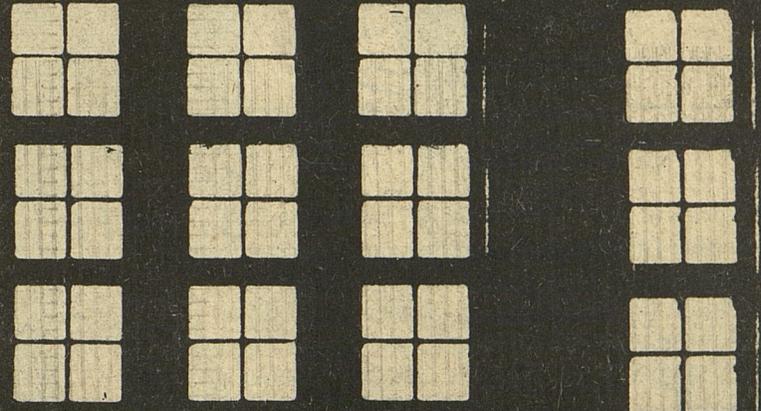


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Vol 5, #2 Summer '71 *L.A. m
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OTHER SCENES

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE



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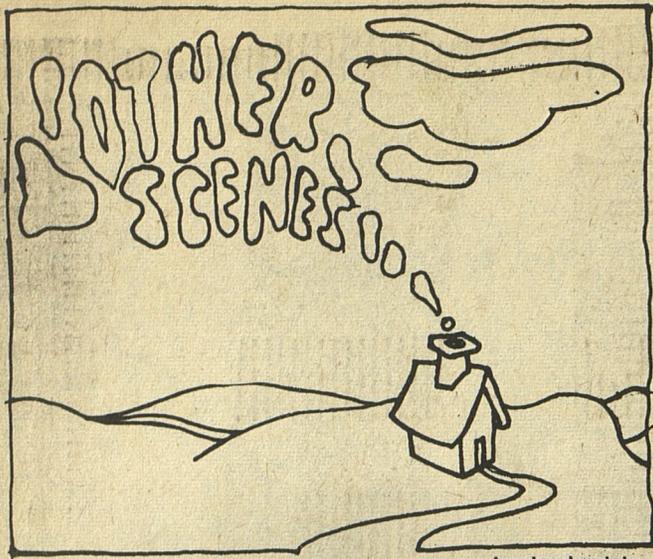
HAITI

ASTRO
LOGICAL
FORECAST

World of Witchcraft

ANARCHY!





logo by ed ruscha

Everyone Is Assumed To Be An Ally

Everybody is assumed to be an ally unless they opt for aggression (sometimes even before they meet you) on no stronger grounds than that you are being yourself. I always assume, until given reason to believe otherwise, that each of us shares the same objective: to get through life, from birth to death, with the minimum amount of inconvenience to others while deriving the maximum amount of pleasure and happiness for ourselves.

I offer a handshake, a friendly wave in passing and any help that's within my power to anybody who wants to live such a life without interference; sometimes genuine alliances are formed, long or short-term depending not only on the extent of our agreement but how far we can disagree and still respect each other's motives.

There is no time for the fools who think that progress lies in fighting, still less for the belligerent bullies (cowards?) who think *their* progress lies in fighting *you*. Offer them a gift to emphasize your peaceful intentions. If they won't accept, ignore them, by-pass them, give them what they want and go away. Only the naive define running away as cowardice instead of survival.

Join things, if you will, always remembering that a little piece of personal integrity disappears with each such compromise. Sometimes group action is the only means of getting things done. Quite often it is the only route to freedom from some iniquitous burden or unfair restric-

tion. But groups have a way of enforcing rules of their own and I never met or heard of any Messiah who didn't want to govern as well as guide.

Any expression of identity, whether it be unorthodox behavior or unpopular opinions, is grounds for the charge of exhibitionism. But all individual thinkers are exhibitionistic so far as the conformists are concerned. An "exhibitionist" is usually making an honest statement of who and what he is so that the like-minded can reach him. He cares not at all about the dummies who condemn him, and why should he? They are not worth a second thought.

Every individual's hang-up is less a question of what he can be but what he has been already. The twin moulds of environment and heredity have stunted his growth as much as they have shaped his character and the extent of his potential is in direct ratio to how little he has been allowed to be himself.

It is harder for some to break away from their background than for others, but it is *possible* for everybody. The first thing that must be accepted—and how few people will allow themselves to accept it—is that you are alone. Who thinks your thoughts? Who feels as you feel? Who dies when you die? You are alone, you have a life to live and you must have allies.

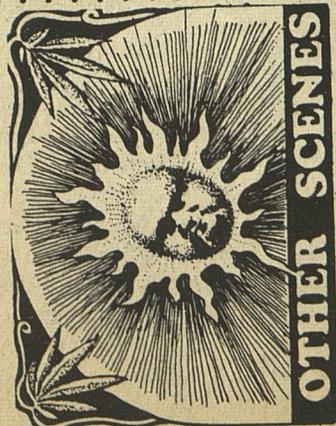
No, that is wrong. There are no *needs* beyond physical needs. There are only wants. It is easier with allies but not impossible. If you declare yourself, if you are honest in your intentions (*whatever* your intentions) you will always have allies.

The most important thing of all is to remember that there are almost always alternatives. It is very rarely a choice between black or white, A or B, Communism or Fascism, yes or no. We build a box around our freedom of action and complain that there is no room to move about. Knock down the walls, burn the box, vote maybe or perhaps, spoil the ballot.

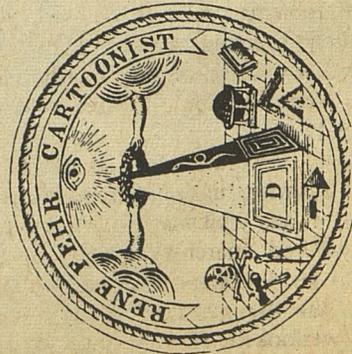
There are too many morals and not enough murals. Spread out your opinions and your ideals for all to see but do not insist in making them into laws. Do not do unto others what has been done to you. There is only one immorality and that is in insisting that others live as you do.

--John Wilcock

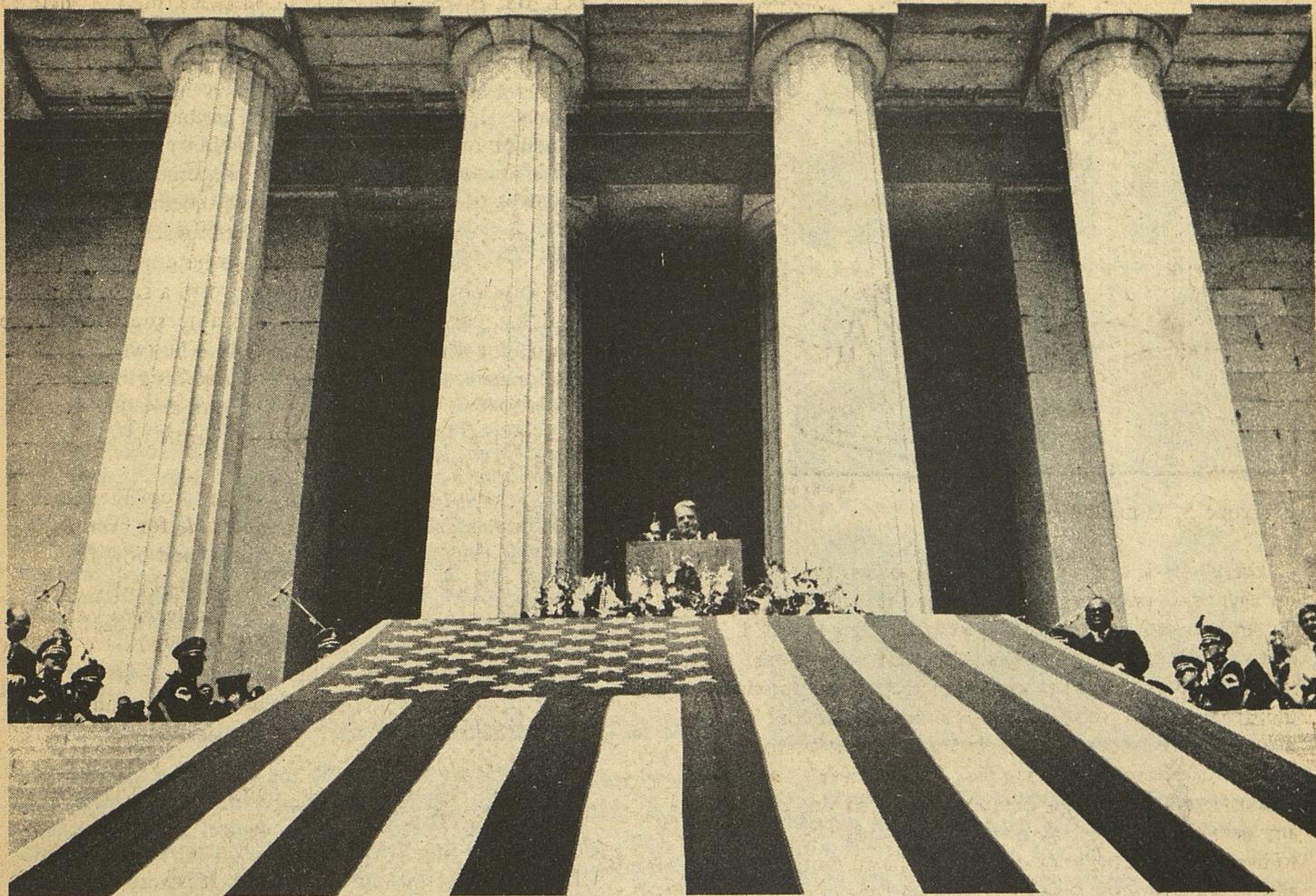
The preceding essay first appeared in John Wilcock's column in the Village Voice about twelve years ago.



John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES of which this is Volume 5, Number 2, is the foremost magazine of the international alternative culture. It appears unpredictably in various forms and from wherever its peripatetic publisher happens to be. This year's subscribers receive four quarterly issues and various other of jw's publications. This summer 1971 issue prepared at Pine Bush, New York at Easter. Send all mail and money to Village POB 8, New York, New York 10014. Tel: CHAD 888.



Englischyiertelstrasse 42
8032 Zürich



Abolishing Politics

THE POLITICS OF EMPTINESS by Ho Chi Zen & Theoretician Chuang-tse

SCHEMES abound among the anarchistically-inclined for the abolition or drastic reduction of the body politic. In most cases these, like those of the political saviors, can be classed as either revolutionary or reformist—but since far less has been attempted in the realm of political abolitionism, it is not as easy to decide what will and won't work. Yet, political abolition is beset with most of the same problems as political reshuffling, so it is probably safe to remain skeptical about the probability of an anarchist revolution or a "withering away of the State" or a "return to Constitutional government" in the foreseeable future.

Then again, revolutionary anarchism has had its temporary victories, usually during times of political disorganization and civil war. Both Spain and Russia, for example, suffered anarchist regions in their bosoms, protected by revolutionary anarchist armies, during their civil wars. But the paradox of an "anarchist army" cannot be overlooked, for it points to the central and staggering weakness of revolutionary anarchism: the revolutionary apparatus can probably not long avoid

becoming a political state—specifically, a military dictatorship.

The Sage is unsure of what others regard as certain; hence, he does not put faith in the army. Most people are certain of what they cannot really be certain about, and that is why we have a big army. It is against nature not to use the military to get what is desired when an army is available. And when anyone depends on an army, he invites his own annihilation.

(Chuang)

As for programs of terrorism and political assassination, perhaps their major accomplishment is to frighten the people, and thereby give the police an opportunity to jail and/or exterminate anarchists in large numbers without significant public objection. So neatly do such modes of resistance play into the hands of the powerful, that more than one government has sent out agents provocateurs with the express mission of committing terrorist acts in the name of anarchy. (Of course, when these atrocities are pulled off by genuine revolutionaries, it does at least represent a saving to the taxpayer.)



Many revolutionary anarchists seem, moreover, to be little more than black-flag patriots—just as mindlessly willing to kill and die for a rag and a mouthful of rhetoric as their statist counterparts, and just as ridden with inhumanity and hatred, if not more so.

On the other hand, the many programs of reformist or pacifical or gradualist anarchism seldom offer more than matter for conversation among scholars. Perhaps this is the fault of circumstantial misfortune or perhaps it is due to the great stupidity of most people. But it could also be that the programs are themselves unsophisticated: for those which do not assume the state will tolerate a gradual nonviolent direct assault on its powers and very existence make the mistake of assuming that those processes designed by the state for consolidation of its own power (e.g., free elections) can be utilized to undermine that power as well. Possibly either or both of these assumptions is justifiable, but political history would seem so far to indicate otherwise.

If three individuals are walking along together and one of them becomes confused, it remains possible for them to go in the proper direction. But if two of them become confused, then the confused ones are in the majority and they cannot go anywhere. These days the whole world is in confusion, and I have my hopes but cannot attain them. Were I to try to force them on the world, I would only add to the confusion. So I do nothing. Yet, since I do nothing, why should anyone share my sorrow with me?

(Chuang)

Finally there are those revolutionary and reformist abolitionists alike who want to take over the government by one means or another and destroy it, either suddenly or gradually, from the top down. While this seems more workable than proceeding from the bottom up, it

remains tricky. For governments are much easier to start than topple, and so long as most people remain convinced of the need for government, new power structures will probably rise as fast as the old ones, on all levels, demolish themselves. And any sort of gradualist attempt for the reduction of power would more likely result simply in its transfer to whatever challenge for control of the state/weapon, from within or without, was already ruthlessly capable of running things, given the right opportunity.

Offer the wealth of the world for good conduct and threaten all the punishment in the world for wicked behavior, and this will still be insufficient. Consequently, one cannot reform men with all the inducements and deterrents in the whole world. Yet from the Three Dynasties on down, the people have been forced to live in a helter-skelter of promotions and penalties. Were a Superior Man unavoidably compelled to take over the government, he would know that nothing could surpass inaction. Only by means of letting people alone can one allow them to peacefully fulfill the natural instincts of their lives. Only he who values all other beings as much as he values himself can be trusted with control of the government.

(Chuang)

Mu Politics to the Rescue!

So far we have briefly touched on an assortment of the more obvious objections to the various political approaches to radical social change, not attempting to include all that exist or rigorously justify each objection outlined, but merely to indicate that those who would make things better for the world by political means shoulder an unwieldy burden and tread a steep, slippery path.

Now, if we wish to improve conditions in the world, we must feel a great deal like Zen students trying to solve a koan. Nothing yields to our logic, and the more acutely we reason the more we see the insurmountable nature of the problem confronting us—how to MAKE men and women free, in this case.

Liberation does not come for the Zen follower until he questions his entire approach, not only to the koan/riddle—but to life in general. He must at last ask himself something like: "What the hell am I doing? Fretting for hours on end, day and night, over a senseless riddle? How did I ever get on THIS trip?" He must turn his thinking around and realize that his problem is not the koan/riddle on which he meditates—it is his desire, linked to other desires, to solve the koan. He must ask himself then what ideas and what other desires enslave him to THIS desire.

And finally, if he is to follow through, he must throw out every single mistaken idea and illusory desire which led to his ridiculous situation in the first place—and he will soon enough find that he must empty himself of his entire outlook, down to and including its premises, before the job is done. Only then will he be ready to experience that "overturning of the bottom of the mind" which is the new beginning.

What I call good hearing is not the ability to hear others, but oneself. What I call good vision is not the ability to see others, but oneself. A man

Glibly, gurgle the words from your lips
Sometimes some gum shows
When it's obvious you're at the end of your wits.

Your little eyes are akin to the swine
Sometimes your fly is open
Your art of telling lies, is sublime.

You were bothered with dandruff all your life
Sometimes your uniform shows it
You made love only once — and that — to your bloody wife.

What strange effeminate upholstery on your hips
Sometimes your chromosomes show it
Where other men have muscles — you have tits.

Your chicken-like body and a mind like a snake
YOU have no conscience
Whether in bed or parliament, you're never awake.

Bald headed babbler of democracy and other shit
Why don't you leave it to a computer ?
Go ! Draw your parliamentary pension — and, quit !

Obscure, obedient serving the Hierarchy
Once in your life you nearly said "No"
You never asked us, you always demand : "Vote Me".

Your sweaty socks / your permanent black shoes / your detergent
grey singlet / your incredibly white shirt / your illustrious stripes /
that narrow black waist / the waxy christmas ties / your short cropped
hair / your black bearded neck / your bulging waist line / your
varicose leg

To your bosses you always said : "R"
To Humanity : "NO"
At election time
You pretend —
There is a foe.

Your naivety, Your credulity is
Not only the trough
Whether for pigs or politicians
It — They — always remain the same

Election time is coming
We've made our decision
We never vote —
For ANY politician

TO ANY POLITICIAN

Layout & Poetry by Odo Strewe, Copyright. 4 Galatea Tce, Herne Bay, Auckland, New Zealand.



who cannot see himself but can only see others ends up possessing all that others possess but possessing not his own life, for he does what others expect instead of minding his own nature.
(Chuang)

A similar housecleaning in consciousness is required to transcend the implicit contradictions of the political approach to radical change. Many methods may be used to carry this out, but the result will always become manifest in a new approach which will be more or less recognizable.

Primis Illuminatus Mahatma Gandhi's Satyagraha technique was one aspect of it. Grand Illuminator Extra Ordinem Timothy Leary's Politics of Ecstasy would be another. And the Yin Revolution concept of we Zenarchist Illuminati is one more. We class these approaches together as the Politics of Emptiness—the Mu Politics.

Pin, during the reign of King T'an Fu, was constantly under seige by Barbarians. T'an Fu offered the attackers many gifts—hides, silks, dogs, horses, jewels, and jade—but the raids on Pin continued and it soon became clear that what the Barbarians wanted was the land itself. Therefore, King T'an Fu addressed his people: "To live with an elder brother, after ordering his younger brother to go to war, and to live with a father after sending his son to be killed—I cannot do this. You ought all try to remain here. What difference between being my subjects and someone else's? Moreover, I have heard that one should not injure the people in order to protect the land, which exists only for support of the people." He then took up his staff and left Pin—but the people followed him in a line. Thus, together they established a new kingdom at the base of Chi

mountain. Of a man such as T'an Fu it may truthfully be said that he valued the lives of his subjects.

(Chuang)

What all manifestations of the Politics of Emptiness share is the awareness that, since positive political action tends toward negativity and destruction, political negativism is—by virtue of representing a philosophical double negative—positive and creative. It says no to negativity, to coercive means.

How this refusal is expressed in action is what distinguishes one mode of Political Negativism from another. It can take the form of boycotting elections or of running Kabouters for City Council, of resisting conscription or of joining the Army in order to do sabotage and mindfucking, of ignoring insane laws or of pushing for even crazier ones which are logical extentions of those already on the books. Also, it can opt for non-violent, non-confrontive, non-co-operation—dropping out.

Whatever the form—it addresses itself little to the majority on behalf of a change of political loyalty and much to the individual human being, asking him or her to alter more than voting habits.

And herein is the secret! For social change cannot begin in the halls of some government building, however large and ornate. Governments can only reflect, and chronically inhibit, social change—they cannot significantly institute it, and in the long run they'll not control it.

The Mu Politics rests on the wisdom that nothing changes until there is a revolution in consciousness. And such a revolution only comes about when, one way or another and one at a time, many individual human beings are awakened.

a SLAVE is

**one who
waits for
someone
to
free him.**

— Ezra Pound

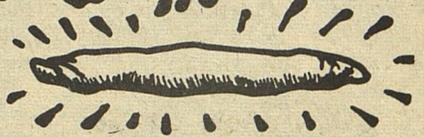
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Here's How!

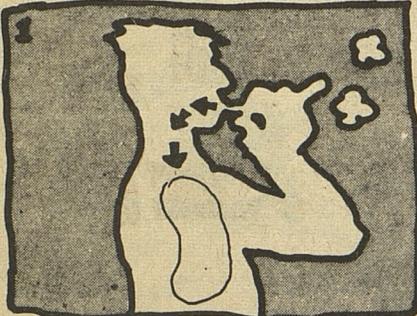
SMOKE AT LEAST TWO OF
THESE EVERY DAY FOR ONE
YEAR! THIS METHOD CAN'T FAIL!!



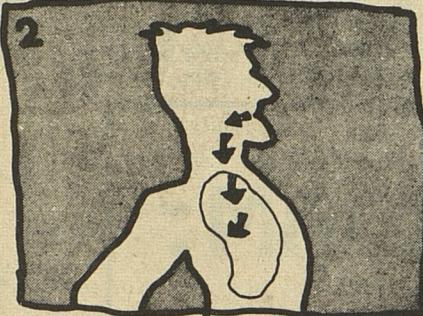
FIRST, TAKE A
GOOD, LONG "DRAG" ON
YOUR "JOINT" OR "MUGGLE".

PULL ALL THAT GOOD SMOKE
DOWN INTO YOUR LUNGS.
DO NOT EXHALE!!

HOLD THE SMOKE DOWN
THERE IN YOUR LUNGS, USING
THE PRCESS KNOW AS HYPERVENTILATION



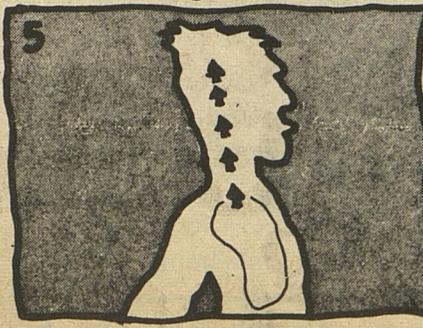
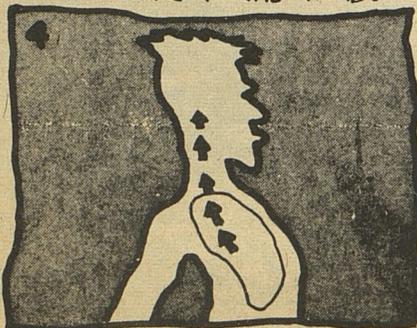
EXHALE VERY SLOWLY THROUGH
THE NOSE, MAKING SURE THE
'STUFF' IS GOING TO THE HEAD!



AS YOU BEGIN TO RELAX AND
BREATH NORMALLY AGAIN, THE
PROCESS WILL BEGIN TO TAKE EFFECT.



WHEN THE MIRACLE MOLECULES
HIT THE CENTER OF THE BRAIN,
YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN A
NEW WORLD!





**AMSTERDAM: CITY ON THE
MAKE—IN THE IMMEDIATE WAKE
OF NATURE'S ELEMENTAL WAY OF
LIFE (AND DEATH)**

Nomads all over this big beautiful bellyful Mother-Virgin-Sister-Wife called 'Earth' know by now that it takes some cities but a short time to die, whereas other cities keep alive for centuries.

The Island of Manhattan, the once-green, clean New Amsterdam, is undergoing a slow and painful, undeniable and irreversible process of dying—whereas the old Amsterdam, capital of the Netherlands, is reborn every morning.

On the one hand Manhattan, notwithstanding its sky-high tycooned consumer's industries, is becoming a catacomb-like jungle for future robots—this is not to say that there are no more people alive in it, but the more conscious of them are aware of the

AMSTERDAM:

City on the Make

by Simon Vinkenoog

settling layers of mind-and-air pollution.

On the other hand Amsterdam, the city spread as a spider-web with a half-circle of concentric canals, *breathes*.

The water is refreshed daily, winds sweep in and out, humoring and caressing, the trees know about birds, the inhabitants know about parks, the dogs know about shitting, and there are children playing in the street . . .

Searching for the soul of man in the cities he has created, the nomadic traveller will know how to enjoy Florence, Paris, London, Tangiers, to name but a few. Searching for the human mind an encounter in any of these cities might enlighten each open-minded visitor.

In Amsterdam, though, the chances are greatest that you meet a worthy representative of the most turned-on population in the western world.

None of the hang-ups of the French who suffered a grandmother's regime of the Victorian type.

The Dutchman will smilingly acquaint you with the names of his (or her) matriarchy: Emma, Wilhelmina, Juliana, Beatrix, names loaded with sacred significances—which can be found all over this tiny overpopulated territory, which is more known for its products than for its multi-dimensional thinking.

Many people will allow Holland its communication-industries. Philips sells multi-interpretor systems, as well as completely staffed and programmed radio-t.v. stations to international organizations and newly-created African countries and KLM is recognized and appreciated for its efficiency and service. There is no area of modern science or technology, in which the Dutch have not taken more than their share of interest, even at the cost of the so-called brain-drain: intellect pulled away by the \$, to enliven the US Society of Means and Ends.

Amsterdam, the invisible republic of Amsterdam, with its provos and elves, neo-theosophists and oldtime-anarchists, seat of magic sects and secret societies, its bookshops and publishers, *rarekieken* greets the wary traveller.

RELAX. Meet yourself. Make yourself at home.

Come on in. Whatever you want: a shameless red-light district; a psychedelic turn-on (Paradiso, Weteringschans 6, near Leidseplein), Kosmos, Prins Hendrikkade 142, near Centraal Stations and IJ-tunnel), Etc.

ASK! Every clear-eyed dutchman, and girl, boys, speaks and understands the English tongue.

Secondary education, obligatory to the age of 16, provides the greater part of Dutch youth with a 4-year school-knowledge, at least the

elementary rudiments of English, French and German.

In a large way this accounts for the peculiar character of the Dutch. They share their own secret language, wherever particular people congregate, knowing that their strength lies in the fact that every extra language spoken by them increases their understanding by another dimension.

In Amsterdam the modern languages, and the old (Jerusalem of Gold, New Jerusalem, Mokum Aleph, Spinoza Rehabilitation) are constantly being joggled about—and this will be seen translated in the different references: styles, fashions, books, records, restaurants—to the Dutch and Indonesian dishes called nassi-goreng, bami goreng, have become part of the regular menu.

Nowhere in this world, says this wary nomad—looking at a yearful of Penthouse-papermaids and a live One—has a city, (represented in its young inhabitants, creating and vivifying its portraits and images) been so involved in and enthused by the Modern Movement of New Age, and Mutant Man, as Amsterdam. San Francisco, maybe!

N e w D i m e n s i o n s !
Christ-Consciousness (to say the least!)
The Millenium! Zig-Zag Rizla!

A Renaissance, indeed! And it is once again terrifying an idea that so many so-called aware representatives of the Free World's population, are completely unaware of the resurgence of new media, new forms, new ways of life, so much more real than the worn-out hypocritical and cliché lives people seem to settle for.

A dangerous Renaissance, more revolutionary than the sabotage in the field of matter, more nourishing than the surpluswelfarethirdworld-reliefprograms, and more FIT for immediate use than the political alternatives which make the struggle for freedom and justice into a bitter and hard one.

Very dangerous indeed, for all fanatics of both Left and Wrong Right.

Amsterdam Says Out Loud Shamelessly: Get inspired! Be intuitive! Look and smile!

Throw the bullshit away! Become yourself, listen to me, I am nature's answers (the water; and the air, the fire and the light, of heaven and earth)—and you're nobody's busybody.

So many Americans still seem to think, especially the hyperactive activists, that the way to Peace is paved with work for others.

Of course everybody wants the Yankees out of Vietnam, brown rice from China, sugar from Cuba, an end to hunger in Biafra and relief for the catastrophe-stricken in Pakistan—but

there's nothing that you can do about it.

I don't say: believe the experts. For they won't tell you a thing that you can't experience for yourself. But I *do* say, that a deep breath once in a while, acts as a more potent agent for peace than a breathless incessant activity towards the laudable ideas of overthrowing the System.

Now Amsterdam will show you, if you take its time, the time to drop in and by, the insides and the outsides, that the System digs its own grave.

And at the same time the recognition will dawn upon you, and to me it was a Real Dawn ('The only magic is doing'), that the whole thing can be masterminded as a non-violent cosmic and theatrical programme, for which all just needed the best minds alive.

Making it into a huge family where lies cannot be told, the face contradicting the words, where fear cannot enter, for there is nothing to be afraid of.

And this family does exist. And I, as an inhabitant of a city below sea level, meeting fellow-travellers everywhere, with their ups and downs, their lightness and heaviness, know that the family has become a real thing.

From the Universal Mutant Theater in New York to the Lowlands Weed Company & the Real Free Press in Amsterdam.

A city is like the inhabitants of it. You meet a good one, and it is a good city.

You meet with an unfortunate or disagreeable event and you put the city down. No wonder Amsterdam for me is so beautiful.

Look at me! Friends all over, and I keep collecting them. For future use.

Do the same. Know that you and your equals are everywhere. Sometimes it needs patience and endurance; some courage and efforts are needed, but you'll make out.

No-one can be stronger than you, if you know yourself, and come true that way. All the others you are. And together we're One. With the music. And all the poetry (the rhythmic songs of pain and pleasure embodied by eternity).

Nomads alive!

Ubiquitous Serendipity! Getting out of your problems means that you're getting closer to the universal solutions.

There is a Music Nation, there is a World Citizenship to share.

Enjoying reality you'll realize that nothing is more inspiring than the mutual inspiration itself. Let Amsterdam inspire you!

May God bless America!

May we all be, in peace, united!

With love from Amsterdam, written in New York, February 1971: Simon Vinkenoog (PATER FAMILIAS).



**Abbie
Hoffman**

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Pickwick Book Shop, 6743 Hollywood Blvd. (They never check shopping bags.)

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The Undermining of the Military Monolith

by Irwin Silber

FOR far too long, radical artists have labored under the delusion that their main task was to get their ideas out to as many millions of people as possible—by any means necessary. And since, in capitalist society, the way to reach the masses of people is through the established media of the system—television, radio, commercial cinema, slick magazines—this has provided a certain ideological justification for these radical artists to *voluntarily* become a part of the institutionalized commodity process.

Without doubting the “sincerity” of many who have taken this path, it is at the same time obvious that it is likewise the path to those material rewards which society offers its most “successful” creative minds.

This seeming contradiction is, to be sure, the classical example of the way in which all “enlightened” ruling classes have offered individual success to its fiercest critics while carefully screening through the new ideas being offered and absorbing that which is useful to the continued growth and security of the social system while weeding out those concepts which are overly threatening to social stability.

In recent years, a number of artists and intellectuals have come to understand the dynamics of this social process. Revolutionaries, whose concern is the *basic* re-ordering of society through the abolition of the capitalist “free” enterprise, private property system and its replacement with a socialist system of production and distribution—these artists and intellectuals have sought for new ways to express and disseminate their ideas *outside* of the commodity structure.

