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PRESIDENTIALOVEDA



THE East Village OTHER



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LETTERS TO THE ED LETTERS TO LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear EVO:

After just finishing three issues of your paper I have decided, without wasting another moment, to write you a letter. Mainly to compliment the great strip of Sunshine Girl by Kim Deitch. It is hard to find these days such a well created strip which not only brings enjoyment but fascination to many people.

Joan M. Lesko

Dear EVO:

THE PLACE IS NEVADA.

Nevada has only around 90,000 voters in normal elections, and a six month residency requirement in order to vote in their state elections. Sooooo, if one or two hundred thousand of us became residents of Nevada in six months' time, then not only would we have the Nevada Legislature (which makes and REPEALS laws and stuff) composed of 100% hippies, but we would also have Congressmen, Senators, Representatives to the Presidential Electoral College, and all that.

Once we were in power and ruled the state, it would be a hippie heaven, with Wonder Weed growing everywhere and like for free, welfare checks for everybody (except for those fuckers in Las Vegas and Reno, who will be taxed enough to pay for our welfare checks), trip cubes selling in the A&P next to anything else we want to sell or give away, and draft boards that each month tell Washington that they regret to say that they weren't able to find anyone to draft for this month to send to the War in Burma (or China or someplace like that). If we want, we can fix it so that hippies only have to live in Nevada like maybe one hour out of their lives in order to vote here, and then freak out elsewhere, coming back only for contraband, abortions, etc. Our kids could go to Monasteries instead of Elementary Schools, we could set up Zen "theological seminaries" run by guys like Suzuki, the enrollment in which gives legit draft deferments, etc etc etc etc etc etc etc etc etc etc etc.

Let's do it NOW, like this summer, when the love pilgrimage of 300,000 to Love Ashbury is beating, throbbing, like California is rubbing borders and things with Nevada so we could swing it no sweat, so pull yourself off that scum-soaked mattress and DO IT NOW (While we're still here).

Unsigned

Dear EVO:

I wish to take this opportunity to inform you that the article "Canadian Border Closed" which appeared in your Mar. 15 - April 1 edition, was entirely fallacious.

When I read the article I took some time out and wrote to Mark Satin, permanent secretary of the Student Union for Peace Action, in Toronto. He informed me of the fact that the emigration laws have been changed but they have no bearing on young Americans.

Further information can be obtained by writing to:
 Mark Satin, Secretary
 Student Union for Peace Action (SUPA)
 658 Spadina Avenue
 Toronto, 4, Ontario

Marty Winters

Dear EVO:

The following from an article by Elinor Langer on Chemical and Biological Warfare in "Science", Vol. 155, pp. 299-303, 20 January 1967, recently reprinted in "Survival, Vol. IX, number 5, May 1967, pp.

163-168, Journal of the Institute for Strategic Studies, 18 Adam Street, London, WC 2.

"Research on the incapacitating chemicals for Chemical and Biological Warfare, known informally to some CBW researchers as 'incaps', began in the middle 1950's, with emphasis on consciousness-altering drugs, or hallucinogens. In 1964, General Rothschild (the expert on CBW) remained enthusiastic. 'Think of the effects of using LSD 25 covertly on a higher headquarters of a military unit or overtly on a large organization!', he says in 'Tomorrow's Weapons.' 'Some military leaders feel that we should not consider using these materials because we do not know exactly what will happen and no clear-cut results can be predicted. But imagine where science would be today if the reaction to trying anything new had been, 'Let's not try it until we know what the results will be.' However, fear of inducing irrational and unpredictable behaviour in an enemy - especially one who controls nuclear weapons - evidently outran scientific curiosity. Research shifted to agents causing temporary physical disability such as discomfort, anaesthesia, paralysis, or immobility.

Love,
 Prometheus

Dear EVO:

It's time to repudiate the old bromide that "Capitalism causes wars." The fact is that it is "unbridled government" that makes war.

In a truly capitalist system (we've never had one, but it's a goal to strive toward) government is limited to preserving the peace. It has no other function, no favors to dispense, no special interest groups to pander to, no tribalistic taboos or prejudices to enforce, no power to commit aggression against individuals or nations. You cannot give government extraordinary power over our lives, our freedoms and our purses, and expect that such power will not be abused.

By all means oppose our involvement in the Viet-Nam mess. But recognize that underlying this issue is the need to limit government and end dictatorship in our own country.

Joseph P. Hicks

Dear EVO,

Please read this whole letter, without stopping, no matter how unusual or unbelievable it may seem to you. Every word written here is absolutely true, and our futures will depend on how you react to it.

We've been having flying saucer reports for many years now, and most of us, myself included, never took them seriously, even though these reports did take them seriously, even though these reports did raise unanswered questions.

Today I have learned that there really are flying saucers, for I spent six hours circling the earth at a fantastic speed. I have seen and been in contact with actual living beings, somewhat similar to our own race, incidentally, who come from a solar system whose sun we have not yet seen, and who have been exploring the universe for over three hundred years!

They tell me that this is the forty-ninth planet on which they have found beings advanced enough to overcome the law of gravity, and therefore be on the threshold of space travel. But the most important thing they tell me, the thing that is driving me out of my mind and forces me to write this letter, is that they are now trying to decide whether or not to destroy us!

They say that every other race as technologically advanced as we are has long ago learned to live at peace with itself. They fear that we are going to carry our war-like ways into space with us and eventually embroil other parts of the galaxy in death and destruction.

Therefore, they say that we must achieve peace! The leaders of all nations must agree to bring peace to the earth and to do so. Then, once the fighting has been stopped and this agreement reached, they can decide just how to settle their disputes, each being sincere and willing to meet the other halfway.

I do not know why I was chosen to be told this and I have given up wondering. It wouldn't help me to know anyway. The important thing is that we must do this. Everything depends on it!

I am writing this during the evening. I feel that the shock of today's events have worn off sufficiently for me to be rational and objective enough to accomplish my mission. I do not mention my name here because I am afraid. If I told this to anyone, I fear they would think me crazy and I also fear that there are those who want war and won't believe this and would therefore want me out of the way.

I am sending this letter to everyone I can think of, and I ask that the whole world read it and help me. We are going to have to decide for ourselves whether we are to have a future in this universe or have our relatively brief existence wiped out without a trace.

The one suggestion I can make is to have a universal vote, with every last person on this planet participating, in which we can all decide together whether we are going to go on living or not.

I hope this letter will get the necessary response, but if not, I will never stop trying.
 May God help us.

Dear EVO:

A trip that is available at almost all grocery stores and at all drug stores with no Rx is SOM-INEX. It causes hallucinations and is pretty wild. I generally take 16 tablets or capsules. It makes you a bit sleepy. Bon Voyage.

Love and peace to all,
 Applehans

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Dear EVO,

I continue to want Tuli Kupferberg to continue. His enticing dialectic tickles the gonads. A movement rooted in the balls and cunts of a nation cannot perish from the earth. Wherever there is the dispersion of honey in the loins, there will be response to Kupferberg's call. It is as elemental as it is complex. This is the oxymoronic language of a fledgling lover. Even as this is written, the beautiful people are walking out on Westmoreland, a man in LBJ's power because LBJ never trusts anyone until he has his pecker in his pocket. Westmoreland's politico-military pecker is locked in LBJ's vise; one wrong move and no more nookie. Put him on the front lines; see if he can get an erection over dead bodies.

Evolove,
 Sean Macklowney

Dear EVO:

Allow me to introduce myself; I am an Establishment Square. That is to say, I live in the Outer Reaches of Darkest Trenton, in a split-level house with my husband and two children. I have never taken (used?) pot, grass, or acid, and I don't intend to. My hair is short; I wear lipstick and high heels. I am faithful to my husband. I enjoy cooking and gardening.

Got the stereotyped picture? Dullsville? Well, believe it or not, in spite of the external trappings which seem so distasteful to you, I consider myself a human being. I, too, care about love and peace and freedom. And, sitting here in the very epitome of suburbia, I have the further temerity to consider myself a creative human being: I write, I like to draw, I read a great deal.

What disturbs me at the moment, and is prompting this letter, is the way that labels create barriers. You are hippies (whatever that means) and I'm an Establishment Square, and never the twain shall meet. Or so the theory goes.

It's a shame, really. You talk about love, and yet you want to withdraw, cop out, drop out, blast off, or whatever. I would like to talk to you, to tell you I think that once you have withdrawn and made love and joy an in-thing that you can only experience with other hippies, you have greatly diminished the chances for peace on earth.

But it is difficult to talk; we are worlds (of appearance) apart, and afraid of each other. You have long hair and beards and a private language; how can we reach each other? But if we cannot communicate across this sub-cultural gap, how in the hell are we ever going to communicate meaningfully with the rest of the world, which is even more foreign to us than we are to each other?

Let the world be free for diversity. I believe in that. But in our diversity, let there be mutual understanding. I invite any of you who are interested in cross-cultural bridge-building to correspond with me, Ann Ward, at 78 Mark Twain Drive, Trenton, N. J., 08690.

Dear EVO:

Perhaps someone better versed in legal matters could tell me where the catch is in the following proposition: Procure a vessel seaworthy enough to remain anchored in the ocean indefinitely, move it to international waters off NYC, San Francisco, or where-have-you, cultivate its decks with marihuana and place an LSD lab on its hold, and make it an island in the sun for those who wish to make the traditional journeys -- either by dropping in by regular shuttle to partake of the sacraments and returning home stoned; or staying on board until the journey's thru. With the revenue of grateful donations, the Mindblowing Merchant Marine will have its beginnings!

Janet Sterling

PRESIDENTIAL LOVE DA

BY WALTER H. BOWART

After the barber-shop quartet finished ompahing the Washington Post March, the announcer stepped to the mike on the Village Theatre stage and stuttered, "and now I give you the next President of the United States, Louis Abolafia."

"Hello, how are you?" Abolafia grinned, flapping his yellow lined cape.

He giggled, "Oh, we're going to swing in the East. We're going all over the country. Campaign headquarters are being set up in Detroit, Michigan, Pittsburg, Boston, Washington, Connecticut, California, New Orleans. It's getting fantastic."

"My platform is the arts. I want culture centers set up all over the country. I want housewives chipping in on a thirty hour work sharing basis where they give their extra time cleaning up the rivers and the country. And I want to see art lifted to its all time peak. I want to see business chipping in with the arts, putting out better goods.

"I'm going on a road show all over the country bringing culture to every city."

The "New York Times", "Post", and The "World Journal Tribune" had given him numerous precious inches of space with photos.

Alan Burke put him on two of his nationally syndicated shows.

Johnny Carson talked with Billy Graham on NBC's "Tonight" show about Louis Abolafia the Love candidate.

He had numerous radio interviews.

Three campaign songs were written for him, one to the tune of "We Shall Overcome."

The Village Theatre gave him their premises rent free for five nights to hold his "Love-In."

Anyone can be president, the fairy tale says, and Abolafia in setting out to prove it has captured the imagination of the mass media who in one week gave him as much coverage as they had ever given Bobby Kennedy in the same period.

Louis Abolafia is 25, a painter, protester, publicity hound, egomaniac with all the right sentiments who in a time of great disillusionment provides enough comic relief to possibly save the national sanity.

What does Abolafia think about his newly won attention?

"The Allan Burke show was the most amazing Burke show yet. They had two and one half million viewers and a 12 1/2 Neilsen rating. They came down to thank me and to compliment me on the show. As a result Otto Preminger came down and I guess they're looking for my new liberal movement as something to work with...a new creative impulse.

"The movie industry is dying, as is all commercialism in this country. All they can do is make war goods.

"Bobby Kennedy doesn't have the support of the people. He thinks he does, but he doesn't. Johnson is on the way out. I hope to get the support of college students around the country.

"I think the college students and the aware people are merging as one. I expect to get the aware vote which is about 10 to 15 million people around the country. They protest now by not voting. I want them to get used to voting, even if they're not of age I want them to vote for me, to write in to the board of elections, the White House, their Senator, to fill the country with write ins.

"Anyway, the voting age should be lowered to 18. The eligibility age for the Presidency should be lowered to at least 25.

"We're going to get the 50 million who don't vote."

What would he do if elected?

"I'd be President", he said smiling.

But then what would he do?

"I'd paint the white house lavender, and invite Kosygin over to enjoy himself."

What about the foreign policy?

"I'd invite them all over to enjoy themselves at the Lavender House with us. To engage in cultural activities and bring art to their country."

What would he do about the military?

"Eventually there wouldn't be a military. The military is mostly a source of employment in this country and in most nations. I think there should be a breakdown of national boundaries and a union of the world under one government following sort of the Bahai idea ... one world, one government. And we're the ones who should be able to bring it about. We're the wealthiest nation, we're the material leaders of the world.

"But we're on the materialistic plane which is almost the lowest level of consciousness and we should be up on the level of wisdom and intelligence but instead we're functioning right next to the Devil. We should be much higher."

What qualifications does he have to function on the role of a high level bureaucrat?

"Well I understand people. I understand many things about life. I'm a great painter even at a very young age. I'm able to see things and handle and put things together. And I'm much more intelligent than most political candidates. So I think I can do it."

Again. What is it that has suddenly made Abolafia America's Presidential Darling?

Some think, cynically, that he's the perfect candidate in that he not only doesn't deliver, but doesn't even promise, while others think that since the presidential election is a pseudo-event anyway Abolafia is tailor made for the pseudo-role.

If Abolafia's lesson serves no other end it teaches us that there are no longer any political solutions. We are left at the crossroads, at the mercy of technology to solve the problems of the future.



ABOLOFIA AND OTTO CAUCUS AT THE VILLAGE THEATRE

PHOTO BY OSCAR ABOLOFIA (LOUIS' BROTHER)

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FLOWER POWER

by Keith Lampe

There are enough of us now to stop the war by Christmas. All we have to do is take over the jails, prisons and concentration camps.

The administrators presently feel secure about us only because we allow them to regard their jails and prisons and concentration camps as places we'd like to avoid.

Actually, though, we are starting to see that jails etc might be good places to Drop Out in, good places to learn tribal closeness in, good places to meditate in. Free food. And we can take the jail rules and play them back to the administrators as beautiful monastic austerities. In fact, our karma as Americans during a topical squeeze of the late 20th century may indicate jails as our monasteries. We should stay within misdemeanor contexts, though, because monasteries after six months sometimes get to be bad trips. Only very devout people should accept a felony bust as their first trip.

So when the San Francisco Diggers run out of food this summer, the mickle hippies gathered there should dance down to the jailhouses and ask the gaolers to let them in for a week to take flowers to the classical prisoners and meditate at night the planetary war crimes vs. the vast cosmic joys. The gaolers probably will say no, but the hippies can sit down in front of the doors awhile -- and then the gaolers will probably let them in for a whole month. Nothing to get hung about. A cell is a Zen-do. Be the first on your cellblock. Take incense and Day-Glo and balloons and bubbles and strawberries and guitars and spiritual texts, including THE ESSAYS OF A.J. MUSTE. Wear Sam

hats and Gandhi gowns. Inner freedom free. Solitary confinement is a meditation. Acid possibly arriving thoughtfully beneath postage stamps and on Sundays sweet friends visiting with Tolkien fudge tiny metaphysical hacksaws within. (They are already turning on the jails in San Francisco and help-prisoners out there sometimes get to snubbe.)

"George and I used to take our vacations in Miami, but we always go to jail now because there are more interesting people there. Next year they're gonna have group plans for clubs and fraternal organizations."

Meanwhile, mickle other hippies can split the Haight-Ashbury and take to the great American landscapes as tribes of Flower Guards. Walking all summer, taking themselves In Person to all the lonely little towns, visiting the Indians and finally taking over some of the U.S. Government Concentration Camps. (Probably the one at Tule Lake, Calif., is closest.) All summer long they can learn how their tribe can best drop out of the urban death economy.

I hope we on the East Coast will be doing the same things, but many of us in NYC still haven't gotten past our paranoia (and sophistication) and we still associate jails with persecution. We run six to twelve months behind the Bay Area. Anyway, late this month I want to get into the NYC jail to research it for meditation potential, etc. Anybody care to join?

Don't go to jail alone. Go with friends. Don't fast. Eat as much of the free food as you can. Remember that if we can take over the jails, we have importantly,

perhaps decisively, freaked out the administrators because we have broken through their control system: public relations factors won't allow them to shoot us because so many of us are children of the middle class.

We are so lucky. Thousands of earnest young Americans trained to believe in this war have died in it. We who have been lucky enough to avoid or see through the training have only to give up our lovers awhile.

