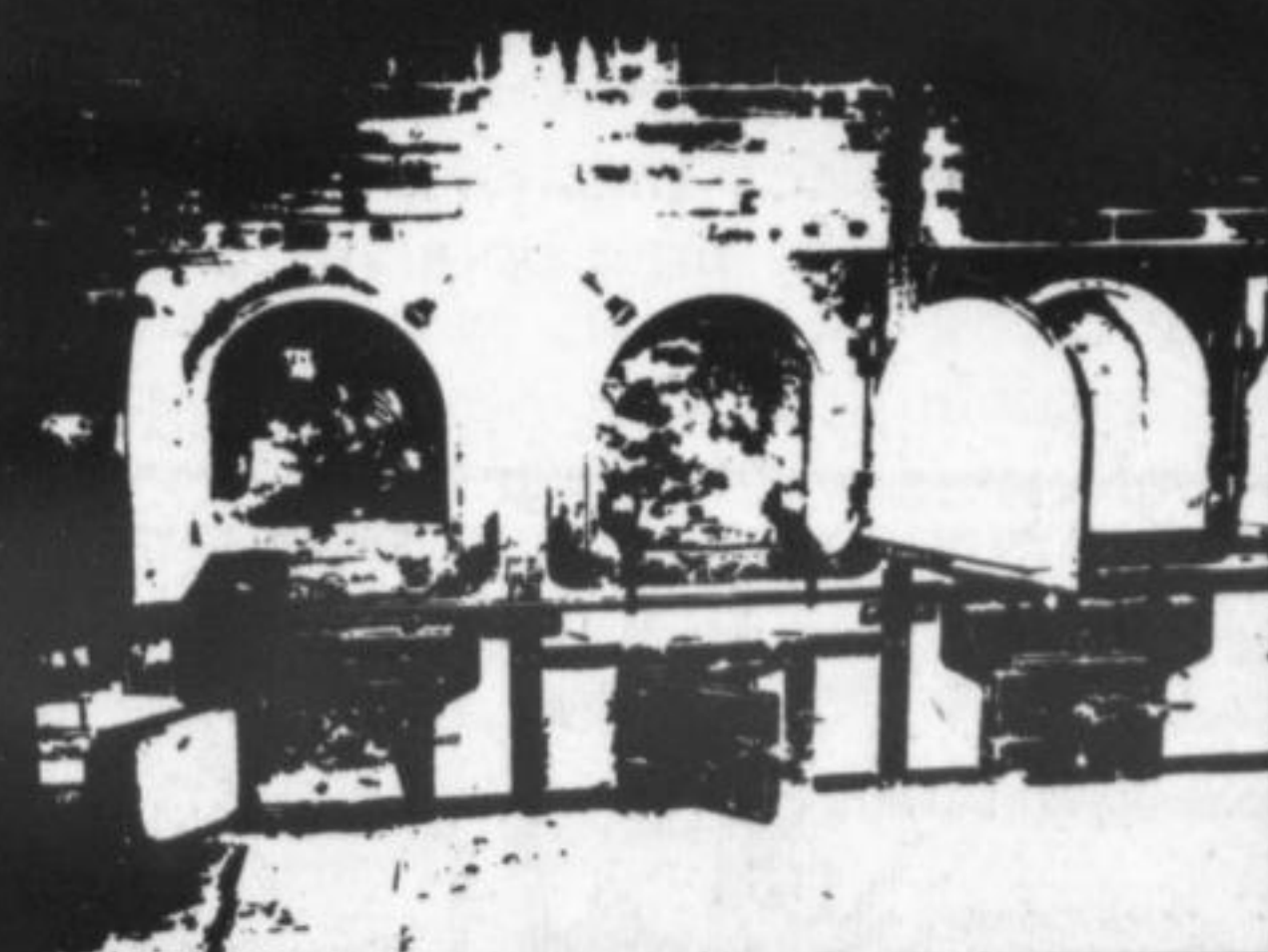
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storefront cinema

"Underground? There ain't no underground."

If "there ain't no underground," the term which describes Dick Preston's film productions will be hard to find. In the small theatre at 102 Forsyth Street on Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays at 8:30 28 people, by appointment only, become transfixed by an experiment in resourcefulness.

Richard Preston is an anarchist who, true to the attitude inherent in the dream of democracy, has taken matters into his own hands preempting yet another revolution in the art of film. With the advances in movie making, and the low cost and high quality of 8mm film, many experimental, amateur, or independent film buffs will not only be making their own films but showing them in their own theatres.

Preston's theatre, the first of the "storefront cinemas," seats comfortably 28 people. Smoking is allowed on the main floor. The screen, about 40 feet from the projector is ample for 8 as well as 16 mm.

"Underground films" can be disappointing. Many of the young talents show their first movies. Many never make a second. But Richard Preston is a master. His films range from abstract fluid colors (a film made over three years ago would today be called "psychedelic") to animated and live action movies.

Preston has made dozens of movies since he arrived in New York eight years ago fresh from the orient, not far from his native Australia. While working as a professional editor for a large T.V. network Preston burned the midnight oil making films in his storefront studio next door to his theatre.

He is a master of what he calls "poldada" or political dada. One film narrated by the words of the anarcho-technocratic philosopher Harry Hooten, a personal friend of Preston's, describes with frightening clarity the beast in man. Another 'The Son of Dada' is a beautiful lampoon of the American sickness, with flying whiskey bottles, Holy Virgins dropping superman babes, and babbling Johnsons. Unlike most of New York's underground cinema, Preston's flicks are technically well made.

Even Otto Preminger, sitting in the second row of the Forsyth Street storefront expressed concern about storefront cinema's threat to the major industry. "What if storefront cinema proliferates across the country? Who would pay \$3 to see 'The Bible?'"

W.H.B.

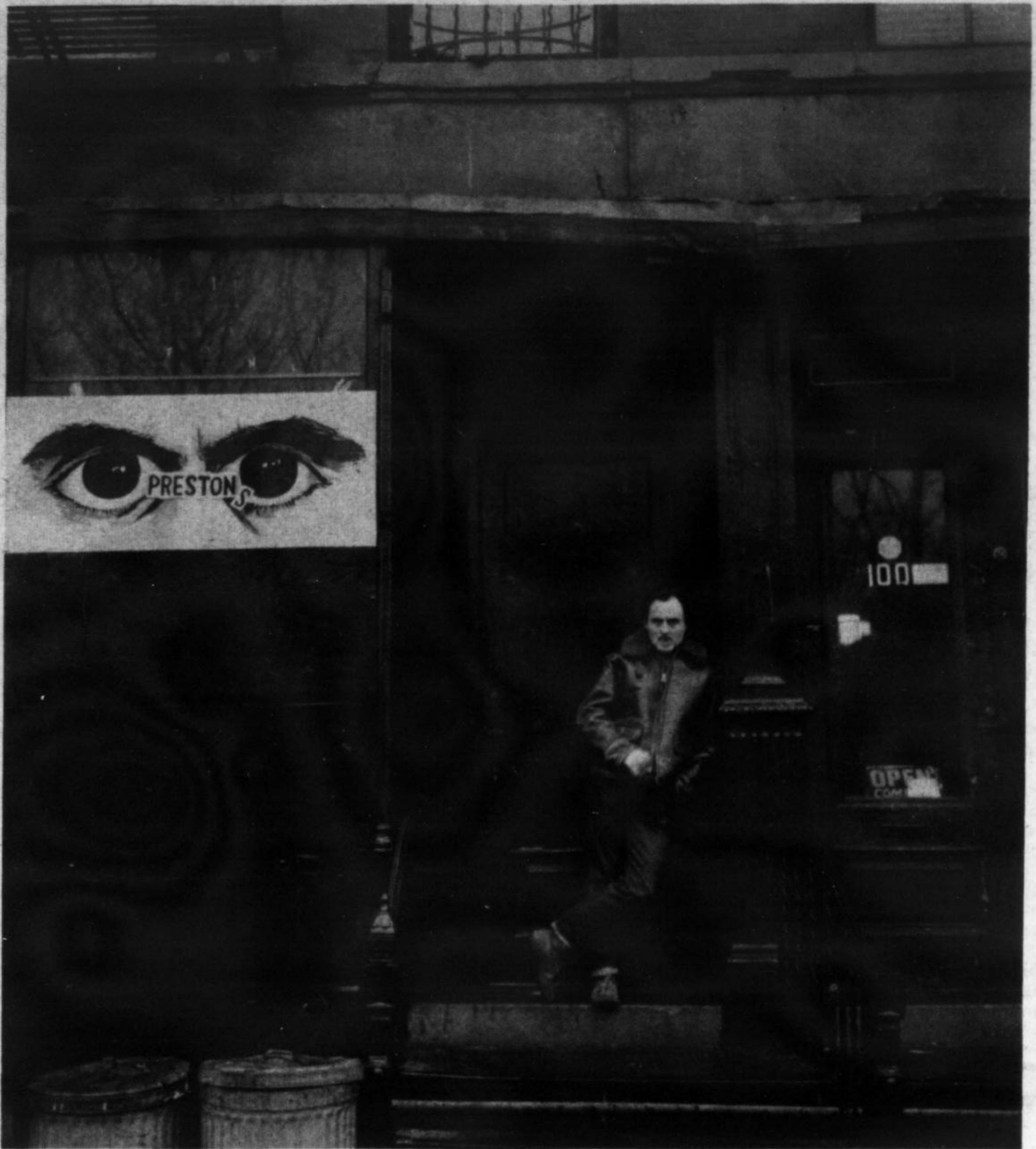
Dada

Almanach (1920)

facsimile edition

Edited by Richard Huelsenbeck and with magnificent typography by John Heartfield that established an important style in design, this book is far and away the most important of all the original dada collections, because of its scope and because it was put together at the height of the movement, before the great dissensions of the early 1920's that sapped its vitality. Here reproduced from the original, in German (with some French, Italian and other languages), this is an essential document on the subject. 160 pages, illus. \$4.50.

Something Else Press, Inc.
160 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10010



Love

The following poem is reprinted from "The Love Book" by Lenore Kadel, a publication that caused a frenzy of seizure and censure when it appeared recently in California. Early in December 1966 a flying wedge of fuzz descended on the Psychedelic Shop on Haight Street and the City Lights Bookstore in North Beach, and confiscated every copy of "The Love Book" in sight. Even the bookstore clerks who happened to be on duty at the time were arrested on "obscenity" charges. Miss Kandel has another interpretation of her book. "It is religious," she says, "and everyone who makes love is religious. I find it appalling that love words in our society are curse words, and I think this inhibits our love."

In the January issue of Oracle the author of "The Love Book" probes further the meaning and the motivation of her poems:

"The Love Book is precisely and exactly what the title implies -- a book dealing with certain of the manifestations of love. Not "making love" as a euphemism for sexual intercourse, but making love, i.e. the transference of ecstatic energy from one body to another. The invocation, recognition, and acceptance of the divinity in man through the medium of physical love.

"You are beautiful. We are all beautiful. You are divine. We are all divine. If in the secret corners of your mind you find yourself ugly and dirty and unworthy of love it will be impossible for you to give or receive love.

"If you find your body and particularly your genitals ugly and shameful you will be unable to use them lovingly. You can begin by accepting and loving yourself as a manifestation of the divine and then extending this outward. Not only through physical love but as a generative and pervasive force directed toward all sentient beings with the hope of a total consciousness and awareness for us all.

"Any form of censorship, whether mental, moral, emotional, or physical, whether from the inside out or from the outside in, is a barrier against self-awareness.

"There is only one direction to go in, and it is reached by opening the eyes into absolute clarity and then placing one foot in front of the other. With love..."

there are no ways of love but/beautiful/
I love you all of them

I love you / your cock in my hand
stirs like a bird
in my fingers
as you swell and grow hard in my hand
forcing my fingers open
with your rigid strength
you are beautiful / you are beautiful
you are a hundred times beautiful
I stroke you with my loving hands
pink-nailed long fingers
I caress you
I adore you
my finger-tips... my palms.....
your cock rises and throbs in my hands
a revelation / as Aphrodite knew it

there was a time when gods were purer
/ I can recall nights among the honeysuckle
our juices sweeter than honey
/ we were the temple and the god entire/

Copies of The Love Book can be purchased from Jeff Burner, 55 Mountain View, Mill Valley, California 94941.