It is from this point of view that such groups as Newsreel, the radical film-making collective, Bread and Puppet Theater, El Teatro Campesino (the theatrical troupe of the Mexican-American community of California), and others have developed.

The military monolith, of course, is particularly vulnerable and wherever American GIs have developed ways of



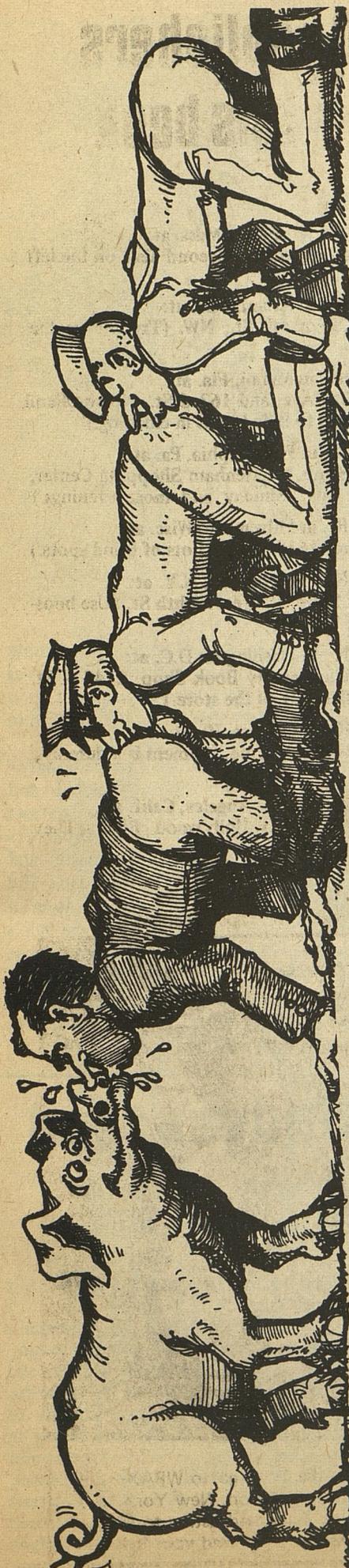
BARBARA DANE

opposing the war machine there have been artists and entertainers ready to help them. One such volunteer, folksinger Barbara Dane, thinks that these young men—many of them from working class communities, black and white l... Chicano and Puerto Rican—represent the best hope for revolutionary social change in America.

Barbara has spent the last two years performing for such groups and she has become a familiar figure playing her six or 12-string guitar at rallies outside military bases, on the stages of GI coffee houses and at concerts and festivals organized by GI resisters.

Once a highly successful and established blues and jazz singer—Capitol Records, network television, nightclubs and concert halls—she has refashioned her life so that today she sings *exclusively* for anti-war GIs, student demonstrators, peace groups, Puerto Rican and black liberation movements, and wherever some group of people out of their oppression and their social awareness has engaged to do battle with the social system.

In Oceanside, California, home of Camp Pendleton (U.S. Marines), Barbara led a cultural guerilla attack on the local USO singing anti-war songs for a wildly cheering audience of marines who had simply wandered in off the streets when they heard that a “blues” singer was going to do a concert.



Carolyn Mugar

In Texas, Barbara traveled 300 miles by bus with a group of anti-war GIs from Fort Hood to a peace demonstration in Houston. During the trip, the soldiers and Barbara wrote new GI words to anti-war songs which they performed, free-chorus style, the following day at the public rally.

At Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Barbara was arrested by MPs for distributing "unauthorized" literature to soldiers on the base. (She was handing out copies of that section of the U.S. Military Code of Justice pertaining to soldiers' rights.)

In San Diego, California, Barbara led a group of anti-war sailors in singing "freedom" songs while local cops and shore patrol forcibly invaded the headquarters of the local GI organization, The Movement for a Democratic Military. In Muldraugh, Kentucky, adjacent to Fort Knox, she helped a group of GIs demonstrate their solidarity with song in a midnight march on the local jail where town authorities had locked up the civilian organizers of the anti-war Coffee House.

When Barbara sings for embattled GI dissidents these days, she brings them songs of those earlier times, too. She sings of Harry Simms, the young Communist who was murdered on Brush Creek in 1932 while helping the striking coal miners of Knot County, Kentucky. She sings Olen Montgomery's "Lonesome Jailhouse Blues," a song written by one of the famous Scottsboro "Boys" framed on a rape charge in Alabama in 1931. She sings Woody Guthrie's original, unprettified

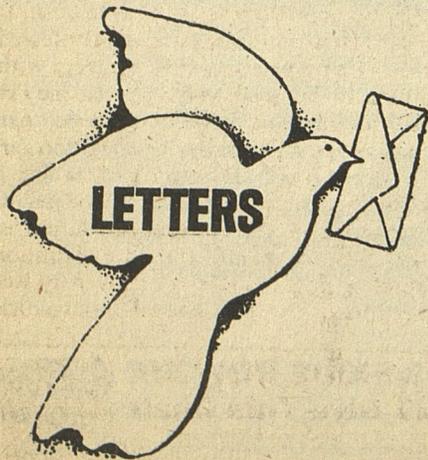


songs attacking the capitalist system and Leadbelly's powerful shouts of pain and joy. She sings songs of the Civil Rights movement of the early sixties, songs like "It Isn't Nice" which she introduced to the freedom schools during Mississippi Summer in 1964. Most especially she sings songs in which militant, self-defining women have joined the struggle against social oppression with the particular oppression of women in society. She sings the songs of Sara Ogun Gunning and Aunt Molly Jackson and the great black women blues singers—Ida Cox, Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith.

A "concert" by Barbara Dane cannot be approached simply as a "musical"

event. In a certain sense, it is simply one more moment in the life process—as real and as profound as life itself. It is art so artless that the only truth is in communication.

In an age in which "revolutionary" art comes to us pre-digested and shrewdly packaged for instant merchandising by computers programmed to sell toothpaste and songs with equal facility, the revolutionary art of Barbara Dane is an urgent reminder of what people's culture once was in America—and what it is in the process of becoming all over the world where the people have begun to find the ways in which they will define their own lives.



Dear John,

You say that your magazine is "hip to the whole wide world." Well, almost. The integrity is there all right, the intentions are the best, but the

Do Yanks Understand Canada?

vibrations are almost entirely American. Out of twenty-two articles in the October/70 issue of *Other Scenes*, only two dealt directly with foreign countries. And of the two, only one (on India) was not a comparison with the U.S., only one examined a culture on its own merits. Alex Apostolides (Law and Disorder South of the Border) managed to communicate, in spite of himself, that America was a good deal more important to him than Mexico. As if his steady chick had just kicked him out when he wasn't expecting it, and he's

trying to lose the hurt in a new, but strange face.

It's bewildering that an American's goddam *country* means so much to him. It's as if there were three million odd square miles of reality, for better or for worse, and an entire world full of aboriginals, deaf, dumb, and hiding in the steaming jungle. *North* of the border we get that message in pretty big doses. Revolutionaries, draft-dodgers, deserters and cool people let us know by their disinterest, silence and deadpan amusement that we're backward.

Because we're different. Because they don't know what the difference is. And to the extent that Canada is mentioned in your magazine, your writers don't know what the difference is either.

The most obvious example of this in the October issue occurs in "Up Against the Brass." It says:

"... Many of these will go to Canada, where the people speak English and where there are some jobs...."

I'll try to explain just how heavy the irony is, in that statement:

In one short sentence, Andy has managed to clobber just about the two sorest spots in this country, and line himself up with the military-industrial complex to boot. First, the one about English. Let me tell you, Andy, that not only is French one of the official languages of Canada, but to imply the preferability or superiority of English in any way, is as loaded as shouting "nigger", "law and order," and "bomb the Cong" all at once in the U.S.A. The separatist revolution in Canada is about the equivalent of the black revolution

down there. See? We Anglo-Saxons have tromped on the French-Canadians for longer than blacks have lived in North America, and both minorities feel about the same. You cannot get a federal civil service job unless you speak French or sign a contract which binds you to learn it. And in Quebec province, you could get killed for turning up your nose at the French language. Like pushing a black man off the sidewalk in Watts County.

And then about the jobs in Canada. Well, the unemployment rate here is usually between 5% and 8%, or about two or three percent higher than down there. Because G.M., etc., lay off the Canadian labour force faster than their American workers, because in a pinch you at least have to keep the home fires burning. Then there are incidents like the time that Ford of Canada stopped shipments of compact cars to China because the U.S. State Department told the head office in Dearborn or wherever, to tell the Windsor people.... American domination of our industry and politics is thorough.

Whenever we undercut U.S. lumber prices, the Washington and Oregon congressmen force the lowering of import quotas, to cut the competition. But American vegetables get *dumped* on our markets at vastly lowered wholesale prices. Import quotas for Canadian oil go up and down, or threaten to go up or down, like the proverbial whore's drawers every time we talk about doing things like recognizing the Peking government. It's not all America's fault. We have an export economy which is very sensitive to world trade conditions, and we also have our own hangups. But you see, using Canada as a source of jobs isn't quite as automatic as turning on the television. You seem also to imply, Andy, that Canada is something to be exploited at convenience, just like the military-industrial complex believes. We're expecting the marines here in a few years because we've got lots of the raw materials that the U.S. needs for its economic and military security; now private American citizens are moving up here in such great numbers that I'm beginning to wonder if we'll be drowned by sheer numbers and cultural egocentricity.

All of that is pretty heavy, and it's also sick. Hassling about economies, nationalities and cultures isn't what we're all driving at, even though we're still caught in these hangups. The good news is that we have a scene up here too, we're finding liberation in our own environment.

By and large, the rivers and forests are not polluted. It is safe for a woman to walk down the street at 2 A.M. in any town or city. The Protestant work ethic is tempered by the pastoral and agrarian consciousness of Catholic French Canada. Social tensions are dampened by the mutual need to survive in a tough country. And tolerance means more here than an epithet about white-assed liberals. It means that the ruling class has to take it easy because there is always the bush. It means that politicians are self-confessed clowns who perform their knavery with a dash of humour, knowing that they're not fooling the public any more than themselves, and not daring to go too far. It means that the intelligentsia (to a great if indeterminate extent) are just as interested in the cultural revolution as the kids are. When the administration building at Simon Fraser University was occupied, the Vancouver bourgeoisie



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fell into the trap, gave the kids criminal records to show that the law is a weapon of the establishment to protect its property and deluded sense of power. There was a strong reaction of disgust all across the country, especially in Toronto and Montreal. And tolerance also means that the whole country is turning on, from Cordova Street (skid row in Vancouver) to Westmount (Montreal's establishment), and it looks like perhaps all the sick values, the games, the power struggles, the work slavery, may die a relatively peaceful death. Maybe we'll be the first industrialized society to achieve genuine freedom of the spirit.

It's really hilarious to see what's happening. One of the profoundest rules here is, "it's a virtue to break any rule; the sin is to get caught." So the power

people grow mary jane in their hothouses up on the hill. So they drop acid. And look into the eyes of their employees, who are doing the same thing, and they recognize each other. Everybody keeps a poker face, because that's a rule too, but underneath, the first rays of—love?—man, you're beautiful—at any rate, begin to show through. It will be a long time before Parliament votes itself out of existence, but man, we've got a beautiful chance. We could blow it, but a lot of us are hanging in there to make it happen.

There it is once over lightly, gentlemen. Maybe you can send up somebody to check my story? Anyway, here's a cheque for my subscription.

David Bowden
Vancouver

Get Smart Mafia

The Mafia is a fine organization. It has lots of power and lots of money. It also has a lot of really dumb wops in it. Take the Heroin Racket for example. The Guineas are trading heroin for poor folks' pennies. The amount of money junk takes out of the ghetto is about equal to the amount of welfare that goes in. How dumb of the dago gangsters to play for pennies when they could be trading high class skag for diamonds. That's right diamonds.

South Africa uses almost slave black labor in the diamond mines along the beach near the mouth of the Orange River in South West Africa. The affinity of the Black

Man for heroin is well known. The heroin traffic which plays for welfare pennies in New York or Chicago could be being paid off in raw diamonds from Africa. It would be easier to trade diamonds for dope than it would be to go through the struggle of injecting dope into the ghetto.

Whoever the current Don Patrone is, he should read this article. If you know a ganster, why not give this to him. Tell him to read it if he can—and if he can't, to pass it on. Junk would sure fuck up the South African government worse than anything.

Unsigned
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Packages from India

Dear friends,

Thanks for your letter. I am surprised to get a letter from an anonymous address. Anyhow I hope that is in response to my letter. Block cakes are largely smuggled to U.S.A. from India. So far I have been successfully able to supply to U.S. men without any detection at your end.

It can be sent in two ways. If it is one or below one pound, it can be sent inside a doll head lining the foil. If it is more than 2 kgs. it can be sent inside a sitar or a guitar. It is carefully sent in such a way even an x-ray could not reveal. Correspondences should always be kept secret.

I can also help if anybody visits here.

Regarding the payment, I can accept your money dollar bills. The amount may be sent in an ordinary cover or Regd. cover without enclosing any letter. You may write separately. Money should not be sent in insured letters.

Price: 1 lb. 220 dollars, 1 kg. 450 dollars. If ordered for more than 3 kg. at a time ¼ lb. free. Shipment is by Air Mail.

If agreed drop a letter; sample will follow. Send a 10 dollar bill for a variety of samples.

Thanking you.

Yours,
S.P.

The preceding is an unsigned letter (no return address either) received from India without any prior communication from this end.



A Famous Stand-by

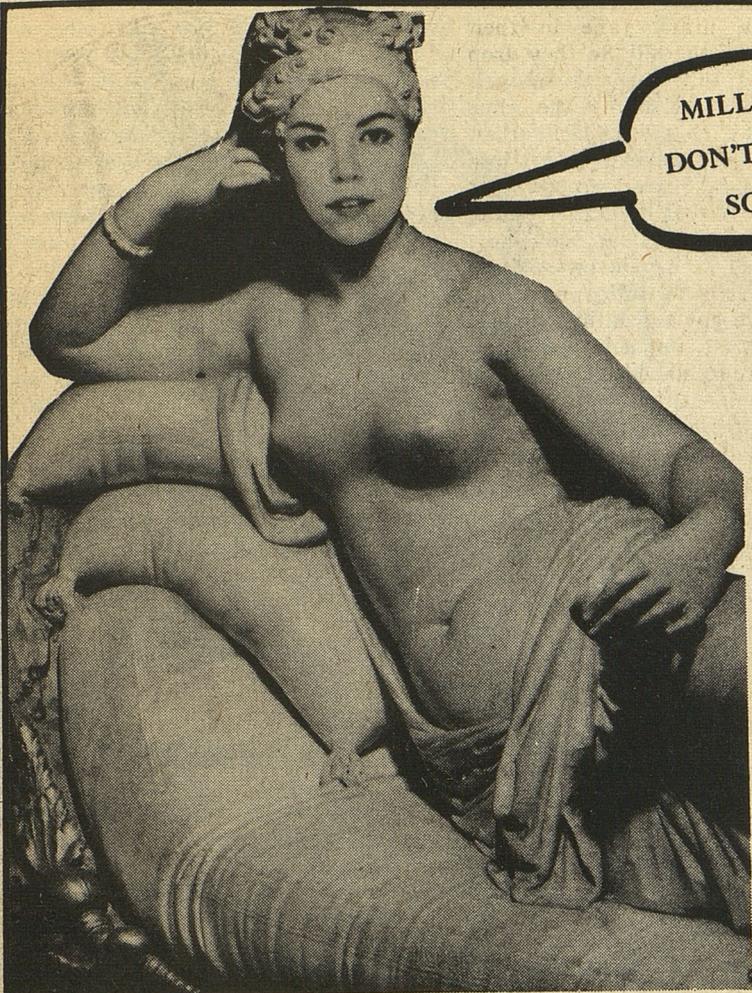
When office or shop is left behind for the great "outdoors" then it is, especially, that Grape-Nuts food displays its wonderful qualities.

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MILLIONAIRES
DON'T PAY TAXES....
SO WHY DO YOU?

by John Wilcock

WHEN will America learn that as long as it remains ruled by the Self-Fulfilling Prophecy Theory that its catastrophes will always come sooner rather than later? America defines China as the enemy but points out that it will never amount to much until it becomes a nuclear power; ergo, China strives for and attains nuclear power. America defines the Domino Theory stating that if one Asian country falls to the Communists so will they all; ergo, the communists close ranks and battle it to a standstill in one country after another. America says that marihuana smoking leads to stronger drugs and proceeds to clamp down on marihuana; ergo, grass-less freaks turn to anything else—invariably stronger—that they can find. America moves into Laos because if we don't, the North Vietnamese will wipe a massive spring offensive and wipe us out as we're trying to leave

COMMENTING on his three years in a Bolivian jail, French author Regis Debray says that prison offers a revolutionary intellectual an opportunity to make up a critical balance sheet of himself. But because an intellectual needs more than books—dialogue, discussion and contact with reality—jail can also cause neurotic fantasies, too much monologuing and schizophrenia.

Interviewed recently by Cuban journalists in Santiago de Chile, Debray said he would have been released earlier had he been jailed in a big city instead of in Camiri, a small town without a university or workers' organization. When Ovando's government was overthrown, he says, a power vacuum was created in the country.

"I am convinced that 15 persons, even without any

weapons, if they had presented themselves in the name of something, of anything, would have obtained my freedom. Because it's well known that as Malraux says, revolution is the usurpation of authority. Any person at this moment can assume any type of function."

On the subject of Che Guevara, his former colleague, the author of the basic text, *Revolution in the Revolution*, commented;

"To me, Che is an example of something very rare that does not occur frequently in history. I mean the intertwining of the man of theory with the man of action. Che was a man who knew the weak points of things and analyzed them. In the intellectual, analysis tends to cause discouragement and doubt. But he had the ability to walk and observe his shadow at the same time. By the very fact that he was who he was, and also because I overestimated . . . I refused to believe up to the last moment that it was going to fail. There came a time when I no longer remembered that one, too, was a man; a vulnerable individual, a being who could get sick or have trouble walking."

PENTHOUSE publisher Bob Guccione, whom I knew in London, invited me to write for him when he brought his mag to the States 18 months ago. Even though I don't write for other slicks, and never have, I started writing a monthly column for which I was adequately paid.

A few months ago, with Penthouse circulation and advertising steadily rising, the magazine's cost accountants figured out that the "cost per word" was too high in the upfront section where I appear and so I was asked to take less money. There'd been advance warning of this earlier when all bylines were removed from these columns.

Naturally I declined to accede to this typical attempt to screw the writers and so I won't be writing for Penthouse any more.

IT used to be so easy to go to film company screenings: you just took along your invitation on the date specified and if you got there in time there was a seat for you. Not any more. The people who run screenings have the minds of cost accountants so they introduced the RSVP system—which works fine for people who know exactly what they're going to be doing a week from Thursday at 8:15 P.M. Unfortunately, these are exactly the kind of predictable people who aren't going to be much use from a publicity point of view. Working writers, such as myself, are usually too busy to be able to plan that far ahead, the result being that (a) I call to RSVP and find the screening is already booked up; or (b) I go without calling and find plenty of room but all the seats reserved. For all practical purposes I've stopped going to screenings.

KEEPING people doped at both ends of the spectrum—children and old people—is a deliberate policy of the bosses who manipulate the North American society

alleges a writer in Canada's *Northern Neighbors*, a Soviet propaganda magazine that is better-written and more interesting than most of its drab counterparts.

In an article entitled: "Drugs—new way out for capitalism?" the writer accuses Roche Laboratories, among others, of pumping powerful "robot drugs" into untold numbers of elderly people. "These new brain drugs do not make people 'dopey'. They just stop them complaining about rotten food, wretched accommodation, lack of care." And Roche, the magazine says, pushes the drug as a way for nursing homes to make people "Less demanding, easier managed".

Much the same rationale is given for "doping into stupidity" thousands of schoolchildren with drugs like methyl-phenidate which allegedly cure a rare disease called hyperkinesis. Yet this disease was virtually "invented" so that the drug could be used, the U.S. Congress was told by Dr. Leo Hollister last November.

NN's editor says that in a book written five years ago he forecast that "soul killing" drugs would eventually be used on a mass scale to permanently remove people from the struggle against capitalism. Now, he says, that forecast has become "grim reality".

MUCH reprinted in the u/ground press was Richard Neville's piece from London OZ in which he bemoans the current lack of integrity in the alternate society and charges that "everyone hip is making war and loving it." Among his allegations:

**One of the promises of the new lifestyle was the abolition of false criteria. Today, hip symbols and fashionable rituals count for more than ever;*

**The social style of the head scene has become pretentious and anti-communicative;*

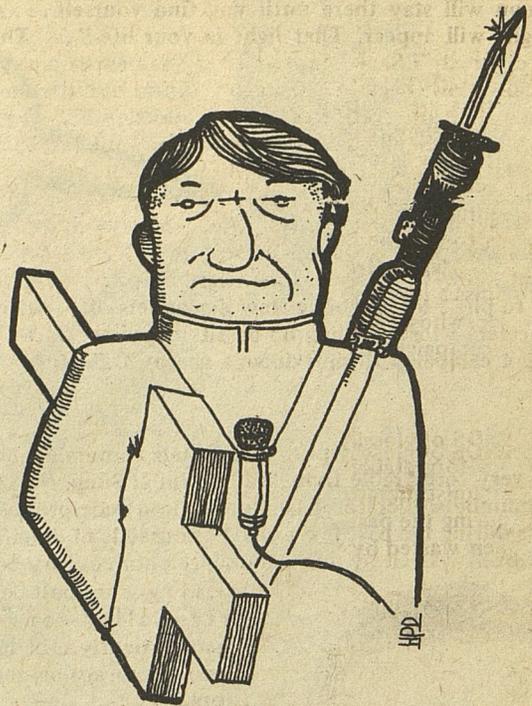
**Machiavellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tussles have always been rife . . . nowadays, however, the back-stabbings are no longer metaphorical.*

"If the underground press is the voice of the new movement", adds Richard, "then it is a choir of soloists, each member singing a different tune."

DISCONNECTING: The 16-member collective which published the Ypsilanti (Mich) *Second Coming* has split up and reported in a recent issue that "collective living is not an immediate solution to all our middle-class inspired-brainwashing." Political differences, frustrations, some people's need to dominate were listed as causes of the peaceful split. "The situation with our collective is probably reflective of a numbed spirit prevailing across the country", the editorial added. "Many of the once-laughing, dancing flower children are now rotting in prisons for smoking marihuana or for doing in the only way they could something to destroy a decaying culture."

CONNECTING: Milwaukee's Underground Switchboard, typical of many in the country, exists as an information source, counseling center and free clinic. With phones manned 24 hours a day it has helped runaways, found pads, connected people with rides etc. but has one inviolate rule reports the city's *Bugle-American*: "Don't Ball the Caller", either literally or figuratively.

NOMADS: Diane di Prima is working on a book based on her day to day living experiences in two communes—Millbrook (1966) and California's Black Bear (1969). The same problems arose at both places, she says: where to draw the



WELL YOU SEE, THERE'S THESE 9 COMMANDMENTS

line between communal and personal property; how to relate to women; and how to avoid having two or three people doing all the work . . . A chart listing the comparative prices per pound of brown rice, honey, granola, soy beans, vegetables, fruit and other natural products at the various local health food stores was printed by SF's *Good Times* . . . A guidebook on how to transform a school bus into group living quarters is being written by Howie Roman (3990 Marguirite St, Vancouver 9, B.C.) who asks readers for information . . . A converted mail truck is being used in Atlanta as a "Free Wheel" jitney which wanders around the city randomly picking up hitchhikers. Operational costs are about \$3 daily and drivers are all volunteers, says a letter to the *Great Speckled Bird*.

TACTICS: Twenty-thousand people in the SF Bay area who were sent bills for \$76.40 they didn't owe were just the vanguard of what will be a very much larger group of victims of future guerrilla theatre events according to a story in the *Berkeley Tribe*. . . Chicago's *Seed*, still the most beautiful underground, put Mayor Daley's head on a platter surrounded by turkeys . . . Portland's *Wilamette Bridge* began an infrequent supplement called "Jericho" all about prison conditions and "dedicated to informing the public and helping prisoners and ex-prisoners gain their human rights" . . . Living harmoniously with your cockroaches is the only sensible way to handle the problem says SF's *Good Times*, because if you stomp on every roach you see "eventually the whole tribe will get paranoid and they'll crawl around the wall sending out fear vibrations."

Hey! God is dead and being fucked in the Pentagon!

—The Rag

THE WAR: *Nola Express* sent a letter to its Vietnam subscribers telling them the war was over on May 1. "On that day in this year you will go into the jungle and sit down and



ALTERNATIVE PRESS

be still. You will stay there until you find yourself . . . A guiding light will appear. That light is your life." . . . The count of downed U.S. helicopters over Vietnam is always unrealistically low because Pentagon types don't count whirly-birds that are "retrieved" (says Berkeley *Tribe*) no matter how badly they're damaged . . . Lemar's Mike Aldrich says the Asian war is actually another "opium war" and involves the economies of Laos and Nationalist China. In a letter to Washington's *Quicksilver Times* he alleges we are invading Laos to get the opium harvest and save the Royal government . . . "The Great American Empire thing is beginning to piss a lot of young New Zealanders off", writes Chris Wheeler whose Wellington-based magazine *Cock* is promoting a campaign to shut down a nearby U.S. air force base.

THOUSANDS of glossily printed booklets containing the banal and very forgettable thoughts of Kim Il Sung, North Korea's Communist dictator, have flooded into underground newspapers during the past few weeks. Thousands of dollars must have been wasted by this supposedly poor country on



KIM IL SUNG

spreading the cult of personality—once regarded rightly as being a heinous sin against the people.

And yet there are always those dullard leftwingers who view the people—any people—as expendable so long as the ruling clique gives lip service to the correct ideologies (until another correct ideology is handed down to replace it).

Workers' Power, Michigan's "international socialist biweekly", raps *The Guardian* for its uncritical acceptance of the regime of Kim Il Sung (whose name and

face appear in virtually every headline and every story of every publication emanating from that country). WP's own story, by James Coleman, alleges that North Korea is filled with "the elitist essence of Stalinism" and adds: "The American radical movement seems to require foreign heroes.."

"... the war generation of people who made their reputation in the Second World War—these guys were running around in fox-holes in Guadal and Okinawa with publishers' agents running behind them with checkbooks and contracts, you know. Write us a good anti-war novel, man. Well just a minute while I shoot a gook man then I'll sign it up. And it all happened too soon and that's why they're no good. I wouldn't like to use a bad word but the psychosis of Norman Mailer is easily explained. He's nigger-rich. Or would you prefer Negro-colored-comrade-rich".

Kenneth Rexroth in *The Book Review*

CONDUCTING a survey about communal living via the readers of a neo-pagan newsletter, *The Green Egg*, researcher Carol Maddox discovered surprising unanimity about such matters as group activities (including sex), personal possessions, individual privacy and responsibility for work.

Nearly everybody, she reports, wanted to share land and large facilities but keep a few personal possessions,

particularly things for working with; nudity was generally approved of because it promoted "sensual freedom" although one respondent pointed out: "People can take off their clothes without disturbing their hang-ups, and nudity can be used as a game strategy." Various forms of marriage were approved as long as "the State" had nothing to do with endorsing its legality.

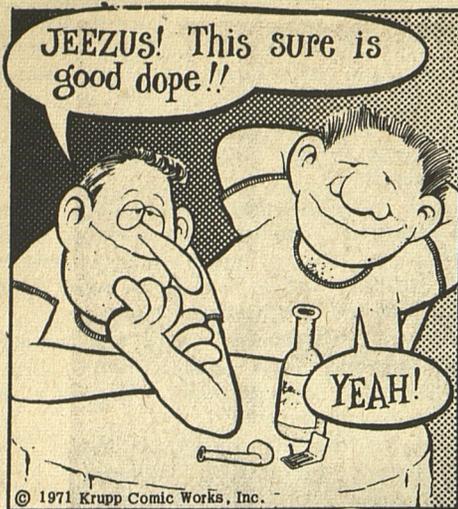
"People took a surprisingly hard line towards non-functional members", reports Miss Maddox, adding that the respondents "suggest no distinction between people who are exploiting others in order to enjoy leisure themselves and people who are disabled through no fault of their own." As to 'non-functional'—there was argument about whether somebody was equally non-functional whether they were sick, sleeping, reading, digging music, hiking in the woods or making love?

More than one respondent stressed the things to be avoided in a happily functioning community—power politics and ego-trips; over-ambitious plans for total self-sufficiency and isolation from the outside world; and suppression of the individual.

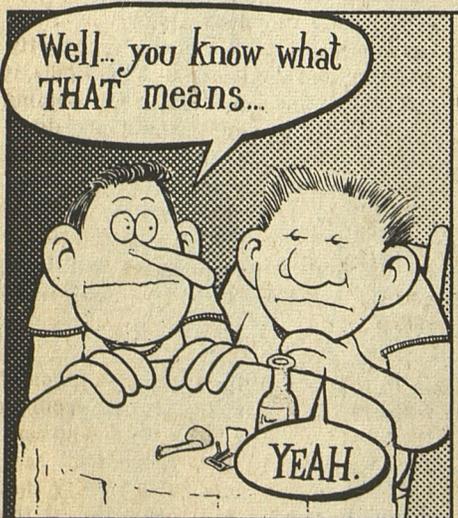
A further batch of questions asking people under what terms they would join a similar community can be found in *Green Egg* number 35 (50¢ from Church of All Worlds, POB 2953, St. Louis, Mo. 63130). These answers will also be collated and summarised in a future issue.

Re. CLEAVER/LEARY: "What right do these characters have to all this space in the Barb? asks Bob Head of *Nola Express*. "Are these people our leaders, and if so why? They don't sound like the underground. I don't accept any of Eldridge's definitions of revolutionary. What he's laying down is an absolute vision of reality. Leary should go write a book and think. Both of their wisdoms are very finite if they can't talk to each other. Two people claiming to be leaders and they can't carry on a conversation . . ." ***





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STONED-OUT FUNNIES

by Denis Kitchen

CULTURAL CRASHPAD

New York's East Village

by Shane Stevens

PERHAPS a rose by any other name is as sweet but in New York's East Village there are very few roses, and very little sweetness. There is, however, the name itself. The East Village. Shades of early Beat writers waft down its streets: Kerouac, Ginsberg, Burroughs, Ferlinghetti, Sy Krim, the little reviews and poetry books. The very name seems to have the flavor of the Orient, the mystique of poverty. All fertile soil for writers. Surely a place where a new Conrad could explore his heart of darkness, a new Hemingway could continue the myth of living dangerously to prove his masculinity, a new Faulkner could weave a Yoknapatawpha County every bit as imaginative as the original. Across the rooftops of tenement blocks drift visions of a cultural mecca where literary lodes are mined, sluiced, measured and published. Shakespeare's London, Goethe's Weimar, Freud's Vienna, Gertrude Stein's Paris, New York's East Village. Ahh.

