

# THE east village OTHER

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....thou shalt have no other god before me...

# THE East Village OTHER

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Dear EVO,

The unanimous Supreme Court decision that the Georgia Legislature must seat Julian Bond is one of the most important civil liberties victories of recent years. It vindicates freedom of speech generally, and especially the right to criticize America's war in Vietnam. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which filed an amicus brief in this case is proud to have helped in this victory.

Emergency Civil Liberties Committee  
 421 Seventh Avenue  
 New York, New York

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 THE PROMETHEAN, 560 Grover Cleveland Hwy, Eggersville, N.Y. 14226.

Dear EVO,

The mere existence of your publication depends on the theory of a government which you seem to oppose. I enjoy your paper because of your unique lampoons of our chief executive. However, your political philosophy leans toward a government which would not tolerate such a publication. Admittedly the war is the biggest, most flagrant hoax foisted upon the American people, but the reason it is being fought is to preserve the principles that allow your paper and other "underground" publications to function in a "pseudo-underground" atmosphere which lends an air of desirability and pseudo "illegal" fashionability to the displaying and reading in public of the Other. What I am trying to say is that to me it seems that your fuck lbj attitude should include a shit or get off the pot attitude in Vietnam and a support of the freedom guarantees in the Constitution which are gradually being lost to lbj and his whole fucking machine. If the socialists and communists who you laud were suddenly in charge of the government do you honestly think that Doctor Leary could exist? Do you think you as a media of protest could exist? Means of protest are under fire by the government now. You should expose all efforts which would lead to the loss of civil rights but why coddle communists who are bent on your destruction? Please reply.

P. E. Rudinsky

Dear Professor Rudinsky,

You mention in your letter our favoritism towards communists. I would like to remind you of a classic scene in the motion picture "Modern Times" where Charlie Chaplin, after he was released from a mental hospital because of a nervous breakdown caused solely by automation, is rounding a corner and spies a truck in front of him with slats of lumber protruding from the back of the truck. Between the boards is a red flag indicating danger to other vehicles in back of it. As Chaplin is walking towards this truck, a mob of unemployed workers led by communists are storming towards the gates of the factory that has locked them out. Coming towards Chaplin are the police, mounted on horseback with billies drawn and waving in the air. Chaplin, who is unaware of the impending clash only notices that as the truck pulls away, the red flag between the slats has trembled to the ground. In an effort to be of service to his fellow man, Chaplin picks up the red flag and runs after the truck (towards the police) crying out to the truck driver that he has lost his danger signal. The police notice Chaplin, with the mob coming up in back of him, waving a red flag and immediately (taking him for the leader) pounce upon him in a frenzy, billy clubs blazing away. The next scene we find Chaplin in jail accused of inciting to riot and other violations of the law.

We have here in this description a buffoon -- lovable, laughable and always human, dreaming of better things, (certainly no coddler of communists or other political theories, but only of people). EVO has consistently called the communists The Keystone Cops of American politics. And if they had not succeeded in May of 1917, we would also be calling them The Keystone Cops of Russian politics.

Dear Professor, we are happy you enjoy our paper but we would also ask of you to read a far deeper meaning into it. We do not want to stop the Vietnam war; we wish to stop all wars. Not just on moral grounds, that killing is in violation of the third commandment of the Bible, but because every small war today will lead to the inevitable total atomic devastation. Professor, we are coddlers of humanity.

And in continuing, may I ask "What democracy, what freedom, what constitutional rights?" Those guaranteed by the government or those guaranteed by the people of the United States? The Russian government kills with a dull and clumsy axe, while the Chinese government uses an oriental steamroller. The American government is more subtle and sophisticated. They telephone you in the middle of the night, program you with questions, electrify you with their suspicious and fearful nature and finally catalogue and file you away under toxic poisons -- keep out of reach of children.

If, as you say, Johnson has perpetrated a hoax upon the American people, then you must realize that we have two forms of government in the U.S. -- Johnson's and yours. If we believe in democracy, why do we support a military dictator in Vietnam who has said that his favorite hero is Adolphe Hitler? Who is coddling who?

In the last part of your letter, you ask EVO to fight against the loss of civil rights. We have never stopped doing this, but who would you wish us to put the cart before the horse? Would you want us to guarantee mankind the right to hold freedom in his hands when he might possibly lose both arms? When we end all wars we can look towards freedom without violating it with prejudice and mass annihilation.

Yours truly,  
 Don Katzman

To You Young Fools,

I am a patriotic American of 86 years and ANYONE WHO INSULTS MR. JOHNSON SHOULD BE HUNG!

Signed,  
 Nellie Shower  
 Long live America!

Dear EVO,

"In reality" the Story is this: L.J. and I did run into each other at the Village Theatre at the Ornete concert. The "Man, when are you going to pay me?" "Pay you for what?" dialogue was only the beginning of a longer, Beckettesque hassle which ended in LeRoi plus three versus me. The rest of the script went: "Man, I want everything in your wallet," "Are YOU crazy?"

"Look, man, I want everything in your wallet NOW!"

I told LeRoi if he felt he was entitled to the hundred for his play, I would make some kind of arrangements to pay him bit by bit, as EAST SIDE REVIEW didn't have \$100 in the bank at that point (and still doesn't, for that matter).

LeRoi said no, that wouldn't do, and he wanted what I had in my wallet right now. At that point, LeRoi and three of his friends escorted me, so to speak, into the lobby. The rest is known.

Item: Diane Wakoski-Sherbell, my wife, was in another part of the theatre when all this happened, talking to some friends of ours, the Abrams. Mr. Reed's allegation that my wife was "overheard" to say "LeRoi didn't take your wallet" is the same kind of Unconfirmed Report/Reliable Source journalism that one would hope EVO exists to counter. I imagine Mr. Reed wished such a statement to be made, but alas, it wasn't.

Allen Ginsberg did not, repeat, DID NOT raise bail for LeRoi. Bail was raised by LeRoi's friends. Neither Allen or I know who he/they were. It doesn't matter.

The paragraph about my "returning about fifty minutes later with five cops" particularly bugged me; that isn't my style at all, baby. I got "agitated" when, after the hassle with LeRoi in the lobby of the theatre was over, my wife and I returned to our car (the red sports job with the mustache) to go home and forget about it. As we were getting into the car, one of the two men who held my arms while LeRoi swung at me, hit me on the head with a stick and started swinging at my wife and I. I hit back and he ran. Back to the Village Theatre. Back to LeRoi's entourage. At that point I was "agitated." A police sergeant by that point had run into the theatre, Keystone Kops-like, found LeRoi hiding under a theatre seat, and busted him.

By August 9, I hadn't "changed my story." I told the court people that I was sure that LeRoi had thrown a couple of gratuitous punches, and that I now could not swear in court that he, specifically, had taken my wallet. It could possibly have been one of his two friends; four of us were struggling by that point.

To date, the wallet has not been returned, and I had to go through the changes of getting new Papers from the Brain Police. A friend of LeRoi's did return the small amount of bread that was in the wallet however.

As you accurately reported, I have no eyes to be part of a Bavarian Purge. Can't they leave him alone? Can't you leave me alone?

Very truly yours,  
 Shepard Sherbell

Dear EVO,

One thing about EVO stands out in sharp contrast. The Wheel and Deal page...every personal ad from a guy looking for a chick!

Harry G. Grant  
 Bronx, New York

GIVE US A HAND...

I enclose check/money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip # \_\_\_\_\_

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
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# Is This Your Last Christmas ?

It probably is if your leaders in the Pentagon keep using you to cover up their mistakes in Vietnam. WHAT ARE YOU TO THEM? A serial number, a body, a name on a roster? Weapons get more care and concern than you do. You are requisitioned by the batch and are interchangeable with a million others just like you. If an officer loses a weapon, he must make good the loss and write up reports, but if he loses you, no questions are asked. There is always someone else to take your place. McNamara's computers will send a telegram automatically to your family over your death.

ARE YOU A HERO OR A NUT? I confess that I was a nut, who thought he was a hero. Sure I fell for the lectures which told me I was indispensable to freedom, the bulwark of democracy, the hope of the free world, and all that other hypocrisy. The smooth talk really had me going gung-ho since the day I volunteered to go to Vietnam as an advisor to the mountain tribes. I worked my head off to prepare for my great adventure. What a dope I was!! After I was there and saw what our leadership was doing to the Vietnamese people and to others like me, I knew that I'd rally been had. But, I was luckier than most, I got away alive. I hope you are as lucky, but the odds are against you. If you're still in, you've got a lot coming to you, since the new "fair" policy is to let every new serviceman get a chance to see action in Vietnam. The regulars, of course, don't need THAT kind of training -- you can get killed -- and besides, their great experience and big brains are needed to decide where YOU should get it. When you get to Vietnam, you won't see any of them -- just other "heroes" like you. Although you might see them on your visits to Saigon, for they run the clubs and black market operations.

You probably saw the story recently of the U.S. Navy captain who called himself the "mayor of Saigon," had a Chinese girl friend who entertained him and his contacts, and had his own private cars, boats, and planes to carry on his black market deals. If you can swing that kind of assignment, don't read on, for my experience and advice are not for you. The rest of this is for you men who are going to become statistics, who are holding the bag, and who are on the sucker side of this "war."

What kind of welcome to expect in Vietnam: When you arrive, you will be told that your special skills are urgently needed up "where the action is." All of your officers will tell you how disappointed they are that they must stay back at the replacement depot, and how lucky you are to get such a good assignment. You'll probably be given a few days in Saigon before going up front. The "front" by the way begins on the outskirts of Saigon, sometimes in Saigon, too. Take plenty of cash, since your few days in Saigon will be a real drag if our gallant allies sense that they can't get you to pay generously for their welcoming efforts. You see, they're sacrificing their time (which is worth money), while we are only sacrificing your life. Watch out for ALL kinds of cars. Hit and run played on U.S. servicemen in Saigon is the favorite sport of the friendly natives. The Viet Cong uses hand grenades playfully tossed into high-priced restaurants (that covers all restaurants open to you). "Unfortunate accident" is a statistic you will probably make if you have one drink too many or get too friendly with our allies.



(Due to the retaliatory powers of the military -- entirely usurped and completely unconstitutional, since even a soldier is a citizen and has the right to think for himself -- I prefer to remain anonymous until I am out of their clutches.)

