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The East Village Other

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JSTOR

THE east village OTHER

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YOUTH! THE NEW POLITICS

East Village Reform Democrat Talks Supra-Politics



Walter Bredel Photo

A boy and his dog. Candidate Stokes walks the long road to Albany

June 28, New Yorkers will go to the polls to elect three delegates from each state senatorial district to rewrite the archaic State Constitution. Lower East Sider Geoff Stokes, 26-year-old instructor of English at Fordham University will be one of the candidates from the 24th State Senatorial District.

Stokes is running because he feels that, "This whole area of life is too important to be left to the lawyers, and that's who will be in Albany for the convention."

Admitting that this is the first time he has run for elected office since running for president of the sixth grade, Stokes told EVO: "I was reading in the *N.Y. Times* about a bug the CIA has which can be plugged into the wiring system of a building and turn the whole house into a listening device.

"Obviously we've got to develop protections from this worst kind of invasion.

"The important things are the Bill of Rights, civil liberties, and the right of privacy, but there will be other things involved in writing this new constitution. Are we going to have one house or two? Are we going to let eighteen-year-olds vote? Are we going to talk about Spanish language voting?"

Stokes, soon to get his doctorate in the study of the Victorian novel from NYU, pursues his hobby of politics in his spare time. He is active in the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association, Escuela Espana, and is president of the Bolivar Douglass Reform Democratic Club.

EVO asked Stokes why he chose to run as a Reform Democrat:

"Well, first you have to make some kind of choice. Whether you are going to work within the structure or not.

"I don't know. I suppose I'm a combination of optimist and pessimist. Optimist in that I think that the structure *can* work, and pessimist in that I don't see *any* hope of working outside it.

"So you make this choice. Then the choice in general between Republicans and Democrats is pretty clear. And the choice between regular and reform Democrat is clearer yet.

"There is a lot of 'New Left' activity on the Lower East Side. But I do not feel that they could possibly accomplish anything within a political framework. Not until all the people who've been here for seventy years die.

continued on page 14

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Other Other Other • Editorial

.....AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

It seems obvious that a supra-political consciousness is emerging from grass roots America. As with all change it is carried by youth into adulthood. It shows its effect in the teenage rebellion, with almost every youth with spirit running away from home.

The candidacy of Geoff Stokes might represent a ground breaking in this arena of everyday existence. At 26, Geoff Stokes seems to feel intuitively the necessity for a basic morality in our governmental system; a morality which is now lacking in our international,

national, and local affairs.

This basic morality we are talking about is something that everyone has known as a child. Too many of us reach adulthood unable to remember ever having it, thinking that "morality" has something to do with censorship and Calvinistic thinking.

Geoff Stokes is 26 years of age.

If we vote for him we can make only one demand on him; that he is young enough to be idealistic and old enough to be practical.

We're All Guilty

One of the fashionable objects of rhetoric and profit today is the "younger generation."

With both eyes on the votes of their parents, politicians say that "...in them lies the hope of America, etc., etc., blah blah..."

And while the politicians are making their hollow noises, manufacturers who have both eyes on the parents' pockets are turning out realistic replicas of weapons of destruction and shoddily made, overpriced toys that are most often pale ghosts of their television brothers.

On the networks themselves (in between commercials), cretinous fools go through humorless rituals whose only function is to fill in the time between sadistic cartoons. Unlike the toys they sell, the children's programs are cheap, though both toys and programs are equally shoddy and without the slightest creative spark. No *Bonanza* for the kids.

In the bookshops there is row upon row of overpriced, colorless, weak-kneed volumes, most of which are made to a century-old formula of story and design. With a few notable exceptions the books of any value are classics, and they badly need new and contemporary illustrations.

On Broadway, David Merrick and his breed

sink millions into vacuous fairy-tale extravaganzas that are cunningly designed to con the entire family with the myth that they are being entertained. The entire family, that is, except children. No magic theatre for them unless they come to the overcrowded theatres downtown and see shows such as the Paperbag Players put on and those of the totally uncompromising Peter Schuman and his Bread and Puppet Theatre.