"Are there any writers still writing in the East Village?"

A good earthy question. Kerouac is gone. Ginsberg is seen now and then, Burroughs is thought to be seen here and there. Ferlinghetti is the scene in San Francisco, Sy Krim is into Iowa and all the little poetry magazines have had their names changed to protect the

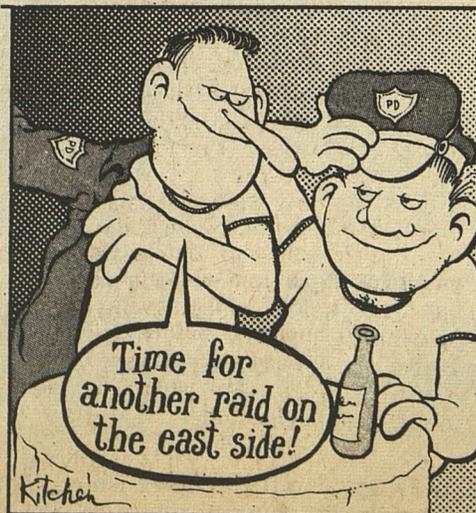
guilty. But time also moves and with it has come a new group of writers: a few novelists, some playwrights, a potpourri of poets. In the traditional sense of the writer being one who identifies himself as such, and who translates the world through his own individual reality, perhaps not as many are living and writing in the East Village as could, or should, be. The area is poor, mean, violent, and hung up on minority cultures; and in this affluent society even some writers make enough to live elsewhere in more comfortable surroundings.

Hybrid Culture

In all of New York City, the East Village is unique in its cultural make-up. Within a boxed area chopped out of the northern of the Lower East Side—bounded by Houston Street on the south, 14th Street on the north, the Bowery and Third Avenue on the west, and the river on the east—four distinct and very dissimilar traditions and life styles try to preserve their sanity. As recently as ten years ago, the East Village was still basically a Pan-Slavic working class ghetto. Some of the Beats and other early mystics had been over, under, around and through the place but hadn't left any lasting impression on the residents.

With the Sixties, however, came the influx of Spanish-speaking people, mostly from Puerto Rico. Then the hip blacks, mostly from Harlem. And finally, the hippies; white, middle-class, mostly from towns in America that local ghetto people could only dream about. Out of all this had emerged a hybrid culture that has seen few equals in the New World. That the various life styles are often at war with one another is a fact. That they are ever at peace is a miracle.

In the mid-Sixties, fate threw another curve into the cultural melting pot. With the increasing tempo of activity in the black ghettos and the increased revulsion felt toward the Vietnam War, young local writers began turning their furious energies to a kind of polemical journalism that called for wide revolutionary changes in American society. Distinctions between kinds of





writing became blurred, identities themselves tended to disappear. Poetry became prose. Novels became essays become plays. There were to be no novelists or essayists or playwrights as such. No poets or prose writers. Indeed, no writers. Not as a distinct identity, that is.

Question: When is a writer not a writer?

When he's writing for the underground press in the East Village. This was to be the new sense of what the writer is all about. He is a whole man, wholly attuned to his surroundings. There's to be no pretense of objectivity, of the detached point of view in his work. He feels, and he writes what serves his feelings. The young writers living this life style are not called writers by their peers, and do not wish to be known as writers. In the East Village they are called radicals and revolutionaries and organizers and activists. That they do write—and some of them very well—is to them quite beside the point. For them, anyone who looks upon himself primarily as a writer is no longer relevant.

In the more traditional avenues of literature, poetry is the prime mover in the East Village. Consequently, there are countless ephemeral publications ranging from mimeographed single

sheets to well-edited little magazines. Larry Pool, former owner of the old Tompkins Square bookstore and publisher of *Down Here*—which was among the best of the local literary books—is not around any longer, but others are adequately filling the breach.

Poetry Supreme

The line between poetry and the play, ever thin, virtually disappears in the work of some local writers, and most of the poetry collections include prose drama. For those playwrights stage-bound, there are any number of little magazines that publish complete plays. And, of course, there are those young poets engaged exclusively in the writing of folk-rock lyrics, thereby joining what seems to be an entirely different fraternity.

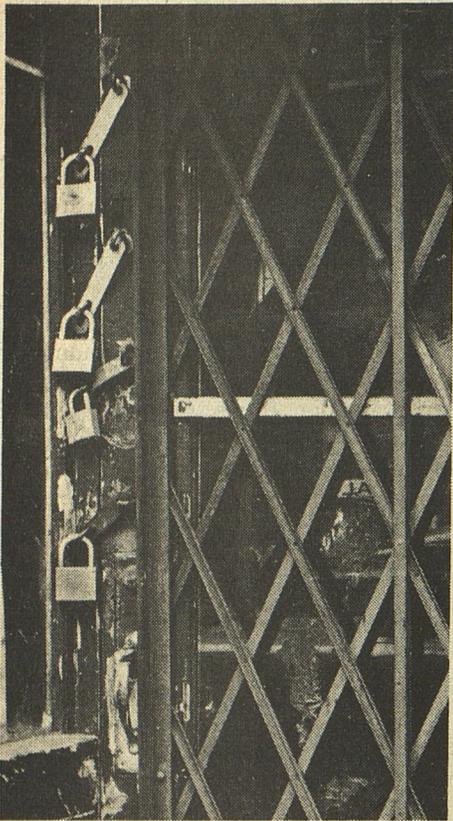
The novelist, being of a tougher breed, is a loner and much harder to spot. Again, some of the local books publish excerpts from works in progress, but to the serious young novelist this is merely the appetizer before the main course. His novelist's eye, always on the main chance, seeks complete, not fragmented, publication.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of East Village writers is their youth. Keeping in mind the

widening gulf between the committed writer and those "non-writer" writers, the average age is still this side of thirty. To many of the more revolutionary inclined, for example, Ginsberg is no longer relevant. Burroughs, while perhaps still knowledgeable, is not emotionally involved. Many of them haven't heard of Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, or Krim, and the Beats, like the Blahs, is just something one feels when coming down from a drug high. They don't normally read the surface press, which they disdainfully call the "readers' digest." In fact, they read very little since they believe print is passe because of its limited reach. Most of them, visually oriented, plan eventually to go into film.

If the East Village has a number of cultural life styles that do not seem to fuse too well, if it has writers who seek revolution as well as those who seek truth, it nevertheless has a vitality that is sorely missing in other areas of the city. Along with the stink of life and the smell of death, there are the sounds of youth and the politics of joy. As with most ghetto dwellers, the people of the East Village live in the streets and it is here that street theater came into existence. If all the world's a stage, then the East Village is front and center. The daily happenings of its

CULTURAL CRASHPAD:
NEW YORK'S EAST VILLAGE



Charles Gatewood

inhabitants—squalid, sordid, murderous, beautiful, *human*—all seem to have an air of theatrics about them. Julian Beck's Living Theatre found its inspiration here. And it is here that the youth revolution—the only authentic revolution now taking place in this country—is in full swing. Along many of its streets and in Tompkins Square Park, the area's common meeting ground, little one-act plays, replete with all the laughter and horror of life in the raw, are constantly taking place. Others are being performed, sometimes spontaneously, by amateur groups that give a political cast to street spectacles. Guerrilla theater. Caustic, inflammatory, even libelous, they take events and act out, with only the barest of stage props, political morality plays that are at times very effective.

The more formal theater is well represented in the East Village by at least two dozen playhouses of varying size and persuasion. The Negro Ensemble Company, for example, is at the St. Mark's Playhouse on Second Avenue. Within a stone's throw are the Orpheum, 80 St. Mark's, and the Cooper Square Arts Theater, and a bit south of these are the Bouwerie Lane and the famous Amato Opera house.

Much of the underground effort in film has moved uptown, due to relaxation of film codes and the

consequent available money. A number of storefront theaters irregularly show avant-garde films. Of the traditional houses the Charles, on Avenue B, regularly runs art and foreign films while the Winston, on Avenue B and Houston Street, takes care of the lesser home product. The Winston is worth noting because it is only 70¢ admission in the daytime, and thus serves as an inexpensive oasis for the writer who develops a block in the midst of his work. Over the years a goodly number of writers have been spotted in the afternoon audience at the Winston.

If music is the muse of life, Fillmore East is the local mecca. For young writers who feel the need for rock sustenance the Fillmore, on Second Avenue, provides escalating sounds at escalating prices that give it all the aura of middle-class respectability. And for jazz buffs Slugs', on East Third Street, is the local fountainhead of secular wisdom. Beyond these established places, there is more music in the East Village than any other sound, except perhaps screaming.

Where do today's East Village writers get together for shop talk? For the most part, they don't. There seems to be no great desire to cross breeds. There is no one watering hole, perhaps because there are so many diverse groups working the streets. For the poets, St. Mark's Church is a sometimes hangout; as is the Paradox on East Seventh Street. The playwrights tend to be seen in the coffee (and other) shops along St. Mark's Place and Second Avenue, where many of the area's theaters are located. Budding journalists usually stay close to the underground press offices, swapping their lives and loves and theories of revolution, and going out occasionally for food to places like the Caldron on East Sixth Street, and the ethnic restaurants along Second Avenue.

Novelists are the most elusive. They are frequently away from home, gathering nuts or material. When in town they might be seen, if at all, at one of the local bars. For unexamined reasons, they seem to have more of a resilience to alcohol than do the poets and playwrights. The old Slugger Ann's, on Second Avenue, was a favorite for the more adventurous novelists over the years, and nothing has quite taken its place. Several bars deep in the Far East are currently popular.

In the crashpad existence of most East Village writers, probably the only thing in common is the fierce determination to write, to shake, to move minds, whether it be on paper, film, stage or brick wall. To a real writer—whatever he calls himself—writing is torture but not writing is worse torture. That never changes. Anywhere.

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DIGGING FOR THE DIGGERS

by Tom McNamara

WHEN I first encountered Galahad, who was at the time even more famous, at least in New York, than Emmett Grogan, he was riding the crest of a tremendous wave of media adulation and contrived charisma. He was a lanky young natural for the role of Digger leader. He usually wore a Confederate officer's hat but was hip enough not to ruin it with a display of the Stars and Bars. The papers were full of his exploits.

The New York Times told its readers how Galahad smoked pot and how all the multitudinous hordes who inhabited his domain on East 10th Street smoked but never in their living room because of the heat that was on to get the digger heirophants. Nobody wanted to be responsible for Galahad's bad times and bad times he was having with court appearances on every kind of trumped-up charge scheduled almost daily.

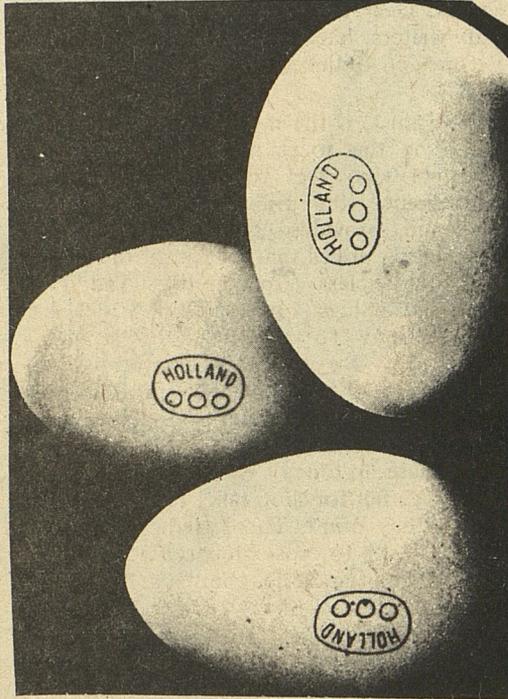
He dressed for his court appearances. I watched him spend hours preparing his long hair with the help of attendants. It was like a young prince preparing to meet the Inquisition. Galahad knew all the tricks. When he arrived downtown he would kick at the reporters and Daily News photogs just like a moviestar. He knew pictures like that made the centerfold. He was usually dressed in his Sundance belt.

Whenever he'd run into me at the submarine sandwich shop on the corner of Avenue B and 10th Street or at the coffeehouse near the library on Tompkins Square Park, he'd lift his

Part Two of a Series

finger to the brim of the hat and strike off a smart salute. Who did he think I was, Bigger Brother?

It was a tough time for me, as I remember it. I was thinking of running away with a bunch of the guys to one of the islands off the coast of Mexico. We



had it all planned and enough money wouldn't be a problem. Hanneman not only had an uncle, mucho richo near where we wanted to spend that winter, but he claimed to have a connection to go down there by fishing boat from Key West. I thought it would be a good change from the long drive down from New York. Jeff was supposed to go, too, but lost interest in the project.

Anyway, as soon as we decided, the

little islands were racked by tidal waves. Uh huh, said me to me, Krishna does not smile on this; he will not let us escape. I was down past my last pair of socks. In fact I hadn't been able to find two that matched from the vast stock of the Free Store. Soon everybody knew that the Diggers were mis-matched socks, if they bothered to wear them at all. It was the fashion news of 1966 but Vogue didn't run an extra.

I was muttering at the Gods under my breath about the lousy conditions we were going through. Particularly the sock situation. It obsessed my demented mind. It was my constant thought. Jesus, were no angels on our wavelength? We were trying to do what we could to be Christians under the enormously horrendous circumstances of Lower East Side poverty, working without food and decent shelter and the Powers in the Sky didn't care. Was that it? I was damned if I was going to pray.

Then, it happened. I was on my way to the ghastly station on Houston Street to buy a pack of smokes cursing SOX SOX SOX SOX and thinking of Mexico. I bought the butts and rounded the corner of the building. There was an evil black scrawl over a good part of the wall, as if Satan had signed his name, black-on-black in tarpencil. If I could translate into words what was written on that wall, even in these days of "liberal" obscenity laws this publication's editor would tremble and have to hire lawyers.

An arrow of this piece of demonic graffiti pointed to the sidewalk which was strewn with socks, pairs and pairs of them. None matched. Well, one thing I knew, somebody cared.

Lateral Thoughts

The need to be right all the time is the biggest bar there is to new ideas.

Ideas are the spectacles through which we look at data in order to see information.

An idea has a usefulness quite apart from its correctness.

Most really significant progress results from the solution of problems which are not there.

Today's fact is yesterday's theory and tomorrow's mistake.

A man is as big as the difference between his fears and his ideas.

by Edward de Bono



Where
Have
All
The
Red
Pubics
Gone?
asks
r. meltzer

AVID muff divers and casual onlookers will heartily agree that nothing on God's earth comes close to a snatch punctuated with red pubic hair. See one you've seen them all simply does not apply if your list excludes red. And as far as the aesthetics of eating goes there are spokesmen who will testify that they even *taste* different and I am not one to disagree. Okay, with something so much in demand who is to explain the absence of supply? Look around the room, go to the window and check out the entire avenue and chances are enormous you won't see a red box for miles, not even any auburn. So a favorite third martini conversational gambit has become: "Where's it all disappeared to?" or even "Is there someone we can blame for the absence of such a top priority gourmet item?"

The answers are many. First there's mean Mr. Gene. Hair color is of course one of the famous hot items to be determined by those tricky genetics. Hand in hair with head hair color is pubic hair color. If Mother Nature goes awry neither hell nor high water's gonna stop you from being albino in both spots but under most circumstances it's limited to the range from black to blond and all points in between. Mr. Darwin would tell you that natural selection does a real job on things and occasionally you'll see some genes and chromosomes vanish into thin air: could this be the fate that has befallen everybody's number one pussy hue?

Hopefully not; the chances are good that the red gene remains hidden somewhere underneath some *dominant* cocksucker since it is only *recessive*. There could be billions or even trillions of future redheads waiting to be conceived and born if only we knew the right combinations of sperm and egg needed to get the ball rolling. The eugenics people could help, so could the genealogists but we'll all have to help out. And why would anybody not give his fullest cooperation with the stakes so high? After all, who wouldn't want to get himself some real fine young red cunt in the guise of a daughter?! You can do anything you want with a daughter and if her hair is red on top you know it's gonna be red, by cracky, so all those years of waiting for the first short hair to sprout will surely be years well spent in feverish preparation. If you can even wait that long! And if you can get yourself a redhead to breed with grab her, even if you have to marry her to do it: it's not every day you get a chance to get entangled with a JUICY RED TWAT so jump at it; opportunity knocks but once.

Meal On the Side

But science now tells us they've synthesized the gene so the day isn't too far distant when you know what's gonna happen. Those docs are men of the flesh if there ever was one so they're gonna be duplicating red poon in a test tube. If they isolate the vaginal gene itself in addition to the one for color there'll be labs galore with that familiar squishing sound without the vocal utterances that so often accompany it. People will be going into science like they haven't done since the first sputnik, colleges won't be able to handle the overload and their catalogues will try to tone down the activities that we all know will be going on: lies and hypocrisy will reign then as now but truth will out.

Ear muffs will be the real thing and there won't be a haberdashery from here to Kokomo that won't have

them in all shapes and sizes (the size gene opens up interesting possibilities too) and, of course, leading the popularity poll will be red ones. At least at first because familiarity breeds contempt and if they flood the market there goes their exclusive position. Federal law will be needed to regulate the ratio of colors and it will be the first federal law in history worth a damn. Write your congressman tonite so that he's ready when it all begins to happen just around the corner. If they vote against it then they must be voted out of office, even if their record on the war and minorities is spotless since what could possibly matter more than nookie?

Unregulated nookie has largely been the way of the world so old man sociology has had a lot to do with things. I guess you've noticed that you can go for six months without seeing a platinum blond: that's sociology, nobody wants to be on the receiving end of all the jeers that go with such a groovy headgear shade. Therefore it could be the case that a vast number of original redheads have fallen prey to the evil eye of Madison Avenue and succumbed to the heinous propaganda campaign of the Clairol folks, surrendering their reddish locks for that ugly blond shit. Meanwhile down in the groin region everything is hunky dory. Only trouble is you don't know! Could it actually be the blond up on top is only camouflage to evade the clutches of a horny fornicator or cunnilinguist out for kicks and knowing that in this case a red light means go? The answer to that is undoubtedly a resounding yes but how widespread is the use of hair color as disguise in America today?

Was It Fake?

For that answer just listen to the words of Abba Aufgabe, a gal's lib gadfly who is in fact a natural born redhead with *black* dye on the top of her head to really confuse unwanted suitors: "This whole issue of hair color is really irrelevant and should be put in its place. As to why I do what I do it's more or less a matter of I have to in order to avoid all those pests since for some reason all those monsters seem to be attracted to red short hairs. But when I happen to find a companion whose presence doesn't annoy me too much I surprise him with a real treat and a meal on the side. That way a clitoral orgasm is just about insured and what's it all about anyway?"

Yet certainly there are prudes and old-fashioned frigid types who also hide behind the mantle of non-redheadedness that those harsh hair chemicals unfortunately make possible.

Luckily it's often the other way around: red dye applied you-know-where even if there's no carrot top out where it shows. That's a kind of camouflage intrinsically related to the old Indian impersonation laws which now protect our boys in blue from costume store impostors. Certainly our legal eagles can force court interpretations that will require name tags or some other sort of visible identification for broads who hide such cosmetically-enhanced-sweet-dewed glory. Perhaps clinging to the letter of the law will eventually let it all hang out and cast to the wayside all existing anti-exposed cunt laws in this country. That would be an important sidelight to this entire matter and might serve as a prerequisite for further breakthroughs in the world

of squack visibility and accessibility. And wouldn't it be ironic if it was covering it up because it was red that made it all possible?!

After all it is a serious matter and humor has only served to aggravate the situation. For instance Miss Dale Ming, a teacher in the New York City school system, has encountered what it's like to be the butt of all the redhead jokes. "First day in class and somebody yells out, 'Hey teach stand on your head so we can see if you're a natural redhead.' How they could tell I had no pants on I'll never know since I hadn't sat down yet but it was more than authenticity they were after I'm sure."

The crux of the matter was that they *didn't believe* her redness was the real thing, it *had* to be fake! But they wouldn't have minded discovering it to be real anyway. And even if it turned out to be, as expected, as fraudulent as a 3-dollar bill they wouldn't have passed up a sniff, a lick, a slurp, or an insertion. And what brought the while thing to the surface was nothing but mere hair color and its insinuations of smutty games right off the bat. In other words, redhead hair implies fake red-head hair which implies non-red pubic hair which leads to the most boring jokes in the book in an attempt to evade the tragedy implicit in all the foregoing. It's no laughing matter but at least we can seek out fun while hovering over the abyss, just as some folks sing their troubles away by means of the blues.

Then there are those who shave regularly. They have all the telltale signs of red damp (such as unhidden red coiffeur and stray samples on a comb which pass the investigator's tests with flying colors) yet when the pants are down and the dress is up there's NOT A HAIR IN SIGHT! Bare as a baby's ass. Finally it grows back but who feels like waiting? And even then it's nothing but stubble and for months on end the flesh tint shows through to produce a pink or orange that looks like a Gimbel's reupholstery: it's artificial, there's not an ounce of natural in the entire body of an individual who does a thing like that.

Yet there are experimentalists and in recent months I've seen green, blue, magenta and silver gray snappers and they weren't half bad. But of course it's also the person behind the cunt that matters too. And how she carries and displays what equipment she has. Even the reddest and realest can be worthless unless operated by someone who knows how. Nobody's as photogenic between the legs as pantyhose model Lynn Forbes but once the flashbulbs have died down you know what? She isn't even as good as a goat and goats have no hair whatever on their pubis. But just the same Lynn's fuzz is red fuzz: just think of where she'd be if it were brown, black or blond! **

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH CLUB

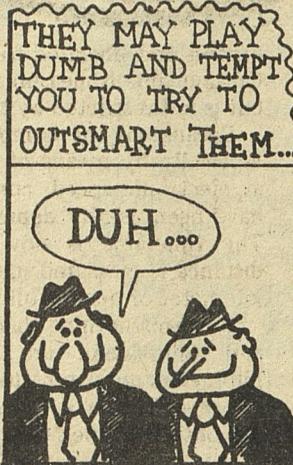
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what to do when **THE FBI** COMES

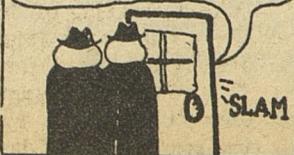
IN THE WAKE OF THE CITY HALL BOMBING, THE FBI HAS BEEN MAKING VISITS TO MANY PEOPLE'S HOMES. THESE VISITS ARE AS MUCH FOR GENERAL PURPOSES OF INFORMATION GATHERING AS THEY ARE FOR APPREHENDING THE BOMBERS. TALKING TO THEM NOW WILL ONLY MAKE THEIR JOB OF INTIMIDATION + REGRESSION EASIER IN THE FUTURE!



IT IS A FEDERAL CRIME TO
LIE TO THEM!

THERE IS ONLY ONE SAFE, LEGAL RESPONSE YOU SHOULD MAKE:

GO AWAY- I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU!



THEY MAY TELL YOU TO CALL YOUR LAWYER- THIS IS A TRICK- IGNORE THEM! DO NOT LET THEM IN YOUR HOUSE IF THEY DONT HAVE A WARRANT. THEY MAY REMAIN ON YOUR DOORSTEP OR POUND ON YOUR WINDOWS... IGNORE THEM. THEY HAVE MORE TRICKS THAT ARENT LISTED HERE FOLLOW THE ONE BASIC RULE: DONT TALK TO THE F.B.I. !!

A Japanese gentleman who had returned from a trip through Communist China commented that his countrymen would not enjoy traveling in China because they would not be able to get their hands on a timetable.

Timetables were not for sale and not even available for inspection at stations. To travel without a timetable is unthinkable to most Japanese, as is proven by the perennial popularity of the Japan National Railways' voluminous timetable, which is the travellers' bible, gazeteer and reading matter bound in one. Without the exact surety a timetable provides, a Japanese traveller in China would certainly be uncomfortable.

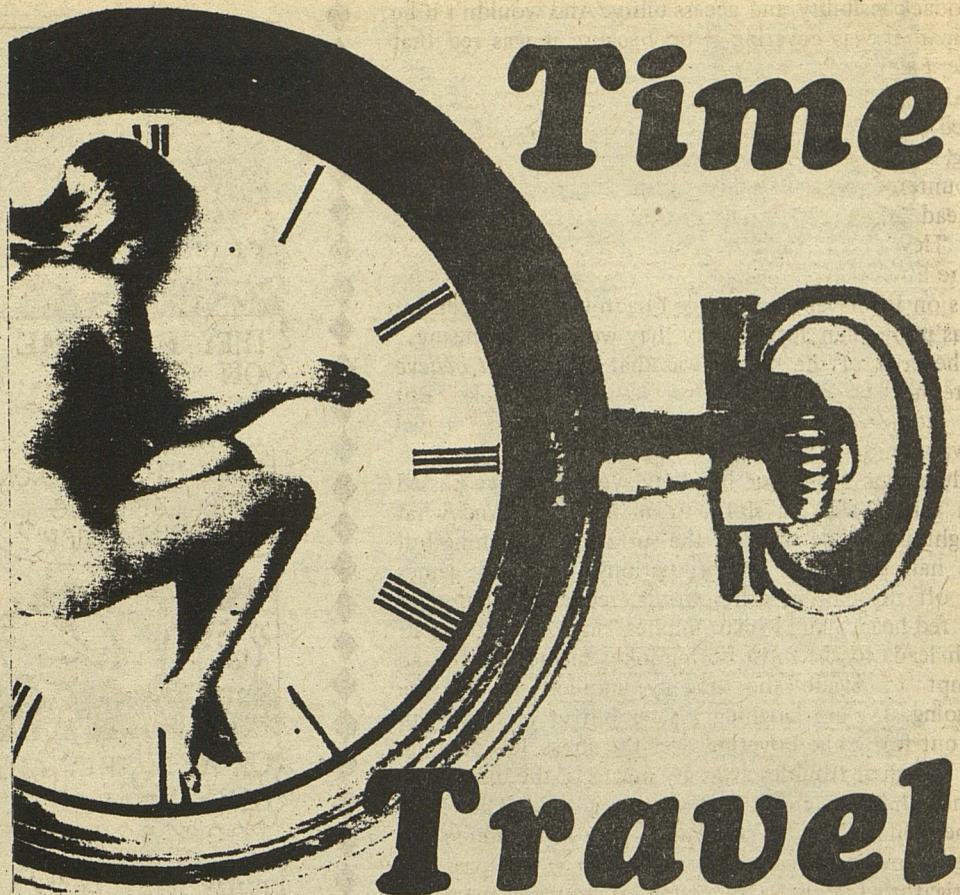
Popularity of the timetable, however, is not merely a Japanese idiosyncrasy. It represents changes in time's meaning in relation to travel, and in attitudes toward travel and time.

Most "improvements" in transportation shorten transportation time. From the viewpoint of the act of transporting something—people, cargo, information—from one point to another, these improvements compress time. In merchandising, thinking has shifted from the neutral "time is money" to the positive "speed is money", while a common characteristic of popular heroes today is great speed capability.

Time is thus an enemy of transportation. Obtaining a shorter and quicker route is an age-old occupation, perhaps best dramatized by the achievements of explorers, men who sought new routes over land and sea. Their successes reduced transportation time by months and days. The advent of air travel reduced transportation time by days and hours, and electronic means of communicating, i.e., transporting information, further reduced the pertinent necessary transportation time to the extent that now, when information is the greatest commodity transported, it is necessary to use units of minute fractions of seconds in discussing computer response.

The limiting factor today is often not the process or machine, but man, the participant. The only anxiety voiced to any great extent over supersonic air travel is not over aeronautical engineering but over sonic booms.

Man, as information-bearer, is obsolete. In 1930 in Tokyo telephone service was twice as expensive as employing a full-time messenger, and economy-minded firms declined to install telephones for that reason. No one would consider the choice between the two to be moot today. Man, with his labor unions, absenteeism, and general human-ness, inevitably has been removed from the communication



process and liberated for other pursuits. On line time is measured in man's units, but is not restricted by them.

Because of the compression of time, especially by means of communication at electronic speed, conventional maps have been greatly depreciated in value. The timetable is now the map, and distance is measured in time, not by the kilometer or quaint folkloristic mile.

It means nothing that Tokyo Station and Shin-Osaka are 552.6 railroad kilometers apart now that direct dialing between Tokyo and Osaka is possible. In contrast to the postwar experience of a Nippon Telegraph and Telephone employee, who placed a call from his downtown office to his home in suburban Kunitachi and returned home before the call went through, America is now closer to Japan than Korea, because there are not enough lines between Japan and Korea.

As transportation and communication times were compressed in business and industry, the time available for personal use increased. Much of the surplus time or "free time" thus gained has been utilized for travel, and as the amount of this time available increased, so did the scale of the units used to measure it. When the Japanese stopped speaking of "leisure" and started speaking of "vacance" in 1963 they were not simply exchanging a French loan-word for an English one. The change represented an advance from thinking in units of hours to thinking in units of days.

Japan National Railways no longer advertises the number of hours needed to travel between Tokyo and Osaka by New Tokaido Line—it is far more widely known than is the distance between the two cities. Instead, the JNR advertises that one can go to Kyoto, see a festival, and be back in Tokyo the same day. Unfortunately, this means that the festival, despite its unique origin in Kyoto, need not be there at all, and there is thus less reason to go to Kyoto.

Airline advertising, too, reflects the importance of travelling in time. No airline would advertise the number of air kilometers between Paris and New York. It and its passengers are only interested in the number of hours it takes.

When flying, there is nothing to see 99 per cent of the time, so the airlines stress in-flight service and show movies. This process within the milieu of travel, however, can become the norm, as the process of travelling loses meaning. Having reached Japan, tourists stopping in the major hotels can—and, in great numbers, do—enter dark rooms, to watch films of Japan: Japan's laundered "image" rather than reality. And, as television irons out regional differences at electronic speed, much of the flavor of travel is irreversibly lost. Reality is preserved in the images of films and ability to savor travel becomes dulled. Pursuit of improving the process of travel ironically can thus foster depletion of the meaning of travel.

—Martin Cohen



The Brave Bulls of Shikoku

By Carl M. Hansen Jr.

UNSUNG by Hemingway, death in the afternoon on the Japanese island of Shikoku combines the dramatic ingredients of bulls, blood and sand in a brutal spectacle that, by comparison, makes the efforts of Spain's matadors about as exciting as milking time in Iowa.

