

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

JAN. 12 - 17, 1968

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VOL. III, NO. 6

NOSNHOP



FOREVER?

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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Oh God
 Dear EVO



George Washington.

2

Dear EVO,
 Here is the brochure on a show of my still photographs and underground films. It opened yesterday at one of Manila's two coffee houses. The enclosed cheque for \$100.00 represents the nights' take for viewing the films. It isn't much but I would like you and the EVO to decide which of the Anti-War groups or the Anti-Draft groups needs it the most and give it to them. A small contribution from this "scene."

Peace,
 M.J. Parsons
 1515 Roxas Boulevard
 Manila, Philippines

Enc.
 cc: Mr. Kenneth Brown

3

Richard L. Gale, 19 year-old peaceworker for the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action, announced publicly his resignation from the United States Army at a press conference held on the morning of January 2, 1968 in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The press conference was a demonstration supporting DeCourcy Squire and Michael Mattin, co-workers of Gale. They are now serving jail sentences as a result of December 7, 1967 induction center sit-in in Cincinnati.

Gale was on Christmas leave from Fort Dix, New Jersey which ended at 12 o'clock midnight on January 2, 1968.

The following is a letter written by Gale to Commanding Officer, Lt. John Smith:
 January 2, 1968

Lt. John Smith, Company Commander
 Delta Company
 Fourth Battalion, Second BCT Brigade
 Fort Dix, New Jersey

Brother Smith:
 This letter is my formal resignation from the United States Army. I am now on Christmas leave. My orders stipulate that I return on January 2, 1968. I will not be returning.

I have come to this course of action after seeing and hearing what the military is doing to the young men of the United States.

I sat through orientations that I might have expected to see in a Communist country. I have watched hundreds of men being made to yell "Kill!, kill!" as they plunged their bayonets into dummies simulating "the enemy."

I see basic training as a transformation process. The Army is succeeding in accomplishing the horrible and ugly job of transforming a man into a machine, a machine that can kill without feeling.

I have talked to many men who have just come back from Vietnam. I heard them telling how they slaughtered innocent people for the mere joy of killing.

But surely the slaughter of innocent people so many miles from home is not defending our country, lives, or principles. The United States military, instead of defending "the free world," is jeopardizing its own existence as well as that of all humanity.

I choose no longer to be a part of this process of destruction, and therefore, I submit my resignation.
 In the name of Peace,
 Richard L. Gale

Copies to:
 President of the United States
 Secretary of Defense
 Senators
 Congressmen



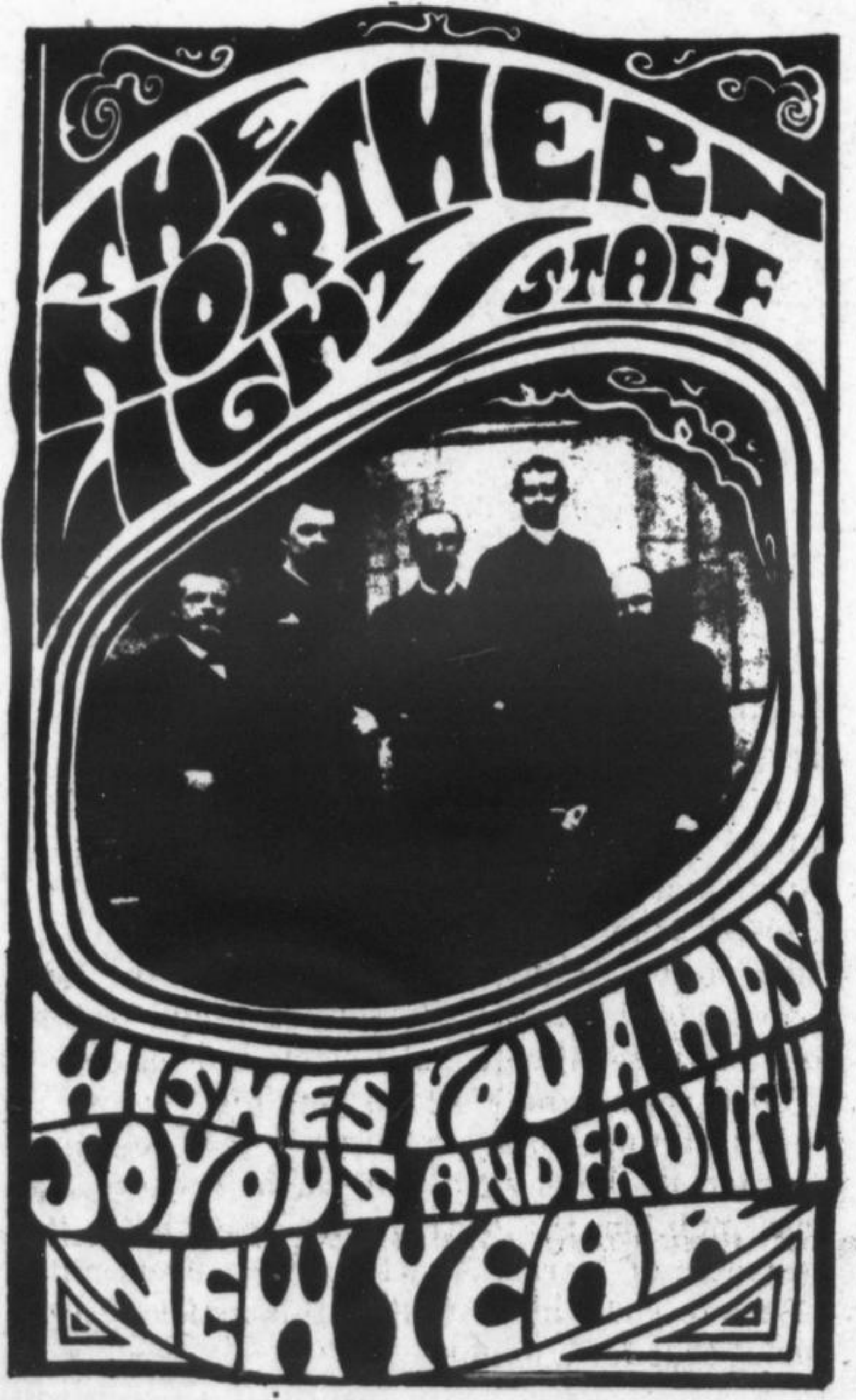
1

Dear Editor,
 As an Airman assigned at I.I. Sawyer Air Force Base, Marquette, Mich., I thought you and perhaps the rest of the Underground Press Syndicate would like to see what our editors of the Base newspaper put on the front page of their New Year's issue. This base is part of the Strategic Air Command, and has a long history of being quite conservative in its activities, inasmuch as SAC is equal to mom's apple pie, etc. Anyway I'm quite sure this front cover is a first for all Air Force newspapers, if not all military newspapers.

If the military (the backbone of this nation) is incorporating psychedelic art to motivate its troops, doesn't this sort of take the edge off the rebelliousness of the new art?

CONFUSED.....

For SAC cover, see below -- Ed.



4

Dear EVO,
 By chance I came across your degenerate rag the other day. I'd like you to know, vermin, that your days of pushing filth on the public are numbered as there is a drive in action at present to force a ban on smut papers. Your contempt for law and order will be short lived! To conclude, idiots; if this beloved country should ever go under, you half wits will be the first to be eliminated.

Ponder this... ..scum.

Laugh now.....while you can!!!

M.M. & B.S.

We're not afraid. God is on OUR side--Ed.

5

Dear EVO,
 Loyal patriots, VFWers, DARers, John Birchers, interested citizens and all supporters of the war in Viet Nam:

The time is here to show our massive strength; to demonstrate our unwavering faith in President Johnson and his present Viet Nam policies. Ours is a great and noble cause for a great and noble nation promulgated by a great and noble President. We must stand behind him.

To demonstrate our faith in the President, the COMMITTEE for the ACCELERATION of the VIETNAM ESCALATION of AMERICAN TROOPS (CAVEAT) is now taking subscriptions and contributions from interested parties to import to the United States one Viet Cong soldier, fully armed and indoctrinated. Our followers, numbering several tens of thousands, will converge on the corner of 6th Avenue and 8th Street at 12:00 noon on February 3, at which time we will actually participate in the Vietnam War by surging in and officially beating this vicious Viet Cong to death. Napalm will be supplied to early arrivals. The Viet Cong will be supplied with blank ammunition to simulate war-time conditions.

After the victory (assuming, of course, we defeat the Viet Cong soldier) there will be an awarding of medals to those participants who demonstrated bravery, loyalty, etc., and purple hearts to those wounded or injured in their zeal.

Women and children welcome.

DON'T LIVE VICARIOUSLY**

SUPPORT THE WAR IN VIETNAME PERSONALLY THE GREAT SOCIETY WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS!!!

Sincerely yours,

CAVEAT

N.Y.N.Y.

P.S. Flowers and herbs will not be considered as weapons when the medals are given out

TURN ON TO EVO APPEAL

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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ICARUS

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KUMZ

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

by

GERALDSTEINBERG

On June 15, 1968 don't be where Icarus is because if is you won't be. In space, a little to your left if you face toward Iceland, is a chunk of rock and space refined metal approximately 1.2 miles wide and 300 yards thick and it is only 16,000,000 miles away and it is traveling at 13,940 mph to a place where you are going to be on June 15th.

Professor S. T. Butler of Sydney University in Australia on February 4, 1965 tried to explain through the establishment's media that Icarus, a planetoid weighing about as much as Mount Everest was to pass within 500,000 miles of the Earth. However, if scientific calculations were off .0000001, Icarus, whose orbital eccentricity quotient of .83 makes it the most unpredictable of all planetoids, could come considerably closer. Icarus, which is a scaled down planet, will make it through the atmosphere and, even though it will be about 1/3 of its former self, it will still be a formidable piece of rock if it hits where you or one of your loved ones happen to be.

Why isn't the American government alarmed? It is. This is going to sound like a science fiction movie but the Government went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and asked them to devise a plan by which Icarus could be destroyed if it appeared to be coming too close to the Earth. M.I.T. came up with the plan last October and this is it: M.I.T. outlined a plan by which Icarus would be blown up in space by seven Saturn rockets each carrying an atomic payload of 40 megatons. Now, when these rockets hit Icarus out in space there will be a bang worth 280 million tons of

TNT and *supposedly* Icarus will become atomic waste and not hurt anybody. But the fact is almost 2000 deaths can be attributed to Icarus already in the guise of earthquakes in India and China, freak snow storms in Arizona and tidal waves in the Aleutians: these things being influenced by the gravitational pull of Icarus.

Earthquakes are very important to people living in America because a fault line runs from San Francisco through Ohio across New York City and on into the Atlantic Ocean. A fault line is that place which will most likely crack and open in the earth in the event of an earthquake.