Meanwhile, back in his ranch house in Hollywood, Walt Disney, the biggest and most reprehensible con man of them all (because he knows better), sits counting the coins in his piggy bank.

But these are not alone in their crimes against humanity—for to ignore the needs of children or to treat them as the objects of profit is a crime against humanity; also guilty are we, the avant-garde artists, poets, playwrights, and film-makers. For too long now we have busied ourselves with expressing the unique quality of our own souls to the exclusion of all else.

It is time we followed the example of Peter Schuman and gave a little of ourselves to children. It's not easy, but it's a job worthy of the challenge.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Other:

The Federal Narcotic Control Act of 1956, passed largely because of a high-pressure propaganda campaign by the Bureau of Narcotics, imposes the cruelest set of sentences in the Federal code. The Bureau proudly describes some of the Act's provisions in a recent booklet: "Imprisonment of 2 to 10 years and a possible maximum fine of \$20,000 were provided for a first offense involving unauthorized possession of narcotics—also a minimum mandatory sentence of 5 years in prison for first offenses of illegally selling narcotics or marijuana. Subsequent offenses call for 10 to 40 years and fines up to \$20,000. No probation, parole, or suspended sentence is allowed except in the case of a first offense involving unauthorized possession of narcotics. The heaviest penalty of all allows 10 years to life, or even death, at the discretion of the jury for sale or transfer of heroin by a person more than 18 years old to another person who is under the age of 18." (Emphasis supplied.)

What the Bureau does not point out in its bulletin is that, with the exception of Veto Genovese and a very few other high-level distributors, almost all persons convicted and sentenced under the 1956 Act (at a current maintenance cost of over \$7 million) have been junkies, men who peddle narcotics to get the money to supply their habit. As far as sentences go, they would be better off if they stole; a murderer does less time than a 2nd offense junkie who deals. The first person to receive the mandatory life sentence was Gilbert Zaragoza, a mental defective whose only sale to a minor was one deliberately set up by the Bureau of Narcotics.

There are several bills before Congress at the present time that will ameliorate slightly the situation. We are a long way from being civilized about this form of deviance, but the bills are a start and deserve support. They are:

S. 2113, H. R. 8880, H. R. 8884, H. R. 8908 and H. R. 9002 to provide that, with certain exceptions, one charged with a violation of federal penal laws relating to narcotics may elect to submit to an examination by the Surgeon General to determine if the accused is a narcotic addict. Should he so elect and be found to be an addict, the court shall have jurisdiction to order him civilly committed to the custody of the Surgeon General for an indeterminate period not to exceed 36 months. The bills further provide for a possible 2 years of additional probationary aftercare treatment under the Surgeon General's custody.

S. 2114, H. R. 8879 and H. R. 9003 to amend section 2 (h) of the Narcotic Drug Import and Export Act and subsection (a) of section 7237 of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 by eliminating the mandatory minimum sentences for certain offenses relating to narcotic drugs and marijuana. The bills also provide for parole eligibility for persons convicted of federal penal laws relating to narcotics. They further provide for the use of state facilities for the confinement, care, treatment, and rehabilitation of narcotic addicts as well as the parole supervision of such persons by state, public, or private agencies.

S. 2152 and H. R. 9167 to amend certain provisions of the narcotics laws, particularly the Narcotic Control Act of 1956. Similar to the bills noted in the previous two paragraphs, these are sponsored by the Department of Justice and would (1) establish a procedure for the civil commitment of certain narcotic addicts to the custody of the Surgeon General; (2) provide for indeterminate sentencing of narcotic addicts; (3) make narcotic drug or marijuana offenders over the age of 22 and under the age of 26 eligible to receive indeterminate sentences and conditional releases under the Federal Youth Corrections Act; (4) amend the Narcotics Control Act of 1956 by making all marijuana offenders eligible for parole under section 4202 of Title 18, U. S. Code, and by permitting the Board of Parole to release on parole prisoners now standing convicted of a narcotic drug law violation who were not 26 years of age at the time of conviction. They and those in the same age category convicted of marijuana offenses could also be placed under the provisions of the Federal Youth Corrections Act.

