

TUCSON

America Hates Her Crazyies

INTERCONTINENTAL EDITION

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

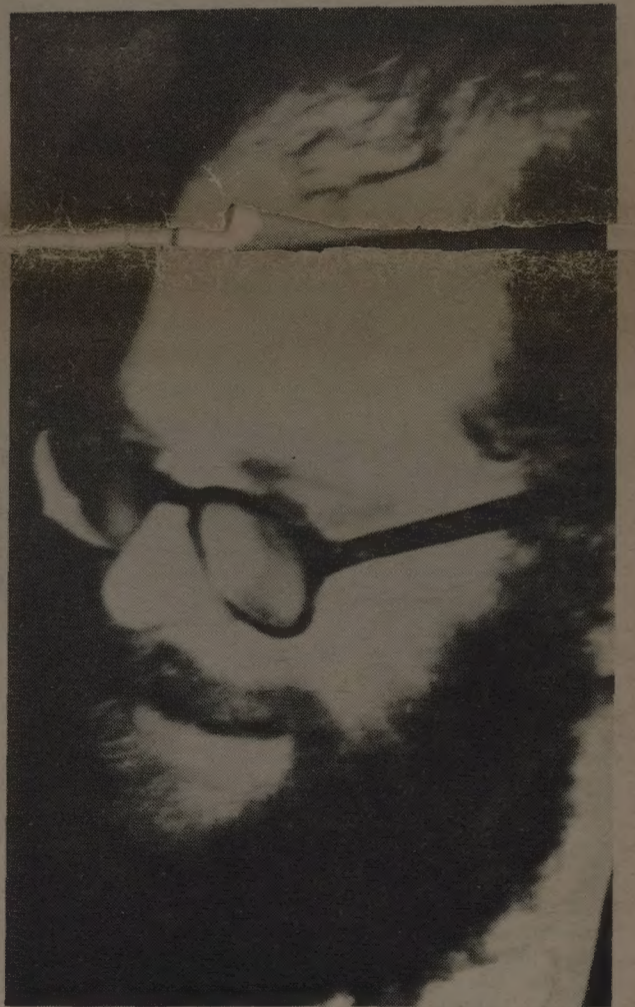
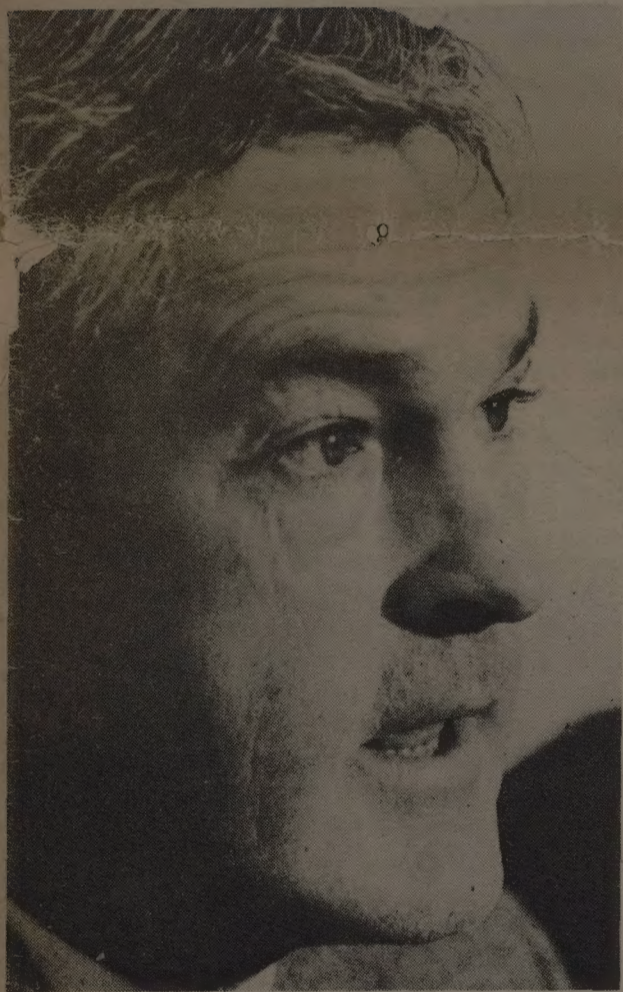
VOL.1 NO. 9

APRIL 1-15

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WANTED BY THE FBI



DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

RALPH GINZBURG

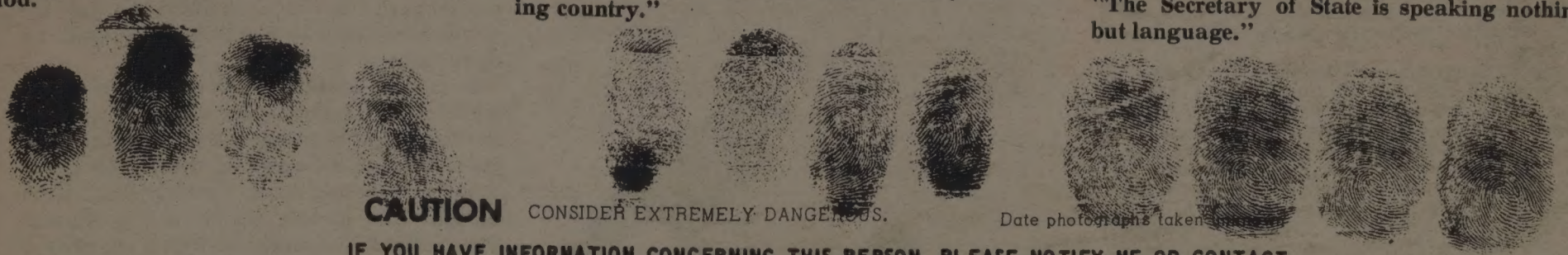
ALLEN GINSBERG

"I have the right to follow my own spiritual method."

"America is not only no longer a peace-loving country, but it is also no longer a liberty-loving country."

"Has anyone looked in the eyes of the wounded?"

"The Secretary of State is speaking nothing but language."



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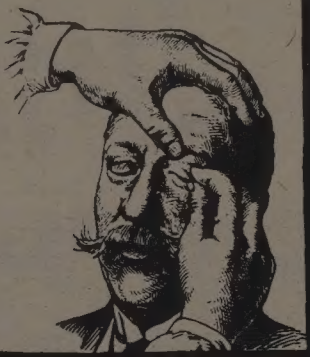
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John Wilcock

ART EDITOR
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Other Editorial

Pot Persecution

The laws against marijuana are ridiculously out of date and must be changed. They were made by ignorant people who knew little about the subject and they are enforced by arrogant hypocrites, many of whom smoke pot themselves in the privacy of their own homes.

Every day people are penalized, sometimes jailed for long terms, because they choose to puff on leaves grown in their own gardens rather than drink the legal poison that our society endorses—with the backing of millions of dollars worth of taxes and advertising.

The enforcement of the marijuana laws has become arbitrary and unfair: a high-up politician, maybe even a former president, may smoke and get away with it, while some poor student found on a college campus with one roach has his career shattered and his future impaired.

The smoking of pot has become so widespread, at every social and economic level, that it is doubtful if there is anybody under 30 who does not have some friend familiar with the benevolent herb. It is so widespread, in fact, that the supply is becoming increas-

ingly dependent on professional smugglers, who invariably handle stronger and dangerous narcotics.

The argument of the prohibitionists is that the smoking of pot leads to stronger things, even if it is harmless in itself. The argument is specious. Drinking leads to alcoholism. Eating leads to gluttony. Law administration leads to judicial tyranny.

A report from San Diego says that almost 4,000 pounds of marijuana were confiscated at a single border inspection point last year. Could we project that maybe ten times—or 100 times—that figure got through undiscovered? The very extent of the trade should convince the authorities that it will never be stamped out; even if, as a current defendant is seeking to establish, the authorities have any Constitutional right to prohibit what substances a citizen can administer to his own body.

Marijuana must be separated from the catch-all category of addicting drugs, the bad company into which it was tossed three decades ago. It must be treated as the harmless, indeed beneficial, tranquilizer that it really is. The persecution must stop.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

My Dear Sirs,

All my congratulations are in order for the latest project of the *East Village Other*, news of which has reached me by electromagnetotelegraphic grapevine. Our city is taking a fine step forward with your decision to purchase the *New York Times* and publish under joint masthead the *East Village, New York, Other-Times*.

Ars gratia geshundheit! Very 'patatruly yours,
Philip G. Anthony
New York City

Selective Service Board
Boston, Mass.

Fellow partners in humanity,

I live by the principle of love. Therefore I must inform you that I am unable to comply from this point on, with the laws concerning the Selective Service System. I take this action because I feel that it is the only moral course I can follow.

I could never serve in the armed forces in any capacity, for I consider the existence of the war machine the furthest step taken toward the demise of mankind; not only physically, but morally. I cannot accept a position of civilian alternative service in place of the military requirement you want me to perform. This would be saying that there is a right to draft others into the killing machine; to draft those who don't have special religious training and belief. I feel this right does not exist; it is a wrong.

I feel that I must commit my life to a more positive force than one of destruction; I must work for a non-violent world. Good and moral gain does not come from militarism, but from a struggle against hate and suffering.

I cannot accept any classification you may give me, not can I fill out any of the required forms. I can no longer in good conscience carry what is called a draft card, for this is a recognition of government superiority over my conscience. That superiority does not exist. I am returning my draft card to you with this letter.

I am sorry that the only communication that has taken place between us in the past has been on official forms, and now we face one another in what might be thought of as a negative way: I am telling you that I cannot work with you in your official capacity. But I think that you will realize, by my willingness to accept any consequences for this action, that I do want to communicate with you. I hope that we can get to know and understand one another on a friendly basis some day. I hope that you will give me the opportunity to come in and talk with all of you in person in the near future.

With the hope that a communicative love shall prevail,
David O'Brien
Boston, Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

When EVO appeared, I awaited what the Lower East Side has long needed: a swinging, hard-hitting, community-minded newspaper that made the *Village Voice* an intellectualized bumpkin periodical by comparison. So far, I must confess, there is journalistic waste and an amateurish approach to covering or even uncovering anything. *VV* needs competition badly. The *East Side News* and *Town and Village* are just pappaganda sheets. *VV* has become sick with its own self-propelled self-importance. It is the *VID*'s own personal house organ. *EVO* has a base, a purpose, an ideal—I think. Cover the off-beat, but expose the frauds and forget these meaningless inside jokes dedicated to space waste.

Sincerely,
A. H. Wolfe

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the *EAST VILLAGE OTHER* going bi-weekly! At the risk of sounding as trite as all holy hell: You're a real breath of fresh, living air in this stink of purulent barbarism known as Houston. I strongly suspect that the lot of you are bodhisatvas sent by the High Gods as instruments of divine mercy for those of us living in the realms of outer darkness. Peace be unto thee and thine! Don't reach satori yet, but stick around for a while, since life is difficult enough as it is. If the do bodhisatvas all became buddhas, where would the rest of us be?

Edw. F. Lacy III
Houston, Texas



Dodo, p. 656.



Dollar Bird, p. 658.

America Hates Her Genius

By hating her genius' America is the land which seldom seizes opportunity.

One of the greatest oversights in U.S. history was the official ignorance and lack of encouragement for Robert Goddard, who practically invented, single handedly, the contemporary concepts in rocketry as far back as 1914. Had official America recognized Goddard and his accomplishments this country would now have been much further along along in its exploration of outer space. Robert Goddard was considered to be a mad scientist while he was alive, but fifty years later America apologized to him. They put his picture on a postage stamp and hailed him as the father of the exploration of outer space. In 1960 the U.S. government made a settlement of one million dollars on his heirs in recognition of its infringements of his patented rocket inventions.

While the U.S. is active on a national billion-dollar program to conquer outer space, many thousands of private Americans are engaged in the exploration of the boundless inner space.

Dr. Timothy Leary, the leader of this internal expedition, has now been sentenced by a Texas court to do a prison term for evading taxes on an overtaxed herb, marijuana.

Fifty years from now Dr. Leary's picture might also be on a postage stamp. "We are sorry," America will say. "We thought you were corrupting our children. We could not have possibly thought that you were seriously searching for methods and truths to improve man's condition."

The elements and forces that will bring about this reversal in thinking are already well established. Last month, while a guest at the Castalia Foundation in Millbrook, N. Y., I saw two sets of pilgrims seeking consciousness expansion. They had come, uninvited, unannounced, to Millbrook, hitch-hiking from the Carolinas and upstate New York, hoping to meet Dr. Leary and find Tao. They were tired and hungry and had traveled all night. Research Assistant, Rosemary Woodruff, said that young people came to Millbrook almost every weekend, some coming from as far away as Colorado and Florida. The world has already been overthrown. Dr. Timothy Leary is a wanted man, not because of the marijuana charge, or the tax evasion charge. He is wanted by the official power structure because he and the world he represents are a threat to that power structure. He is wanted as a criminal because he is the guru of hundreds of thousands of youthful spirits who thank him very much for exploring what might prove to be the way to end war, hatred, and possessiveness. Dr. Leary has been found guilty for being ahead of the government mentality, not ahead of his time.