ONE NIGHT OF HELLENIC LOVE



Jack Smith

By Vincent Walker

Rhodes: One night of love, with an English lesson thrown in, costs 70 Drs (\$2.33) on this jewel of the Dodecanese islands -- according to the parrots.

The drinks are cheap, the girls are mostly Scandinavian, and the bachelor apartment is a sandy beach in the pre-dawn hours.

"For eight months every year this is paradise," says Spyros Cassapides, 28, spokesman and unofficial chief of the parrots of Rhodes.

The parrots (in Greek, papagali) are what the Greeks call the young men who pursue foreign girls on holiday in this country with offers of Hellenic love.

Elsewhere in Greece, it's a term of abuse; the parrots fly low, and since this summer have been liable to arrest on sight by the police. On Rhodes, parrottry is open and above-board. The Rhodian parrots claim they're performing a national service. And with Cassapides editor of the two-man four-page Rhodes daily newspaper, Prodos (Progress), they're even assured what they've achieved nowhere else in Greece: a good press.

Cassapides, Rhodes born and a former paratroop lieutenant in the Greek Special Forces, says he returned to this island from work in Crete "one jump ahead of a shotgun wedding," and since then has practiced his talents only with foreign girls.

Speaking, he said, for the "100 parrots of Rhodes," he declared: "We want to meet foreign girls to practice our English and broaden our minds. As for the rest, we're not impatient. It doesn't bother us if we don't make love until the second or even the third night."

"If it wasn't for us," he said, "tourism wouldn't be booming as much as it is on Rhodes, because a lot of the Swedes and Danes wouldn't be coming."

Of the 130,000 tourists who visited Rhodes in 1965, 30,000 were Swedes and 22,000 were Danes. Of these, more than half were in their late teens or early twenties, and unmarried. This year, the figures for the Scandinavian countries are believed to have doubled.

The official story is that the Scandinavians come for the assured March to November sunshine, and because costs are lower here than anywhere else in Greece.

The parrots dispute this. They say the men come for the liquor, and the girls for the loving.

Cassapides discussed the philosophy and economics of parrottry in his office at noon, and demonstrated the techniques over midnight drinks outside a coffeeshop on the Rhodes esplanade.

The two Danish girls who accepted his offer of drinks and moved to his table had moments earlier, to his immense satisfaction, turned down chewing gum proffered by U.S. sailors of a visiting Sixth Fleet destroyer. A firm appointment was made for the next evening, for a night of drinks and dancing.

Explained Cassapides: "Pickups are usually made here on the esplanade. We have a drink here and then move on to a music center."

Dozens of these small clubs have opened on Rhodes in the past two or three years, with three-man bands playing hot music until the small hours. With local booze selling for 3 drs (10 cents) a shot, and Scotch whisky at only double that, "it's rare," according to Cassapides, that the tab for a night's drinking for two runs past 70 drs.

"Of course, we always hope the girl will pay half, and often she does, but we would never dream of asking her to."

Language is no barrier. Explained Cassapides: "Nearly everyone on Rhodes takes English lessons or listens to the English lessons broadcast every afternoon on the local radio station. And most foreigners know a bit of English, too. If not, then we say something in Greek and laugh, and she says something in her language and laughs. As long as you keep her laughing, you're all right."

Since most Rhodians live at home, and none of the parrots is old enough or wealthy enough to have a bachelor flat, a night that goes well ends up "watching the dawn" from one of the island's beaches.

Softest sand within easy walking distance of the center of town is that of the beach of the luxury Grand Hotel. Early-rising guests of the hotel sometimes take their first swim of the day among parrots taking their last.

Who exactly are the 100 parrots of Rhodes?

According to Cassapides, mostly young bankclerks, shop assistants, and office workers, earning about \$100 a month and with the leisure to take a long sleep every afternoon.

Emigration is not an objective of the parrots, and so a marriage between a Rhodian and a Scandinavian is a rarity. But the girls do come back, year after year, and bring their friends.

Cassapides says it's for the lovemaking.

The Rhodes girls are not pleased, Cassapides admitted, but "there's nothing they can do about it."

To have a hope of marriage, a Rhodes girl must have two possessions: her reputation and a dowry. So, "they stay home and save money until we're

ready to settle down and look for a wife."

The local church, too, complains of "growing immorality" on the island, but the parrots reject the charge, call it modern living, and point with pride to one statistic: in the ten years since tourists started visiting this island, not one girl has ever gone to the local police and cried "rape."

That many of the Scandinavian girls are, in fact, looking for what they find is borne out by a story told by the Grand Hotel. Two Swedish girls sat down in the hotel's Isabella Club, the swankiest night-spot on Rhodes, and ordered whisky at a dollar a glass.

Hours later they got up to leave, refusing to pay the bill. Their explanation when taken before the manager: "We've wasted our whole evening. You've got no men here."

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THE SUPERMAN COMETH

By Allan Katzman

They are taking over our thinking. They are taking over our dreaming. They are taking over our jobs. The man-machines are coming. I have seen their long plastic arms plugged into the myoelectric blood of humanity; Iron Man, in his gold metal joy suit, zapped into a wall socket and sexlessly a/ceiving and d/ceiving his artificial man-made heart. You cannot live in this society without realizing how dependent man has become upon the machines he has built. He has taken over the controls of his environment. He has created his own environment. Now he must fit himself into that environment. It is only one more logical step to the joining of a living thing with a non-living device or devices; the Cyborg, artificial man.

In the last two decades, ever since he began to participate in his own evolution, toolmaking man has found himself without a paddle up the proverbial creek. He has become obsolete, passe. He has artificial hearts, artificial arms, artificial kidneys, and artificial minds (computers) which are on the verge of thinking for themselves. It is only one more step to man/machine, to putting these components together, and one thing is in its favor: once made it cannot die.

Like Iron Man all it will need is the eternal wall socket of modern life to reactivate man's own gift: instant life. Man has come full circle. He is creating himself forever and must disappear because what he has created is so much better.

Recently the three broad areas of development toward artificial man -- artificial limbs, organs and other parts; the transplantation of living tissues and organs; and the duplication and alteration of man's hereditary genetic structure -- have made startling progress.

For example:

The Russians recently succeeded in operating an artificial limb with the wearer's own brain signals.

An accident in a Yugoslavian nuclear plant severely injured a number of workers, but with bone marrow transplants from human donors the men were saved. It was found that a milder form of the radiation that nearly killed them overcomes the "immune reaction" that causes rejection of such transplants.

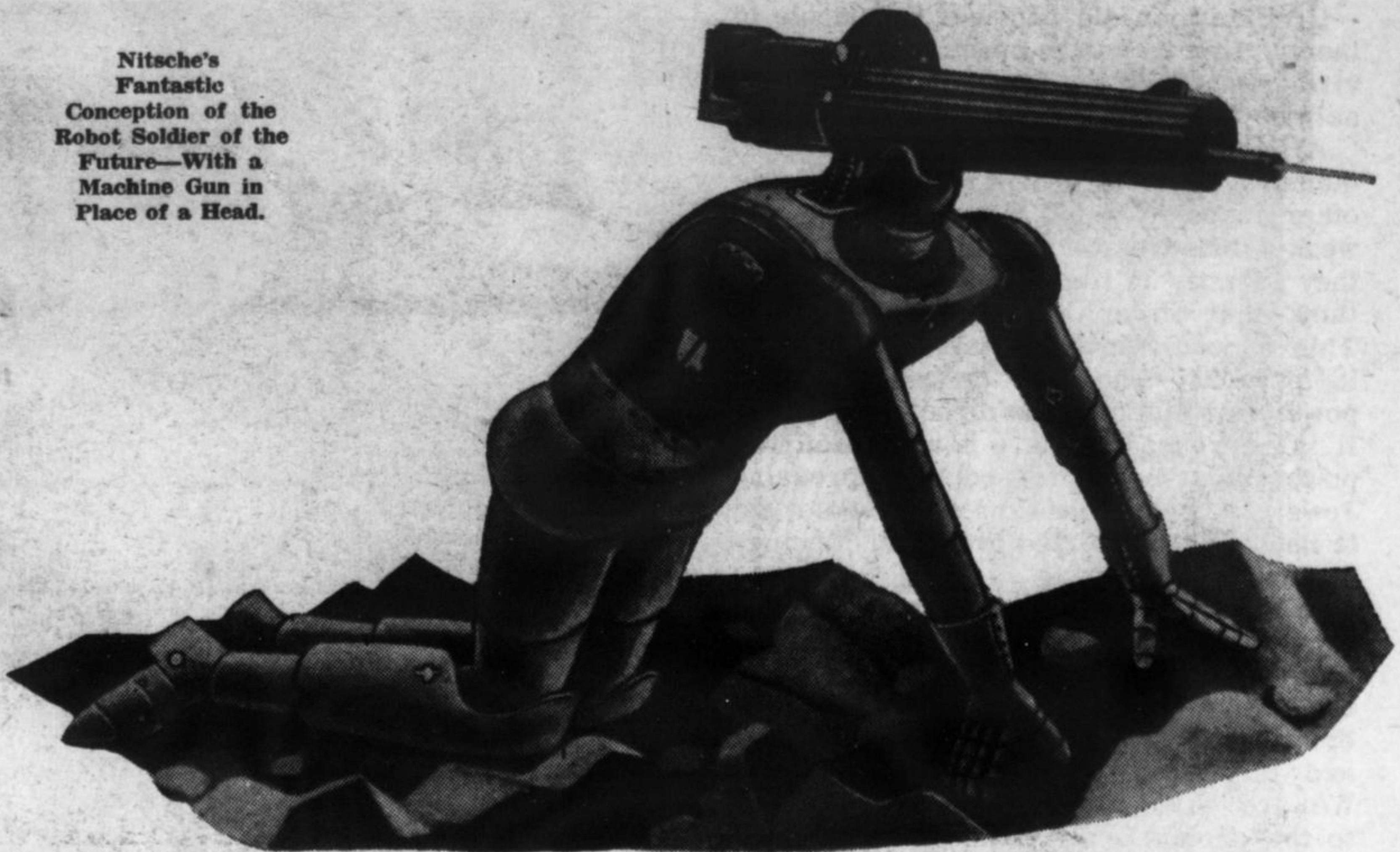
Researchers at an American university recently were able to synthesize living muscle, using "raw" chemicals. One of the compounds used is called ATP, short for adenosinetriphosphate. Another scientific acronym, DNA (for deoxyribonucleic acid), makes the muscle builders' work seem only a prologue to the creation of life itself.

It was just recently that an Italian doctor fertilized an egg cell artificially and grew the resulting embryo for almost a month until abnormalities evidenced themselves. The Catholic Church reacted strongly to what it considered immoral acts, and the work was halted. But even the Catholic Church is powerless to stop what is the will of man's creation for this creation has no day of rest.

Make way for the Cyborg, the Superman, for nothing can stop it unless man vents his environmental paranoia first on the inevitable master of his own imperfectness. This latter possibility may also be inevitable; a kind of hari-kari race where both the turtle and the hare are losers.

To counteract such a possibility, where both man and machine are destroyed, the military has begun research into the

Nitsche's
Fantastic
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Robot Soldier of the
Future—With a
Machine Gun in
Place of a Head.



Cyborg. The perpetuation of the "war machine" is becoming literally that. The synthetic soldier shall fight the synthetic war.

Because war has become so sophisticated, the fact that man has only two hands has become a serious complaint. EMG control, the operation of devices by simply thinking about them, frees the soldier from such shorthandedness and permits him a multitude of simultaneous operations instead of only one thing at a time. Weapons could be remotely controlled, aimed by simple movements of the operator's head or even his eyes, and triggered by a flick of the eyes or the thought "Fire!"