Send letters to your senators, congressmen, and Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, who is chairman of a special subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee now investigating all federal narcotic policies, including sentencing, treatment, and rehabilitation of addicts, as well as criminal sources of supply; the subcommittee is also discussing bills introduced by RFK and Javits.

Sincerely,
Bruce Jackson

Dear Editor:

The Bull Moose Party of America, announced Party Chairman Kenneth S. Friedman (of Mount Carroll, Illinois—at Party Central Headquarters), today completed its recent poll, and is making public the results.

America's leading scientists, citizens, anthropologists, psychiatrists, and freaks were asked: "What do you think of the possibility of intelligent life in Washington, D. C.?"

87 per cent replied in the firm negative, 15 per cent in categories ranging from unlikely to slightly possible, and the remaining 2 per cent replied in the affirmative.

Daniel Sandin, (B.A., M.A.) scientist and educator replied, "From the knowledge we have, although we really do not have much accurate information on Washington, I would say that it is extremely unlikely."

Charles Seastone, (B.A.) and graduate student in anthropology at the University of Wisconsin said, "I don't think so."

E. R. Du Fresne, (Ph.D.) scientist, chemist, and poet, replied with a poem:

Lyndon, forgive them, for they know not what they do.
Reflect that the poet's eye can't be blind to pain,
And therefore have mercy, though they march to profane
The Immortal Godhead. Let not the Feds pursue.

The hedge-post nor the bum. You were young once, too,
Before the dodo died. Now, why must they explain
That even in just conflicts men must die in vain?
They don't understand the reasons, but then, do you?

Mr. Du Fresne, is, of course, a mystic; and the Lyndon he speaks of is an obscure Texas school-teacher who went on an expedition to Washington many years ago, and finally returned in a complete state of shock, hallucination, and mental loss.

The results of the poll have been most enlightening, and as a result, the Bull Moose Party of America is considering the possibility of sending a well-financed expedition to the treacherous jungles of that area to find the true answers to the question.

However, it has been said that there are more important things than wondering about the possibility—vague at best—of intelligent life in so strange and inhuman a place as Washington.

In the words of Nancy Warrick, a pretty young coed at Shimer College, came the reply to our question: "Irrelevant."

But, as so many things seem to be these days, it may not be irrelevant, but merely a hippopotamus.

Kenneth S. Friedman
Bull Moose Party

Dear EVO;

Dr. Louria says Dr. Leary is a kookie scientist.

Leary is a sightseeing cruise salesman in Times Square, telling interested tourists he can show them, for a price, the marvels of Manhattan. Louria is a little old lady patrolling nearby with a placard which says: University controlled surveys show that one out of every hundred sightseeing tourists never get back alive.

Who is the kook?

Leary is a kid who wants to take his little brothers and sisters to the Saturday matinee movies and see Tom Sawyer and Peter Pan. Louria is their Baptist mammy who says that big kids play with little kids' diddles at the movies and besides, what if the Lord should come?

Who is the kook?

Leary is a high priest of a pagan hedonistic religion which, whatever faults it may have, is manifestly superior to Methodism and Louria is a minor prophet Jeremiah who screams repent, the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Who is the kook?

Despite all this there is a semantic problem about kookyness.

Leary accepts identification with kook Sigmund Freud who horrified bourgeois Vienna by teaching that sexuality is coterminous with life.

A life-kook.

Bertrand Russell was fired from an American university for pointing out (quite objectively—he wasn't advocating anything except, implicitly) that his best students were those who had themselves a full sex life. Plenty kicks. This grand old cat's got to die soon, but he wants to help kids keep on breathing till they wear out.

Another life-kook.