Another danger we embrace with Icarus' approach is that of drowning. If Icarus does *not* pass through the Earth's atmosphere its gravitational pull will be increased because it will not lose any of its mass that it would lose by being partly burnt up entering our atmosphere. Icarus in its full size has about the same weight and mass as Mount Everest including everybody that ever climbed it or tried to. So when this mountain passes the Earth from the East to West at about 420 miles up (about as far as Washington, D.C. is from New York) it will pass over the blue grey green salty occasionally white capped Atlantic Ocean, which is made of water and is not very heavy when you measure a square foot of it. This is because the ocean, relative to that which its bed is made of, is less dense. It, the ocean, is also less dense than Icarus. This means that when Icarus passes the ocean, the ocean, like the body of a swooning lover, will reach for Icarus to try and stop him

from his flight to the sun. And when Icarus has passed, leaving behind his stunned girlfriend who has reached up literally 327 feet and has followed him from Ireland to the Battery of Lower Manhattan, but has failed to stop him, in desperation the ocean will throw herself to the ground with one mighty sob and instead of crying she will become one tear. A tear as tall as the 31st floor of the RCA building in Rockefeller Plaza. This tear will fall from 327 feet up, will have fallen from 3000 miles away and will in speed by trying to keep up with Icarus who will have slowed down only a little from his original 13,490 mph.

On the other hand if there were an earthquake and a tidal wave, everything might work out for the better because an earthquake might push Manhattan Island up up out of the water and the huge tidal wave would just crash against our cliffs, like the cliffs of Dover only our cliffs would be oily brown instead of shaley-white. Again, on the other hand, we could be saved the anguish of a tidal wave if we had an earthquake that caused Manhattan Island to sink to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. This way the tidal wave would hit New Jersey; it would be like one of those Abbott and Costello movies where Abbott ducks and Costello gets hit.

All of these dangers increase in direct proportion to the closeness of Icarus because Icarus' pull on the Earth increases with the nearness of Icarus. And Icarus got 90.40 miles closer to you while you read this article. Think about that for a minute.



Why is this man smiling

MISSION: Keep your eyes open for subversives

From the beginning of November, the City of New York has been trying to squeeze the hip community out of existence. The Department of Sanitation blamed hippies for dirty streets; the Housing Department put pressure on landlords to eliminate undesirables (closing both free stores); and the police moved in to wipe out the movement's one independent source of money—traffic in various consciousness expanding agents.

Before the October 21 confrontation at the Pentagon, the mass media pampered the image of an emasculated, apolitical hippie as a comfortable alternative to the virus of new left politics. The real efforts of hip ghetto organizers, the appearances of the diggers, etc., and the spread of the bikey myth, actually indicated that this was the more integral, more flexible rebellion, on many more levels. But the vision of freaks storming the gates of America's war machine was the straw that broke the camel's back. Anti-hippie propaganda began to appear shortly afterwards in *TIME* and *NEWSWEEK*. This was like saying to the cops, "Look—we're no longer holding them up in our hands." This quick fall from grace had two effects. The hippies, long hypnotized by their image in the media, lost cohesion and self-confidence and predictably, the government moved in to wipe out hip counter-institutions—free stores, free mass media (*The AVATAR*, in Boston, was forced to suspend printing and *EVO*'s news dealers

have been arrested) and the network of suspected pot and acid dealers.

Acid, of course, is the true consciousness-expander; the deconditioning catalyst behind the various social changes associated with the hip culture. It is the spectre of this deconditioning agent being applied to the general American population that has prompted ruthless police suppression of its manufacture and sale-suppression so effective that acid has virtually disappeared from the street. Marijuana was next.

Informers and police really started circulating in the area after Groovy's murder. Then in December, several hundred people were rounded up all over lower Manhattan. On the lower east side, whole apartment full, and in one case, a whole store full of people were arrested, charged with prior sales, possession, or loitering with intent to buy dangerous drugs—when in fact the premises and everybody involved were clean. If on the basis of an informer's testimony, the police thought you were up to something, and knew that they couldn't actually get a sale on you, they busted anyway, and a pre-dated, pre-signed warrant would be ready 20 minutes after they got you to the stationhouse. The police refuse to play fair. Their course of action is intended, simply, to wipe out the competition through legal costs—not just the competition of a deviant subculture, but the competition of cheap drugs which threatened the Narcotics Police Department's own stake in the

DEPT. OF
JUSTIFIED PARANOIA

NEVER TRUST A MAN WITH A BEARD.

IRVING SHUSHNICK

traffic of hard drugs.

It is a strange fact that south of the 9th Precinct, where hippies have not really penetrated the Puerto Rican ghetto, heroin is abundant, while grass is scarce and expensive. In the East Village, there is plenty of meth on the street, but acid has been practically unavailable. The police were the ones who recently pressed for, and got, new fifteen year penalties for the sale of "narcotic" drugs—heroin, cocaine, amphetamine, and marijuana. This makes dealing these drugs so dangerous that police have sewn up the traffic in all but grass. The network of police informers retails meth and scag with impunity in return for a cut in the proceeds and information about the competition. Bigger syndicate and Mafia connections pay off, in drugs and money. And the police themselves . . . well, rumor among dealers has it that Imp and Koch, the notorious narco team busted with others for selling cocaine, were eliminated because they hadn't cut the right people in on the profits. All of this is an example of how the open activities of an institution (the police getting the new harsh laws on drugs) tend to compliment the hidden, less than legal activities.

All of this favors hard drugs, since the mark-up on grass and acid is insufficient to maintain pay-offs. Furthermore, acid leads to social disruption, the development of new lifestyles, etc. The police could never allow the sale of acid. Now, it is true that "needle drugs" like amphetamine and heroin lead to isolated crimes of violence and crimes against property. (In fact, the only difference between a junky and a speedfreak in this respect, is that the speedfreak takes off more people, because speed is a stimulant). But this is not a bad thing for the police. The New York Police Department has the same relationship to individual crime—as opposed to demonstrations or insurrection—that the Pentagon has toward war. A rising number of crimes committed by individuals provides the "believable threat" to society that justifies the maintenance and growth of the police, without uncomfortable modifications. The police could stop methedrine dead, just as they've stopped acid. But by pumping meth into the scene they can reduce a large number of the less hip to junky games of living for the next spoon, petty thefts, etc. Amphetamine destroys the communion of the scene, reducing hippies to criminals. This is an example of the way that the unintended consequences of below-board activities within an institution (the police) can compliment and support the existence of the institution.

In New York, you can get 15 years for selling marijuana, a medically harmless flower, while you can murder someone and do 10.

Let's start planting new seeds. Our flowers have been trampled. Weed your gardens.

Many of us are so extremely dissatisfied with the state of society that we want to change it structurally, make a revolution. But what we most want to change, and the lever that seems promising in order to make a change, is likely to differ from group to group, as each group is in the world. I trust that this is merely a common sense remark. But my experience at this conference has been that when people disagree with me, one method they use to ignore me is to say, "Oh that's just common sense." And they then don't pay any attention to it and proceed as if it were not the case. This procedure, of disregarding the obvious, is intensely interesting to me.

Let me discuss briefly three revolutionary crises as they appear to different groups. Start with one that is undebatable. There is a high risk that the world will be destroyed by nuclear war within the next ten or fifteen years, and everybody agrees that total destruction is a Bad Thing. Now if one has been, like myself, a pacifist for forty years, one is terribly impressed that during that period, since the First World War, the potentiality has been increasing at a rapid rate and is now catastrophic. This fact has a terrible weight of evidence. And from this point of view it follows quite simply that in the world at present the real We and They is the people of the world against the power structure of the world: the power is the enemy, whatever its politics or ideology. I don't mean necessarily that the different powerful nations are equally culpable politically or morally; but they are what they are because they are powerful -- they think in certain terms. They have invested their capital and their brains along a certain line; for twenty years they have been stockpiling nuclear weapons or making desperate attempts to get them. Necessarily, this kind of thinking becomes "rationality" in their societies. It makes the decision.

We can assume, I think, that no decision-maker plans for the bust-up, yet there is an almost inevitable drift toward that bust-up. And we can easily imagine circumstances that would produce it. Consider my own country. Suppose there is a continuing rash of very bad riots on the streets. And, as a result, an extreme reactionary group is swept into power. Then suppose that one of the big South American countries, Brazil or Chile, goes Castroite -- as could happen at any time. It is almost inevitable that, in a panic, nuclear bombs would be dropped. I myself think that, mutatis mutandis, the same situation could occur in China within a few years (though many people at this conference would, of course, vehemently deny it.) At present the Soviet bloc seems to be the balancing force of reason in the world, but I would not have said this in 1958 and who knows what the panic-level will be in 1976.

From this point of view, therefore, the immediate revolutionary slogan is "Get the power away from the people who have that kind of power, whoever they are." This involves getting rid of national boundaries, visas, censorship of international communication, Berlin walls. It means internationalizing space exploration, aid to underdeveloped regions, overseas youth corps, de-energizing national competition and building the world community. The notion of peaceful co-existence among national powers obviously does not work, for "deterrence" is not a stalemate, it escalates.

The instinct of Gandhi was correct. So long as India was colonized, he was a nationalist, for it was necessary first to find identity and shake off the imperial oppressor. But then, having achieved nationhood, it was wise to get rid of the Pakistan boundary and ultimately the Chinese boundary, to walk across those boundaries and make friends by the same non-violent means. So Buber in Israel. Buber felt, rightly or wrongly, that for historical reasons the Jews had to occupy Palestine and affirm their national identity with their own land. But then, once the State was established, he urged to dissolve it, to become binational and enter into fraternity with the Arabs at whatever cost; to spend the money sent by American Jews to create Arab-Israeli cooperation. Gandhi and Buber were of course repudiated as entirely unrealistic, but who was realistic? Israel is now developing its atom bomb and India will develop an atom bomb if it has time.

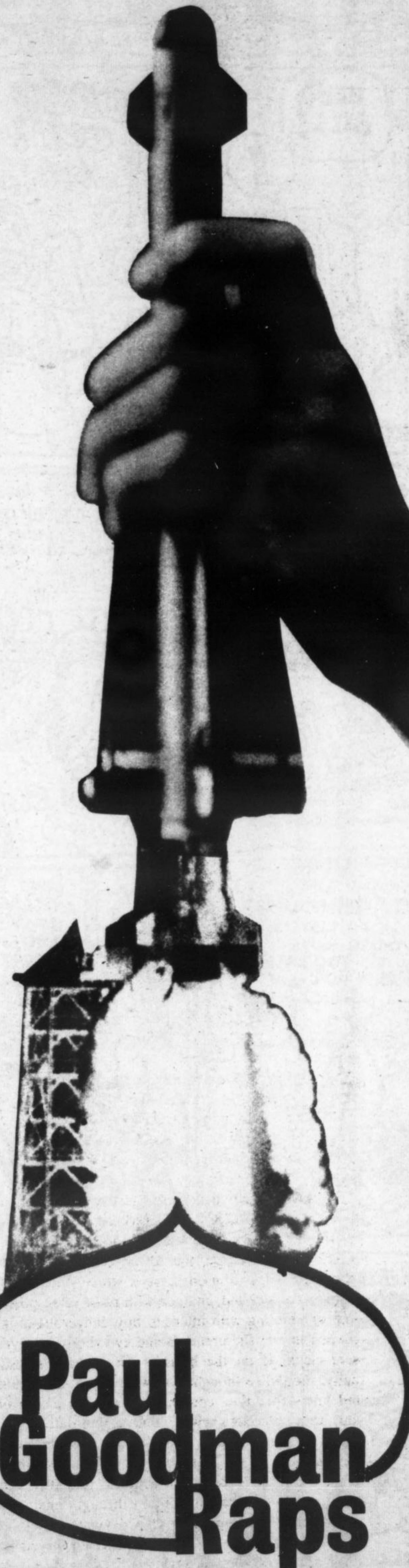
In brief, during the national revolution it is necessary to keep in the back of one's mind that the only real revolution is humanity and peace. But to keep reconciliation in the back of one's mind is certainly injurious to one's rhetoric. It is a dilemma.