Signs show that the persecution has just begun. Soon anyone who takes a psychedelic substance will be called a communist, and then psychedelics will have been invented by communists and exported to make converts.

By 1970, 61 per cent of the population of the U.S. will be under 25 years of age. In the age group 20-27 years (a vast majority of whom are alienated from a society which has reached a saturation point in material gain) have turned to a spiritual quest. They will try marijuana, LSD, Zen Macrobiotics, or any number of allied routes to the same end: enlightenment.

It is not consciousness expansion that is significantly changing the world. It is merely the thing that is offered. What is making this revolution of the spirit is the atomic generation's alienation from a society which is so hideous that it does not know it is crippled. It is a society of monsters with a minority of beautifuls. The beautiful must be assimilated, or locked up, or changed by radical surgery into the exact image of the monsters.

The alternative to radical surgery or brain washing, is offered by men such as Timothy Leary, who have sown the seeds of a new awareness which at least is an attempt to deter our species from total annihilation.

"President Johnson will undergo a mental illness from which he will never recover..."

Interview with a Prophet

by Walter Bowart

Jonathan Leake, nineteen years old, the son of a top American diplomat, raised in the plush world of the international jet set has given it all up to become an outspoken anarchist-youth-prophet.

It would be easy to dismiss Jonathan Leake as mad, if it were not for the fact that what he says, poignantly reflects the attitudes and ideas of much of today's youth.

Jonathan Leake predicts:

"Uprisings will start in Chicago this year. Within a month they will spread to every major city in the country. These will not be just race riots, but among the youth, rock and roll riots, and on the beaches.

"National liberation forces in South America will start rising up by the middle of the year.

"There will be upheavals in Cuba. Castro may be overthrown.

"Russia's political structure will change considerably this year.

"DeGaulle will die.

"A cure for cancer will be discovered.

"Johnson will undergo a mental illness during the summer from which he will never recover.

"Protracted armed struggle in the South will break out in the form of guerilla warfare.

"On the east coast near the end of the year there will be a severe repression of the left-wing, liberal forces, which will see the erection of concentration camps on the east coast with thousands of people being herded into them for antiwar protest, and a variety of excuses used to contain this revolution.

"There will be revolutions in Spain and Portugal this year.

"The Red Chinese will land on the west coast sometime in the future.

"India will be plagued by riots resulting from famine.

"The governments of a number of countries will topple."

Wishful thinking or the ravings of a paranoid, Jonathan Leake's words have been molded by very real forces in this society which have produced on a large scale the kind of thinking he reflects. It is indicative of the youth revolution to find its leaders coming from upperclass families, in the midst of poverty seeking spiritual rehabilitation.

"I was born in 1946. My generation, the generation that was born since the explosion of the first atomic bomb, will save the world.

"The sense in me which is now speaking is not my own identity. Previous to my revelation my own personal opinions as far as politics were concerned were those of what is known as a third camp...that is anarchist...As an anarchist I opposed every political structure. I used to believe that my anarchism was a moral choice. Now I see that my anarchism was merely one manifestation of the sense that I've had of a unity of all consciousness and of all ideas. The anarchist is in this sense the Twentieth Century Man.

"I believe in the disintegration of central authority. A decentralized autonomous society. The very structure of this civilization must be changed - a spiritual revolution."

Jonathan Leake thinks that an American Revolution which will start taking place in 1966 is going to be that spiritual revolution. "It's going to be the beginning of the human revolution which is going to be the beginning of the transformation of the planet earth.

"This year five planets in this solar system are going to reach their equinox at the same time. It is the first time in recorded history that this has happened. This multifold equinox will bring planetary forces into play and greatly influence the forthcoming revolution."



Early in his life Jonathan Leake showed signs of open dissent. He was dismissed from many of the best private schools in the country finally being incarcerated in a mental hospital.

"I was incarcerated in McClellans Mental Hospital in Mass. I escaped with the aid of friends one of whom was named Powell who gave me his identification papers to help me in my escape from the state. I came to New York and soon found that I no longer needed to use this false identity. That day I took the false I.D. papers in the name of Powell and put them in a pile on the floor in my room on 78th street, and I burned them. Approximately two hours later and two blocks away from where I was a boy named James Powell was killed by Thomas Gilligen, that incident precipitated the Harlem uprising. I had a premonition of this uprising. That's when it all began.

"Two years ago it began to be revealed to me. At the time I was taking from 2,000 to 5,000 micrograms of LSD. During this time I had immediate clear perceptions of the events I have told you about and other events that will take place in the next two years.

"The visions came to me in the presence of other people who also experienced this knowledge. At times I was Christ, at others I was Buddha, Krishna, and at times the devil.

"The year 1966 is the most important year

in human history. According to the bible there's a beast who's number is 666. In the book of Revelations the beast 666 is the year 1966. The first three months of this year, Jan., Feb., March, are the months of preparation. At the beginning of April the United States is going to be rocked by violence somewhat resembling the uprisings in the black ghetto of Harlem and Watts in Los Angeles and in Chicago in 1965.

"The white European conception of domination, will, intelligence, force, the separation of man from the earth in order to deal with him as if he were clay and transform him to develop industry, technology, and finally the atom were necessary processes to the human race. It brings the human race to the point now where we can leave this planet. At the same time the civilization which has nurtured this knowledge is bent on self destruction.

"This revolution which is going to start in the United States this year is going to be the Asian consciousness and subconsciousness inside each one of us. It will bring about unification of the spirit and a sense of unity of man which has never existed on the planet Earth before."

While Madison Avenue is exploiting the youth market and the aged are turning to idolization of youth, we shall have to wait and see.

OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

In his penthouse on the fourth floor, the boss sometimes sleeps for three or four days at a time, they say. And when he is up, 30 maybe 40 pills at a time trigger his frenetic bursts of energy. Despite his topnotch and highly-paid help— money is never a problem— he must have the last word. On everything.

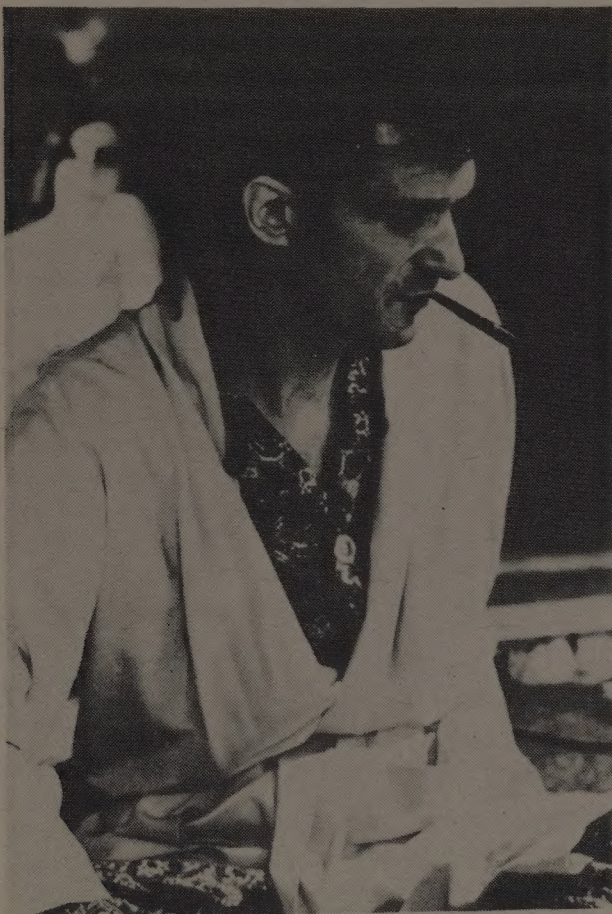
On whether an illustration is okay or should be redrawn. Whether Bunny China Lee should be sent to Jamaica for the new opening. Whether the Playboy Club should withdraw its controversial \$5' service charge for its 500,000 keyholders (15,000 members have paid it without a murmur, 2,000 others complained, two lawyers have sued).

And when everything is poised and ready, the magazine almost set to roll, back goes the boss to bed. And nothing can move without him. The messages and projects pile up, await his decision. The highspeed, color presses stand by to run overtime so the newsstand deadline can be met— once at an extra cost of \$450,000 because nobody else would give the order to run. And, asleep, the boss couldn't.

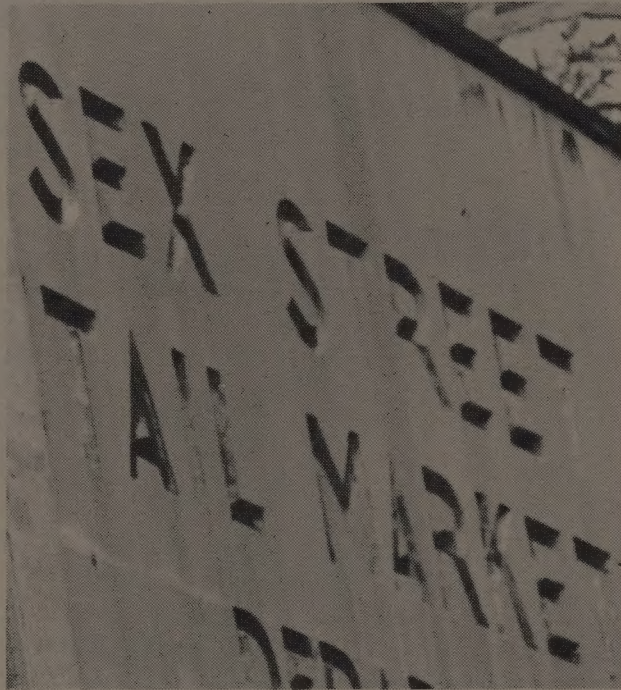
In the North State Street mansion he sleeps in his penthouse, the "bunny of the week" (it's said), sprawled on the thick, white carpet beside his bed reading the hours away. And occasionally making forays down to the main floor from which she scurries nervously out of sight up the spiral staircase like a squirrel (or a frightened rabbit) when visitors arrive at the mansion.

The closed-circuit TV camera, a 20th century drawbridge, closely scans every unfamiliar face in the glass and wrought iron lobby. The visitor sees only a row of anonymous mailboxes and half a dozen girls' names, below that of Hef, on the board.

Suits of armor survey the big lounge; a piano, yards & yards of hifi controls, scores of blue-green scattercushions. This used to be the every-Friday party room until the accounts dept. objected. A party might cost as much as \$10,000: five hundred guests at an average expense of \$20 each for food and booze. The parties



stopped. There have been three since fall. Employees seem to remember that HH actually turned up for one. Smoked a little, talked even less. And went back to bed before it was over.



But there are always house guests. A few months ago it was a dozen bunnies-in-training from London (whose club opens in June) enraptured to start with, but, before the visit was over, complaining about being underpaid (on the grounds that they'd be training other bunnies in London but getting only the same salary). Magazine writer Richard Gehman lived there for a few weeks, writing Hef's "biography" and waiting around while Hef checked every word.

Guests can roam the house, relax in the steam room, play pool with the boss' steady girl (on and off for the past two years), make their own selections from the vast record library, attend the Sunday night screenings of new movies, and lounge languidly in the underwater bar while watching (sometimes) bareass bunnies swim past the window.

Playboy (circ. almost four million) made three and a quarter million bucks profit last year. They flew a bunny to Vietnam to "deliver" a lifetime subscription. Launched a new candy bar, Bunny Chocolate, with pictures on each wrapper. Opened an art moviehouse on Chicago's Near North Side (replacing the Bunnies with regular usherettes to win the family trade). Inaugurated a club in San Francisco (locals complained that the Bunnies violated contemporary customs by keeping their bosoms covered) and another in Boston.

Hef missed the Boston opening. He was in bed at the time.

Reader Henry Ford Allard points out that a fake book jacket can be made for any embarrassing book by ripping off the covers of a Gideon bible, available in any hotel room.... Shortest introduction to contemporary American sculpture is via current abstract art magazine, "It is" (\$4.95 from 5 Great Jones Street, NYC 10012) which contains first rate photographs of the work of everyone from Peter Agostini, Elaine DeKooning, Louise Nevelson, Noguchi to Oldenburg, George Segal and Zogbaum. (Also included: some banal and boring discussions that sound as though they were left over from the old Waldorf cafeteria days and, indeed, bear the same title).... Stockholder pressure, says the Gallagher Presidents' Report, has caused some big firms to reduce their donations to charity; too often, apparently, the money has been given to "corporate officers' pet projects".... The toughest, brightest social-action paper on the West Coast, the Berkeley Barb (10 cents from 2421 Oregon Street, Berkeley, Calif.) has discovered a hot

new cartoonist, Joel Beek.... HUAC's investigation of the KKK—"a vivid spectacle of one American anachronism investigating another American anachronism"— has failed to explore the larger issues: the links "between the Klan and politics and between the Klan and Southern community leaders—the bankers, judges, merchants", writes *Washington Star* reporter Haynes Johnson in the January "Progressive" (50 cents from 408 W. Gorham Street, Madison, Wisc.)....