A forerunner to this remote control of weapons has already been tested. Control of "drone" helicopters from a distance is effected by head movements rather than an operation of manual control devices. And a system to permit firing a weapon by a pilot simply by flicking his eyes is under study and seems to have possibilities. These important facts were disclosed in a technical journal published late in 1963. The title of the piece was "Navy Studying Control of Weapons Through 'Thinking of Them.'" The inevitable subtitle was a coy "If looks could kill..."

The Office of Naval Research contracted with the Philco Corporation for research into this possibility. Project officer was Dr. James W. Miller. Philco experts at the firm's Bio-Technology Laboratory studied the problem and framed out a phase of the research to New York University. Dr. Renato Contini of the Research Division of the School of Engineering and Science was in charge of this work involving monitoring of a subject by means of electrodes attached to the skin over the muscles under study.

Amplified EMG signals are routed to a computer, in this case a Philco-2000, which displays them as a pattern that can be understood by the subject and help him to elicit the responses needed for generating effective control signals. The project is officially titled "Study to Investigate the Feasibility of Utilizing Electrical Potentials on the Surface of the Skin for Control of Functions."

But the Navy is not the only branch doing such research. Here are other typical contracted projects the Air Force is sponsoring:

BIOLOGICAL LAWS AND EFFECTS. Contractor: Adaptronics, Inc., Alexandria, Va.

A compilation of biological laws, effects and phenomena with associated physical analogs is being made

on a continuing basis. The purpose is to help engineers to obtain information about biological systems for use in building more efficient machines.

VISILOG. Contractor: General Electric, Ithaca, New York.

The purpose is to use information obtained from studies of human perception to build a machine which can perform some of the functions of the human eye. These include avoiding collisions in unfamiliar territory by judging distances and time to contact.

ANALOG OF THE EAR. Contractor: ITT Federal Laboratories, Nutley, N.J.

A device is being constructed, using transmission line principles, which duplicated the important auditory functions of (1) conversion of signals from time domain to space domain; (2) frequency sensitivity; (3) signal-to-noise ratio enhancement. Further work will be directed toward utilization of the device as an input sensor to an adaptive network.

LIVING CELLULAR ANALOGS. Contractor: Planned.

Biological systems are composed of many different types of cellular elements (such as the neuron) that are required to perform vital functions. It is the purpose of this effort to understand the functions such cells play in biological systems and derive adequate physical analogs of such elements.

MUSCLE SUBSTITUTE. Contractor: Laboratory for Study of Sensory Systems, Tucson, Ariz.

An artificial muscle is being developed to lift heavy loads short distances with very high (90% or better) efficiency. They may be useful especially under high-g conditions or under other conditions where muscles are absent or functioning poorly.

D.S. Halacy, Jr., in his book "The Cyborg: Evolution of the Superman," published by Harper and Row, summed up the role of the military in perfecting the Cyborgs. "Traditionally, the military has fostered the idea of a cyborg joining of man and artificial extensions to his limbs and capabilities. There seems to be no change in that association in the future. If anything it will accelerate. The military services generally have fostered the man-machine idea with money and moral support more than have private enterprises. Hopefully, the machine part of the cyborg fighting man of the future will be more and more inevidence until one day secondary evolution has progressed to the point where the machine does all the dangerous and dirty work. On the road to that goal however the military quite likely will produce more and more sophisticated cyborgs -- whose very thoughts can kill."

If it is true what Mr. Halacy says, then man has had his primitive wars, those simple sexual tombs of brute contact, those naive romantic bloodlusts of knight-hood. Now it is the mind's turn to play gory checkers with God's little body the earth. Open up your hands and spread out your arms. Feel destiny being riveted into your flesh. Hear the man-made steel and electrical flash. Witness the crucifix of the cyborg, his steel kiss will bring no more death. Man shall resurrect violence. Make way. Iron man is coming.

HARRY HOOTON LIVES

Civilizations die because the people in them, after they have conquered their environment, turn round and conquer themselves.

A society is simply a force; it has no meaning whatever except in terms of some other force to which it is opposed. But weak-minded historians don't like force; they identify militancy with fascism: they think that power is intrinsically wrong. This is equivalent to denying life. Life IS power. The vice or the virtue of power lies solely in the direction in which it is expressed. There is no reason why power must be expressed in suppressing Jews, or proletarians, or other societies. It need not be exerted over human beings at all.

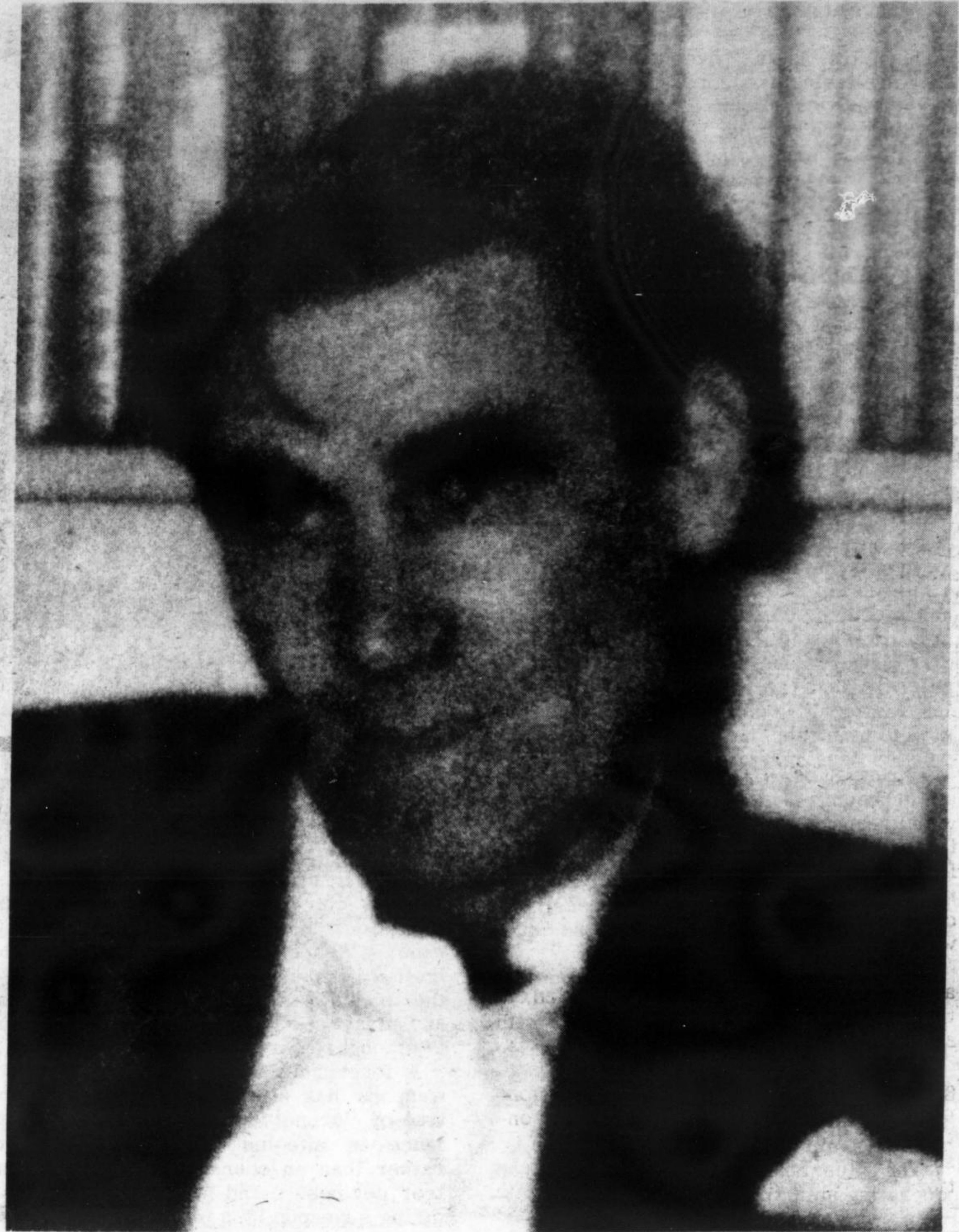
In fact if humanity is to survive it must expend its power, and all its power, entirely on man's material habitat. For the power generated in man has now no other outlet; the world is covered. There are no more "barbarians" to subdue. We are in a somewhat similar position to the ancient imperialisms. The Alexanders of the ancient world looked for new worlds to conquer, found none, and wept; and turned round to internal human conquest. Today, when every man is his own Alexander, we do the same. We can't see any empires outside ourselves, so we turn and rend ourselves. We should follow the lead of scientific imagination and tear a few atoms apart.

There is only one thing outside the people to be ruled. That is their material environment, that part of that environment transformed in industry, the MACHINES. Democracy becomes inevitably industrial democracy. In doing this it transforms political terms, methods, institutions. It transforms politics itself -- from politics, which is a matter of the government of men, into technics, which is a matter of the government of things.

Democracy can't see this role it plays. All it can see, at its best, is full human power. But that power is blind, misdirected. It is expressed indiscriminately on both men and things. It needs the insight of anarchism, a later development in political thought, which realizes that no political power should be imposed on men. Democracy in lifting the people to power makes the people free. Democracy merges then into anarchy, the demand for full human freedom. The democrat, to the extent that he carries his theory to its conclusions, is, and must be an anarchist. Freedom and power are NOT mutually opposed -- they are identical. Freedom IS power. Moreover this real power must take a form which they both dread, that is, DICTATORSHIP.

We hate dictatorship. But that is only because all dictatorships we have known have been tyrannies over men, over us. It is the height of folly to oppose dictatorship, when WE are the dictators, when it is OUR dictatorship, and when it is imposed only on things. We can be as ruthless, arbitrary and autocratic as we like -- with this subject "class." What is needed, as contradictory as the terms may seem, is a fully human, a democratic dictatorship. One that does not impose its power on any human being whatsoever -- an anarchist dictatorship.

Anarchism, not realizing how closely bound it is to democracy, thinks it must oppose any sort of power, but in actuality it seeks it. It found it, in the workers -- in syndicalism. And so we had the program anarcho-syndicalism. But since then technology has transformed work and



the workers out of all recognition. Machines are "the workers" today. We are all keeping machines out of jobs. And the only effective human personnel, the key personnel, are the scientists -- the technicians.

We might know an axe, or a hammer, or sickle; but we wouldn't know the components of the uranium atom if we saw them. We can't see them -- they are concepts of physics, mathematics. We depend on specialists, on technicians. And it so happens that they have their program, their movement -- technocracy. And anarchism, if it is to keep pace with modern developments, and retain its position in the vanguard of social advance, must ally itself with this movement. This new alignment is what I try to cover in the clumsy, but accurate, amalgam: anarcho-technology.

These two heads are not contradictory, they are complementary. The technicians will rule things, the material resources of the community, all right, but they nowhere disavow intent to rule us. Their regime needs the qualification of anarchism -- that there can be no government OVER MEN. But the anarchists repudiate ALL government. They need the technicians to point out that there can be a government after all - OVER THINGS....

It will almost certainly be objected that all this is using the terms, rule, power, government, etc., falsely, out of

their context. But it is precisely this transformation in our terms and in the customary contexts for them which characterises this shift from politics to technics. We have to lift our political terminology up bodily and apply it in a new context, in a new direction, on to things in a new material world.

The old politics based on the workers in general is out. We cannot have the "General Strike" - what is needed is the PARTICULAR Strike, of the scientists. If the workers, the people generally, jacked up against war, a handful of scientists could still rub them out with an atomic weapon...The socialists still talk about the abolition of wage slavery. They can only talk about it. The technician does it, by abolishing the wage SLAVE - by replacing the human slave by a machine. Machines need no wages. Moreover, they need no bureaucracy - no manpowerers, police, clerks, snivel servants - to drive them to work. The technicians abolish the State, as we know it, simply by abolishing us - as slaves. But we don't want to be abolished - we cling to our slave mentality, fight for our status as workers, as political subjects, as the people. We think the State will be removed, but that we will remain to flourish. But while the people, while vast sprawling populations persist, the problems - of decentralisation, distribution, social service, etc., etc., - the "Welfare State" will persist. The anarchists and communists say that the State

THE DRUIDS: ORGY, DRUGS, MAGIC

Through experimentation with the psychedelic chemical LSD, many inner space voyagers have discovered keys to understanding lost or puzzling characteristics of past civilizations. We look about us in twentieth century America and see in our young and artistic community a phenomenon the uninformed would call paganism.