Two weeks ago I was in Hungary at an international meeting of youth leaders organized by the Friends. There were twenty young people from communist states and twenty from Spain, Italy, France, England, Holland, and the United States. In important respects it was clear that these young people had more in common with one another -- a sub-culture of their own and an alienation from the incompetence, double-talk, and pressuring of the previous generation -- than any had with their respective countries. They were, potentially, an international of radical youth, with the same attitudes and slogans from New York or Madrid or Warsaw or Prague. (There were no Chinese present.) Finally, after they had adopted resolutions against the Vietnam War and on behalf of the French journalists in Bolivia to test their temper I introduced the following resolution: Since there was an imminent threat of nuclear war, and since the older people were drifting, it was up to the young, just to survive, to take the issue into their own hands and form a common front transcending national and bloc boundaries. For instance, to organize co-ordinated demonstrations in all capitals against the four great nuclear powers, and to try to boycott them. Especially the young of the non-nuclear nations could take the lead and try to sweep the others along.

THE DIALECTICS OF LIBERATION

PAUL GOODMAN

Part One



This seemed to be an innocent proposal. I assured them that if we could get 500 picketing in Warsaw, we could get 50,000 in Washington. But at present, in America as in England, when the pacifist crowd grows to a certain point, there comes the cry, "What about Them?" and this is hard to answer when there is nothing about Them.

What happened to the proposal? Except for two Maoists from Italy and a Trotskyite from England -- I shall return to these -- the young people from the West thought that it was a long shot but worth trying. The Yugoslavs supported it, as a common front, which they compared with the front against the Fascists in 1935. The young Czechs also were for it -- intensely. (Indeed, when I tried to drop the matter since I could not get unanimity, they would not allow it, but went around trying to collect signatures.) They were, in fact, at dagger's point with their own regime, which had censored their newspaper and was threatening to jail them. From the other communist countries, I heard the following: The East Germans made the sad complaint, "You are right but we do not dare demonstrate. We have suffered too much. You don't know what it's like." The young Hungarian said, "Foreign policy is the business of the government. If a youth group spontaneously initiates a demand on a point of foreign policy -- even if it is the government policy -- it is a subversive act. We are patriotic Soviet Hungarians." The Poles were apparatchik types and accused me of bourgeois idealism, because I isolated the question of nuclear war from the general context of political conflict. The Italian Maoists and the English Trotskyite said that the present necessity was for China to develop an atom bomb and my proposal was divisive and counter-revolutionary. "It would be better" -- I quote literally -- "that all mankind be destroyed than that 700 million Chinese be disadvantaged, for they are the future."

I report this episode to illustrate the difficulties at present even of nuclear pacifism, even among radical youth. Finally the meeting adopted a simpler proposal: to establish a Committee of Correspondence on the subject, address Julian Lousada, 6 Rossetti Studios, Flood Street, London SWS, England.

Turn now to the point of view of ecologists and community-planners, and a different revolutionary crisis seems salient; within a generation there will be a catastrophe because of the abuse of technology on an unprecedented scale, wrong land use, wrong urbanization, and over-centralized management. This crisis is understood mainly by professionals, biologists, engineers, educators, and psychiatrists but it is felt universally as powerlessness, alienation, anemic, and in increasingly serious physical disasters and epidemic mental and social pathology. In some regions there is probably a real danger of overpopulation, though I tend to be skeptical of Malthusian arguments until glaring political and economic abuses have been remedied.

I won't spell out the sophisticated details of these environmental and ecological emergencies -- others can do it far more competently and it is hardly any longer necessary, especially to people who live in giant cities. But the point is that these things are going to do us in, maybe not so quickly as the atom bombs might, but maybe only ten years later if we are spared the bombs. But perhaps even more important is that because of the bad ecology, even in the present stage, the preparation or reconstruction of a decent society becomes less and less possible because of the ecological causes. Consider that the Mayor of New York has said that it would cost \$50 billion to make New York "livable." There isn't going to be that kind of money; and what does it mean to live where it is unlivable and getting worse? to try to do reasonable politics when there is increasing alienation, anomie depression, nervous disease, degenerative disease, overcrowding, etc.? Things might look fine on the surface -- the Gross National Product might be rising in some places and in others everybody can be quoting from Chairman Mao's little red book, but all are getting deeper into the bog. Here again, clearly, we have to go across national, ideological, and bloc boundaries. But the relevant thinking -- e.g. rural reconstruction, decentralization to counter-ervail anomie, ecological education as more important than education for hardware technology -- such things are not major political issues; they belong to crack-pots.

It makes sloganeering difficult. How is one to say, "Up with Chairman Mao" but "Down with the Maoist educational system?" It is not impressive.

If you come from an ecological background, however, it will be self-evident to you that these considerations must be kept in the foreground. They are perhaps not the most important thing. But what is the most important thing?

Incidentally, I myself don't know how, politically, to handle this dilemma.

So let's turn quickly to another revolutionary situation which I guess everybody here would insist on as pretty near to the most crucial thing: the fact that two thirds of mankind is getting both relatively and absolutely poorer because of the abuse of technology, economic greed, power plays, and misguided foreign aid of the "Have" nations. This process certainly overrides the boundary between the so-called western nations and the so-called communist nations -- though China is not yet a "Have" nation.

Now what do we find that the leaders of the majority of mankind, the defenseless and starving, do? They lust for the whole package of the western technology. This is called their rising aspirations. The other days Stokely Carmichael was talking about African culture and the Africans following their own way; but in fact the political leaders were trained in Cambridge

Continued on Page 17

UP, UP AND AWAY

FORCES OF EVIL CONQUERED!

Sky Hi Comics

KOZMIC TROUTHS! KICKS!

VIPEE

TELL IT LIKE IT IS, TOO MUCH!

MAKING SOME HOT WAVES

featuring good ol' **BILL DICK**

CRAZY POPS!

CAN Y' DIG IT?



Then on the Other Hand...