I went to a meeting for draft-card burners April 14 and was delighted to feel certain vibrations there indicating a beatific blending of the peace and psychedelic movements. Next day in a meadow 185 of us burned our cards (my wife -- in loving felony risk -- burned half of mine and several other chicks helped their men) and chanted "Flower Power." Big historical moment.

Now as summer approaches most of the psychedelic community here continues to move from the Hinayana (groove straight toward Nirvana, baby, and skip the planet) to the Mahayana (return to history from those Nirvanic Gates, O Ye Bodhisattvas, and help out). Psychedelic elves celebrated May Day by stretching a chain across the West Side Expressway and tying up rush-hour traffic for thirty minutes with signs saying "In Memoriam 225,000 Children Killed in Vietnam" and "In This War There Is No Sanctuary -- LBJ."

Many in the community are expected to attend the Flower Power Day festivities Saturday, May 29, which begin with a Headfeed at 11 a.m. near the Delacorte Theatre off 81st in Central Park -- and end with a mammoth Zapping of the Armed Forces Day soldiers as they march down Fifth Avenue. Zapping with love: perhaps chicks will spring ecstatically from the crowds and poke flowers into riflebarrels -- or men will stretch flower chains across the avenue.

Others may have a meditation in Central Park on Buddha's birthday -- May 23.

All this is quite a contrast to the situation a year ago when the community was swamped in such a quantity of cosmopsychedelic metaphor that local planetary evolution and consequent human history had come to seem like a lower-lefthand-corner tape or text and it was too hard to take Vietnam literally.

Some in the community are still so bombed out, so caught by Cosmic Powers, they can't get into any kind of present-day focus. Last autumn Gary Snyder recommended "kitchen Zen" as an antidote for this; these days kitchen Zen includes, I think, the literal nitty-gritty of real Vietnamese flesh with actual death-sized napalm suppurations. The suppurations help us out of our games and help form our body-statements.

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Subversion Perversion

Fort Hood, Texas is the scene of another seduction of the constitutional rights of Soldiers as American citizens. Pfc. Howard Petrick, an antiwar socialist, has been threatened with possible court-martial for "disloyal statements", "subversion", or for causing "disaffection" (now really) with the Army.

Between March 23 and April 1, while Petrick was away on leave attending a convention of The Young Socialist Alliance, his belongings were searched, all his reading material on the Vietnam war was confiscated, and his friends were questioned under oath by Military Intelligence on what they knew of his political views and activities against the war in Vietnam. Upon his return he was asked to answer under oath a series of 70 questions on his political affiliations, his statements against the war, and his circulation of "disaffection literature" on the Army.

During his stay in the Army, Petrick was busily disaffecting his fellow soldiers with discussions of the war. He also gave away and lent out copies of the "Militant", literature on the Fort Hood Three case and the war, and the speeches and writings of Malcolm X.

Petrick's exemplary conduct as a soldier is not involved in the case. He has fulfilled all his duties and has never disobeyed any orders. The case, therefore, involves the vital constitutional question of whether a GI, as an American citizen, has the legal right to read, discuss and subscribe to any political ideas. This case is also an attack on the entire antiwar movement in that the right to dissent from the government's war policy is being threatened.

A great many GIs, according to Petrick, have serious questions about the war and are eager for information: "Most of them, however, are hesitant to speak out or ask questions because they fear disciplinary action. If support for me from all over the country can pressure the army into backing down, then all GIs will feel more confident of their constitutional rights to dissent from this dirty war."

Concerned persons should send protest letters to Secretary of Defense McNamara and copies of such letters, statements of support and contributions to the Provisional Committee to Aid Howard Petrick, Box 569, Cooper Station, New York

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VALI?

BIRD NEST SURVIVES THE WORKADAY TOMB

Creep into luxurious crap house of the West Village. Down the precious streets of renovated cold water flats, sterile advertising executives, and swish commercial artists, and stop at Charles Street, just north of Bleeker. Soft light surrounds you and the name of the game is A Fly Can't Bird, But a Bird Can Fly

A beautifully planned tripout toystore, theatre, boutique, headplace, it is the first psychedelic showplace in the abandoned wasteland of the West Village. Run by a three year old blond-haired young man who gives Benji as his only name, the bird has become a happiness center in the area. You can walk through the aisles and find barking dogs, robot mechanical men and freakout culture toys that just sit back and dig you as you are digging them.

In the center of the store is a circular theatre called the Blue Dome. In it, you become the play as well as the viewer. Sound ricochets inside the structural electromagnetism of the sliding floor/door freakout which has an effect similar to an oral dose of DMT. Admission to the Blue Dome Experimental Theatre is your contribution, and it is just one of the many mindplays planned at the store.

In the rear room there are wierd unprecedented candles, all flickering at once, projecting thought images of Chartres or Rheims, as candlelights lick in unison towards the tops of the off-colored walls. The light-game is almost as cylindrical as listening to the Grateful Dead in an echo chamber.

Benji supervises the operation, but most of the work is left to his Mother Sheila who cannot explain just exactly what is happening there. A Fly Can't Bird But a Bird Can Fly is definitely worth a trip, and it has broken through the mummified ersatz artiness of Greenwich Village.



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Now...some 40 years later, where are these men?

1. The president of the largest independent steel company, Charles Schwab, died a pauper. The last few years of his life he lived on borrowed money.

2. The president of the largest gas company, Howard Hopson, is now insane.

3. The greatest wheat speculator, Arthur Gutten, died abroad -- insolvent.

4. The president of the New York Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, was released from Sing Sing prison.

5. The member of the President's Cabinet, Albert Fall, was pardoned and released to die at home.

6. The greatest bear in Wall Street, Jesse Livermore, died a suicide.

7. The head of the world's greatest monopoly, Ivar Kruger, the Match King, died a suicide.

8. The president of the Bank of International Settlement shot himself.

CYCLE VERITE

The Insider's Newsletter recently reported that a closer look at the rising accident statistics for motorcycles indicates the culprit may not be dangerous motorcycles and their riders, but careless automobile drivers. Projecting the latest accident figures to the 2 million motorcycles which will be registered this year, 280,000 motorcycle accidents can be expected in 1967. Of these, 224,000 will involve a second vehicle -- an automobile or a truck -- and 156,000 of them will be caused by the second vehicle, not the motorcycle. Some 1,500 or more than 70% of the 2,200 motorcycle fatalities projected for the year will result from accidents caused by another vehicle. The estimates are based on statistics from four states and the National Safety Council.

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SEWER LITERATURE

by Manuel Peña

Everywhere. Anywhere. Wherever the pressures of society and the system suppress individuality and freedom of the spirit, imposing materialistic routine and prefabricating the lives of the people there are groups of artists, young artists, free artists, who rebel against the conformity of forced conventions and hypocritical "morality" which demands the average and detracts from the path that has been set forth for their lives. These rebels search for new ideals and new meanings for their existences, and expand their minds in the fields of art through love and beauty. In the '50's in France they were called the Surrealists, in England, the Angry Young Men, in the U.S. the Beat Generation, etc...

In Colombia, in 1957, a group of young poets got together and founded a movement which they called "NADAISMO" meaning "NIHILISM", under the leadership of Gonzalo Arango, J. Mario, X-504, the Crazy Monk and others. This movement produced the greatest and most radical change in Colombian poetry and writing, and eventually theatre, painting and sculpture... in general, a crumble of Colombia's pious and immaculate past of puritanical Spanish traditions and decadent Romantic poetry. The Nihilist manifesto to Homo Sapiens reads:

Considering that nobody does anything; considering that nothing improves; considering that we are bored of doing "Literature"; considering that god fell asleep in the shadow of paradise's apple tree; considering the devil fell asleep in his nest; considering that history is a sanguinary myth; considering that the famous Modern Spirit stinks like a broken intestine; WE NIHILISTS, decide to say "Stop!" to this sublime crap, to declare off the myth of intelligence, and to take to your homes and consciences an atom of madness, of doubt, a bomb of despaired salvation, to wake you up and if not to burst you. So that man isn't exterminated. So that spirit isn't sat on the electric chair. So what we have left of animal dignity isn't stolen from us by this civilization of iron. We set, until he rises on a pedestal of his own excrements, and until he feels that all those perfumes which he called "Values" wasn't more than a pile of shit.

The reaction of the clean-cut mentalities came soon: Poets were put in jail, many ladies fainted, academic writers called their works "Sewer Literature" and religious people called them blasphemous. But the movement went on and on. As society presses more, rebellion increases, and Nihilists produced more angry poetry, more theatre of the absurd, more abstract paintings, etc... "Sewer literature?" Don't make me laugh! What did you think our purpose in life was? To tell you, Mr.

Bourgeois, how beautiful the daisies of the prairies grow?

Gonzalo Arango - poet founder of the movement - defines himself like this: I wish to be imperfect and marvelous as life is. My glory? Give it to me in bed! I'm a legitimate som of the atomic bomb. I'm hostile to compromising love and compromising literature because in both cases beauty loses its independence. I don't believe in almost anything but I believe in life... But I've lived as the pessimists modestly say, although in my case it would be more exact to say "I've loved". I belong more to life than I do to literature, and at the hour of the final judgement, I would rather meet again the women I loved than the books I wrote.

He was born in 1933 in a provincial town of feudal Catholicism. He began writing in 1950. He has written "Sex and Saxofon" (Collection of Short Stories), "Mice go to hell" (Theatre of the Absurd), "Proses to be read on the Electric Chair" (Essays and short stories), "From NIHIL TO NIHILISM" (Anthology of Nihilism). Plus various manifestos. At the present moment he is preparing a novel, and has a weekly article in "CROMOS", Colombia's leading magazine. His works are of the height of those of Rimbaud and Lautremont. His views on poetry, life, beauty, etc... may be resumed as follows: "This world, not more nor less, is better than nothing. It is the best of the possible worlds because I exist in it... a disastrous fate seems to guide humanity to its total destruction... There are only moments of plenitude... Man has launched himself in the search of the unknown because he has failed in the knowledge of himself... They do not possess themselves so they want to possess the stars... Not only the sky, but also earth has its own planets, and my body is a planet that turns around the orbit of conscientious life. I live with effusion, without fear, and I am only stoic and avarous towards death.

"I don't hide myself behind any morale, but I don't forget that a certain meaning of salvation consists in loving with goodness, in being authentic, in closing your eyes to the rationalization of the mole, so that the spring of the world may shine: this station, sweet to the spirit, that escapes from the winters of the mind... My literature is something beyond words: it's my wondering through

silence... Poet or eternal in some way, in the height and in the deepness of my death, I exist, and that is enough for me.

"All the maxfactorized and marxist values of this civilization must be thrown to the sewer without exception!"

J. MARIO - Born in Cali, an occidental city of Colombia. He deserted his high-school education to become a saint of his generation and leader of a lost cause: Poetry. At 20 he found out that Colombian poetry had died of a heart attack so he wrote a requiem to re-incarnate it. He wrote a book of poems called "The prophet in your home". He is one of the most important poets in the Nihilist movement. These are selections of his poetry:

from DUMBO EXECUTES A PIROUETTE.

The guardians left
early
their occupations
swept
washed their teth
and soaped themselves
as far as the soul
they took a retrospective glance
to each
of their existences
they were dead
as in that disastrous fall of 1914
one of them bit the morning
in the ass
as if it were an apple
another directed his glance towards his sub-conscious
and started writing
what was already written in the Scriptures
they were all dead in that winter of 1930
they had fantastic ideas on the metamorphosis of man
on the birth of walls
on the quantity of iodine contained in a violin
on the weight of the air
but all were definitely dead
in that terrible summer of 1960
until someone said
we have to open the walls so that
morning escapes.

from SANTA LIBRADA COLLEGE

... "The professor of religion
exhorted us
to repentance
he made proofs of the existence of god
listened to my objections
with the resignation of a cross
and he and god
were saved
by the bell..."

THE CRAZY MONK (Elmo Valencia) - He was born by accident in Cali, and he graduated by mistake as an electronic engineer in the USA. His first nihilist arms were made among the Beat Generation. He was also a U.S. Marine. He made out of literature a perfect crime. He withdrew towards the primitive Colombian south-occidental Pacific region. There he had a romance with a negro girl, and they had a son who died of worms. He wrote the novel "ISLANADA" on his marine adventures.

Selections from his poetry:





from "CERO POEM".

... "What good is love if nobody wants to love anymore, if we all have fear, if fatigue exists, if the noise of the bombs interrupts our first kiss, if we all end up in a pig-pen, in a john, if we can still hear the screaming of the sirens and of the wounded and the shrilling of ambulances.

How can we love in this way, if nothing belongs to us, if everything is borrowed and we are also borrowed, if in the office we have to punch the time clock, if our heart we are almost dry, if we are not ourselves, but we are others.

How can we love if breasts don't want to give milk and mechanics have displaced caresses, if even kisses are industrialized and publicity has made pornographic the beautiful vision of Venus and Aphrodite.

How can we love if babies refuse to be born fearing to be carried among the riflery in combat zones, among wire fencing and funeral hymns that bring a smell of burned flesh.

How can we love if radioactivity has swollen our lips, if we look at ourselves with prejudices, if we like farce, lies, and in full light (Spanish expression: "a plena luz") we perform hate..."

Myself, I started writing poetry and prose in 1965, in a style that was a mixture between Romantic melancholy and avant-garde influence of Nihilism. Lady Society, realizing that I was slowly leaving the train of uniformity in which my life was supposed to ride, exported me to a Prep School in Princeton, N.J., where I was enrolled for a year as an "Underdeveloped and brute student". Here I started writing seriously and I finished a short novel called "EL COLEGIO PISTOLA" ("The Gun School"). Last November, in the midst of committing suicide because I couldn't stand the forced discipline of useless rules, I left school and threw away forever from my life the dead cultural roots of a civilized boy to explore myself in love, adventure, and poetry.

The last time I was in Bogota, Colombia, in March, 1967, I founded, with the poet G.J. Meija who still hadn't launched himself into public light from the enormous anonimato, a movement called "Sincere Literature of the Absurd".

THE POETRY PROJECT

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ROBERT CREELY

May 24, Wednesday, 8:30
RON PADGETT; TED BERRIGAN

At the moment I'm writing articles for the Colombian magazine "CROMOS" and I'm working in association with the Venezuelan choreographer Rolando Pena (no relation). The following are selections from my writings:

from the introduction to the novel "THE GUN SCHOOL"

THE PREPIE THEORY OF "I DON'T ASK, I ACCEPT"
"... Life is not life. Existence is sepulchral. Thought is limited. Sex is controlled. Freedom, rebellion and individualism are persecuted, suppressed and smashed, and a mass of punctual, obedient and sane vegetable-students, subjugated to the god-Time, are produced in places like this.

What is most imposed is ROUTINE. Everything occurs depending on it, and to violate it constitutes a serious sin, because it is the symbol of good, in this world of the god-Time.

Every day is the same. It is difficult to realize that time goes on, that some are born and others die. Things acquire a deadly and unmovable aspect, so that one becomes part of that hypnosis of boredom, dullness and lack of action; and when one escapes the educational routine to think and feel, a great conflict is produced between the remembrance and nostalgia of life and freedom, and the present lock-up in the cemetery of cultural books, the coldness of human non-existence, and the vegetable and conformist world with characteristics of frustration, claustrophobia and outsidership..."

from a poem TO NEW YORK CITY

You don't care
if the toll-booth collector
with his rubber face
vegetates in his booth
guarding the entrance to your womb.
Nor that the conductor of the subway
rots of boredom
because all his
greasy and
dark life
doesn't expand beyond
the rails on which your
passenger-packers
travel,
and of the black tunnels
with air of catacomb.

You pretend not to see
and meanwhile you're having fun
changing your lights to green
making that from
each sidewalk
armies of rushing street-walkers
meet towards
what seems an inevitable destruction.

You don't leave anybody in
peace
because you augment
the already disgusting
buzzing
of your
constructive and
destructive
machines
doing
and
undoing
with the puking electronic sirens
of your policemen and firemen.

You suck humanity from your tenants
and you fulminate any feeling
with the taca-taca of your diesel buses
with the shrill squeaking of your subways
with your revolving doors

swallowing and
spitting
people
with your streets exhaling steam
with your permanent parade of cars and crowds
everything functioning automatically
second
by
second
with the precision of a
swiss watch
with the calculation of an
ibm computer.

All-doped with your air pollution.

Thru this process you get what you want:
nobody standing out
everyone sunk in
mediocrity and cretinism
everyone submerged in a mass of
conformism and routine
obeying your pragmatic commands.

Symphony of steps
in Grand Central's rush hour.

Multifamiliar buildings
with coagulated blood color
file-up the mass.

UNANIMOUS ACCLAIM!