There is every indication that the priest class of many ancient civilizations used psychedelic substances as an aid toward communion with their gods. The Egyptian, Assyrian, and Mayan cultures repeatedly have mushrooms represented in their glyphs and carvings. Others (Roman, Greek, Christian) show pictures of holy men or priests drinking from sacred chalices. What was the substance they were drinking?

Varieties of the *Amanita Muscaria*, a "magic mushroom" supposed known to the Egyptian priests, grows in southern as well as northern climates. In the north it can be found primarily under Oak trees and sometimes under white birch. In keeping with The East Village Other's policy of informing our readers about psychedelic substances we shall explore their possible influence upon ancient cultures.

Please read between the lines.

The mistletoe plant, about which one of the principal superstitions of the Celts clung with so much tenacity, probably attained its place in the mythology of the Druids by the double circumstance that it was a parasite of the oak, or sacred tree, and that it was, or was thought to be, a plant of the night, like the nightshade and a few other growths, that are even yet regarded by the common people with a kind of awe.

We are indebted to Pliny for an elaborate account of the druidical ceremony with respect to the mistletoe. In the first place, he notes the medicinal effects of the plant, and repeats the common belief of antiquity that it aided in conception, removing sterility in cases where the same existed. It may be said in general that everything in the ancient pharmacopoeia which tended to the fertility of females was regarded with superstitious veneration.

The mistletoe did not, according to general belief, grow abundantly in connection with the oak tree. On the contrary, it was found only rarely in that situation. It was the occasional association with the sacred oak, combined with the other circumstances which we have named, that gave to the mistletoe its place in the national religion. Whenever it was found on the oak it was regarded as a mark of the particular favor of heaven; and a ceremonial had existed immemorially relative to the taking and use of the plant.

Among the Celts the sixth day, or rather the sixth night, of every moon was the beginning of the year. The principle was carried out to what was called an age; that is, 30 years, each period of that duration beginning with the sixth night after the new moon. It was on the sixth day of the first new moon after the beginning of the year that the mistletoe cutting and ceremonial were celebrated. It was one of the most conspicuous public acts of the druidical worship. First, the mistletoe must be found on the oak. This done, a sacrifice and festival were provided at that place. Then the Druids, all clad in white, marched forth, accompanied by the people, to the tree where the mistletoe grew. The officiating priest had a golden sickle, or knife, with a curved blade, and with this, having ascended the oak, he cut the sacred plant from its place. It was allowed to fall. A white mantle was held under the falling plant, to prevent it from touching the earth. This done, with care and according to the rules of the ceremony, the mistletoe was divided among all who participated.

Meanwhile, two white bulls or white heifers had been brought under the tree and were offered by the priests. They



DRUIDS INCITING THE BRITONS TO OPPOSE THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS.

were slain when the plant fell from its fastening on high. Prayers were offered by the priests that unusual healing virtues might be given forth from the leaves and twigs and fruit of the sacred plant. It was divided up among the worshippers.

Some made of it a decoction and drank it as a cure for sterility. Others used the same remedy for poisons and various diseases. Other parts of the plant were taken away by the people and preserved with superstitious veneration, under the belief that it was the veritable All-Heal of the household. The ceremony of the cutting was concluded with the sacrifice of the bulls and with a feast.

There were at least two other sacred plants associated with the mysticism of the Druids. The first of these was the *Samolus*, or marshwort. The second was the hedge hyssop, called the *Helago*. The finding of either was regarded as a piece of good fortune, and the method of taking and preserving the plant was carefully prescribed. The marshwort must be cut with the left hand, after a fast, and without looking at it. Before taking the hedge hyssop, the person desiring it must pass through ablutions. He must make offerings of bread and wine, be barefooted, and recover the plant without any knife at all.

It is said that *Vervain*, or *verbena*, was also sacred to the Druids, and must be taken in accordance with the rules of a ceremony. Bits of such plants were worn by the Celts as charms. It was reckoned that the prophylactic influence of these sacred things was good for the wearer not only against physical evils, such as disease and accident, but also

against the moral and mental maladies to which human life is subject.

It was the policy of the Druids to keep their lore a secret. They permitted only so much of it to be divulged as the necessities of the ceremonial required. Like the Egyptian priests, they kept the real cult among themselves. They were careful that it should not be recorded or given out to the vulgar. For this reason, not much is known of the bottom ideas upon which the system was founded. Divination was a part of it. Druids were prophets, foretellers, soothsayers. After the manner of the Romans, they were wont to cultivate the auguries. For this purpose the flight of birds and the peculiarities of the entrails of sacrificed animals were studied.

The profounder ceremonies, the true mysteries, were celebrated in the depths of the forest or in secluded caverns by the sea.

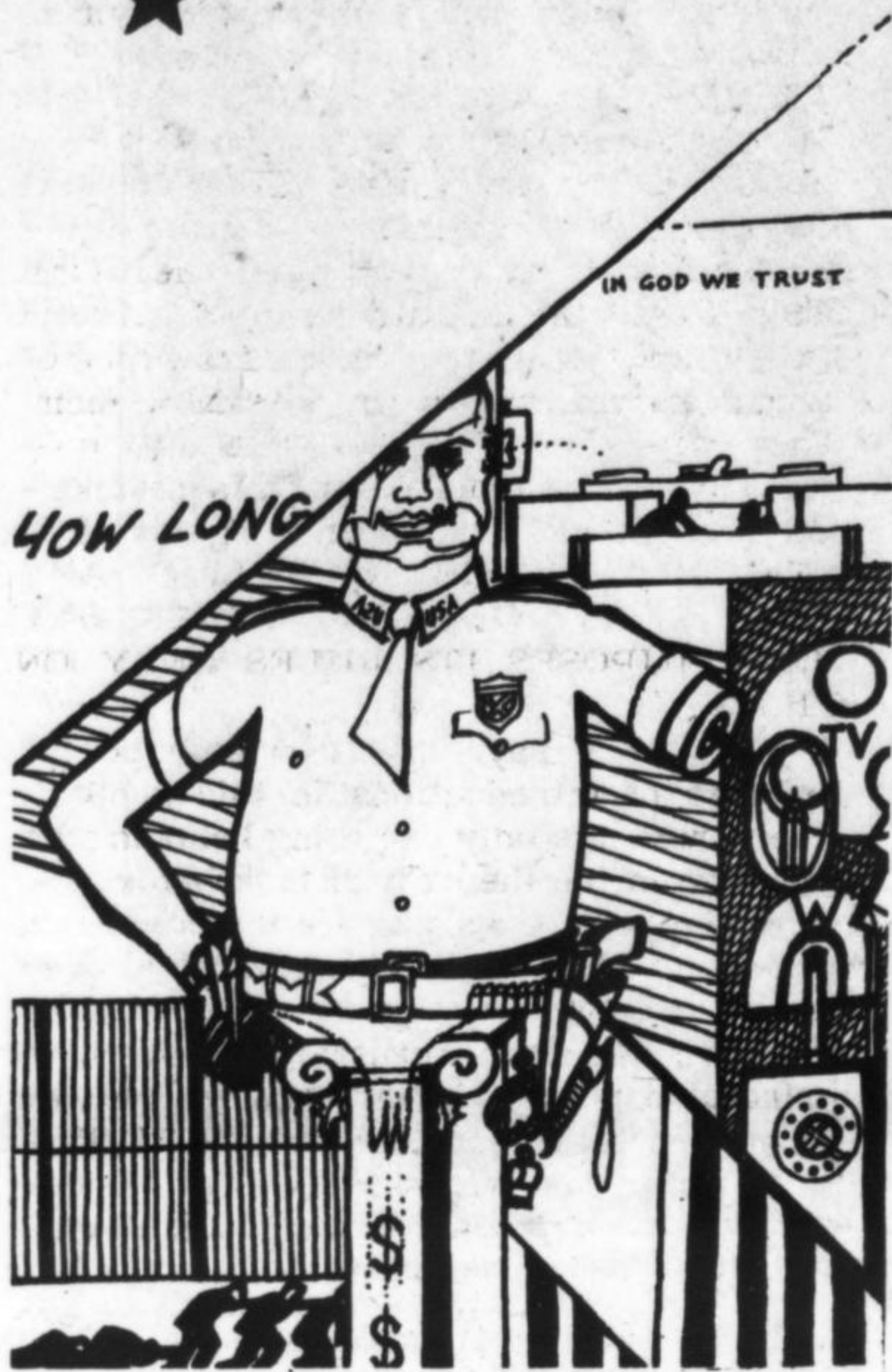
The Druidical society was carefully organized. The sacred officers were divided into three classes. The triad, indeed, was made the basis of nearly every feature of the system. The first class included the Druids proper, who were the priests of the race, using the term priest in its limited sense of an officer who offers prayer and makes sacrifices for others. The *Vates*, or prophets, were intimately associated with the Druids, but were not considered as true priests. It was their business to observe occult phenomena, such as the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, and other indicative signs, and to interpret such hidden things to the worshippers. They were to prophesy of events yet to come, and to indicate the policy of the race in war and peace.

continued on page 18

ARE THE POLICE NECESSARY?

-TULI KUPFERBERG

1. It may come a surprise to some, in this era of city police, county sheriffs, state police, highway patrolmen, FBI men, Secret Service, FDA men, Treasury narcs, military police, housing police, transit police Pinkertons, private detectives, welfare investigators, Macy's police, Lafayette Electronic police, White Tower hamburger joint police, &c &c to learn that the modern police forces as we know them date only from 1829, the so-called (London) Peelian reform.



It is also amusing to recall the pitched battles (in the 1860's?) in the streets of New York City between the two rival police forces, city and state appointed, as to who was the ultimate veritable police. I forget who won but such conflicts are indeed refreshing and educative.

For the police are one institution taken for granted by all but the most ultimate of critics.

But why?

2.

I believe it was Kropotkin who first stated how unconsciously (?) clever it was for "society" (i.e. the establishment) to have combined the life preservative with the class prejudicial activities of the police into one organization. Sort of like what the U.S. Army rec(k?)lamation teams are doing in Vietnam. But whereas there the hypocrisy is so evident, in the police FORCE it has been going on for so long, it is just taken for granted.

But there is no earthly reason why the admittedly positive functions of the police -- traffic regulation (generally administered with great simplicity and now become a tax collection agency with fines depositable directly to the city's account at your local bank!), life saving, and the prevention of violence -- should be linked with their more obvious function of "protecting" property (preventing theft) ((although Proudhon said that property was theft) and preserving the social and sexual fabric of the going (establishment) society, that is the group in control of the repressing powers.

In England for example sea rescue and even, I believe, ambulance services are

provided by private (non-profit) initiative. The Red Cross (whatever its faults) is another example of the private organization of relief and rescue.

There is no reason why even government and rescue could not be organized into, say, a Rescue Department (see! just giving it capital letters makes it more plausible already!) of the NYC municipal government WITHOUT police powers, that is, the power to arrest, intimidate and beat up with impunity.

For that in the last analysis is what police power is: the power to use power, force, verbal abuse, weapons, threat of injury and death (and not just THREAT of injury and death) to enforce agreement without any (theoretical) risk or punishment whatsoever for the enforcer.

Even the most sanguine supporter of the police power should be willing to admit that this is a failure of sorts: when the police are called (or appear) it means that human relations have broken down to the point where an expert in force and murder (I and most citizens do not know how to use a gun) "has to be" called in.

3. Lenin said that the state was the executive committee of the ruling class (read "establishment" today). The police are the arm(s) of the state. The army is the foreign club, the police are for the local citizens. In conflicting situations their roles are interchangeable.

So, the question immediately becomes: from what moral stance does the proprietor of a "business" that has lived off the Blacks (and here the example is only the most blatant) in Watts, say, for years and years forcing out of him (from ANY socialist point of view) value, that is labor, and returning less than that value, that is STEALING from him, rise up in righteous anger and amazement at the "looting"? These are the risks of the pirates trade. And retailers are only the most obvious targets. See also: landlords, employers, stockholders, "professionals," bureaucrats, the whole army of, yes, exploiters and (if you will) parasites, the internal colonialists that live off of (on top of) the native populations: the lower classes, the bloody poor.