Signed,

A GI returned from Vietnam

Up front. Let's assume you survive Saigon, and get to your outfit in the boondocks. You probably will not see the VC often. They have been at their kind of game for twenty-five years and are real pros at defending their homeland. To them, you are just another mercenary, like the Japanese and French who got beaten by the VC. Their leader is Ho Chi Minh, a sharp old codger who has outfoxed all our big guns, big talk, big money, big public relations, and big brains. They trust him like you can't trust LBJ, unless you're a bigger fool than we all were. They hate our guts and after you see what we've done to their villages, you'll understand them better. Our action is: bribe them with food and medicine and if that doesn't work then turn on the heat, firefights, napalm, mortars, bombs, the works. Kids and women are hurt and killed, but our public relations men have a whole list of answers that cover anything we do, so you won't have to worry about it. With this kind of thing, both sides use direct methods of getting information. If captured, you should expect to be tortured with oriental skill to tell what you know. To be fair, you will be allowed and ordered to do the same thing to the VC and their families. I never learned to do it too well, but you may have talents in that direction and if you're good at it, you'll get promoted.

If you are unlucky enough to be stationed near ARVN (South Vietnamese Army) outfit, watch out! With friends like them, you won't need enemies. They put on their best stuff for visiting brass and congressmen, are good at parades and medal presentations, give helicopter tours, but don't like to fight the VC. After all, the VC furnish a great many of their

personnel. They really like best to fight the primitive Montagnards, whom I lived with, continually and who use bows and arrows. Guns against bows and arrows -- our gallant allies! The ARVN Vietnamese want to exterminate them much more than they want to defeat the VC. That's one project our allies really put their heart into.

You may be honored by a visit from the present head of South Vietnam, Marshal Ky, if you get back from the front far enough. He's the one who considers himself a sort of junior Batman and dresses the part. Don't miss his act. Marshal Ky, by the way, runs the country like Hitler ran Germany. Hitler was his hero. This is the valiant leader who needs your life and guts to support him -- and who gets it!

What are you fighting for? Honor and glory? Wait till you see South Vietnam before you make up your mind on that. I had to, and nobody went out there with higher ideals of duty, honor, country. Protection from aggression? Wait till you see the kind of peace-keeping we do. It's hard to get more aggressive and ruthless than we are there. Ideals of Democracy? See for yourself how we allow democracy to work for the Vietnamese. We have wrecked their country and act as though we are occupying a conquered country. The answer to what are you fighting for is that you are nothing more than a commodity we are using to buy time for the Washington politicians who got us into this mess -- in a war which violates every principle this country ever stood for.

Ask yourself, "Is this trip necessary?" -- especially when it may be your last.

An open letter to G.I.'s

Richard Jaccoma

# ART POLLUTION

By Lil Picard



By Ad Reinhardt © 1946 The Newspaper PM, Inc.

## Reinhardt shows the rescue of "Art"

Ad Reinhardt fought against Art Pollution for the last 30 years. He fights with words. Black letters and black paintings are the only weapons he uses. But they stir up the art world and he does a good job. When I called him on the phone a couple of days ago, he told me: "I'd like to do something against the war." "How will you do that?" I questioned. "I don't know yet. It's a difficult thing to do, the only thing one can do is march...but I am thinking...Paul Goodman writes of 'hopelessness and powerlessness...'"

Ad Reinhardt, who has a retrospective show in the Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Avenue, from now until January 15, 1967, is as he claims the least glamorous, least "bought," least museum-exhibited artist of the abstract expressionist generation. He was born in 1913 and started from the beginning of the movement to be known as the enfant terrible of the New York School. His talks and writings on Art are as well known as his so-called black paintings, which aren't black at all. Even the "black Square" adorning the cover of the excellent catalogue published by the Jewish Museum (76 pages and six color reproductions) has traces of "invisible" color. The sixth black color reproduction on page 29 is titled "Oil on canvas 1960 - 1966" and it measures 60 x 60 inches. If one really looks very carefully and for a long time, one can see the most reductive shades of dark colorations and a near "nothingness" trace of design. But one has to have patience to look and good will to see.

I met Ad Reinhardt at the end of the forties about 20 years ago at the Betty Parsons Gallery, 15 East 57th Street. He was painting "telegraphic wiggling" at that time, interlocking small abstract shapes and forms, covering 50 x 20 canvases in an all over design. The colors were muted and soft. In a later show around 1947 or 1949 his colors became bolder and the shapes brick-like rectangular. One art critic wrote in one of the leading newspapers: "They resembled colored designs on cans of wall paint." Which they did not. Critics mostly misunderstand artists and make wrong statements. Misunderstanding Ad Reinhardt is kind of a tradition in New York's Art-racket-market-game. Misinterpretations belong to his misfortune. But he survived it all because, as he says: "I make

a living by teaching. I have a teaching job, teaching for 20 years. Right now on Islamic Art in Hunter College and Chinese and Japanese Art and Painting in Brooklyn College.

Ad Reinhardt is a witty and wise man. He showed me a heavy stack of white onion skin typewriting paper on which he had written with his excellent calligraphic handwriting his "statements," witticisms, aphoristic, satirical, ironic and often wildly vitriolic thoughts on Art as Art. He has jotted down all the many names he was called during the last years. I quote a few: "a godless mystic, the prince of darkness, Ahab, the puritan conscience of the artist, Kierkegaard, Pascal, Savonarola, a Moslem, a Calvinist, a black monk, a Zen Buddhist, a Nothingness painter." He smiles and says: "Something I have never been called is: a howling success." Asking him which of the contemporary artists he admires and likes he names: "Albers, Rothko, Holty, Roland Cramton."

In 1948 I had the chance to visit Reinhardt's studio near Washington Square in a loft building above a felt hat factory. It was filled with stacked-up paintings, a tremendously large writing table, a couch, and a low bench which he used for his painting work. On the entrance wall I was struck by two photo reproductions of Art, a detail of the Isenheimer Altar Piece by Mathias Grunewald (1475-1528) and a reproduction of a Buddhist sculpture, a Kuan-yin. Asking him why he put such extremely opposed Art works up on his wall, he explained: "The German painter Mathias Grunewald represents for me the highest artistic achievement of Western Art and Culture, the Kuan-Yin the highest of Eastern Art and Culture." Both works are religious spiritual expressions of man.

In his choice Reinhardt decided to go the Eastern way. Evaluating today his development and his denial of bright color and expressionistic forms and decorations, I feel that he chose the "absolute denial." His works became with the years darker and darker, the shapes and forms more and more reduced until they took on the concentration of a "cross." Fewer and fewer brush marks resulted in a muted, dull, apparently all black surface which

changes by intense and patient observation into darkish browns, reds, blues and greens.

Ad Reinhardt is now interested in Islamic architectural decoration and Chinese painting. In his studio near 8th Street on Broadway he has again a writing desk and a low bench to paint on. In the middle of the long room stands a stepladder. On the wall over the desk is hanging now a small polychrome Duccio cross (Italian artist 1255-1319). Grouped around the cross are small works of his pupils and friends: a drawing by Murray Israel, who has a show at the Rose Fried Gallery, a yellow pear painting by Kulicke, a "Dog jumping over a white field" by Regina Dienes-Jensen, and two tiny Eastern sculptures, and a photo portrait of his daughter. The desk is crowded with papers, magazines and books.

As an outsider of the Art world he shocks with statements which by now are famous: "Art is always dead, and living Art is a deception." "The love of life is the kiss of death (in art)." "Apes and birds, I think, do a decorative, expressionist kind of art, but in no case abstract art, which is always rational." "I'm making the last painting which anyone can make." "Art is Art-as-Art and everything else is everything else. Art-as-Art is nothing but Art. Art is not what is not Art."

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# CON ED CREMATORIUM

By Steve Lichtgarden

On the gates of Auschwitz is engraved the sign "Arbeit Macht Frei" or "Work Makes Free" and over the sign still hangs the smoke produced by such freedom. In New York it's the same kind of smoke, heavy and brown, and it means the same thing. Death.

Where once the laurel, the lilac and the trout ran and mated in perfume and fingerlings, there is a gaunt, flayed land, its people watch in jobless wastage as the giant stripping-cranes tear the skin off the breasts of their hills, dig out the bones and barge them to New York.

They are burning West Virginia in Ravenswood, on East 13th Street, they are burning America.

Look in your hand, see the stone soap. It says 'Total living-Electrically' or 'Our men watch eighty feet of flame.' It should say 'Sieg-Heil.' Can't you hear the camp musicians? They are singing about the good care they take of the flames, the sonderkommandos for daddy dollar.

Yes, friend, get out of an hour's subway ride in the dark air and ask yourself where you are as you scurry off to work, to pay the power company. Yes, here the tubercular Negroes, crying spitting blood; yes, see the angel Puerto Rican baby, soot caked in her soft young eyes. No, you're not in hell. This is Auschwitz.

The pollution of the New York air is caused by combustion of soft coal; to get it the mountain country has been destroyed. Why does it continue? It makes money, lots of it. Con Edison would rather burn coal from the fields it owns, and choke us to death, than buy and burn gas which produces no smoke, just hot air and carbon dioxide. Power companies are entitled by the government to a return on their worth; in other words they charge you for what they OWN, not what they do. Coal and oil plants are the most expensive plants, so they pay the biggest return, so buy a respirator.

The following ways of generating current have one drawback:

**NO PROFIT: FUSION POWER** runs on water, it does without gas, oil or uranium. It is smokeless, and so cheap as to make power free. The government has been encouraged to stop work on it.

**NO PROFIT: TIDAL DAMMING** runs off the moon, is quite expensive to build, but provides cheap power. It is smokeless and can create a fishing industry.

**Nuclear power:** Besides electricity, this process generates deadly poisonous waste products, chiefly plutonium, a prime stuffing of the H-bomb. It is more poisonous than nerve gas, dissolves in the blood, and burns spontaneously in the air. It is deadly radio-active. They'll probably bury it in your jock-strap. Nuclear plants need lots of uranium, which is very expensive, but then you'll pay for it, won't you?

Indian Point Atomic Plant Unit No. 1 is now operating at Buchanan, New York, 24 miles north of New York City. Originally constructed to operate at 255 electric megawatts, this plant is now operating at 290 megawatts.

It attained criticality on August 2, 1962. In the period since, Indian Point Unit No. 1 has been shut down on several occasions for inspection, installations, repairs and refueling. These periods have ranged from days to several months. The plant was not in operation on the day of the blackout, November 9, 1965, having been closed for refueling.

Indian Point Atomic Plant Unit No. 2, proposed by Con-Edison, is to have a capacity of 873 electric megawatts, three times larger than the atomic plant now operating at his site.