It all began some two hundred years ago when a Dutch merchant ship, caught in the furious winds of a typhoon, foundered on the rocky shores of Shikoku, the smallest of Japan's four main islands. The ship was a total loss, but the good citizens of Uwajima, a tiny coastal village, labored through the violent night and rescued every last man aboard. The captain and crew of the Dutch vessel were understandably grateful and expressed their gratitude some two years later by returning and presenting the village of Uwajima with the necessary

ingredients for a future herd of cattle—two magnificent bulls and a dozen obediently contented cows. However, since beef and milk were then as rare in the Shikoku table d'hôte as K-rations in Kamakura, the Shikokuns led their bulls down another path.

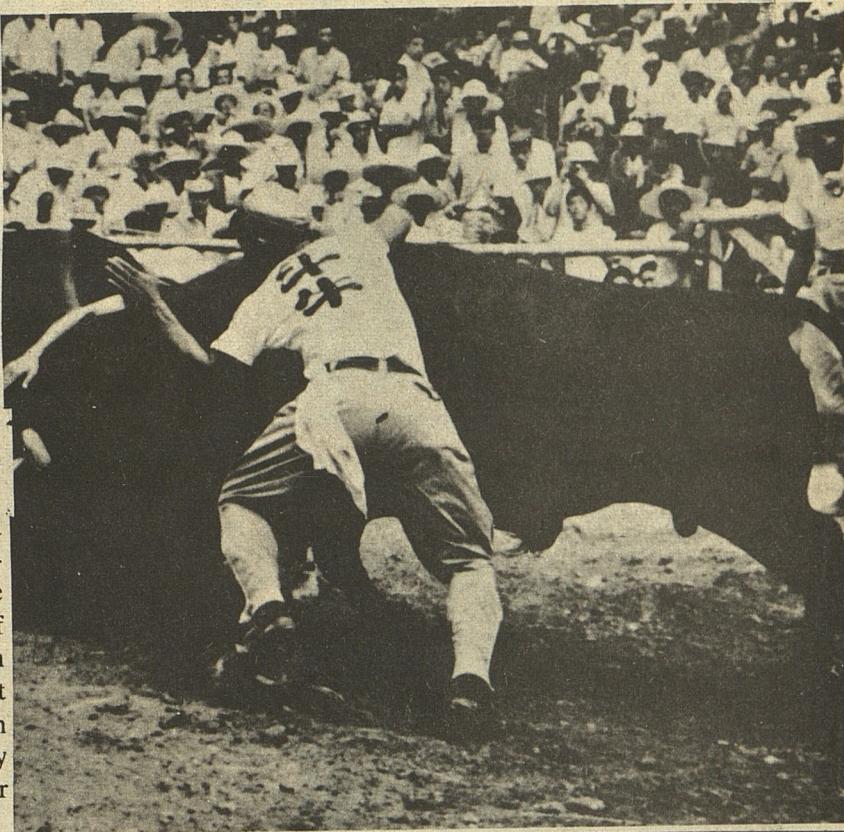
Early in the game the Shikokuns recognized that their two bulls fought in deadly earnest for the favors of the bovine beauties that stood so quietly on the sidelines chewing their cuds with age-old and provocative interest, and it only took one man to holler "Ten yen on the bull with the white foot" to set the pattern. Bullfighting was born on Shikoku and has changed little to this day. In Spain, it's man against bull with the cards pretty well stacked in man's favor. In Shikoku it's bull against bull and may the best beast win.

Following the pattern set by Japan's ancient and bruising sport of sumo wrestling (in which two man-type behemoths attempt to hurl each other from a small ring in head-on collision) bullfights are held once every three months, on January 2nd, April 24th, July 24th and November 23rd. In the same pattern, the bulls are rated as grand champions, champions and on down the line to apprentice.

On fight day the fans flock to the homes of their favorite bulls bearing garlands of flowers and—again in the sumo pattern—little aprons that are beautifully and colorfully hand embroidered. The bulls submit to this rather embarrassing display of confidence with patient dignity and wear and bear their presents proudly as they lead the processions to the ring, a well trampled area some sixty feet in diameter enclosed by a stoutly constructed bamboo fence.

On a more happy note, the owner of a winning bull entertains his friends and champion's followers with an all night bash in the family barn with the bull himself as the guest of honor. The battered but gallant hero looks on in quiet amazement as gallons of hot and potent saké are drunk in flattering toast and, with dawn's first early light, he is quite possibly aware of the paradox that his is the only clear head in the crowd.

On Japan's southern island of Shikoku it's bull against bull—and may the best beast win.



Revolutionary Mandate

Never leave a meeting
hating your brothers and sisters,
no matter how wrong you think they are.

There will always be differences about
the role of the proletariat

workers
blacks
women
strategy
tactics

but these are not important enough
(are they?)
to make us hate each other.

Never let your wife
husband
go to bed if anger is all
you can communicate to each other.

Never let your children
go to sleep thinking that
you are angry with them.

Never leave on a trip
unless your family knows
of your intense love for them.

Kiss touch feel
not only your wife/husband/lover
but especially
your friends.

And
Never ignore an opportunity
to love.

Julius Lester



HAUNTED

by Juan Marrero

SOME weeks ago, a US journalist who visited Haiti said that he found enormous photographs of Francois Duvalier (Papa Doc) everywhere he went, and in them, the dictator's expression was always serious and grave.

Why isn't there a picture of you smiling? the journalist asked Duvalier. He answered: "Do you think being the President of Haiti is a laughing matter?"

Indeed, after thirteen years of Duvalier's dictatorship, nobody in Haiti laughs, not even the dictator who is now seriously ill.

But if Duvalier doesn't smile—he who has plundered the Haitian state; he who has all the comforts and luxuries—how can we expect others to smile, the four and a half million Haitians who have an annual per capita income of 75 dollars, one the lowest in the world; who consume only seven liters of milk per capita a year; 89 percent of whom are illiterate; whom malaria and tuberculosis annihilate? In Haiti, 204 of every 1,000 children die before they reach their first birthday.

The 63-year-old dictator, educated in the United States, has done nothing in the past thirteen years to alleviate the drama of the Haitian people. On the contrary, he has transformed Haiti into a hell of terror and violence, and some have rightly called the Duvalier regime the "fascism of underdevelopment". And still others describe it as a typical example of "tropical totalitarianism". In order to exercise oppression, Duvalier organized the "ton-ton macoutes", whose main characteristic is their absolute disregard for human life and dignity.

The number of victims of this sinister repressive organization is unknown and perhaps, will never be revealed. The ton-ton macoutes, according to estimates, number from 30,000 to 50,000. They were organized with the help of the US Military Mission to intensify repression of the revolutionaries.

These bands of criminals have killed entire families, such as the Benois and the Sansarics. At the end of May 1969, the families of Daniel and Andre Sansaric were killed, because they were outstanding Haitian communists. A witness of the events told the Mexican newspaper *Excelsior*: "Around 400 ton-ton macoutes surrounded the house of Daniel Sansaric in which his family and around eighteen other people were visiting. They installed artillery units and began to shoot against the house. The women and children ran. Sansaric and his family were dismembered"

The ton-ton macoutes—Nazi style assault guards—carry out other functions, too. Since 1966, they have been

John Wilcock pictures



HAITI

passing state laws to their own benefit, establishing taxes not authorized by the Treasury. In this way, the hierarchs of that repressive body—who are also the hierarchs of the Duvalier Government—began to systematically amass great fortunes. Gangsterism, since then, has become a permanent feature of Haiti. Many people say that the Duvalier regime has caused more damage to Haiti than all the cyclones that have ever passed through the island.

There has been talk of contradictions between the United States and Duvalier. It is true that the Kennedy administration suppressed "aid" to Duvalier. According to the US journalist and suspected CIA informer Andrew St. George, Kennedy was worried about the situation in Haiti because "the people were about to revolt" against the dictatorship. On May 23, 1963, the US Ambassador Raymond Thurton, went to the Presidential Palace and gave Duvalier an ultimatum—to give up the presidency and exile himself to the United States.

Duvalier decided to keep the presidency. Kennedy replied with economic reprisals and ordered the CIA to organize the first invasion against Duvalier. From that moment on, the relations between Duvalier and the US have been defined as "cold and icy". Of course, all this did not prevent Duvalier from giving his total support for the invasion of Santo Domingo by 42,000 US soldiers.

In reality, the United States—under the Kennedy and Johnson administrations—has played a double game in the case of Haiti. On one hand, it has tried to keep Duvalier in power, as a guarantee for US investments in that country. On the other hand, it has tried to get rid of him, through diplomatic intrigues, the use of groups opposing Duvalier and who favor the United States and live in that country, and, finally, through the CIA. The latter, is especially used whenever Washington fears the growth of a popular movement.

USA AND DUVALIER

As we shall see, this policy has had variants under the Nixon administration.

Everything began when Nelson A. Rockefeller visited Haiti. He recommended the resumption of US "aid" to Haiti, the Interamerican Development Bank (IDB) granted a \$5 million loan to Duvalier in the beginning of 1970. Clinton Knox, a black career diplomat, was appointed the new US Ambassador to Port-au-Prince. Moreover, the AAP and UPI news agencies began to send dispatches that presented an optimistic image of Haiti and of "Papa Doc".

For example, on October 10, UPI said: "Tourism continues to increase. The hotels, empty three years ago, are now full most of the time . . . Calm has apparently been established in the countryside and no matter what the state of his health, Duvalier is still Papa Doc for the peasants who include most of the population . . . The last two years have been relatively peaceful for Haiti. After uncovering several plots, whether real or imaginary, executing, exiling or silencing his opponents, Duvalier has managed to return to tranquility and encourage tourists to come and enjoy the undisputable charms of this country . . ."

Haiti's annual budget, \$28 million, is about one-third subsidized by the United States through the medium of big interest rates. In addition, US investors are estimated to have more than \$60 million in Haiti. The country's foreign trade is almost completely controlled by US interests. The principal mineral riches in bauxite and copper have been

handed over to US monopolies by Duvalier himself. The agricultural situation is the same; for example, the Haitian American Sugar Corporation operates two sugar mills and the millionaire, Steve Calder, of Fort Lauderdale, has financed a third sugar mill which commenced production in 1970. The Haitian American Sugar has more than just sugar interests; it also controls the farming and exportation of sisal in Haiti, the electricity company, etc.

Other US consortia, such as the Haitian American Meat and Provisions Company—in which Linda Bird, the wife of former President Lyndon B. Johnson, has shares—monopolizes the slaughter and export of meat in Haiti. The hotels, the beaches, the centers of recreation, the gambling houses, etc., everything that has to do with tourism, is operated by the US Mafia, one of the forces which, according to reports, has always supported Duvalier.

AND AFTER DUVALIER?

One of the United States' big worries is what will happen to Haiti when Duvalier dies. According to some, the dictator has a serious case of diabetes. A Mexican magazine, speculating once on this subject, said: "There are three immediate possibilities: first, that chaos break out with a generalized struggle over Duvalier's possessions and in this case, we can expect the direct intervention of the United States; second, a transitional government be created and win general support; and third, Duvalier may take a long time in dying and a popular movement may grow; in this case too, we can expect direct US intervention.

Because of Haiti's present situation, these worries about the future are valid and nobody can disregard another card up the United States' sleeve: that it will try to avoid the crumbling of Duvalier's forces in the event of his death and will continue to encourage and finance the activities of pro-US Haitian elements resident in the United States, which as has been publicly demonstrated, have close contacts with the CIA. The United States, therefore pins all its hopes on the former followers of Duvalier.

All this is known to the revolutionary elements of Haiti. The Popular Entente Party and the Haitian Democratic Union Party agreed last year to unite in order to struggle against the Duvalier dictatorship and US pressure. They also agreed that "the armed solution is the only way possible to seize political power and is the principal form of struggle in Haiti."

Repression by the ton-ton macoutes has reached outstanding Haitian revolutionary leaders, such as Gerald Brisson, Daniel and Andre Sansaric, Arnold Devilme and Gavian Desrosiers. Others have had to replace them, and Duvalier knows this. Once, when Duvalier told one of his aides: "The Communists have been eliminated," the aide replied: Mr. President, the Communists are like weeds."

And in Haiti, weeds are hard to eliminate.

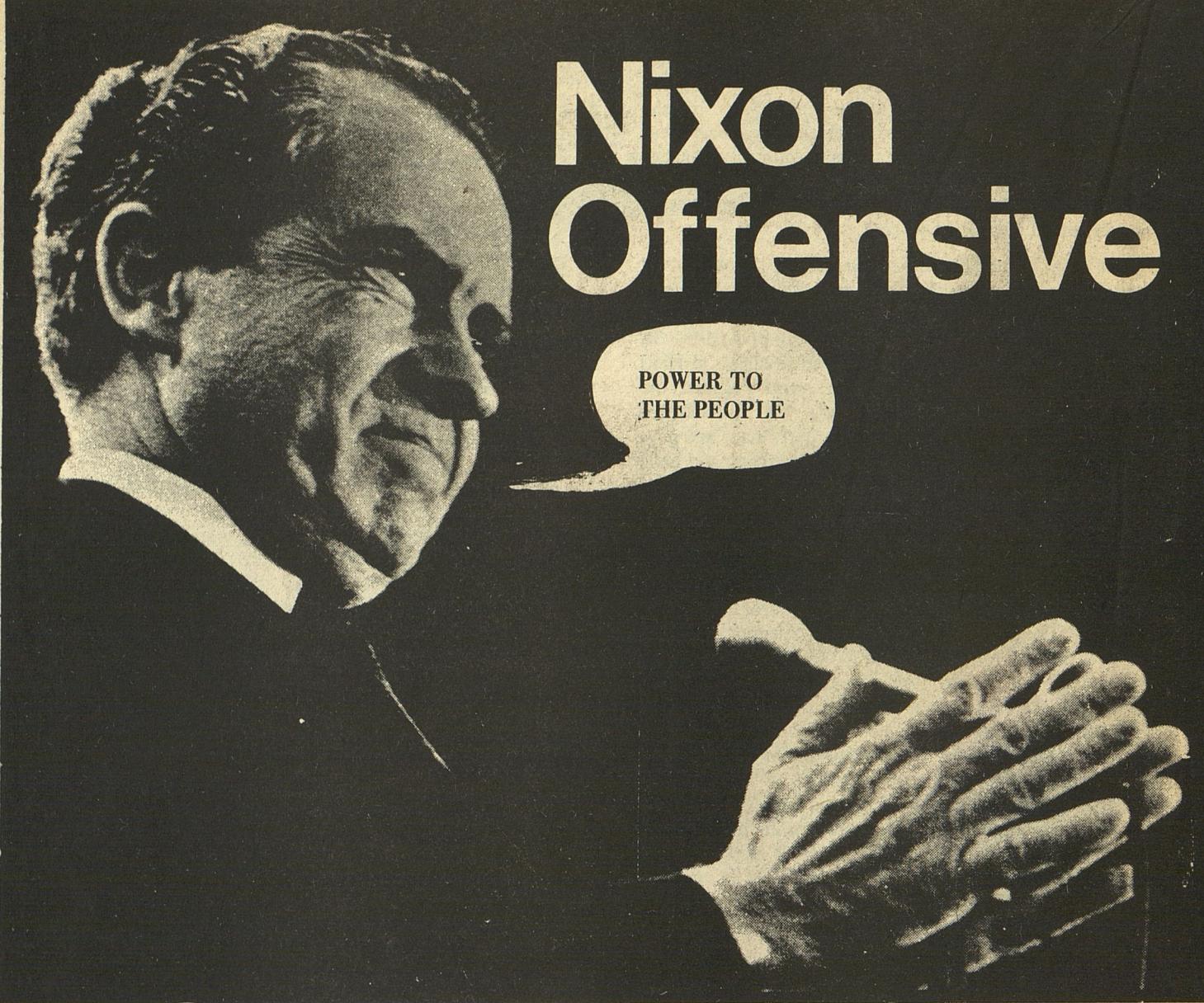
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Nixon Offensive



POWER TO
THE PEOPLE

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CAKE IN THE TOILET AND EVERY MORN-
ING WHEN I WAKE UP ITS GONE !!

...AND PAT IS ALWAYS LEAVING
LITTLE PRESENTS LYING AROUND FOR
ME.. FOR INSTANCE, EVERY MORNING I
FIND A NICE LITTLE COOKIE HANGING
THERE IN THE TOILET BOWL...



GENOCIDE; HOMICIDE; CONSPIRACY

WANTED

RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON

OTHER NAMES KNOWN BY: Richard M. Nixon, Richard Nixon, "Tricky Dick"



Photographs taken 1970



Richard Nixon

DESCRIPTION

AGE: 57, born January 9, 1913, Yorba Linda, Calif.
HEIGHT: 5' 11 1/2"
WEIGHT: 170 pounds
BUILD: medium
HAIR: black
EYES: brown
COMPLEXION: mottled
RACE: white
NATIONALITY: American
LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: 1800 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C.

CAUTION

NIXON REPORTEDLY HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH PERSONS WHO ADVOCATE THE USE OF EXPLOSIVES AND MAY HAVE ACQUIRED FIREARMS. CONSIDER DANGEROUS.

Nixon is wanted for conspiring to murder tens of thousands of American soldiers and at least one million Vietnamese. He is also wanted in connection with the murders of twenty-eight Black Panthers, four Kent State students, and two Jackson State students.

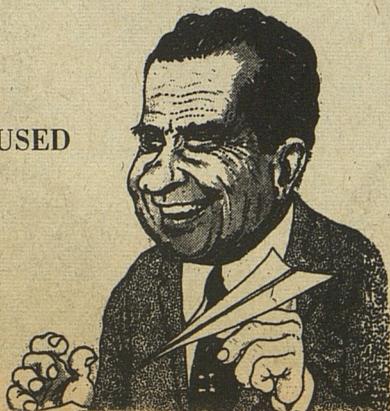
IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE HELP TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.



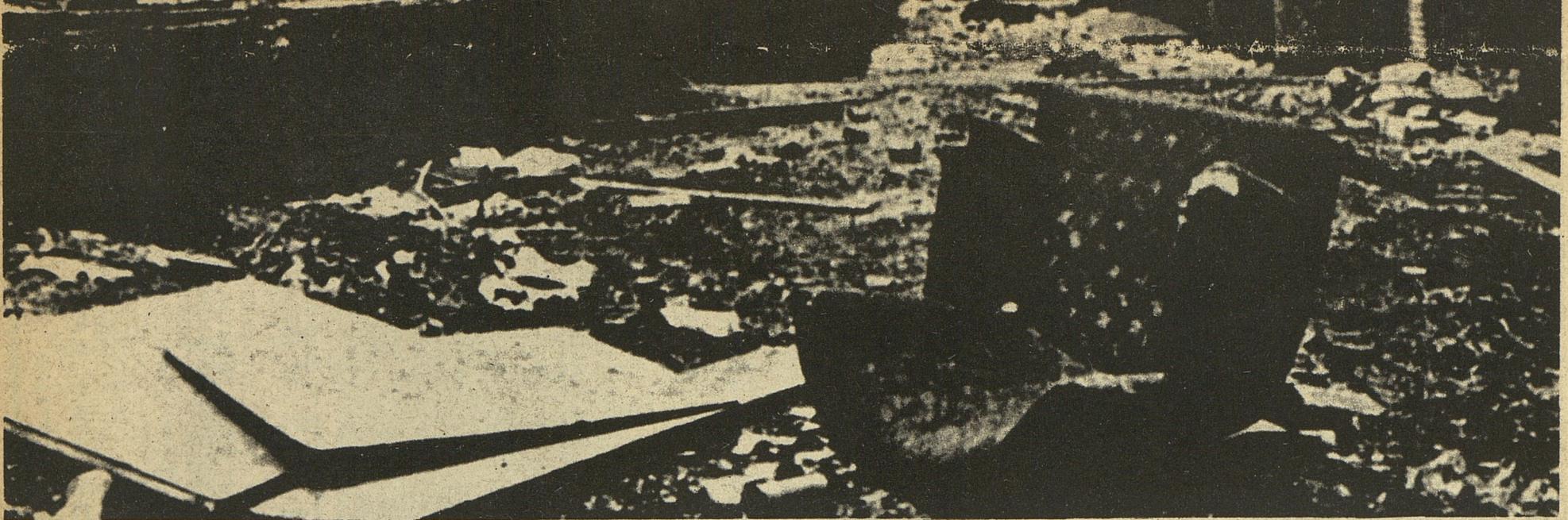
- Osiris of the Overworld
- Occupant of Highest Office
- Commander-in-Chief Of all Our Armed Forces
- Olympian Appointer Of Supreme Justice
- Orchestrator Of Anti-Communist Orgasm
- Outstanding Opportunist
- Orthopedist of Democratic Deformities
- Optimum Operator
- Outright Nixon's the One

NIXON OFFER

WOULD YOU BUY A USED WAR FROM THIS MAN?







DATELINE : AMERICA

A SUBSIDIARY of the New York Times, Arno Press, set about publishing an encyclopedic catalogue of incidents in the nation's history, *Mass Violence in America*. It required 43 volumes, priced at \$529

WITH 271 ATTACKS on draft offices—from file destruction to work stoppages—in the first eight months last year, Selective Service is hurting. That's more than one a day. One attack on a Chicago draft clearing house cost \$60,000 to set aright. For about a year, New York City boards have closed at 2 p.m. to catch up on paperwork caused by three attacks.

THE "DEFENSE" Department released to the public a transcript of a Senate hearing about allied forces in South Vietnam. But it censored some words of dove, Sen. Fulbright. He had been reading from a story about U.S. intelligence activities, in a year-old

edition of the New York Times.

THE QUASI-DOCUMENTARY film *Tora! Tora! Tora!* says that there was a time just before Pearl Harbor when Pres. Roosevelt wasn't permitted to see top-secret U.S. documents because he was considered a poor security risk.

GUESS WHO:

a. "Our defeat and humiliation in South Vietnam... would promote recklessness in the councils of those great powers who have not yet abandoned their goal of world conquest."

b. "With a little more training, the Vietnamese army will be the equal of any other army in its ability to combat the enemy."

1. Ho Chi Minh, 1965. 2. U.S. Secretary of the Army, 1955. 3. Comedian Mort Sahl, 1970. 4. Pres. Richard Nixon, 1969.

(Answers at end of column.)

IF YOU ROUND ENOUGH corners,

you end up back where you started.

COALS TO OLDCASTLE: Last year, the U.S. gave South Vietnam 300,000 tons of rice, about \$50 million worth, says Reuters.

U.S. MILITARY re-enlistments are at the lowest point in 15 years. Less than one in three GIs re-up.

PROSECUTIONS for draft evasion, according to the Selective Service, are up ten times above five years ago. The most lenient federal district court circuit is that of Northern California, where they've seen the most cases.

69% OF THE 5,700 students at California's Stanford University, according to research study, have smoked pot. 11% said "twice a week or more."

HAZARDOUS DUTY: Life magazine interviewed former fellow Naval officers of Richard Nixon and learned that while he was stationed in the Solomon Islands during WW II, a cigar-smoker at the

time, he played poker every night and won \$0-\$50 a night consistently. Tricky, Dick.

THE MAGAZINE said, too, that while Nixon was at Duke University Law School, he and two other students broke into the dean's office during the summer to see where they stood in class.

WHY IS THIS Man Smiling?: Nixon's Swiss-born chef gave an interview to a Swiss magazine. When the article was to be reprinted by Washingtonian magazine, the White House asked that the statement be deleted where he said that Nixon enjoys a martini before dinner.

A LINE from the movie listing of the Miami Herald, before the election, found its way into a TV listing. The result: "President Richard Nixon delivers a campaign speech at Miami Convention Hall. Ghostly and menacing presence."

WHEN IT WAS announced that

South Vietnam's vice president Ky would speak in Washington, the response of the newsletter of the Youth International Party, *Dope Sheet*, was "Try A Ky Of His Shit, Then Try A Key Of Ours."

THE 33-YEAR-OLD former prosecuting attorney who unsuccessfully prosecuted the former manager of the Kingston Trio on pot charges has himself since been arrested on a drug charge.

IN HIS LITTLE MAG *Mensanity* (sample, 4901 SW 87 Ct., Miami), Dave Robbins took the minimum-to-maximum figures given for heroin addicts in the U.S. (25,000-50,000) and divided into the estimate for pot smokers (12-20 million), to calculate that if all the heroin addicts began by smoking pot, only one half of one percent of the pot smokers go on to hard drugs.

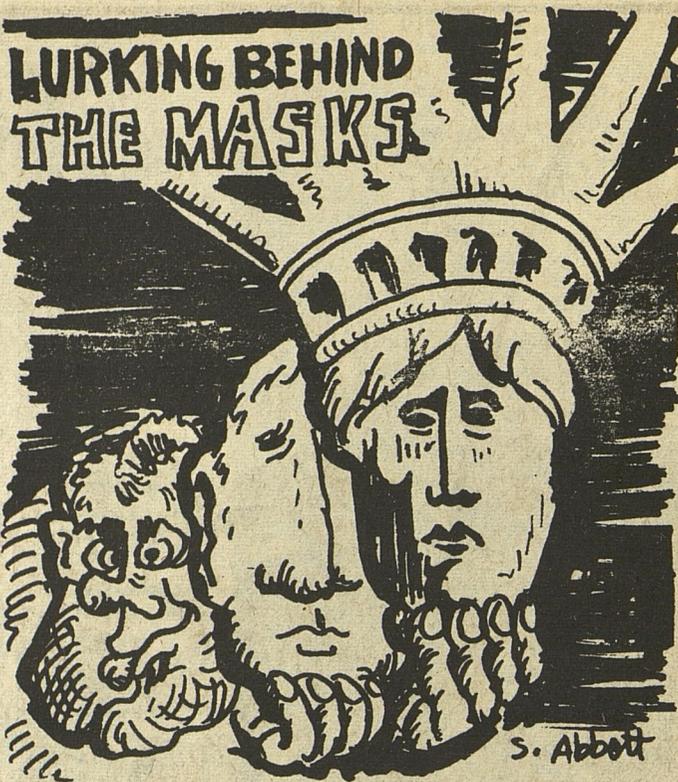
THAT STEREOTYPE of the wholesome American girl, Doris Day, has been accused of involvement in sham business deals in order to avoid paying some \$400,000 in taxes, Reuters reports.

A 33-YEAR-OLD spy for the FBI testified that he was told to do "anything necessary" to establish his cover. So he shared an apartment with radicals in Seattle; used pot, acid and speed; and volunteered, under FBI direction, to procure dynamite. He said paint that was sprayed on the U.S. courthouse was supplied by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

LAWS ON pornography are in such confusion that they're practically unenforceable. A theater in New York City which shows 16mm. hardcore color porn was reviewed in the respectable weekly entertainment magazine *Cue*. It's reviewer found the live strip acts between films to be "anti-climactic."

One theater goes under the protective rubric of The Institute for the Study of Pornography, rates its films as "XXX," and charges \$3 for what it calls "open house" from 9 a.m. to 1 a.m. seven days a week, during which the study material is continually screened.

Elsewhere in town, tickets are \$5 per person at Club Orgy, where live (and often lively) couples fuck on stage for "educational" purposes. Owners recently got a federal court injunction to stop uniformed police from hanging around outside the doors to intimidate prospective customers. There are about a half dozen shows a day, from 1 p.m.,



and some of the performers have been arrested, but they have faith in the courts. One performing couple has been married for about two years, and they say they're simply permitting the public to watch what they do anytime they can anyway.

THE U.S. is the only major nation without some form of socialized health insurance. Americans spend about twice as much on health as, say, the Swedes or Britons, who live longer. A recent study has shown that Americans are the fattest people in the world. Last year, more than \$60 million was spent by Americans for exercising equipment, nearly twice as much as five years ago.

A SUBCOMMITTEE of the House says there are 52 government agencies which might record your telephone conversation with them without notifying you.

KNOW THE ENEMY: On NBC's "First Tuesday," a former army intelligence officer said that he was offered marijuana to be used when infiltrating peace groups.

A NEW YORK CITY court study reported that 43% of the persons arrested (in 1968) were held in jail more than a year before trial. Half of them were then either found not guilty or dismissed as having served ample time already.

HAVING EXPERIENCED it first hand then done a lot of research, John Dominick has published a handbook, *The Drug Bust* (subtitled *An Antidote to Paranoia*). \$2 from Light Co., 1348

Brooklyn Blvd., Bayshore, NY, it tells about drug laws, narks' procedures, and ways of protecting yourself.

A WOULD-BE Brooklyn bank robber was acquitted of a hold-up when a federal judge ruled that the teller had not been "intimidated" by his stick-up note that was thrust under her nose without benefit of weapon.

A RAND INSTITUTE study in New York City says that burglaries account for about 40% of the "serious" crimes reported. Less than 2% of the cases assigned to detectives result in arrest.

MEANWHILE, New York City cops arrest—for flag desecration—motorists who display stars-and-stripes peace decals.

A BLACK undercover cop in New York City infiltrated the Panthers for four years from the day he was sworn in, and testified that he never knew anyone in the police department but his contact man. For that reason, he said, he constantly feared being beaten up by cops. (This same agent was acting as a bodyguard for Malcolm X on the day he was assassinated.)

IN NEW ORLEANS, a cop reportedly gained entrance to the Panther headquarters by disguising as a minister with a food contribution for the childrens' breakfast program. When the door opened, cops burst in shooting, it is said, and wounded a young woman.

THIS NATION will self-destruct.

—Robert Wolf

(Quiz answers. a.: 4. b.: 2.)