It is of course infuriating when the poor steal from the poor (and personal property should be relatively inviolable) and the not so rich who are not relatively exploiters. But we are ALL exploiters in a world of starvations -- physical and emotional-spiritual.

And the irrational stealing is offensive: junkie or A head stealing. But it IS a judgement YOU make: your need is greater than theirs (you say). Besides it's part of your cheap rent. And it's not worth the catastrophic punishment the police and judge-jailors would inflict on your marauders. Besides many of my friends end up being questioned and threatened by their "protectors" when they are vengeful enough to call them in after a burglary.

So much for crimes of property (and I don't have the inclination to exhaust that subject here.) But I want to proceed to the nexus of the police problem, the question of violence.

4.

I admit right off I don't have all the answers. But the present system is failing miserably and should be re-examined from head to foot.

Reich said that the liberating sex revolution (especially at the beginning) as it released the tremendous bound-in energies of Victorian man would also if not chan-

nelized or used ecstatically run the risk of releasing violence. We are running this risk today.

But clubbing violence is no answer. Recycling sadistic personalities or personality elements into the police and the murdering armies of the world is no answer.

This whole problem deserves another separate article (which I may do). Here I would only like to suggest alternatives:

- 1) Abolish the police.
- 2) Turn the police into social workers (a horrible thought at first!) Make all police have to have an MS in social work
- 3) Disarm the police. The British police function better than the Americans WITHOUT guns. But they are more beautiful to start with.
- 3) Give the police fruit, books, records, radios, guitars, balloons, bright clothes (no uniforms). Make them spreaders of joy when they see discordance (a Provo idea).
- 5) Diminish the total amount of frustration by sexual, housing, job, love and cultural revolutions. Decrease the total amount of unhappiness.
- 6) Have a "Citizens Police." (The Russians have tried this with some horrible results.)
- 7) Use ombudsmen. (The Nassau D.A. recently proposed the first such system in the U.S., but he wants HIS office (and police) exempted!)
- 8) Abolish jails. Use psychiatry. Danger! Mental hospitals are (like) prisons also, with inmates subject to indeterminate sentences. Who decides who is mad?

9) Get rid of the idea of punishment -- "organized vengeance called justice." We punish in others the things we fear in ourselves.

10) Use acid and drugs (voluntarily) on "criminals" AND cops. Plenty of danger here too. "Who are the brain police?"

11) Form groups of beautiful young girls and women to kiss-befriend the cops-soldiers in any tense situation. The Love Corps (The Body of Love). Train revolutionaries in positive attitudes toward police and the authorities. Subvert authority by making it more human and loving. When a cop tries to arrest you make it into a personal thing between you and him. Not in a negative way. Do NOT follow routines. Do not assume the expected guilty and enemy attitudes. He is a victim too. Who IS the enemy? If you are mostly unsuccessful with him at least you have preserved the core of your own love and that IS something.

12) None of the above are exclusive.

13) Readers should communicate their suggestions to EVO.

5.

I would like to close this part of the essay with a short statement of personal outrage at the injustice ~~of~~ persecutions.

There are enough laws ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ to hang us all. But the ~~judge~~ ~~and~~ judge is God. What ~~god~~ ~~god~~ HE CHOOSES TO ENFORCE ~~ON~~ ~~ON~~ LAWS HE WANTS TO. He sees ~~in~~ ~~in~~ him "bad" sexual thoughts) and ~~when~~ ~~when~~ you're in jail. He catches you ~~smoking~~ ~~smoking~~ an herb he considers dangerous (pot) -- something he fears will release his hate -- and doublehammo you're in jail. Who are the victims of these "crimes"? Crimes without victims! The jailed persons are the victims and the police are the criminals here -- if we must talk in terms of crime and victims. Which we mustn't.

We have to consider ourselves pilgrims in a beautiful-horrible blooming universe.

We have to try to love one another (cops included) and ourselves too.

CLAUDIA
CARREL

EAST HAMPTON GALLERY
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London:

by MILES

Publisher's Department.

A WORD TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—We are sure our patrons are all patriots; therefore we solicit your aid in sustaining a true American work—even your own "Lady's Book." We give you American literature; sentiments and principles based on true Christian charity; we thus foster American genius and disseminate those patriotic influences which strengthen and uplift the hearts of the people. That foreigners appreciate our work, is shown by their appropriation of its contents.



In the gathering winter light of Europe Paris still manages to retain twice as much street activity as London. The pity is that most of it is commercial street vending and not the friendly stall-keeping of Louis Malle's "Zazie dans le Metro." A visit to Paris is time travel to the late 30's except all focal points of beatific activity have gone. Turn off the Q Des G. Augustins to the rue Git Le Coeur and everything is as it was except the Hotel has gone. Even the energy traces of dream machines and cut up teats have blown away in the gusty bursts of Paris rain. In the rue de Seine at Gait Froge's Librairie Anglaise the last remaining days of the final sale are on.

All the Anglaise speaking people have moved on. The evidence remains: the albums of Burroughs reading from "Naked Lunch," the book on the cut-up technique, Jean Jacques Mel's books on happenings, dusty heaps of Merlin magazine, Harold Norse books and all the books ordered for the Americans who left with NATO revealing the close-kept secret of their employment. Gait is coming to New York so look out for her. Paris was young before the war and the creative energy amazed the world. Some of it was still there after the war but it battled with the growing materialism of middle-age France. Now she is sated and nodding quietly to sleep.

I walked through the rain to George Whitman's Mistral Bookshop, now called Shakespeare & Co. after Sylvia Beach's famous writers' centre. I arrived at midnight at the rue de la Boucherie, looking across the Seine to Notre Dame. The Mistral looked the same, people milling about inside but again things have changed. The French government has clamped down on George (an American) and has prohibited him from selling books. Now the place is open as the "Free University of Paris." The thousands of books are still there but now used only as a free reference library and lending library. The guest rooms are still open (six people only—one week maximum) on the upper floor of the rambling booklined building.

Americans in Paris use it as the HQ for the anti-Viet Nam war effort. Poetry readings take place, but this time instead of writers and poets I met two American divinity students and one writing a "Randy" guide to Europe. The number of non-French names in the visitors book is declining. Characters from Gide clustered my hotel lobby.

Back here in London the International Times party at the Round House became the start of a series of events there. The British for "Freak-Out" is Rave-Up which is just what they were. As the place has no heating and as London is hovering about freezing point this time of year, appreciation of the events is more projective than real. However, at the U.F.O. Club (Night Tripper) organized by Hoppy, Joe Boyde and IT every Thursday at the rooms below the Berkeley Cinema, the air is warm, the coffee and drinks more than usually liquid and the sounds of the Pink Floyd louder than the ear can tell. The projections have reached a peak of perfection and the movies and slides provide alternatives from the sounds. The great thing is that it is an all night meeting place for people. A place where they can talk and exchange ideas in a part of the club far from the band, or sit and allow their sensory apparatus to evaporate with the electronic feedback waves of the Floyd. They really are the group to watch!

As London is the meeting point for Europe and the States, the audience includes French publishers, pornographers, poets and pushers, policemen to dance with in plain clothes and American officials. Girls in transparent mini-skirts and silver bras, popsingers and 1920's bearded anarchists all mingle together. You can watch Simon Barley (from L.A.) freak out. In the words of Lord Buckley: When he lays it down...it stays down! Or you can watch the flashing smoke-colored lights at 4 a.m. and listen to the Mothers of Invention over the PA between sets. It may sound like the west coast but only two blocks away stands the British Museum.

SWEETHEARTS' DAY POETRY READING
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 Ishmael Reed Peter Orlovsky
 Allan Katzman David Henderson
 Lorenzo Thomas Paul Blackburn
 Joel Oppenheimer Len Chandler
 Ronald Stone Denise Nichols
 Hart LeRoi Bibbs Tom Dent

Harry Hooton Lives

continued from page 10

will be abolished, or "wither away." Implied in this is that the people will continue to proliferate and prosper. This is an idiot, top-heavy travesty of all reality. We say, on the contrary, that the "State"—the new rule of the engineers—must be strengthened; and that the people will—"wither away."

We dread the technicians as a new ruling class. But we do not need to be the new ruled class. We must resist them, and the regrettable fact is that we may have to, for the technician, in common with most of the rest of us, is conditioned to accept some form of control over human beings as necessary in any regime. But in that conditioning he ceases to be a technician in the strict sense of the word. We must strengthen his own innate interest and theory, as a technician, IN THINGS, so that he will control things exclusively. But the trouble is we tend to despise his interests and values. It is the fashion to sneer at PRODUCTIVITY. But what greater value is there? The man who can make a pot, or grow a turnip, or open an atom, is worth more than all the priests, all the politicians, all the psychologists who ever existed. This holds despite all the falsifications of the last 50,000 years. Productivity will hold as a value as long as man lasts. It will be superseded only when man becomes more than man, when he is superman; when it is succeeded in our scale of values by CREATIVITY. But the politicians, and their idiot apes, the Lawrences, Aldous Huxleys, Mumfords, Toynbees—ALL our "thinkers" sneer at scientific production. The only sphere in which productivity reigns is that wherein it is not needed—in the mass production, in the reproduction of humankind. Well, the technician counts that out, too. He doesn't need large populations to do his bidding. And we don't. We want a small society—one of quality, not quantity, in which every human being can be powerful and free. We need a small society, as Greek society was small. And like the Greeks we need slaves, a vast politically subject "class" to rule. We have this in things, in the forces of organized matter, in the machines.

The engineers must rule. Who else could rule in a machine age—the Golden Philosopher King? All the political philosophies from Plato to Marx must be shot on to the scrap heap. We tend to think of technocracy as a crank cult of the thirties. This is tragic stupidity. A decade or two is nothing in the march of events. And there have never been enough cranks in the

world. Of course, in adopting technocracy, in adapting it to our needs we must dissociate it from its present advocates. Its original theory is weak. And in practice it has gone the way of all HUMAN organizations. It has swung into line behind American nationalism. It would organize the material resources of the North American continent, and not a global abundance. It will finish advocating bigger and better atomic weapons. It needs the vision and principles of anarchism. The first thing we have to do is frame, or help the engineers to frame, a theory and programme of world power. The next thing we have to do is build the organization which will make that power an effective reality...We must organise—BUT WE MUST ORGANISE MATTER, NOT MEN. All organisations up to the present, including technocracy, have failed because they set out to organise human beings—to discipline, rule their own members. They have been miniature human political states, and, where they have attained power actual human states as we know them. They will always be that. There is only one way we can avoid making this mistake—that is to build a scientific organisation, ONE THAT IMPOSES NO RULE OF ANY KIND ON ANY OF ITS MEMBERS, ONE THAT IMPOSES ITS RULES ONLY ON THINGS.

But, as I say, this can only be the briefest of introductions to this subject. There remains only one thing I should add: Apart from the theoretical task before us, or while we are waiting for the scientists proper to reach full social-political consciousness for themselves, there is something we can do, as ordinary workers, as principled people, as artists. We can, we must get together, pool our MATERIAL resources, our equipment, build our own workshops, our own houses, the things we need for ourselves. This may seem only a feeble effort to parallel modern science, which makes efforts at industrial co-operative democracy seem vain. But it is essential that we provide examples, nuclei of how material cultures can function in freedom...This may seem, and indeed it is, utopian. But we must have utopias. All we have to do is make them modern. The utopias of the past have been RURAL, oriented to the green corn and the vile compost of our past. We want our utopia in the heart of our city, in the heart of America. We need an URBAN utopia. We should not rest until we have rebuilt America, scrapped its hideous transportation, pulled down its idiot architecture, fashioned it to fit the needs of civilised man.

Anarcho-Technocracy, by Harry Hooton. Reprinted from "Power Over Things," New Frontier Press.

PROVOSTINK

The World Journal Tribune reported that "Long-haired 'juvenile delinquents' known in Holland as 'Provos' threw several smoke bombs, one of which cast a haze over the coach and six in which the popular Margriet, 23, and her 27-year-old attorney husband rode for their wedding.