Safety objections to Indian Point Unit No. 2 include:

(1) The Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards stated in June, 1965: "However con-



siderable further improvements in safety are required before large power reactors may be located on sites close to population centers." In view of New York's millions, how close is too close?

(2) Dr. Edward Teller, in an article "Energy from Oil and from the Nucleus," (Journal of Petroleum Technology, May, 1965) stated his belief that nuclear reactors do not belong on the surface of the earth, but should be built underground. He stated further that a nuclear reactor stores up more radioactivity after it has been operating for a while than that which is released by an atomic bomb. This radioactive poison could, in the event of an accident, be placed under a stable inversion and thus concentrated onto a few hundred square miles.

(3) New questions of safety have been raised since the Indian Point Atomic Plant No. 1 began operating. January 1966 Nucleonics reported that the Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards had recommended that sudden, catastrophic failure of pressure vessels -- formerly classified as an "incredible" accident be reclassified as "possible."

(4) Apart from the possibility of an accident, the November 1965 issue of Scientist and Citizen in an article "Environmental Contamination from Nuclear Reactors" pointed out a number of contamination problems from the normal operation of atomic plants. Copy of paper available on request.

Finally, there are other alternatives to meet New York's need for power, and solutions are available for most of the air-pollution problems created by conventional fossil-fuel plants.

An editorial in The New York Herald-Tribune of April 14, 1966, pointed out that utilities in Pennsylvania had made arrangements with Monsanto Chemical for equipment to keep poisonous sulphur dioxide out of the air, and even convert this into salable sulphuric acid. The editorial went on to ask why Con-Edison could not do the same in New York.

Dr. Glenn Seaborg, Chairman of the AEC, stated in June 1965 that estimates made by the AEC in 1957 for the consequences of a major accident, (maximums of 3,400 killed, 43,000 injured, \$7 billion property damage) "under some circumstances would be substantially more" in view of the much larger atomic plants now being built.

Since no technology is fool-proof, the construction of Indian Point Unit No. 2 -- so large and so close to New York's millions -- appears an unwarranted gamble with the lives, health, and property of millions of people.

Oil and coal don't like this source of power, but they're somewhat pacified by phony cost estimates, which make it 'economic' to use both kinds of generator. It's a good compromise, you'll be sterile AND choking.

Breathe deep:

continued from page 13

# RENAISSANCE OR DIE

By Allen Ginsberg



Because our governors and polis have to perceive the obvious I wish to make some political suggestions to this community; make them as Poet and claim powers of Prophecy as did the good grey bards before me in this country because one who looks in his heart and speaks frankly can claim to prophecy.

The present condition of life for American Person is one of deathly public solitude. We've built a technological Tower of Babel around ourselves and are literally (as in Gemini) reaching into heaven to escape the planet. New giant overpopulation depends on a vast metallic superstructure to feed and transport all the bodies here together. The stupendous machinery surrounding us conditions our "thoughts, feelings and apparent sensory impressions," and reinforces our mental slavery to the material universe we've invested in.

How can we Americans make our minds change theme? For unless the theme changes -- encrustation of the planet with machinery, inorganic metal smog, violent outrage and mass murder will take place. We witness these horrors already.

Abruptly then, I will make a first proposal -- on one level symbolic, but to be taken as literally as possible, it may shock some and delight others -- that everybody who hears my voice, directly or indirectly, try the chemical LSD at least once, every man woman and child American in good health over the age of 14 -- that, if necessary, we have a mass emotional nervous breakdown in these States once and for all, that we see bankers laughing in their revolving doors with strange staring eyes. May everybody in America turn on, whatever the transient law, because individual soul development (as once declared by a poet in jail in this city) is our law transcending the illusions of the political state.

Soul also transcends LSD, may I add, to reassure those like myself who would fear a chemical dictatorship. I propose, then, that everybody including the President and his and our vast hordes of generals, executives, judges and legislators of these States go to nature, find a kindly teacher or Indian peyote chief or guru guide, and assay their consciousness with LSD.

Then, I prophecy, we will all have seen some ray of glory or vastness beyond our conditioned social selves, beyond our government, beyond America even, that will unite us into a peaceable community.

The LSD I am proposing is literal. I hope it will be understood as not THE solution, but a typical and spiritually revolutionary catalyst, where many varieties of spiritual revolution are necessary to transcend specifically the political COLD WAR we are all involved in.

Anger and control of anger is our problem. Already we have enough insight into politics to be aware of one very simple thing: that we can judge all politics and all public speech and ideology by perceiving the measure of anger manifested therein. All present political parties propose violence to resolve our confusions, as in Vietnam. We might look for a third party, specifically named a Peace Party -- referring to individual subjective peaceableness (such as we have not seen in our populace or our leaders) as well as consequent public peaceableness, a party founded on psychology not ideology. We obviously need to feed China and India, not ignore, manipulate or threaten to destroy them.

What can the young do with themselves faced with this American version of the planet? The most sensitive and among the "best minds" do drop out. They wander over the body of the nation looking into the faces of their elders, they wear long Adamic hair and form Keris-

tan communities in the slums, they pilgrimage to Big Sur and live naked in forests seeking natural vision and meditation, they dwell in the Lower East Side as if it were an hermetic forest. And they assemble thousands together as they have done this year in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco or Thompkins Park in New York to manifest their peaceableness in demonstrations of Fantasy that transcend protest against -- or for -- the hostilities of Vietnam. Young men and women in speckled clothes, minstrel's garb, jester's robes, carrying balloons, signs 'President Johnson we are praying for you,' gathered chanting Hindu and Buddhist mantras to calm their fellow citizens who are otherwise entrapped in a planetary barroom brawl.

But there has been no recognition of this insight on the part of the fathers and teachers (Father Zossima's famous cry!) of these young. What's lacking in the great institutions of learning? The specific wisdom discipline that those young propose: search into inner space.

Children drop out of schools because there are no, or very few, Gurus. Those elders concerned with this practical problem might consider that there is an easy practical solution: the establishment within centers of learning of facilities for wisdom search which the ancients proposed as the true function of education in the first place; academies of self-awareness, classes in spiritual teaching, darsshan with holymen of disciplined mind-consciousness. One might well, in fact, employ the drop-out beatniks as instructors in this department, and thereby officially recognize and proclaim the social validity of exploration of inner space. Tibetan monks, swamis, yogins and yoginis, psychedelic guides. Amerindian peyote chiefs, even a few finished Zen Roshis and many profound poets are already present and available in our cities for such

## SANTA'S LITTLE GREEN DREAM MACHINE

By Bill Beckman

work though at present they battle immigration bureaucracies and scholarly heads of departments of Oriental Religion.

What I am proposing as policy, for us elders, for what community we have, is self-examination as Official Politics, an Official Politics of Control of Anger. With state propaganda reversed in that direction, church and university teaching and research in that direction, and requests to the government for vast sums of money equal to the outerspace program and consequent billboards on the highways "Control Your Anger -- Be Aware of Yourself."

There is a change of consciousness among the younger generations, in a direction always latent to Elder America, toward the most complete public frankness possible. As the Gloucester poet Charles Olson formulated it, "Private is public, and public is how we behave." This means revision of standards of public behavior to include indications of private manners heretofore excluded from public consciousness.

Thus, new social standards, more equivalent to private desire -- as there is increased sexual illumination, new social codes may be found acceptable to rid ourselves of fear of our own nakedness, rejection of our own bodies.

Likely an enlarged family unit will emerge for many citizens, possibly, as the Zen Buddhist anarchist anthropologist Gary Snyder observed, with matrilineal descent as courtesy to those dakinis whose sadhana or holy path is the sexual liberation and teaching of Dharma to many frightened males (including myself) at once. Children may be held in common, with the orgy an acceptable community sacrament, one that brings all people closer together. Certainly one might seduce the Birch Society to partake in naked orgy and the police with their wives together with Leroi Jones the brilliantly angry poet. America's political need is orgies in the parks, on Boston Common and in the Public Gardens with naked bacchantes in our national forests.

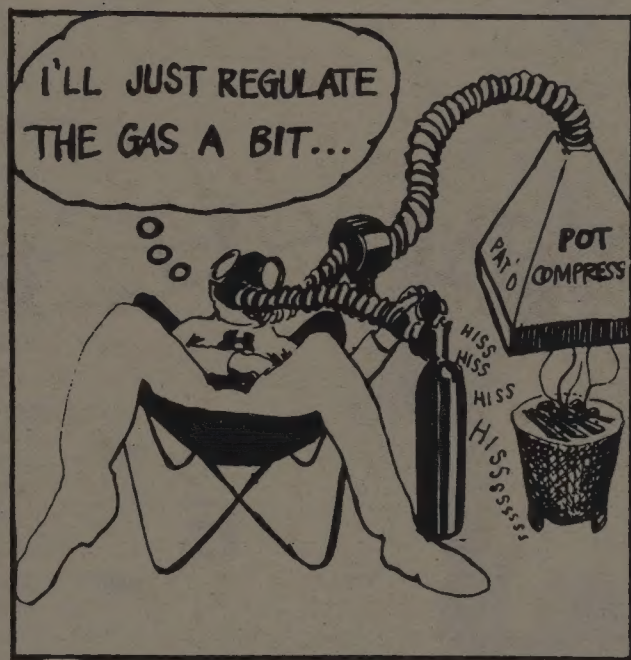
I am not proposing idealistic fancies, I am acknowledging what is already happening among the young in fact and fantasy and proposing official blessing for these breakthroughs of community spirit. Among the young we find a new breed of White Indians in California communing with illuminated desert redskins; we find our teenagers dancing Nigerian Yoruba dances and entering trance states to the electric vibration of the Beatles who have borrowed shamanism from African sources.

Ideas I have dwelled on are mixed. There is some prescription for public utopia through education in inner space. There is more prescription here for the individual, as always, the old command to free ourselves from social conditioning, laws and traditional mores.

And discover the Guru in our own hearts. And set forth within the New Wilderness of machine America to explore open spaces of consciousness in Self and fellow Selves. If there be the necessary revolution in America it will come that way. It's up to us older hairs who still have relation with some of the joy of youth to encourage this revolutionary individual search.

But how can peaceful psychological politics succeed when \$50 billion a year is spent to busy participation in armed conflict? "Vietnam War Brings Prosperity" -- headline Lincoln Nebraska Star, February 1966. Certainly the awareness itself of this condition will help some of us, as did Ike's warning against the military-industrial complex running the mind of the nation.