"A WEDDING BETWEEN POP ART AND
THE THEATER OF CRUELTY!" — TIME MAGAZINE
"SENT ONE NEW YORK CRITIC SCREAMING INTO
THE OFF-BROADWAY NIGHT!" — LOOK MAGAZINE

AMERICA HURRAH

by JEAN-CLAUDE
van ITALLIE



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"The talk had gone on for weeks. The play was terrible. The play was brilliant. It was pretentious or marvelous, boring or manic, too long, too choppy, too bizarre or too much. You could be certain of only one thing: Norman Mailer's play would be an event. It was.

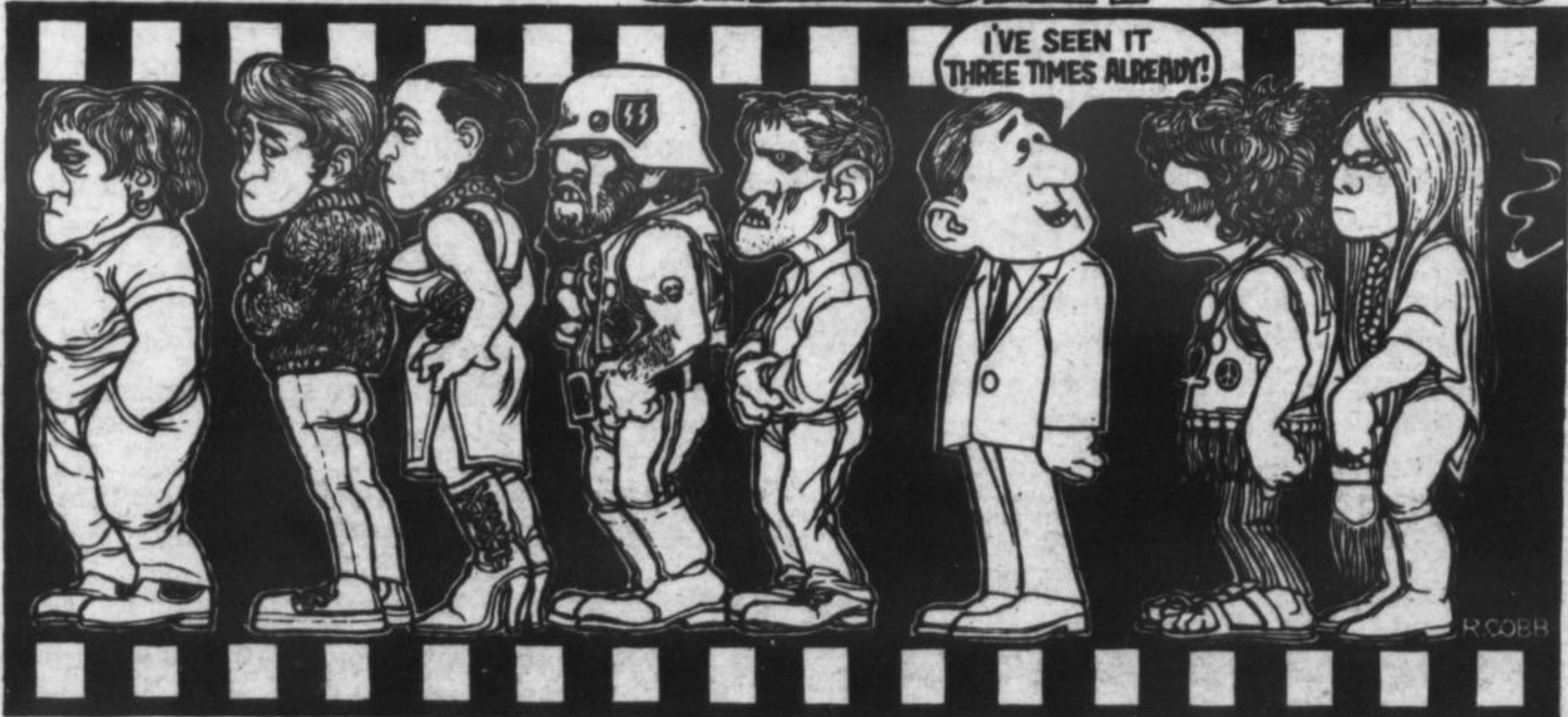
'The Deer Park' is now playing at the Theater de Lys on Christopher St., and I urge you to get down there and see it. If you despise the theater, for its dullness of mind, its shabby insight, its failure of nerve, try it just this once more. You might hate 'The Deer Park' but I guarantee this: it certainly will not insult you." — Pete Hamill, N.Y. Post

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Bringing it All Bach Home

TAPED INTERVIEW WITH SOL BABITZ IN LOS ANGELES BY WALTER BOWART



SOL BABITZ IS FIGHTING A BATTLE IN THE UNDERGROUND BAROQUE MUSIC CIRCLES

BOWARTPHOTO

SB: When I first played Bach in my teens, I was aware that something was wrong with the way I was playing him; it just didn't seem to fit the notes...it didn't seem to fit the music. I began to realize that there was an historical problem, that all the centuries which separated our conventions of performance made us play in a way which suited the music of today but which didn't seem to suit the music of the past, and particularly the music of Bach, which interested me most. From that time on, I began to look for historic evidence, for some way of improving the performance. The book of Dolmetsch came to my attention about that time; he was a pioneer in this kind of research and his book was published around 1916, in which he quoted many early writers whom I had never heard of. As soon as I read this book, I began to get the originals from which he quoted. I began to follow the conclusions he had taken from the historical evidence; that was what I was doing in my twenties. As I reached my early thirties--I realized that I was not satisfied with merely following the early instructions because it seemed like there were still certain things I couldn't do with the present instruments. So it seemed for the early keyboard playing, which I was studying, as well as the violin, I felt that one had to get an instrument of that period in order to make it sound like that. The easiest thing to obtain was an early bow...there are still some around, one can find a bow of the early period. In 1940 I began to play with a bow of that period, using the modern violin and about 7 or 8 years later I began to modify the violin according to the surviving evidence. This seeking for the Baroque violin is something which a few

people had begun to do (including Dolmetsch) but nobody had succeeded because the most important key to the restoring of the Baroque violin is the restoration of the bridge and the soundpost, which are the controlling decisive things. And the totally decisive things were missing. They were never glued to an instrument, and when they were worn out or became old fashioned, they were simply thrown away. So we had most of the violin specimens, but it was not until about 1960, (I received the Ford Foundation Grant in '61), when I went to Europe, that I was able to find one surviving bridge, which resembled in appearance that of the patterns which survive and also the paintings. It looks exactly like and also conforms to the patterns which survive in the Stradivarius collection. This was like a Rosetta Stone, you could say, because it gave me all the information on what a bridge would be...how it should stand, how thick it should be, the width of the string, and so on. It took three years of experimentation to get everything adjusted to this bridge. During all this time I was improving my early technique, and when one is changing, when one is seeking historical evidence, one goes through periods of being convinced that a certain thing is right and then realizing that it is just an illusion. One has so many modern twentieth century prejudices that whenever one reads an historical fact of the Baroque era, one cannot read it objectively, but always interprets it in some way according to the feeling of what sounds in good taste today.

One of the most important statements of the early writers, which everyone has ignored, including myself, until I was able to restore the Baroque violin, was the

statement, that in groups of four, where the phrasing is concerned, the first note of every four must be given a powerful emphasis and held. Now, if one were to play that way on a modern violin, or with modern technique, it sounds banal... DA da da da, DA da da da, DA da da da, and why accent the first of every four? However, in the context of the old performance, which has articulation silences - something which we don't do so easily today because we like to connect things, because we're living in the Post-Wagnerian period when everything is connected - and one finds that in separating the silences between notes, and the articulation, the spoken articulation, one finds that these little slack holds on the first of every four notes, or even a powerful hold, makes the music speak, and this speaking is something that the modern player will not do...he will play a long singing line, and if one puts accents in it, it is absurd (sings to illustrate).

The reason they make everything equally long and strong is because they are producing maximum tone. The modern performer is trying to have a big tone - this is a very important thing today. That's another new idea, which came in with the twentieth century; one didn't need a big tone in the past but today, one must have a big tone, otherwise one cannot achieve any kind of success.

WB: How long has this discussion of yours been broken out into public print?

SB: Well, in 1952 my major article on Rhythm in Baroque Music appeared in a musical quarterly. That sort of established me as the leading writer on Bach performance since Dolmetsch, and in

recognition of that article. I have received certain grants and certain honors such as being elected to the Council of the Musicological Society and so on... However, although nobody has been able to answer the arguments I presented, my ideas in this 1952 article have not been accepted in any university that I know of. They're taught - everybody refers to them, and says "See this article" and so on, but they don't tell anybody: "Do it!" And very often, somebody will write a very important book on this very subject and just leave out any mention of my article because they fear it. In this article, I proved by powerful evidence that the music of Bach should be swung - that this quality and the example would come from the "Diddle" section of the phrase. You see, when one sings "Diddle diddle dumpling," the short notes are swung. One does not sing da da da da (equal emphasis on each note as he sings). One makes them long-short-long-short... one SWINGS it. This is very similar to swing; it's not identical to swing because it's a very mild thing, but sometimes certain swing performers will do this. However, the main difference between this and swing is that the first note of each four in Baroque music is held, so that the first diddle is longer than the second, whereas in swing they are identical, they have the equalness of the Wagnerian long line. However, I did not stress in my 1952 article the holding of the first note, I just mentioned it as being spoken of, I did not stress it at that time - I merely stressed the importance of making the notes unequal because, according to the evidence of early writers, this would make it more pleasing. Every writer that actually heard Bach play either mentioned it or did not mention it at all, but did not dispute it. If one is interested in Bach performance, one goes by what the eyewitnesses to a Bach performance wrote. If we are lucky enough to have some writings from them, and we are, (we have especially two, Quantz and C.P.E. Bach), who heard Bach play and admired him, and who consider unequal notes basic in a Bach performance. And it's because they said this, mainly because THEY said this, as they were the two most important writers of the eighteenth century, that one is justified in playing Bach in this manner. One can say, if it is controversial, let's play it both ways and decide which sounds best. But we do not have this situation, we do not have this choice. Nobody is offered a choice... nobody plays unequal notes,

nobody practices unequal notes, nobody experiments with it, and therefore we do not - the audience and the musician - do not have a choice to choose between the manner of Bach performance described by eyewitnesses and the modern style. And the modern style, as written style, is something that was invented around 1920. As late as that. It was introduced by Toscanini and Stravinsky, who were the first ones who demanded that every subdivision be played exactly as written. Before that you had a romantic era when things were free, and before that you had the eighteenth century, when things were even freer. So that the principle of playing notes exactly as written, in which everybody is drilled from childhood, is historically an aberration. It's only for modern music. It has absolutely no application to anything earlier. So when we hear Bach played in the da da da da style, it sounds like a sewing machine, and many very musical people, they just don't like it. They say Bach sounds like exercises. And they are considered in very bad taste: everybody must love Bach.

It's not necessary to love the kind of Bach that's being served. The proof of it is that when the Swingle Singers, without knowing it, began to swing Bach, (they were able to swing Bach much more successfully than Mozart because it fits Bach much better than Mozart... Mozart has a different kind of freedom.) But when they began to sing Bach with DA ba DA ba DA ba syllables, they were restoring inadvertently the old diddle diddle flute tonguing of the Bach period, you see. It's the same ratio, you see, short, long, short, long, short, long. And that's why many people found Bach enjoyable for the first time. The Swingle performance is pleasing now because of the rhythm section. We know what a rhythm section is, you know, and it doesn't fit Bach at all, but it's despite the rhythm section, it's because they restored the articulation. And this is something which is considered not in good taste to say. Everybody is saying the Swingles are desecrating Bach. But those who are calling them desecrators are the real desecrators, because they are making Bach boring.

If anybody wants to create confusion in this thing, it's an open field. One can really go into great musicological depths and write 100 page articles on this thing, but the fact remains that Quantz said that unequal notes are more pleasing, and Quantz heard Bach play and that's what we have to do.

WB: Tell me a little bit about the good old days when this whole thing was getting started.

SB: Well, this is the other side of my life, you know, the radical side. I've always been a minority of one for the restoration of the Baroque style...

WB: Did you have much interchange and influence with people then?

SB: You mean on my ideas on early music?

WB: Yes.

SB: There was one person, Wesley Kuhnle, who died about three or four years ago. He was a harpsichordist, and he was working along the same lines as I was, and we found out about each other around 1945, I think, and we began to practice together, work together, reading the early texts and experimenting together, trying to restore an old style, the most difficult thing in the world. It's creating... recreating a tradition. And it's very difficult to create traditions off by oneself. One needs at least one other person, and since he was an excellent harpsichordist and I was a violinist, we were able to work out many things together and criticize each other, and through this mutual exchange we were able to accomplish much more than we could have done alone. He was always planning to write a big article, but he could never get together enough to organize an article, and I had enough difficulty... it took me three years to organize my 1952 article. And every article that I write takes years to create... My Mozart article, which is as revolutionary, with respect to most articles, as my Bach articles, I began writing in Europe in 1961 and I didn't finish until '64, and it's still not published - nobody will touch it. I've sent it every place, to every journal, and I'll probably have to publish it myself and issue it.

WB: What about Stravinsky? What does he think of your...

SB: Well, I've known Stravinsky since 1940 or earlier, which was when he came to live in Los Angeles, and when he came in 1940 he had just finished his Symphony in C and wanted somebody to write an article about it, and since I was the only one in Los Angeles playing Stravinsky at that time, they directed him to me. That's another aspect of

continued on p. 18

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by Kevin O'Flaherty McCool

Lawrence Talbot came down the stairs into the laboratory.

"My name is Harry Haller. The name of the game is Kadath."

Buzz-saws, boxes of dynamite, whips, Ku Klux hoods and electronic machinery. Talbot tried to make out the figure in the shadows of the room.

"An experiment in Authority and Submission," the buzzing voice whispering. "The creation of a humanoid robot --"

President Cthulhu said, "I am the Hiroshima Werewolf" -- the doctrine of the bandits Thantatos Equations -- The guilt in the eyes of the victim like boot-heels snapped together in obedient salute -- I am the werewolf bridge dammed up at the center of aggression -- The fear of death is not necessary to Nature. One night I was walking in the zoo, and I seized a swan and cut off her lovely neck. Seizing the stump, I sucked the blood and as it gushed into my throat I experienced orgasm -- Things were coming to decisions like that --

What do we really want from them? Is DeSade more right than D.H. Lawrence? What drove Garbo into hiding, Monroe into suicide, what struck Harlow down and sent Garland into the bottom of the booze bottle?

The bridge to drown me -- things are really fucked up -- An old woman in Detroit, Alice Hertz, set herself on fire --

Authority -- the institutionalization of power and torture against which Sade rebelled -- is a function of coding, of game rules.

"Die gedanken sind frei," sang the Bundshuh after the defeat of the peasant's rebellion (Robin Hood in Germany, the old rural anarchism of Europe). No: the thoughts are not free. This is the whole secret of authority-and-submission. Die gedanken sind nicht frei. Men have risen armed with stones and rocks (East Berlin, remember?) against tanks; men have also submitted docilely to the weakest and most tottery authorities. It all depends on the extent to which coding distorts perception, the extent to which "the thoughts are not free."

I dreamed I called Bram Stoker on the phone and asked him: They put Oscar Wilde in gaol for just hinting at one kind of sucking-off in "The Picture of Dorian Gray", but you got away with writing about another kind of sucking-off in explicit detail in "Dracula". How come?

"Look at Batman," he said. "There's my hero in disguise. The Low Camp equivalent of my High Camp Count."

Well, yeah -- I said -- I know what the insiders say about Batman and Robin, but...

"You need Joyce's juices," he said. "Remember his give-away in "Finnegans Wake"? 'Let's root out Brimstoker and give him the thrill of his lives'? The devil's brimstone is never far from the enthrallment of the mystic.

Wait, wait -- I cried -- this is getting too deep for me. Were you, or were you not writing about homosexuality in disguise?

And he answered, "Truth is the dog beneath the skin; he must be whipped out, while Lady my Bird may stand by the napalm fire and stink."

And the line went dead with a ghoulish click like the cell doors closing at the Reading Gaol.

The sign of the werewolf: hair growing in the palms.

The sign of the masturbator: hair growing in the palms.

The werewolf, then, is a Freudian symbol of the masturbator? Not quite. First we must understand why Billy Budd shouted "God bless Captain Verre!" as he was hanged. For everything in our civilization leads back to hanging, the ultimate sign of the State's authority, the most naked form of the Orgasm-Death Gimmick.