by R. CRUMB CARTONIST HERO OF THE PEOPLE



TALES FROM THE MADHOUSE

BY ALGERNON BISHOPASH and JIM RODRIGUEZ

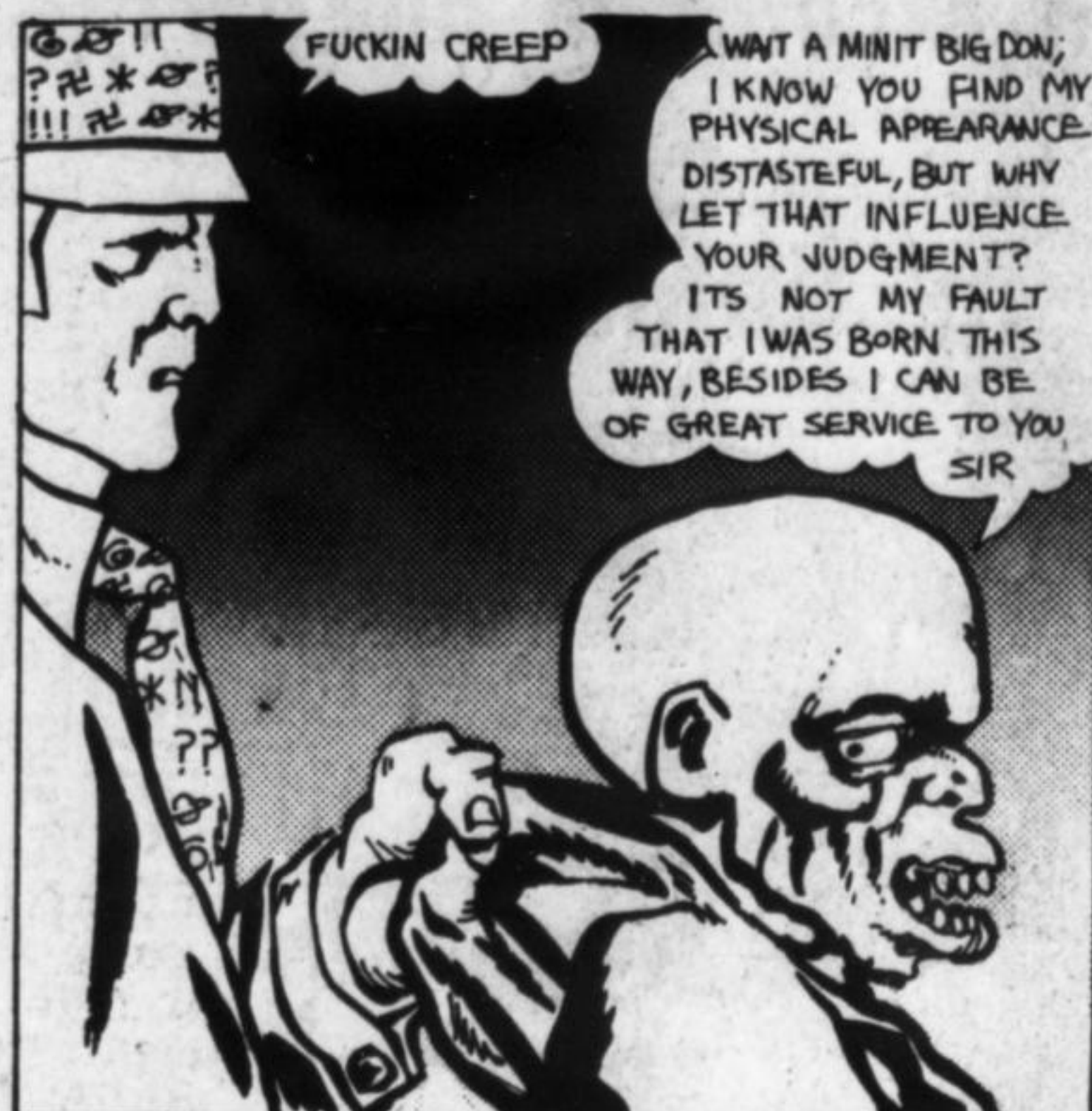
LAST WEEK WE LEFT YOUNG KATHY NESBITT IN THE CLUTCHES OF NILUS NECROPHLUM



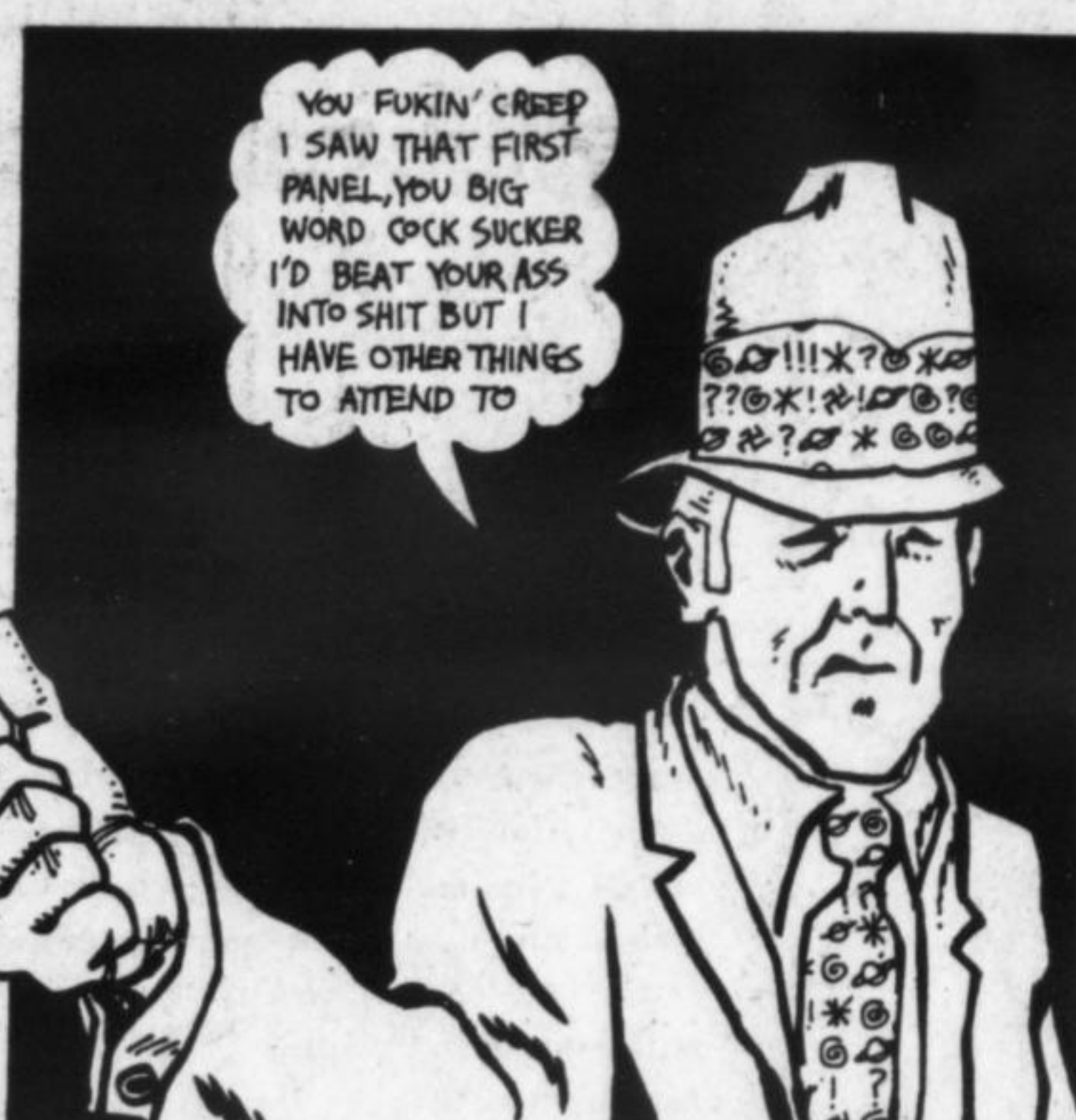
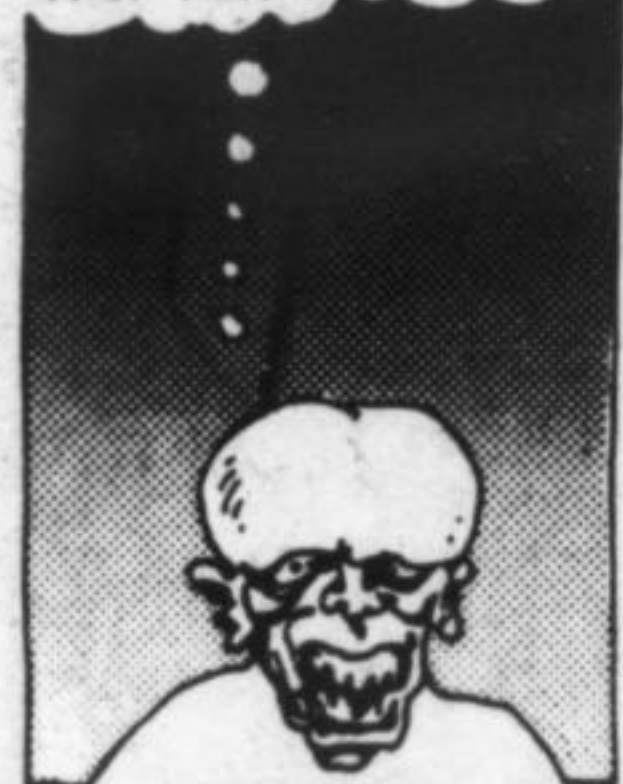
SO NILUS IS HOLDING OUT ON ME WHY THE LITTLE WRETCH, I ALWAYS WANTED TO WRING THAT LITTLE PUNKS SCRAWNY NECK

THE MOTHER FUKER

MEANWHILE UNNOTICED BY NILUS NECROPHLUM, **BIG DON PERNIL** ARRIVES ON THE SET



WHY THE CONTEMPTABLE CWF, HE WAS SWAYED BY THAT TRITE BIT OF RHETORIC. BRUTE FORCE ALWAYS SUCCUMBS TO THE FORCE OF THE INTELLECT... PROBABLY SPOILED AS A CHILD NOW I'LL CONTINUE TO TWIST THAT MALLEABLE DOLT TO SUIT MY NEFARIOUS ENDS. HEH.. HEH HEH



RESPOND TO THE RISING TIDE OF PROTEST!



Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free...

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an excerpt in one part

CAST OF CHARACTERS



"BILL"



"TOM"



WE-KO-EET-SENKO

The editors of *The Village Other* like to read only the most obscure writings of unknown authors. The following article is selected for our reader's pleasure from *Harper's New York and Erie Railroad Guide* published in 1851. We believe it is one of the greatest pieces of American literature to come across our cluttered desks.

Bill Quick, the father of Tom, was one of the most noted of these hunters and fighters. The Indians murdered Bill's father, and the son swore revenge upon them to the extent of *one hundred lives*, that being his sire's estimated value in red-skins. Bill hastened to put his vow in execution, and no amateur dog-slayer in the month of August ever went to work with more zeal than did Bill with his knife and rifle. Those trusty weapons every day gave him his daily head. He did not carry off their *scalps*; those would have been but common-place certificates of his performances. He brought away their entire heads, and, having dissected and labeled them, carefully put them away on shelves in his hut. The collection of heads thus "wisely kept for show" rapidly increased with his skill and practice. His vigilance was as extraordinary in eluding his foes as in decapitating them. In vain they tried to entrap the pale face whom they knew was thus rapidly thinning out their tribe. At last the mortality became so great, and his safety seemed so secure, that they, believing him to use supernatural agency, avoided him and his haunts altogether. This did not please the collector of Indian heads, for, his *returns* beginning to come in more slow, he feared that too many years would be necessary to accomplish his vow. His skulls now increased slowly, though steadily, and an acute chronologist might have guessed the increasing lapses of time between the red "flesh-tints" of his last deposit and the mellow hues and ivory gloss of its predecessor. Time, too, was doing his work upon Bill. The eye of the bold hunter of men was growing less keen in detecting the red-skins, his step not so active in dodging them, and his hand shook while "covering" them with his rifle. Age, however, could not quench his determination to fulfill his vow. However languidly he awoke in the morning, one glance at the shelves of his grinning phrenological cabinet would make him bounce out of bed, seize his rifle, and take to the woods. In this pious work the hunter grew old. His son Tom, long since a man grown, had often wished "to follow to the field his warlike lord," "but his sire denied." Bill would allow no partnership, and resolved to finish the bloody game as he commenced it, *single-handed*. At last the *ninety-ninth* Indian skull was deposited with the others, and Bill, pleased at the thought of soon wiping out the "to be continued" he had chalked upon the last of his collection, prepared for his last sortie, quite willing, if it proved successful, for his own bones to be "laid on the shelf!" It might have been the agitation caused by this thought of a speedy fulfillment of his vow that made old Bill suddenly ill, and then he knew his time had come. Calling his son Tom to his bedside, he told him he was dying, and that he had a legacy to leave him. "That row of Injun skulls, Tom! There's ninety-nine on 'em, and I swore to make 'em a hundred, but the Lord won't let me, Tom, but wants you to finish the job! I charge you to do it, Tom, or your father's ghost, and your murdered grandfather's too, will come and haunt you!" With this exhortation, the old hunter, with his eyes fixed on his trophies, gave up the ghost.

Now whether old Bill had drove off the Indians, or made them too cautious, or Tom was unskillful, does not appear, but the son did not prove equal to the task solemnly imposed upon him. In vain did Tom scour the woods, and try his best to catch the "last of the Mohicans." Years rolled past, and the niche on the shelves still remained vacant. The effect of his failures were disastrous upon Tom. He lost all confidence in his abilities, and sank into fatalism. "It was *jest* his luck!" With a son's pride, he would survey his hereditary skulls, and sigh for the glory of adding to them the last skull, at that time so provokingly safe upon its proprietor's shoulders! From these interviews between the "quick and the dead" he would retire, downcast and despairing, and finally sought relief for his troubled conscience in the "last infirmity of noble minds"—the bottle! "How could he get the hundredth head, when there were no Injuns to grow 'em?" And then Tom drank a bumper to the rest of the soul of his grandsire, whom he thought ought to be content with the not very "vulgar fraction" of ninety-nine Indian lives. Amid these potations, however, would appear the figure of his father wrapped in bear-skin—"his habit as he lived"—who, pointing to the incomplete row of heads, would shake his fist at Tom; and then the skulls would grin, and skeleton thumbs would appear at their snubby skeleton noses, and skeleton fingers would wag their rattling joints at him; and then his father's ghost would chant forth old *hundred*, and Tom would rush out, staggering, with his rifle, to return empty-handed, as usual. In this way Tom has lived to be an old man, his energies wasted and his health impaired by the heavy thought of the non-execution of his father's dying request. Like Hamlet, he is the victim of a false position—unequal, though inclined to accomplish the mission imposed upon him. With the "sweet prince," he might rail against the "cursed spite" of being born to reduce the dislocated joints of his sire's soul, and paraphrase his invective thus:

"Injuns are out of date! Oh, cursed blunder,
That I was born to make these skulls a *hunder!*"

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ALLAN KATZMAN

Jim Fouratt, the actor turned hippie turned actor, and Bob Fass of WBAI, have bit parts in an up and coming TV series NYPD. Fass is scheduled to play, of all things, an underground editor. Fouratt will be playing what he is.