As a side note, there ARE specific methods for combatting the mental dic-



tatorship over "thoughts feelings and apparent sensory impressions" imposed on us by military-industrial control of language and imagery in public media. W.S. Burroughs has provided a whole armamentarium of counter-brainwash techniques: cut-up of newspapers and ads, collage of political and entertainment news to reveal the secret intention of the Senders, observation of TV imagery with sound off and simultaneous apperception of noises on the radio or street. These methods are effective in jolting the soft machine of the brain out of its conditioned hypnosis.

Cutting out, or dropping out, of the culture will not lead to a chaos of individuality. What it will mean, for the young, is training in meditation and art (and perhaps neolithic lore), and responsibility of a new order, to the community of the heart, not to our heart-less society wherein we have read the headline in the Omaha World Herald: "Rusk Says Toughness Essential For Peace."

The "oversoul" to be discovered is a pragmatic reality. We can all tell signs of an illuminated man in business or the church -- one who is open-hearted, non-judging, empathetic, compassionate to the rejected and condemned. The tolerant one, the Observer, the Aware. And we see that these should influence action.

Finally, detachment comes naturally: we all know the war is camp, hate is camp, murder is camp, even love is camp, the universe is a grand camp according to Chuang Tzu and the Prajnaparamita Sutra. This detachment is salvation. We have an international youth society of solitary children -- stilyagi, provo, beat, mofada, nadaista, energumeno, mod and rocker -- all aghast at the space age horror world they are born to and are now questioning the nature of the universe itself as is proper in the space age.

There are many contradictions here, especially between proposed communal sex orgy and contemplative choiceless awareness (as the sage Krishnamurti articulated it this fall in New York). Whitman noticed that too, "Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself." A dialogue between these contradictions is a good healthy way of life, one correcting the other. Indulgence in sexuality and sensational ecstasy may well lead to contemplative awareness of desire and cessation of desire.

"I know although when looks meet I tremble to the bone,

The more I leave the door unlatched The sooner love is gone."

What satisfaction is now possible for the young? Only the satisfaction of their Desire: love, the body, and orgy -- the satisfaction of a peaceful natural com-

The pot smoke compressor machine I dreamed up in Captain High is now a reality! CHUCK SCOTT, genius pipe maker and owner/operator of the famous PSY-CHEDELICATESSEN has done it! The "INSANITIZER," Chuck calls it, is a machine that smokes automatically. Electrically operated it forces a continuous stream of water bubbled smoke through a long black flexible tube. The operator switches on the machine, lights the pipe, which swiftly and steadily burns completely. Then, to turn himself on, the operator inhales the smoke expelled through the black "applicator" tube. Slowly inhaling completely the flexible "applicator" is quickly passed on. Even after the pipe load has consumed itself a cool steady carburated smoke flows out.

An old dentist's vacuum pump given to Scott by a friend stimulated this imaginative creation. FURTHER PLANS include a modified double vent LAUGHING GAS AND CANNABIS BLOWER! as an accessory aTURNative. It is a combination turn on that Captain High personally recommends. With its 81st century styling the INSANITIZER certainly deserves its place along industry's row of new nasographs and Titan C-3's.

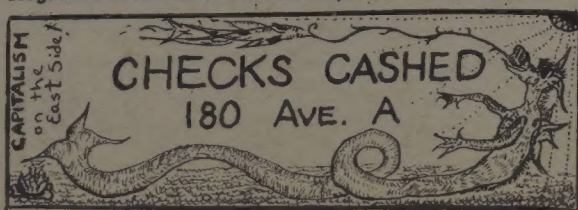


munity where they can circulate and explore persons, cities and the nature of the planet -- the satisfaction of encouraged self-awareness, and the satiety and cessation of desire, anger, grasping and craving.

Respect for the old? Yea when the old are tranquil and not nervous, and respect the sport of the young. Holymen do inspire respect. One conservative Vaishnavite Swami Bhaktivedanta moved into the Lower East Side this year and immediately dozens of young LSD freak-outs flocked to sing the Harekrishna Mahamantra with him -- chant for the preservation of the planet.

But a nation of elders convinced that spiritual search is immaturity and that national war and metallic communication is maturity, cannot ask for respect from the young. For the present conduct of the elders in America is a reflection of lack of Self-respect.

Public Solitude: Address delivered at Arlington Street Church, Boston, November 12, 1966 on occasion of Unitarian-Universalist Laymen's League Center for Research and Development -- First Convocation



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# Bibleland



as read at  
**THE GASLIGHT CAFE**  
 116 MacDougal Street  
 New York City

I will tell you of the dream of the kalaidoscope of plastic religion of the carnival midway to possible salvation announced by the voice . . .  
 The Voice The All Voice The Everysoothingfirmvoice crooning in my ear . . . babbling in breathless excitement of

**Bibleland Bibleland**  
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 Lunch in the holynaturegreen Garden of Gethsemane Picnic Grove . . .  
 Marble water fountains! Shady Meditation Thickets! Twelve-seat benches!  
 Patrolled by earless paper-picking Roman Centurions and Vendors in Phalanx!  
 The entire park will be staffed with professional actors in rags and makeup who may be cured or restored to life free of charge!  
 For a treasured momento of your day at Bibleland, photographic booths will be available enabling you to take home a colorful picture of you and the Mrs. walking on the water, on a camel following the star or seated at The Last Supper!!!  
 Try your skill on the slot machines . . . Three Crowns of Thorns the jackpot combination paying thirty pieces of silver!

### Hundreds of Souvenirs!

- Pontius Pilate Bubblebath Soap Bars
- Father Forgive Them Buttons
- Satin Throw Pillows (embroidered with your choice of uplifting religious mottos)
- Loaves and Fishes Magic Kits
- Cock-crowing Cigarette Lighters
- Good Samaritan Certificates
- "We Saw Bibleland" (luminous placards for your automobile)
- The Lord's Prayer — Kaddish — OR — The Sermon on the Mount (engraved on a penny)
- Christface Emblazoned Bandannas (with your own name underneath)

Refreshment booths will be located throughout the park serving

**Unleavened bread • Manacandyfloss • Grape Soda • Hamburgers • Seafood**

There will be no tipping allowed!

Tickets will be on sale daily for stadium dramatizations of:

- **Cain Slaying Abell**
- **Joseph Being Cast Into A Real Pit by His Brothers!**
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- **Muscle Beach Gladiators Versus Christians in Authentic Re-creations of the Roman Games!**



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The Tower of Babel Funhouse and Hall of Mirrors!
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- Christ's Tomb in full-size replica with a rock even a child can roll away for a dime!
- The daily Grand Parade of Elders Pharisees Scribes Dervishes Prophets Apostles & Saints!
- Intricate electrical systems cast impressive shadows on the sky in Cycloramic Panoramic Colordynamic Sensovisual Holy Mysteriousness!!!
- Paul of Tarsus knocked off his donkey dumbstruck by the wrath of God!
- The fabulous Oddity Menagerie which will feature such inspirational educational and truly amazing exhibitions as The Stigmata Lady (YES. SHE IS REAL) gripped by the terrible throes of her divine physical agonies!
- The actual Weeping Madonna Portrait of Clam Point, L. I., which is guaranteed to shed tears at least once during each performance or your price of admission will be cheerfully refunded!  
(Beautiful reproductions will be available in 8x10 glossy prints, handsome postal card form and handy wallet-size photos sealed in a protective coating of plastic.)
- The world premiere at the "Lowe's Bibleland" of the motion picture "Tarzan of the Jungle Meets Jehovah Desert God of Vengeance" in Astoundscope 657. Realsmellamazo. Orthototo and Dynafeel!

You'll thrill as The Arc Angel Lucifer is cast from a Cloud Tower above the audience straight down into a flaming six-foot-in-diameter Hell Hole (and he screams all the way down)!!!

You'll gasp as the last surviving High Priests of Baal perform their heathen rites before your very eyes!

You'll cheer as forty temple virgins dance to the Song of Ruth, an elaborate production number choreographed at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios in the heart of the entertainment capital of the world!

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- Climb aboard the Mt. Sinai Rocket Ride and pass through the burning bush!
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- Bumpercar through the Stations of the Cross!!!

### Enjoy Hundreds of Exciting Displays and Games of Skill!!!

- Break the tablets and win a Golden Calf!
- Knock down the Walls of Jericho!
- Cast the first stone booths!
- Pull the secret string and hang Judas!
- Pick the reed basket that contains the lucky Moses Doll!
- Walk through the Whale and talk to Jonah!
- Visit the Bibleland Wax Museum and see the Seven Plagues of Egypt exhibit, The Slaughter of The Innocents Display, Salome holding John The Baptist's head, and many many more amazing religious tableaux and personalities!
- Every morning . . . at Lazarus Hall . . . Hear an exciting arrangement of The Jazz Mass! Performed by the talented "Bibleland Angels of God Heavenly Chorus and Orchestra."

WALK DOWN THE BIG GOLD STREET and right into a six square acre inter-racial simulated Heaven where martyr dummies will be chariot dragged around the Throne of God Mystery Dome every fifteen minutes!

Sandals, Robes and Coats of Many Colors will be supplied free of charge at the Gate.

For overwhelmed visitors and penitents there will be ACTUAL priests, ministers and rabbis in attendance!

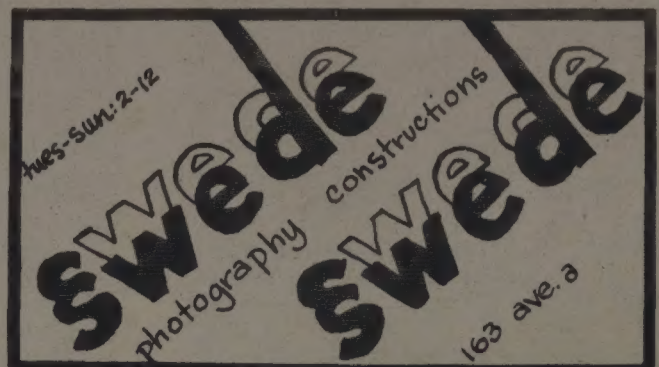
### Daily contests for the kiddies . . . FIND THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS!

At the end of each day the lucky ticket stub holder will receive a set of miniature stone tablets on which his name and the date will be inscribed by the same finger (YES, THE SAME FINGER) that thrilled millions in "The Ten Commandments."

## BIBLELAND BIBLELAND BIBLELAND

And then . . . my dream changing . . . shifting . . . full of horns and sadness . . . and I tried to wake . . . to wake . . . but slept and dreamt again.  
 And as Miss Rhinegold stepped forward from a group of dignitaries and cut the tape opening the golden gates of Bibleland . . .  
 I heard ONE FINAL terrible cry from tabernacles of the world, as high on the altars the cross folded its arms . . . and fell.