"Police grabbed the smoke bomb thrower and hustled him away as the coach rumbled on.

"At one time, while the church ceremonies were still under way, mounted police charged into a group of about 100 anti-royalist Provos who were dancing around the monument of William the Silent, founder of the House of Orange."

The WJT said "About seven youths were arrested in minor clashes with the 2,500 officers patrolling the city.

"A firecracker was thrown outside City Hall after the wedding party had entered. One youth outside the church was tossed

SHOOT THE COPS

San Francisco's fairest illegally arrested four Diggers Sunday night, January 8th, after breaking up a peaceful home movie party and terrorizing 75 assorted longhairs and a dozen little kids. The next morning, posters appeared in windows and on boards all through the Haight/Ashbury district. It boards all through the Haight/Ashbury district. They read: "What would be the result if all little little kids used their WATER PISTOLS to SQUIRT the COPS in the lower abdomen, whenever they get out of their cars? (A water pistol costs as little as 19¢. Do you know any little kids? Can a little kid shoot a fly at ten paces? Kids DIG water pistols. Cops dislike wet pants. If you were a cop, would you get out of your car to get squirted?" That afternoon local merchants began distributing free water pistols.

The anonymous organizers call the water gun campaign, "Non-Violent Counteroffensive Number One/67."

back by the crowd when he tried to break through. Elsewhere in the city Provos distributed anti-royalist leaflets."

As reported January 10th--WJT

THE TURN OF THE BRUSH



Hello by Richard Lindner

By LIL PICARD

We are faced with two powerful opposites in the Arts. On one side there exists the gilt-edged past with paintings done in the traditional manner, enshrined in frames or metal stripping, oil-painted, enduring. On the other side are appearing more and more soft-edged, hard-edged, geometrical or non-edged Artworks reaching into a new space of future Art. They seem to be often cold, barren looking things, done by a generation of artists "under 25," the New Generation with the "hang-up" of uncertainty, of icy negation and calculated detachment.

We know a lot about the past. We learned it, lived it, got wounded, endured, suffered, tortured, many died. The ones who stayed alive, who are present, are often unable to comprehend the future. But a new generation is here and speaks up. On all fronts. Even on the Art front. In the New York Art-circus the opposites express the tension between the "wonderful past" and the cold future.

There are two shows now on in New York which are clear examples of the opposite trends. Richard Lindner with "Oil-painting and Watercolors" at Cordier & Ekstrom and the "Scale Model and Drawings Show" at the Dwan Gallery.

Let's talk about Lindner first because the past comes first, the future later. As an artist and a man Lindner is full of alacrity and Voltarian intelligence. He's alert, wiry and has a sharp but at the same time humorous and kind look in his eyes. Once upon a time, B.H. (Before Hitler) he became an American and an admirer of Disney-Coney Island-New York-42nd Street-Times Square Youthland. Trained as a craftsman in Germany and brought up in the tradition of George Grosz, Otto Dix, German Expressionism and with the knowledge of German graphic and having been exposed to the El Dorado of the late twenties Weimar Republic free wheeling, erotic, sexy times, he got "It," what it takes to become what he is now: "Post-Pop Great." We have

at the moment a renaissance of the golden twenties, and Art Nouveau, but the American style of revival is clad in plastics.

Richard Lindner paints super-girls. About 15 years ago when he showed women in corsets and leather strappings at BettyParsons he was a lonely hunter of sex fetishism and sado-maso perversities painted excellently, realistically. But at that time this was not the "fashion." Now superstars and bat-girls, Tiger Morse-plastic-Vinyl-minor-mini-tunic leather-gloved beauties are the "latest." They are jumping at press parties at the Henry Hudson Hotel into swimming pools and Tiger Morse wears Lindner's eyeglass masks.

Lindner's show is glorifying the big, powerful, sexy, long-legged, brassy girls of the sixties, and he is painting them as monolithic goddesses of lust. They come straight out of Coney Island's Love-Tunnel and are the torchsingers and swinging teeny-boppers of rock, eaters of phallic green ice cream cones, wearing striped stockinghose. They are also giant insects of the beetle world, irresistible seductresses so gigantically shaped and glaringly, glossily colored that it takes one's breath away.

Sixty-six years old, Richard Lindner was born in Hamburg, Germany, and moved in 1922 to Nuernberg. The Reeperbahn is in Hamburg, a sailors' heavenly Lunapark with strong girlies and female mud-wrestlers, and in Nuernberg one can visit the "Iron Maiden" in the old castle. (She is a medieval torture instrument.) In Nuernberg Lindner switched to Art, after he had been a student of music in Hamburg. But this Europe-trained artist forgot his past and now indulges in the earthly presence of American sex-girls-images. Those fleshy and strong cuties are painted with care and perfection. They are "Touchables," not "Disposables, Dissolubles, Collapsibles or Inflatables." Those four new long words of Art describe the latest "Mass Art" just born in New York.

But Lindner is concrete, he paints with the brush and he designs. He does not use machines, projectors, magnifiers, Xerox or any other mass-produced technical contraption. Just canvas, oil paint, an easel and brushes. Very old-fashioned and traditional. But he "makes" leathergirls, no and ice girls, art moms, devil-angels, and bat-girls, and they hang like flags in the Art Palais of Freuch & Co. where on all the other floors one sees only "antiques," 17th and 18th century treasures.

Entering the sixth floor the visitor is hit over the head by the contrast of rock rock boy with his electric guitar, and Art-barker Lindner shouts with glaring images: See the orange-green-violet striped turtle-neck sweater boy, see the fat-legged lady, cool lady ice, the tomato red haired, iron-stockinged American beauty "No." She is vicious and sold to South Africa for \$12,000. Meet the telephone insect lady. She opens up her white leather legs and telephones, telephones...Her eyes are hidden behind plastic eye mask glasses. All those ladies have ear to ear purple red lips, and one has in her belly a redskinned Indian head. Those girls are surefire hits.

At the Dwan Gallery on the eighth floor at 29 West 57 Street the Art song has a quite different sound. It's cool, man, cool. It sounds like the future, not the past. It's minimum, expression is absent, detachment is the password. A group of artists show scale models and drawings. These are dreams for monumental architectural projects, and the imagination of the artists involved reaches the endless realm of infinity. Peter Hutchinson designed his own many-cornered gallery, for-corner sculptures, and shows a sequence of designs from the floorplan to the finished cardboard model in small scale.

Ronald Bladen's "Wind Tunnel Drawing" with written explanation is a "poem". Robert Morris' "Scale Model for Earth and Sod" is a white, fiber-glass square, pure, flat, and elegant. Robert Smithon has a multi-cubed box idea for a large building project of perfect depth-perspective. Kenneth Snelson's tension scissored snare shoots out into space, a space-divider. Sol Levitt has built a model for a future monument, white, geometrical, in sequences designed from compact shapes to linear elements. Chisto did small models for gigantic packages of plastic material and cord. At the moment this show is one of the most exciting on 57th Street.

In 305 Canal Street transparent and opaque vinyl Art-Objects are manufactured and sold. They sell from \$1.- to \$25.- To introduce Max Neuhaus newborn Sound-Baby, the "Max-Feed", Allen Kaprow, Al Hansen, Phillip Corner and Alison Knowles helped along with a Sound-Happening, that reached hurricane dimensions and force. MassArt sold briskly. In the future there will be beds, mattresses, chairs, inflatables, disposables, collapsibles. Les Levine's yellow disposables sold for 7 dollars. "Nobody Loves Me" inflatable dolls are loved for one dollar. The shopping bag to carry everything home is \$3.- Also the Stable Gallery, Richard Feigen and Leo Castelli are introducing new ideas with a minimum image. Donald Mallory shows "Contained Mercury" Boxes at the Stable, Gerald Laing at the Feigen Gallery and Larry Poons and Stanley Landsman at Castelli. Poons wallsize monochrome somber canvases show traces of oval shapes hovering forms, Landsman's many lighted mirrored boxes produce endless lightworks of infinite space-dimensions.

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THE END

LOVE FEAST

The time has come for a Pow Wow, a Peace Pipe, a Gathering of the Tribes both political and psychedelic: on Saturday, January 14, Berkeley political activists and San Francisco's hippies have agreed to join in a love feast that will hopefully erase any mutual skepticism remaining between them. What these two radical groups have recognized is that, despite their differences, both are engaged in moving out from under the shadow of the Establishment into the sun of freedom. So they have decided to stand up together in what both hope will be a new, strong harmony.

The heads and the minds will meet at San Francisco's Golden Gate Park Grounds, big enough for fifty thousand comers and all the words, sounds, and sights they can raise. Speaking for the hippies are the luminescents Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary. Words will be supplied by Mario Savio, Dick Gregory and others.

At first, the hippies feared the politicians would talk them to death, and the straight men feared the psychedelics would disassemble them to death. Middle ground will be provided

The Daily Californian reported on November 16 that a member of the Berkeley faculty had filed for an income tax refund from the U.S. Internal Revenue Service on the grounds that a part of the taxes, particularly the money going to wage the war in Vietnam, was collected illegally.

Peter Steffens, assistant professor of journalism, said he acted from conscience "out of repulsion at what is happening to the Vietnamese people." He said that if his request for a refund from IRS was not granted, he would sue the government.

"I'm terribly frustrated and humiliated by what's being done to the Vietnamese," he said. "This is more important than doing nothing. Mathematically, it's infinitely more important, and as more and more people do it, it will be socially more important. I just had to do something."

by the sounds of the Grateful Dead, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, and others.

The word is "Be-in", a human be-in. Don't talk or worry about it, they decided. Just be there.

VIETNAM TAX

He said that what prompted his action was a series of articles this past September and October in the Manchester Guardian by Martha Belhorn entitled "A New Kind of War." In these articles she told what she had seen.

"The tiny children do not cry out in pain," she wrote. "If they make any sound it is a soft moaning; they twist their wounded bodies in silence..."

The compulsory support of these activities offends me, and is contrary to the profoundest dictates of my conscience, and thus violates my rights under the First Amendment to the Constitution," Steffens said. He added that the U.S. role in Vietnam is itself a violation of the U.N. Charter.

He called attention to a November 14 article in the Wall Street Journal which said that Eugene R. Black, former head of the World Bank and now a special adviser to President Johnson on Asian economic and social development, is now on tour there, and said: "We expect to make a lot of money out of Vietnam, and that's why we're killing people."

"You Are a God, Act Like One!"

By Timothy Leary

(This column discusses basic "tune in" methods. The next installment suggests harmonious "drop-out" methods.)

Psychedelic drugs make it possible to reach a wide range of consciousness. The experienced psychedelic religionist can move consciousness from one level to another, just like focusing a microscope or telescope.

But then what?

So what?

The experience must be communicated, harmonized with the greater flow.

The psychedelic experience is not just an internal, private affair. The "turned on" person realizes that he is not an isolated entity, a separate social ego, but rather one transient energy process hooked up with the energy dance around him.

The "turned on" person is sensitively aware of his own movements, as gestures in the great ballet of evolution.

The "turned on" person realizes that every action is a reflection of where he is at.

The "turned on" person knows that his environment, his world, is created by his consciousness -- existing only because he has arranged his sensory and neural cameras to shoot these particular scenes.

The "turned on" person knows that his movements, his dress, his grooming, his room, his house, the neighborhood in which he lives is an exact external replica of his state-of-consciousness. If the outside environment doesn't harmonize with his state of mind, he knows that he must move gracefully to get in tune.

"Tune in" means to arrange your environment so that it reflects your state of consciousness. "Tune in" means to harness your internal energy to the flow around you.

These last few lines contain the most practical, liberating message you have ever received. If you understand this message, you are free to live a life of beauty.

YOUR STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IS REFLECTED IN YOUR ENVIRONMENT. YOU CREATE YOUR ENVIRONMENT. Let us consider a sad illumination. The Manhattan office worker. He works in a dark room, foul with polluted air. He moves through a clutter of factory-made, anonymous furniture to a celluloid bathroom and a plastic impersonal kitchen. He eats breakfast of canned, packaged anonymous celluloid food-fuel. He dresses himself in the anonymous costume of the robot city-dweller, cotton underwear, socks, shoes, shirt, tie jacket. He travels through dark tunnels of sooty metal and grey concrete to a metal box office.