I'm sure all this new notoriety must make Fass happy. It is one of the most important dreams of his life. Of course, most of us, myself included, share in this same fantasy except Fass dreams it so crudely.

I will never forget the time (of course I haven't that is why I bring it up at such an opportune moment) when I mistakenly reported (not a first for EVO) that Paul Krassner was the person who exorcised the Washington monument with cornmeal. It was an honest mistake. (Who would ever have thought Fass guilty of such a creative act.)

The next day I met Fass on the street. But he didn't say hello or goodbye or graciously correct my mistake but ran over to me, his wife right behind him, and both of them yelled into my face the words "BOB FASS BOB FASS BOB FASS BOB FASS." I grabbed his arm as he began to run off and asked the inevitable question; "What is that suppose to mean, Bob?" (Of course I knew the shouting of his name meant MEMEME ME but I really did want to know WHYWHYWHYWHY?)

I know, as a human being with plenty of faults, how funny I must appear to people (this is why at this moment I indulge in one of my greatest faults -- revenge) but, at that moment, Bob Fass appeared ridiculous.

There is an old latin saying JUSTIA FIAT PEREAT MUNDI, "When Justice is done the world ends!" But what happened after LeRoi Jones, poet, playwright, critic and black revolutionary was sentenced to from 2-1/2 to 3 years for illegal possession of arms during the Newark riots, was just the sound of a slight cracking in the old world known as Democracy. Our great courts of law had once again proven how inadequate they were in the execution of justice. The sentence was another milestone on the stupidity of the middle-minded.

His punishment, for me at least, was filled with irony. The fact that a well armed negro during a riot didn't kill the first white man he saw as he stepped out onto the street from his house was the highest touch of irony. Getting caught for illegal possession was another.

Many years ago when LeRoi Jones was just a poet, he had invited me to the University of Buffalo to share a reading with him. I stayed at his house along with his first wife (white) Hetti and their two children.

Roi and I spent several hours talking over long dead issues; poetry was one of them. During the course of the conversation he related to me a personal confidence. His wife and he were finding themselves hard pressed with their neighbors and landlord. None of the neighborhood children were allowed to play with their kids and the landlord was trying to throw them out of the house they had rented. There was a bit of irony involved in all this since the District Attorney of Buffalo at the time was a ngress. She had assured him, "Don't worry Mr. Jones! I'll make sure nothing happens."

Nothing did except what was beyond her control. Roi was constantly harassed by white high school kids yelling from the safety of a moving car, "Hey nigger, get out of this block! You don't belong here!" Once they stopped and were about to confront him but he turned and yelled back, "Hey whitey, come on and I'll cut your balls off." all the while conscientiously jiving by reaching into his pocket for some invisible knife or gun. "It always worked," Roi said to me, "and a good thing too that whitey still believed the myth."

Many years later in some court of law, I couldn't help feeling, they believed him again but this time with disastrous consequences. Whitey didn't backdown and LeRoi Jones now must be counting all the invisible dead of the future when the gun or knife he will be holding next time will be plainly visible.

Here is another interesting item from The Jerusalem Weekend Report:

ANTI-HIPPIE
By Moshe Levinkron (Grade 12)
"Ort" Vocational School, Rehovot

Before I say why I would not like to be a Hippie, I must explain this expression. The Hippie movement was born in San Francisco about a year ago. Its members are all youths, who claim that the world is very ugly, except for flowers, which are very beautiful. They oppose the war in Vietnam. So they wear flowers in their hair and on their clothes. Their clothes are very colourful, beautiful and strange. Among the flowers we may find small bells and many chains. One of their aims is to make people love each other.

This way of life may be good for the American youth, but not for me, and not for Israeli youth. Here in Israel we have many things to do. Our land is a new one, so we have to build it up. Nobody here likes wars, but we fight because our neighbors want to throw us into the sea. So we cannot afford to copy the demonstrations of the Hippies. We cannot demonstrate against wars because of our situation. In America the case is different -- the Hippies there are resisting a war which is in someone else's country.

Furthermore, I do not find the world ugly and I do not need anything -- including flowers -- to make it more beautiful.

The arguments above show us that a movement like that of the Hippies is not suitable for Israel, and that is why I would not like to be a Hippie.

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The Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency this spring will be discussing alleviating the present laws governing marijuana. We, as well as they, now know all the pros and cons of the argument. But it is interesting when you compare the same pros and cons found in a foreign country such as Israel where marijuana smoking is a very small problem.

I quote from the Jerusalem Weekend Post of December 7, 1967: "I can't give you a guarantee, but I have not heard of any students taking drugs. Remember, we don't have an alcohol problem either -- professors and educators from abroad are always amazed by this. Ours is not a bored young generation -- the security situation, their need for careers, the hard work they have to do, all keep them from being bored. All the sabras (native born Israelis) to whom I speak are emphatic about this"

or:

Don't forget that Alcohol was legal in America -- then Prohibition tried to stop something that was an established social custom. Fortunately that does not apply to hashish in Israel, although it may apply in some countries -- here we are determined to stop something new starting. That is an important distinction."

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Issues #3 and #4 of MOTHER OF VOICES, a UPS PAPER OUT OF Massachusetts, has called for the First International "Love-In" to be held the summer of '68 in Saigon, South Vietnam. The call for action will begin on July 4th. As the appeal states, "Let's waste no more time and energy appealing to a government that doesn't govern. If we really want to end the war, then let's go over there and end the war!"

The organization for all this is fairly simple. The Mother of Voices proposes that "the West Coast tribes should concentrate on transportation, chartering airplanes or cargo ships, at a cost of around \$50 per person. The Mid West should concentrate on transportation and lodging for people in transit from the East to the West Coast. The East Coast will have to concentrate on fund-raising."

The problems that arise from such an undertaking have been heightened due to LBJ's recent maneuver to stop travel abroad. (I wonder if Vietnam is on his list.) If anyone is interested in undertaking the trip contact Ed Felien, Mother of Voices, Northampton, Mass.

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AWAKE, the Jehovah Witness magazine, has interesting features on "The Increase of Lawlessness! What does it mean? How can you protect yourself?" We are given all the sound socio-economic and psychological answers for violence including the metaphysical one; godlessness. As for the solutions on how to protect yourself from all this violence: "Some have tried to be 'heroic' and have struggled with holdup men. But many have lost their lives; as the lawless person, infuriated, pulls the trigger of his gun, or lashes out with his knife

Yet, in the case of a Christian woman, if a man demands she submit to immoral suggestions, she will not do it. She is being asked to break God's law, so she will resort to screaming or anything else to protect herself, even if the criminal does use violence (Deut. 22:23-27) In such situations, the person guided by God's laws can find protection by appealing to Jehovah God in prayer, calling on his name out loud, so that the assailant can hear it. The Bible shows there is protection for one who respects and uses the name of God: "The name of Jehovah is a strong tower. Into it the righteous runs and is given protection." -- Prov. 18:10.

ENVIRONMENTMENTS

by ALLAN KATZMAN



t h
eir
satanic
majesties'
request

I received the invitation last week. It said: "You are cordially invited to attend the End of the World on Saturday, January 6, 8 o'clock at the warehouse on 123 Gavensport Street." There was also a little note attached, "Dear Mr. Katzman, We were delighted with your review of Jackie Cassen and Rudi Sterns' show Environment V: Vibrations. Especially the idea that art might be a programmed environment suggesting alternate cultural strategies. Signed R. Kohn and T. Acheson."

Needless to say, I waited in anticipation the whole week for Saturday to arrive. I had never looked forward to anything in my whole life as I looked forward to this. It was not every day a man was invited to witness the end of the world, programmed or not. But at the same time I felt I was being conned. These were artists I had never heard of before or even recollected reading about.

I started out Saturday promptly at seven thirty, figuring on walking there to shake off my nervousness. It had started to snow rather heavily.

When I arrived at what looked like a twelve story building I was surprised to find myself not alone. At least twenty five other people had been invited. Some of them I recognized and we all smiled at each other somewhat embarrassingly....The next thing I knew we were all standing in line while being ushered single file into a huge darkened warehouse. Then it all happened at once.

An almost hundred foot geodesic dome sucked us into its center by a door which was reached by thirty feet of ladder. It was ten more feet to its center where four heliographs suspended in almost black air shot images of recorded time via laser beams. All of a sudden each one of us lost our ability at equilibrium and began to fall down. In a few seconds the room shifted turning us on our heads. A feeling of weightlessness began to crawl over us while the images shot against the heliographs started to speed up so fast that we took on the movement of celluloid.

We were moving in dark light while laser energy bombarded our struggling bodies. In a moment the temperature of our clothes clung to our skin. The room became a stifling vacuum of space and found us stuck against the sides of the dome like chewing gum. The room took on a twisting, turning motion and we suddenly realized we had been standing still. We stood there, unable to move, programmed by the energy piercing our bones pinning us down which like a fat man sitting on our arms and legs held us against the walls of the room. In a moment a fire optic ceiling poured broken light over the laser images and in a minute every thing seemed to break into pieces. Things fell apart and the center broke away and hurled towards us smashing our faces and leaving raw skin where it had slapped us. We watched helplessly as anarchy was loosed before our eyes. The blood in all our veins began literally to boil and we felt immersed in a ceremony of destructive light. The world around us as we knew it, what we thought were minutes but were actually hours, was beginning to end. An environment of total devastation was performed for us and what was most important of all we were there while it was happening.

Convinced it was all real, we forgot all the while it was an art exhibition. The passionate intensity of images as they were fired off at us in such rapid motion made the technology of programmed hari-kari seem our own flesh and blood.

It certainly felt for me at the time not what I thought was an alternative cultural strategy. Or was it? As the artist who dreamed it all up, Ray Kahn, and the engineer who made it all up, Trent Acheson, told me, "Why not! It was a lot better than the real thing and besides it was built to the size and proportions of a church. Measure the interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral someday and you'll see it is the same height and width."

It was certainly something to think about but I still had my doubts. "What about the depth?" I asked Ray Kahn.

"It's a mindblower, guaranteed to give you a more real sense of religion after you have left it."