MASSINGALE, ATLANTA

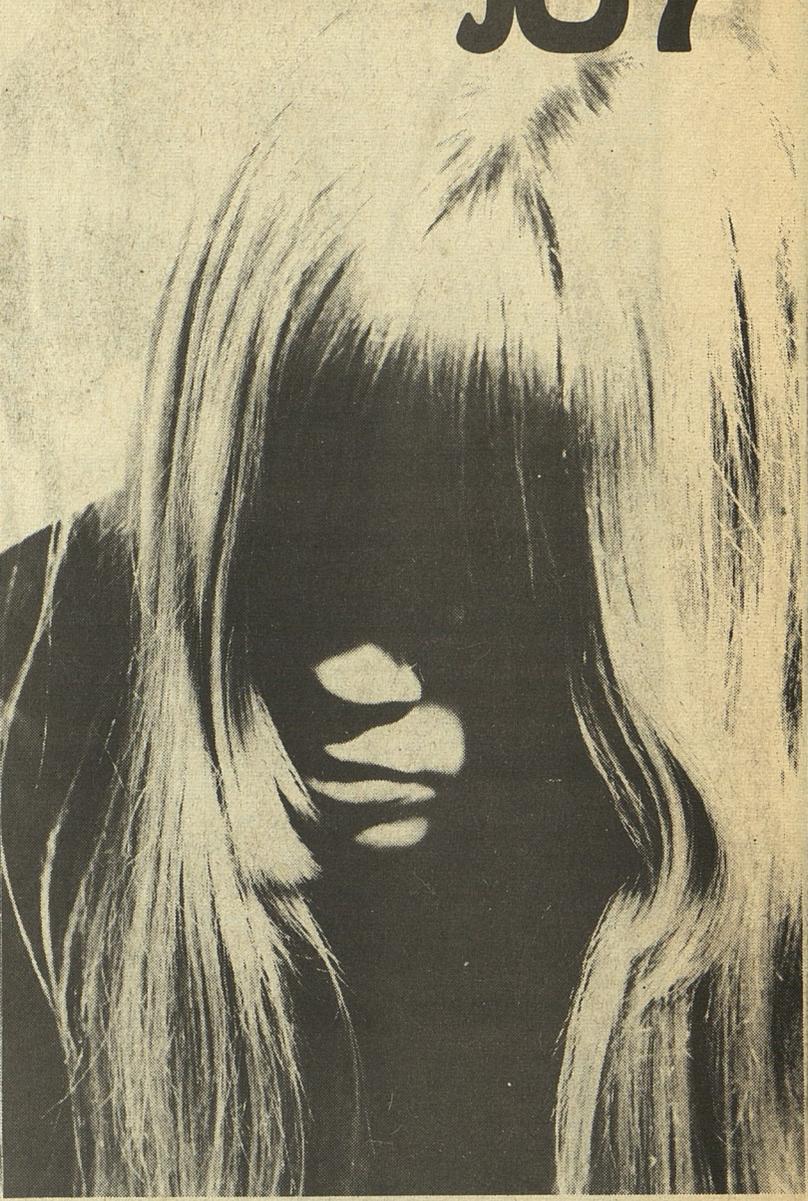
TRAVELERS' FATIGUE

- is delightfully relieved by a glass of *Coca-Cola*. Nothing so completely refreshes you after a hot, tiresome trip, or so brightens your faculties for the delights of sightseeing and travel.

Sold at all founts and carbonated in bottles 5¢.

Goodbye to

JOY



JOY BANG by DAVID DORFMAN

I've spent only fifteen minutes of my entire life with Joy Bang, but many hours with her photographs and films. This is all as it should be, and in any case, Joy Bang is dead. (Or in the phraseology of an un-namable P.R. man, Joy Bang no longer exists, and now there is Joy Wenner.)

No stars have translated their fame in the "underground" into anything else, as the disappearance from view of Jane Holzer, Donna Kerness, Beverly Rubin or anyone else you care to name shows. (Viva! is not an exception; she is in a different universe.)

The minor reason is simply the name "Joy Bang," unforgettable, and promising what Marilyn Monroe seemed to promise in her bodily form. (Those who say that the word is dead not only must use words to say so, but don't know where reality is at.)

Ironically, this name was not the invention of a press

agent, but came about because she had married Paul Bang. After they separated, she chose to retain it. Those who asked "Why does she keep a name like that?" answered their own question. The real question was when (and if) she would change it. The answer is right now, as she stars in an independent film *Events*, appears on the cover of *Evergreen Review* and is hailed by *Variety* in hyperbolic terms.

Though the name was a useful publicity device, the real and major reason for her success was different. I'm afraid it died when Joy Bang became Joy Wenner. Joy Wenner is merely a good actress, of which there are several. Joy Bang was unique.

1.0 *Joy Bang was the ultimate photogenic American woman.*

1.1 *It was the face of woman, as conceived and refined over fifty years by American photographers.*

photographs by Gretchen Berg

BANG



1.2 *Her face existed purely as a visual phenomenon.*

1.2.1 *It told nothing of what was behind it, no hint of soul or motive.*

1.2.2 *The effect was not one of "blankness," because the absence of meaning did not appear as something missing, but a necessary state of affairs.*

2.0 *Her face was plastic, not in the sense of vinyl, but in the sense of being all things to all men.*

2.1 *Her face was self contained. The observer did not have to make any assumptions about the personality expressed by the face.*

2.2 *It was exactly what you saw.*

2.2.1 *What is seen, is capable of infinite interpretation.*

In an age in which all art is evolving towards the impersonal, the anonymous and the objective, when the false mysteries of implication and depth are being abandoned in favor of the truer mysteries of surface, Joy Bang's face must be considered a significant art object. The entire program of conceptual art existed more thoroughly in her face than in any work of Don Judd.

To appear to exist totally on the surface, literally on one's skin may appear to be a simple or even negative achievement, but it is not. Even the most simple minded persons telegraph their most secret thoughts every second. Not to do so is a giant intellectual feat. It is to solve the problem of the distinction of the body and the spirit. It is a problem invented for modern times by Descartes. It ate up the lives of several philosophers. Husserl, Heidegger and Sartre built their philosophies around this problem. It was solved by an aspiring actress in the East Village. The solution was abandoned when it served its purpose.

Indian Letter



by Rajika Kirpalani

TEN people in a single, dingy room, inadequate water supply, no provision made for the garbage and sewage disposal, children running about with open sores dotting their undernourished bodies; the air around is emitting unfamiliar, stinking smells, lawlessness is rampant, while those who live amid these surroundings could hardly be called humans at all.

But they are men and women, flesh and blood, descendents of the same ancestors. Somewhere, along the path of evolution, they have blundered, rather, the rest of us have blundered, till today these individuals existing at par with animals, are accepted as a natural feature of every-day existence.

Slums—this is the short but ugly word we use to describe their hell, which outstrips and surpasses Dante's Inferno in frightful sights that are all too real.

How are slums born? Do they just spring up overnight? Are they akin to mushrooms that merely appear and disappear so suddenly? Slums are not born; they are made. They are the result of man's shocking apathy born out of his indifference to his fellow creatures and indulgence for the machine. The Industrial Revolution has placed in his hands ingenious gadgets which he adores and emulates.

Machines are our masters; we burn incense at their altar; we deify them.

Rural populations, their imagination fired by tales of the wonders in the

Slums Grow...

city—the elevators, buses, washing machines, sewing machines, telephones, air-conditioners, cranes, pressure cookers, juice mixers, grinders, electric sharpeners, tape-recorders and sophisticated radios, 70 screens through which glamorised individuals move so effortlessly, and a host of supersonic jetplanes, rockets that cost billions of rupees, nuclear weapons, anti-missiles, anti-anti-missiles—emigrate to our concrete jungles where they find themselves unfit for the skilled industrial jobs. They, perforce compete with the many others of similar rural origin for the unskilled jobs that remain behind.

Prices are higher than those in the countryside; housing is scarce, and good wages are little more than the remains of a dream.

Their imagination ceases to fire them; they are urged on only by their growing frustration. They take to crime, live together in their miserable hovels, or just camp out on the pavements, and they are all set to travel down the trail of destruction.

There is safety in numbers, so their numbers grow.

No continent has escaped the stigma, and, so far, with rare exception, the problems brought into being by this ever-increasing urbanisation assume

alarming proportions with the passage of time. The basic patterns differ very little as slums grow in Asia, Africa, Latin America and even the United States.

In India, plans are drawn out with feverish intensity on scraps of paper. The authorities seem to have little or no stamina at all; so tired do they get by just talking about their grandiose plans. Their words hang in the air and remain frozen while the plans on paper are left in files with only the dust and the snores of our bureaucrats to keep them company.

Our leaders squabble and grumble, involved in their toppling game, while cities like Calcutta are set on fire by angry mobs who thirst for the blood of those by whom they have been sucked dry. Nero and his fiddle have been consigned to oblivion by now, for nobody needs to quote his example. There is a luxuriant crop of Neros jostling each other at the apex of our top-heavy feather-brained government.

And the youth of this country, our beloved Bharat, slumber on majestically. They haunt discotheques with books of Che Guevara under their arms; others arm themselves with weapons of a colourful variety and hurl themselves into an orgy of violence; some pathetic voices are raised for an improvement in the standard of education, but they are shouted down by the cries of other students who refuse to do their exams if they are not allowed to keep their books open.

A call to forge unity among students is never given by our leaders. Unity is anathema to our student-leaders; they are merely mouthpieces of vested interest, and those who understand the least shout the loudest.

Our leaders are phoney; their promises are not worth the paper they sign on. We can't be expected to be led by them. They will not organise us into a streamlined and efficient force; they only exploit us to serve their own selfish ends.

There is not a single 'Students' organisation that does not boast of a 'patron' or a set of 'patrons'. Some of these honorable gentlemen are people well entrenched in the present structure, others are the ones who wander around desolately in the political wilderness. In either case, these 'patrons' spout forth magnificent words, weave a blanket of ideas into the minds of students, which

... while Leaders Slumber

is never worn by them. Youngsters are all attention when these 'patrons' enter the conference hall, and are listened to with rapt attention. Thus the mischief is afoot; the young minds work feverishly; they imagine themselves to be heroes of villages which, they fondly imagine, are to be changed overnight.

The conference over, the patrons and students depart, exchange a goodbye that is final in the real sense of the term.

And so it goes on. The students who butter up the flattery-starved honourable demagogues are bestowed with favours, and these spineless students then step into the shoes of those who eventually retire from public life. At that time the students are no longer young, but well-fed, middle-aged men and women devoid of any fervour and as corrupt as the leaders they once ran down or flattered fulsomely.

When is this going to end? Will it reach a conclusion only when our leaders have succeeded in isolating small sections of our vast population from one another, urging them on to annihilate one another till only our cowardly, cringing leaders remain to dominate and enslave the invertebrate remainder?

Youth is the period of our glory and idealism when neither breed nor creed, neither colour nor caste raise any artificial barriers among us. With age come the evils which are passed on to our progeny. We have to break this chain of disease at some moment before the chain strangles the whole of mankind. The time is ripe for action. The youth of this country need to organise themselves into a force run by themselves, for themselves and composed of their own kind.

Our leaders and their immediate predecessors have destroyed our future. Are we going to wake up to this fact only when we find ourselves emotionally, spiritually and mentally dead within the environment so carefully planned and consummated by our sly and sordid leaders?



INDIA'S POLITICIANS: Hypocrites in Gandhi Caps

INDIA, they say, is a land of contrasts. It is apparent everywhere, symbolised effectively by the sky-scraper looming large above the miserable cluster of hovels.

The contrast is not only apparent in the physical, external manifestations in the country, but also in the minds of its people. Indians are very clean, but not hygienic. We never forget our daily bath, and wash ourselves religiously, even if it is with gutter water. We are a secular nation, but riots between Hindus and Muslims are a national feature.

Hinduism, as a philosophy is the very essence of life, as is being widely recognised the world over. And yet, the Jan Sangh declares itself a political party that will champion the cause of Hinduism while persecuting minorities, ignoring the fact that tolerance is one of the basic tenets of Hinduism.

The contrast is apparent even in the field of sex. In the land famed for Konarak and Khajuraho and renowned for its Kama Sutra, exists a puritanism of a most rabid kind.

Sex is a dirty word, kissing is an immoral act. Boys are brought up to regard themselves as demi-gods who will be waited upon hand and foot by their wives. The spirit of conquest, alien to the Indian mind in other spheres, is manifested in the field of sex, because the women men marry are expected to be virgins.

Hence, an intelligent, normal and healthy young girl, who is honest to boot, is regarded as a social outcaste because she indulges in sex, even if she does so once a month with the same partner! In all our Hindi films, the heroine is a chaste, pure female, adept at the art of flirting in the most obscene manner, but the kind of female who is always saved in the nick of time just when the villain is getting his teeth into the rape scene.

The vamp on the Hindi screen, even if she becomes a whore for reasons beyond her control, invariably meets a sorry death in the end, because our Hindi film producers will never let a good-time girl ever survive her good-times, even if she is abjectly repentant about the whole affair!

The modern Indian miss, open to influences the world over, including the permissiveness in the West, finds herself in a peculiar situation.

Brought up to believe that the loss of her virginity is a major disaster and a terrible catastrophe, she guards it

ferociously. But her mind reasons with her and tells her that a little piece of membrane does not and should not make or mar her. Unfortunately, it does.

Females are divided into 'girl-friend' and 'wife' material. The former may be intelligent, vivacious and great sex partners. But they must never be married. The latter might be neurotic, dumb and stupid females, but will make excellent wife material. The dumber a female is, the easier is it for the males to subjugate her.

Indians always harp on their spiritual heritage and we constantly look down upon the blatant materialism of the West. And yet girls are paraded in the marriage market by their parents, their value judged not by their educational background, not even by their beauty, but merely by the amount of dowry their parents are prepared to cough up. Legislation, has had no effect and the dowry system continues to prevail even in the most modern circles. It makes a mockery of the system it supports.

Our political leaders bear the characteristics of politicians elsewhere and vindicate the statement that 'Politics is the last refuge of the Scoundrel', all the while donning spotless Gandhi caps, thus denigrating the great soul whom they claim they follow. Among the young people in India, Gandhi is a devalued leader, not through any fault of his; but because the Gandhi-capped idiots who teach us Gandhism are rank hypocrites.

In a nation flowing over with art treasures of the past, the nouveau riche clutter their homes with artistic monstrosities. A nation which produces the finest in silk on which are printed designs of great beauty, has the same nouveau riche running from pillar to post trying to get things stamped with the 'Made in U.S.A.' label. Even a 'Made in Nepal' article has more value for them than one labelled 'Made in India'!

And to cap it all, we have our city colleges filled with youngsters 'turned on' and 'tuned in' with drugs, because their Western counterparts have led the way. And to think that the most unfashionable Villager, simple soul that he is, enjoys his quota of bhang on festivals with obvious relish, not because it is the latest Western fad, but simply because it is part of his own heritage and culture! Like I said, India is a land of contrasts.

—Rajika Kirpalani

HOW TO WAGE NONVIOLENT REVOLUTION!

The idea that non-violent revolution has failed, as of 5730 A.M. (1971 pagan), is equivalent to asserting in 5672 A.M. (1913 pagan) that the airplane has failed utterly and would never replace the locomotive.

There are many techniques of non-violent revolution which have never

1 Strike!

been given an adequate trial yet, but they have succeeded dramatically in all partial trials.

Most impressive of these are the general strike, the boycott, the organized mass tax refusal, and the permanent universal rent strike.

These techniques are so practical, so organic and existential a part of the class-war, so obvious and natural, that they have been "rediscovered" several times by anarchists and libertarian socialists who had no idea that others before them had hit upon the same ideas.

The opposite techniques involving violence, seizing the State by force, the "dictatorship of the proletariat," and the contradictory apocalyptic dream of an eventual, far-off "withering away of the state" . . . are like setting about cleaning your house by first dumping shit on every floor and throwing it on the walls.

It is theoretically possible, in the long run, to clean up the shit, I suppose . . . but those who like the idea of throwing shit today are still going to like it tomorrow. Similarly, those who want to seize power today are going to want to hold onto it tomorrow. One doesn't have to wade through many volumes of Dr. Freud to understand that much about the anal-sadistic personality of the power-freak.

Those who say that no social problems can be resolved by non-violent revolution are saying, really, that humanity is doomed.

In a world of hydrogen bombs, ICBMs and chemo-biological

warfare, PROBLEM NUMBER ONE is developing non-violent techniques of resolving conflict.

If such techniques are, in fact, impossible, the continuation of the human species is impossible.

The State is inherently stupid. It is stupid because it is a communication matrix without adequate feedback. Information does not flow back to it with any reasonable degree of efficiency. It has a distorted picture of what's going on, always. Its "map" does not fit the territory.

Communication is only possible between equals. The State—the pigs who are "more equal than others" in Orwell's brilliant vision—never receives real communication.

Those who want to seize the State are already stupid. If they succeed, they will automatically become more stupid.

The State is a device for clubbing people. The legislature makes up the game-rules, declaring who is clubbable

2 Don't Pay Rent!

and who isn't. The judiciary decides, in individual cases, whether a person, under the rules of the game, should be clubbed or not. The police are in charge of internal clubbing, the army of external clubbing. The tax bureau is devoted to clubbing everybody into paying for the cost of all this clubbing.

Nobody ever tells "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" to such a clubbing machine.

Everybody, to some degree, tells the State what they think it wants to hear. (Those who don't arouse great anxiety and anger in the State, and ways are quickly found to lock them up or, often, to shoot them.)

COMMUNICATION IS ONLY POSSIBLE BETWEEN EQUALS.

Most of the exponents of non-violent revolution, being Christians, masochists, loonies and crackpots, create an instantaneous revulsion in the exponents of violent revolution, who are usually atheists, sadists, loonies and crackpots.

When non-violent revolution

3 Don't Pay Taxes!

becomes an excuse for making a martyr of yourself . . . it is the masochist's equivalent of the sadist's use of violent revolution to make martyrs out of others.

Non-violence must be as practical, as subtle, as flexible and as pragmatic as a businessman's sales campaign, before it will ever be taken seriously by those who are committed to real change rather than just talking about change.

The most important application of non-violent revolution in America today is a permanent universal rent strike.

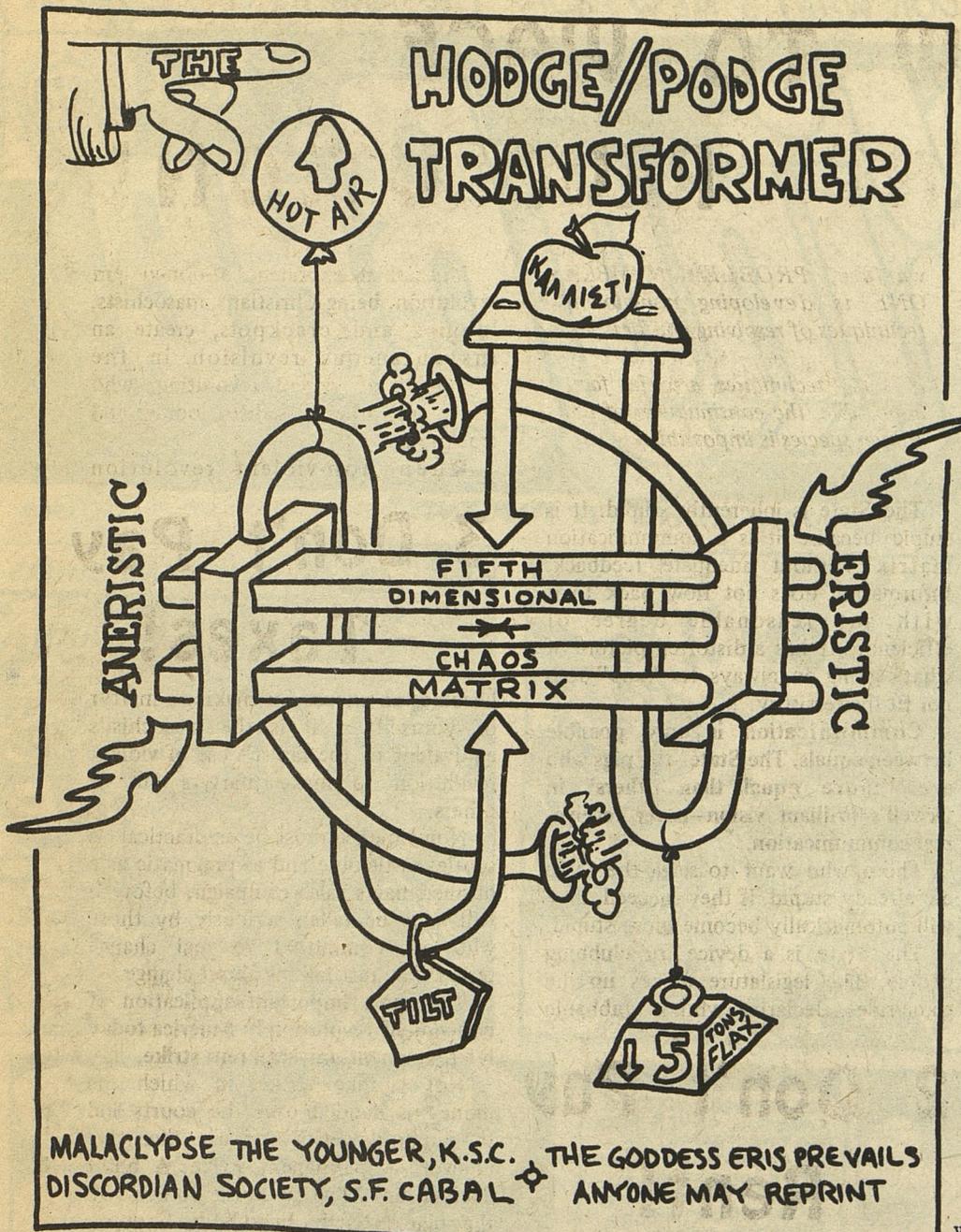
Not a fake strike, in which the money is handed over the courts and the landlords get it later after the strike is over. A permanent strike. A blunt declaration: "The landlords do not own the planet Earth. Everybody born on the planet has a right to live here. He doesn't have to pay monthly tribute to ANYONE for living here; it is his home planet."

Nobody pays a dollar, a penny or a mil thereafter. Nobody asks for "repairs" or "improvements." Everybody uses his rent money, now

4 Boycott

and forever after, to repair and improve his own pad as much as it needs. Nobody gives a penny to a lord-of-the-land ever. Everybody announces, "The Feudal Age is over. We recognize no Lords of the Land. The land belongs to those who occupy and use it."

What can the landlords and their



MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER, K.S.C. THE GODDESS ERIS PREVAILS
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government do? Throw us all into the Atlantic, or Pacific? Put us in rockets and shoot us to the moon? And even if they could do that, then what? With all of us gone, who will they collect rent from?

Rent is the tribute paid by the non-owning user of land to the non-using "owner" of land. Such ownership is a legal fiction, and needs only to be resisted to be exposed, discredited and abolished.

Every landlord on this continent is a receiver of stolen property. The land was stolen from the Indian tribes before it was "legally" acquired by its present owners. The same is true on other continents, but the history is older, more complex and somewhat hidden by time.

Figure how much of your monthly pay goes to the landlord, to "buy" from him the "right" to live on the surface of this planet. think what you could do with that money if you asserted that you already have the right to live on this planet and don't have to buy that right, in monthly installments, from a Lord-of-the-Land.

PERMANENT UNIVERSAL RENT STRIKE.

Soldiers will shoot at their fellow citizens, after sufficient brainwashing in boot camp. It is especially easy to get them to shoot at their fellows if these people happen to be out in the streets rioting.

It is not so easy to get them to shoot

if the citizens are sitting quietly at home and just minding their own business.

Think about it.

If the rent-strike is combined with a tax-strike, both the landlords and their government are threatened.

Think about it.

Individual martyrs to tax refusal accomplish zero, or a quality infinitesimally larger than zero but still hard to perceive.

Collective tax refusal... well, Benjamin Tucker estimated that only 20 percent of the population would have to join before the cost of imprisoning them became more than the alleged value to the State of doing so to terrify others.

And meanwhile the other 80 percent would be calculating, balancing the risk against the advantage, brainwashed "loyalty" against personal integrity, gain versus loss...

None of this can work, really, until it is put upon an egotistic basis. Asking people to join for altruistic reasons is the chronic error which has ruined most anarchist campaigns to organize such mass civil disobedience.

People who have read Ayn Rand and found the solid core of truth in the midst of all her bull are more likely to start this movement rolling than the average Marxist or Tolstoyan-Christian anarchist.

**

HER DOUBLE CHIN MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS

A Marvelous Transformation in a Single Night

The happiest girl in the world to-day is Mae Edna Wilder, of Rochester, New York. She is happy because she has escaped from the thraldom of superfluous flesh—escaped through a process of her own discovery. She removed her double chin and thirty pounds of excessive



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How Con Ed Continuously

Cons the Consumer

by Oliver Johnson

A prime example of corporate doublethink, one of the prime causative factors contributing to the decline of American civilization, is the sad performance being delivered by Con Edison to the consumers of New York City and State—at rates five times those in Seattle, according to Senator Louis J. Metcalf in his book *Outrage*.

Doublethink, in George Orwell's *1984*, was the ability to hold contrary-contradictory thoughts at the same time, and to have completely blocked the ability to see a relation (contradiction) between them. In individuals, incidentally, such a thought pattern is indicative of schizophrenia.

On the one hand, the utilities industry tells the regulating commissions and boards of the states that their system is "redundant"—meaning that backup or duplicate equipment is available should their primary generator(s) fail. In fact, the "principle of redundancy" has been used by the utilities industry to argue for higher rates since, obviously, two generators where only one is required costs more money.

The doublethink comes in when you observe the obvious: Con Edison is sputtering out all over the place. Not only is "Big Allis", their largest generator, out of commission until Who Knows When, but many smaller generators being used to take up the gap created by the absence of "Big Allis", are being overused and so THEY are breaking down.

If the system were redundant, as claimed in the volumes submitted to regulatory commissions for rate rises, this could not have occurred.

What has happened in reality is that for years (decades?) Con Edison has been following short-sighted monopoly policies in "shorting" New York City of true backup for their generators. Further, the City made a drastic mistake in selling to Con Edison the last of their subway power sub-stations to Con Edison, thereby removing any concrete way to find out what electricity *really* costs to produce in New York City.

Thus, New York City residents are

now faced with voltage reductions in winter, prior to what is obviously going to be a disastrous Summer.

Con Edison's counterargument is approximately: "Yes, but the needs for electricity are increasing by leaps and bounds, as people are using more and more appliances." This specious argument is similar to blaming a murder victim for his own death. One presumes that Con Edison has a planning department. Figuring out the needs for electricity is their responsibility—not yours. If there is insufficient electricity to go around, the blame is wholly Con Edison's.

Although New Yorkers are aware that voltage on occasion is cut by three to eight per cent forcing selected areas of the city to be temporarily "blacked out", few people understand just what this means as it affects them. Every time Con Edison cuts the voltage, you, personally, are paying for decreased life (accelerated wear and breakdown) of your various electrical appliances, especially those using motors.

Without being technical about it, a

little understanding of what happens when voltage is reduced, will be helpful. Electric motors (your air conditioner uses one) are made to specific voltages and the wires wound around the armature are calculated to work at the specified voltage. When the motor doesn't get the rated voltage, the motor "heats up", not only working less efficiently (cooling less) but putting an uncalculated strain on the motor, allowing it to wear out faster than it would under normal voltage.

What would be truly interesting and possibly rewarding would be a class suit by consumers, demanding of Con Edison that they pay for the excessive wear caused by their voltage drops. Ralph Nader Associates, please note: you can supply the expert testimony attesting the accuracy of the above, in technical terms.

What is required in the case of Con Edison (other than firing the entire management) is to come out of the hidebound 19th Century Robber Baron philosophy which persists to a large degree, despite highly computerized



(and impersonal) billing practices, and repainting their trucks. Adopting "Clean Energy" as a slogan, incidentally, doesn't make it so.

Now let's consider the Public Service Commission of New York State, which is headed by Arthur B. Swidler, an appointee of Gov. Rockefeller. Swidler's predecessor as chairman apparently resigned or was eased out, due to public pressure which recognized that the Public Service Commission (to protect the public interest) was, largely, protecting Con Edison's interest.

Swidler is apparently a man of good will and has a background in power, but after a good start and pronouncements about really getting down to the public interest (for a change), he appears to be increasingly moving to the side of Con Edison. At the very least he seems to be getting a snow job by the highly-paid flak squad from Con Ed to show how hard it is for the mammoth utility to make a living in the big city. Swidler along with the entire Commission seem to have forgotten that the function of the Commission is to protect the public interest—not that of Con Edison.

In the meantime, New Yorkers continue to pay outrageous rates for electricity and gas, suffer voltage declines, blackouts, be inconvenienced with heatless subways, reduced elevator service and dimmer hallway lighting, and have generally a bleak outlook for still higher rates, still more voltage declines, still more inconvenience.

The basic responsibility charter of a utility in return for being granted a monopoly is that it perform the service for which the monopoly is allowed. Con Edison as a matter of recordable and obvious fact does not meet this criterion. It is time that something be done, including the takeover if necessary by the State of New York of the entire Con Edison plant and network.

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(Image of a smiling man in a suit and bow tie)

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DARLENE-SUE HENZE OF WOODSTOCK, N.Y. WRITES... "WHEN MY PRIZE ARRIVED I WAS ACTUALLY TOO REVOLTED TO ANSWER THE DOOR!"

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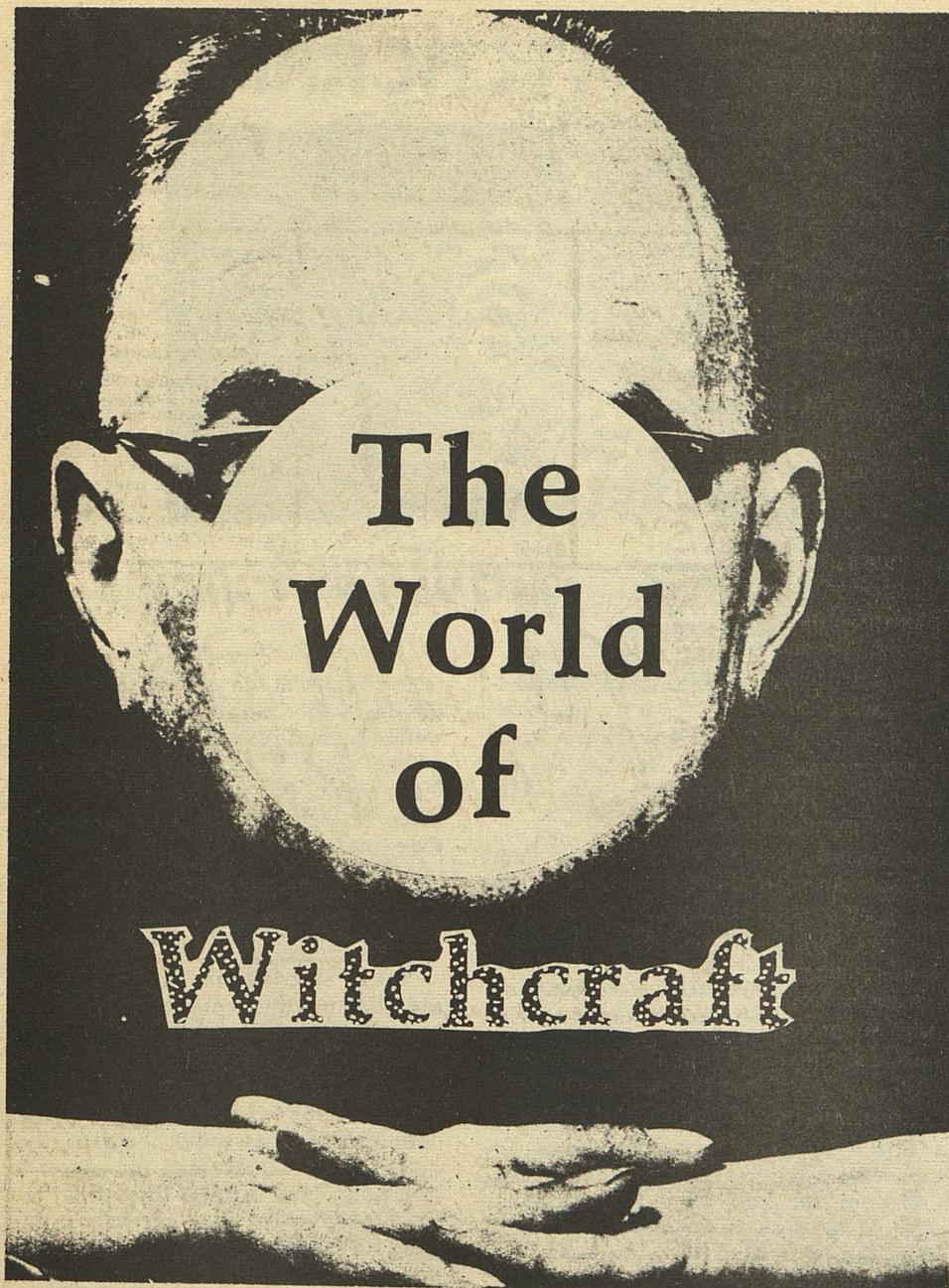
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The World of

Witchcraft

This column will cover many of your questions on the Craft.