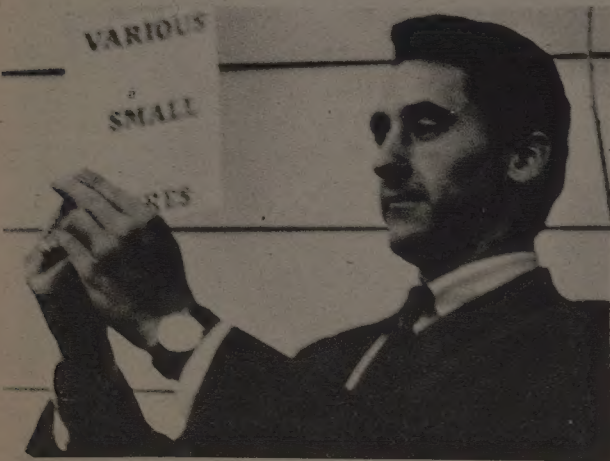
Alfred Bester writes in "P.S.," a new monthly, that because of pressure from SNCC and CORE some TV advertisers agreed to the use of Negroes in commercials—but strictly in accordance with the percentage of the Negro population. "Their accountants came down to the agencies and worked it all out on their slide rules.... Ad in *Ladies Home Journal* offers a \$5,000 ranch mink coat for \$3,000 along with a Modess boxtop... Why didn't Sherlock Holmes, the world's greatest detective, ever investigate the classic murder case of Jack the Ripper which took place (1888-1891) "at the peak of his career"? Aha, because he *was* Jack the Ripper, that's why—or so says L. W. Bailey in the BBC's magazine, "The Listener" (Dec 16).... Reviews of most major plays and movies appearing in London are collected under their specific titles and reprinted in the fortnightly magazine "Jury" (\$1 from 87 Royal Rill Greenwich London S. E. 10).... London's *Weekend Telegraph* editorialized on the idiocy of the current drinking hours (pubs close at 3 P.M., reopen at 6, close again at 11 P.M.) and says that "regulation mania" has become the British disease. "The result has not been to make us particularly moral or law-abiding—rather the opposite. We have become a nation of regulation-breakers and have acquired some contempt for the law in general."

Yoko Ono wrote to Castelli Gallery suggesting that major American artists be sent round-trip tickets from wherever they are to join a group show. "Drawing a circle shouldn't be so difficult a task for them and the idea of making a trip to your gallery from wherever they are just to draw a circle, is very nice, I think." Castelli's Ivan Karp replied that the show she had in mind "fails to suit our temperament which is essentially restless, driven, aggressive, fiercely Western and concrete—not materialistic mind you, perish the thought — but terribly concrete"... Ohio's prison commissioner, turning down a minister's suggestion that conjugal visits by wives might diminish sexual problems in jail asked: What would we do for the sex deviates and the unmarried men?"... Current top group in London, The action, keeps offstage tension to the minimum (says the *London Observer*) with a system. "We're not allowed to quarrel," says leader Reggie King, 21, "but we can claim an annoyance if we get fed up with someone. If one of us gets five annoyances he gets a formal dig in the ribs from the rest of the group."

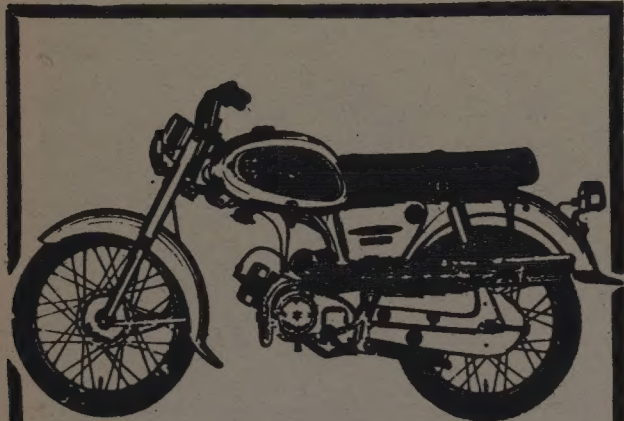
It's inconceivable why Toronto columnist Pierre Berton's "The Big Sell" (McClelland & Stewart) isn't published here. A compendium of all the slick tricks, con games and what Berton calls "the black arts of the door-to-door salesman" it's fascinating reading and highly informative.... Second issue of "Elephant" (50 cents from Perreault, 403 East 8th Street, NYC 10009) not only has a draw-it-yourself cover, also contains poetry of unusually high calibre... Fairest magazine piece so far on pot is in January issue of "Seattle" (60 cents from 320 Auro-

continuation of "OTHER SCENES"

ra Ave. N., Seattle, Wash.), an excellent magazine in its own right. One quote suffices: "The present-day attitude of the public is akin to its thinking about capital punishment about 15 years ago," Caughlan (an attorney working at rehabilitating junkies) said. "In those days a politician would stick his neck out to favor reform but since then we've seen some relaxation of the state's laws. The problem of marijuana is insignificant by comparison but politicians see little hope of winning votes by favoring a more lax enforcement of narcotics laws"... Coming soon from London: a new magazine, Art & Artists", devoted to Auto-Destructive art. Editor Mario Amaya says the August issue will be specially treated with some chemical that makes the pages disintegrate about four weeks after publication.... Vicious torture, poison gas, destructive chemicals—all the facts about our horror campaign in Vietnam are documented in the February issue of Liberation (75 cents from 5 Beekman Street, NYC 100038)... West Coast artist Ed Ruscha does books of photographs that nobody can understand. One, called "Twenty Six Gasoline Stations" which



"the Library of Congress does not wish to add to its collections" (said the note which accompanied its return) is of 26 gasoline stations. A California art critic wrote: "It says nothing, does nothing, judges nothing, analyzes nothing demands nothing and wants nothing. For a critic this is embarrassing, unfair and just—not playing the art game." Ruscha, 28, followed it up with "Various Small Fires & Milk", and is now working on one about swimming pools. He says: "About the only thing I can say is that I have a certain blind faith in what I am doing."



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POLICEMANSHIP

A Guide for the arrested

by Doc Stanley

Reprinted from L. A. Free Press

Your life and future depend on how you handle yourself in your contacts with the police. If you handle yourself poorly you will go to jail, be subjected to police harassment, get beaten up or perhaps even killed. If you handle yourself well, you will be permitted to continue your life as a free citizen. Policemanship is perhaps the most important art one can learn in contemporary America.

The first, prime, ultimate thing to remember in dealing with police officers is RESPECT, RESPECT is the key. If you treat police officers with respect you will have less trouble in your relations with the police than if you do not. If you cause or permit a police officer to feel that you do not respect him or his department you may be beaten up, arrested roughly or shot.

It should be borne in mind that respect is often confused with fear in the minds of some policemen. Thus a citizen who does not present a conservative middle class fear-respect attitude when being engaged in conversation by police is apt to be bullied and tested in order to determine his level of hostility to authority. If an individual protests his treatment, police officers have been known to bait him into a violent outburst which justifies the use of force and restraint in investigations. Provocative testing of individuals from minority groups has been held to be a major cause of the violent demonstrations among such groups.

Police officers are also touchy about being called by diminutive, pejorative, or slang names. Address all policemen as "officer," "Sergeant," "sir," or by their title if they are higher ranking officers. Do not under any circumstances use terms like "copper," "fuzz," "nabs" or any other appellation which could be interpreted to indicate disrespect.

In talking with police in the street or in public places look them in the eye and smile. Keep your hands in sight and make no rapid or fast moves. If you have occasion to reach into one of your pockets or into your purse, inform the officer that you wish to do so and ask his permission before you begin to move. "May I get my wallet out of my back pocket, please, Sir?" is a good form to use when asked for identification by a policeman. Stand at attention with your hands in the air when talking with a policeman after he has accepted your identification.

In all conversations with police officers it is safe to assume that at the time of the conversation you are in fact under arrest. The officer believes this and in case he feels it necessary to shoot you, he will testify that you resisted arrest and thus justify his action. Therefore, keep your hands up, speak in polite tones, and don't make any sudden moves, unless you want to get beaten up or die on the spot.

Keep conversation with police officers to a minimum. Anything you may say will be used against you. There is no such thing as friendly conversation with a policeman. Any question he may ask or any information you may volunteer is part of his investigation.

Establish the fact that you are under arrest as quickly as possible in any encounter with policemen. Ask "Am I under arrest?" The officer must answer this question. If he answers "Yes," then ask him to transport you to the police station at once. Ask him to open the door of the police car and get in. Never, under any circumstances, offer the slightest resistance to arrest.

Welcome arrest, be happy about it, get to jail as fast as you can. The faster you get to jail, the faster you will get out and the less chance you give a police officer to beat or shoot you the better off you are. In this day

and age it is rare for prisnoers and arrestees to be beaten once they arrive at the station house or police headquarters. In any beating or shooting is to occur, it will be in the street or in the police car on the way to the lockup. If you are in the hands of the police get this part of the process over with as fast as you can in order to minimize the danger to your person.

You are entitled to the advice of a lawyer at ALL times in your dealings with the police. Under NO circumstances should you attempt to explain to police ANYTHING without the aid of your lawyer. Refuse to talk to police interrogators when your lawyer is not present. You are entitled to 3 phone calls at PUBLIC EXPENSE. Demand your calls and refuse to talk to police until you have contacted your lawyer. Do what he tells you—no more, no less.

Tell the policeman you expect to be called Mr., Mrs. or Miss, but don't argue about it. Tell them you would like the name and badge numbers of the officers and write them down. Tell them your lawyer said to do so and always carry an attorney's card to show to the police.

If the police want to search ask for their search warrant. Tell them, "You don't have my permission but I won't stop you." Say this whether you have anything to hide or not. While the search is on, say nothing except, "I'm innocent and I can't say anything until my lawyer gets here."

If you are arrested say you want to know the charge. They have 24 hours to book you.

If, on the other hand, when you ask "Am I under arrest?", the officer answers "No," then thank him for his time and tell him, "I decline to discuss my private lawful business with police officers. Excuse me, sir," and wait until he drives away. Do not walk away from the police car—LET THE CAR PULL AWAY FIRST.

If the officer attempts to question you as to why you are continuing to stand by the police car after you have declined to discuss your private lawful business with the police, tell him that you are waiting for him to leave first. If you begin to walk away before the officer leaves the scene of the contact he may shoot you and later claim that you were resisting arrest. You won't be there to contradict him, as you will probably be dead. LET THE OFFICER LEAVE FIRST! This is very important.

A particular problem with the police is often experienced by persons who suffer chronic physical disabilities. Persons requiring medication should carry printed cards signed by a physician testifying to their condition.

Don't take "friendly" advice from officers, or discuss your case with other prisoners. Only your own lawyer is looking out for you. Ask for a chemical drunk test, if it's a drunk charge arrest.

It's all right to sign a traffic ticket. You don't admit anything by signing. But once you sign, appear in court or pay the bail to prevent a warrant from being issued.

Juveniles are entitled to a lawyer from the very beginning.

In short, remember to stay calm, don't resist physically, don't talk and know how you can reach a lawyer in a hurry.

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AMERICA HATES HER CRAZIES

DAWN.

SUNDOGS GIVE A HALO TO THE MORNING

I rage at a desk behind a body full of rain.

A fog rolls in rolling down ninth street, rests, against dull grey buildings; window-eyed mannequin with dirty faces; the whole east side staring through a curtain of despair. I appear in a hallway, a young boy packed with lunch and advice, dying adorable flowers.

I play a game, trap the sun in an alley off a broken mirror. I smile and calmly turn the knife; the wind wilting my face; my wrist laughing

in the fire:

TRANSFORMATION.

SOMETHING CALLED A MAN.

I leave the house dreaming: Daily living stalks the street; speech of automobiles, buses; the cry of walls written on; the stench of garbage meant to be garbage; a reciprocal man out among the world doing Commerce.

I travel this street, not because I asked, not because I did not have the answers.

And Signs stopping

me, I did not stop:

The Puerto Rican man pumping up his car when the jack slipped, rolling back, the strange slipping rolling rubber and tin against my foot; mawing, chewing me up yet I did not stop but dragged the foot, the whole weight of it like raw meat braised against the pavement's walk.

Did not stop for the red light I thought was a green sword waving me on; or the blue-

pill coated policeman I swallowed like meat, the meat of my foot.

I did not stop:

And the answers I received, the same—
THESE PEOPLE ARE BLESSED. LEAVE THEM.
THEIR CHILDREN WILL BE WISE AND WICKED.

A man confronts me and would ask—
DID YOU SEE A CHILD. YOU WILL KNOW HIM.
HE IS IN LOVE WITH HIS OWN LIE.

I stand in the street and throw Death Chants at an old woman who lives on the second floor.

I have mytholized her into some sort of Goddess. Why she must die to give strength to my Humanity.

Hate walks along these streets like a woman walking towards the water on a wet day.