© 1960 by John Brent





By "Uncle John" P.

Posters can be obtained from Ed Roth, 4620 Slavson, Maywood, Calif. 630-6D.

Ed (Big Daddy) Roth, Boss Iconographer of the California Hot-Rod-Motorcycle-Mystique" told us that from now on, the Motorcycle thing is going to be IN. There is an evangelical fervor lurking somewhere inside his prosperous exterior which wears a fine red blazer and a neat "businessman's suavity." He could be showing you to a table at a pretentious bourgeois trap like The Steak Joint instead of dispensing, as he does, a wild assortment of Hells Angels Outlaw artifacts at his booth at the recent Hot Rod Show at the Colosseum.

Ed Roth is another culture hero as is obvious when you see how many kids crowd around for autographs. He's the guy who draws all them "Wierdos." They're everywhere, you know, gibbering mutants astride accurately drawn Harley choppers, drooling stone-skulled ghouls out of Basil Wolverton, burning asphalt in accurately drawn "rods." This is the horde of bestial furies that swarms all over for the greater glory of Roth, appearing on sweat shirts, on calcomanies and even in the round as plastic kits. Roth comes gracefully by all this, as at one time he was the premier designer of far out First-In-Show Hot Rods. Baroque frenzies in psychedelic colors assembled out of '27 Model T Fords, '60 Cadillac engines and a Toro Lawnmower with the flush-handle from an Eljer urinal thrown in. These rods were so HOT that Roth, purportedly, has never driven one.

The Internal-Combustion-Death-Wish Gospel according to Roth has been spread through all kinds of media, including comic books and a MAD-Magazine-type magazine. But the rod and wierdo scene have lost their first wild frenzy, and Roth has had to look elsewhere for self-realization. It would seem that he did "lift his eyes unto the hills" whence he did see a rising smudgy cloud of exhaust smoke betokening the presence of Angels on a Run. Just when this Epiphany occurred, it would be impossible to say, but Roth came, saw and knelt. As if it had to be proved all over again, John Milton WAS unconsciously right in preferring Lucifer to God and this is how Roth came to see the Truth in the raunchy,

sweaty, piss-soaked embodiment of the Hells Angels Motorcycle Grass-Rooted-Exalted-Gang-Bang.

Big Daddy, whose creative ambience must be rather similar to that required for the proper gestation of succulent mushrooms, was quick to perceive the longing within every chicken shaped breast in America for the need to swing chromium bike chains, ball broads instanter and move through a world that would turn away with horror and disgust because "Man, we're just here!" Roth is selling chromium Wehrmacht helmets in light weight plastic (one size only). Fit is not important, just so long as that thing sits on top of your head, it'll make the people feel bad. All kinds of Iron Cross variations and Nazi Party badges are offered. We didn't enquire, but it is a logical assumption that swastikas are available on an under-the-counter basis. All this, however, is obvious commercialism and touches not the spirit.

Roth's missionary spirit on behalf of the Hells Angels are best revealed in a series of, let's face it, religious paintings which he commissioned from a Chicago artist. In the series of six full color reproductions on glossy paper, the essence of the Hells Angels gestalt is shown with all of the turned-on religious intensity of a Hieronymus Bosch. The rats are there in the foreground, bearing witness. The chicks are there, chained to a post, or just waiting to be balled, submissive, available. And the Angels. Larger, dirtier, raunchier than in real life. In the paintings, many wear nose rings, and they are all mounted on dream choppers with exfoliations of chrome such as they'd never quite be able to afford on an everyday budget. They roar through the paintings, with all the dedication of a band of Counter-Reformation Jesuits, offering by their example, a way of life. In one painting, the Devil spreads benevolent red arms with sweaty armpits over a Hells Angels World. Gee, but it's great to be DAMNED!

Obviously, this is the road to Damascus, and we're in on the beginning of a new cult with delicious overtones of Diabolism, Black Mass and Kali worship. It is only fitting to offer would be initiates into

this religion, some devotional exercises, prayers, hymns and meditations designed to enhance what has come to be the essential spirituality of the Hells Angels Way. So unzip, everybody, and go down on your knees as we say reverently:

HARLEY GREASE ME  
HARLEY GREASE ME  
GREASE ME  
GREASE ME  
HARLEY  
HARLEY  
FUCK THE YAMAHA  
FUCK THE YAMAHA  
YAMAHA YAMAHA  
HARLEY HARLEY

Bless us, Oh Hog  
And this my quiff  
Which, 'ere I mount it,  
My tongue shall cleave!

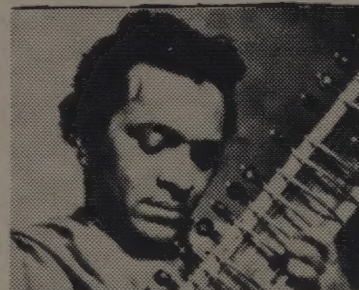
I believe in Hog, the Chopper Almighty,  
Groover of heaven and earth,  
And in Sonny Barger, it's mis-begotten son,  
Our Stud, flashed by Holy Spirits,  
Horny for the Vagina Hairy,  
Suffered under the Pompous Fuzz,  
Was busted, Zapped out and in turd.  
He haired out and the third day  
He hit the Freeway again and  
Mounted to the high revs where he  
Straddleth the Fat Harley at the  
Right hand of Roth, whence he  
shall come. Period.  
I believe in the Harley Most,  
The whole evil one percent,  
The communion of studs  
And suck everlasting.

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# The Anti-Hospital

By David Cooper



Schizophrenics occupy about two thirds of the beds in most mental hospitals and mental hospitals are nearly half the total hospital beds in the country. In most European countries about 1 per cent of the population go to hospitals at least once in their lifetime with the diagnosis schizophrenia and the Swiss psychiatrist E. Bleuler estimated that for every one schizophrenic in a hospital there are about ten "at large" in the community. If one takes note of recent research into the familial origin of schizophrenia (see *Sanity, Madness and the Family* by R. D. Laing and A. Esterson, Tavistock Publications, 1964) and its conclusion, that schizophrenia is not a disease in one person but rather a crazy way in which whole families function, then one realises the massive social problem presented by this disease or perhaps pseudo-disease. For the emerging view is that acute schizophrenia is not a disease process with as yet undetermined somatic or psychological causes, but rather that it is a microsocial crisis situation in which one member of a group, usually a family group, is elected by a process which is often violent and arbitrary to become the patient.

The implication for the psychiatric ward is that we must understand very clearly the nature of this sort of violence. We must understand how the patient-to-be becomes mystified by others and then progressively invalidated as an autonomous person. The invalidation must not be continued in the ward and staff must begin to refuse to enter into the traditional covert collusion with the patient's family. In the past this collusion has often meant that staff become implicated in a progressive violence that is perpetrated, in the name of treatment, against the labelled patient.

If the conventional psychiatric ward and hospital are in many ways opposite to those indicated by the nature of the schizophrenia problem, why not explore this contradiction by setting up in the

heart of a mental hospital an experimental unit which ideologically would be in some sense an anti-hospital? It was agreed that we should do this at our hospital -- a large mental hospital of 2,300 patients just northwest of London.

After a year during which staff were selected and emotionally prepared, we commenced the unit in January 1962 with 19 male patients in what, until that time, had been the insulin coma ward. About two thirds of the patients had been diagnosed as schizophrenic and they were adolescent or young adult men. In the second year the unit expanded into a 30 bed ward. Both wards were close to the geographical center of the hospital.

We had one central conviction, founded on repeated unhappy experiences in conventional psychiatric admission wards, that before we have any chance of understanding what goes on in the patients the staff have to have at least some elementary awareness about what goes on in themselves. We therefore aimed to explore in our day to day work the whole range of preconceptions, prejudices and fantasies that staff have about each other and about the patients.

This is undoubtedly a major task. The psychiatric institution throughout its history has found it necessary to defend itself against the madness which it is supposed to contain -- disturbance, disintegration, violence, contamination. The staff defences, insofar as they are erected against illusory rather than real dangers, may be collectively termed institutional irrationality. What, then, is the reality of madness in the mental hospital and what is illusion? What are the defining limits of institutional irrationality?

It has long been recognized that a great deal of violent behavior in mental patients is a direct reaction to physical restraint. If any member of the public were to be seized by several burly men and thrust into a straightjacket for reasons which were obscure to him, and if his attempts to find an explanation were without avail,

his natural reaction would be to struggle. We are no longer in the era of straight-jackets and padded rooms are on the way out, but it is not so long ago that the writer saw a patient, kicking and screaming in a straightjacket, carried by several policemen into the observation ward: one had only to dismiss the policemen and remove the straightjacket to end the patient's violent reactions.

Today psychiatrists resort to "chemical restraint" -- sedatives and tranquillisers -- and to electroshock and bedrest. The effect of these less drastic measures, however, is much the same if they are used, as they often are, without any reasonable explanation. The expectation set up when a patient is given a large dose of tranquilliser is that there is danger in him which must be controlled. Patients who are very sensitive to such expectations often oblige by providing the violence -- at least until they are subdued by a larger dose of the same "treatment." This is not to say that disturbed patients should not be given tranquillisers but simply that there should be clarity in the mind of the doctor and of the patient about what is being done.

There rarely is. The meaning of this situation is only too often lost in the quasi-medical mystique of "illness" and "treatment." Why should one not, for instance, tell the patient: "I'm giving you this stuff called Largactil to quieten you down a bit so that we can get on with the rest of our job without feeling too anxious about what you are going to get up to next!"

One of the commonest staff fantasies in mental hospitals is that if patients are not coerced verbally or physically into getting out of bed at a certain hour in the morning they will stay in bed until they rot away. Behind this is staff anxiety over non-conformism with the time regulation and general control in their own lives. The patient is that frightening aspect of themselves that sometimes does not want to get out of bed in the morning and come to work. It is obviously true that if they succumbed to this temptation they would lose their jobs. It is also true that young schizophrenic patients will eventually leave hospitals and take jobs which they will have to attend punctually. But all this ignores the life historical significance of the "staying in bed problem." In the past the patient has probably depended entirely on his mother to get him up in the morning. Shortly prior to his admission he has often rebelled against this enforced dependence by what, for various reasons, is the only course available to him, namely staying in bed despite his mother's efforts to get him up. This "withdrawal" is often one of the "presenting symptoms" of schizophrenia.