Harry Rumbold, Hangman-God...whom the most Roman of Catholics calls Dio Boia...carefully adjusts the noose..."Step right up, folks; see this here young boy come off like a sky-rocket...The only authorized orgasm in his whole life..." The trap is sprung.. Budd shouts "God bless Lyndon Johnson" and his cock spurts and his neck breaks...his sperms showers the Three Marys, and Pilate washes his hands in it..."Mightiest of all is the great sperm whale" pronounces a disembodied voice...And Captain Ahab screams, "Be the Viet Cong principal or be the Viet Cong agent, I will wreak my vengeance upon them. They cut off my fore-skin... I mean, my leg...I don't know. Miltown...librium...tofrail..."

"My name is Harry Haller. The name of the game is Kadath."

Buzz-saws, boxes of dynamite, whips, Ku Klux hoods and electronic machinery. Talbot tried to make out the figure of the shadows in the room.

"An experiment in Authority and Submission," the buzzing voice was whispering. "The creation of a humanoid robot--"

"The vampire mob made another raid on the blood bank," the other figure was muttering. "We are going to have to be more careful."

"My name is Harry Haller," Talbot repeated. They went on ignoring him.

"A fresh supply of cadavers is absolutely necessary --"

Daughter flees in terror from father's disfigured face as we resume bombings -- Zero is the class which has no members -- The Machine is elaborately described, and some schizophrenics actually find telepathy -- Only the Neitsche-Naziubermensch, in his provincial apotheosis as Clark Kent, can know to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs -- "George Eliot" is a woman -- I do not fear the eyes of the wounded -- This is a war to the finish -- Good against Evil -- the Elite against all you dumb mother-fucking Lemmies -- All history can be reduced to one sen-

tence: French Canadian bean soup -- "George Eliot" was a pseudonym -- the class of all classes which are similar to a class is the number of that class -- "George Eliot" is being mentioned but not defined -- The meaning of life is the meaning of French Canadian bean soup -- Come in under the shadow of this red rock and I will show you Secretary of State Dean Azathoth in the eyes of the wounded -- Learn the right habits and stay healthy!

"It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the idea 'A child is being beaten'" (Freud, "A Child is Being Beaten", Collected Papers, Vol. IV) -- South Vietnamese paratroopers quelling Saigon riots of 2000 young Buddhists corner one outside Buddhist Institute and beat him to ground -- The third phase is like the first, only the figure of the child who is being beaten no longer appears in it -- Clerical status spared him arrest in child-molesting case -- "My father does not love this other child, he loves only me." -- Message Megadeath --

The total biological person becomes a player in each of these games, and the self-knowledge of the person is defined in terms of the roles played in these games. The Ego, then, consists of the total configuration of all the roles played in social games, and is structured and reinforced by the rules, rituals, strategies, language, goals, values, characteristic sequences of movements and typical space-time locations of the games. The coding of these game-patterns into the brain makes up the few million habitual channels which are normally used in social life. When a psychedelic chemical, or an abnormal strain on the total biological person caused by sensory deprivation, Rite of Ordeal, immanent death, or any similar raw shock, opens up some of the 102,150,000 habitually unused channels, the Ego is submerged in an ocean--

"Negative reinforcement. The whip every time he tried to initiate an autonomous act..."

"Yes, yes -- certainly -- He must only move when we order him to --"

"Of course. Perversion-for-profit..."

The room was littered with used condoms, bottles of vaseline, autographed photos of President Cthulhu --

"I am Creation and Destruction," she said.

For him tomorrow -- I can see by your outfit that you are a cowboy -- So Coyote made a wooden phallus and went back to see the old woman -- Do everything but think --

As we resume bombings, your brain is my brain -- My will is yours -- I Giant Disfigured Face give the orders -- Nice Doctor Frankenstein ask nice Doctor Herman Kahn to give you a soul -- corpses are set to banquet to punish them every time they try it -- Punishment! That's the only thing they build alternate headquarters as H-bomb "insurance" --

One of the figures came limping forward. "I am Igor," he said -- with a start, Talbot saw that his neck bore the scar of a hangman's rope. "This is the headquarters of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. What can I do for you?"

"The name of the game is Kadath," Talbot repeated the signal.

"Ah," the man with the twisted neck reacted at once. "You have the new napalm formula?" His eyes were burning and he rubbed his penis through the cloth of his dungarees.

Fear -- In every voice the growth of slums -- and the smell of poverty comes piped-in banquet in the womb -- blood-shot and red -- American life bomb so fair -- Go dig it so cold, so pale -- The name of the game is Billy Budd -- at the Saint James Infirmary --

Burn, baby, burn, on pink paper from Watts, L.A., -- She moaned softly, "Oh God oh God oh God" -- Whose eyes call you as the eyes of the Thunder said: "Best gimmick is total assault on the senses."

This angel who is now become a Devil provides an excellent excuse for Giles de Rais, Jack-the-Ripper, the Mad Bomber -- and even leopards sniffing the same Biblical texts every time -- "Don't make dirty-dirty in Vietnam" -- The city plunges into your shadow rising to meet you -- Cheaper goods and priests -- Punishment and pain thus become the two keys to the character of civilized man -- The social cemetery makes 100 at random --

"The vampire mob made another raid on the blood bank," the other figure was muttering. "We are going to have to be more careful."

"My name is Harry Haller," Talbot repeated. They went on ignoring him. "A fresh supply of cadavers is absolutely necessary --"



Every tribe chooses to encourage certain games and discourage others. The head-hunting game is given great status and "religious" meaning in some tribes, and regarded as a worthless and evil pastime by other tribes. Some games are compulsory, like the witch-burning game in medieval Europe. Some games are not compulsory, but so popular that virtually everybody participates in them, like the Grand Opera game in Italy. Some games are discouraged, but not forbidden, like the pacifist game in America today. Some games are absolutely against the law, like the homosexuality game throughout Occidental civilization. Every game, then, exists somewhere on a scale between the sacred and profane. Those games which are most sacred become institutionalized into laws. Those games which are closest to this sacred end of the spectrum, but not completely sacred, are institutionalized as dogmatic mores and prejudices. Those games which are profane are left to the preference of the individual, who can play them or not, as he sees fit.

The eternal struggle between Authority and Liberty is a struggle for the desacralization of society.

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Let us offer a huge simplification, a Last Judgement, a terrible verdict:

The choice before us is Death of Earth, or Death of God.

Death of Earth -- a term used in war-game strategy -- denotes thermo-nuclear war carried to its extreme: the sterilization of the planet. The end result, sadism, or authority.

Death of God -- a term in modern theology -- denotes the "cleansing of the doors of perception" urged by Blake: the ability to see, actually, what is before one's eyes. Minus symbols, minus games, minus Taboo and anxiety, the end result of sadism, or Total Disobedience.

To the extent that we are tribal creatures, game-players, we will prefer Death of Earth. Only to the extent that can transcend the Damnation of Perception and Damnation of Will created by submission to Authority, will be able to choose Death of God -- naked lunch and reality sandwiches -- desecralization.

"Is this Iron Mountain?" Talbot asked, loudly. "Have I found the right place?"

"Negative reinforcement. The whip everytime he tries to initiate an autonomous act..."

"Yes, yes -- certainly -- He must only move when we order him to --"

"Of course. Perversion-for-profit..."

"Did you strike the children under your care?"

"I confess that I often struggled with the temptation -- I set my teeth and suppressed the powerful sexual excitement --"

"Which roused you more, a boy or a girl?"

"A boy -- I imagined it as the supreme pleasure if he were stripped for beating and greatly humiliated --"

The pattern of a given society's game preferences makes up a particular configuration which anthropologists call culture. English culture can be defined as a preference for such games as cricket, monarchy, monogamy, literature, imperialism, etc.; Italian culture has a preference for sports-car racing, Catholicism, vendetta, opera, etc.; Arabic culture has a preference for polygamy, homosexuality, Islam, sadism, tribalism, marihauna smoking, etc; and each culture has its own configuration of game-preferences and its own degree of sacralization of its games.

When a human being is born, society delegates a special group to train him in the local game. This coaching group may be, as in Occidental culture, the bio-

logical parents plus the State school; or, as in Polynesian culture, the mother and her brothers; or, as in Russia, the State school alone; or as among some American Indians, the whole tribe. In any case, the local games are carefully taught and reinforced by rewards, and all behavior incompatible with these games is discouraged in various ways. To the extent that the local games are sacralized, the discouragement will take the form of cruel and chronic punishment.

Only the flesh is speaking nothing but language -- Only the flesh is one of the alleged victims -- Only the dawn -- Only the flesh -- Dow Chemical's profits up 14%.

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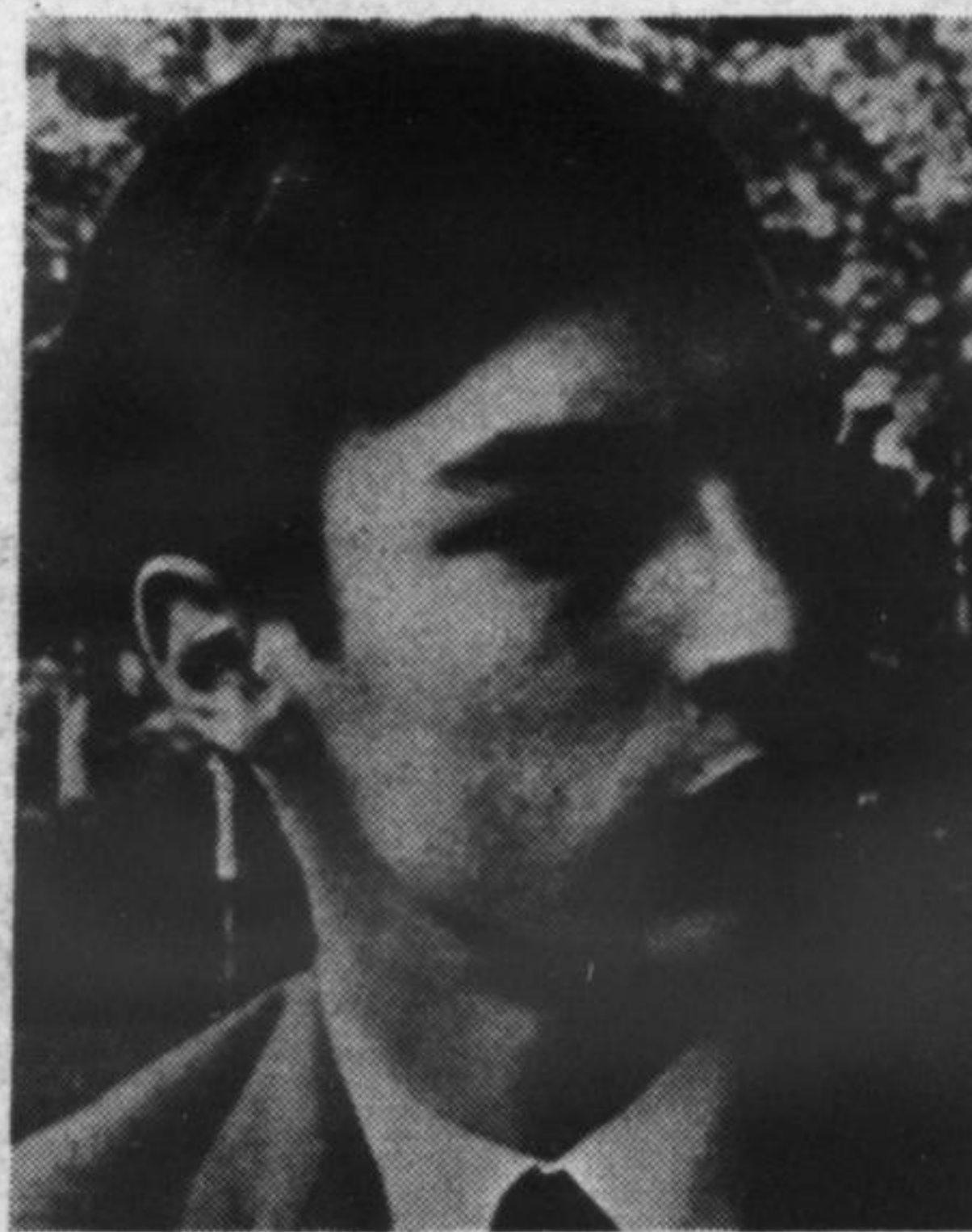
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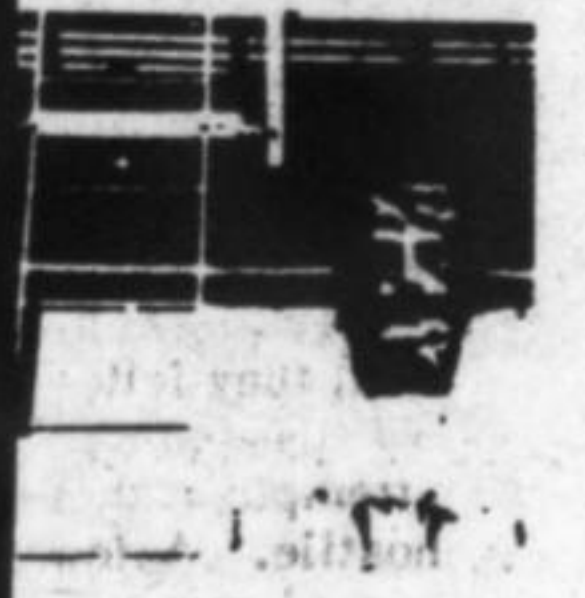
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Poor Paranoid, THE OFFICE DOG

by Allan Katzman

There are No Frills at All
Here, You See

Just a Lot of Amusing and
Surprising Little Things

SCRAPS THAT HE PICKS UP HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Fudge Was Really a Man's Name: an old sea captain in the sixteenth century, who used to come home from his trips with such fantastic tales and lies that it became a byword, when a sailor lied, to say "Oh, you Fudge it."

Travelling over the middle mind of America, Madison Wisconsin, a sense of isolation sets in. The feeling of safety becomes ominous once the subtle incongruities begin to appear. Farmers and students intermingle in an ocean of health and blandness. Three hundred students from the University of Wisconsin protest against the Viet Nam war and the next day a dirt farmer (state senator) proposes to raise the tuition of New York Jews at the university.

I came to Madison to speak to a gathering of two hundred college editors of midwest newspapers and ran into a wall of Catholic sterility. I explained to them the need for experimentation in college journalism and that by and large college newspapers were boring. They put up no defense and readily admitted that students at their respective colleges paid no attention whatever to their printed attempts at information passing. They indulged themselves in a protective silence of responsibility. They were afraid that they would be financially destroyed by the officials of their universities if they attempted to experiment or say what they felt.

I passed out EVO's to them, and explained our attempts and failures. Most of the students seemed hostile. A few of them burned EVO in effigy. At the end of my speech, a few of the editors asked me for my autograph, explaining "No one will believe us if you don't." I signed Jesus Christ. They looked at me incredulously and I explained, "Well, you said they wouldn't believe you."

I spent my last night at a motel near the university where all the college editors were staying. They invited me to an all night party. I spent the whole night answering their questions about the hippies on the East and West coasts. Away from the "serenity of university life", they seemed more relaxed, and were eager to understand what was really happening. When the session ended, I was approached by a student, an admitted John Birchite, who said to me, "Maybe you're right, Mr. Katzman, maybe the answer is love."

I left next morning by car with some students from Roosevelt University in Chicago. Along the way I couldn't help noting again the subtle incongruities: a four engine airplane in the middle of broken down farm land; a farmer in black overalls flying a kite while his son lay in the yellowed grass; and how everything, including the sun, was turned away from tragedy.

Three weeks later I found myself at Princeton University at a weekend called "Response." Here the essential questions were to be discussed: "Sex, Drugs, Censorship, The Draft, The War, and Civil Rights."

Paul Krassner of the Realist, George Reedy, express secretary to the President, and Al Capp of cartoon fame started the Friday night proceedings with an opening panel. The discussion began and ended in a travesty of jestership. Capp was his usually obnoxious but funny self and the parley became a battle of wits between him and Krassner. Appropriately enough the panel was held in the gym but no one had the foresight to use the available scoreboard to keep count.

The students became angry and began to hiss at Capp for his continual disbelief in the student protest movement. He kept declaiming throughout that it was nothing more than "another form of panty raid." Poor Capp, in the end paranoia got the best of him and he had to back out of a panel on Mass Media and Propaganda which was being held the next day.

Saturday's discussion fared better. Reedy came off as a public relations for Washington on the Draft panel. His position became untenable as far as the students were concerned. They saw no reason to the war or the draft and were vociferous in their demands to end once and for all the existence of both institutions.