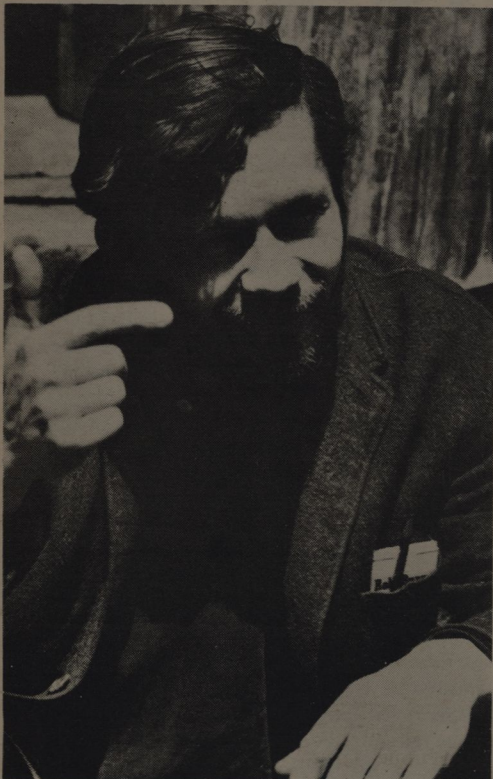
There there was Wilhelm Reich, judicially murdered because he saw a sexual revolution coming and helped people reach out for it. Murdered? A. S. Neill of Summerhill said if they jailed Reich it would kill him. They did and it did.

Careful, Leary. The death-kooks will get you if you don't watch out.

Jack Draper
Australia

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The Bread and The Puppet



Walter Bredel Photo

by Allan Katzman

"We give you a piece of bread along with the puppet show because our bread and theatre belong together," explains Peter Schumann creator of The Bread and Puppet Theatre. "Theatre is different. It is more like bread, more like necessity. Theatre is a form of religion. It is fun."

Peter Schumann never really began his puppet theatre it was always there. It happened almost by accident. He came with his wife and two children from Munich, Germany in 1961 and got a job teaching dance at the Putney School in Vermont. But before he could begin to teach administrators saw a performance of Tolentanz, his "Dance of Death" at the Judson Memorial Church and had second thoughts about their newly hired dance instructor.

Schumann turned to his favorite childhood pastime—puppetry. He spent the summer before the opening of school traveling in New England with his family performing his two-man puppet show from the back of a trailer and became known as the "German Beatnik" to the New Englanders who flocked to see his shows.

By the end of the summer he had revived his knowledge of puppets and so was rehired at the Putney school to teach puppetry.

In the fall of 1963 he came to N. Y. and began his theatre at 148 Delancey Street where he still entertains his family and friends. Schumann feels that, "It was important there were no professional actors in my theatre but people who wanted more self-expression . . . The whole thing was much more a composition than a piece which provided for personal self projection."

He started to combine his skills as sculptor and dancer into his puppet theatre and learned that, "the whole concept of psychological theatre that we had in this country was boring and ridiculous, all the way from what was advertised in the *Village Voice* to Broadway," and, that "theatre was not the place to solve problems or to create problems. Theatre was a result."

He began to run into all sorts of difficulties: from sporadic robberies, to the license department which, as he puts it, "Can give you a summons for performing a kid's show in your own theatre for your own family because there was a sign which read—contributions 25 cents."

Recently his landlord decided to raise his rent from \$60 to \$90 which would make it too

difficult for him to continue his theatre. But this new complication has not discouraged him, for Peter Schumann believes that, "Art is a way of life (The Way of Life), the awareness of the conscience as well as the awareness of the flesh and all the cells of the flesh of the whole world." He believes that the "longing for the simple result which puts the countless chaotic streams of feelings and expressions together could not be fulfilled if it were not completely one with the human course toward heaven or hell."