"You see," Trent Acheson continued, "It's the old time religion in a flash. Of course its the large scale model but just as soon as I figure out how to reduce it to a small sized room, we'll put in on the open market and install it like any household equipment. It's just a matter of reducing the components of this large model to transistor size."

I was shocked at this second alternative as any person would be who was still living in 1968.

Ray and Trent had met each other quite unexpectedly one day in Detroit in January of '65. Ray, a graduate of Berkeley, MA in art, was on his way to

THEATRE

by ALLAN C EDMANDS

Most theatre, according to Peter Brook the director of the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *MARAT/SADE*, is "unspeakably bad, boring and incompetent....not even worth a breath of discussion." Most theatre going is inertia. "The only relevant question is: 'why do we go to the theatre at all?'" Brook's comments are particularly pertinent to the ugly American Theatre which is irrelevant, mummified and materialistic.

Freud had claimed that art was for the most part harmless, never seeking to be more than an illusion. With few exceptions "It never dares to make any attacks on the realm of reality." Ronny Davis, director of the SF Mime Troupe, asserts that Freud has defined American Theatre. Yet the Troupe's production of *L'AMANT MILITAIRE*, is a glaring exception. The commedia concerns Spain's involvement an Italian civil war and suggests obvious parallels to our own undeclared aggression in Vietnam. This suggestion is fortified by many blatant allusions throughout the play; no one could escape ignorant of the Troupe's anti-war sentiments. The war issue is only one of many punches pulled in the production: for example, racial-national stereotypes are exploited to exaggerated proportions (but still with compassion) to expose their hypocrisy. Little in the realm of reality is safe from the Troupe's attacks.

Gordon Rogoff reports Judith Malina of the Living Theatre as saying that one goes to the theatre "so that afterwards one would go out in the streets and break windows: begin a revolution." Davis believes that a play only mildly suggestive (cf. *TIGER AT THE GATES* whose content is so immersed in the Trojan War that its pacifist message is cliched or Blau's Lincoln Center production of *DANTON'S DEATH* whose timorous suggestion that Johnson is a dictator was obfuscated by grouping him mistily with Mao, Castro and Robbespierre) will safely go over the heads of the public. But in *L'AMANT MILITAIRE* the audience is led in chanting "Hell No We Won't Go." The play concludes with the Pope inciting revolutionary slogans, and if that were not enough one of the players out of character openly advocates Revolution on stage.

The strategy of the Troupe is to live off the land and tour, regarding any local engagement as a guerilla attack on that locality. It disregards an author's intentions and freely adapts an opus to suit its purposes (*L'AMANT* was written in 1752.) It uses all forms --- commedia, vaudeville, minstrel show, anything that works. The spontaneity, grace, ensemble movement and delightful gaiety of the Troupe --- accomplished through intense physical training and presentational (rather than inward) direction --- create a living theatrical experience. The audience cannot help but become involved, and vehement dialogue between actors and spectators occur inevitably at intermission.

The Troupe is not alone in bringing new life to the theatre. Broadway and off-Broadway have been spoiled for the audiences of Ellen Stuart's *La Mama E.T.C.* At *La Mama* theatrical sensations get inside them, are felt immediately instead of a day or two later after discussion. "It's open and you can breathe," says Ellen about her theatre, "you can feel and take it in."

Although the Mime Troupe finds a free adaptation and mixture of traditional dramatic forms can create a new presentational theatre of ideas, Jean Claud van Itallie has discovered in off-off-Broadway "the only place in America where plays in new forms can be tried out." The other arts, he says, are daring the theatre to join the 20th century. He is searching for forms more immediately dramatic to a contemporary audience.

The Ridiculous company has had some serious collisions with official agencies in the past. A year or so ago pressure from some Indian delegates succeeded in closing its production of *INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE* which they found insulting to their exalted Prime Minister. But Establishment harassment is not new or exceptional to the unconventional theatre, and the forces of status quo lack no imagination for finding excuses. The Living Theatre was forced into exile three years ago by the Internal Revenue Bureau. The Mime Troupe has been busted for park permit violations, obscenity and marijuana possession. Recently Enrico Vargus of the Gut Theatre, Spanish Harlem's street theatre, was arrested for smuggling pot. *La Mama* forced to change locations three times due to bullying from the Fire Dept., Buildings Dept. and License Dept., has found an original solution to harassment in an aura of exclusiveness. It changed its name from *Café La Mama* to *La Mama Experimental Theatre Club*. Ellen runs a weekly ad ("club notice ---members only") in the *VOICE*, withholding the

Continued on Page 17

THERE'S NO BIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ



Continued on Page 17

ESKIMO COLD POWER ALEUTIAN REVOLUTION POWER

by ADAM JOHN



This article is by Adam, a full-blooded Athapascan Indian from Alaska.

When one hears of Alaska here in the "lower 48," one immediately thinks of Eskimos who live in igloos in sub-zero weather.

There are Eskimos, 23,000 of them, but there are also 14,000 Athapascans, 5,000 Aleuts, and 10,000 Tlinkets and Haidas. A total of 52,000 Natives (a legal term) out of a total population of 272,000 in the State of Alaska.

Out of these 52,000 Natives, there are 23,000 over twenty one who maintain that the land in Alaska is theirs.

Everyone knows that the U.S. had never been at war with the original inhabitants of Alaska so what right have they to simply take the land without compensating anyone?

Young men and women all over Alaska from small villages with names like Nenana, Pt. Hope, Fort Yukon, and Tanana are studying, giving speeches, organizing and, in general, fighting the giant machinery with the very laws used to justify the seizure of the lands.

In March 30, 1867, The United States, without consulting the Athapascans of the Interior, or the Eskimos of the north, bought Alaska from Russia for something like 2 cents an acre. To justify the purchase they simply labeled the original inhabitants "Uncivilized." Then they had the audacity to give the natives a choice! A choice either to remain in their homeland or leave. (see 15 Stat. 539) Article III.

Congress didn't recognize the natives for 36 years until a band of British Columbian Natives immigrated to Alaska. The Annette Islands was given to them for a reservation. (26 Stat. 1095, 1101).

When Congress finally did recognize the natives, it was only to make them wards of the government: giving them special privileges to hunt and fish in their own land; giving them medical supplies and treatment to combat the diseases The White Man brought into Alaska; and finally, education programmed to justify the deal they made with Russia.

This red taped Bureau imported Bible toting, mail order teachers and, for many years since, the natives have been clutching the Bible they exchanged for the land.

Today the natives have come to the full realization that this was a bum deal and they demand compensation for the land that was taken from them.

The weapon they use is the law; the law which very few of the previous generations were able to interpret. Sub standard education, the obstacle. (Note: In 1904, white children and children of mixed blood were, if civilized, the only ones allowed to attend public schools.) Section 7, Jan. 27, 1905, (33 Stat. 617 c. 277).


Small associations and committees forming all over Alaska are joining the statewide "Alaska Federation Of Natives." Emil Notti, an Athapascan Indian from Rampart is the President of this.

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by BOB RUDNICK

Cambodian Prince Norodem Sihanouk lost his premier and cabinet because of his reported willingness to allow U.S. troops to pursue Vietnamese across the Cambodian border. Many of the cabinet ministers were already upset by the Prince's cooperation with U.S. after the increase in inhuman activities directed against the Vietnamese people by the American government. However, since the mass resignation, Prince Sihanouk has warned that if "the American Army or its allies penetrated areas inhabited by Cambodians -- or even by peaceful Vietnamese whom we owe it to ourselves to protect," Cambodia would fight back "with all our means." He went on to add that he would seek foreign assistance to repel would be U.S. aggression. Ho Chi Minh quickly pledged North Vietnamese support stating that: "The Vietnamese people are ready to do everything they can in all circumstances to meet all the requests of the Cambodian Government and people."

From no less a source than Newsweek, (a favorite quotable of mine), Jan. 1, 1968, we find that the territory of Cambodia has not been immune in the past. In addition to small ground actions in "hot pursuit," American long-range patrols have been operating regularly and in increasing numbers along the Sihanouk trail. On

at least one occasion, a brigade commander called in air strikes against a suspected North Vietnamese concentration inside Cambodia.

A story in the Washington Post on Dec. 20, described a plan, supposedly under consideration at highest U.S. government levels, calling for South Vietnamese soldiers to make the first public breach of the Cambodian border. American commanders would then feel free to reinforce them inside Cambodia with U.S. troops. The Cambodian News Agency reported that the border was clandestinely invaded on 45 occasions by U.S. and South Vietnamese troops from Dec. 11 to 14 and by Thailand forces from Nov. 20 to Dec. 2, resulting in several Cambodians being killed and wounded. And the U.S. government has issued veiled threats to the Cambodians. Their sovereignty will not stand in the way of a U.S. world peace campaign. And after Cambodia, Thailand, then.....

Bill Blum's column in the Washington Free Press (the lonely bastion of the Underground Press Syndicate truth in any nation's double think, double talk capital) continually provides fresh insight and coverage of little known or suppressed news. Example: his disclosure of the deletion of a news item in the Dec. 10

Washington Post. A former Navy officer revealed that no torpedoes were fired by North Vietnamese ships on American destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin during the now-famous incident of August 1964. "Reports by the U.S. government that torpedoes had been fired by the North Vietnamese were the chief inspiration for the Tonkin resolution in Congress and the rationale for American escalation of the War. The Tonkin resolution is still the only declaration even approaching official Congressional approval of the War....."

Another Blum revelation:

The United States winces at accusations of being colonialist or neo-colonialist. Perhaps some light was shed on the question recently by two votes taken at the United Nations.