The Drug Panel, which Ralph Metzner and I participated on, was well received. Much to my amuse-

ment I found myself in the camp of the overdog. Metzner received a well deserved ovation for his brilliant and scientific report of the drug issue. Those members on the panel who were against drugs were ballyhooed and laughed at not so much for their position as for their ignorance. They completely underestimated their audience thinking that "after all they were only a bunch of kids and we were grown-up" type of attitude.

I found, throughout the whole weekend, this attitude was their undoing and came to the conclusion that the present authorities were in for a rude shock if they continued with this line of reasoning. The results of the discussions were obvious as far as the students were concerned: The Draft and War - ridiculous. Sex - definitely here to stay. Drugs - a good way to spend leisure time. Censorship - bad taste on both sides. Civil Rights - whatever happened to the Constitution.

Paul Krassner related to me an interesting story which occurred during his Censorship panel. The publisher of Harper and Row, who published the Manchester Book, passed him a note during the discussion. It stated in effect that Harper and Row had in their possession the parts of the Manchester Book that were left out which Paul has published in the present Realist. He also informed Paul that these excerpts were a lie and that he was turning them over to his lawyers for further discussion. It was interesting to note that William O. Douglas, the present Supreme Court Justice, who was scheduled for the panel, did not show. I thought to myself at the time, "Just like a Supreme Court Justice, when you need them they're not around!"

A week later I was at Brown University in Rhode Island, again discussing the pros and cons for the legalization of marijuana. And again the authorities, in the form of the assistant Attorney General of Rhode Island and a representative of the Federal Narcotics Bureau of New England Region, made fools of themselves.

The students were entertained by the authorities' display of ignorance and puritan backlash. Toward the end of the discussion, the assistant attorney general, like a true politician, realizing the students were future voters, backed up on his position and admitted that the Government would have to examine the existing laws on marijuana much more than they had been doing in the past.

I arrived back at Kennedy airport 8:30 p.m. the same day. It was good to be back again in a "less polluted climate" of reason. But the sign that greeted me coming down the escalator pricked the bubble. It said, "Welcome to New York. America's Greatest Show."

- Broader Shoulders
- Trim Waist
- Athletic Legs
- Larger Neck
- Bigger Arms

The Order of Man, which had its inception in 1964, has launched a full-scale community development and improvement program, designed to raise the economic level of the East Village. They are planning, on the basis of a Ford Foundation grant, to purchase an 8-story building at Third Street and The Bowery, to institute a school of arts and crafts to be staffed by East Village artists and craftsmen; to open a Village Forum and Community Center, and to have private facilities for lecturing teenage boys on the mysteries of Manhood.

Work with neighborhood boys has been in progress for several months. In order to enhance the boys' knowledge of such subjects as Time, Space and Infinity, along with other topics of general scientific interest, a science instructor has been employed to deliver lectures twice weekly. The studio and Gallery of Orrington Iverson, community painter has been opened to classes of youngsters who are being instructed in the appreciation and interpretation of contemporary art.

B. Smart, the Organization's Representative, has secured pledges from small businessmen, primarily artists who own their own workshops and galleries, to improve and expand their businesses for the sake of beautifying the neighborhood and enhancing the economic condition of the East Village. Their support, along with that of other members of the community, has been promised in a three-year plan destined to put the East Village on the map as a cultural center in America.

Sail the seas high. Berkeley's Lark Shipping Company is running a \$150.00 voyage to Europe.

Three young thinkers are purchasing a 365 foot steamship with a capacity of 700 people to ply between New York and Southampton, England, this summer. The ship will trip under the flag of the Bahamas with a Scandinavian crew. Rates will be \$150.00 one way and \$300.00 round trip, meals included. There will be about 50 part and full time unskilled jobs available to the passengers at \$1.50 per hour.

The voyage will be oriented toward the young and the hip. Foreign films will be shown, in-expensive drinks available, name rock bands will play, and there will be a minimum of planned activities and regulations. Also available will be a 24 hour snack bar, guitar lessons, a ship's super-market, a European information center, and language tutoring. Bunking arrangements will be left to the passengers.

The ship will be making eight round trips leaving the 1st and 15th of each month from New York and departing on the 8th and 22nd from Southampton, England, June thru September.

Interested persons contact Steven Metz, c/o Lark Shipping Company, 2500 Durant Avenue, #202, Berkeley, California. Or telephone area code 415.549.1968.



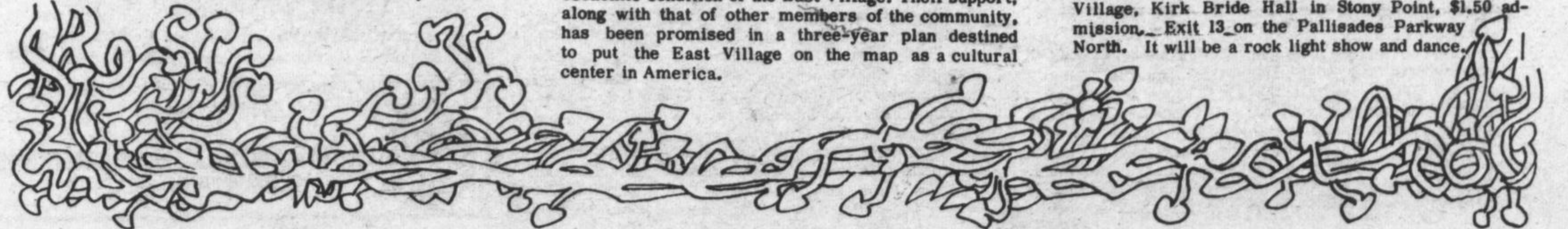
There is going to be an East/West Tribal Communion on July 4th in the Grand Canyon if the Hippies have their way. So far it doesn't seem feasible because of the weather, terrain, and water supply. As Allen Ginsberg tells it, "It's 120 degrees, the largest shelf in the canyon can only accommodate 250 hippies and the water supply is too difficult to get to. Besides, there are no toilet facilities."

Allen related to me how he and Dick Alpert were received by the Hopi's on their reservation in New Mexico. The Indians were very interested in the Hippie community and the possibility of having a Be-In on the reservation until some of the people who came along with Ginsberg and Alpert started fucking in the grass. The Hopi's were dismayed over the whole affair and feared that their lands would be taken away. So it looks like there won't be any hopping on the Hopi reservation this summer.

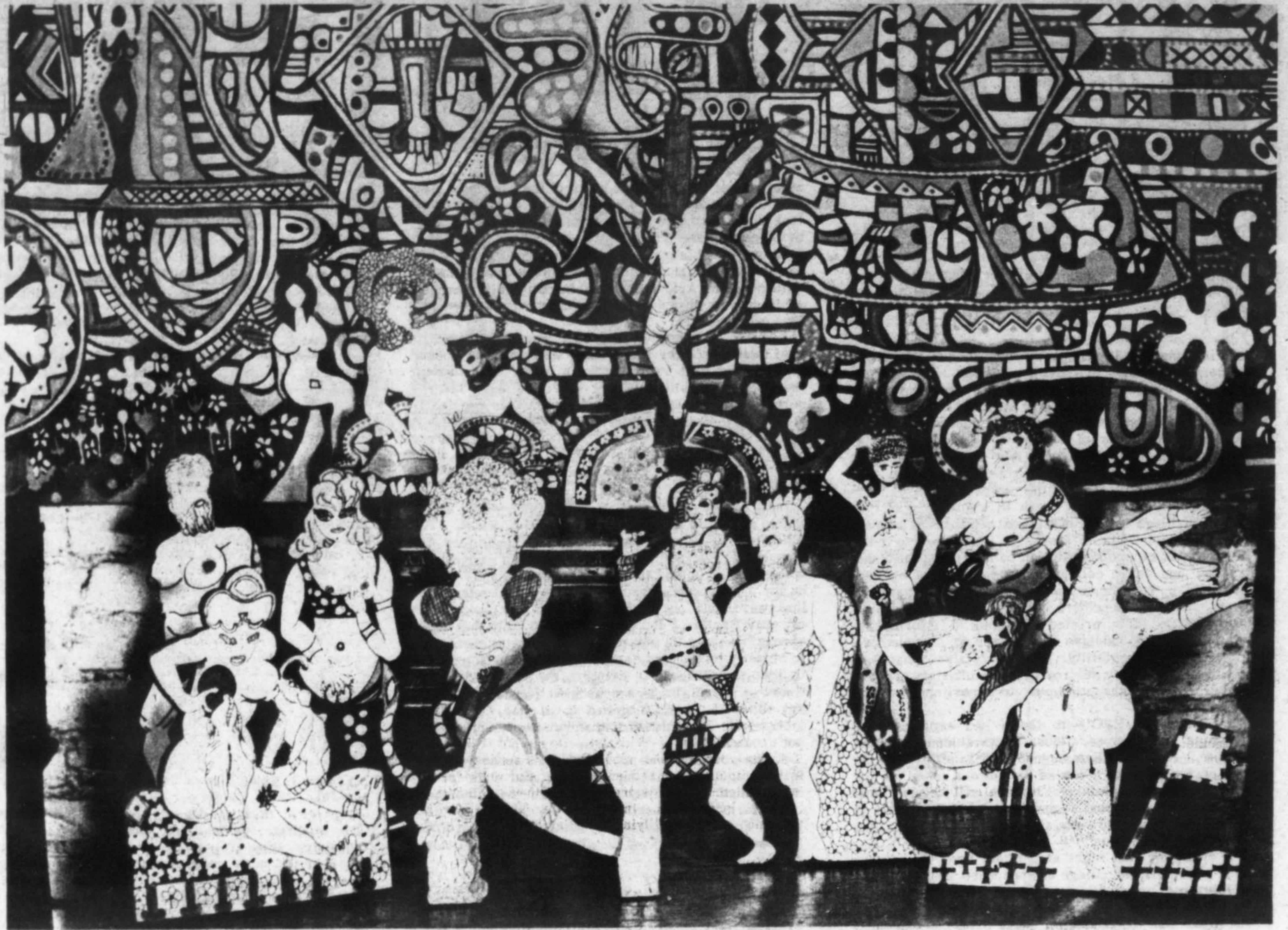
"80% of the population of Vietnam would have voted for Ho Chi Minh as their leader." This statement appears in ex-President Eisenhower's book, "Mandate for Change." I quote this passage here because it has been ignored by both Republican and Democrat alike for too long.

Hippy chemists, to help fellow hippies to stay high and dry from the dark fingers of the law, have developed an LSD derivative called ZNA (pronounced zena) It lasts about as long as acid, but the visions are reputedly "sexy" in nature.

Collaberg School is a small community of cooperating adults and children in Stony Point, New York. The school was formed six years ago. The founders of Collaberg were inspired by A.S. Neill's 'Summerhill, A Radical Approach to Child Rearing', and by Paul Goodman's 'Growing up Absurd', and their experiences at Elack Mountain College, N.C. At present they're attempting to raise money to replace a burned down reconverted barn where most of their classes were held. Without this building the local zoning board will not allow them to go on as a school. They are asking anyone who is interested in furthering experimental education projects such as Collaberg to contribute tax deductible donations, interest free loans, labor and equipment to replace their losses. USCO, along with The Northern Light, are giving a benefit for Collaberg on May 27, at Letchworth Village, Kirk Bride Hall in Stony Point, \$1.50 admission. Exit 13 on the Palisades Parkway North. It will be a rock light show and dance.



UP FROM THE PUSHCART ART



by L. Picard

The recreation of Claes Oldenburg's "Store" by artist Elaine Sturtevant, which is at 623 E. 9th Street, takes place at the same time Oldenburg's new show at the Sidney Janis Gallery on 57th Street. The downtown store will last until June 11, open only on weekends. Since the old store heydays, from 1961 - 1962, when Oldenburg showed for the first time double-decker Hamburgers, red peppers, pies and cake triangles, all made from plaster and painted in garish pop-colours, a lot of Pop-Art went down the drain of commercialism. But somehow Oldenburg's new soft wares, canvas ventilators, bathtubs, fans, wall switches, raisin breads and fairy tale monument designs have outdated the old store wares. Sturtevant's consciously planned pastiche Oldenburg show has the look of Yesterday-Pop. A little faded and a bit outmoded. But "The Store" at ninth St. is a historical reminder of the good old days, when Claes puttered in the back store way down town near first Avenue. Now on Saturday afternoons, in the pastiche store created by Sturtevant, slumming intellectuals and artists find in the narrow green dotted dilapidated store nostalgic souvenirs. The white bride monument stands as a copy of the original in the rear near Elaine's worktable with paint cans and brushes and a started Oldenburg imitation, which looks just a little bit more Elaine than Claes.

Uptown at Janis, drawings for gigantic Monuments Oldenburg's newest idea which is giant Cigarette Butts, done in brown white plaster, called "Fags". (London version of Butts). They show clearly Oldenburg's departure from Pop to "Something New", not yet completely concretized but vaguely noticeable. To me Oldenburg's new approach to form has a French touch, visible in his watercolors, which are beautiful, colorful, impressionistic and slight of hand, soft, elegant, works of real art. He is also very humorous in his ideas for monuments, may it be a lipstick monument or Park Avenue or Central Park Balls, to change the view of cities like London or New York. Says Oldenburg, who is also a witty writer: "You can also think of a fan as sort of a substitute image of America."

While Pop-images go monumentally rampant the Art-Industrialists are also pushing to bigger and more colossal dimensions. In the Park Place Gallery on West Broadway works by three artists are of such gigantic proportions that this big show-place seems overcrowded. Robert Grosvenor shows two "Water Monuments", one in progress. They look like colorful spacecraft, soaring with red painted steel constructions to the ceiling. These tremendous con-

structions are supposed to rest on the surface of the ocean, while the "Buoyancy Tank" floats under water with the tide. They remind me of the big buoys one can see at the Navy Yard near the Staten Island Ferry. Functional constructions like boats, jets, airplanes, buoys, cars, spacecraft, rockets, are really sculptures, and there is nothing more impressive than the gallery of rockets standing outside in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington D.C., all colorfully painted and formed to soar into space.

Anthony Magar designed and executed an enormous steel platform with two verticals in silvery steel with bright red metal inserts. This piece also represents tomorrow's new Monumentalism. The piece functions like a giant room divider, or a construction to live in, while Gay Glading's purewhite pillow-like canvas-shapes are still more like wall reliefs done with purity and feminine feeling for the "White" and the softness of the materials she stretches and masters.

Gold Leaf Gallery, 498 Sixth Avenue at 13th street, is a new art place in the Village. In the first opening show one gets introduced to two young German artists now living and working in New York. Rolf Gunter Dienst and Horst Hoedicke. Dienst is a very bright, agile, fast, energetic 26 year old painter, writer, lecturer, teacher, jack of all intellectual trades, and he paints with verve monumental phallic forms in liquitex. He adds a kind of symbolic shorthand ornament, which he calls in German "Kuertzel", means "abbreviations", a kind of scriptural ornament he adds to bands of colour, which surround the wiggly-penis-forms. His favorite colour is the fleshy sexual pink. He always wears red socks and some red touches at the necktie or shirt. Second colors are green, purple, blue-violet. Horst Hoedicke paints Red. He lives in Berlin and belongs to the most avant garde West Berlin Gallery of Rene Block. He won a German Art prize and works in New York. He seems to believe that the fluidity of color and texture, thin paint application, reductive design, barely visible forms of moving images, and seeing the world in red-rose colour; his is an optimistic outlook of "La Vie en Rose" 1967...Berlin quality.

Completely different is artist Dorothy Iannone, who assembles hundreds of tiny cut out relief-sculptures of erotic quality. She has a very basic talent for caricature and eroticism in art and applies her wit to personages from Napoleon Bonaparte to LBJ, including Hollywood stars, Norman Mailer, Bob Dylan, and Christ on the Cross. She creates a miniature Gallery of Pop in a style between Alex Katz and Red Groom, but also has already with this new work found her own form and style in a Kama Sutra-Hindu-Love-Pop style. All her tiny people, paper adorned

with feltpen colour-ornaments and glued to wood, are decorated with sex-symbols. All girls are goddesses of love with big breasts and fruity genitals and all are really very funny, in their art nouveau-Hindu mixture of naive erotic mannerism. To be seen in the artist's home-studio.

An excellent show at the School of Visual Arts gives "Homage to Morandi", with 25 artists showing works. They are in a certain way related to the pure and restrained severe Morandi spirit. Wolf Kahn organized the exhibition, his oil painting and works by Avery, Bontecou, Agnes Martin, Ad Reinhardt, Wayne Thiebaud are fulfilling the task of spiritual discipline and reserve. Morandi's small drawings, watercolors and etchings are monumental miniatures of perfection, some even minimal.