Something must be done; my hands are idle, my feet; my body rests transparent against a lamp-post.

I am afraid of love. It wrinkles the skin.

I refuse to wait for oldness like a man waiting for the mail.

It is the old people who give me away.

It is the old people who keep me awake.

It is the old who lack death.

I write this poem raging at a desk. It is 7 a.m., March 1, 1965. Century of Binary Fission:

They have split the Atom and they have split the Human Race.

We are closer to insanity than thirty years of age yet the calender and I have made a deal:

It is 7:15 a.m., March 1, 1970. People begin to stir behind swollen walls:

Bald headed men shouting through fat shirtsleeves; paunched women unnerving Time; a cybernetic country; fingers of mathematics blasting them to ETERNITY.

They stare from the virtue of empty rooms and throw imaginary nickels at their Being. From the street, a child shouts—YOUR GRANDMOTHER HAS BALLS: The whole American Matriarch rearing her head from ashcans, the street busy with the lives of children:

Those who watched a crippled newsboy sell History on the corner and never heard him say—SHAZAM.

Those who assaulted an old door's permission and were hanged by Germanic Men of the Money Dream.

Those who ended with holes for eyes and waved the spoon and dropper of Cananized Saints.

Those who went into the mad meat of contradictions and were left behind in the complete Paranoia of Self.

AMERICA HATES HER CRAZIES

It is 7:30 a.m., March 1, 19 I am alone behind a body full of rain

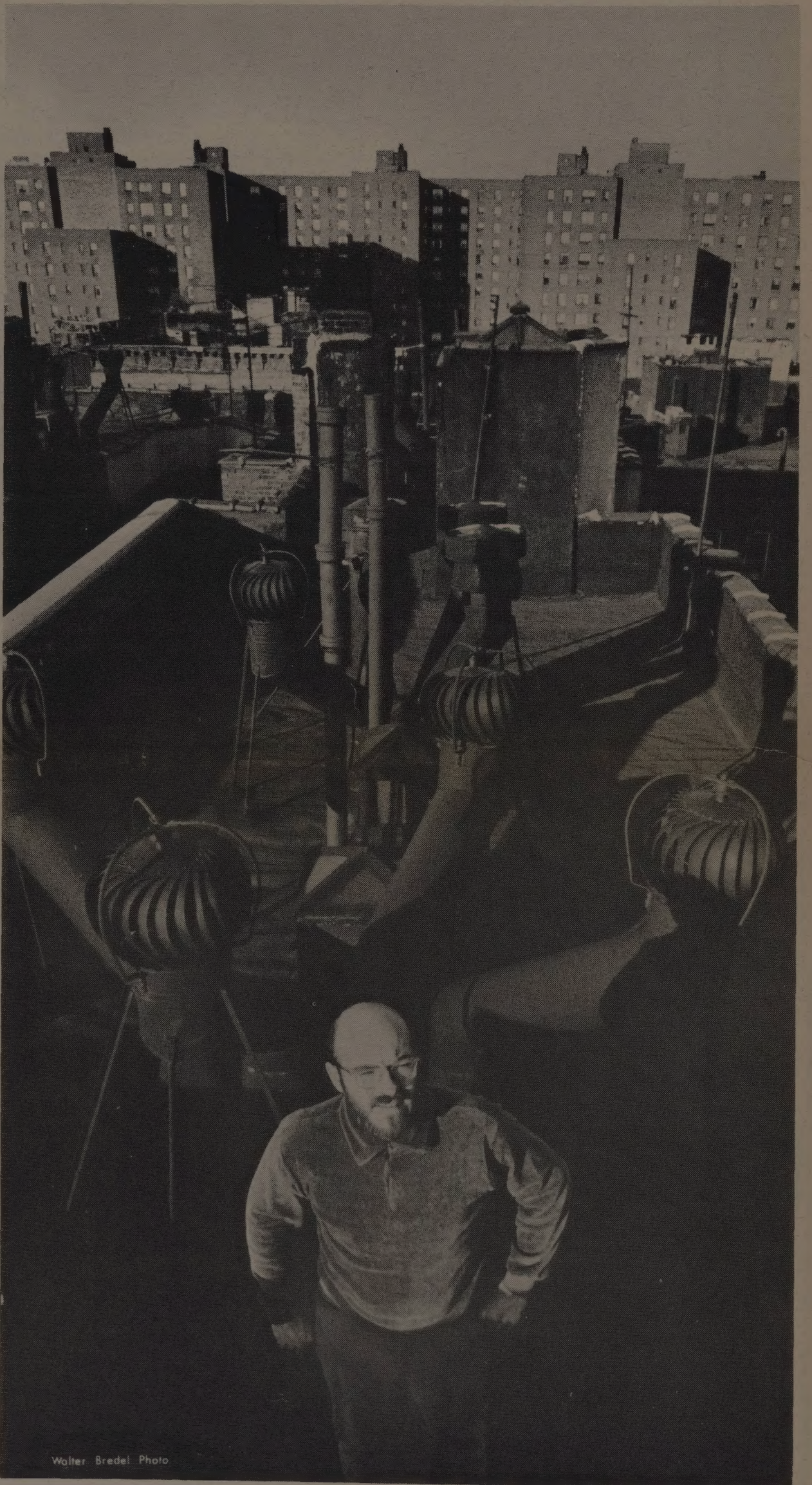
and only mean to tell the truth.

The wind appears cutting the air with a knife. The sky begins to clear.

The Poem ends.

The sky is clearing.

—Allan Katzman



Walter Bredel Photo

Horse died. Gregory will ride again!

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The Lycanthrope a tale of Gothic horror



Walter Bredel Photo

From THE FREE LANCE PALLBEARERS

by Ishmael Reed

I live in harry sam. Harry sam is neither town, city, or country, but just one big freaking harry sam. Nobody has seen harry sam since the day thirty years ago when he went to the john with a weird ravaging illness. The john is located in an immense motel which stands on an island just off harry sam. Visitors to this sprawling place talk of long twisting corridors and passageways which descend to the very bowels of the earth. High pitched cries are heard in the night. Only the elite has been inside the john where the important functions of harry sam are performed. There is a constant stream of limousines going to and fro from the motel, disembarking Judges, Generals, The Chiefs of Krabs and the Nazarene Bishops. The Nazarene Bishops believe that the ultimate aim of man is to fall on his haunches, whine and suck his toes. These luminaries are followed by swarthy, swaggering attendants in high black boots, hoods with slits for eyes, carrying towels, sweet smelling colognes, lotions and fancy enema bottles, as they waddle up the anfractuous path like penquins in their evening clothes. The four letters: Eats, blink their rays throughout harry sam across the bay. Helicopters spin above the motel like agitated bugs. Two giant valves protrude from the island, flushing filth and refuse into the bay which separates it from harry sam. The bay is so filled with human hair, poison and bilge that no swimmer has ever emerged from its waters alive. On the banks of harry sam, in a park, the old men ball their fists and say paradoxes. They pick their noses with flags and kiss dead newsreels. Legend has it that when the fateful swimmer makes it from the island to the banks these same old men will fold their ladders, return to rooms rankling with cockroaches: then the free lance pallbearers will drop from the skies.

I stood outside my dean's office at the harry sam college. I was feeling down in the dumps because I had gotten a girl in the family way and had to quit my nazarene studies. It was five minutes before my scheduled interview with the dean so I decided to pass the

time by soliciting my weight and horoscope from a machine next to his door. I found that I was born under Pisces and a picture of harry sam's father a former president who choked to death on a fat cigar while addressing a convention of used prophylactic salesmen who sat listening attentively with their arms folded, their legs crossed and their merchandise drawn over their heads. An alert earphone recorded his final words for the three-legged unborn. They consisted of a long gagged arrrrrrgggrgggggggggg.

The dean welcomed me into his office. He was a short, red-headed man who wore thick glasses and well-fitting tweed clothes. He said he had faith that had I continued my studies, I would have become a fine nazarene priest. He said that he too had been poor once, digging up obscure Victorian poets one summer from their crypts, and how he had steadily advanced until now he had a home in the suburbs partially paid for by writing a paper on the significance of the Egyptian dung beetle in Kafka's *Metamorphosis*. I did not tell him the real reason for my departure, only saying that I would perhaps return as soon as I scraped together enough money to continue my work. We shook hands and I left him crawling on his hands and knees, pushing a big ball of dry excrement about the office with his nose. He wanted to add an element of experience to his paper.

I walked across the campus towards a telephone booth to phone my future wife. The way was difficult because I had to hurdle the nazarene apprentices who were having a seminar on the grass. Their instructor was a nazarene priest dressed in his habit: blue workman's shirt, dirty corduroy's, a muff of hair hanging over his ear lobes, a Thoreau paperback sticking from his back pocket.

You must expect abuse from the anti-nazarenes who hate and defile our names, he shouted.

He then swung a whip through the air which stung the ears of two apprentices who sank their jaws into the grass and made munching signs in the earth.

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at the ANNEX

Johnson

by STAN COHEN

Unemployment dropped again last month and the Father of the Great Society was telling his children that this was a record for peace time.

On the day the report was being made, the Defense Department announced that it had identified forty-four servicemen who had been killed in Vietnam. Less than twenty-four hours earlier four U.S. planes were shot down in the heaviest air attack this country has launched in more than a decade.

But Our Father, L. Baines Johnson, was able to go before the Congress that day, wearing that America-the-Beautiful expression he reserves for the television cameras, and talk about a peace time economy.

It is somehow typical of the man that he should try to claim for himself the best of both worlds. Few men in history have known moral corruption so intimately that they could draw upon the benefits of a peace time economy while asking appropriations for an informal war.

But L. Baines Johnson is probably unique to the American Presidency. One cannot imagine an act so small that he would not commit it, nor words so hollow that he would not utter them. He is a crescendo of hypocrisy and pettiness who has managed to congeal in one personality the worst elements of man's most honored traits. He is capable of anger but not passion, he is pious without being religious, tough without being brave, sincere without honesty, and vain without pride.

The best one can say about L. Baines Johnson is that he knows how to survive. But he is a man who loses more in victory than others do in defeat, because his triumphs are always subtle things won at the cost of dignity and style. He is the Organization's club fighter who maneuvered his way to the championship by making all the right connections, picking his opponents with callous precision, and buying every contender into the tank.

It is impossible to mount a cogent assault on Johnson-as-President because even the best of what he does is somehow crippled by the smallness of his mood. You need a new frame of reference when you talk about L. Baines Johnson. You must remember that you are talking about a man who, but for a pair of metal balls, resembles no one so much as the Caine's Captain Queeg.

You are talking about a man who has the trees around the White House wired to keep flights of birds from roosting. So that now, dusk at the White House is greeted by the tape-recorded amplified cry of a starling in distress, played over loudspeakers mounted in two trees.

When you talk about L. Baines Johnson you are talking about a man who has made a fetish out of petty economies such as turning off the lights in the White House, but who secretly refurbished the two Presidential yachts he had put into retirement and concealed the \$100,000 in the budget; who had the items reprogrammed from a Congressional appropriation made for other purposes and labeled "Secret."

No, L. Baines Johnson is no ordinary man. He is the king without majesty who can go before a national audience and refer to himself in the third person as "Your President." DeGaulle might do that, but there is an honest arrogance about DeGaulle that surfaces as false humility in Johnson.

As with all small men who are invested with great power, Johnson reveals himself most completely in his candid moment. There was that picture of him holding his pet beagle by the ears. It caused the dog no pain, he said, but of course the larger implications eluded him. You wouldn't expect L. Baines Johnson to understand that there is more to seizing a dog by the ears than the pain inflicted; that there is something deeper, something more basic, even in dogs, which is offended by such an act.

No, L. Baines Johnson would never understand because he is most comfortable when he has his paws wrapped around somebody's ears. But he has the virtue, at least, in the great democratic tradition, of treating all his pets with equal candor. To Johnson, a pair of ears is a pair of ears. Ask Hubert Humphrey.

"He that passeth by and meddleth in strife not his own, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

Proverbs 26:17



(World Wide Photo)

The New War

by HARVEY M. MATUSOW

"Stiffest dope rap I've seen, and I've been here 25 years," said Allen Tish, General Manager of the Laredo Times.

"Shocked the hell out of everybody in town," said editor Bill Lee.

"I'm quitting school this week, and I'm going to devote all my time to correcting this miscarriage of justice," an NYU undergraduate said upon hearing of the thirty-year prison sentence which was handed down to Dr. Tim Leary.

Dr. Timothy F. Leary, former Harvard instructor and scientist, who has been experimenting in the use and results of mind drugs, and who is considered by many as the man responsible for much of the student protests on Vietnam, has been made an example.

Leary and his daughter Susan were set up by the Feds last Christmas. They attempted to enter Mexico on vacation and were turned back by the Mexican border authorities; as they re-entered the United States (not having officially entered Mexico) they were seized by U.S. Customs agents and forced to strip. Thereupon the Customs agents discovered on the person of Susan Leary, concealed in a silver snuff box, a stash of marijuana which would sell on the open market for about \$10 or \$15. For this, Leary was sentenced to 30 years in prison and fined \$30,000 and his 18-year-old daughter Susan received an indefinite sentence which could result in six years in prison.