Within the last year, Schumann has taken his troupe and puppet effigies and masks to half a dozen peace demonstrations in New York and Washington. In his early participation, he used larger-than-life stick puppets which originally figured in a somber version of the Passion which he performed in New York during three Easter seasons. These "yellow people" as the troupe called them even before they appeared in Viet Nam protest demonstrations, were as homely as earth. They represented Christ and his followers, and in their burlap garb they made an easy passage from the doom of Christ's last day in Palestine to the everyday in contemporary Viet Nam.

There Christ and his disciples, bound together by the hands, were carried in a single file behind a corpulent Lyndon Johnson/Uncle Sam figure whose hand carried the leading end of the rope. That outrageous figure (who was dubbed Uncle Fatso by the children of a Harlem summer workshop who helped Schumann build him) was assaulted and pulled apart by the parade's end. The figure of Christ doubling as a captive Vietnamese, fourteen feet tall, suffered the loss of an eye and a long gash on his nose.

In November of 1965, the Bread and Puppet Theatre presented a pageant on a large scale behind the Washington monument. Between the monument and the stage was a broad, shallow bowl of grass where twenty thousand people stood or sat. The thirty performers wore black tunics and alternated between gray death's-head masks and gray

oriental masks. A droning voice spoke obligato from offstage. The voice spoke words about wanting "no wider war," about "the dream of peace," and "the grievous necessity for bombs and battleships." As the lines were spoken, the chorus wearing Oriental masks went piecemeal before gray executioners (Pilate's soldiers, now armed with machine guns), were shot and went down on their knees, and stood up again with death's-head masks. Following the executions an apocalyptic beast appeared in a setting that was both dirge and pandemonium, and after the beast, a procession of giant mourning mothers, and a mourning population of the dead.

"The communion of all, the shape of all that communion of all," this, explains Peter Schumann, is theater. He is not discouraged by the things that happen to and around him. He feels that someday soon "new simpletons are going to grow up all over the world, puppeteers with more puppets than tears and puppeteers with more tears than puppets, folksingers who don't necessarily have voices or guitars but maybe just clap hands or some kind of rattles, painters who don't care so much how their pictures look on the walls, and theatre directors who give up Broadway and Off-Broadway and Off Off-Broadway and train cows to balance baseballs on their tails. They find that out nowadays in every business, among the shoemakers as well as among the Presbyterian Churches that we have neglected the stuff that life is made of so long and the whole cart is on the wrong track so much that we simply have to get out and start walking."

When Peter Schumann invites you to his theatre, he invites you to his home; to a tenement slum which has the smell of gingerbread furniture and the look of a manger built by a child of delicate hands; to his children who have ruddy complexions and the smile of fairy tale joy; to his own bread which he has baked with his own recipe; to a place which looks like a garden where a puppet show is always about to begin; and to his theater on 148 Delancey Street.



ANNA KOVAC PHOTO

OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock



Shimoda, Japan, May 12: The one thing about which everybody is agreed is that 112 years ago this week a fleet of American ships under the command of Commodore Perry sailed jauntily into the harbor of this little fishing town and—at gunpoint—forced the Japanese to end almost 300 years of isolation. Three years later, after the signing of a trade treaty, a dignified, somewhat aloof, bearded bachelor named Townsend Harris, 51, took up residence as the first foreign consul in Japan—and the first American ever to live in the country.

What happened next is a matter of fierce dispute—a dispute that is raging all over again this week with the celebration of the annual Black Ship Festival and the recent opening of a new museum in the town dedicated to perpetuating the legend of the Barbarian and the Geisha.

The museum, situated in a specially built feudal-style castle erected only last year, looks like a five-story Chinese pagoda with soaring, turreted roofs adorned with dolphins and curved tiles. Pat Boone recordings play incessantly, plastic cherry blossoms are everywhere and guides take your picture as you enter and offer free cups of tea as you leave.