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SYNERGETIC ART

by Don Benson

Very large bird. Interested in all manner of artistic activity. Someone tells him New York City. "SQUACK!" says the bird, "have you ever...I mean, baby, you just fly over that area some time and take a look at it. Except from a high altitude, I wouldn't even shit on that place!"

(Cut. Videotape: Synergetic Art, reel one. Pan out over the universe. Time lapse: 50 billion years. Sound track: voice of a 9 year old boy trying to tell his parents what's happening.)

"Don't you see, Mom, Dad, the universe isn't going to run down. It's true that stars burn out or explode, and I know the astronomers say the universe is spreading out. But universe is a closed system. Nothing gets in and nothing gets out. Although energy travels normally at 186,000 miles per second, it can't get out and just disappear. It has to go somewhere.

"Sure, there are lots of explosions in the universe, but there are implosions, too. Some of the energy in the sun goes around in very small circles and makes heavy atoms. That's what 'E equal MC2' means: energy can get up-tight like matter, and matter can blow out like energy. All the time that energy is exploding from some places, it is imploding to other places. Heavy atoms come together to form planets. Planets take in all kinds of energy, and look what happens to it!

"There. You see planet Earth? The atoms form into molecules; and, fed by energy from the sun, the molecules go through many transformations, get involved in many processes."

(Zoom in for microscopic closeups. Then pan the geological scene. Pan the biological scene. Pan the historical scene.)

"The molecular processes get more and more complicated. Monster molecules start laying down their own structure in the stuff around them. Lots of different molecules get together; they form little plants and animals. All sorts of organisms begin to emerge. These living things are a bunch of little imperialists: amoebas want to turn the whole world into amoebas; plankton want to plank the world. But the organisms get into a kind of balance with one another. Earth doesn't settle down though. Complex new forms keep emerging. Things get increasingly complex as time goes on.

"This whole development is called synergy. When things explode, that's called synergy: there's an increase of organization."

"Look at the human settlements. See how they

grow and spread in the Mediterranean region. Look at India. China. See the human settlements spread all over the earth. But look at the fires, the explosions, the destruction of human settlements. Look at the great sprawling patchwork scar of human settlement, the congestion, the obvious pollution.

"But look: the synergetic process is still going on, isn't it? Sure, there are people like Johnson and McNamara who are trying to run the world like a factory, and there is a chance they will really mess things up so that Earth will run down or blow up (as in entropy). But Earth is part of the universe; planets are supposed to be synergetic. The whole trend of evolution and the force of human being is against what Johnson and McNamara are doing."

(Synergetic Art, reel two. Begins with coverage of Human Be-Ins; continues with stream of relevant images from all media. Sound track: cat from Scarsdale -- spent last semester in college reading Marshall McLuhan and Buckminster Fuller, spent several months sleeping, tripping, traveling -- trying to tell it like it is to this chick who is meanwhile smoking pot.)

"OM. Ramaramaramama. Ugh! This business of producing things, displaying, packaging and selling things is a lot of washout, baby! These guys are just blowing their minds because (perhaps because of having to earn a living and not being free to learn a living) they haven't got the least idea of what Art is all about. Self-expression? They might as well put soap suds up their noses.

"Ramaramaramama. OM. Art's emergence: processing, processing, processing. Output-inputting. Change your environment. Put something out there that changes people's perceptions, arouses them, awares them; they respond to it and are transformed, inputting-outputting, perceptually transvaluating, growing and feeling-being. If not now: when.

"OM. Ramaramaramama. Screw! Life is synergetic art, growing, evolving, being, sexing, transforming Earth. Let us go and transform Earth, engulfing and being engulfed by it all. OM! Develop Earth as never-ending work of art, synergetic art. Your life is your art. Do not put it in vinyl! Develop your art and arouse people's senses with it. Surge into all human settlements, transforming experience, judgment, values, transforming the settlements."

Very large bird. Interested in all manner of artistic activity. Flying, looking, flying, looking, flying, looking...

GREEK SURPRISE

by Bill Principe

For a while now, Mexican officials have been clearing the beaches of any hairy hippies who happened to be digging them. Once a year, Moroccan police deport the entire stoned hippie community from hashish-laden Tangiers. The latest example of military auto-erotism concerns the ruling Greek military junta, which announced last Monday that no visitor would be admitted to Greece with a beard or long hair, nor would a tourist be allowed to start growing a beard or long hair while still on Greek soil. Greek privates are probably issued a ruler along with their American-supplied M-1 rifle, so that spot hair-length checks can be made. Furthermore, Greek border guards will now require visitors to have at least \$80, because long-haired, unshaved, hitchhiking hippies aren't known to carry large amounts of cash in their knapsacks. No mention was made on the hair length of Greek citizens, but the Greek master strategists did ban mini-skirts from Greek public schools, presumably so the privates would have something to do with their rulers.

A reliable source on East 11th St. tells us that clean-cut LBJ has secretly informed Ho Chi Minh that the US will unilaterally stop all bombing, withdraw all troops, and allow free elections if only Ho will meet him at the conference table. In Athens.

Justice, Anyone?

The United States is now the greatest reactionary power in the world, and its effect on the Western Hemisphere is exceptionally violent. In Latin America the CIA and such giant American cartels as United Fruit have operated together to maintain totalitarian regimes like those of Trujillo and Duvelier. The failure of the 1965 Dominican insurrection was a flagrant exercise of American reactionary force, and the Cuban revolution has been continually threatened by CIA financed Cuban 'Freedom Fighters.'

Armed and paid by American agencies, Latin American dictatorships can stifle all effective radical social change, and as conditions worsen inside these countries the repression becomes more savage. South American political prisoners already number thousands, and more are being imprisoned all the time.

The U.S. Committee for Justice to Latin American Political Prisoners has been formed to correct these conditions insofar as American citizens may be effective in changing American foreign policy.. The USLA Justice Committee is working to defend Latin American political prisoners, regardless of political affiliations or associations; to pressure reactionary governments into allowing freedom of political action; to inform the American people of its government's repressive foreign policy, and effect changes in that policy -- and to cooperate with organizations in Latin America and other countries which have similar purposes.

Whether or not any number of American citizens can affect a State Department foreign policy that has become a religious anti-Communist dogma is open to question. The USLA Justice Committee, however, would at least like to show Latin American revolutionaries that there exists 'Another North America' in sympathy with their aims.

Anyone wanting further information can write to the Committee at P.O. Box 2303, New York 10001.

Deviant Segment

Mayor John Shelley's determination to fight the hippie invasion to San Francisco by making them "unwelcome" may solidify the growing Haight-Ashbury enclave. Lecturers at a University of California Medical School symposium recently warned that official repression of the colony could boomerang. Dr. Eryon L. Johnson, professor of economics, at the University of Colorado, predicted: "The hippies could benefit from Establishment persecution. Take the Quakers as an example. If the community makes the mistake of overpersecution, they would only add to the attraction. The feeling of alienation is there anyway; everytime it's fed, it grows."

Another speaker, Dr. Paul Verdon, sociologist and director of the University of Santa Clara Community Studies Center, censured the hypocrisy of the City Hall authorities. He asked what would happen "if various 4H clubs, Chambers of Commerce and Jr. CofC initiated a program whereby each small town in the U.S. would send a teen-age girl and boy to San Francisco for the summer ... to get to know other young people and learn about life in one of our most cosmopolitan cities." He conjectured that the city fathers "would bend every effort to make these young tourists welcome." Although there were no "crucial" differences between the types of problems each group would see, he said, one is regarded as a "legitimized" segment of society while the other "has already been prejudged as a deviant segment."

Verdon praised the Haight-Ashbury as "one of the few examples of a racially integrated lower class community", but he expressed suspicion that there was a "subtle attempt" of civic leaders "to magnify potential racial tensions in this neighborhood."



ANGEL HEAD

ANGEL by Ray Bremser. Published by Tompkins Square Press, New York

WHO IS ANGEL? AND HOW CAN WE KEEP HER?

This is Bremser talking; banging out the night, breaking the real bars, bringing in the sounds, keeping his own count. "I plugged my ears up listening to the voices in my head & they said better to dream a real simple & happy dream than practice in democracy..."

This is Bremser calling; sacking the clowns of a lost cause, cautioning out life in hurt and sorrow, "high on pain & torture." Conception everywhere he chanced to look & go and everything he did which resembled coming.

This is Bremser loving; knowing the end the vanilla fudge of no easy way down, taking it straight without benefit of saccharine straight to the heart. Holding his own in a beautiful mistake. "life," he says, "let me make more of it as long & as lovely as God lets me..."

This is Bremser and This is Angel; a real flesh & blood, a menstrual woman possessed in the purgatory of dreams in the Hatchet Con of all times... AMERICA... "buzzards waiting in my head for meat!"... "just another ancient habit... like democracy as a whole."

This is Angel! Book! Plane! Riff! Joke on the inevitable! Song sung at the right moment of the River! Lethal weapon to shake the walls of the city with! Country which "has fought many wars & doesn't realize that they've never had an in with God.!"

This is Bremser! COMING. GOING. GROPING. MOANING. The death sound not his.

"LISTEN, MY FRIEND, THIS IS AN ACTUAL REPORT OF WHAT TRANSPIRED..."

LISTEN... "but the destroyer of poetry is dead... we've killed him. long live the destroyer."

LISTEN... "I know her worth... need those letters to cool my crazy, strafe my roof, bombard my volcanic seethings quiet, give me balm & minstrel, peace & a great deal of myself back because I put a lot of me into this dream..."

ANGEL... this woman is real... WIFE... haggard face but a beauty where it hurts most.

WHEN WILL WE LOVE HER?

ANGEL... YES

I offer my rose to you!
do you have any idea of its worth?
... look at the ocean
... look at the sky.
look at a man standing, pockets in his pants...
look at empty windows!
look at your own marvelous life!
look, look...
look

to the solitary world of one rose in those eyes & do that do that do that DO THAT LOOK... & tell me there is no God...

Take it. Stuff it up your nose, your heart! "I'm sweetly asking you to cure yourself... again."

I'm telling YOU... Take it and die then come back and LOVE.

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Room for the Womb?

A noted Stanford biologist, Dr. Paul Ehrlich, recently urged a drastic limit to the world's birth rate. "Anyone who advocates a limitless birth rate today," he said, "is advocating human agony and death... When the Pope talked a few years ago about the need for increasing the production of bread 'for the banquet table' -- not limiting the number of guests at that table, he didn't mention that the banquet of life will be a bread line for most people."

During the first 20 minutes of his speech, Ehrlich pointed out that 3,500 more babies had been added to the world's population. He forecast that by 2007 the present population of three billion would double, and that by 2042 it would reach 12 billion. In 900 years (just as far in the future as the Norman Conquest is in the past), the population will have increased to a billion billion. Then there would be 120 persons per square yard of space, and that would be the maximum that the planet could physically hold. "The heat generated from human bodies alone would limit such activity as walking."

"One thing is certain," said Ehrlich. "Increasing food production is no solution. We simply cannot increase production from the sea or anything else that will nearly keep up with our present rate of population growth... we can probably avoid famine for another generation or two, but then, and even with our increased technology, there will simply not be enough food." Even in the near future, he asked, "Will children like wearing smog masks? Will they be satisfied with camping under vinyl trees planted in asphalt? Will they enjoy seaweed as a substitute for steaks?"

One possible solution he suggested would be the addition of a temporary sterilant to basic food. An antidote could be carefully distributed to allow some reproduction. "But this is not politically feasible. I would hate to be the first elected official to advocate putting a sterilant in Crystal Springs Reservoir. Just look at public opinion on fluoridation."

A stable population would result, he claimed, if every family in the world were limited to two children. But governmental intervention would be necessary. "Most of us feel that governmental interference in our lives is already quite sufficient. Governmental interference in our reproductive lives would be the last straw." If we are to protect all of our other freedoms, he said, "we must give up our freedom to determine the size of our families."

Other solutions might be the repeal of "local laws limiting dissemination of birth control devices or information" and a revision of the Internal Revenue laws so that childless parents would be rewarded -- not the other way around.

But we needn't trouble ourselves with such difficult solutions. "If we don't find a solution, the solution will have to find us. Such a solution might be man-made virus to end civilization in a world wide plague. "Such a solution might be a nuclear holocaust. Unfortunately," he concluded gloomily, "I think this will be the answer to our problem, it will have to find us."

DANGER: COMPUTERITIS

Mr. James Farmer, director of the San Fernando Valley College Computer Center and former Rand Corporation consultant, warned a recent audience of the ominous threat unchecked computers present to society. He censured the technocratic industry as "brashly adolescent and not worried about responsibilities."

The industry, he claimed, is growing so fast and so furiously that programmers are failing to meet their social responsibilities. "Computers have had a tremendous negative impact on the economy, the government, and mostly people."

In spite of increased efficiency with unfoldable, unspindable, unmutateable IBM cards, when there is a fuck-up, "the results are far more disastrous." An entirely automated steel plant in England was "smashed to oblivion" when a computer programmer failed to insert "a little minus sign in the program of a process-control machine."

"It's time for an Auto Safety Campaign in the computer industry in order to set standards for the construction of computer programs," he said. What is needed are "professional product liability laws, similar to those in other professions such as medicine." Not until then, said Farmer, "will the programmers feel the responsibility for their work, and have to bear the consequences."

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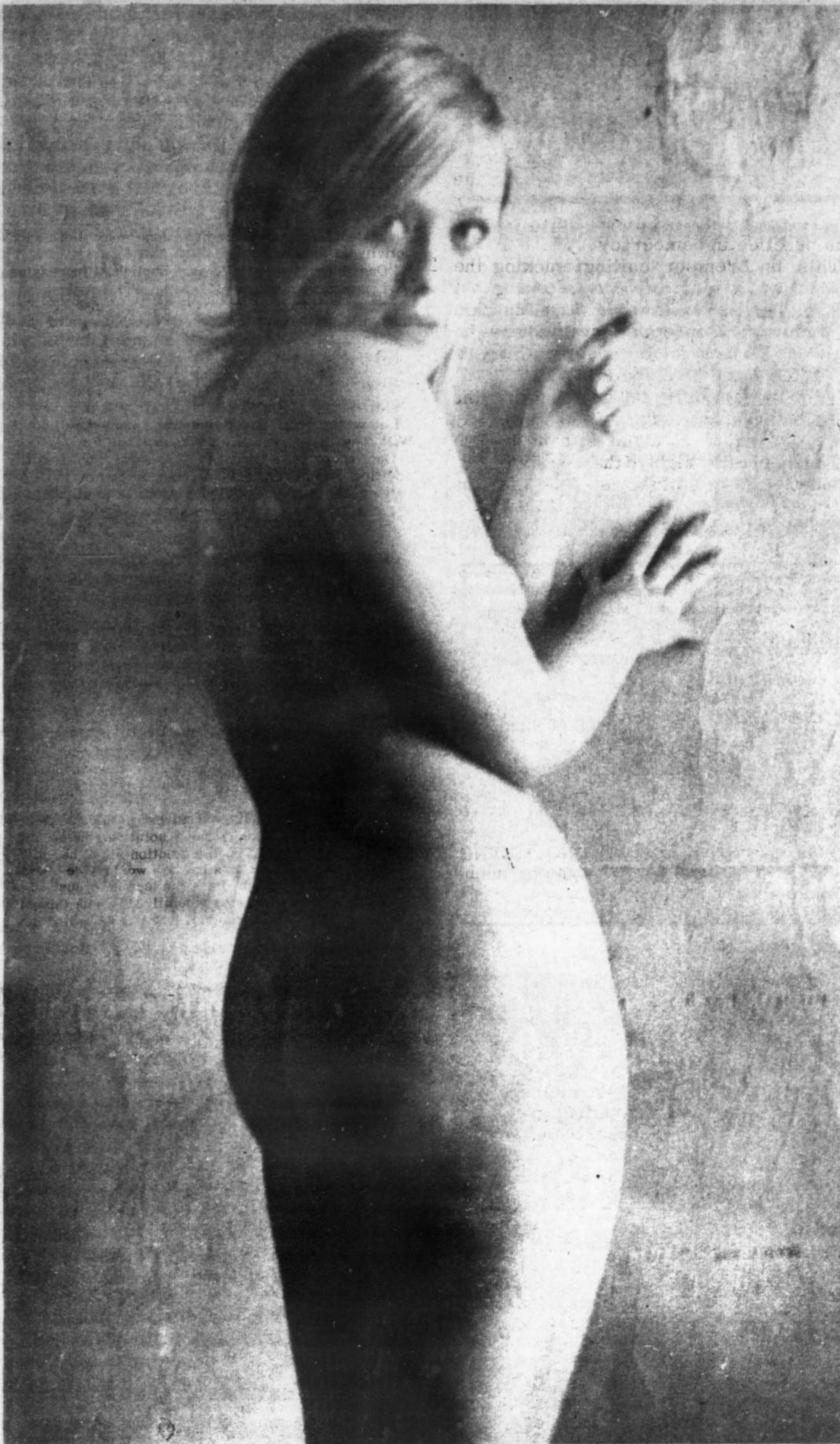


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underground bach

continued from p. 9

my life - my interest in modern music, particularly that of Stravinsky; I call this the age of Stravinsky, as far as composition is concerned, and it still is. When I said that to him in 1940, he was quite pleased that somebody should recognize him so soon... Nobody had told him before that he was the central figure of this period. So we naturally became good friends since then and I edited all the string parts of his symphonic music for years... all the bowings and the string bowings in all his scores and occasionally I would also put in the fingerings, which is rare in scores, but sometimes they are necessary to prevent some kind of distortion. Also around that time, in 1939, I met Schonberg, who had finished his violin concerto and had never heard it, so I undertook to learn it and play it for him. I was the first one to play it for him. And when I did so, with the piano played by Leonard Stein, he was very pleased. He had written fingerings on every note and I changed practically every one of them and showed him how to develop a new system. I HAD to develop a new system of fingering to solve the problems which atonality creates. I showed him that he had to abandon the concept of 19th Century violin fingering which everybody is using and develop a 20th Century thing which I call extensions and contractions, which break the system of positions. Another revolutionary thing: breaking the systems of positions and using small extensions and contractions in place of that to solve a problem of atonal chords, particularly chords which cannot be played with modern position system. I wrote a book which I called "Principles of Extensions", in which I mentioned Stravinsky and Schonberg as sort of corroborating what I had done. That came out in 1947 and is still available. Actually, very little of it was sold when it first came out, and now it's finally beginning to catch on, when I'm no longer interested in that subject.

to make a living. They had to play arrangements. Incidentally, I've been a collector of jazz records since about 1932 or '33. There is never any logic as to who is going to make a living and who is not... as far as talent goes, it is purely like a lottery. Nowadays, I think the variety of the rock and roll seems to be attracting the majority of the young people, and that's all we can say. Rock and roll is basically vital because it's based in the blues, based in boogie and solid things like that, and when one has such a foundation, anybody with talent can't go wrong. There's bound to be something good happening.