In the hospital one can repeat the family pattern, that is to say gratify the patient's dependent needs by getting him up; this is really getting up FOR HIM. Or one can take the "risk" of leaving the decision to him in the hope that he will one day GET UP HIMSELF. In fact, after many heated discussions of this issue in the unit and a great deal of policy difference between the nursing shifts it was found that if the usual vigorous rousing procedures were abandoned and patients left to get up themselves they invariably did rise, even if in some cases they would spend most of the day in bed for several weeks. No one rotted away after all and the gain in personal autonomy seemed worthwhile.

We had begun to question the ancient

# POTTERS COSMOLOGY



By Jean Vogrin

In the poetry of Basho, Issa, Tao Yuan-Ming, Roethke, Gary Snyder, and others; in early New England cottages, the igloo, teepees, and prefabs; in the furniture of the Shakers, a few carpenters and orange crates; in the feeling of a Zen cook for one grain of rice -- there is an austerity that can recognize nature. Early American handcrafts had to be well made. If you look through collections of old hooked rugs, lamps, tools, or any kind of handcrafted objects, it seems that people who knew very little about architecture or fashion, isolated from sophistication, refined materials, and equipment. They had little else than their own needs and feelings and whatever materials they had around them in nature to rely on. They were almost incapable of making anything that was not deeply satisfying.

History is not so simple. There is freedom where nature is rich...where there is space, few laws, institutions, or monuments...and traditions are on the other side of an ocean. Freedom to make many wonderful things no one would have dared to do if the experts and connoisseurs were around. But also other kinds of freedoms: to destroy forests, kill off hundreds of thousands of birds and other creatures, destroy the way of life of hundreds of Indian tribes, kill off some of these tribes completely, import people from other lands to work in slavery or near slavery generation after generation and then look down on them for their lack of possessions, to cover the continent with hundreds of square miles of asphalt and cement, buy up property to sell at a profit, in fact convert people, nature, earth, everything good and valuable into possessions to be converted into wealth and finally money.

Sometimes you have to laugh right through your loneliness to dig up one more pot out of your bones and belly, one more tartar-stained tooth of a pot. When we watch the birds, look at the wild growing things, read about the people in tent cities,

the peace marchers, the sit-ins, teach-ins, listen to some of the kids talk about love, it all seems to fit in. But other people come in trying to make a connection through their need for constant noise, diversion, entertainment, recreation, the shop-and-tell existence, wanting it all with a shiney surface, sterile, sterilizable, sweet, pretty, clean, or they want it rough-textured, different, amusing, exciting, interesting. They come with a feeling for something more gentle, or with their children to see the potter for "show-and-tell" -- and the children run out shouting "I could do that." The grocer's wife stands quietly with her daughter watching a pot being made, she hopes her daughter will be an artist. A woman representing the woman's auxiliary of a seaside retirement, second-home community which recently replaced five square miles of wildlife says, "These people are lonely. They go on tours almost every week. Their children have moved out. They no longer need their old homes. They have too many possessions that can't fit into their new houses. Their children don't want their old things, they buy their own antiques and get more than enough for a lifetime at their weddings."

Man has tried to take the power of nature for himself, but the power that belongs to the flowing universe, to nature, man and substance united, destroys us. We have separated ourselves not only from nature but from each other. And the more we fear the loneliness of separation the more we join separate groups, separate ideas, to protect ourselves in human comfort. The aloneness of our inner being, our living spirit, wants to break through and again be part of everything. But everything includes people -- people who are taught to love and compete, to be fair and giving unless it is business, and then fairness is abstract and controlled by a price list. Oh it's not so easy. Too many

don't even get to where they can choose.

Craftsmen are coming out of art schools, colleges and universities, community centers and storefronts. It is getting to be a problem. It was thought you could organize competitions to single out the leaders. But for each competition there are growing thousands of entries and no one knows who the leader is or what among 3,000 good pots is important. The American Craftmen's Council is unable to keep us in the economic competitive system of our society. Free spirit is beyond economics and beyond comparison. Attempts have been made to encourage craftsmen to design for industry more "craftlike" machine products or to go into mass-producing handmade factories reminiscent of the Middle Ages; or on the other hand to sell individually-made pieces as the ultimate accessories in interior decoration, as works of "art," unusual in sensitivity, passion, or feeling. Everything is failing.

Craftsmen who feel their own free spirit don't want to lose it by teaching students to imitate or not to. The student needs materials, tools, and techniques that bring out his own freedom. Who can judge when a student needs a technique or doesn't, or when the technique will overwhelm the spirit or when the spirit needs to create a new technique so that it can shape some unknown form? This can only be felt out by sensitive aware people in an atmosphere of freedom and cooperation -- where the student is no less important than the teacher, the administrator, the economic system or any other student.

And what about designing for industry? Who wants a machine-made handcrafted-like piece of material when the kids want to go and learn handloom? Who wants or needs Danish modern or imitation colonial furniture and all the other pseudo-craft work of molds and machinery? People can be persuaded in this system to buy almost anything, but the question is

# SLUMGODDESS

Dorothy Fielding



John Filler/Photo

## POTTERS WHEEL

continued from page 11

who NEEDS it and what does it satisfy? It is impossible for any person sensitive to his own form and the forms of nature to be satisfied by machine-made imitation of nature or natural work. In fact it is necessary to constantly stimulate superficiality in order to sell this stuff. What it does satisfy is a system that considers money, not man and nature. A system ultimately leading to the destruction of life, feeling, and matter on this earth in order to create more money. The great wonder of the machine is its ability to unite the cooperative energies of man and nature into a simple power doing repetitive work, repeating out the classic needs of man, conserving the environment of wildlife and the use of natural resources. This use of the machine as a link between man and nature cannot be worked out easily. Now most of the things we "think" we need are relatively useless or wasteful. But many of us living on low incomes in order to have some spiritual freedom can begin to figure out what we need and don't need.

There seems nothing wrong with feeling anything, but how do you feel secure if your feelings are closed up against insecurity? It is important to know, not only feel, how powerful we are with all our machines, bombs and systems. And how much power can we feel, and for how long, and what about all the other feelings? Democracy is based on the admission that one person cannot feel sufficiently to rule a country. What about factories, power companies, cars and form letters? Here is the stronghold of democracy where every newspaper and movie is on the mental and emotional level of a four-year-old and every law is comprehensible only to a person who has a doctorate degree in that particular law.

The kind of expansion we are offered in this country is to turn homemade pastry into Mrs. Wagner's Pies or to paint "My Four Sons" on the back end of a motor boat. Power, segregated power, is an evil. Here people die alone or die of loneliness because there is no community. That's rotten. I don't care how you look at it. The only kind of power that isn't evil is the strength that the whole people have together instead of one or one-and-sundry dominated others. Cooperation means leaving a lot private and alone. This includes people working with each other and people working with nature. It is useful.

People who can't cope with their aloneness, with their own inner freedom, can't cooperate very well. But this is often a disease of no community and the corrupt use of power to begin with. It is a disgusting "business" when so many people want to love, feel, work, help, and be helped end up in mental hospitals and psychiatrists' offices and are given tricks and drugs to hang on to and are supposed to find the trouble in themselves or their parents as some sort of split off snowflakes having nothing to do with the general storm. And why do so many of us see our bodies and our days as something to program like a machine instead of going into the inner and outer rhythms of nature? Living and seeing things as part of wholeness is the only thing that makes sense and it is very important that we make sense in our being and action.

Community is strength. Community is whole people and whole nature. A person of any wholeness understands that understanding goes a lot farther and then you have to leave things alone: people to work on their own images and feel what they can't describe--nature, some of it ploughed, some of it gardens, some of it wild--because understanding only goes so far. People of any wholeness are weak and need to help and be helped. Strong people are those who suppress their gentleness to hang onto power--intellectual power, machine power, money power, religious power, chemical power. Here in this country, we are not only destroying ourselves with human segregation, but with the segregated use of bulldozers, automobiles, money, science, and political power. Community ultimately has no space or time boundaries but is based on needs and on providing for them to the best of our ability. Our ability as a group of human beings depends on our understanding--a profound understanding of psychology, ecology, nutrition, health. Community work is based on this understanding. But what is called work these days might as well be called organized destruction, when even our agriculture is not based on a genuine understanding of needs. There are millions of jobs in the country but almost no work being done and consequently no community. But anyone who begins to do genuine work begins a community between himself, as man, and nature. With the machine there is time for both inner and outer rhythms.



The Potter's Wheel Cosmology appears in issue #1 of GOOD SOUP/ a magazine of "consciousness, anarchism, community, ecology, cybernation and revolution"/ it is cooperatively produced by the new york federation of anarchists/ we have 2,000 copies which we would like to send to those people who share our visions and our nightmares; those "who hunger for a transformation within and a new world"/ send a contribution: love artifact, mutual aid, postage and/or \$bread/ c/o Torch 641 E. 9th St. NYC

# POLLUTION

continued from page 5

Sulfur dioxide -- lung failure, debility, early death  
 Sulfur trioxide -- lung failure, early death, asthma, emphysema  
 Carbon monoxide -- retardation, death  
 Carbon dioxide -- global weather disturbances. This gas regulates the temperature of the atmosphere. Scientific American warned that if the carbon dioxide were to increase there was a danger that the whole earth's temperature would rise. The result would be partial melting of the ice-caps and (for example) New York under water.  
 Soots, benzpyrene -- cancer of the lungs, depressions  
 Fly ash -- silicosis

This very same coal and oil are used to make every kind of plastic and rubber, dye and flavoring, drug and chemical, cloth and flavoring, that make our life. You can't make 'em out of smog. Methods of eliminating noxious fumes and wastes have been known and used in Britain since 1890.

That smoke you see hanging over the city, the camp, Poland 1945, New York 1966; that's you they're burning.

## Amsterdam: China Of Europe

By Simon Vinkenoog

Since this week -- November 1966 -- a neon sign appeared reading SIGMA CENTRUM outside a building offered graciously to SIGMA ASSOCIATES for a one-year lease and a city-subsidy of 30,000 guilders (a little bit less than 10,000 dollars.) Sigma Stichting (a foundation with a ten-man board) is also aided by private funds and a government subsidy of 15,000 guilders, of the Ministry of Culture, Recreation and Social Work.

For the 80-year old building a reconstruction plan was made ten years ago, but the city never put the 2,000,000 guilder-involving program before the council, for no one ever thought of an all-out inclusive and most effective idea before Sigma filled in ideas this year: an imaginative, maximum situationist insight and optimally efficient. Planned among other things for an early start are: a writer's workshop, a 500-seat theatre (also for musical and other events, including beat-balls), a bar annex, restaurant service, a 100-seat 16mm cinema house and a few more 60-100 seat rooms for forums, panels, and discussions or workshops. Housed in the university quarter of Amsterdam -- 15,000 students in a city of 800,000, of which half are under 35 -- the Center will fulfill the needs of all those concerned with keeping informed about the cultural and psychic revolutions, velvet, white and off-color.