SPANISH JAIL

According to an inside source informing EVO about the treatment being given to foreigners in Spanish prisons, it appears that cats busted at the Algeciras border for carrying kif are getting the worst end of Spanish nostalgia for the Inquisition. Nine foreigners (from Germany, Canada, Yugoslavia, France, and New Zealand) who were picked up in this way are presently being held in the Cadiz jail, four of them for over a year, and they still do not know when they will appear in court. Meanwhile, the ordeal they are undergoing has been reported as follows:

During the first 15 days after they entered the prison the men were packed in threes into small concrete tombs, capacity four cubic meters, with no window, about 15 watt "illumination," and only a six-inch air vent. This treatment is reserved especially for foreigners; it is the first step in a continual discriminatory campaign of harassment which they are subjected to at the hands of the authorities.

Whereas Spanish prisoners usually have windows in their regular cells, all those for "extranjeros" (the Spanish word for foreigners means "strangers") were bricked up, after a German tried to escape from Cadiz a year ago. At no time are the accused allowed to leave their cells. They sleep on straw mattresses that crawl with bugs. Food is substandard: pastes of chickpeas, lentils, rice, and noodles. The Spaniards supplement this shit with food parcels brought in at regular intervals by their relatives, but such bounty is withheld from the foreigners. The friends and relatives who often travel long distances to see them are refused permission

There he deals all day with symbols on pieces of tape, which have no relevance to his divine possibilities of sense, seed, cell membrane.

He uses the money he makes to pay for his celluloid food and his foul-air apartment.

This man is surrounded by an environment which is dreary, polluted, dead, impersonal, assembly-line, mass-produced, anonymous.

This is the environment of an automated robot. It is his robot state of unconsciousness which creates his environment. This external world perfectly mirrors his "turned off" awareness.

When this man "turns on" he sees at once the horror of his mind reflected in his surroundings. If he "tunes in" he begins to change his movements and his surroundings so that they become more in harmony with his internal beauty.

If everyone in Manhattan were to "turn on" and "tune in," grass would grow on First Avenue and tie-less, shoe-less divinities would dance down the car-less streets. (This will happen within twenty-five years. Deer will graze down St. Mark's Place.)

Every action of a human being reflects his state of consciousness. Therefore, every person is an artist -- i.e., one who communicates his experience. Most people are not "tuned in" consciously. They experience only in terms of static, tired robot symbols. Therefore, their actions and their surroundings are robot. Dead art.

After you "turn on" you must "tune in." You must start changing your dress, your home, your sequence of movements, your environment, so that it reflects the grandeur and glory of your divine vision. You must look and act different.

But this process of "tuning in" must be harmonious and graceful. No abrupt destructive, rebellious actions, please!

Start "tuning in" through your body movements. Walk, talk, eat, drink like a forest-dwelling joyous God.

Next change your dwelling place. If you have to live in the city for the time being arrange your apartment so that it becomes a shrine. Throw out all furniture that is not sacred-psychedelic. Your room should reflect a timeless, eternal beauty with no 20th century impersonal gadgets. Every object should be psychedelic, should make immediate sense to the sense organs of a visiting Buddha, Christ, Lao Tse.

When you have made your body a sacred temple and your apartment a sacred shrine dedicated to psychedelic beauty, you will be ready to change your broader social commitments. Do not "drop out" until you have "tuned in." Do not "turn on" unless you know how to "tune in."

"for lack of the necessary authorization." While they are being told this in one room, Spanish prisoners may very well be talking in another with THEIR visitors, sometimes even in the absence of a guard.

Of the nine accused, six are currently on the sick list. Even so, one of them says "when we see the Consul or even a common clerk of the court (while awaiting trial it is with a guard on our left side and another on our right, one standing behind us, and still another in with the official on the other side of the grill."

It would not be unusual for these men to be tried without legal representation.

The psychological strain of being isolated and helpless in such a hostile environment is the hardest to bear. The prisoners' letters and even telegrams must be sent to Madrid to be censored before they are delivered -- a process taking a minimum of two weeks -- and many of their letters never arrive at all. The Consulates of the men at Cadiz are either embarrassed or impervious to the plight of their countrymen and so far have ignored them. Some of these men have already sent nine or ten communications to their Consulates and not one of them has been acknowledged.

The main reason for the unwillingness to help these men and others like them is fear and abhorrence of the thought of kif. The majority sees anyone who uses or transports it as criminal, dirty, insane, unambitious, and "beatnik." The Spaniards look on kif as part of a malevolent Muslim plan to endanger public health and contaminate the True Church of the raving fascist flesh.

If you "turn on" without "tuning in" you will get psychotically "hung up."

Every "bad trip" is caused by the failure to "tune in."

Here's why.....

When you "tune in" you trigger off energy. Pot flicks on sensory energy. Hashish to somatic energy. LSD to cellular energy. High dose LSD to molecular energy.

These forceful energies must not be harnessed to a trivial ego game. You cannot hook up 100 million years of sensory-somatic revelation to your puny, trivial personality chess board. You cannot hook up 2 billion years of evolutionary revelation to your squalid social game.

This is why marijuana and LSD are religious sacraments. If they are used in a non-religious setting they will inevitably, sooner or later, freak you out.

I have personally followed over 5,000 persons who have begun the Yoga of LSD. The large majority have had to "turn off," "tune out," "cop out," because they would not harness their tuned in energies to a more harmonious game. Once a week is the natural sequence for the sacramental use of LSD. But you cannot take LSD once a week and stay rigidly rooted in a low level ego game. You have to harness the flow or you will have a bad trip.

Those who have never taken LSD and those who have stopped taking LSD are trapped in repetitious psychotic games. They live a continuous 24 hour a day bad trip.

To continue to use LSD you must generate out around you an ever widening ring of "tuned in" actions.

You must hook up your inner power to a life of beauty.

EXERCISES

1) Go home and look at yourself in the mirror. Start changing your dress, your behavior, so that you float like a God, not shuffle like a robot.

2) Look around your home. What kind of dead robot lives here? Start throwing out everything that is not "tuned in" to your highest vision.

Make your body a temple.

Make your home a shrine.

You are a God, live like one!

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So there I was, tripping out and thinking about God and the Cosmos and the ego and the things that men make (that some call art), and all the while getting further and further out to the point where a man and a house and a can of film all seemed equally insignificant and equally indistinguishable one from another.

Returning, slowly, I saw Ghengis Khan riding in from the East murdering and destroying as he came. And from the south and west came the Muslims and the Christians murdering and enslaving in the name of the one true God. And again from the west came hordes of Europeans murdering and enslaving in the name of their kings and queens, civilization, the profit system and the one true God. And from the west and the east came Hitler and Stalin and the murders and enslavements were greater than ever. (Flesh and blood gods are always the most tyrannical.)

But the most amazing thing was that though bruised and battered mankind has survived all these disasters. As a race, do we not always seem to bumble our way through to survival?

Is there, therefore, any reason why we should not shrug our shoulders and feel assured that the current capitalist-communist wars of expansion should leave us untouched? That even if, heaven forbid, we ourselves were to die and three-quarters of mankind with us, that life would continue and our cosmological existence would be much the same as before? For the survivors would there not still be a limitless universe in the corridors of their minds and in the lint of their navels? Who knows, maybe it was all planned this way, so why protest the inevitable.

This mode of argument tempts me, and in the pre-atomic world I fear I would have been totally seduced by it. But now -- NO.

My interpretation of the world around me leads me to the conclusion that nature (with the exception of poor mis-educated man) does not destroy itself... that its multitudinous "deaths" are part of the evolutionary process.

But now the weapons of death are so potent that man can quite easily destroy not only his own planet but also the entire solar system which will in turn spread his poisons throughout the galaxy. I do not

believe that this is the way the world was meant to end...I do not believe that man is the weapon nature has created for its own self-destruction. I believe that man is destined for greater things than his own mind can at present comprehend. I believe that our heritage of prophecy and protest does have a meaning... that the whole history of protest may have been merely a practice run for the age in which we live, because now we have to PROTEST OR PERISH.

And the only people who can lead this protest are the artists. The politicians have sold their souls for the party and personal profit...the scientists have sold theirs to the politicians and the military...and the leaders of our established religions play games of "favorite wars" and "follow the public opinion polls."

Only the artist is pure enough to awaken the consciousness of the people to the reality of total destruction. We must protest...we must support every anti-authoritarian and anti-establishment movement and cause. We must utilize our right of dissent (called free speech) not because it is a privilege that is given to us by the state but because it is one of the intellectual faculties which are basic and inherent in our human personalities.

We must attempt to overthrow government through the force of our ideas.

We must needle, mock, outrage our "leaders" and their servants.

We must preach the unpreachable.

We must advocate the unadvocatable.

We must do this NOW -- tomorrow may be too late. And we must be constructive. We must think in Utopian terms. We must have ideas which will enable us to build a new world with a new philosophy.

The one we have now is rotten, corrupt and vacuous BUT IT'S STILL WORTH SAVING.

From January 29 to February 5 the Village Peace Center is having an "Angry Arts Week." Musicians, dancers, painters, poets and filmmakers etc. have all been asked to contribute their names and wherever possible their work to this festival. If you have not involved yourself in this project yet I urge you to do so now. Remember, your work does not have to be anti-war or pro-peace. Only you do.

DEAL AND

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, Stuyvesant Station, New York City 10009.

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The Druids

continued from page 11

The third class included the Bards, or singers, who composed the sacred songs which were used in worship and by the people in general. It appears, however, that the bards found that they increased their popularity by extending their themes to warlike adventure, to satire and invective. Most of the fragments of ancient literature having a Druidical cast are warlike and satirical in their themes. Over against the Druidical order were the Druidesses, or female prophets, who, while they did not share the prerogatives of the priests, did exercise a vast influence over the people. They inspired all the reverence and terror which are usually given to the prophetess, the sorceress, the witch. They, like the Druids, were divided into three classes on the basis of their reputation and sanctity, and it is said that the rules of their conduct were exceedingly capricious and contradictory.

We are here on the threshold of the dark and criminal mysteries belonging to Druidism. Perhaps for want of sufficient data we shall never be able to evoke and put in form the true story of the orgies and corruptions which the Druidesses were wont to celebrate. The first order was made up of those prophetesses who could reveal the future only to those who had polluted their persons. The second class was constituted on exactly the opposite principle. They were bound to perpetual virginity, being no doubt somewhat like the vestal virgins

of Rome. The third class also had their distinction on the sexual relation. They were such as were bound to long periods of restraint. In general, they were allowed to visit their husbands but once a year. There were, moreover, certain nocturnal rites which these Celtic bacchantes were wont to celebrate. On such occasions their naked bodies were painted black, and, with their hair flying and every evidence of wild excitement, they gave themselves up to orgy and frenzy.

The island of Sena, off the coast of Britagne, where the Senes dwelt, was the seat and center of the ceremonies and college of the Druidesses. Here once in each year, between the setting and rising of the sun, they must pull down and rebuild their temple, being careful that no fragment of the sacred materials should be allowed to fall to the earth. The work was done under the greatest excitement and amid frantic dances and other evidences of transport. One may readily see in all this the evidence of the ultimate ethnic affinity of the Celtic race with the Greeks and the Hindus, among whom the celebration of such mysteries was a favorite form of religious expression.

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SPECIAL SERVICES

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, theater folk and filmmakers have all been asked to contribute their names and work to the festival. Anyone interested may contact the Greenwich Village Peace Center, AL 5-1341.