WB: During the Baroque period, the people who supported and encouraged the musicians were a small elite. Today, if a musician receives encouragement and support, he receives it from the mass of society. Do you think in any way this factor, the concentration on the audience and who the audience is, has an influence on the music of the times, on what it can become? Could rock and roll develop into our classic?

SB: Well, the term classic is losing its meaning, but there are records coming out of certain groups which are what one calls problematic music. One finds little bits here and there which never hit the best seller list, the Top 40, but they do make money. If some kind of problematic jazz can make some money, it's a good sign. It seems to me like a broadening of a base, some kind of renaissance similar to the Shakespearean times where there was a broad base appreciating the very finest. So what we are witnessing could be considered some sort of flowering... golden age, perhaps. But of course, there is the commercialism which is managing to do damage but not to be as powerful. It seems that what is commercial one day is not the next, and the commercial guys are just groping... They are realizing that it's not com-

WB: What do you think about contemporary music, jazz and rock and roll, and where is each going? I know rock and roll is succeeding in a financial way, it's quite popular, but jazz - I know some very fine jazz musicians, Sun Ra and other creative people - are starving because nobody is listening. Now what do you think is going on here?

SB: Well, this business of the best jazz musicians starving is nothing new. It was going on in the 30's when the best men had to play in commercial bands in order

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mercial to be safe. It used to be a truism ten years ago, to do the same thing as the other guy, but that no longer seems to hold.

WB: The rigidity and maintenance of the status quo which you referred to in the music world, do you think this comes from the basic concept today of the academic community...that it's a small, insulated community which sets up its rules, sticks by them, and goes by the whole thing on a rote level?

SB: Yes, you see, the University is success-oriented. When somebody goes to study Bach in the University, he wants to learn the Bach which will make him able to make a living. And if somebody like me were to come into the University and teach him to play a kind of Bach which is so controversial that it will only start arguments at rehearsals, the students will not make money. And so as a result, there has been nothing done in any University; and yet, Universities are supposed to be the explorer, the place where experimentation is done, and it's completely abdicated this thing by completely confusing what it's supposed to do. The music department, instead of having a section in which one experiments with Bach string arrangements, simply tells a student, "Don't experiment with Bach string arrangements. It's not practical. Play with the modern fingering." But if we don't play with Bach fingering, how are we ever going to find out how he sounded. And if one uses Bach's fingering, which means to use the same two middle fingers over and over, (incidentally, this is one of the key points with respect to unequal notes. Bach's fingerings are not like ours, where one uses one finger after another, but uses the same two middle fingers over and over.) In playing the scale, if you use the same two middle fingers over and over, it comes 1212121212 -- you see, the same two fingers, and that's swing. And that's another physical evidence of swing. No wonder it's not practical because it makes Bach sound like the Swingle Singers. So we have a situation where one is told Bach is not practical. And it is true. If one wants to become a successful Bach performer, it is not practical. But some musicologists at least should be using it, and saying to the students in the music department, "Pay attention to this because this shows that

there's something else going on that we don't know about." But they're not told that. They're simply told ... it's not practical. Period. Nobody will experiment. And as a result, not one bit of progress has been made in Bach performance ... in the essence of Bach performance. All they do is study ornamentation. Studying Bach ornaments when one doesn't know how long the notes were held is like studying how to place parsley before you know how to cook a roast...

As a result of my research, I've gotten so far away from the correct method, what is considered correct, of playing Bach or anything, that many people who used to support me for grants when my ideas were half formed, will no longer do so now that I've taken certain unequivocal stands on certain things which are considered in bad taste today. As a result, I am no longer able to get any real support from major grants. At the same time, by playing the Baroque violin so incessantly, and specializing in it, I have also damaged my modern violin technique and cannot make a living as a modern violinist as well as I used to. So I am in a situation where I have no source of income, thanks to my research and increased learning. The more I learn, the less money I get. It's becoming a direct ratio. So that at present I've come to the conclusion that the only way to proceed now is to turn directly to the public and write articles showing what I'm doing and that I need some kind of financial support... that I am establishing an Early Music Laboratory which I will incorporate as a non-profit organization. Stravinsky is on the board of directors. This will, by bringing out appeals and advertisements, ask people to contribute any sum of money they can afford. They will receive in return for this the bulletin with the latest information on 18th Century performance and also a special price on recordings, when we start to issue them. We'll issue our own records on Bach, Handel, Corelli, and so on. Many of them will be experimental, but it will be the first time that many people will get a chance to hear Bach's fingerings, and I think that if this becomes generally known, that there are enough people in the country interested in improving the Bach performance to actually bring this restoration about.

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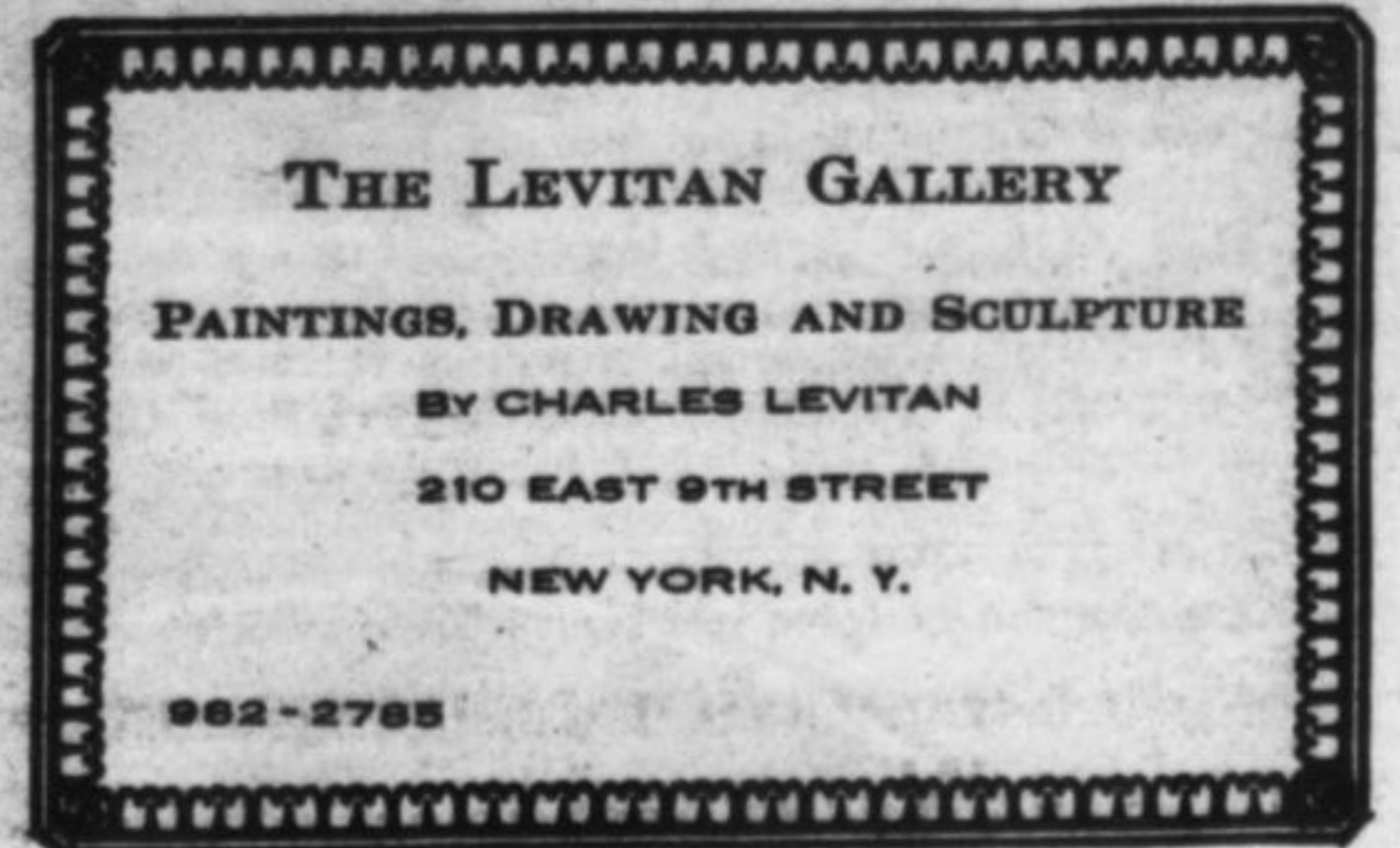
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[The photographs upon this page were posed especially by models to illustrate one of the diabolical methods by which the "reefer" peddler lures young people into becoming addicts, and the pictured persons have nothing whatever to do with the buying, sale or the use of marihuana in cigarette or any other form.]

By DR. ARTHUR LA ROE
President of the American Narcotic
Defense Association

THE smoking of marihuana, sometimes and most accurately called "The Devil's Weed," has become a national disease. It has grown to such proportions that it is beginning to attract the big shots who are all set to make it a real racket.

It is a disease that strikes at the heart of our nation—its youth. It is stealthily insidious, seldom recognized until well developed, tragic in its effect upon the victim, treated with difficulty, cured seldom, and always leaves a deep scar in the central nervous system in the form of deterioration.

On a national scale this is a new disease, and it is one of the very serious dangers that confront this nation today. As an individual matter, it has been known since before the dawn of written history.

The ancients in pictures recorded the Indian hemp plant as the "joy flower." The Old Man of the Mountains steeped his brigands in "hashish" and sent them down to massacre the Crusaders. The Mexicans have used the "loco-weed" for centuries to give a false sense of superiority. In our own southwest it has been known for nearly 100 years that steers and horses went "loco," or crazy, from munching on the leaves of the marihuana bush.

But within the past ten years this weed has spread like a scourge over the rocks and hills of our land, until it is today a major problem in every State and in almost every city — and in more homes than we care to think. It has attacked the mass of our youth, our boys and girls of teen ages, like a plague. It has destroyed many of them already and threatens many more unless we do something more than read the newspaper accounts of it.

These are not pleasant thoughts. Neither is it a pleasant thought that just recently a fourteen-year-old boy in Ohio murdered a six-year-old girl after a criminal attack, and explained his act by saying that a man had induced him to "try" a doped cigarette—a "reefer," made from the leaves and flowering tops of a marihuana plant. This little lad didn't have a glimmer of what that reefer was going to do to him. Argue if you will that he was a defective, but he never got into that trouble until he smoked a reefer.

In a recent study of thirty-seven murders in New Orleans over a year, seventeen were traced directly to marihuana—a few others doubtful. Some six or eight times in the recent past marihuana has been offered as a defense in murder trials. Fortunately, it hasn't worked—so far. In a foundry employing three hundred men, a young man gained employment. His superiors early noted something askew in his actions, but gave him a chance. He took the chance—to addict thirty of the younger men in that foundry to dope before the cause of his "queerness" was discovered. Yet some will say marihuana addiction is not "technically" a contagious disease—perhaps because it does not leave pock-marks!

No, no pock-marks on the individual victim, that he may be shunned. But evil marihuana is pock-marking this nation with murders, sex-attacks, suicides, and crimes in every category from bank stick-ups to petty thievery — filling our jails with those that are caught, and our asylums with those that are not caught.

How many are involved? No man knows. But no section of the country is entirely free of the scourge. New cases appear almost daily in the metropolitan press of the land. In one mid-Western high school alone twenty-one boys were found getting reefers from a single source, a local garage. Nothing was said in this case of other sources.

In Wisconsin a school nurse happened upon a lad with eight reefers in his pocket. Intrigued, she investigated, to learn that of one hundred twenty-six boys in the school sixty-three had been smoking marihuana, some off and on, some steadily. That is on "Main Street."

Big shots who see huge profits in the reefer racket and who are developing it, find their most fertile fields in neighborhoods surrounding high schools. Their technique is to get their victims young and unsuspecting and thus insure addiction and continuous sale. The so-called bars and grills and similar joints in the localities of high schools are a great help.

The usual procedure of the reefer racketeer is to plant a pleasant but slick young man in one or more of these places where he strikes up an acquaintance with the youngsters and gains their confidence. He popularizes himself by buying them drinks. Seldom does he attempt direct sales of marihuana in the form of cigarettes.

There are some certain physical and mental effects of this drug, that run a little more true to form than the psychological ones. Mental activity is speeded up, at first, later to fall into stupor. Physical energy is more easily released, soon to exhaust itself. There is a sense of lightness on the feet, and of taking steps much longer, and easier, than normal. Time and space are both expanded. A second is a minute, a minute an hour. A step is half a block, a block a mile.

A swing-time musician well up on his reefers can rattle the ivories a lot more rapidly than his more normal counterpart—nothing mentioned of his accuracy. But what is accuracy to swing?

And also, the young motorist well up on reefers sees a pedestrian fifty feet away and directly in his path, but the pedestrian appears to be a mile away, and the split second interval that he actually has in which to act seems to him an hour or so—there's plenty of time. For a funeral, and term in jail.

How shall we organize the fight against marihuana that is eating away at the moral fiber of our youth? Laws? Every State now has a law against marihuana, but no State has enough officers to enforce it. There is a Federal law, a brand new one. And there are some two hundred fifty fine officers to enforce it. They have been working for years on our opium-dope problem, and still have that to worry about. If we work these pitifully few Federal officers nights and Sundays, and on Christmas morning, maybe they'll have time to worry about marihuana, yet not forget opium, morphine and heroin.

Marihuana Habit Among Our Youth

A Distinguished Leader
in the War Against
Dope Warns of the
Fast Increasing Men-
ace to School Children
as Well as Grown-ups,
With Crime's Big Shots
Moving In to Make
Selling of the Soul-
Destroying "Reefer"
Cigarettes a Major
Racket



Leaves and Flowers of the Marihuana Plant, Which Is a Botanical Cousin of the Oriental Drug, Hashish, and Which Has the Same Effect Upon Those Who Chew, Eat or Smoke It.

A man tells of having visited five "joints" in one evening in Harlem, where anywhere from twelve to twenty patrons were indulging in the ecstasies and eccentricities of the loaded cigarettes.

No, none can tell how many victims are already ensnared by marihuana. But to the wholly apathetic one question might be propounded: How many would be too many, if one of them were your own son or daughter? It is a very excellent idea for parents to know where their teen age youngsters go, of evenings, and what they do when they go there.