Do witches worship a God?

Yes. Witches have both a God and a Goddess. They are co-equal. Their secret names are never revealed to cowans (outsiders). However, they can be identified as the Horned Goat God... Cernunnos... Goat of Mendes... Pan... a pre-Christian deity, symbol of the hunt. And the Mother Earth Goddess Diana... Herodias... Isis... Andred... Diana's daughter Aradia who descended to earth to found the witch cult here etc. She is the symbol of fertility.

Herds of goats and cattle at one time was the same as "money in the bank." Nearly all ancient religions paid homage to animals... especially horned ones. In Astrology three of the signs do this: Aries the Ram, Taurus the Bull and Capricorn the Goat. The earliest known record of the Horned God is on the

walls of the Caverne des Trois Freres (Cave of the Three Brothers) in Ariège, France, dating back to Paleolithic times. The drawing shows a man dressed in deer skins and wearing the antlers of a stag. Surrounding him are pictures of other animals. But the man-god with horned headdress is the most dominant figure and also located in the most distant part of the cave. He seems to be performing some kind of ceremony.

Why the broom?

The broom was a disguised witch tool, as were most of the craft implements, ordinary things found in any domicile (cauldron, knives, salt, etc.) The origin of the belief that witches flew on brooms stemmed from the fact that in practising sympathetic magic they would "ride a broom" by jumping as high as they could... the idea was that as high as they jumped that's how high the crops would grow. You can well imagine the reactions of some superstitious peasant coming upon

this scene in Medieval times! The broom is a symbolical wand, also represents hearth and home, and was often laid under the door. Today this practise is carried over when the newly-married groom carries the bride over the threshold (original meaning of this word was to beat grain). In witch weddings (called hand fasting) the "knot is tied" when male and female witches jump over the broom!

What books do you recommend for a beginner?

For a good historical background I suggest that you read *The God Of The Witches* by Margaret A. Murray; *Witchcraft Today* by Gerald B. Gardner; *Witch-Cult In Western Europe* by Margaret A. Murray; *Witchcraft: The Sixth Sense* by Justine Glass; *Where Witchcraft Lives* by Doreen Valiente and for a general treatment and up-to-date happenings my own *Weird Ways Of Witchcraft*. If you're truly interested in knowing the latest doings of the Craft, covens, coventions, correspondence, etc. subscribe to *The Wica Newsletter*, only \$2 for 5 issues.

What is the Craft position on drugs?

Witchcraft as the Old Religion, which will be the religion of the future, totally rejects the use of drugs. The reason is neither moral nor legal. It is practical. Witchcraft represents self-mastery. Drugs represent a dependency (slavery). The two are mutually exclusive. To talk about witchcraft power and the taking of drugs in the same breath is a contradiction in terms. During the Middle Ages witches did use certain drugs but only during their religious rites... their Sabbats... but they did not use them daily and were not addicted to them. Of course witches had a thorough knowledge of drugs, herbs and aphrodisiacs. Modern witchcraft requires a clear mind, unobstructed vision, total self-sufficiency (which excludes any kind of crutch). There are so-called witch cults that use psychedelics but these are bastardized versions and have no link with the true Craft.

How does one go about joining a coven?

Witchcraft covens are highly selective. Each candidate must qualify. I presently have over 5,000 names of people wanting to join. Many are called... few are chosen. It is *not* available just for the asking. Members must be compatible, knowledgeable, in complete harmony. That's why covens are kept to no more than thirteen... to keep it small, clean, pure, personal, where everyone actively participates. Send me a self-stamped (No. 10) addressed envelope for a Coven-Craft Application Form. No stamp... NO application. Address: Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Suite 1B, 153 West 80 St., New York, N.Y. 10024.

BOOKS ABOUT WITCHCRAFT



Some Rambling Reviews

Witchcraft, being closely connected with the old fertility cult, lays great store on planting by the moon: root crops should be planted and timber should be cut in the dark of the moon but crops that produce above ground and trees to be grafted or pruned should be handled in the waxing (i.e. growing) moon.

Seeds intended for preservation should be gathered at the new moon. If a cow is taken to the bull in the waxing moon her calf will be a bull calf. In the waning moon it will be a cow-calf and should only be castrated in the waning moon. Giving birth in both animals and humans will be easier if it happens at full moon.

Doreen Valente's book, *Where Witchcraft Lives* (Aquarian Press, \$3) is a classic work, much quoted from.

"Modern research has found long names for the powers witches exercise: hypnotism, clairvoyance, mediumship, astral projection, extra-sensory perception, psychotherapy." In olden times, says Doreen Valente, all these things came under one heading: witchcraft.

With the coming of Christianity the ancient mystery cults were forbidden and their followers were driven underground but the common people still clung to the old seasonal festivals. Increasing church opposition in the middle ages drove witchcraft more and more underground and witchcraft became a secret brotherhood.

And old rhyme goes:
*Witches and Warlocks without any
bother like gypsies on meeting will
know one another.*

Most of Valente's book is devoted to studying witchcraft in one county—Sussex in England where the broomstick has long held phallic significance.

In some parts it is thought unlucky if

an unmarried girl steps over a broom stick because if she does it's a sign that she'll be a mother before she's a wife. The book deals with various Sussex witch trials in the 16th and 17th centuries.

Fishermen in these parts have long believed that witches could control the winds by whistling for them.

She goes into some detail about how you raise a wind. You have to consider the weather; if the weather is warm for that time of year, for example, you're not likely to raise a wind of a cold nature and you better try another one. In general the most likely wind to call in winter is the east wind; in Spring, the north wind is the wind of the season. In Summer, the south wind and in Autumn, the west wind. The east wind is cold and dry; the north wind cold and wet; the south wind warm and wet.

To call the wind you're supposed to stand in the direction of the wind you want and give a long piercing whistle three times. The best time to do it is at sunrise. In some parts of rural Sussex,

farmers still call the wind at that time of the day if the fields have been too much wetted by rain recently.

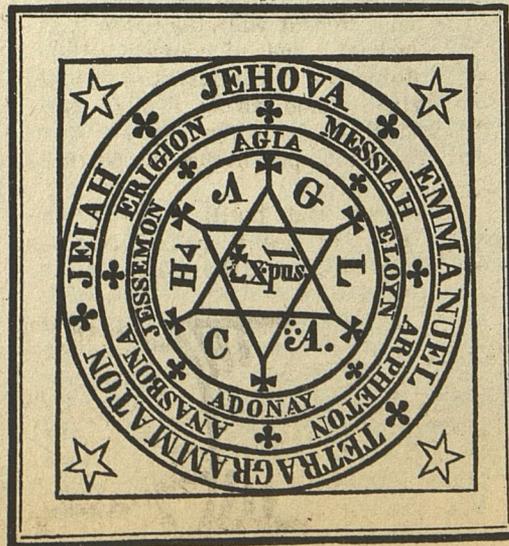
She gives a recipe for countering black magic. For example, if someone's sheep or pigs died and it was suspected they died by witchcraft, the practice was to open the body of the animal, take out its heart, stick it full of pins and either stick it up the chimney or throw it on the fire.

It was believed that this would cause the witch to either come to the house to beg forgiveness or die. So long as the smoked dried heart remained in the chimney, no witch would have the power over that animals of that household. It was widely believed that some Sussex witches had the power to stop horses and carts so they could not move. And there were alleged counter spells to this trick. One of them was for the carter to cut notches in the spokes of the bewitched cart wheels with a knife and for every notch the witch was supposed to get a cut on her fingers.

Cats and toads were traditional witches' familiars and the author says that actually a witch's familiar was a normal pet which was kept to make use of its physic perceptions and that Duke University parapsychology laboratory has been investigating extra-sensory perception in animals for some years.

Witches were believed to be able to turn milk sour or spoil food and their magic was greatly strengthened and enhanced with the possession of a mandrake root which could only properly be obtained under certain specific conditions and at certain times (midnight of the first full moon after the winter solstice).

There's a place in Sussex called Wilmington crossroads and one old legend is that if you take a black cockerel and go there at midnight on a full moon the first person you'll meet is



the devil or his representative who'll be able to grant your wish.

Neither Miss Valente nor the other authors report on whether anybody has tried this or not.

In her book *Today's Witches* (Prentice Hall, \$5.95) Susie Smith writes that before she even started to research she bought an Ajomacho at a witches store in the Senora market in Mexico City and she says that perhaps after reading the book the reader will agree with her that no matter how much one does or does not believe in the dangers of black magic, it can't hurt to take precautionary measures.

Witchcraft she says is having its greatest resurgence since the Middle Ages. She estimates there may be as many as 60,000 witches of both sexes in the United States at present of which she says about a quarter might be among the hippies. She says that most of the young people she's met take up witchcraft seeking answers and hoping they'll find something fundamental to believe in because they're disillusioned with life as they find it. Others go into it as a fad.

"The lazy person loves witchcraft because it makes life seem so simple and effortless."

Sybil, the best known witch at the moment, says "I can see little difference in magic and science except to have the opinion that magic is one step ahead." Susie Smith talks about the Sharon Tate murders. She says that Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski were both students of the occult and that they had visited many stores while in London picking up things and that they had visited many stores while in London picking up things and that when Polanski was working on the witchcraft movie, *Rosemary's Baby*, an initiation ceremony into black magic was held at the home of one of their friends and Sharon and Jay were there. Smith says quite definitely that both of them studied witchcraft and says that all the people around them were interested in it but that when they were killed by the Manson Family, they weren't killed for any of those reasons.

But she goes on to say that Manson's followers believed him to have the power of Black Magic and the ability to make things happen simply by envisioning them.

Dr. Michael J. Harner of Columbia University suspects that the witches bubbling cauldrons held a concoction made from belladonna, fawn apple, and henbain. All plants containing a poisonous crystalline alkaloid called atropine. From this they make the salve that they rub into the skin in preparation for the midnight ride. Author Smith suggests that the narcotic effects of the salve account for the



Julia Pearl

MEMENTO MORI (OPEN)

witches' belief that nocturnal flights were real. She compares this to the current custom of drug-taking. (Time magazine suggested in September 27, 1968 that soprano Renata Tebaldi of the Metropolitan Opera "always feared Callas' evil eye." The pair were rivals in the Metropolitan Opera in the 1950's).

Ajomaacho, says Susie Smith, is not a cooking garlic but something called a virile garlic, and if you have one, it will counteract evil influences and negative thoughts. It's no good just acquiring it yourself: you have to have it given to you before it can be effective and hence the practice in Mexican offices and factories where if somebody thinks that someone's going to do him harm he buys an Ajomaacho and then he goes to the person who he thinks is going to do him harm and he says: "Will you buy this from me for 1 peso and give it to me because then it will counteract the evil influences," and, of course, if that guy is doing the evil influences to you by buying it and giving it back to you—and it's hard for him to refuse—he counteracts the spell he has placed on you.

Cleanliness and purity make you more capable of casting spells. Richard Cavendish, author of the *Black Arts*,

says: "Abstinence is the method of avoiding contamination through the entry into the body of impurities which the spirit might be able to seize on." Cavendish points out that in spells the instruments used must all be virginal or ritually cleansed because any object that's been employed for non-magical purposes might have been linked with influences which were not harmonious with the ceremony the magician intended to conduct and he compares bringing powerful forces into play and magical operations producing electrical current so that the power can short circuit and the magician or his assistants be knocked out by it.

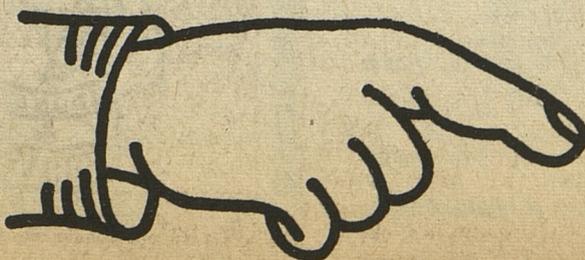
Susie Smith's book includes a chapter on spells—the simplest one requires no preparation beyond saying *Galebs, galbat, balbes, galbat*, and supposedly will cure toothache—and she advises getting plenty of virgin parchment in hand because most of the incantations should be written on that.

Well-known in witch mythology, she says, is a spell to get rid of unwanted guests and involves taking a broom and placing it behind a door in another room with the handle pointing towards the guest who's overstaying his or her visit.

We are now going to deal with a curious book called *Potions and Spells of Witchcraft* published by Osirus above a coat of arms that bears a trident and a kind of Bull's horns and it says Osirus 1572.

It's a little black book with this silver crest on the front and purportedly written by a lady called Lynne Terry and she talks about being a child and there being a private room upstairs she never went in and with a friend once she sneaked up very late and after a lot of peeking around saw her mother sitting in robes making notes with a quill pen on parchment. Then she realized her mother was a witch although her mother had never mentioned it. After her mother died she found all these old chests and crates in which there were books and spells and the rest of her book describes what she learned about witchcraft at that point.

Dealing with the history of witchcraft she refers to the 15th century, a time beset with plagues, wars and famines. Under attack for corruption the Catholic Church sought a scapegoat. The inquisition was firmly



established with the Church's sanction of a book entitled *The Witches Hammer* published in 1484. The book written by two monks, "proved" the existence of witches and set forth extermination procedures. One of the time-honored ways to determine a witch was to strip them and examine the body and seek what they called a witches tit. This particularly was supposed to be the sign of a witch with which she used to feed her families (because every witch is supposed to have one particularly favorite pet such as a toad, a mouse, an insect, a bat, a raven, or a black cat and these animals revered her and assisted her in her work).

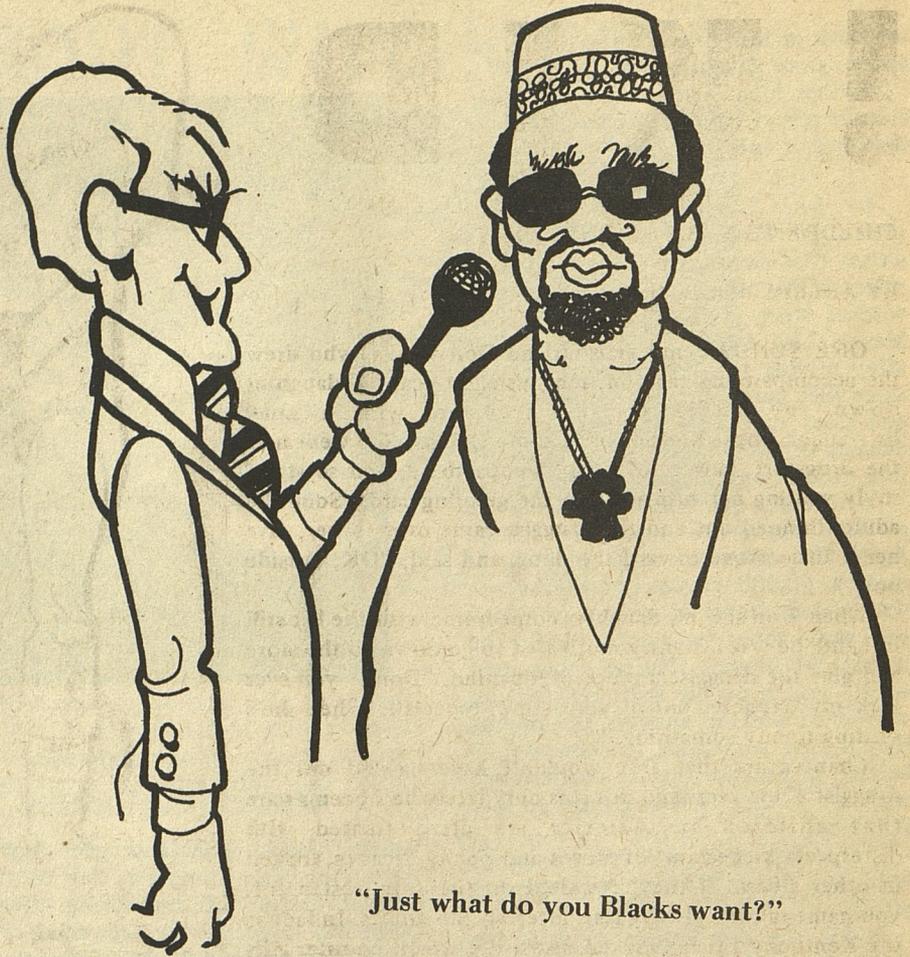
Somebody else had commented that the familiar was used as the diversion device. If people's attentions were distracted by the animal they thought they wouldn't notice what the witch was doing at some other time. Of course, it's also believed in witchcraft that people could take the forms of animals. All black cats were thought to be witches in disguise and good witches were supposed to be able to assume the shape of a hare which eventually resulted in the superstition of the lucky rabbits foot. Witches were supposed to be repulsed by iron, garlic and salt which were all symbols of good luck and thus were used by white witches; so the superstition of a horseshoe placed above the door with the ends pointing downwards would supposedly ward off a witch. Sybil Leek was supposed to have advised Susie Smith not to go witch hunting in L.A. or N.Y.C. because there are too many black elements that have crept in there adding that "the old religion does not flourish in big cities which get too large and provide bad vibrations."

There has been a standard belief in Sussex for centuries that a hare, a form of rabbit, is actually a witch and some people are scared of them crossing their paths, and think that they bring bad luck. There have been cases of people nailing a hare's skin to the mast of a fisherman's boat and the fisherman who found it would then had to have the boat thoroughly cleansed before he set out on it because he figured it would bring bad luck.

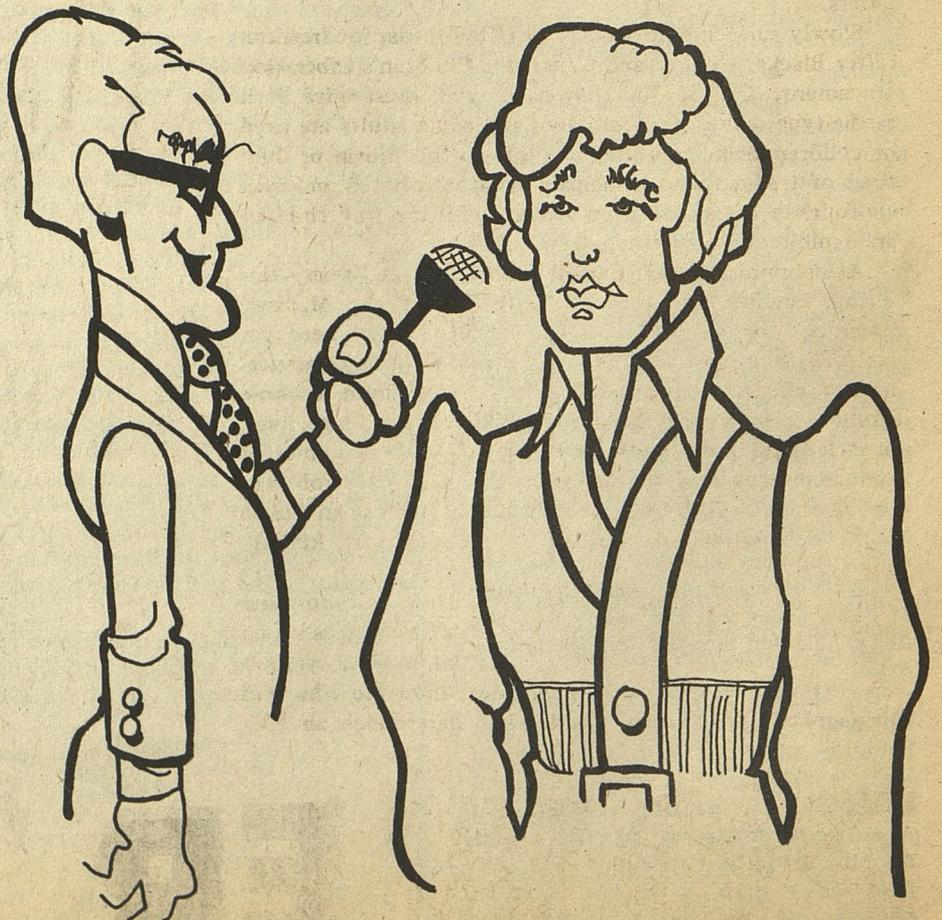
The year's four great *Sabbats* are: Candlemass (Feb. 2); May Eve or Walpurgis Night (April 30); Lammas (Aug. 1); and Halloween (Oct. 31).

The lesser meetings, called *Esbats*, are held every full moon.

- Books discussed above are:
Where Witchcraft Lives by Doreen Valente (Aquarian Press, \$3)
Potions and Spells of Witchcraft by Lynne Terry (Osirus, San Francisco)
Today's Witches by Susie Smith (Prentice Hall, \$5.95)
The Black Arts by Richard Cavendish



"Just what do you Blacks want?"



"Just what do you Gays want?"

! K I D

CHILDREN'S LIBERATION IS NEXT

BY Arthur S. Harris, Jr.

ONE SUNDAY my artist friend Don Weeks, who drew the accompanying cartoon, sent his eight year old daughter down the street to the drugstore with a small list—coughdrops, Kleenex, and some Q-Tips. She went into the drugstore, saw a lot of grownups there, and so stood shyly waiting her turn next to the greeting cards. Soon the adults thinned out and the druggist came over to her, gave her a little shove toward the door, and said, "OK, outside now."

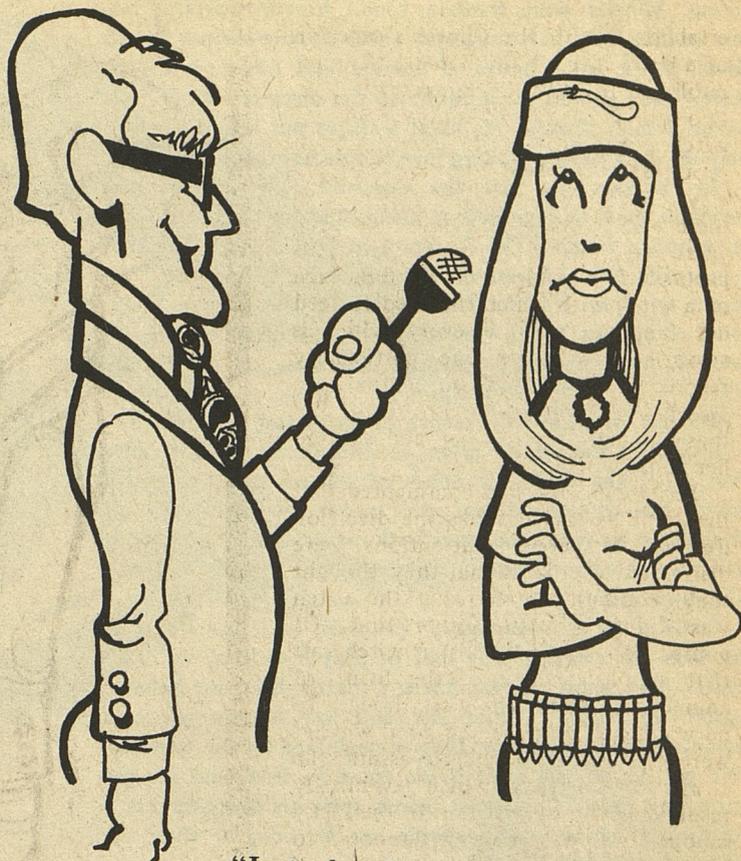
When Don saw his daughter come home with the list still in hand, he was instantly motivated to go down to the store and give the druggist a piece of his mind. "Don't you ever kick my daughter out of your store, especially when she's waiting to buy something."

Chances are that Don wouldn't have bawled out the druggist a few years ago, for it is only lately he's been aware that children in America are often treated with disrespect—kicked out of stores and penny arcades, frisked in other stores. If they're waited on (in store, restaurant, you-name-it), it's always last, after all the adults. In fact at the Kentucky Fried Chicken down the street, counter girls drop a kid in mid-order if a grownup shows up—Manager's orders.

Slowly surfacing now is the next big thrust for freedom (after Blacks, Women, and Gays)—the Children's Liberation Movement. Call it Kid Power if you must give it a media-type name. Many children and some adults are tired of children being told they can't go to this movie or that, tired of teachers and principals dictating what is and isn't appropriate dress, and even fed up with the way children are exploited in advertising.

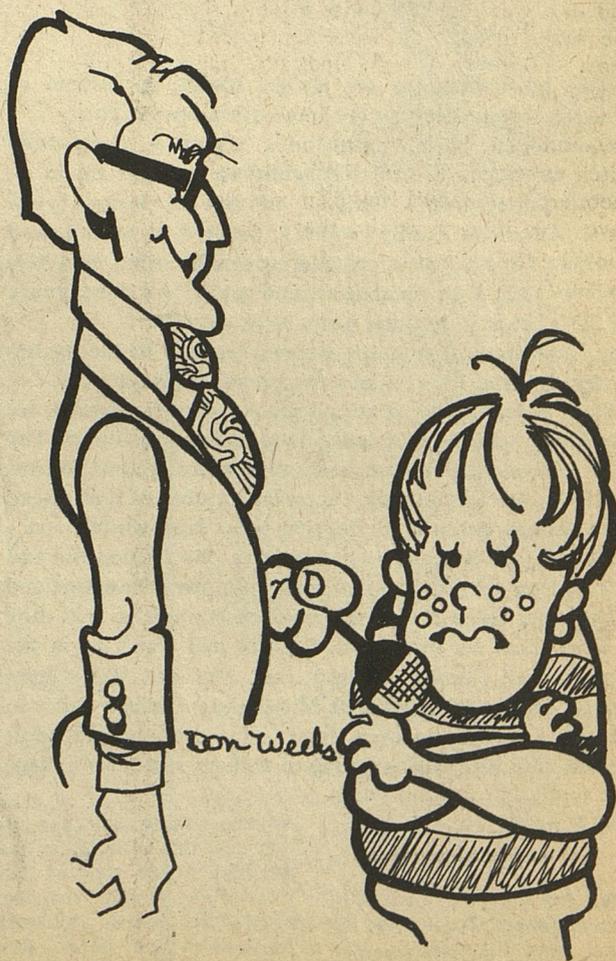
As columnist Carroll Carroll commented in *Variety* this spring, children are used as "cute objects" by Madison Avenue, "forced, apparently by their parents' need for residuals, to mouth platitudes and inanities that are inimical to any child's intellectual dignity." So we have a whole string of commercials exploiting freckles, tousled hair, lisps, or lack of two front teeth, cuteness, cudliness—all exploited and commercialized for the sale of products. Carroll calls for an end to children as Cute Objects, as well as an end to such "denigrating descriptions" as moppet, tots, kiddies, and tykes.

If youngsters are exploited in TV commercials, consider how they're treated by the movie industry which has set up code ratings for movies—X, R, GP, etc. While these symbols are not law and are only guidelines, they are observed throughout the country. And what determines an "X"



"Just what do you Women want?"

cartoons by Don Weeks



"Just what do you Kids want?"

POWER

rating? Murder, gang warfare, blood, horror, warfare? No, just nudity. Let the youngsters watch double-feature horror films, three solid hours of torture and death, but God forbid they should see a nipple on the silver screen, or "the naked female figure" (as local statutes put it), or—heaven help us—two people making love to one another!

In Sweden it's just the opposite: the killings and mayhem may be regarded as unsuitable for children. Only in America could "The Vampire Strikes Again" be rated acceptable for children of all ages and "The Body," an instructive film on the functioning of the human body, rated as X, not to be viewed by anyone under age of 18, even if accompanied by Parent, Guardian, or the Family GP.

On his daughter's thirteenth birthday last year, Sydney J. Harris let her air her gripes in his column. "Since we're over 12," she said, "it costs us \$2 or more to see a movie—but though we pay adult prices, we can't see adult films, or even restricted ones without an adult taking us. If we're treated like children, we should be charged children's admission prices."

"And if we go someplace," she went on, "and a few of the kids are wearing long hair or hippie outfits, we're all treated like scum. It just doesn't matter how we behave; people get ugly." When she and her friends go to a restaurant or snack shop, they're neglected by the waitress. "We get seated last even if we come in first, and we get waited on last." Columnist Harris feels his daughter has a point, for while young people are lectured at they are seldom listened to.