Two college men without their own residence wish intelligent, interesting female companionships. Openmindedness preferred. Not just looking for sex alone. Fed up with the present social environment. Write R.M.G., Box 495 or G.M.S., Box 1125, Castle Point Station, Hoboken, New Jersey.
Young male student seeks full or part-time mistress. Room and board. Ethetically-minded with wide range of interests. Call 864-4322.
Good-looking fellow wants to make acquaintance of attractive liberal minded gal interested in exotic. Photo, phone appreciated. Dave Lundberg, 5417-31st Ave., Woodside, New York, 11377.
To imaginative female artist. **PUERTO RICO** January 26 to February 6. Young man will pay vacation for girl, aging teeny-b or early 20's, pretty and enjoyable company. Interview over dinner. Mo 2-4369.
GOOD-natured slob, fond of love, food, cats, seeks simple-natured chick to live in happy squalor together. Gitumpy 7-0799.
This advertisement will be brief because I'm not rich. I would like to meet someone interesting, pretty, warm, pretty honest, (21 through 26 are the best ages), nice body, and not melancholic. I like seriousness in life, but I like fun more. Merry Christmas to all (believers and non) ((belated)) and Happy New Year. It's tough not to believe in that. John Yu9-7232.
Creative young couple wishes to meet others interested in painting, Indian and folk music, acid. Object: to join tuned-in circle and/or turn on friendships. Tom and Sandy 424-3119.
Poor young man (reasonably good-looking) wishes to make scene with girl 20-22 who has no personal hang-ups. Object: companionship. Write: W. Shay, 60-11 69 Place, Flushing, New York 11378.

Figure models wanted for professional magazine photography. Experience and great beauty not necessary. Very good pay. Call Robert Studio answering service Lo 4-3250.
Wanted: Young female composer versed in the art of psychedelic music to team up with accomplished lyricist with recording connections in the recording industry. 475-8120 10 a.m. to 12 noon.
Groovy chicks with faces and figures to match: why not model? It's GREAT! If you can qualify call 228-2965. Bashful or inhibited, forget it!

SMUMERHILL FAMILY with photographer mother and nudist organonist father offers young girl opportunity to join free family as helpmate. Girl must be uninhibited, love children, animals, wildness and be Adido. She should be healthy nature-girl type who believes the most satisfying happenings energetic of her own body without the need of crutches with energetics paid, attractive room, mystical escapism. All transportation paid, \$25 per week excellent food, \$25 per week allowance in exchange for babysitting and light household duties. Call collect. Area code 203. Townsend 9-8438.



Small businesses on Manhattan's Lower East Side, long in need of local business consulting services, are at last receiving these services from the recently created Small Business Development Department of Metropolitan Anti-Delinquency, the area's anti-poverty agency. The new department, operating out of a storefront at 255 East Second Street, aims to develop and strengthen small businesses in the community and, at the same time, to create new employment opportunities. Mr. Leor Jueen, MFY's Small Business Advisor, has invited small businessmen on the Lower East Side to contact him if they wish to obtain these free consultation services. They may come directly to the storefront or phone Or 7-0400, Ext. 522 or 523. Hours are 9:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. weekdays, and 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturdays.

GIRLS! Free party! Saturday night, January 28th, 9 p.m. till dawn in the East Village. Drinking and dancing! Just bring your swinging selves. Sp 7-1398 or 777-4753.
SATURDAY NIGHT -- 8:30 p.m. Open house socials especially for the intelligent, the culturally oriented, the knowledgeable conversationalists and the expatriates from popular trivia. Refreshments, music, and the exotic Cigoi dutch treat basis. Non-profit dutch basis. By 9 p.m. Phone 222-9424 after

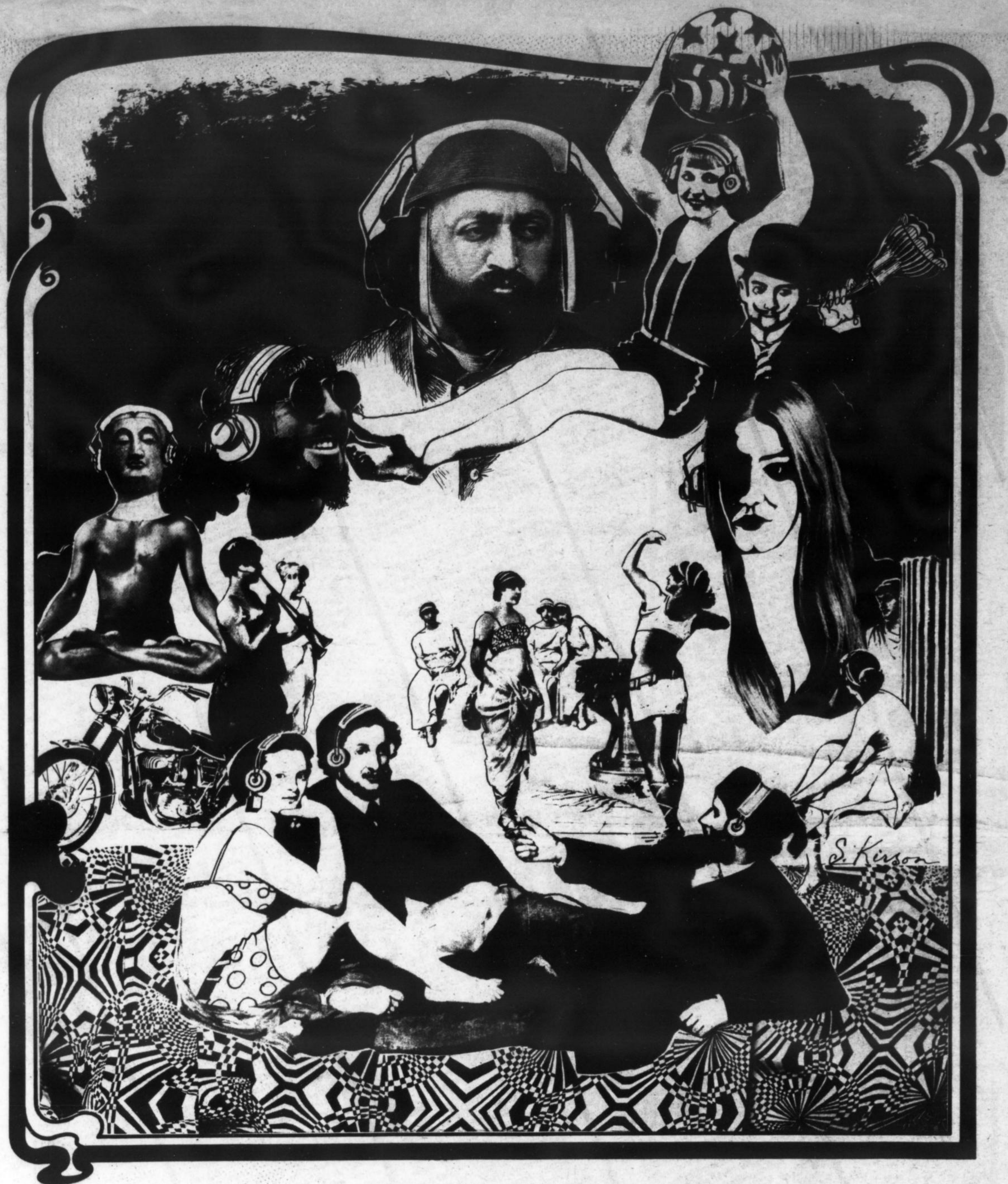
MEN: In the age of computer dating why not consider the old fashioned way to meet a date -- by appearance. If appearance is as important to you as intelligence then you will be interested in an important new magazine dating service. Send us your photo (any size) and a list of your interests and leave the rest to us. We will withhold your name and supply you with replies so you can screen the EVO.
GIRLS: In the age of computer dating why not consider the old fashioned way to meet a date -- by appearance. If appearance is as important to you as intelligence then you will be interested in an important new magazine dating service. Send us your photo (any size) and a list of your interests and leave the rest to us. We will withhold your name and supply you with replies so you can screen the EVO.

BORED? Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Gilby, Box 1018, Mission, Kansas.
FESTUS WAS STOLEN! REWARD for return of Festus, a small black shaggy dog. He was taken by an old woman with glasses and an old Persian lamb coat, walking a small black dog with a red coat in the vicinity of Avenue B and Fifth Street. 982-2657
Run away from this temporarily immutable tyranny, if you're a mind. Come with me to Alaska. Extreme hardship and discouragement probable; fewer people, more life. Wilderness kick this summer. Must be female. Leaving March 1st, but write now! Steven O. Danielson, 33 Dolphin Lane, Northport, New York 11768. Or 516-AN 1-9429.
LOST -- one friend and family. **GREGOIRE** -- last known address was 178 Avenue D. Any information will help. David Daly, 721 S. Guthrie, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Experienced epistemologist desires female non-prudes for torrid sensual relationship. Call Larry 5-10 p.m. 449-4543.
GIRL WANTED who wants sexual relationship with competent, male, average height, educated, in 30's. Mutual pleasure. Without hangups, complications. Decent 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.

EMPLOYMENT

WHEEL

DEAL



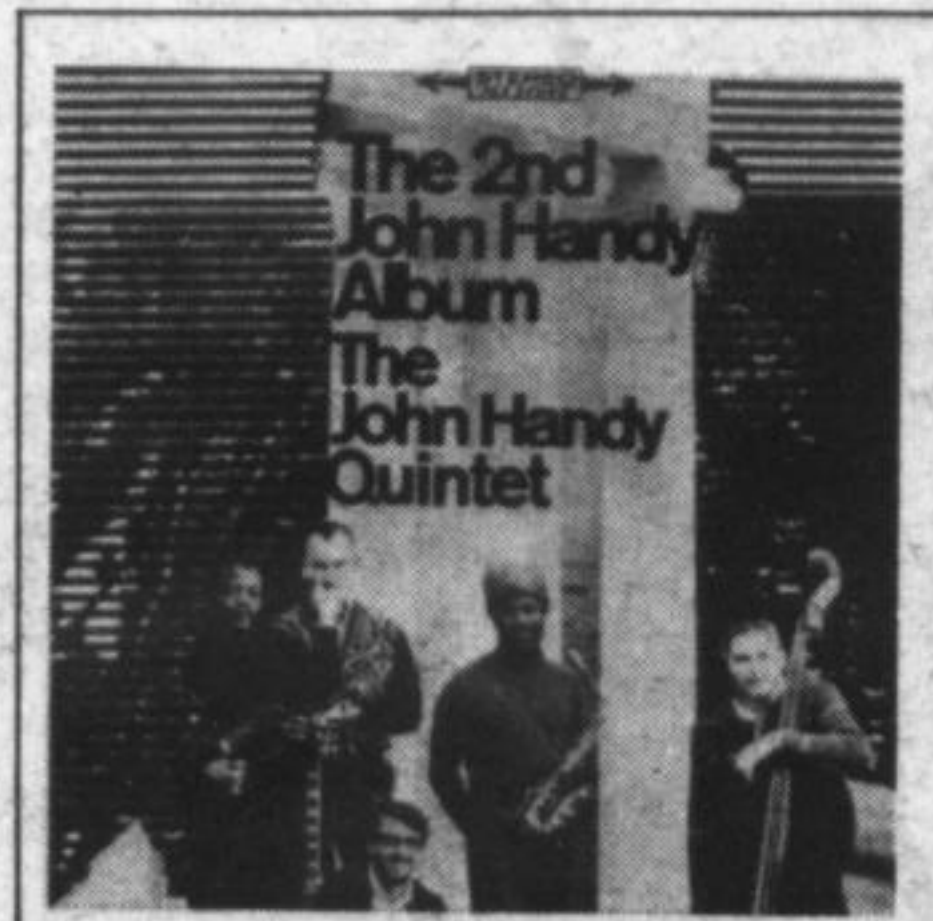
John Handy: Circa Always

He's hip, hep, cool, hot, hot-dawg and the cat's pajamas. His bag's for hubba-hubba, yé-yé, go-go and hung up. His sound's as "now" as it was "then." But don't take our partisan word.

*"Individually and collectively, this is the most exciting new group to gain recognition during the past year."
Leonard Feather, Los Angeles Times*

*"In the past year (Handy's) group has become one of the best and most successful of the new jazz units...."
Ralph Gleason, New York Post*

*"It is easy to hear why the Handy Quintet created such an impact at the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival."
Peter Welding, Down Beat*



Hear Handy at the Five Spot. Now. Hear him on COLUMBIA RECORDS  Perpetually.