But the story, told in a series of sculptured tableaux, is the old familiar one: the beautiful young Okichi, 17, discusses plans for her marriage with her boyfriend, Tsurumatsu, a young carpenter; one day as she leaves the bathhouse she is seen by Townsend Harris and his Dutch interpreter Henry Heusken; at Townsend's request Okichi is ordered by town officials to become his concubine, her violent objections being overcome with appeals to patriotism and

a hefty payment; she accepts the onerous task, says goodbye to Tsurumatsu and takes up drinking; on her occasional trips out of the consulate to go shopping she is reviled by the villagers, her drinking becomes more frequent; Townsend finally leaves and Okichi, all other professions being barred, becomes a geisha. In the final picture, drunk and dejected with an empty sake bottle at her side she sits by a river into which she will eventually jump. And the spring in which she committed suicide, the legend goes, stopped running forever after.

The town of Shimoda, a picturesque one with narrow, unpaved streets which are virtually unchanged despite the proximity of Tokyo, 90 miles to the north, has made a lot of money out of this legend. A series of paintings at the Rysoenji Temple, where the treaty was first signed, tells the story and also features a "treasure house" ("minors not admitted") populated almost exclusively by such sex symbols as buffalo horn penises, dildoes, aphrodisiacal straw devises and examples of the celebrated musical gold ball which is said to tinkle merrily during coitus.

The question is: did Townsend Harris ever make it with Okichi at all? Or, as Brooklyn College's Dr. Mario Cosenza delicately puts it: "Did she stay on living at the consulate for the immoral purposes which are the web and woof of the degrading myth?" Cosenza suggests that the Japanese authorities tried to plant her on Harris as a spy; other investigators have maintained that Harris asked for a nurse, was misunderstood—deliberately?—and sent Okichi away after only three days because she was suffering from some skin disease. He didn't think she looked healthy. Harris left an exhaustive diary of his two-year stay in Shimoda in which he doesn't mention Okichi at all.



There does exist a receipt signed by Okichi for 25 ryo (about \$700 in today's equivalent) for her services and records showing that Okichi was borne to the Harris house in a palanquin carried by four samurai. Both extremely generous gestures for an ordinary nurse or servant. The palanquin also hangs in the Rysoenji temple.

Japanese author Seiichi Sakata says in his book, "Harris" that Okichi was "ostensibly a laundress but in fact was a prostitute for ships' carpenters and sailors." Copies of Sakata's book apparently have not been sold in the bookstores of Shimoda whose mayor, Sadao Suzuki, expressed indignation that the legend was even questioned. "I sincerely desire to avoid desecrating any further the sanctity of the spirits of the deceased by acts which can be interpreted as motivated by greed for sensationalism and publicity," he said. "Rumors and old tales must be taken in the spirit that they are related . . . just as we believe in the beautiful bible story of the Immaculate Conception."

One of the keystones of the Okichi myth is the omnipresent scene in all the paintings, postcards—and now in the castle—of Okichi taking a bath, her tender young body bare except for a minuscule towel about her loins. It may have no substance in fact but it's by far the most popular of the tableaux.

Actually there seems plenty of evidence, in addition to his own diaries, that Harris was a pompous, puritanical figure "of extremely fastidious moral character." When the John Wayne movie, "The Barbarian and the Geisha" was filmed in 1957, a writer for Tokyo's *Asahi Evening News* called the former American consul "an ardent Christian who believed that the custom of keeping mistresses was a violation of the Christian commandments and a vile crime. He actually lived like a saint throughout the 74 years of his life."

There is one other landmark in Shimoda which is less talked about: the shrine erected by the townspeople in memory of the first cow killed in Japan. Whether or not Harris hungered after Okichi, it seems indisputable that he got the meat he asked for.

GARRICK BOGART FESTIVAL

May 16-18

"Dark Passage" & "Marked Woman"

May 19-21

"Key Largo" & "The Petrified Forest"

May 22-24 Sun to Tues.

Martin and Lewis in

"Living it up" and "The Caddy"

May 25-28 Wed. to Sat.

James Dean in

"Rebel without a Cause"

and "East of Eden"

May 29-31 Sun. to Tues.