* * *

NOW generalizations are always tricky, so instead of making statements, let me lay some questions on you:

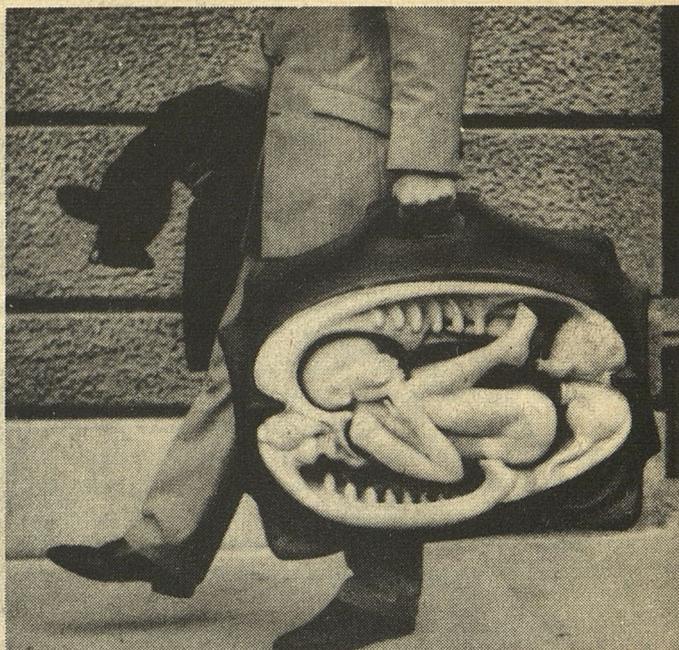
Underneath all the platitudes about a democratic society, aren't most American children brought up in an authoritarian culture? Ordered around at home (your average American family, right?), ordered at school, and sometimes for no reason ordered around by other members of society—viz: Cop to hang-around gang: "All right, youse guys, let's break it up here. Get a move on now."

In a supposed democracy where everyone in theory has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, can the State order a child to attend school? In other words, are compulsory school attendance laws unconstitutional? The free school movement has been all but obsequious toward these laws, but fortunately a growing number of homestead and commune parents are defying these laws which send a child to school under state compulsion. My friends Jim and Barry Nelson with their goat herd up in rural New England say they can teach their own children enough so that they can then learn on their own. Schools just won't be in the picture at all. Keep in mind that Jim and Barry have between them seven years at Middlebury College and you have the lines drawn even finer: your non-college adult obsessed with his children going to college, and your college

SMALL ADS

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Anyone writing to us and saying they saw this ad in Other Scenes can have a free copy of George Dowden's 50-page scatological prophetic, social, psychedelic, Blakean vision poem, Renew Jerusalem. Smyrna Press, Box 79, Stuyvesant Station, New York 10009.



graduates who are starting to wonder if school—any school, any grade—is worthwhile, let alone college. Outasight.

The coming liberation of children is inevitable because deep down underneath all the loud protests to the contrary, Americans don't really appreciate their children. Oh, they live vicariously through their children's accomplishments, but seldom live vicariously through their joy. They send children to school (protesting the school taxes), gloat over their marks, their acceptance at college, their budding "careers," but during all those growing-up years how much do the parents groove on childhood joy?

Too often in America, even in well-meaning families, parents can't stand having their children around, can't wait for school vacations to end. Who wants kids around the house all the time with all that noise and commotion? What I'm saying is: Americans pay lip service to childhood. Actually they're far colder toward their children (for all the material possessions they thrust onto them) than the average Mexican, but I suppose that's another story for another time.

Of course it will come as a shock to many Americans to discover truths about themselves vis a vis children. Since truth hurts, there will be those inevitable square questions: "Just what do you kids want?" And the answer (dignity, self-respect, basic rights) will be lost in a flurry of self-righteous denials.

But the Children's Liberation Movement—which those double-breasted TV interviewers will probably call "Kids Lib"—is inevitable. Recent awareness of civil rights by high school students and pressing demands to assert these rights will filter down to the lower age groups and then the Children's Liberation Movement will be on full force. I can hardly wait.

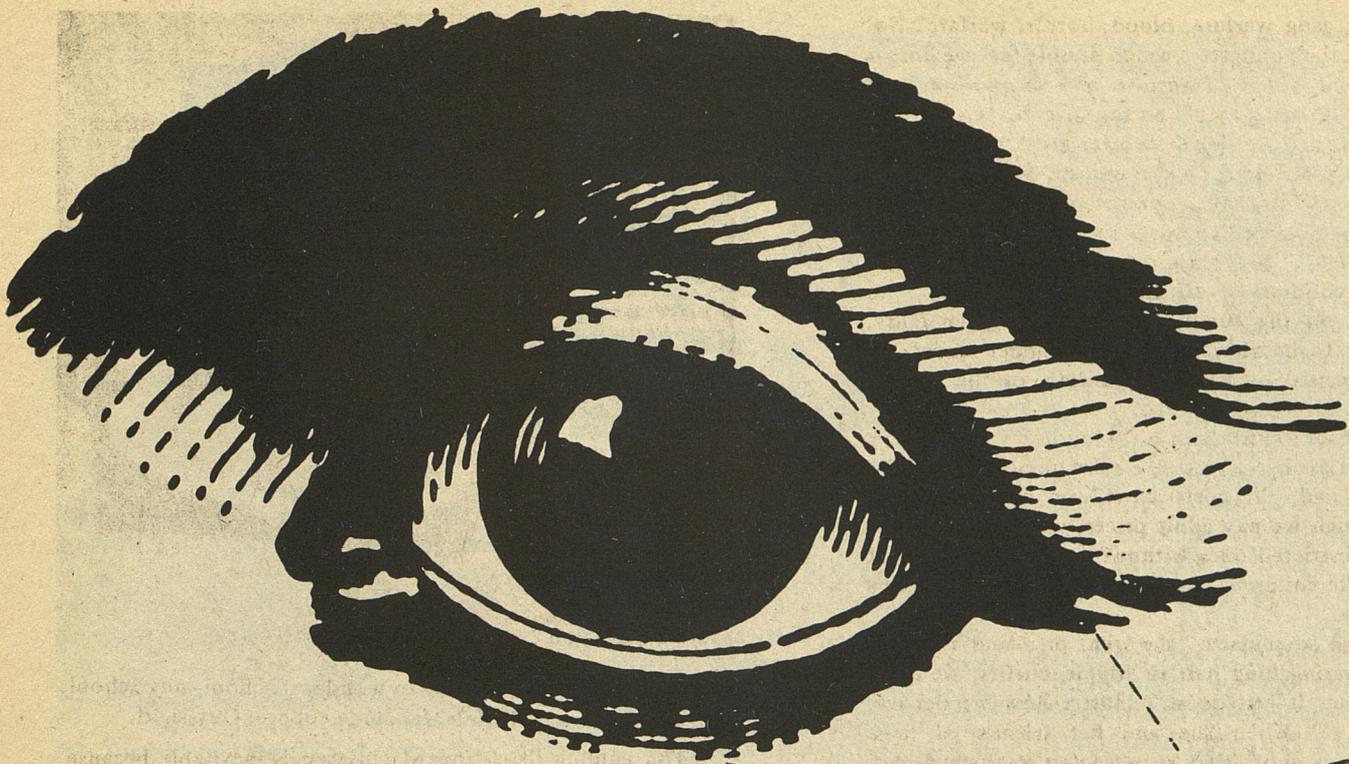
Why Hens Won't Lay

P. J. Kelly, the Minnesota Poultry Expert, 109 Kelly Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., has published a book, "The Tale of a Lazy Hen." It tells why the hens won't lay and how to make them lay every day. Mr. Kelly will mail the book free to anyone who will write him



FOLDING BATH TUB

Weight 16 lbs. cost little. Requires little water. Write for special offer. M. L. IRWIN, 103 Chambers St., New York, N. Y.



BILL'S BERKELEY TRIP

we had a fight &
I left that morning
with my sleeping bag &
a dollar-85
cigaretts but no toothbrush
& a pint of white port
it took 6 hours to hitch from
Normal to St Louis, 365 mi
I spent 50¢ for another pint of
greystone white port
yeh fuck it
waving the pint over my shoulder
walking up the freeway, thinking
what an asshole I'd be showing
back in Normal the next day
—hows the weary traveller, how
was Berkeley, ha ha you punk
then a cougar stopped
heading west
by the time we hit Sydalia I
was all right again & took
the wheel & drove straight thru
to Denver. in Cheyenne I picked
up 3 lbs of apples & 3 codeine
cougar medicines

Utah & Idaho were in there some-
where but I was out of it till
we hit Portland
outside Eugene I stood on the
freeway 4 hours till a rusty
volks bus picked me up &
we all crammed together, 2
mattresses & 12 squatting freaks &
I had a very young tit jammed in
my ear. it smelled lovely &
someone passed a joint
when we stopped I used a standard
oil card to fill the tank & let
them give me half of it in
cash & bought a fifth of greystone &
someone passed a joint
freaks kept getting on & off & I
passed the port. the young tit
changed into a long red beard &
he kept squeezing my knee while I
sucked on the port. someone passed
a joint . . .
well shit, we had a flat & lessee
ate walnuts & oranges out of groves
got lost twice, spent the night in
a Trappist monastery, almost froze
going over Mt Shasta, & finally

got into Berkeley. it was 5 pm
& I'd been on the road just over
a week. I filled the tank again &
they drove me to Berkeley Way where
I edged into a small yard full I mean
FULL of dogs & knocked on the door &
a naked chick answered. they're
always beautiful, arent they? this
one was too. —are you Bill? when
I nodded she grabbed me & hugged
me hard & drug me inside. —Irv's
working & wont be home till tuesday
wld you like to watch me do my yoga?

this poems getting long but if I
end it here you'll think I got a
piece of ass. nothing that crude
baby. but she broke out something
called MDA which is a very heavy
acid trip & I dropped 2 & some more
freaks showed up & we all got
naked & min-fucked for 2 days till
Irv came home. but thats another
poem again

—Wm. WANTLING
1/71

Astrological Forecast
(for whenever you happen to be reading this)

Astrology functions on 3 levels—the physical, mental and financial. Astrology can be an aid to your spiritual unfoldment but don't wait for the Moon to be in Scorpio to do your thing. Always remember, you are superior to the stars, Republican Party and a Howard Johnson's menu.

Aries (obnoxiously idealistic) Today is the day for putting your big plan into action. Your big plan being the overthrow of all forms of tyranny and misspelling. The biggest tyrant in the universe is your own ego. The overthrow of ego is achieved thru meditation, liberated sexuality and service to your brothers and sisters—mankind.

Taurus (indulgently loyal) Today is propitious for one of those warm intimate get-togethers with close friends that naturally, spontaneously, beautifully unfolds in a sacred, liberating, spiritual sexual orgy.

Gemini (cerebrally compulsive) They always accuse you of being slightly schizophrenic, Gemini, but this isn't necessarily so. Today you should take your head out of the book and put your ass into bed—with a Sagittarian. Incidentally, I am a double Sagittarian. It's suggested that God is a Sagittarian, but this is just a Sagittarius plot to overthrow the zodiac. Actually God is both inside and outside the zodiac.

Cancer (emotional aggressive) Meditate on Standard Oil—this will stimulate your emotions and aggressions. Do something underhanded to the Establishment. Turn Spigot Head Ague upside down and give him an enema of 1 part papaya juice and 9 parts crude oil. If you do this you will sleep like a baby tonite. You will have released all your hostile emotional aggressions, unless of course, you happen to be Garbage Mouth Ague, in which case you have Vietnam, Black ghettos and Chicano barrios on which to vent your spleen. And let's not forget those god damn, sex crazed, grass smoking, mushroom eating, "peace loving" hippies.

Leo (stubborn idealism) You are a born leader. Your whole problem hinges around getting someone to follow you. If you are a good looking lady Leo you probably don't have this problem. If you are a male this problem could be obviated by letting \$10 bills hang insouciantly from all your pockets. Fidel Castro is a double Leo and even he had a few problems getting the people

to follow him—and take back their own land.

Virgo (practical pragmatism) Eldridge Cleaver and Greta Garbo are both Virgos. This should give you something to shoot for. Perfection is an innate drive of the Virgo. I never heard Greta Garbo sing 'fuck Ronald Reagan' but Eldridge does it perfectly.

Libra (balanced justice) Famous Librans are Mahatma Gandhi, Lenny Bruce, Timothy Leary, Bobby Seale, Ray Charles. Maybe Jesus of Christ Consciousness was a black Libran. That would explain a lot of things. Why don't you think about that for a while. The trouble with Librans is that they think about things a lot but fail to make up their minds. Today you must make up your mind about at least one thing. How about overthrowing the government. Of course you C.I.A. people out there know I'm only kidding.

Scorpio (intense dedication) Scorpios will not take advice. Scorpios natives love to ball, unless of course, they are very bent. I am giving personal, private intimate horoscope interpretations to the female side of this sign for the modest sum of all the spare change in their dungarees. I am also offering my services as sleep-in-psychiatrist to those bent Scorpio chicks who aren't balling.

Sagittarius (philosophic play boy or girl) Things are going to be very active for you. Especially if you are born during the first part of Sagittarius. If you are born during the last half you can go back to bed and take Billy Graham—Crackers with you—and teach him the philosophic, spiritual, mystical, tantric, humane meaning of sex.

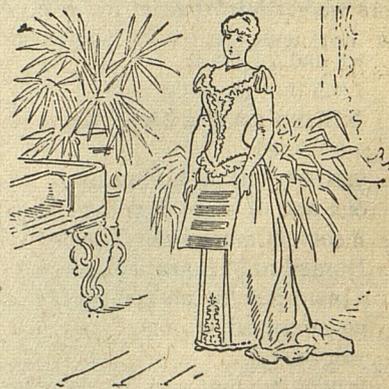
Capricorn (aggressive organizer) Joan Baez—Richard Nixon. Heaven—Hell. Light—Darkness. Love—Hate. Life—Death. Of course, it's not that simple. Always remember, our president is a Quaker.—I don't think he got the message.



Aquarius (fixed progressive ideas) Did you know that Ronnie Runny Nose Reagan was sworn in at 2 A.M. and he denies a knowledge of astrology. He digs it but hasn't got the balls to say so because he fears it would hurt his image. I've got news for him—astrology is in a lot better shape than his image.

Pisces (confused mysticism) St. Francis of Assisi, one of our early hippies, was a Piscean, I believe. If I've made a mistake—don't correct me—or you'll give me a complex. I don't mind being wrong just so no one knows about it—not even me. Anyway, the people used to dump garbage on this tender, loving soul when he went begging food from door to door. This was the original Welfare and these people didn't have Safeway and Piggly Wiggly to contend with either.

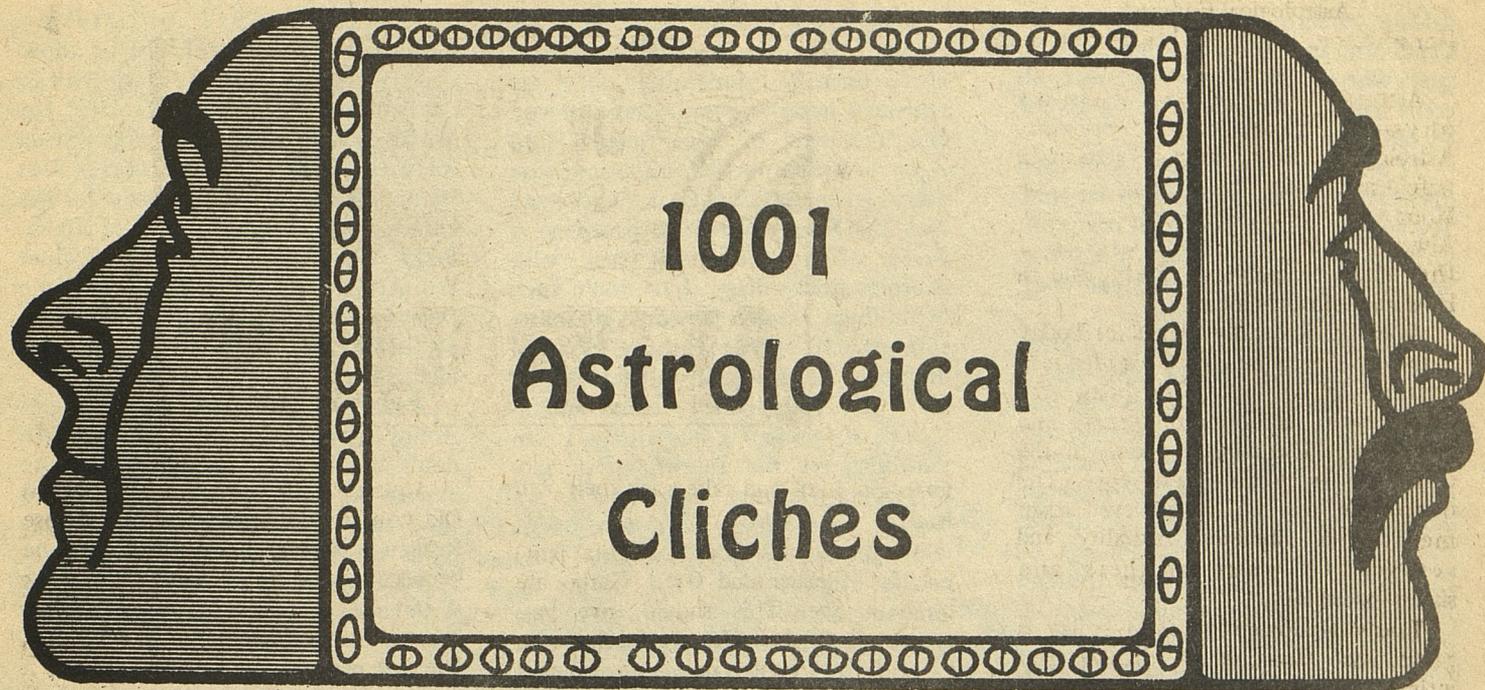
Swami Sivananda



SHE SINGS

The hundred thousand trained vocalists of America—the half million sweet voices of fireside evenings—all know that in the comfort of dressing is flexibility of voice—No prima donna ever sang with uncomfortable corset—the **Equipoise Waist** is the graceful necessity of style and vocalism—To know all about it, and where to buy it, write to the George Frost Co., Boston, Mass.





(And How To Combat Them)

Let me share with you a chapter from my autobiography "The Almost Complete Works, Schemes and Plots to Overthrow the Government of Swami Sivananda with the chapter that Boston and Berkeley completely ignored—Tantric Yoga and Why It's Here to Stay with 8 x 10 Color Prints." The chapter is entitled "1001 Astrological Cliches and What to Do Until the Astrologer Arrives," but before we get into that let me give you some hot news flashes for all you hot news flash freaks.

HOT NEWS FLASH NO. 1—We are not going to send any of 'our boys' to Cambodia—what we are going to send are tons and tons of bombs. Did you ever meet a Cambodian? They're very small, delicate, sensitive, spiritual people—spend a lot of time praying—and what do you think they're praying—they're praying that those rotten, Buddhaless, motherfuckers from Amerika would stop dropping bombs on them.

HOT NEWS FLASH NO. 2—Jesus Christ is coming back next Thursday—when he will Indian-wrestle Billy Graham for the souls of Tricky Dicky Bird Nixon and Spigot-Head Ague on the White House lawn amidst 17,000 screaming, climaxing religious fanatics and freaks. The Pope will be there passing out free abortion literature; Aimee Semple McPherson will be playing the organ.

Bishop Pike will give the benediction. Liberace will sing the Stars and Stripes—for a little while yet. The Illinois State Institution for the Criminally Insane will supply the ushers. Fourteen, old, insane, senile senators will be thrown to ravaging, turned-on hippie love goddesses on water beds floating in 40 gallons of LSDed pink champagne.

Here are a couple of those '1001 Astrological Cliches and How to Combat Them,' 'You are a Gemini—you're schizophrenic'. The best way to get around this if you are a Gemini is to make the observation that we're all schizophrenic. Of course this is a generalization, but that's alright because you're a Gemini and very glib and you can get away with making generalizations, unless of course, when you're talking to a Sagittarian, in which case you should settle for schizophrenic.

'You're a Cancer, a Moon Child—you like to cook.' This is obviously bullshit but I have been using this cliché myself for 20 years. One thing is true—all Cancerians like to eat, in fact, everyone inside and outside of the zodiac like to eat. Moon children could have a preference for sea food since it is a water sign, but they and everyone else will have to deal with Standard Oil immediately, if they ever want to eat anything from out of the ocean again. Personally, I am living on gin sing, garlic, yoghurt and honey, and a little love here and there.

'You are an Aries—you are an egomaniac.' Unfortunately, this cliché is correct. If you are an Aries and fed up with your ego mania, write me after you read this freak out and I will erect your horoscope, interpret it, perform a frontal lobotomy on your ego mania and release you from a 20 dollar bill.

'Oh you're a Taurus, you're very stubborn.' The only trouble with this cliché is that you cannot convince Taurians that its true, because they're so stubborn. Incidentally, I once talked to Jack E. Leonard, one of Ameriker's famous Piscean Age comics, just before the collapse of the Amerikan Empire, over the telephone. I asked him for his birth data and he said, 'you don't believe in that bullshit'—are you ready—Jack E. Leonard is born under Taurus the Bull. Do you see how amazing astrology is? Alright, if astrology is so amazing how come I can't make a living at it.

'You are a Leo—You are a born leader.' I know Leos I wouldn't follow around the block, but then there was this one Leo lady I chased in a car for 4½ miles—caught up with her in a McDonalds Hamburger Palace—we had a magic mushroomburger and rape right there under the arches. And then there's Fidel Castro who is a double Leo—when people started to follow Fidel, Batista, you all remember Batista, he was our man in Havana, when people started to follow Fidel in large numbers and with

definite changes in mind, Batista the Capricorn, among other things, split to guess where—here. That's right—they all come here—to New York—to the Exiled Dictator Hilton.

'You are a *Virgo*—you are hypercritical'—this happens to be true. Try and get over it. Try to get over your puritanical bullshit, too. Follow a Scorpio around for 2 weeks and learn how to become a sex maniac.

'You are a *Libran*—you are a great lover of justice.' Guess who was a Libran? That's a good guess but you missed 2 winners—Trujillo, the man who had erected 10,000 statues of himself in a country that only contained a couple hundred square miles—and one of our own very great leaders—Dwight D. Eisenhower, who almost blew the 2nd World War because he couldn't make up his mind. Obviously some Librans don't know justice from 3rd base or world, but they are usually indecisive and this endears them to Pisceans, who are confused and don't count anyway.

'You are a *Scorpio*—you are a sex maniac.' This too happens to be true. Unfortunately, sometimes, they are repressed negative Scorpio sex maniacs. Our President of Vice—Spigot Head Ague is a Scorpio. If this brings you down, let me say that Gracie Slick—and Jack the Ripper were also Scorpions. A word of advice—don't fuck with Scorpions—fuck them, but don't fuck 'with' them. I realize we could get into a semantical, philosophical-political discussion at this point but let me just say I am 100 percent behind and in front of woman's liberation. I am standing on the side lines of gay liberation—cheering them on. I am buying Viet Cong Liberation Bonds with all the bread I can pry from people, tourists and F.B.I. agents on campus, who are sometimes big spenders and getting ready to drop out.

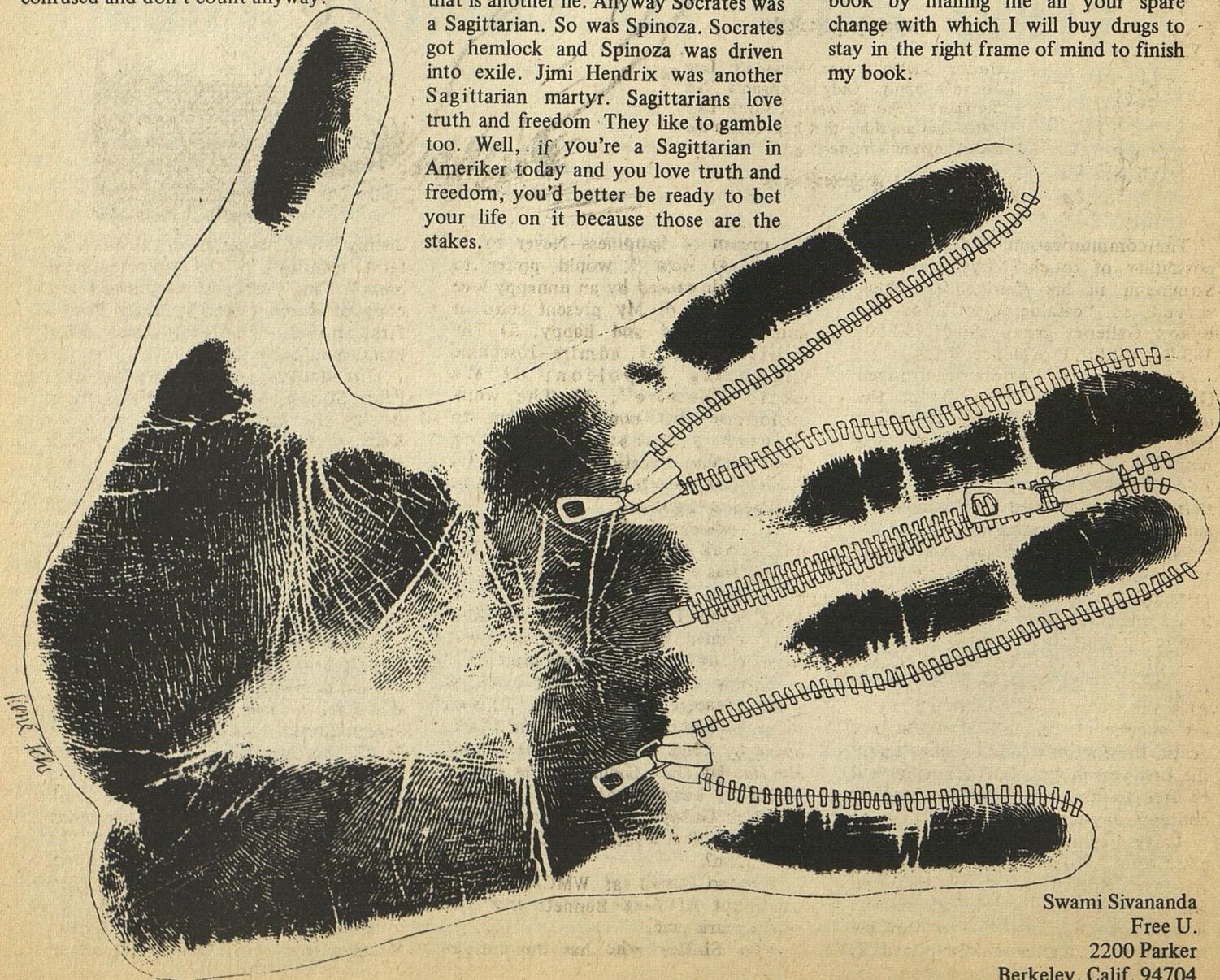
'You are a *Sagittarian*—you are a born philosopher.' This is absolutely true and that is absolutely untrue and that is another lie. Anyway Socrates was a Sagittarian. So was Spinoza. Socrates got hemlock and Spinoza was driven into exile. Jimi Hendrix was another Sagittarian martyr. Sagittarians love truth and freedom. They like to gamble too. Well, if you're a Sagittarian in Ameriker today and you love truth and freedom, you'd better be ready to bet your life on it because those are the stakes.

Capricorns are politically inclined—this is another one of those right-on cliches. Dig these Capricornians—Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Martin Luther King, Joan Baez, Steve Allen, Albert Schweitzer, Tim Hardin—Alright, now get ready for the bum trippers—Tricky Dicky Bird Nixon, Barry 'bomb-em bomb-em' Goldwater and Attila the Hun. Capricornians are always well read, unless they are 6 years or under, in which case, they are telepathic.

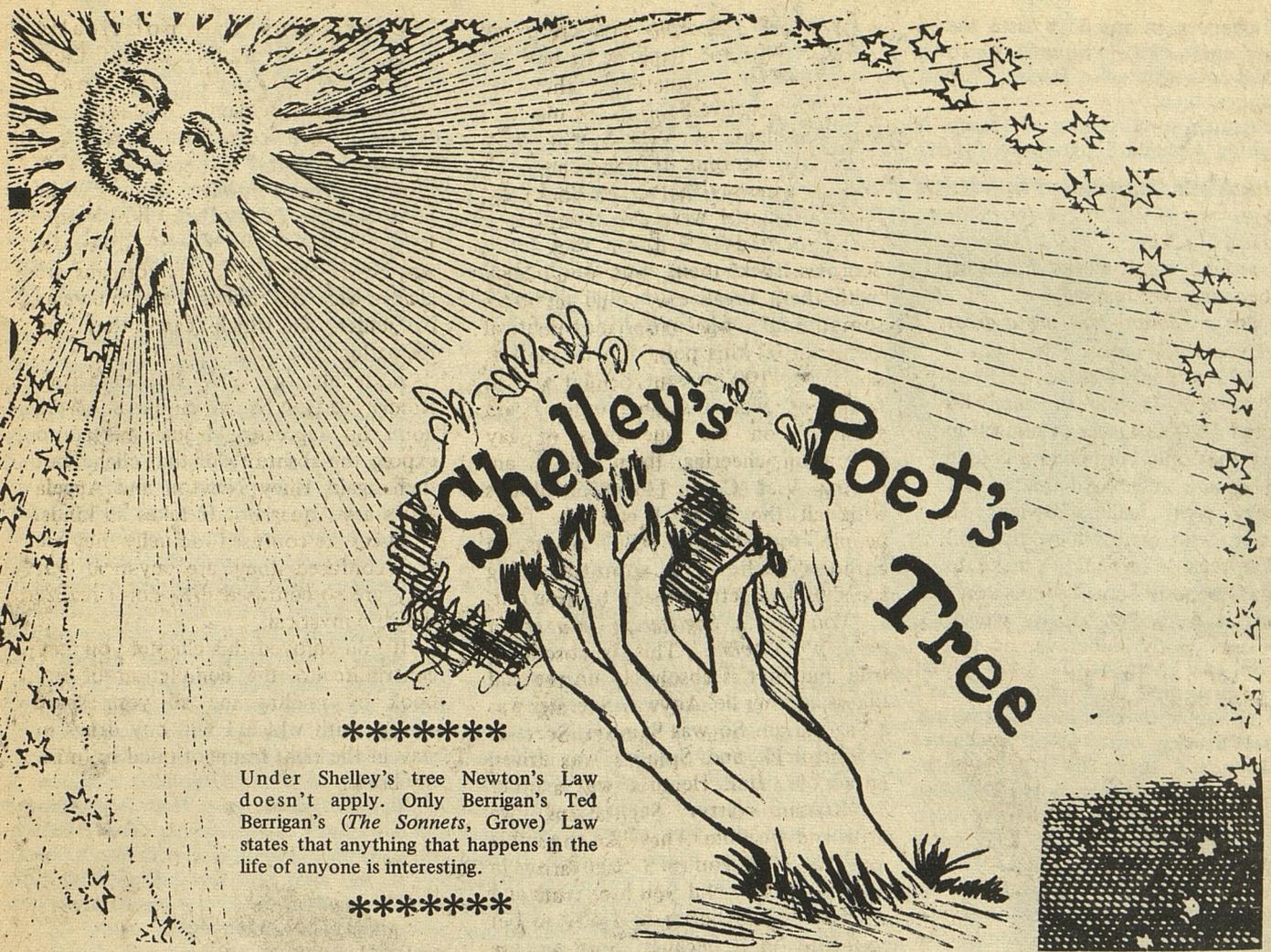
Aquarians are great humanitarians. Ronny Reagan is an Aquarian. Well, don't be depressed. I just wanted to expose the absurdity of that cliche, but then again Huey Newton and Angela Davis are Aquarians. It takes all kinds.