Sigma collaborators (on the Board composer Peter Schat, authors Ewald Vanvugt and myself, stage producer Wilbert Bank, Jan Kassies, director Amsterdam Drama School, Pieter Brattinga, formerly of Pratt Institute, New York, Louis Gans, art consultant, Adriaan Vanderstaay, sociologist, Nic Snijders, treasurer, and as director of the center Olivier Boelen) are in open circuits and won't allow any discrimination policies in the ultimate functioning of this free operation.

Some of the audience at opening night were shocked by the Living Theatre's rendering of Jean Genet's *The Maids*. Julien Beck, Jim Tiroff and Bill Shary put as much of Genet's harsh unmasking in their characterizations as the tumultuous audience -- birds of many different feathers -- would allow them.

De Volkskrant's theatre critic the morning after: "In spite of all the happenings around it was yet possible to admire rather regularly the thrilling acting of Claire and Solange who exercised their almost ritual exhibitionism with the finest nuances. They gave a sometimes brilliant performance, they recalled another hell of hate-love, self-flagellation and sadism, a heart-tearing world of anguish and irony. Maybe the English language with its expressions of language and sound caused this, but these Maids escaped ostensibly the danger of symbolism spelled by Genet. They played pure theatre. But it would have been better yet if the audience too had been willing to play along."

This performance marked the first of a series of performances in the Netherlands, during the group's six-weeks stay here, of four plays on their repertoire. With *The Maids* they play *The Brig* (by Kenneth Brown) and the collective creations *Mysteries* and *Smaller Pieces* and the multi-experiential decoding exercise in the exorcism of man's evil potentialities *Frankenstein*, a super spectacle with superb staging and lighting techniques, a revelation for all those who've witnessed its unfolding of torrential theatrical capacities.

*Frankenstein* will take place in the 2000-seat Carre Theater, December 7, 8, 9, the same place where a first sigma presentation drew many responsive collaborators: the 26 poets reading, a marathon based on the Royal Albert Hall formula, which proves to be a great success everytime it is repeated by a master MC keeping his unruly herd within its limits of delectation.

There is a growing audience for unique communication events, especially in this crosscurrent country where every boy writes poetry, acts out his life, plays in a beat group, loiters along, causes riots, slaves, reacts instinctively (often intuitively right) against the enslavement of his parents' TV which causes an adult claustrophobia

There are many dormant Rembrandts, Mondrians, Spinozas, Van Goghs, Lorentz's, Huizingas, Schmidts, Ruitenbeeks, Erasmuses, Grotiuses and Van Leeuwenhoecks. In fact the Netherlands are at the spearhead of the international cultural revolution. Avant-gardists in the Roman Catholic Church are still considered heretic, even though many of the changes in the Vatican councils originated in the Netherlands.

Contemporary astronomy cannot be seen without the contributions of space agents Kooy, Ort and Schmidt; Ariens Kappers is a world-expert of the pineal gland; and an institution like *Excerpta Medica* is unique in a very special sense: the organizational talents of the Dutch have often played great roles in worldwide institutions. Visser 't Hooft, secretary of the World Council of Churches and the Peace Palace of the World Federation are housed in The Hague. From Fundamental Research in Matter to pre-natal dynamics -- Lietaert Peerbolte's contributions in the Indian magazine *Psychics International* belong to must-reading.

An activist country, which once housed eminent exiles, and still goes against the strain in its cosmopolitan capital as shown by the street rebellions in 1904, 1918, 1942 and 1966!

An urge to discover and explore, both in and out, other fights than the ones shown by KLM: tulips, bulbs, cheese and jenever!

At this same moment youngsters congregate to stage anti-taboo happenings -- sacrileges of folklore, tradition and superstition -- and in the jungle province of Drenthe (atomheads next to feudal countryside and aggressive inhabitants) three artists spend three months in jail on the charge of "theft of state property" after having paraded during an Anti-Bomb demonstration with a large vividly painted airplane-tank, looking like a Bomb...

Action and reaction, TV documentation and justice, the law and democracy -- more and more people get involved with successive states of becoming conscious of society, of themselves, of Greater Plans. More and more people are trying to reconcile their ideals with their reality, cutting through artificial boundaries, finding themselves united in common social and cultural action.

Back to the Living Theatre, which lends impetus to Sigma's first continental pilot project. In the Centre they will stage the *Mysteries* nine times before the end of December, and in one of the other cities visited, Eindhoven, the Living Theatre group will be ravished by the light-sound-kinetic-psycho-physiological-'art' event staged in the Van Abbe Museum. Here USCO is represented in the world's largest international (entries from iron-curtain countries) show of turn-on art. The occasion: Philips Industries 75 years of existence, which also created an architectural beauty, the Evoluon, showing 75 years of scientific evolution.

In the meantime Julien Beck and Judith Malina are doing rehearsals for *Antigone* after Sophocles, Holderlin, Brecht.

With their passionate involvement in the changes of time and space, they have given a heart-warming example of nomadic community living, according to the highest utopian aspirations. Hundreds of friends remained ecstatic at the sigma opening which lasted till breakfast -- orange juice and croissants -- the wonderful morning after the miraculous opening. The beat group SHORT '66 experimented with their electronic equipment, sent up sounds of many wave lengths, which were guzzled away in the crowd spaced in the many-colored decorations, flaring orange and black, pink and silver. Perfect surroundings for all and everything.

Trips through science and culture, education and friendship -- it's but too true that a great lack of factual information hampers man's natural developments. If the sigma centre in Amsterdam succeeds, it will have joined the great network of psychic powerhouses. Playfully, on the way to a real art de vivre, which can be ours. From within leading OUT!

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# AESTHETICAL FUCK

By Joyce Greller



Erotic Sculpture/Merdi Gerstein

"Look, Wilbur, isn't that sweet?" "What are those three doing?" "When's the next one?" "Now stop that lady! This isn't the subway." "Can I buy postcard prints?" "Squares -- why aren't they home doing it instead of watching or drawing it?" "That's a good way for having sex if you don't want to look at the person." "Bah...What's so new about looking at this stuff? It's been around for years."

Thus, the show called "HETEROX IS" that opened at the NYCATA GALLERY, 55 W. 86th, on December 4th was warmly received. It features one of the most varied and open exhibits ever revealed to the public on the subject of sex with a fascinating assortment of work from both prominent and unknown artists.

Tomi Ungerer's drawings of intricate machines made to delight women are intriguing, stylized and tempting enough to cause one girl to utter, "I wonder how much they cost." Walter Gutman, a notable financier who calls himself the 'Antique American' dabbles in what brings him his keenest pleasure. His erogenous paintings depicting dominant women caused a lass to hurtle her date to the floor and stomp on his hand. They were asked to leave when her huarache fell off.

Mordi Gerstein, filmmaker, whose wooden plank, plastic and epoxy in ecstasy sculpture of a seated man and woman caused several people to ask for a chair, thinks: "Sex is very natural subject matter. Everything is erotic anyway."

Charlie Frazier, who usually works with flying sculptures via remote, displayed some suggestive bronze nudes. He had prepared some flying erotica, but it got away. About his work he said, "Shucks, I enjoy it."

Dick Ruben who shows a series of mysteriously intertwined line drawings of human forms in action claims "Everyone has their religion." Charlie Stark, who specializes in carefully rendered pictures of fannies (female) admits to an obsession with bottoms and says his beloved renderings of same "Keep me interested while I'm solving complex problems of composition. The emotion brings warmth and love into what has become almost a mathematical problem."

Sherman and Rosalyn Drexler both contributed their paintings of nude women. Both are motivated by the tradition of the subject and the artistic possibilities of the most basic of forms although man and wife differ somewhat in their interpretations. They wholesomely resolve possible family spats by secretly burning or selling each other's work.

Females seem to dominate the area of erotic art, and their work appears far more honest and unneurotic.

Irene Duggs works with toys and her wind-up tiger lunging at a toy nude girl is quite playful. Hannah Wilke's huge 4-tartling sculpture of a portion of the male mounted on a wall plaque has an Oriental feeling in its design. It's titled "Santa Claus." The pair of orange spheres jutting out of Barbara Bluestain's water color of a reclining nude man weren't oranges but caused one little old lady to murmur appreciation. "A good fruit still life is hard to come by." Joyce Greller was mildly mad about two pairs of very unusual used scanties and a nightie being abducted from her "Essence of Erotica" suitcase. "The pants were salvaged from a fetish photographer's studio and the torn negligee donated by a neighboring doxie. I hope the thief who eloped with them finds happiness; but launders them first."

Mario Jorin had some original perspectives of men and women and just likes working with what seems natural. "I cringe when people call what appears to be too real for them porno!"

June Hildebrand, Bob Stanley, Anita Steckel, Robert Rapulis, Joe Roman, Arthur Bardo and all others who contributed generally agree that they work in erotica occasionally because it turns them on strictly as artists; or it's colorful and challenging; it's an effective method of communicating with everyone; or it's even a source of humor. None relate it with sensationalism. Whether it will "turn on" visitors is doubtful and depends. After all, some get carried away over lifesavers, hub caps or tin whistles.

The music provided by Calo Scott and his ladyfriend cello and Bihal Ahmedrahman on derabeka (drum) and coronet blended in nicely with simultaneous erotic tapes over the top created by Vinnie Caffarelli. His orgie-moan and hot chatter tapes interspersed with birds, bees, animals and other sounds from nature perked up most ears.

The erotic environment in the lavatory created by animationist and filmmaker Don Dugga included rather sensual films projected on walls and any users of the standard facilities and certainly lent a new dimension to laps and other exposed anatomy, also providing a colorful protective shield in motion. A collection of fantasy erotic storyboards which Mr. Dugga can't ordinarily indulge in for commercial purposes and mirrors also graced the John's wall.

But the strain of the musician's amplifiers, erotic tapes, film projectors and extra lighting was evidently too much for the limited circuits in the small building and all fuses blew. Twice. Spectators stumbled and groped around in the dark, inspecting pictures with lighters, reluctant to leave. Enticing rumors started. Finally an emergency extension was brought in, lights went back on and after some effort the gallery was cleared out.

The show was off to a good start.