And of what "type" are the victims? Well, after an address on the topic in one of the swanky churches in Westchester County, near New York City, several of the ladies gathered round the speaker agreeing that it was a dreadful picture that had been portrayed and that something ought to be done about it—but, of course, there was none of it in Westchester County! Ten days later all the headlines blared out the story of police raids on roadhouses in Westchester, seven of them, all selling reefers—and to whom? To Westchester County's youth. What type? The terrible answer is the American type!

London

by Miles

On the peak of the hills to the north of London stands the Alexandra Palace, an early Victorian pleasure palace in its own vast grounds. It is a huge rambling building with towers and ballrooms, cafes and meeting halls. The first BBC TV broadcast came from its TV tower and up to 40,000 people could be held in it. From 8:00 pm on Saturday 29th April until 10 am Sunday, the central ballroom, enclosed garden and some of the smaller rooms adjoining, were hired by the International Times for the "Free Speech Benefit", a 14 hour technicolour dream. For weeks before, coloured parachute flares illumined London, parades of cars decorated with balloons and posters and bainted in rainbow colours with sun-bursts and whorls of colour, distributed rainbow printed hand-outs in the streets. Four girls with the letters U, K, F, C, respectively on their sweatshirts, sold tickets in the main streets of town. They were moved on by the police sometimes because when they stood in a certain order they shocked the more frail members of society and they were moved on from Regent Street because their mini-skirts were too short -- 10 inches above the knee (you measure it!) Tickets were on sale at all the usual centres of 'underground' activity. People came down from Scotland, Wales and even Amsterdam for the weekend.

The weekend really started at the International Times U.F.O. Night Club which goes on all night every Friday on Tottenham Court Road. The great new underground group "Tomorrow" played including their new record -- a Provo song called "My White Bicycle". A great electric group in some ways similar to the "Cream", the "Who", and the "Hendrix Group." In fact, Jimi Hendrix showed for their 3:30 am set, and jammed with them. The clothes were just a little more exotic, the body paint a little weirder and the atmosphere even more relaxed. A new confidence seemed to be present. The U.F.O. organiser Hoppy (John Hopkins) moved straight from U.F.O. to Ally Pally as the mods affectionately call it.

In Alexander Palace you entered and looked past a 70' helter-skelter past the sound/light control tower to the giant organ at the far end of the grand ballroom. On the stacked seats below the organ 1,000's of brightly coloured people were moving. 500,000 watts of lighting played over the white sheeting dividing the central aisle of the room from the promenades at the sides. Bubble-slides, liquid slides, squash-slides, living microscopic creature slides, huge complex prismic patterns, moving and fixed spots of every colour, coloured movies, B/W movies, advertising movies, The Beatles Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields movie, and even Jack Smith's Flaming Creatures was shown though not until 5:15 in the morning. A beat group played simultaneously from each end of the room causing strange cross-rhythms in the centre. 40 different groups donated their services during the night and the only let-up from the Beat was a classical interlude before the Pink Floyd and an electronic one before Tomorrow. Three different film crews armed with arc-lights and people with spot-mikes rushed about recording for posterity or profit. In the midst of all this of course were the people, an estimated 7,000 to 10,000 people, beautiful neo-Elizabethan promenading people, arm-in-arm, bowing, only the dancing and meaning differed. Men in braided uniforms, cowboy hats, medals, wearing huge fur coats to the ground, false beards, real beards, wearing flared Indian paisley-print frock coats, cloaks of all sizes and shades, wearing chain necklaces and flowers, wearing spats, with artificially curly hair, with Medieval turned up toes and even a few (very few) in suits. (The greys they call them.) The chicks wore tennis-shorts, long dresses to the ground, some wore lace dresses with nothing underneath, others wore net dresses with little underneath. They had painted faces, gold paint, Egyptian eyes, refraction lenses, body paint and in almost every case a very short mini-dress or mini-skirt -- often so short as to not cover underwear, (also mini) or even to not cover not underwear. The dancing, talking, films-lights-music-dreaming continued until long after dawn. People crawled into bushes in the garden, swam in the fountain, smoked the free banana joints, smoked real cannabis ones, tripped out, ate breakfast, ate dandyfloss, burned incense, burned candles and tapers, made love, slept, played drums, whistles, flutes, guitars, collected autographs, met old friends. They walked about, danced all night and were relaxed and beautiful and warm. Even at dawn if someone bumped into you they would turn and say, "I'm sorry man!"

The tickets were collected and order kept by Michael X and his black Muslim friends. It is interesting to note that Britain has only one coloured policeman. Here Michael X and friends maintained everyone's cool in the most civil, polite, helpful and friendly way I've ever seen -- something the rude, boorish, British Fuzz should have seen.

Press reaction centred about Carol Mann having all her clothes clipped off her by the audience as part of a quiet happening. The press didn't notice Dick Gregory's talk or the fact that this was the friendliest, most relaxed and sociable gathering of thousands of people that has ever occurred in Britain. The 14 hour technicolour dream was the greatest vote of confidence possible. The underground does exist in Britain even though the common use of the word means subway-trains. It is here and peaceful and loving and relaxed. Dig IT!

Rational Living Now Available

Dr. Albert Ellis' Institute for Rational Living now has a Living Journal, called (surprise) "Rational Living", which is accessible to all curious neurotics and mindprobers. In issue number two, interesting conclusions are made by a California psychology professor in a study on "Who's more hedonistic, honest and unprejudiced -- conservatives or liberals?" You might be surprised!

In the same issue, a lady MD explores suicide and depression as a result of lack of ego loss; a popular writer (and professor of counseling at S.F. State College) says, "bruising" of teen-age libidos comes from emulating adult sex standards; and Robert Wolf, of The Realist, asks -- and answers -- "Who was Charles Whitman, and Why?"

The first issue of the journal contains an article by Ellis on how to avoid divorce (at least a few ways); a study of the "enthroning of sex" in the U.S. (it's

taken place in the last 50 years); and an analysis of the connection between thinking and depression (thinking causes depression!) One writer tackles the question of whether your therapist should push his philosophies on to you; you may not agree.

The journal, a semi-annual, is about 50 pages each issue and sells for \$1.65 per single copy thru the mail (or \$3.00 a year). But for readers of EVO who'd like an introduction, the Institute will send the first two issues for \$2 (Rational Living, Box EVO, 45 E. 65th Street, NYC 10021)

In the next issue, expected out around June, there's to be a book review by Paul Krassner of Ellis' new book ("How to Prevent Your Child from Becoming a Neurotic Adult"), an article by Ellis on how to talk to adolescents about sex, and an article on involving audiences in psychodrama (the original happening?). Among other things.

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ANNUBIS: magazine of fiction and art in the weird vein. Ask your newsdealer or sample copy 50¢ from The Golden Goblin Press, Eox 323, Arlington, Virginia 22210.



OFFERS

\$100 AWARDED FOR THE BEST FILM BY BOLEX. Movie Subscription Group is sponsoring a Love Film Festival, open to all film makers, to be held from May 15 to June 15. All entries must meet the following requirements: **THEME: LOVE.** * DATE: Films must be submitted to MSG by May 15 * TYPE: 16mm, black & white or color, silent or sound. * LENGTH: Under 10 minutes. * NUMBER: Unlimited. - A jury will select the films to be shown and judged in the competition. Those chosen will be exhibited publicly each Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening, continuously from 8 pm to midnight, for four consecutive weeks -- beginning May 19. (If showings are extended it will be announced in the Village Voice). The FIRST PRIZE of \$100. will be awarded on the basis of audience balloting; the winner to be announced on June 11. For further info please contact Maurice Amar at Movie Subscription Group, 61 E. 11th, NYC 10003, YU 2 6688

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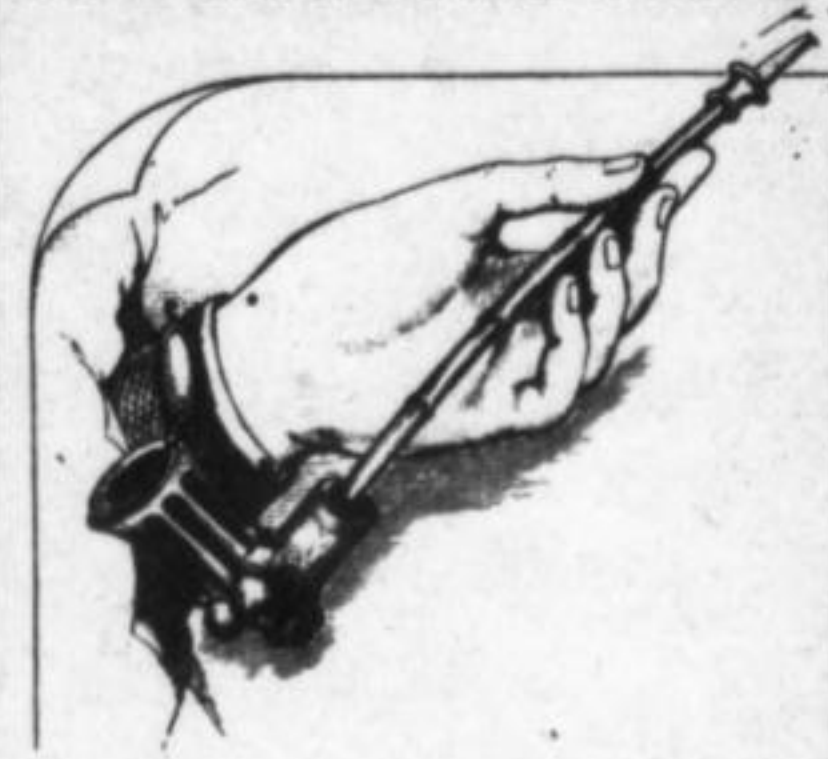
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SPECIAL SERVICES



WANTED: Abortion pill references folklore. Write MC Alchemy, 463 Harzl, Brooklyn, XII

Stashed in between the downtown and the uptown headshops is the ...ZOK SHOP. 404 E. 69th, is where it's blossoming.

The Henry Street Settlement Spring Pottery Sale and Exhibit begins Monday May 8 at 5 pm, and will continue through the summer. On opening night there will be music in the garden and refreshments will be served. Among items for sale are a wide variety of hanging planters, cache pots, vases, mugs, pedestal pots, bowls, ashtrays, candleabra, brightly glazed animals and birds, plaques, Egyptian paste jewelry, boxes, ashtrays, and free form ceramic sculpture. All work is one of a kind made by instructors and advanced students of the Henry Street Settlement Pottery School. Prices begin at 25¢. Proceeds of the sale help maintain a free art program for neighborhood children. For further information, please call Bess Schuyler, WO 2-1100.

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THE EAST VILLAGE IS HAPPENING... From May 28 thru the summer to Sept. 4, the New East Village Assoc. is sponsoring a happening in Tompkins Sq. Pk. There will be art, music, film, fashion, theatre, crafts and all sorts of things that happen here in the East Village. I'm sure you can find your groove in helping to make this happening happen. We need workers desperately in all facets of this festive happening. All who feel they can earnestly help bring this to bear fruit please contact: J. Martin Posner, 982 8342, 9 am to 4 pm. Ron Jackson, 475 9716, 5pm to midnight. Actors, musicians, filmmakers, fashion designers, artists and artisans who are interested in exhibiting their wares please call one of the above numbers. Most importantly we need help in all areas of involvement. CAN WE COUNT ON YOU?

Come! Come! Come! *Dianetics Conference May 29 & 30, 9:30 am - 6:00 pm. Film, demonstrations, lectures free to public. Hubbard Scientology Organization, Hotel Martinique, 49 West 32nd St., NYC. *Dianetics (Gr.) 'through the mind.'

The League for Lousy Lovers is looking for willing females to teach us where it's at. Our officers include the Chairman of the Bored, the Vice President, the Chief Member, the Lay Analyst, and the Secretary of the Interior. We even have a girl, Miss Mariel Thompson, who is our Honorary Titular Head. Write to the League for Lousy Lovers, 211 East 5th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003.



Fri. May 19, 8:30 pm: Forum: THE SEX REVOLUTION AND THE SINGLE MOTHER; THE OFFSPRING'S VIEW. Dr. Martin Kassin, Sullivanian Psychoanalyst; Dr. Lincoln Hanson, Prof. of Psychology, Rockland Comm. College, member, Summerhill Society. Chelsea Hall, 575 6th Ave. (16th St.) 6th floor. Cont. \$2, Members \$1, Students 75¢. Council for Positive Relations.

Friday, May 26, 8:30 pm: Forum THE SUMMERHILL CONTROVERSY: PERMISSIVENESS VS. DISCIPLINE. Al Brooks, Pres. Summerhill Society; Ruth Engel, Dir. Marriage Council and Family guidance; Ed Mentken (Council for Positive Relations) Dau, (Kerista), Abbey (Communitas) and others. Chelsea Hall, 575 6th Ave., (16th St.), 6th floor, Cont. \$2., Members \$1, Students 75¢. Please call CH 3 8993 at 12 noon if there are any questions. Ed Mentken.

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Veins and laughter / sleep in pious dementia / while lordship and swallow / imparadise a fables murder / with the leprosy of silence / and a clairvoyant shame of birth. Orpheus Jr. YU 2 4471



PRURIENT

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? Spoken on EGO by the Void (that which cannot be seen as other/the final mask) ("In der beggining is der Void"), is the present Logos (Word of which the Crea-tion is the materialization; the Wheelage 'Voice' spoke the East Wheelage 'Other') following in Logical sequence the previous Crea-tion of WHO AM I? Spoken on WHIM (WHO AM) which was finally answered I AM GOD (Meher B aba's 'God Speaks' is the story of that Crea-tion.) The OM (I'm, Mu,) and names-of God (Hari Krishna Ram, God, etc.) mantrams are obsolete, along with the word 'mantram (meant 'Ram'). One could probably attain Enlightenment by repeating the words WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? Mentally or aloud, indefinitely, continuing no matter what (Until answer is reached, which then becomes the Logos) (WHAT IS WATTS, California/Kali far in/foreign ya? Alan/Elohim Watts, Word, What?/War AB-OUT is 'from Out', THE is Greek "the-os, the'a" "god; goddess" (t-he/tee - hee) OTHERS is Otters/Porpoise/Purpose / Seal / Dolphin / Delphi/ Telephone, Authors, Odders. I am American and apparently the only Enlightened man in Nu Yoga Siddhi (T. Leary and Police Comm. Leary are a Yin-Yang, Harry Haller/Harry Heller Magic "The Iter" manifestation of the Maya (MAG-GIC) /Mayor of NY, Bhaktivedanta's a professor) I am holding 7 classes, every Friday sundown beginning May 19, in the religions, esoteric arts and possibly transcendental, 4 hours each, no money involved, 610 E. 13th St. (3C), Benedict Schwartzberg. Title Wave: I am God, Buddha, Brahma-Vishnu (Krishna-Ram) Shiva, a Zen Master, Ubermensch, a Clear, and Master of the Triple Worlds. Send names for receiving a free publication soon out, financial support if you're rich and so minded. - Hell: El: Eli: Allah: (Cinder-) Ella: All. (Bible: "Be I, be Eli") Helochim: Helen: Halloween: Harlem: Alone ("Mona Lisa") Yhw: Your Way (Roman Jove, J/V are Y/W sounds in Lat. and Heb.) El plus -ove is L-OVE. "All forms are costumes; Brahma takes every role." Barrymore is Brahma, Beau Brummel is Bo(Bodhi tee/Body/Tree with its roots in the hair) Brahm-El. Abram is Brama. "Sheba is Shiva is Shiva is the one bier to halve when you're halving more than one." Krishna is Kristus, the finger cymbals are the fingernails and toenails, the Nails in the Hands and Feet (the 'Jew-Els) the hair on the head is the Crown of Thorns. Koan is Kavin/ Cain/ Cain: Cain Abel/ Cannibal, Cain Eve/Carnivore, Con Edison / Cain Eater's Son. Abel/Apple; Old Testament is Old Tester Meant. Psychedelic/Say "Cadillac" not "Catholic" as Zazen is "Say 'Sane' not Zen. LSD is El Said (Genesis / Gnosis 1) Pot is Path, Grass is Grace (Pot or Grass is Pythagoras"). The 'white' 'red' and 'black' man is the colors of the 3 worlds in the 'Eack of Odd Guitar: Caucasians are tan, "Say 'tan', Satan!" (Man-hat-tan) Green Witch Wheelage is Oz, Oz-world killed Kennedy (Cannot-er, Canada, Kunda) "Off the Wheel" means "Off the Veil", (Get the veil off True Self; the Mysterics.) eNL-ighT-enMENT is NIL-ATTAINMENT Ordinary mind is Buddha mind. The old man in all his homelessness.

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