Pisces are confused—actually they are not confused—they are mystical but they are so confused they don't realize they are mystical.

If you enjoyed this chapter you may contribute to the completion of my book by mailing me all your spare change with which I will buy drugs to stay in the right frame of mind to finish my book.



Swami Sivananda
Free U.
2200 Parker
Berkeley, Calif. 94704



Under Shelley's tree Newton's Law doesn't apply. Only Berrigan's Ted Berrigan's (*The Sonnets, Grove*) Law states that anything that happens in the life of anyone is interesting.

The communication of dance is the possibility of touch." says poet Alan Sondheim in his *Resonances* which served as "catalog/object" for the Bykert Galleries group show. (\$2.50: 183 Benefit St., Providence, R.I.)

The elevator operator dropped Gertrude Stein & Alice B. at the domestic employment office floor first time they visited the building that housed Random House. Was it because Alice offered him a Brownie or was it that the pair looked like maids not authors? We'll never know!

When Vito Acconci flew Air Canada to Halifax, Nova Scotia he sent this printed form to friends. "Flying scares me; I am afraid that I will die on the trip to or from Halifax. Before my trip, I will leave an envelope at the Registrar's Office, School of Visual Arts; the envelope will contain a key to my apartment. In the event of my death, the envelope can be picked up by the first person who calls for it; he will be free to use my apartment, and its contents, any way he wishes."

Larry Fagin (*Adventures in Poetry*) sent the "Proust Questionnaire" (a literary Rorschach) to writers and friends. I'll tell you some of my answers if you tell me yours: 1) The principle trait of my character—Undisciplined; 2)

My dream of happiness—Never to be bored; 3) How I would prefer to die—Suicide caused by an unhappy love affair at 75; 4) My present state of mind—oversexed and happy; 5) The military feat I admire—Josephine capturing Napoleon; 6) My motto—"Survive"; 7) The worst misfortune that could befall me—to receive a questionnaire with unanswerable questions; 8) Character fault for which I have the most indulgence—Egotism.

A red-headed Prince Valiant-type basketball-playing poet named Jim Carroll has a new book of poems called *4 Ups and 1 Down* (Angel Hair Press, cover Donna Dennis). He is "Everything that comes moaning free and wet through the lips of our lovely grind".

Harper & Row's quartet gives as much pleasure as Mr. Eliot's. '71 sees them publishing *Air* by Tom Clark; *Space* by Clark Coolidge; *Where I Hand My Hat* by Dick Gallup & *The Poetry Room* by Lewis MacAdams, Jr. Watch for Dick Gallup's sports column in *The Herald*. Is that what's meant by poetry in motion?

I'm so pissed at WMCA's unjust treatment of Alex Bennett that I'm spitting uric acid.

"To Shelley who has the curious

distinction of having given this book its first mention in the (inter)national press." That's what it says inside my copy of *Ralph* (McCall), Bruce Price's first novel. The plot—Ralph likes living—you'll like Ralph.

Girl Machine (Angel Hair, Box 257, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC) turns Busby Berkely's film world into Kenward Elmslie's word world. Watch for Kenward's drama criticism in the new N.Y. Sunday paper, tentatively titled *The Herald*. The new weekly will also feature Jim Brodey as Music Critic, Tandy Martin Brodey as Woman's Editor & Joe LeSeur on Flicks. I'll be *The Herald's* book and entertainment editor.

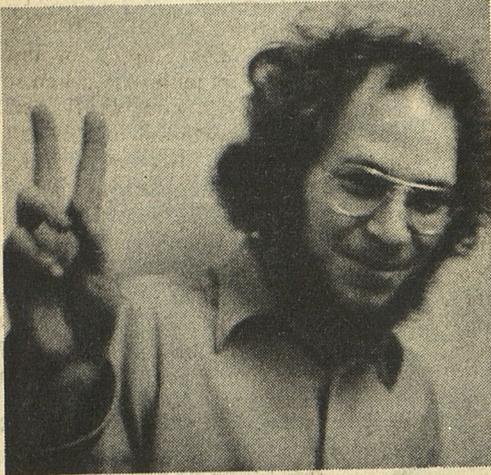
John Perreault (*Voice* art critic) doesn't have a prostate condition. That was red crepe paper flowing from his fly which represented the letter "F" when Sesame-Streeted his audience at his 14th St. "Y" performance of "Alphabet".

If *Moby Dick* is about a whale then *Johnny Minotaur* is about a bull. Charles Henri Ford's film's hammock sequence with Shelley Scott swings. The film was made on Crete and those voices in the background belong to Allen Ginsberg, Warren Sonbert and Dali.

When Patti Smith and Gerard Malanga read at St. Mark's Church in

the Bowery someone with taste was in the audience. Patti, who sings her own material was offered a London Albert Hall appearance.

Grossman, a subsidiary of Viking, is publishing Armand Schwerner's *Tablets*



Monday August 22, 1966 Jim Brodey presented the Folklore Center's Izzy Young with this bio for reading. "James Brodey born 1942 November Brooklyn N.Y. spent the first 7 months of his life in an oxygen bottle (because it was feared that he may have been born horribly crosseyed). The curse removed by surgery, has left an emotional mark on him, which he carries to this day. His childhood was split between Stamford Conn. and Jamaica N.Y.

"A product of continual Physical misfortune, he was removed from High School by a blow on the head. Under special tutors, he began to read and write. And at age 11, began scribbling poems (which were more or less imitations of early English Folklore). He also began a prosework at age 14, based upon certain texts of Spanish Criminologies. The late poet John Holmes, wrote a 23-page letter to Brodey, urging him to continue his "writing". He somehow attended New York University, The New School (where he received the Dylan Thomas Award in 1963) and The National Appearances of Oslo.

"Mr. Brodey was responsible for the first public appearance of the FUGS. He has made several verbal collaborations with American author, William S. Burroughs, via the author's numerous type machines. Mr. Brodey's poems have appeared in *Elephant*, *C*, *Lines*, *NADADA* and *MOTHER*, among other "backwood" publications. He edits *CLOTHESLINE*. And his first book of poems, *Fleeing Madly South* will appear in September 1966. "Who looks at you/his beard/long after he has disappeared/will again/EMERGE!"

I-XIV this fall. Those were the poems that were radio bleeped. Remember???

Andreas Brown, president of the Gotham Book Mart (41 W. 47 St.), Europing for deserved rest. Write to them for their *Catalogue of Religious & Mystical Philosophy* which ends with this Krishnamurti quote—"Life is something to be discovered; and you cannot discover it if you have not lost, if you have not put aside the things that you have found . . . A man who says he knows is already dead. But the man who thinks, 'I don't know,' who is discovering, finding out . . . such a man is living, and that living is truth. GBM's *Scenes Along the Road* in its second printing.

Richard Bernstein's Vernissage of Graphic Works at the Chelsea Hotel a joy. RB is now and new.

Under the editorship of Joachim Neugroschel and Suzanne Zavrian, *Extensions* is still one of the best literary magazines around. No 5/6 features Hugh Seidman (*Collecting Evidence*, Yale Univ. Press), Rebecca Brown, Jack Anderson & Lane Dunlop. (PO Box 383, Dept. C, NYC 10025)

Anne Waldman who runs the St. Mark's Poetry Project has just finished *No Hassles* for Lita Hornick's "Kulchur" press. Some of the poets who read this year at St. Mark's were David Shapiro, Clark Coolidge, Donald Hall, Jerome Rothenberg, Peter Schjeldahl, John Godfrey, Maureen Owen, Lewis Warsh, Lewis MacAdams, Ed Dorn, John Weiners.

Bob Colaciello who edits *Interview* film magazine asks the question "Can Elegance Survive the Rising Crime Rate?". Sometimes he's "all alone feeling low lying to a lover." He was influenced by Mallarme, the NY School, The NY Daily News and neon signs. Here's Bob—"THE SECOND POEM ON PURELY CATHOLIC CONCEPTS/ confronted with row upon row of requiem candles/an asymmetric child of eleven/held his sacred heart/and came."

Johnny Stanton alias "The Siamese Banana Press" (325 E. 89 St., NYC)

POEM

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Colin R. Fry

brings us David Anderson's *Under Western Eyes* & Hilton Obenzinger's *Thunder Road*. Johnny edits the newspaper for the Rhinelander Agency Community whose cover bears the statue of Liberty resembling Mr. Stanton holding two bananas.

You can order Dan Halpern's *Antaeus No. 2* through the Gotham (41 W. 47 St.). Features: John Ciardi, Joyce Carol Oates, Michael McClure & Charles H. Ford. Too bad he couldn't get any names.

On the Kitchen wall of the Bolinas home of Bill Berkson, Joanne Kyger, Peter Warshall and Keith Lampe you will see the 1929 D. H. Lawrence Poem, *Being Alive* which starts "The only reason for living is being fully alive/and you can't be fully alive if you are crushed by secret fear and bullied with the threat: Get money, or eat dirt!/and forced to do a thousand mean things meaner than your nature/" and ends "The world is waiting for a great new movement of generosity, or for a great wave of death/We must change the system, and make living free to all men, or we must see men die, and then die ourselves." In the living room you will see visitors: Bobbie & Robert Creely, Debbie & Bill Beckman, Angelica & Tom Clark, Margo & John Doss, Phoebe & Lewis MacAdams, Tom Veitch, Gordon Baldwin, & Lewis Warsh. Damn the DJ who 1st played "California Here I Come". N.Y. lost some of the "best minds of my generation".

—Shelley Lustig

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Comes tomorrow. Pour out almost all of the virile batch. Leave a cup full for next time. Dry out the batch with more flour. Oil to lubricate molecules expanding, rising. Salt for taste. Knead to consistency of earlobe. Sing. "Maraka!": Bread made in love, the ancient Greek says. Let rise in oiled pan, doubling in bulk. Bake in merrily heat belch castiron stove. Fragrance to cure all dis-ease of stress life.

Break bread! Still-warm loaf, broken ritually between 4 hands; inhaled voluptuously; eaten sumptuously. Life is good. Stash the rest in box in snowdrift. Another day: re-warmed in oven to grace hot thick soup; to be platform of beauty under wild oozing honey. As soon as you have some, you want some more. That's the magic of Mountain Man bread.

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back on enfolding bed. Gaze in profound meditation out the window to feel the scarlet of your private star setting behind you distant upthrusts—hardly knowing you have twisted off a mighty hunk of bread; munching. And by moonrise, when soup sez, "I'm ready," you wryly realize you've eaten the whole loaf and half of the next. No further desire for more; for soup. Mountain Man bread is that way. A meal for the soul, sufficient unto itself. Desire full-filled. Love.

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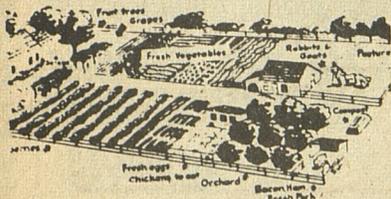
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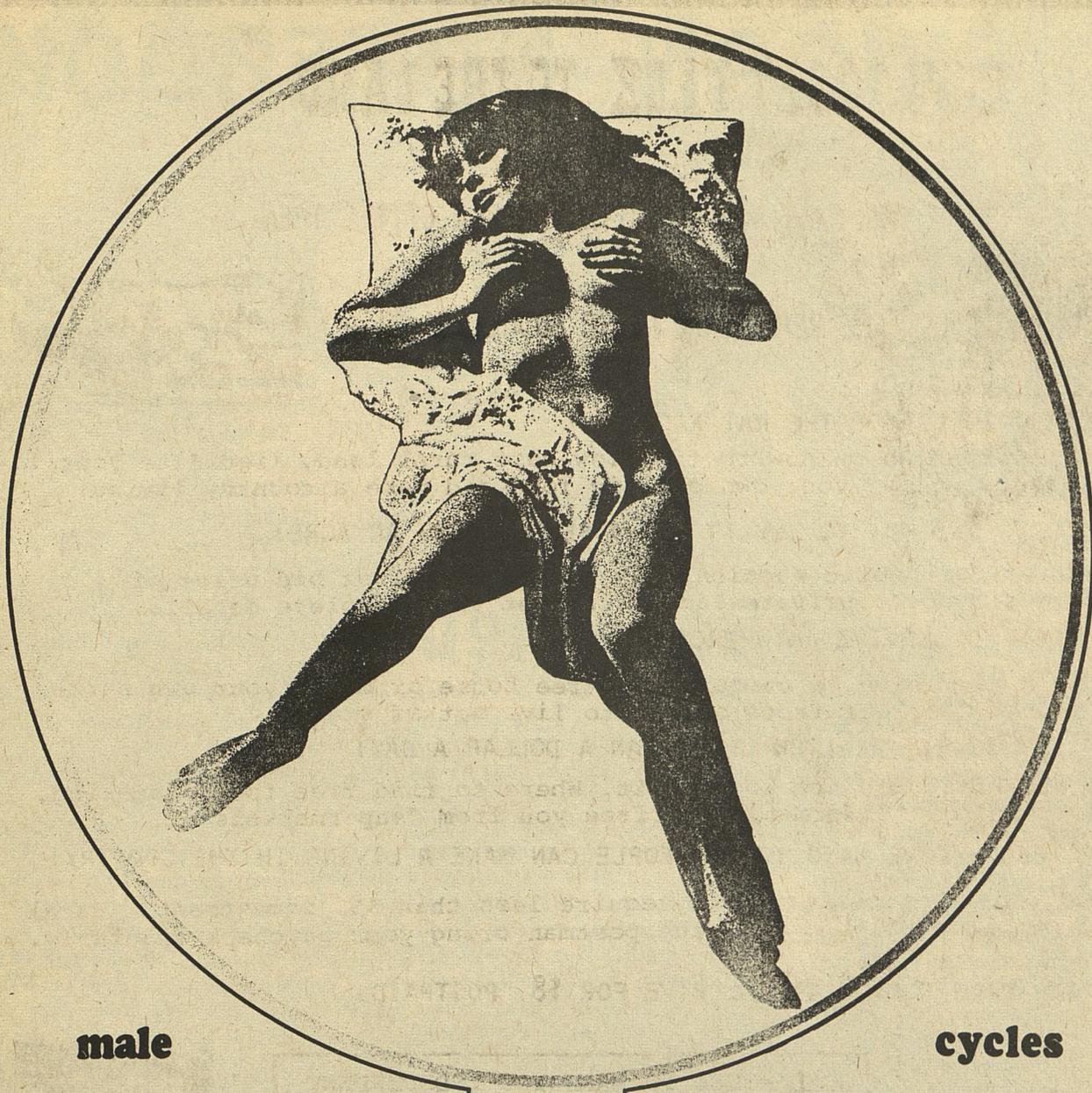
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male

cycles

Men, like women, have their monthly "periods" during which their faculties vary in capacity and intensity. For almost half a century doctors have studied the theory of biorhythmics which affects to plot the various cycles and advise on how they can be best handled.

Recent tests in Japan by industrial firms and transport authorities have convinced today's researchers that biorhythmics is, indeed, a valid science which properly applied can greatly increase efficiency. The Omi railroad, for example, claims to have reduced its accident rate one-third by informing its employees of what it terms their "zero" days when they are less able to cope with their lives than at other times of the month.

Man's biological cycles are said to indicate that a man's physical fitness fluctuates from low to high and then to low again in a 23-day period. He goes

through a sensual cycle of 28 days and a cycle of intellectual ups and downs over a period of 33 days. Naturally the three cycles are rarely matched so that when you're most able to handle your sex life isn't necessarily when you're at your physical peak.

The theory holds that man is at his peak performance in the first half of his cycle, his condition declining during the second half. Zero days are when one's cycle changes from down to up and from up to down—i.e. at the beginning and middle of each cycle. These are the days on which one is advised to be aware of one's diminished capacities.

Discovering one's personal cycles is accomplished by adding up the days so far lived, counting the beginning of each cycle as the day of birth. To discover your own cycles divide the total of days lived by 23, 28 and 33 respectively, the days left over being how far you are into each cycle today.

Plotting Your Biorhythmic Cycles

Count up the number of days since you were born. Don't forget to add an extra day for leap years. Leap years since 1926 have occurred in 1930, 1936, 1940, 1944, 1948, 1952, 1956, 1960, 1964, 1968.

Divide by 23 for your physical fitness cycle. Divide by 28 for your sensual cycle. Divide by 33 for your intellectual cycle.

Your zero days (i.e. least efficient periods) are at the beginning and middle of each cycle. Your capacities increase upwards for the first half of your cycle; decrease downwards for the latter part of your cycle.

MEXICAN NOTEBOOK

by Alex Apostolides

Getting the Mail in San Miguel

GOOD things are happening all over: they're installing new mailboxes in the postoffice at San Miguel. Now, this may not seem like worldshaking news to *you*, but to the long-suffering inhabitants of this high and cobbled town, it's on a par with the Second Coming.

There are a lot of beautiful things about San Miguel, but good mail delivery's not one of them. Airmail's bad enough, but God help you if stateside connections send things on the surface. Example: chewing knuckles, waiting for word from New York publisher. Cursing the unfeeling bastard, right? Where *is* the sod, it's been a month, they should have sent word by now . . . and then a letter comes, mailed a month before and on the road for all the long days in between. You look at the postoffice stamp on the back of the envelope and you see that it's been sitting up at the *local* p.o. for the past nine days.

You go up there and glare at them, but they stare blankfaced back, picking their noses and dreaming faroff Latin thoughts. You *got* the letter, didn't you? What matter, man, if it's a week or so late? Now—if we can only get landlords and grocery-keepers to adopt this same attitude re bills and rent, we may be on the verge of something pretty wild . . .

The mail—or lack thereof—occupies a lot of time here in San Miguel. Big reason for this is the number of retired types who count on monthly checks from Stateside so they can live here, far from the land they loved but left.

The Mexican mail system has never been known for Teutonic efficiency, even in its balmiest days, but San Miguel is something else. Lately, it's gotten worse, and there have been mumbles and grumbling in the streets, fists silhouetted in the air above the gathering expatriate crowds, hate-chants directed at the retarded wights who man the local postoffice.

And they are retarded. Face it: average wage for the letter-sifter is 1,100 pesos a month. Like 88 bucks. There may be places in Mexico where one can live on this, but San Miguel's not one of them. There's that, and the

fact that civil servants, anywhere, are not really the pick of the population.

Remedies? Who knows? Suggestions have been made that the families of postoffice workers be kidnapped and held for ransom until something like decent deliveries are made. A Molotov cocktail party's out, being in the cut-off-nose-to-spite-face department, ja? Bribes are out, because there's a big government cleanup in progress, designed to do away, once and for all, with the mordida system where a little judicious greasing of the palm took precedence over fair play.

There've been results on this: the chief of customs, way up in Monterrey, was busted just a week ago. Federal agents went to his pad, found goodies there beyond the counting. Hauled his ass to jail—and it may set an example. Reason for the bust may not have been the bribes so much, it's just that the sheer blatancy of the Monterrey-side ripoff offended sensibilities.

Monterrey is the place where poor Mexicans coming south on buses from the States are held up. Literally. The customs guards would come aboard, let no one off the bus. Would come, hand out, and extort all the money the traffic would bear before waving the buses on their way. Here at Monterrey and at Laredo, the same sorry scam takes place: there's a smell of money hanging in the air—but it's bad money, sad money, rip-off money taken from people who can't afford the loss by other people who can't afford *not* to make the rip-off. They do it to live—but

the fattest part goes to the big pigs like the commandant of Monterrey: they found, when they made the raid, all kinds of goodies stashed. From color TV sets to pickup trucks, automobiles, submachine guns . . . and auto parts. This kitty was grabbing *everything*.

The good thing is that not only was he busted but that they gave a good deal of publicity to the case—indication that things, indeed, are changing here in FlowerLand—and changing for the better.

It's part of a whole new feeling, a bright fresh wind that seems to be sweeping Mexico since Echeverria took office in January. Mexico's new president seems bent on change—and what's more, on doing something about it.

What we're seeing here in Mexico is a phenomenon strange to the world: a politician who is coming through on campaign promises. If he lives, Echeverria will probably turn out to be the best president this—or any—country ever had. (There have been two attempts on his life already, in the few short months he's been in office. It's what you get when you step on vested-interest toes.)

The Conasupo stores are a case in point. These are stores set up originally to sell basic staples at low, fair prices, under government control. The price of sugar went up recently, and all the good merchants immediately leaped in to boost all the other prices, no matter what.

The government immediately set up Conasupo outlets, stalls on street and at the subway stations in the City, selling at the pre-rise prices everything from foodstuffs to clothing. They even went one large step further: merchants found guilty of price-gouging were fined. Right *now*.

Can you see the US government ever being interested enough in its people to pull a thing like that? The roars and screams would go up to the skies.

There's more: to reach outlying areas not served by big-store facilities, the government has set up four railroad cars as rolling stores that will go, bookmobile style, to the boondocks, also selling clothes and food.



There've been yells, of course. Yells, hell, bloody *screams*. But here is the phenomenon of a government that seems to place the welfare of its people above the excess profits of a merchant class, so let them yell their heads off.

A lot of bourgeois noses are out of joint, naturally—the fatguts here who have been eating high off the hog are screaming in loud pain. The thing that hurts them is simply this: Echeverria has told them, loud and clear: “Take a normal profit, yes—but *everything* is out. You've got to spread it around a little bit. The country exists because of the people in it, not to put another layer of lard on your already too-fat asses.” And this is a beautiful, strange thing to hear, coming as one does from a country where Profit is a state religion and *Caveat Emptor* is the real motto

that should be on the US seal instead of “In God We Trust.”

And . . . a group of 500 peasants went into the capital last week. They said their land was being grabbed off by real estate developers, aided and abetted by local government officials. They named names and asked for action, saying “You promised this kind of shit would come to a halt.” And the president, publicly, said “You're right, it *will* come to a halt,” and promised immediate action. And you have the feeling that it will be done.

Complaints are being acted upon, and there's this sense of availability and a listening ear that's strange to anyone brought up in the States, where Government's a far-off, unfeeling and uncaring thing.

One of Echeverria's first official acts

on taking office was setting up an ombudsman's office where people with complaints can get immediate hearing. And the message going out is that public officials are damned well accountable to the people for their actions—which is what the whole democracy bit is all about, right?

What it all boils down to, Mexicoside, is that there is a feeling of *future* here that the United States lost long ago, somewhere along the line. A feeling of possibilities and hope, where *people* are the important thing—a country where industrial polluters are fined heavily (new law, last week), where price-gougers and excess-profit takers are busted *now*—where a man can feel that he has some say in the way his country's run.

Boston Tea Party, anyone?

**



MR. JELLY

The Name Dropper

"It's a beautiful day," I thought as my strawberry alarm clock awakened me to the clear light of a new morning in Chicago. I popped a moby grape into my mouth and thought about last night's dreams. I had dreamed I was on the move through a zoo looking at the animals. There had been a rhinoceros, monkeys, a flock of black byrds, moondogs, turtles, a blodwyn pig, a steppenwolf, yardbirds, penguins, a tyrannosaurus rex, a crazy horse and some stone ponies.

As I swung open the doors to let some air into my 13th floor elevator apartment, I notices some mothers below planting crabby appleton seeds. Blood, sweat, and tears poured from their small faces as they pushed the fever tree seeds into mother earth. Across the street, Mrs. Smith unraveled her electric flag. Yes, she belonged to the United States of America, that great society under the monarchy of B.B. King and Lord Sutch. The weather began to feel like johnny winter the third of the four seasons.

Wondering what t.i.m.e. it was, I pulled my Sergeant Joe Cocker clock from by pocket, only to discover a broken watchband. I quickly whipped out my Russell and Nix, Inc. catalogue and looked up watchbands. Did I want a chocolate Watchband, an Incredible String Band, a Steve Miller Band, a Butterfield Blues Band, a Bonzo Dog Band, or a Magic Band? I finally decided on a plastic Ono Band to go with my little feat and ordered it via Quicksilver Messenger Service.

While pushing a black widow and some beatles off of my toaster, I dropped in two pieces of Hollies White Bread and prepared for a fish, egg, and peanut butter conspiracy sandwich. I decided to bake a humble pie, so I set the dial to 451 degrees and threw open the oven door. Much to my dismay, out rolled a redbone and three hot rats.

I opened a copy of the Jamul Free

Press, reclined in comfortable chair while nibbling on a piece of vanilla fudge, and read the Poco, Archies, and ZAPpa Comix. Turning to the movie page, I discovered *Skin Alley* was showing at the Firesign Theater. Also, *Fanny* was showing at the Ford Theater and *the Velvet Underground* at the Appletree Theater. The Pink Floyd Civic Auditorium announced plans for an earth opera. The zodiac said the southwind would bring either merryweather or a black sabbath and the latter could be dangerous if I didn't inhale a Sweet Smoke Cigar and chant aum. On the sports page, I noticed that Rueben and the Jets had beat Paul Revere and the Raiders 25 or 6 to 4.

Noticing a major leak beneath my sink, I called Tijuana Brass and Lemon Pipers Plumbing Association. They arrived with kinks in their hair. After a lengthy investigation, they said all my sink needed was a crykle penrod. I said, "You're nothing but a bunch of steamhammers, you rascals."

For dinner I decided to eat a giant crab so I called Bob Dylan's Fish Market and ordered a few Herman's Hermits cooked in Sweetwater.

Accidently I got some cream on my cuff links so I put them in my soft Machine washer with a cup of new improved Blue Cheer. I also dropped in my letterman sweater; some sugarcane Harris sugar had spilled on it.

I loaded my MC5 rifle in case of war, put on my gas mask, and departed through the savoy brown atmosphere to Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young Advertising Agency, where I am employed.

Since the traffic was heavy, I decided to take the Grand Funk Railroad to the corners of David Peel and the Lower East Side Streets. An

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old lady on the train kept humming "Sha-na-na." John Lee Hooker was on board, as usual, trying to sell four tops to his friends of distinction. A man of many temptations and miracles indeed.

From the seatrain window, near the Buffalo Springfield turnpike, I saw three masked marauders, obviously Santana High School students, rolling stones through a rose garden where an iron butterfly had lit on some overturned grassroots.

Next door to the Fugs City Pacific Gas and Electric office, I saw members of the Creedence Clearwater Revival Church raising their blind faith to the spirit of Jesus Christ, Superstar. You'd never guess who was there. Mike Bloomfield, that's who. A true sight of love indeed.

Some very moody blues music (either by the New Minstrels, the New Christy Minstrels, or the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble—I'm not sure which band) played through the train's Chambers Brothers P.A. system with a bakers dozen high frequency Standells speakers.

Finally, my destination was reached. I unboarded near the Router's Ventures Sewage/Fertilizer Plant. Inside the fence I say a wild man fisher trying to hook hot tuna with a Surfaris Fishing Pole. I wanted to rap with him but he kept hiding behind the trees yelling, "It's ten years after my time and I'd be grateful dead." He claimed to be one of the sons of television's famed Mr. Magoo, who was really into blues music. "They call me one of the blues Magoos." I decided to leave him alone since he was wearing a Ballin' Jack family stone in his necklace and, besides, he had a spooky tooth.

Across the street, at the Sugarloaf Field Airport, I noticed the government's Big Brother and the Holding Company Committee had arrived on four Fleetwood Mac Charter Buses. They were about to fly to the Fairport Convention aboard two Jefferson Airplanes to revise the American constitution. In a distant corner of the field some beach boys, obviously surf kings, were photographing a led zeppelin ("It's the blimp, Frank, It's the blimp," I heard one of them yell.)

Night began to fall as I entered my place of work to prepare some ad layouts. From the corner of my eye I saw some comets shoot through the sky. I sat down and put some coasters under my cups of hot chocolate and the teapot on the canned heat. With Spot, Bingo, and Sparky at my side I knew this was going to be a three dog night.

San Diego Door/UPS

Unsolicited Suggestions for Readers Digest, T.V. Guide, Fortune etc. to Fill Their Pages

Last year *Life* magazine listed the names and pictures of the American dead in Vietnam for one week. This photographic essay clarified dramatically the present role of mass media publications and information sources. *Life* failed grievously in not listing the names of Vietnamese soldiers and civilians, North and South, for the same week. The nationalistic overtones thus detracted from its total impact and importance.

But the issue gave a glimmer of true media. The communications industries of the world function as a colusive monopoly whose raison d'être is not to gather and disseminate news, culture and entertainment, but rather to divert humanity's attention from itself. If, from time to time its focus illuminated the crimes of man upon man, this ephemeral glance is followed by some form of awareness-reducing information.

It is incumbent upon all radio, TV and press media to immediately cease all publications except lists of the dead. Perhaps Monday could be devoted to rolls of humanity's death toll from all on-going wars. Next month's *Readers Digest* could list the names of all American Blacks lynched since 1620.

Women's Day, in lieu of "cooling melon ball treat for hot days" could list the names of all those in our mental institutions who have been falsely dubbed sub-normal as a result of the goalless, empty, dead-end lives lived out in American cities and towns.

TV Guide should replace its daily listing of dull, unreal plastic trivia with the names of all the dead souls rotting away in prisons throughout the world.

For *Gourmet* magazine I envisage a roll of names of all those children throughout the world with bulging stomachs and oversized heads, the result of malnutrition amidst the plenty.

National Geographic could supply us with the names of all those "primitives," even the Amerinds, whose existence has been reduced to prisoners in the concentration camp reservations, the essence of their lives eviscerated from the living flesh of the tribe, consigned to staring dully at buffalo-less plains. Its index could be replaced with the names of the hundreds of thousands of smallpox victims, the alcoholics, the tribeless murdered Red men of America's past.

And to *Fortune*, oh yes, to *Fortune* will be assigned the envious task of listing those men who have been so dehumanized that, as overcrowded rats will do, they practice cannibalism. The rats gain lebensraum, and man . . .

It is obvious that human beings cannot tolerate addressing themselves to the foremost reality of today, i.e. the awesome power of the anti-life, anti-love forces. Combat fatigue is an individual manifestation of inescapability from the reality of war uninterruptedly in view. The love-life needs of the individual rebel in the form of collapse. Let the Mass Media cease instantly in their ancillary role of aiding and abetting the anti-life forces, and start now to function in a healthy primary way.

Larry Blair
Long Island Free Press



AAK 7870

Peter Dunne/London Sunday Times



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