On November 17, the U.N. General Assembly passed, 91 to 2, a resolution recommended by the Colonialism Committee, strongly condemning "the exploitation of colonial territories" by "foreign financial, economic and other interests." The U.S. was among 17 abstainers, protesting that the resolution was a propaganda exercise and would discourage private investment. Portugal and South Africa voted against it.

from the Madhouse

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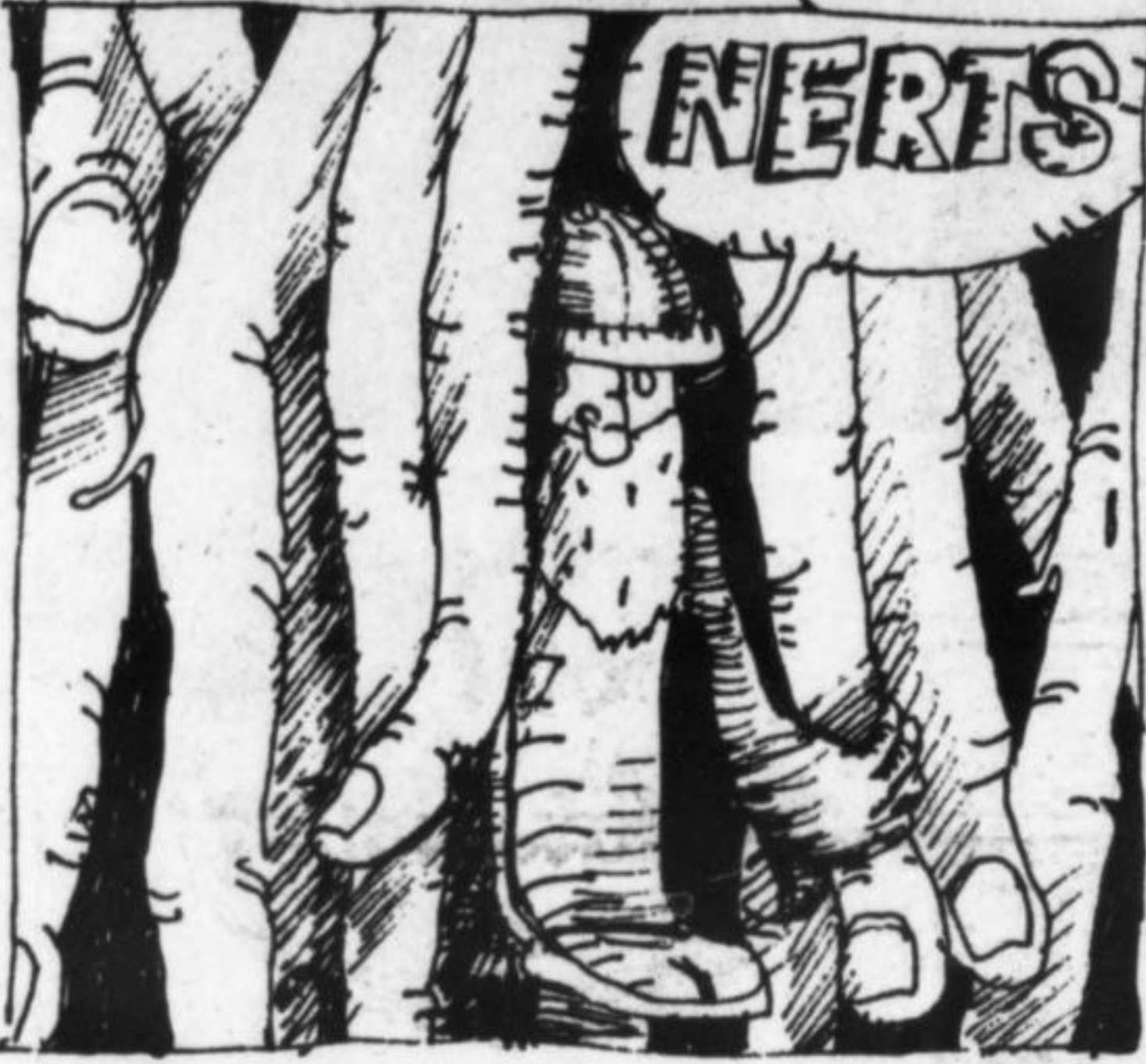
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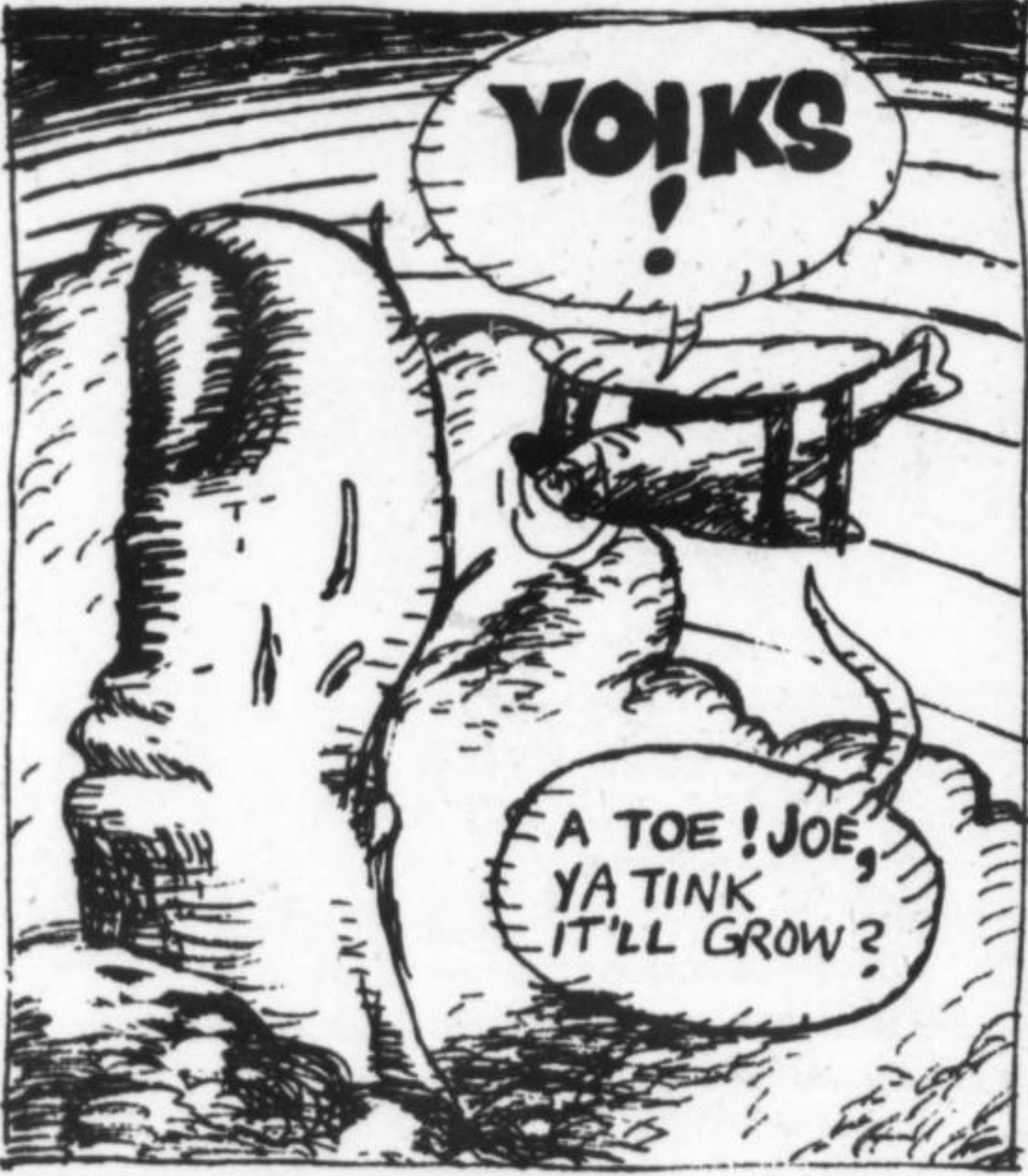


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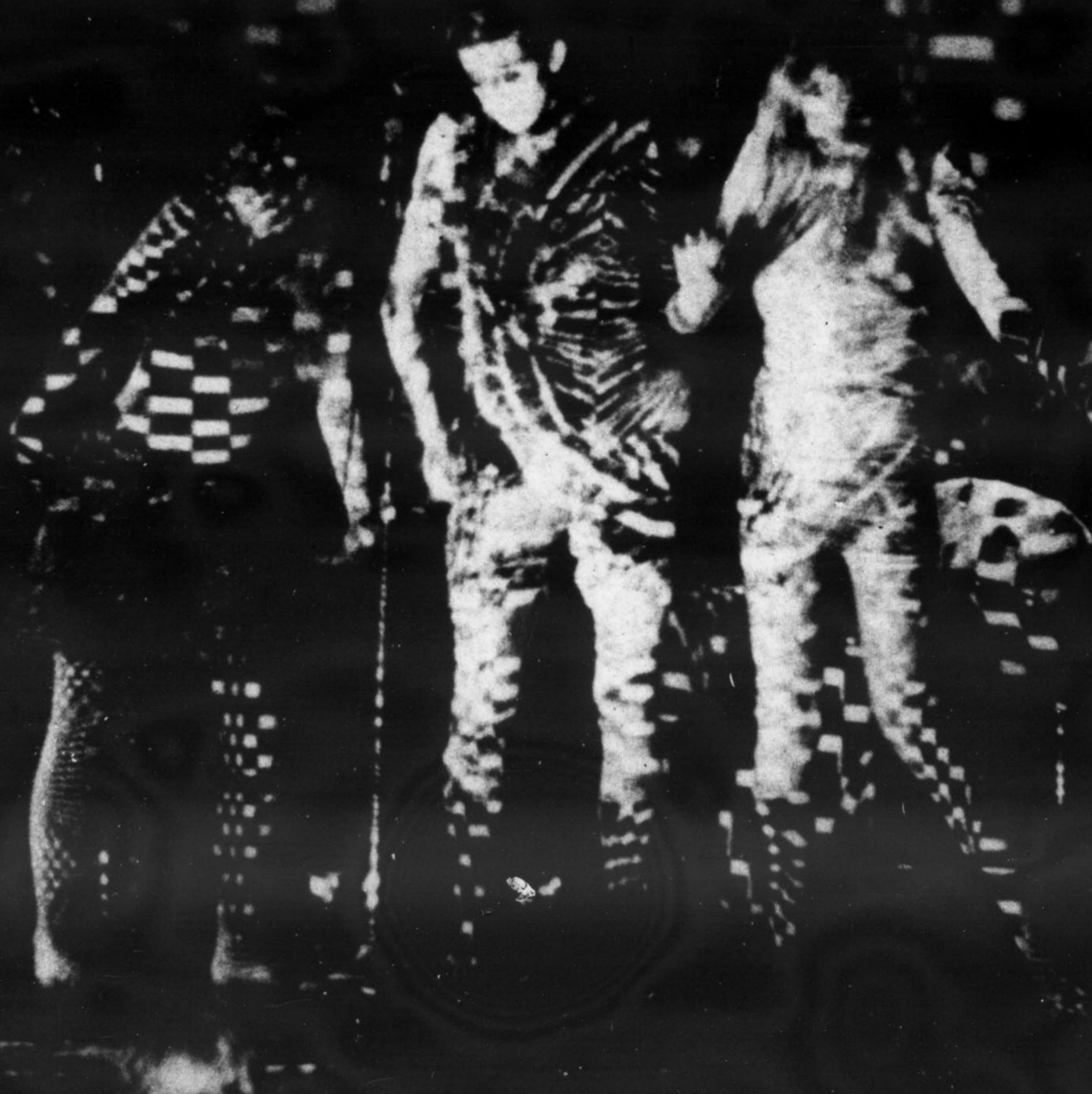
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THEATRE

Continued from Page 11

address (122 Second Ave.). "Members" pay weekly "dues" of \$1 for each show they attend.