Michael Roemer's

"Nothing but a Man" and

Marlon Brando in

"The Fugitive Kind"

152 BLEEKER ST. OR 7-0700

Turn On/Tune In/Drop Out

By Timothy Leary PhD

First installment of a regular column syndicated by EVO for L.A. Free Press, Berkeley Barb, Fifth Estate, & The Paper

Introduction

This is the first of a series of columns by Timothy Leary, Ph.D. spelling out a theory and method of becoming a conscious person. The blue-print for a new religion. The working plan for a new species. The subsequent columns will present detailed, practical, day-by-day, step-by-step instructions, for rearranging your life, for establishing a harmony with your nervous system, your cells, your molecules and the multiple energy networks around you.

The lessons are designed to be decoded at several levels of consciousness. They can be read when you are in a state of routine symbolic awareness. They can (and should) be read when your symbolic mind is turned down and your sense organs are turned on.

Check these words out with your naked sense endings; check them out against your cellular wisdom.

Lesson I

Turn on!

Tune in!

Drop out!

Theatre Party Blitzed

by Jim Brodey

The party to raise funds for the projected "Theatre Vee-Tal," held Saturday April 30th, (102 W. 3rd St.) was invaded by 40-odd plainclothes and uniformed representatives of the police, buildings and fire departments. Two summonses were served, for "failure to comply with administrative code" (?). This was the first violation of the promises of Mayor Lindsay, made several days before, that harassment of artists would cease.

The events, leading up to raid and closure of this party, are as follows:

Saturday afternoon: The loft of Irv Docktor was being cleared out in preparation for the "Party-Rock Happening"; musical instruments, lighting equipment, "fog-machines," etc. were being readied and set into place. A flying machine containing goggled female figures was being hung from ceiling of loft by wires.

3:00 pm—Fire Dept. somebody (he never identified himself) strolles in, noses around, asks what is going on, leaves.

A police inspector arrives, questions if beer and wine will be sold (they were, as advertised, *free!*); what party was being given for (there was a \$2.50 charge per person); he states that it is unlawful for more than 75 people to be in loft at same time (later, at night, he says unlawful for more than 5 at a time), and states that no one under 18 is permitted entrance where drinking of liquor is being done. He continues to question possible sale of drink, and now sale of food; keeps it up, walks around making notations in small notebook, collects sidekick from stairway-landing (who also makes notations in another notebook) and finally leaves. Later he is suddenly identified as "City Sheriff."

9:30—Entrance to second floor loft: stairs crowded with uniformed cops, fire department squads armed with notebook and flashlight. The party is already underway. Live thumping music from one green-floodlight-showered corner blares out to ticket desk on stair-landing where two people busily collect money, writing down names of people who enter (later, to have been used for mailing lists for theatre). The food and wine arrive and from within loft, eyeglass-raincoat man, steps up to serve summons. He first tries to give to people collecting money. Young girl: "There's nothing wrong at this party." Server—"Tell it to the judge." Cop (to both people): "If you don't have proper I.D.'s we'll take you down to the station." Girl

Lesson II

Turn on to your seven external sense organs and your seven internal sense organs. Turn on to your cellular wisdom. Turn on to your molecular blue-prints.

Tune in to the natural energy that covers this planet.

Drop out. Your body is not designed to deal with metal, stone, symbols, machinery. Start an orderly, peaceful sequence of detaching yourself from artifacts. Your symbol-addicted society tells you to turn off, cash in, cop out.

Your cells tell you to turn on, tune in, drop out.

Lesson III

Turn on! The human body is a galaxy of energy systems, memory banks, communication networks. The current model of a billion-year experiment in receiving, decoding and harmonizing with energy. The history of evolution is stored in DNA strands buried in your cells and available to consciousness. It is possible for the knowledgeable person to move consciousness precisely and planfully to these various levels. You can "turn on" with or (partially) without chemicals. In the next few months in these columns I shall teach you how.