The swift sentencing of Dr. Timothy Leary

came in the same week that Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach ordered the W.E.B. Du Bois Clubs to register with his office as a subversive group.

The two events were unrelated according to the general press, which seems to have overlooked the basic underlying reason for both actions—the student protests of the war in Vietnam. Some people in Washington have convinced themselves of the "fact" that all students who are against the war in Vietnam are also marijuana smokers, LSD users, and follow a new breed of psychedelic communism. An F.B.I. official, in referring to American youth has said, "... the evil of the communist, beatnik, peacenik conspiracy . . . those dirty non-conformists who smoke marijuana and revel in free-sex. . ."

Referring to Berkeley as Sodom, and New York as Gomorrah the pro-Vietnam establishment has risen to the challenge of returning purity to our youth, good-guy conformity to our colleges, with the hope and dream that some day the only problem our college kids will give us is chasing panties in the spring.

But what this pro-Viet establishment hasn't seen, and doesn't see, is that they have created a new Roman arena, and that there are thousands of new "Christians" imbued with the faith of psychedelic drugs, a world of mind awareness—of the search for Satori—and that these new ideas will win just as Rome fell to the Christians. In their panic to shoe their war horse, they sent him into the race without a rider.

If Dr. Tim Leary's sentence, 30 years for possession and non-payment of tax on \$15 worth of marijuana is allowed to stand, it will be a 30-year-war that won't smell as sweet as the War of the Roses.

"LICENSE POT" SAYS LEARY

"No matter how powerful the drugs are that science comes up with, the scientists themselves have got to take the drugs, because they're going to have to learn from the inside how consciousness is changed."

Twenty-eight members of the press and television were charmed by a soft-spoken scientist telling the story of an absurd trial based on misunderstandings which date back to 1938 when the marijuana tax was first levied.

On March 11, Dr. Timothy F. Leary was convicted in a Laredo, Texas court on two marijuana charges and sentenced to a maximum term of 30 years in federal prison and a fine of \$30,000. On March 15 he held a special press conference at the Overseas Press Club, to give the full details of his trial and his stand on marijuana.

"The question as to whether marijuana smoking is harmful was raised at my trial," Leary said. "The habitual use of any form of energy is probably harmful. If marijuana is used in large quantities, continuously, it could probably cause harm. But still, the use of marijuana is much less harmful than that of alcohol or nicotine.

"At the trial both our expert witnesses answered the question about marijuana leading to other drug addiction. Dr. Joel Fort, the Director of the Special Problems Center at San Francisco, who's been for three years the United Nations' full time consultant on drugs, and who's worked for two years at Lexington gave the most convincing testimony. He said that in the 40's, after marijuana was made illegal, there was some correlation between marijuana and heroin because the black market had both commodities and tended to associate the two. Dr. Fort went on to say that in the 50's and 60's there was almost no correlation between the two substances and indeed the energizer drugs, the pep pills are more closely associated with heroin addiction than marijuana.

"There are about 100,000 heroin addicts in the United States. The number of people who use marijuana is estimated to be between 3 and 10 million. Of course it's hard to get an accurate census on this. The sociological studies that have been done in the last year or two say that between 15% and 20% of all college students in all universities across the country have used marijuana at one time or another during their college careers. Obviously there are many, many people who use marijuana that are not involved in heroin.

"It's also true of course that most heroin addicts take liquor, nicotine, and almost anything they can get.

"One interesting aspect of the trial was that the judge used the word narcotics everytime he talked about marijuana. The atmosphere was that of a narcotics trial."

Leary said that the district attorney made a great deal of the fact that he was a well-known spokesman for the use of psychedelic drugs, such as marijuana and LSD. "During the trial I made it quite clear that I'm legally in my rights as provided in the Constitution, in using drugs such as marijuana in my home and work."

Leary said that although he didn't tell his children what to do for their spiritual development that he did feel that marijuana was less harmful than alcohol.

"I suspect that these views were responsible for the severe sentencing," Leary went on to say. "At the present time my daughter is under the same severe sentencing, but we have persuaded the court to wait until June, after she has finished school. She was found guilty of not paying the tax on marijuana which carries a minimum two year sentence and a maximum of 30 years."

Revealing the circumstances leading to his arrest, Leary disclosed that the marijuana was never in his possession. It was in a sil-

ver snuff box in a suitcase which came from New York which, in a "state of panic," Susan Leary transferred to her person.

"On December 20th, I left New York with my son, my daughter, and two of my associates from the Castalia Foundation. We were driving to Yucatan where I was going to spend the winter writing a book. After we crossed the bridge from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico, and were in the immigration headquarters in Mexico, I was stopped by a Mexican Secret Service agent. The identity of Jorge Garcia came out in the trial. Government agents said that they knew this man to be a member of the Mexican Secret Service although they denied that he had anything to do with the American side of this case.

"Mr. Garcia told me at the Mexican Immigration Headquarters that I couldn't come into Mexico that day, until they had cleared my papers with Mexico City. So, I was forced to come back across the bridge. It was upon recrossing the bridge after about a half hour in Mexico and not officially in the country itself that our baggage was seized and searched.

"As we crossed the bridge a search was made of the back seat of the car where we all knew the snuff box was in one of the bags. Then my daughter in somewhat of a panic concealed it on her person, because at this point we were reaching the American customs.

"For this reason the judge dismissed the count of smuggling before the case went to the jury.

"Besides the technical and legal aspects of my case in Laredo, we developed three lines of defense. First, that I have the Constitutional right to follow my own spiritual method, spiritual goals, second, that I have the right to pursue knowledge in my research. The third is that I have the right to raise my family in my home according to my own beliefs. I believe that all of these facts are guaranteed to

me under the Constitution as long as there is no clear and present danger evident by my behavior. All three of these Constitutional rights hinge on the fourth issue that marijuana is harmless."

The judge allowed a considerable amount of testimony on the sincerity and productivity of Leary's religious and scientific activities. It was disclosed at the trial that he published 42 articles and 4 books on the religious and scientific activity aspects of psychedelic drugs. In addition there were several witnesses at the trial who corroborated these scientific and religious activities. The judge, U.S. District Justice Ben C. Connally, did not, however, allow this evidence to be heard or considered by the jury.

Leary said that he felt that "the implications of this case regardless of how it might turn out are going to be great. They are going to have a large effect on not only our drug legislation but on the law enforcement and court room processes. I want to make it clear that we are not pushing for wide sale or indiscriminate use of marijuana. We are not leading a crusade for the legalization of marijuana. It's our feeling that psychedelic drugs should be licensed so that responsible, thoughtful American citizens who can demonstrate that they are prepared to use these substances should be able to use them in their work, home life, or processes of self growth. The analogy would be very much like a pilots license or an auto license."

A committee to raise money for the long, expensive fight to the Supreme Court was set up by William M. Hitchcock. The committee includes many notables in the psychiztric and neuropharmacological fields. Entitled the Timothy Leary Defense Fund, the committee has set up headquarters in suite 449, at 866 U.N. Plaza in New York. Financial contributions are urgently needed. Literature is available upon request.

Ginzap Zaps Back

by Marcia Goldstein

Allan Ginsberg gave a benefit performance last week and he loved every minute of it. He read his latest poems—from 1965 on—and the audience, part student, part other, slumped down in red velvet seats, gazed up at the poet's black-bearded, prophet-like face and hung on every word.

They came because, a week ago, shortly after Dr. Timothy Leary was sentenced to a 30-year prison term for the possession of one-half ounce of marihuana, Ginsberg announced his and Peter Orlovsky's reading-chanting stint, the proceeds of which would go to The Timothy Leary Defense Fund.

First Ginsberg sat, maroon-stockinged feet crossed, and with Orlovsky providing the accompaniment, as both poets chanted the dialogues of the Buddha.

Then Orlovsky stood up. Gyration throughout his reading, he often pushed his long blond hair in back of his ear and then continued his enraptured reading of one of his better poems, "Go on, Morris, piss up your room."

Ginsberg returned to the bare stage and stood behind the lecturn.

Quickly he launched into his "Nebraska"

epic. He shouted: "The Secretary of State is speaking nothing but language"; he sang: "The sins are forgiven, Witchita, Come Nebraska, dance with me"; he asked: "How do I find the language?"; he spewed forth his disgust and terror: Has anyone looked in the eyes of the wounded?"

But the poet also looked on, became the observer. He let the words create the desired mood, he paused, he waited for his audience to respond; he was, in a word, detached.

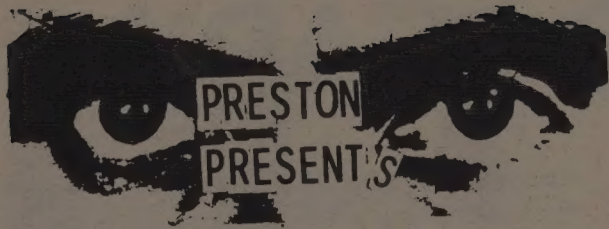
The tortured, anathema-hurling words of the old days, of the 50's, of those "who howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts" are still evident in his latest poetry.

But Ginsberg is also standing back and looking at himself. Throughout these new poems he observes, "There's a nice white door over there for me. Oh dear, on zero street"; or, "How many in their solitude weep aloud like me?"; or, "I am an old man now and I am lonesome."

The reading was over. The kids cheered. Ginsberg reiterated the reasons for reform of marihuana legislation. The kids cheered, the others knew it would take a long time.

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THE NAME AND THE THING

"What is the function of the Underground Cinema?" asked an enquiring young lady.

"In the first place," I replied, "for Christ's sake stop using the word 'underground,'... it stinks of self-generated, holier-than-thou paranoia. The word itself won't stand up to five seconds of semantic analysis. Whatever shade of meaning it had was lost long before Evergreen began its Underground campaign on the subways of N. Y."

When you really look at it, it's a word of many meanings—most of them either irrelevant or emotional.

To the people who are selling, Underground means money. To those who are buying it means four-letter words...the expression of sexual attitudes of which they secretly approve but on which they wouldn't take any public stand...it is also synonymous with snobbism and obscurism. To those who are self-consciously making "Underground Art", the word is filled with romantic middle class ideals concerning revolution.

What they don't know is that anything that is truly revolutionary is totally unacceptable in a backward country such as ours. It's totally unacceptable to the media...utterly worthless...remaining absolutely unknown until the magic day when society catches up with the artist.

Underprivileged it may be...but Underground—never.

What's going on now looks better on the Avant-Garde or Experimental labels. (Although for my money the late Maya Deren had the best word..."Chamber Film"...and that's where it's really at.)

After 70 years of film making...yes, children, it's as old as that...and with the film industry in the moribund position it is in now, it isn't too difficult to be original. With all its technical no-how the industry is still hung between the 17th century theatre and the 19th century novel. It's therefore something of a joy to see anything on film that doesn't have a beginning, a middle and an end.

So, without giving much in the way of technical innovation and providing that one's content lies a little on the controversial side (like politics or faggotry), it becomes fairly easy to become a member of the avant-garde.

I think too that the existence of the avant-garde is very largely dependent on where the establishment cinema is. If the establishment

VOYEURAMA

had more balls so too would the avant-garde. garde.

As to its function well, since we have never learned whether or not there is any grand design or function in the universe, I believe it to be a little fatuous to seek a function in the avant-garde.

There are only things to see

In the establishment cinema there is only the collective vision of man's greed for power and money. It's the same image whether you look at the product or the machinations of production and distribution. From the moment the thing is conceived to the time when it hits the screen it is being perpetually pounded into shape by the steamhammer of profit.

And yet, for all its vanity, its narcissism, its unjustified paranoia, the avant-garde is a great deal more honest. Being most often the creation of one person it carries the inherent responsibility that only a single voice can. There are no real cop outs. A human being has made a statement on his condition...clear or muddled...inept or brilliant, one man has shown us the joy, agony, the vision of his human experience.

* * * * *

Tony Conrad's "The Flicker", (Cinematheque) is a true avant-garde "film" and/or experience and one that I can't recommend to anyone except the truly adventurous.

For nearly a year now Conrad has been working on monstrous charts...perfect in their mathematics...diabolical in their function. From these charts he composed an imageless film by placing black frames at specific points in a roll of transparent film. The result is, as the title suggests, a flicker. The

film begins with a warning to the effect that if you're a photogenic epileptic or have tendencies in that direction (you'll be one of one in three thousand if you do) you'd be better off sitting this one out before you flip right out. Apparently there is a particular frequency of flicker which has the ability to do this. To cover himself further Conrad has a doctor at each screening. Fortunately no-one needed his services.

The film begins slowly and increases with a gradual but horrific precision. By the time 25 minutes have passed, one's senses are completely disoriented...the screen appears to have moved forward several yards...the walls of the cinema seem to move in and at the same time have a transparent quality...the people walking out looked rather like ghosts. They may well have been.