Al DiLauro, who assisted in selecting and hanging the show, including his own erotic collages and a series of Tree Women in which trees convert to female anatomy from the torso right down to the roots, said "Our purpose wasn't to create sensation or do anything wicked. Many artists just happen to work in erotica in addition to their other work. We only wanted to give them a chance to show their things to an interested audience, and also maintain some standards of our own."

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The scene is a foyer of a cinema of the 1930's vintage. The foyer leads to a beach, the beach to an ocean. The show is over, the curtain has fallen. The organist who ascended to play a finale has just gone into orbit. The critics stand in the foyer looking across the beach to the ocean.  
 BOSLEY BABY: A truly great film.  
 ARCHIE WINNIE: good try.  
 MRS. CHRIST: Another \$1,000,000 cliché.  
 ANDREW SERIOUS: At last. An original unoriginal picture.  
 BOSLEY BABY: What? You disagree with me? Repeat after me -- "a truly great film."

The other critics are silent. Only an echo-like response is heard down on the beach where Wendy Wail is collecting starfish and laying them out in rows of four and a half.  
 BOSLEY BABY: Listen you scum, I thought it was a crashing bore too, but remember, we have a responsibility to God, the film-going public and the industry. A little individualism is all right when it comes to foreign movies but American movies that cost over a million are worth at least 200 favorable words and...

WENDY WAIL: (faintly, from the beach)...Four and a half starfish.  
 BOSLEY BABY: Remember, comrades, if we don't rave the industry goes to its grave...  
 ARCHER WINNIE: ...And we loose our bloody jobs.  
 BOSLEY BABY: So, you've got the message at last.  
 ANDREW SERIOUS: Honest, Bosley, I always try to get the quintessence of the essence but sometimes it's hard.  
 BOSLEY BABY: Try harder. When I was a boy I too had principles.  
 MRS. CHRIST: (Sobbing) But it's every day with a supplement on Sunday and each film I see looks like the previous one.  
 BOSLEY BABY: Of course. That's because they are all the same.  
 MRS. CHRIST: So...?

BOSLEY BABY: So, write the same thing every time. Don't think. Don't try to be original. The industry needs words. The public needs to be assured.  
 ANDREW SERIOUS: But what about the Underground?  
 BOSLEY BABY: What Underground?  
 CHORUS OF CRITICS: What Underground?  
 BOSLEY BABY: Come, let's dance the Principles Quadrille and purge our souls of Art and doubt.  
 Bosley gives Archer a knowing wink. Andrew throws Mrs. Christ a long look of love-hate. They run to the beach on which Wendy Wail has lined up all the starfish in rows of four and a half. They advance twice, each with a principle as a partner.  
 A whaler drifts towards the shore.

A group of producers watch the dance from the tops of their Rolls Royces.  
 ARCHIE WINNIE: Set to partners.  
 BOSLEY BABY: Change principles and retire in the same order. Now -- throw your principles out to sea.  
 ARCHER WINNIE: Swim after them.

They swim out, turning somersaults in the sea, exchange their now soggy principles and swim back to land.  
 JONAS: (from the belly of the whaler) The further off from Hollywood the nearer 'tis to Art.  
 CHORUS OF PRODUCERS: Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

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By Panama Rose

## BHANG

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Mix the grass with peppercorns, grind, add water, strain and drink. Or, mix the grass with pepper, cloves, nutmeg and mace. Mix the strained liquid with 8 oz. water, milk, watermelon juice or cucumber seed juice. The spices are believed to make the bhang more intoxicating. This is a very refreshing drink.

The complete exotic Hashish Cookbook by Panama Rose will be available soon at your local underground bookstore or sent \$1.65 plus .10 handling to Tompkins Square Books, 97 Avenue B.

## The plot to bust Leroi Jones Part 2

Wednesday, December 7 (Hiroshima Day) poet and author Leroi Jones was jailed while his lawyer, Conrad Lynn, was appearing in another section of Criminal Court as counsel in a murder trial. A murder trial is supposed to have legal priority over the misdemeanor charge against Jones. Although Sheppard Sherbell, the original complainant appeared in court for the first time and declared that he wished to have the charges against Jones dropped, he was overruled by the judge who said that the case was now in the hands of the state. After that exchange, Jones' bail was peremptorily doubled to \$1,000 and he was thrown in the slams.

LeRoi Jones told EVO, "I didn't know that was going to happen so I didn't bring anything to read. So I drew on an envelope and rapped with the prisoners until they let me out."

Jones was released two hours later after his lawyer and the judge conferred by phone. The bail was then dropped back to the original \$500.

When asked why they had jailed him and raised his bail, Jones said: "The judge just decided he wanted to see me in jail. This has been going on since the summer and it's only a misdemeanor. At first they had it on the books as armed robbery and assault. They want to show me how much they can fuck over me."

Trial rescheduled December 23

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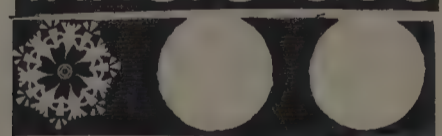
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by Ellis D. Mandala

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# ANTI-HOSPITAL

Cont'd from page 10

myth that tells us that Satan makes work (destructiveness, masturbation, promiscuity) for idle hands, but were not certain about where we went from there. Work projects would at least form a group, make a happy ward family. But perhaps people had come to the hospital to get away from "happy families." Or rather they had been sent to the hospital to keep the family happy. We worked through a number of virile destructive jobs, knocking down an air raid shelter, breaking up an aero engine: these jobs it was felt would provide a "safe outlet" for "dangerous aggressive impulses." The jobs were done without enthusiasm and the staff soon began to realize their irrelevance to the real problems of anger. People had real reasons to be angry with real other people at home and in the hospital (this was not entirely reducible to projection). The aero engine was an innocent party.

There was a progressive blurring of role between nurses, doctor, occupational therapist and patients which brought into focus a number of disturbing and apparently paradoxical questions: for example, can patients "treat" other patients and can they even treat staff? Can staff realise quite frankly and acknowledge in the community their own areas of incapacity and "illness" and their need for "treatment?" If they did what would happen next and who would control it?

It was at this point that the most radical departure from conventional psychiatric work was initiated. If the staff rejected prescribed ideas about their function and if they did not quite know what to do next, why do anything? Why not withdraw from the whole field of hospital staff and patient expectation in terms of organizing patients into activity, supervising the ward domestic work and generally "treating patients." The staff group decided to limit their function to controlling the drug cupboard as was legally required (some of the more "overactive and impulsive" patients were on the tranquilliser Largactil) and to dealing with ward administrative issues involving other hospital departments over the telephone.

A necessary prelude to this major policy change was explanation to the nursing office and other hospital departments. The kitchen staff for instance were informed that if the aluminium food containers were returned unwashed they should leave them until they were cleaned. If people wanted to eat they would have to clean the containers. These decisions were made quite clear to everyone in the community meetings.

Despite these explanations and superficial acceptance of them, subsequent events were dramatic. In the first phase dirt accumulated higher and higher in the corridors. Dining room tables were covered with the previous day's unwashed plates. Signs of horror were evoked in visiting staff, in particular nursing officers on their twice daily rounds. Patients decided their own leave periods, getting out of bed, attendance at meetings. Staff were anxious throughout but particularly since no patients showed signs of organizing themselves to attend to these matters.

External administrative pressure on the ward staff rapidly mounted. The patients were divided in their response. A few began more nurse attention. Those less urgently dependent expressed some dis-satisfaction but at the same time made it clear that they appreciated the more authentic elements in the policy change.

Subsequent events must be seen in relation to the problem of doctor centredness in mental hospital ward adminis-

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## HEADQUARTERS 4 ST. MARKS PLACE!

tration. In conventional wards all but the most trivial decisions have to be either made by or blessed by the doctor. The doctor is invested and sometimes invests himself with magical powers of understanding and curing.

In the staff groups the level of dependency on the doctor is not much different from that in the staff-patient groups. The problem for nurses is to change their position from one in which they mediate the doctor-for-the-patient and the patient-for-the-doctor to one in which they involve themselves in relationships without the mediating or mediated "third." This shift of position is fantastically difficult. After two years of work centred largely on this issue we have barely shifted at all in the unit -- but we have shifted a little.

It was during the "experimental" phase of staff withdrawal that the staff group was able to make some advance.

The advance made by the staff group was frankly to recognize their anxiety as intolerable and, in the doctor's absence, to arrive at a group decision to reimpose some staff controls on what went on in the ward. It was decided to supervise eating and cleaning arrangements and to insist on attendance at community meetings and adherence to the rule that weekend leave was only granted from Saturday morning (after the community meeting) to Sunday night. It was decided that persistent offenders against these rules would have to choose between conforming to them or discharge from the unit. On my return I lent my confirmation to these decisions and in fact two patients who had blatantly broken the rules were shortly discharged (and in both cases this confrontation with a group reality led to consequences which were favorable).

This leads us on to the central problem of the psychiatric hospital of distinguishing between authentic and inauthentic authority. The "official" practice of psychiatry in this country, whatever progressive mantle it may don, aims only too often at enforcing conformism to the rigid, stereotyped dictates and needs of authority persons who refract on to the patient massified and alienated social expectations and hidden injunctions as to who and what he may be. The authority of the authority person is granted him by arbitrary social definition rather than on the basis of any real expertise he may possess. If staff have the courage to shift themselves from this false position they may discover real sources of authority in themselves. They may also discover such sources of authority in "the others" who are defined as their patients.

This begins to get disturbing -- particularly when the patients sometimes happen to be those who are clinically the most psychotic in the ward. One of the most memorable group meetings in the unit was dominated by an extremely fragmented patient who was just beginning a lengthy project of reintegration; all the staff and patients were lulled into a fascinated somnolence by his account of a "bizarre," imaginary world tour. We became a sort of collective infant at the breast of the mother-narrator. I made a formal comment in these terms but interpretation was not necessary. At a certain point indicated by the narrator everyone snapped themselves out of the fantasy awareness to find themselves on a more integrated level of group reality. And there was no doubt about who had led them there.

The need for a fully autonomous unit in which these things may happen is clear.

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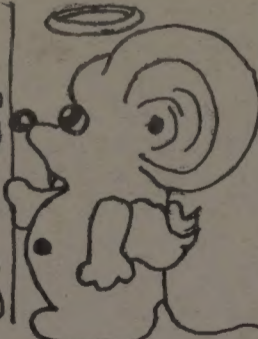
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Young high school teacher wants clean intelligent girl 18 or over, non-prude. I have thousands of books, hundreds of records all kinds. Let's combine Greek ideal of mind and body for week-ends maybe longer. Call Ron 769-4947.

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