Because "dues", donations and shuck benefits are often not enough, a prevailing problem of experimental theatre is lack of funds. However, resulting headaches are usually offset by the dedication and self-sacrifice of the actors and friends. Nonetheless, seldom can an off-off-Broadway play achieve a run of more than a few days no matter how much it may deserve to do so. "It can be very frustrating," states van Itallie, "to put in months of effort on a production that you know beforehand will be seen only three or four times." A theatre that accepts a Foundation grant often becomes a whore to the Establishment, and few serious theatres will accept.

Another very serious problem of anti-Establishment theatre is the need for larger audiences. If the off-off-Broadway plays continue to be done mostly in the Village, asserts van Itallie, they run the risk of being done "for and by a closed group, a coterie." In theory, La Mama has an audience "intensely devoted to theatre." But the exclusiveness of the members-only club has necessarily limited this audience to a select theatrical intelligentsia similar to the club of court aristocrats who used to exclusively possess Moliere. However, Ellen has sent actors to Copenhagen, Paris and Bogota; it is hoped that this was the beginning of an "international underground." (Still, I get the impression that the inspiration behind La Mama, like other off-off-Broadway groups, to create an alternative American theatre, has decayed. The raison d'etre of off-off-Broadway now seems to be as a jumping-off place for commercial theatre.)

According to Davis, it is the Troupe's obligation to "gather audiences and EXCITE them into being provoked and confronted, and into returning!" The excitement in the Troupe's audience becomes obvious during the vehement intermission discussions, and the Troupe's reputation for provocation has spread from coast to coast. Often, however, audiences of this guerilla theatre have shades of political exclusiveness -- particularly at campus engagements. Is the Troupe willing to advocate Revolution in front of a Mainstream Americana crowd, and would it be willing to advertise productions in a reactionary medium in order to attract disagreeable audiences? Perhaps the Mime Troupe, like Teatro Campesino, is only a theatre for building revolutionary morale among those already committed to social change.

Another problem, peculiar to the Mime Troupe in this discussion, is the dilemma of producing works with pertinence which will not become quickly anachronistic. Davis defines the dilemma: "If the content is too immediate, the art is newsworthy and like today's newspaper, will line tomorrow's garbage pail. If the content is devious, symbolic or academically suggestive, the public will refuse to see it, because their minds have been flattened by television and dull jobs." However, since the Troupe freely adapts and alters works, it can usually keep up with the times. The Troupe seems to have chosen to sacrifice the recognition and awe of future centuries for quick political relevance now. If both are not possible with the company, our wishy-washy society can certainly use some theatres-of-the-present. Other generations might at least remember its forceful style, spontaneity and forthright importance to this unfortunate age.

John Arden claimed long ago that theatre will never change a society, "at most it will confirm people in what they are beginning to believe." The Mime Troupe is challenging this claim, and other non-conventional theatres bypass it in attempts to expand our collective consciousness. Taken in its entirety, the theatrical renaissance threatens to metamorphize dramatic presentation into a grass-roots based art form of tribal spiritualism.

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ENVIRONMENTS

Continued from Page 10

New York from California to seek fame and fortune in the New York art galleries. Trent, a graduate of MIT in nuclear physics, was working at the time for General Motors. While working on a special project involving a nuclear powered automobile, he met Ray in a local underground coffeehouse. Their mutual ideas bound them immediately in friendship and Trent quit his job and invested a great amount of money he had saved up in their future partnership. They arrived in New York in the summer of '65 and began to assemble talent and equipment for their programmed environments.

"But what about the coldness of this type of project? Don't you think by doing this you take the humanity out of church and religion?"

"Oh no!", Ray Kohn emphatically answered, "All we've done is to make available church and religion on a personal basis. A man can decide for himself when he wants to go to church and have his religion. And he can do it alone or invite family and friends."

I was getting mad now because it felt as if I was getting taken by the oldest shell game in the world.

"Look, this is some kind of trick! Isn't it?", I shouted.

"Of course," they replied in unison like tweedledee and tweedledum, "It's the oldest trick in the world. Now you see it, now you don't. It happens every day all over god's universe and especially on this planet Earth. It's called Creation."

Well, that finally did it. I stormed out of there and would have smashed the first guy I saw if I hadn't walked into an empty street. It was dark out and the snow was falling heavier than before. I realized I had been in there for a couple of hours. "A waste of precious time," I thought.

I began walking rapidly caught up in my anger until I noticed I was almost running. I stopped short, falling into some garbage cans stupidly sticking out of an alley way, and sat for a moment stunned as a cold chill crept over my body. I was alone and the street was empty. The buildings started to move and the sky began to pitch like the ocean. I found myself screaming then brought my hand up to my mouth in quick embarrassment and looked slowly around to see if I was still alone. I was. No one had heard except the universe. I picked myself up, dusted myself off, thought for a minute and started to laugh.

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GOODMAN

Continued from Page 5

or Harvard or Moscow or the Sorbonne (where else would they be trained?) and the technicians have gotten corresponding high-technology training and, worst of all, the people themselves are childishly seduced by the wonders of the western standard of living.

The matter becomes desperate when the high-technology that is sought is armaments. For, the argument goes, "Unless we have dive bombers and ultimately atom bombs, we are defenseless; we are surrounded; we will be swamped and colonized again." This argument is true. But one must also say, "You're in a dilemma. You aren't pursuing your own culture. Every step destroys your tribes, your way of life. The skills you have are lost, the new skills are beyond you in the foreseeable future. And the set-up is wildly inflationary. It requires an investment of \$35,000 to employ one American workman. Your productivity, in world market terms, is about one thousandth -- though you need to feed your face. Necessarily you quit the farm, crowd the city, die of cholera. Etc., etc." Apparently all this -- we are told by some -- is best cured by dictatorships and big "planning," a method by which it is certain that scores of millions will die.

A very few persons -- the "intermediate technology" people, some people in the United Nations, people in various Peace Corps -- try to solve the problem by being selective about the technology and using sophisticated science to tailor aid to local skills, resources, community patterns. Needless to say, this is not the thinking of those in political power. In Africa itself, so far as I have heard, the only one who is not in the bag is Nyerere of Tanzania -- he seems to be making the attempt to start from where his people are and take them on from there. I am told by Dave Dellinger, who knows Cuba well, that the Cubans also are finally beginning to try to withdraw from the power and market nexus disastrous to themselves and to ask, "Who are we? How can we live well and happily and with increasing freedom?" If this is true, grand. But Tanzania and Cuba do not add up to an impressive fraction of the two-thirds of the world.

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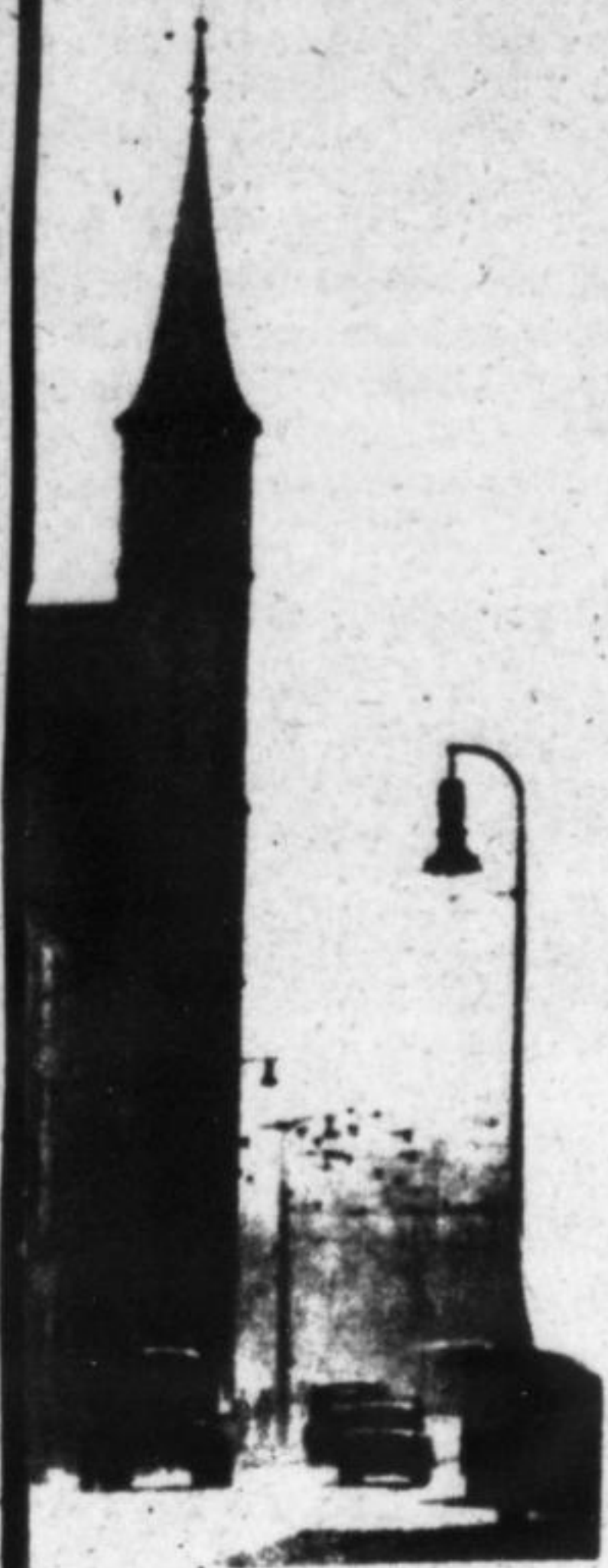
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Shushnick. Every second three
miles closer.

"YOU NEED TO KNOW YOU
ARE FIT FOR MORE THAN
SLAVERY AND CANNON FOD-
DER" -- EUGENE V. DEBS.
Printed as a public service
by Gary Madovoy.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DONNA
Love, AUNT SUSAN

Dear Readers, and illiterates,
please include your zip code
when sending in change of ad-
dresses, new subscriptions, re-
newals, complaints, blah..blah
....blah.

MOD IS ZOD.

Police Harassment and arrests
-- have caused many of us to
lose outside jobs -- we are still
holding together as a community
-- But need HELP.

BLANKETS
SHEETS
TOWELS

TOOLS (any kind)

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-- Do you have anything we
could use

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people are jailed and appear-
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day. We believe in Millbrook
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A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other

subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An expose of an operative who is said to be paid \$1 million to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year: 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Censorship Under De Gaulle—Entitled "Is Paris Yearning?"

The Burgeoning Field of Space Law

Man, the Food's a Gas!—Shell Oil's development of a delicious protein made from methane.

Anti-Aggression Pills—Biochemistry's answer to man's self-destructive tendencies.

Twiggy's Baneful Influence on the Eating Habits of American Women

Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox

The Love Goddess of Kerista—An interview with the lovely young queen of New York's sexual utopian community.

The Black Muslim Cookbook

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L. A. Free Press, N. Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley.

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of magazine publishing's most fertile minds: Herb Lubalin, America's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*, before **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we will send you eight months—the better part of a year—for only \$3.99. This is a *MERE FRACTION* of its actual value!

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

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