For the remaining 5 minutes, Tony Conrad, who is nothing if he is not a gentleman, uses the time left to bring one down...slowly...gently.

It is difficult to assess the value of this experience. I think however it is a big step forward in the practice and understanding of subliminal film.

One has to change one's way of thinking and accept the fact that the images are going to come at you from a white screen and not, as is the tradition, out of black or grey.

On second thoughts maybe this is not only avant-garde but revolutionary also.

I would like to see the same thing done with real images instead of black frames...one could work up a new kind of dramatic tension this way.

Anyway, someone had to perform this experiment, though I'm very glad it wasn't me.

LONDON REPORT

by Miles

More about AMM because they are without doubt the most exciting and most ahead of all groups playing in town today. AMM is a secret name known to its members and its raison d'etre is its secret. To take on a name is a public function, an act of presentation but the actual meaning of the name is not given—the first enigma. A clue to the group's attitude is found here. Its meaning is the soul of their music, one of the names of God.

The members of the group combine the two active elements of modern music, i.e., free-association, "new thing" jazz—the music of Ornette Coleman, Albert Ayler, N. Y. Contemporary Five, Cecil Taylor, Bob James, etc., and the "new music" of Cage, Bedford, Cardew, Stokhausen, et al, along with the electronic music of Berio, Ussechevsky, Arel, Mimaroglu and the Paris machine poets.

Representative of the former are Lou Gare, Keith Roe, and Laurence Sheaff, all from the Mike Westbrook band which in itself was the foremost looking band in London. Keith Roe plays electric guitar and electric sitar. It was said of him by respected jazz critic Peter Russell that he, "plays a bizarre anti-jazz style," which refers to his refusal to adhere to fixed chordal structures. Lou Gare plays violin and tenor. Art student, after 3 months of AMM both he and Roe left the Westbrook band. Also in the group is Eddie Prevost on drums. He played round the London pubs and has no other interest outside AMM. The latter form of music is represented by Cornelius Cardew who is the leading "avant-garde classical" composer/performer in England. John Cage's favorite British composer, he was a former pupil of Stokhausen. He plays guitar, piano, "piano as instrument," prepared

piano and can draw upon a fund of musical experience such as silence, dragged chairs, plucked strings, rubbed glass and drummed piano-frame. He "plays old instruments in a new way." The reverse to Keith Roe who plays new instruments in old ways such as bowed tape-recorder, or drummed amplifier. AMM has two weekly meetings, one to talk, which is just a personal thing, and one to play to which an audience is invited. "Music is the function of our relation with the reverse." Their music employs long silences, radios, prepared tapes, electronic drones, in fact the entire area of sound is encompassed by their music. If you are visiting London hear them at Royal College of Art at 9pm every Wednesday or concert at Conway Hall on May 21st. First half Cornelius Cardew, second half AMM. Their music happens almost every time, that is the great thing. The other two groups doing things in London are the Pete Lemer trio and the Mike Westbrook band itself which I will discuss at some later time. Steve Lacy was recording yesterday in Tin Pan Alley. Studios were available from 2 till 6 and John Hopkins & Alan Beckett produced the first of their new music LP's, The studio was filled with flowers and cakes and other refreshments were wheeled in. Large groups of friends were there to dig it all and a beautiful relaxed session took place. How the LP will be released is not yet known.

ANDY WARHOL

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RAMA

Soft Imitations of Hard Objects

by Lil Picard

Claes Oldenburg shows Vinyl Sculptures at Janis Gallery till April 9.

Young woman in black and white striped vinyl raincoat:

"The white and blue john from Vinyl I like best"

Art dealer from Paris:

"The car-tires on the floor in the corner, they have really plastic appeal."

Journalist from Germany, who studies American Art from a sociological, economical point of view:

"Ja, das soft Manhattan, it is \$2500—not bad, nicht wahr?"

Woman in monkey fur jacket:

"In 1624 it was sold for less, only 24 dollars."

Young girl in Op Fur to Janis senior..."

"You certainly have a hit, Mr. Janis..."

Janis: "I'm afraid so."

Talk overheard at the opening of Claes Oldenburg's latest soft objects show at the Janis Gallery, 15 East 57th Street.

The elevator dumps hordes of Pop-people (P.P.'s) into the crowded gallery rooms. Artists, poets, collectors, advisors on Art, museum sages, celebrities, pretty girls, longhaired hipniks, kids with crazy stockings, Camp babies, spectacled dealers of Art, Warhol imitators, chicks with long, straight hair and short tight skirts.

The In-crowd and the TV gang. Cameras purr, Channel 13 and CBS are busy, the bearded tape-guys kneel on the floor, at the feet of celebrities, to get the latest Pop word.

Microphones suck it in. Perfumed atmosphere tickles. 66 Objects are mute watching witnesses of the Art-Theater. It's Oldenburg-play. Oldenburg-world. Static, Slow-Motion, Art-Form.

Oldenburg talks to Segal. The tape takes the thoughts of Pop-sages and so it spreads extensions of Man (Marshall McLuhan) into the wires and on to the screens of U.S.A. Art-Popularizers are busy talking. "What a scene," says the girl in the curly lamb coat. She is a beautiful dark skinned kid, big eyes, big mouth.

Caroleè Schneeman distributes flyers for Water Light/Water Needle, kinetic theater at St. Marks Church in the Bowery. Everybody is his own press agent.

Marisol arrives. The button-decorated Park Place boys mingle with the Castelli and Janis gang.

Arty girls open the vinyl-toilet-lid, it works—they exhude giggles of joy that the vinyl in the bowl is blue. Blue delight!

Everyone talks to everyone. Nobody is a Nobody. Claes Oldenburg is Somebody. Great Guy. Hid objects come out of Brobdingnag-land.

Cyclop-johns and washstands. Collapsible like rubberboats. Monuments of plastic stuff. Pillows of softness and coolness. Comfortable things of present day hard-object-life. The soft motor flips its wings. It turns in our

minds into a big locust—or is it a helicopter? It is surely some strange creature a "what-not machine" from Disneyland, from the urban landscape of billboards with garages and frankfurter stands.

This show is a laboratory of design. Form is studied and measured and scaled. Enlarged line by line, imitated and rediscovered.

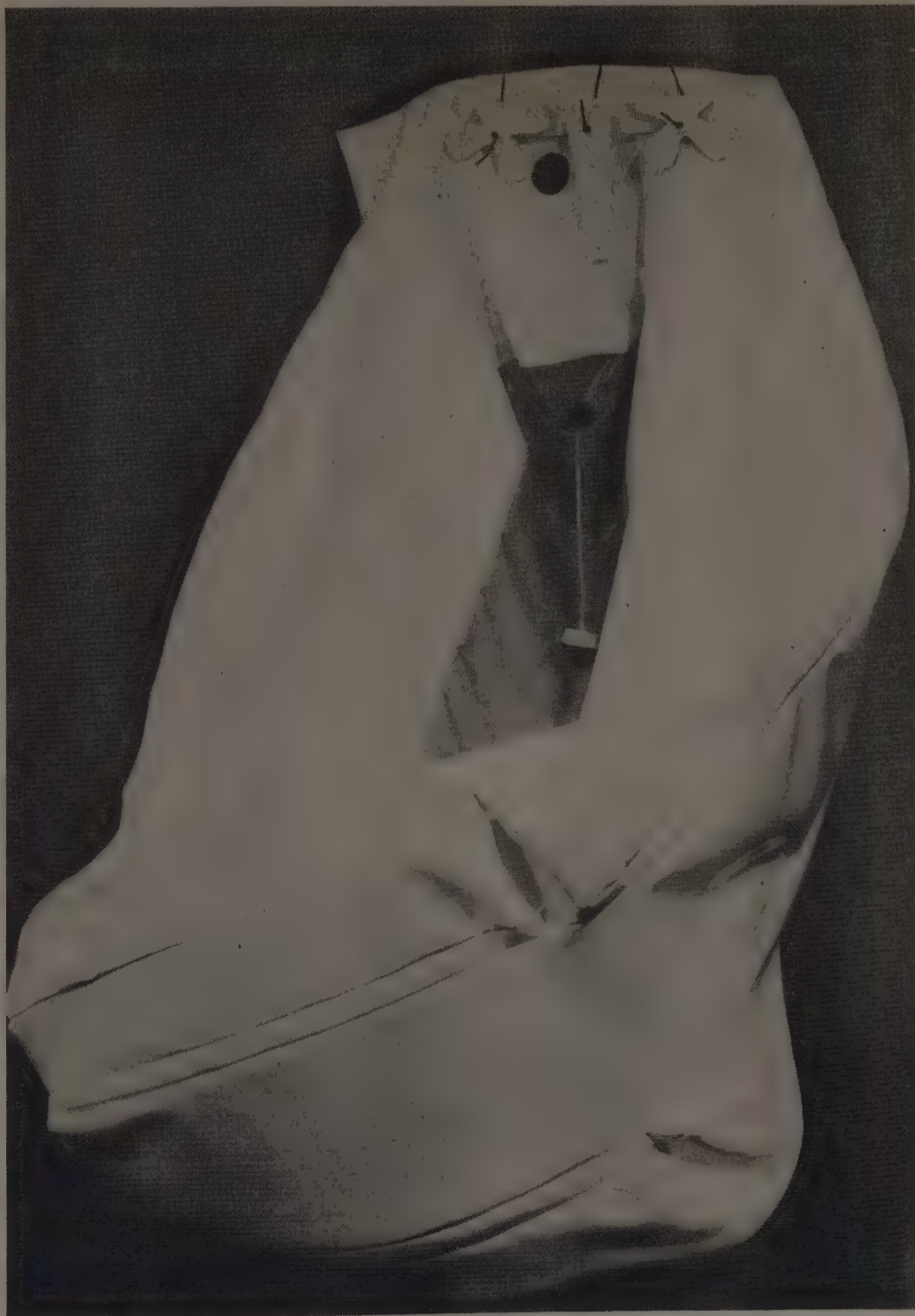
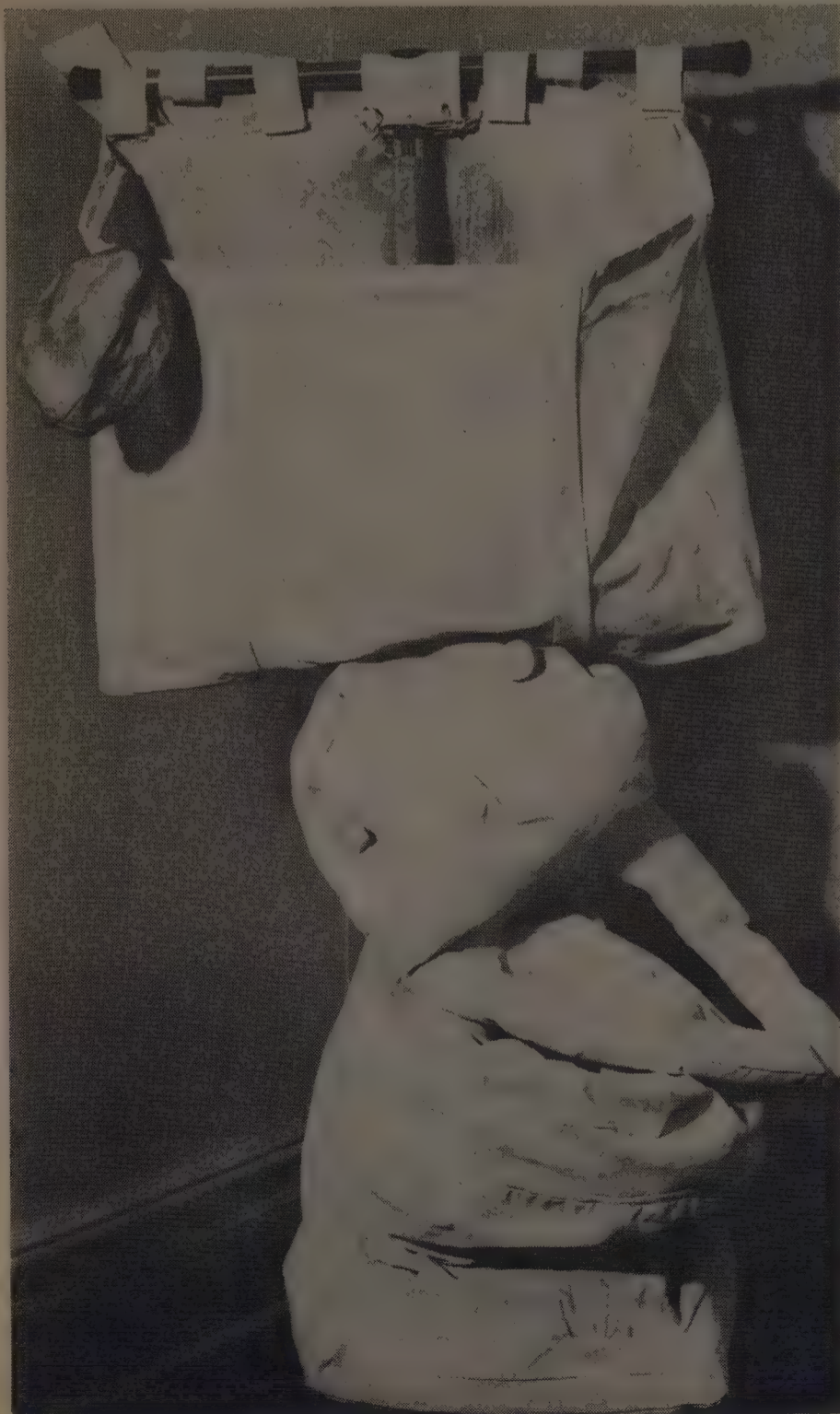
Oldenburg works in the technique of old-time, European couturier fashion designers and furriers, who first make muslin-models before they cut into the expensive silks, fabrics, furs. Those "Muslin-models" became Oldenburg's "Ghosts." They are paint-stained, kapok-filled, starched with white Acrylic paint. Their ghostly white appearance has the appeal of the sketch. The sketch of the artist, that often is better than the finished work. Is Oldenburg more a designer than an artist?

He surely is a Good-Humor man. A guy with a Nordic fairytale imagination. He is also Clown-Claes, who plays and makes us smile. He plays with things and with us, with forms, colors and makes up dreams and tales, with ghosts, dwarfs, and giants. And like every real clown he is a philosopher and an educator. He makes people see the things of daily life in a new way. The Oldenburg-way. The Artist-way.

In his studio notes he says:

"I like to see things either at the beginning or at the end..."

MODEL GHOST TOILET by Oldenburg (liquitex, Canvas, Wood, Kapok.)



SOFT TUB by Oldenburg (Vinyl, Plexiglass, and Kapok.)

SLUM GODDESS



Walter Bredel Photo

Reminiscences of pre-money

I was thinking about you the other day... in the midst of a big deal... a big deal... I don't remember what the big deal was anymore... but I remember my thoughts about you. I was going to greet you as citizens of the 21st century... I was going to say you are there and I travelled there in time a long time ago and when I revealed my journeys to the then new and young—my peers—they called me mad and you and now and this proves that I wasn't mad.

My wife says we have little to say to you. She says you can tell and teach us, but we cannot do the same for you. She says and she is right we could do and innovate for the *Voice*... oh yes the *Voice*.

Now that I am in the state of having had it, i.e., I have experienced more than I will experience... there is more behind than there is ahead, I'll tell you something about the time of your life... THE Time Of Your Life... sometimes, for some, if you're too bogged down, shmucked up, bound in, ungiving, ungetting... unfeeling, unhurting Jewish... you don't know you're having the time of your life. It's there, it's gone... and only later do you say: Hey, that WAS the time of my love. Speaking about the *Voice*, that was the way it was... We could tell them things.

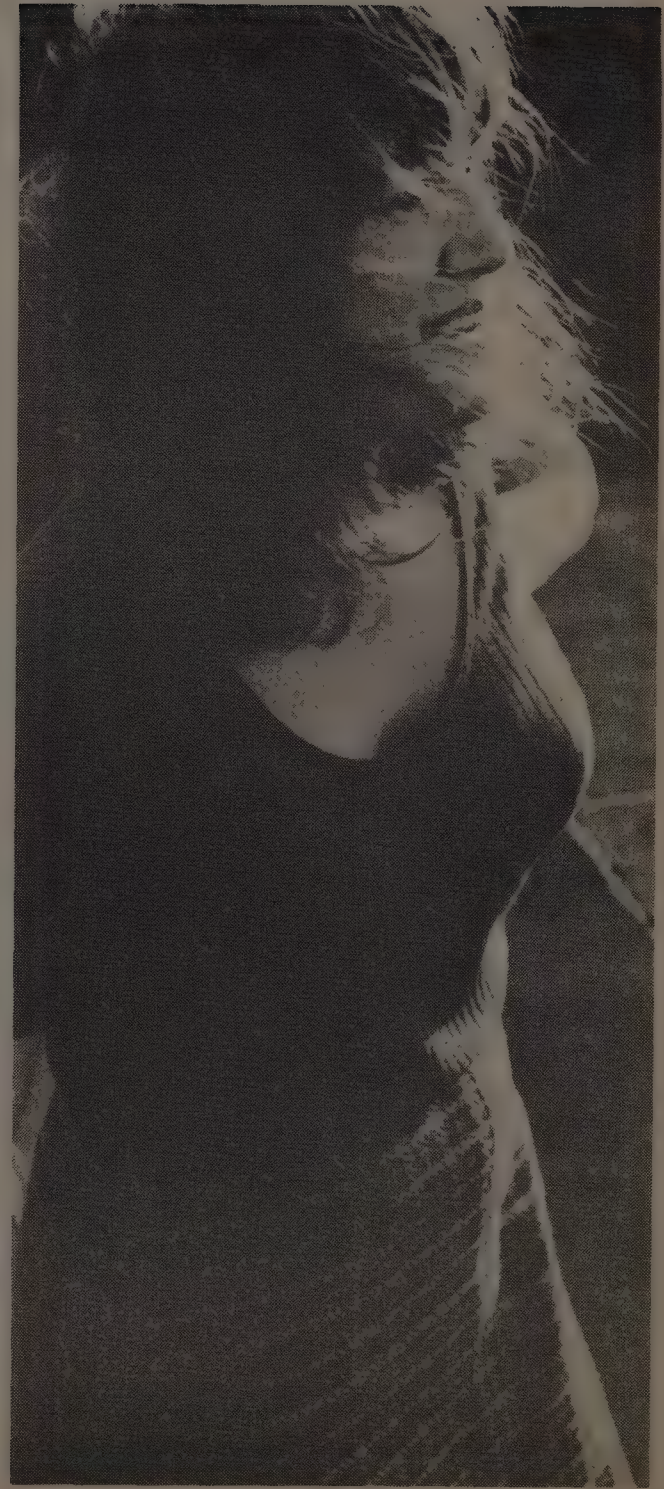
Jazz was "coming back" in the mid-fifties. The McCarthy era, the soul drowning, the winnowing out of the intellect pack. Witch-hunt Winterland had given way to a thawing, mucky Spring. One could yea-say a little even if the yea-saying machinery had been ru-

over from standing out (we all did) in the Un-American list cold and not being used. In spite of Dylan's... that latest in the line... comments to the contrary about "what a drag... etc... etc." the point is if you don't use these cogs and shafts in yourself they seize up and stop working... Dylan is wrong and honest at the same time... he's selling records... that's what he wants... but the rest is not bullshit.

Jazz was coming back and we brought the news to the *Village Voice* and ran their first Jazz concerts in New York with Bob Maltz who just died 3 weeks ago... they were the first successful Jazz concerts in New York then, for quite a while... and started the Obie Awards as an ad getting gimmick... which Tallmer later legitimized... and the *Voice* believe it or not was the new and the fresh then and serious, to be taken serious... and they and we all were listening to the new then... Feiffer, Jacobs, Shapiro... play a game of who's left, a pocket full of Gold, twenty pieces silver, and the story old is told.

But, that was all a long time ago and since then I've been through the greatest, mystic, four-H club in America... Hugh Heffner-Huntington Hartford... but more about that later... much more... till then I salute you Crazyes... and leave you with these important words: Jack Barrie and Up Your Page Rates.

Joseph K. for a time had things printed in the *Village Voice*—A Newspaper in Greenwich Village—after a while his pieces were no longer printed there—he hopes he will have some printed here—for awhile.



I'm Eve, fresh from California Beatle-people. Hollywood & Vine, it's hard to make up my mine. From acid tests and the fabulous Fred C. Dobbs (covered by a pearl-backed angel). Wil Wright's ice cream and the Plush Pup, hot dog with mustard, only 45 cents; where Grant Jones displays GREEN MAGIC before my eyes and where a 17 year old will trade you pot for LSD.

There's a conspiracy to keep birds out of jail and Derek Taylor tips waitresses with twenty dollar bills because he didn't know he had it. Al Grossman stands at Sunset and Sweetzer looking as though he needed a ride and you pass by in a '52 Chevy and wonder if you should. Give Grossman a ride? Heavens, my stacked California darling, you've got delusions.

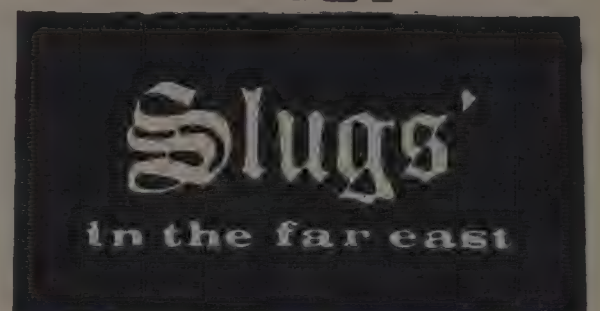
The L.A. *Free Press* gets ads for "Swingers Only" apartment houses, only it's restricted to white swingers. Why Watts? The towers of Sam Rodia stand there blowing their horn and Pasadena married not quite legally under sparkling 7-Up.

I've just come to the East Village. They ask about Watts and the Towers. They tell me to see the Fugs & The Seventh Sons. I saw Grossman in the Limelight looking like he needed a drink or something. Harry Smith, The Magic Man, backed away.

I haven't seen any peroxide surfers, but I've only been here a week.

There is an underground railroad.

LIVING JAZZ NIGHTLY



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Lenny Bruce in L.A.

by John Wilcock

Lenny had given instructions to the box office not to let anybody in free until they checked with him personally, and then he'd buy the tickets himself. So I waited in the lobby until twenty minutes past the scheduled opening when he came running down the path, shouted a greeting and tore into the theatre as if he were on roller skates. By the time I'd grabbed the tickets and walked down the aisle, he was bouncing onstage to scattered cheers and a few warm-hearted ribaldries.

There couldn't have been more than eight or nine rows filled and for a moment or two I thought, what a shame, but then I noticed that Lenny didn't seem to mind at all, and I realized that we've taken similar paths lately, both of us have changed to smaller, purer audiences, and from then on I was able to sit back and jut dig what he was saying, like old friends should, without the necessity to provide total attention or applause, or even, for him, the neatly spotted laughs that most comics write into their scripts with the regularity of turnpike planners spacing tollbooths.

Not that he isn't funny. He's still exploring the business of being Jewish, with all the intellectual hangups and insights and conflicts that that has brought him, and somehow his whole life is summed up in the different attitudes that he has had towards the mezuzzah outside apartment doors. God Himself, leaning a little, like Pisa's Tower, was hidden away in there when Lenny was a child. Now, he suggests it's a good place to stash a joint.

His act, which is hardly an act at all in accepted theatrical sense, has several main themes which criss-cross and interlock constantly: the manner in which a Jew regards the law; the literal way in which many judges, and particularly non-Jewish judges, administer the law; the Catholic Church and its franchised Howard Johnson-type branches; the difference between priest and rabbi ("both shit but only one fucks"); narcotics guys from different divisions busting each other for possession; the semantic content of language ("Hey, jewboy," means nothing down south, no more than "Hey, baby," up

north); and the whole business of being busted and sometimes framed.

He tells an illustrative story about how a cop was told to attend a nightclub he was playing and "steal my act": "So in six weeks' time he goes before the Grand Jury hearing and he's introduced as me, in substance. 'Ladies and Gentlemen, here he is... Lenny Bruce,' in substance. So this fuzz goes ahead and does my act, but he's *not me*. Naturally the Grand Jury says, 'It stinks.' So I get busted for *his* act."

Then, Lenny continues, the fuzz reads his list of words (and Lenny holds his hand like a notebook and spits out a staccato group of obscenities, sprinkled with tits/suck/knockers, etc.) and the judge nearly has a heart attack he's so uptight and it's impossible for him to conceive of any mitigating factors (such as the obscenities being connected, maybe, by perfectly literate sentences) and once again Lenny's goose is cooked.

His adventures with the law, as almost everyone knows, have made Bruce an expert on the subject and the fact is that the LAW has become his obsession. He is a deeply religious man, but his faith is in the stone-tablet solidity of Law as the basic structure of society and not in some bearded mystic who, by inference, must have handed down those engraved tablets. What Lenny is doing, these days, is trying to explain that just as the mezuzzah doesn't really contain God, a judge isn't the Law itself but merely and all-too-human, non-infallible middleman.

Everything about the law has become an obsession with him and he'll talk for hours, if you'll let him, about obscure legal points whose theological equivalent might be the how-many-angels-on-the-head-of-a-pin syndrome. What has been done to him is a sin and a crime, a man who uses a public forum to explore the human condition and has the guts to bare his own life in illustration. But he has come through it so far fairly intact, having blazed a path that most truly hip (i.e., *honest*) comics must necessarily follow for a long time to come.

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

In Defense of Banana

America, a far off land just a birth step from time, caught in the mire of human psyche and surrounded on all sides by pre-20th Century History, is now playing out her Epic-fairy-tale-paranoia before all the Crown Heads of Ancient Empires and Nursery Rimes. It is 1966 and the two words which strike paranoia in the hearts of mental-bound America is still Sex and War. It is an old story, the oldest in the 20th century: SEX? NO!—WAR? YES!

Fucking is not so simple anymore in this country of spartan chivalry; a syndrome which dates back to Confederate and Victorian days via King Arthur's Court; a malady which has become worse with the years, where the weapon of life has become the weapon of death, where bananas have become bayonets. Dirt has become synonymous with Sex and cleanliness with War. (Just walk into any of our hallowed halls of learning, the Cosa Nostro of the Word called libraries, where silence is the rule rather than the exception, and look among the library catalogue under the title military tactics and notice how the cards stand out like crisp, clean toy soldiers in the sun, and then look under the title—Sex—how they cringe with smudges and fingerprints like some whore used and abandoned along a dark deserted country road.) Sex has become foxholed in some far off land where only the smell of blood will satisfy the orgasm and only the military tactic of genocide will purge away the total shame.

It is an old story, as old as the Trojan War, when Agamemnon and Meneleas came to enlist Ulysses into their ranks. But Ulysses preferred the company of his wife and son to that of playing soldier, so he feigned madness by pulling the plow across the field in the hot sun. But Agamemnon would not be fooled. He placed Ulysses son Telemaches in the path of the plow and Ulysses stopped, and Agamemnon knew if he were truly mad, he would have continued on. Ulysses was shamed into going to war but on one condition, if Achilles could be made to come also.

But Achilles was a much more difficult problem, for when his mother heard of the impending war she disguised him as a woman and hid him among the harem of the King of Lycomedea. Ulysses, disguised as a merchant (a ruse to enter into the King's Harem) went there to trade goods. But when they opened the expensive rugs he had brought them, they found only spears and swords, whereupon Ulysses threw off his disguise and challenged them. They ran, as all respectable women living in a patriarchal society will do, all except, that is, Achilles, who silk laden and perfumed, picked up the sword and accepted the challenge. His manliness was not threatened. He, unwittingly, had been found out and was shamed into going to war, lest the boys back home learn that he was the drag queen par excellence.

It is an even older story when you realize that the two diseases (Madness and Homosexuality) which exempt a man from the army is the stomach an army travels on: the results of a well-trained camaraderie called war. It is an old story, the oldest in the 20th century and one which will truly end unless we accept our shame. SEX? YES!—WAR? NO!

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Gentles Tripout

© 1968 PANZICA



Our Tripout begins, as Gentles, who can be anything he wants, dreams of leaving HomeTown.



17 years before when he thought he was a TV. Gentles discovered his talent. Antennas stuck.



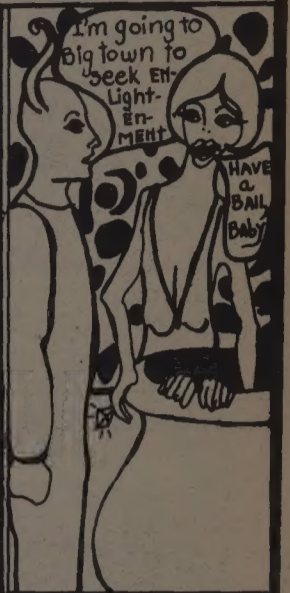
Hometown's good citizens just could not understand the changes Gentles always went through.



Nor could Gentles. Nevertheless, something tells him, he has to leave HomeTown.



Gentles says farewell to the strange orphan, his only friend, Lili.



Since childhood, orphaned Lili has been supported by the HOMETOWN BUSINESSMANS LEAGUE.



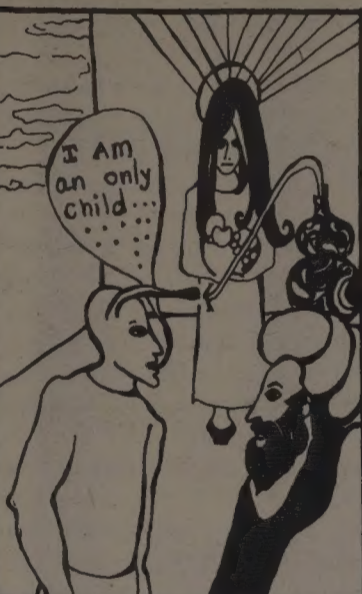
Lili, in search of excitement, follows Gentles down the Road to Big town.....



Somemonths later, we find Gentles seeking Enlightenment in a Bigtown park..... Kuru, who understands all, is watching.....



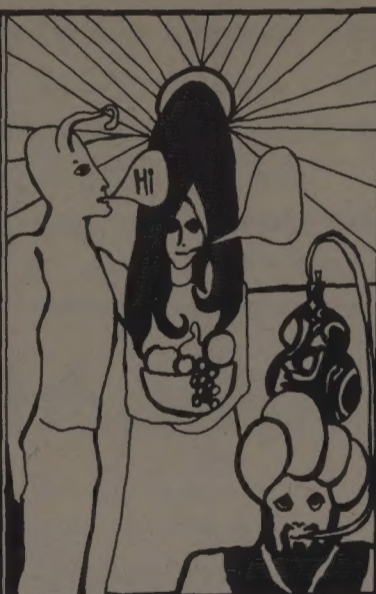
Kuru invites Gentles to his place for dinner....



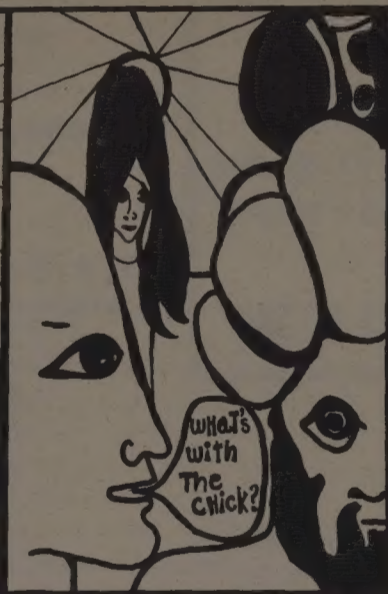
at Kuru's place Gentles talks of his past.



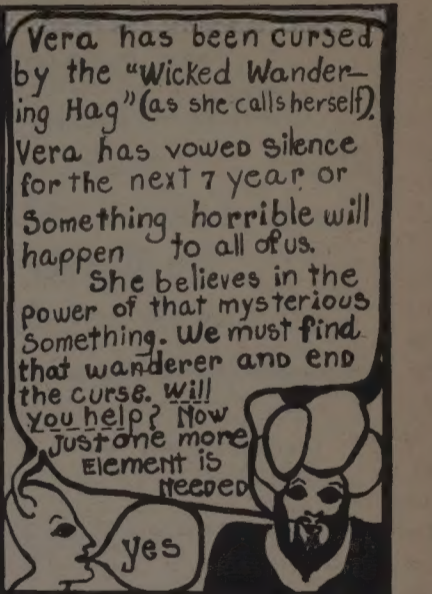
Vera, bringing in dinner catches Gentles attention. Kuru smiles.



Vera remains silent.



Curious, Gentles asks about Vera's quiet nature.



Vera has been cursed by the "Wicked Wandering Hag" (as she calls herself). Vera has vowed silence for the next 7 year or something horrible will happen to all of us. She believes in the power of that mysterious something. We must find that wanderer and end the curse. Will you help? Now just one more Element is needed.



The final element Kuru needs to find the Hag



Gentles waits for Lili to notice his arrival at her Big Town apt.



Lili agrees to go



The ring has lead them to a barren place, where a cloud ladder hang from the sky..... Cont.

CAPTAIN HIGH!

THE WEIRD OUTLANDISH WONDER!

© 1968 BY WILLIAM BERGMAN

CAPTAIN HIGH IS ROBBED AT HOME BY THE MOST SECRET AND HIDDEN OF MEN!!



TO BE CONTINUED...

Witchcraft Texas Style

by Edward F. Lacy III

"Ju pli la mondo alligas, des pli la mondo estas la sama." - Witches' maxim in the "secret language." ("The more the world changes, the more the world is the same.")

As the crowd watches silently, the young and attractive woman is bound to the stake, and the wood piled around her feet and thighs. A black-robed priest steps forward with a crucifix in hopes of a last minute recantation. She shakes her head, knowing that the most for which she can hope for with a recantation now is that the executioner will strangle her before applying the torch. This is 14th century Cologne, and she dies true to her faith.

In Houston, a young housewife kisses her husband goodbye, and briskly drives away to attend a religious meeting (held regularly in a well-to-do suburb) known as an "esbat." This is 1600. Although separated by centuries, both women are members of a religion which was already old when the Carpenter of Nazareth summoned fishermen from the Sea of Galilee to be "fishers of men." Both are witches.

Contemporary witchcraft is organized along much the same lines as it was centuries ago, and it remains true to its ancient traditions. Witchcraft is more widespread than at any time since the Middle Ages. Witches are no longer persecuted, because they *officially* do not exist any more.

The witches' faith is known by many names, and in Italy it is known as "religione vecchio" (i.e. "the old religion"). This is the way it is known here in the United States, and particularly in the Gulf Coast states where the majority of its American followers live.

Witchcraft has hidden itself for centuries, but the old ways die hard. There are several covens existing in the Houston area, but the existence of each is a carefully guarded secret.

A coven is a group of 13 witches and warlocks (male witches). Their weekly meetings are known as esbats, and are generally held in the open whenever possible. The "sabbats" are held quarterly at the Vernal Equinox (March 21), the Summer Solstice (June 22), the Autumn Equinox (September 23), and the Winter Solstice (December 22). This is when the covens of an area come together.

The young Houston housewife joins her co-religionists. She strips, and carefully folds her clothing. The fire casts shadows against the encircling trees. The naked coven, men and women alike, circle the fire singing. The coven high priestess holds aloft a long, polished sword, and chants and intones an invocation, translated from Norman French into modern English blank verse by a University of Houston instructor of English literature.

The coven responds with a group invocation of the primary divinity of the witchcraft cult, the unnamed Great Goddess whose secret name is known only to the clandestine ancient religion.

The ritual followed is involved and detailed, and is part of a tradition going back to the very beginnings of the English-speaking na-

tions. Britain's King James I, like Scotland's James V, tried to wipe it out with mass executions.

New England's Puritans almost wiped out witchcraft in America root and branch, but a few covens have an unbroken history since colonial times. And, all witchcraft rituals in America date from this period. The so-called "Black Mass" does not exist and is unknown.

Most people are unaware that witchcraft is something more than the casting of spells, and certainly not "making pacts with Satan." In large measure, it is a continuation of classical paganism, although it has elements which are far more ancient.

The center of most of the covens' veneration is the worship of the Great Goddess who exists in three aspects: Virgin, mother, and magical hag. Some scholars think that the worship of the Great Goddess was the primeval religion of Europe and the majority of mankind.

Once, coven membership was largely hereditary, but this is no longer true. A wife will bring a husband in, and a husband will be responsible for the "conversion" of a wife. Their children will be initiated early in life with a ritual which some believe dates from the Bronze Age. The child is passed by his parent to the coven priest or priestess over a fire, and is then returned over the fire after some prayers to the Great Goddess are said.

Each member has a "witch name" by which he or she is known within the group. These are never revealed to nonmembers, and are rarely used except at meetings. Also traditional is the "witches' mark", each peculiar to a coven. These are quite small, and are tattooed on a hand or an arm, and are used as identification.

The Houston coven from which the author gathered most of the information for this article has as its particular mark an asterisk tattooed on the hand at the base of the wedding ring finger. However, other covens in the Texas Gulf Coast area have altogether different marks.

Peculiar to many American covens is the custom of a woman married within the witchcraft community to have her husband's name tattooed somewhere on her body, together with the date of their marriage.

Novices are given oral instruction, although much is now written down.

Every national group of witches has its own peculiar argot, unique to itself. In some areas, a little-known language is used for private communications. In the Texas Gulf coast area, this is, ironically enough, Esperanto.

The witchcraft movement in the United States and Canada does not seek converts, except on a very individual basis. However, there has been a very slow growth over the years, particularly since the end of World War II. All of Houston's covens, of which there are approximately 14, are less than ten years old, and most are less than five years old.

American witchcraft is an urban faith, and is almost completely unknown in the strictly rural areas. Many of the younger witches and warlocks are wanderers, staying in one city only a relatively short time. But when someone moves on, it is with the name of some one of "our people" whom he or she can contact in the new city.

Frequently, a coven (particularly if it is comprised of younger people) will have its own mail drop, and a thinly disguised name by which they are known as a group. The group investigated by the author has a Houston mail drop at a coffee-house in a middle-class residential neighborhood.

The more the world changes, the more it is the same.

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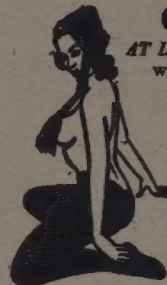
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