Tune in! The human body is designed to adapt smoothly to the other energy systems in this planet. After you "tune in" you must be able to hook-up your expanded consciousness in a harmonious flow with the external world. In the next few months in these columns I shall teach you how to rearrange your movements and your environment.

Drop out! Modern civilization is a dangerous, insane process-destructive of man's natural

puts on her coat, but boy refuses. Cop places him under arrest (although, he was never taken to station, questioned or searched!) The summonses, meanwhile, are floating. They are tried on "Happening" director, Harvey Kramer, then, finally, served on theatre representative Ed Bailenson.

The uniforms and plainclothes begin to file past ticket-desk. Cops on landing, going through lists of patron-names. Boy at desk (still presumably under arrest): "We only got 8 bucks, you came too early." Cop: "That's what we came for." Meanwhile, at the street-level door, six uniformed cops have sealed off the party from arriving patrons and participating actors, dance troupe, and rock 'n' roll group carrying instruments and electric gear (to whom, group complained, the officers used "abusive" language). Thus the party, had been closed to the public, before even one violation of either fire or safety laws or city or state statutes had been sighted or announced.

Meanwhile, in loft above, dancing and eating of pounds of fried chicken, in full display. The representatives from "the corridors of power" congregate at the front of the loft, blocking the exit, shoving people aside and forming individual groups around the loft owner, Happening-director and theatre-director. Firemen began an intensive search with flashlights, guns and the usual small notebooks. Building inspectors are busy testing out toilet and sink mechanisms. From police-infested shadows of stairway landing, several men in sweaters, boots, dungarees began circulating through mash-potato crowd "inquiring" about drugs. One came on with me: "Say (low whisper) man, you got any grass on ya?" Later on, several musicians, complained of being approached by men of possible same description, questioning their possession of acid. Plainclothesmen, kept constantly questioning whereabouts of —The Fugs— (who were advertised, as appearing at party) and just what connection they had with this party. More questions about drugs. They (the cops) said that they

potential, murderous to other species of life, symbol addicted, anti-life. Drop out of the social game.

The generation of Americans under the age of thirty is a mutant species, sharing territory with a dangerous, deviant species (i.e. those over the age of thirty who are addicted to power, control and violence). To preserve your sanity and return to harmonious order you must quit your attachments to American society gracefully, lovingly, planfully.

Quit school. Present education methods are neurologically crippling and antagonistic to your cellular wisdom. Quit school internally by turning on and tuning in. When you have done this (and not before) quit school. For good.

American social institutions are made by robots for robots—lustful of and observed by materials, things, dead symbols. Quit your job internally and then (and not before) quit your job. For good.

It is possible to live in this planet without joining the anti-life social systems. I shall teach you how.

Exercise I

Go into a serene environment—a quiet room, a hillside, a beach, a garden.

Bring with you an unopened tin can, a candle, a piece of fruit (sliced open so the seed is visible). Have one shoe on and the other foot bare.

Observe these three objects and meditate on the fact that your body is two billion years old.

had gotten very good information that there would be a large amount of acid at this party. One uniformed cop (the one who had placed male-ticket-taker under arrest) insists that the plainclothesmen make everyone get undressed, and be thoroughly searched; he shouts for the music to cease, but he can't be heard over it. More firemen arrive and officials stream in and out of the loft building and stand around outside on the street, blocking the entrance. One artist, who had worked all afternoon clearing loft and setting his flying machine up, is denied entrance to party by police and after a few polite exchanges (by artist), the cops allow him to enter, but order his wife, to stay outside in the rain.

Up in loft, most of the uniformed cops leave. The "inspectors" still present, pound away, verbally, at possibility of sale of wine and food, also musical entertainment without first getting "full" city clearance and police o.k.

10:50—Firemen, mostly have left; NO VIOLATIONS FOUND! The order is given by plainclothesmen, through City Sheriff: "Finish eating, but leave as quickly and quietly as possible. The party is over!"

Two firemen, overheard on stairs, leaving: "Hey, what kind of party was this anyway?"

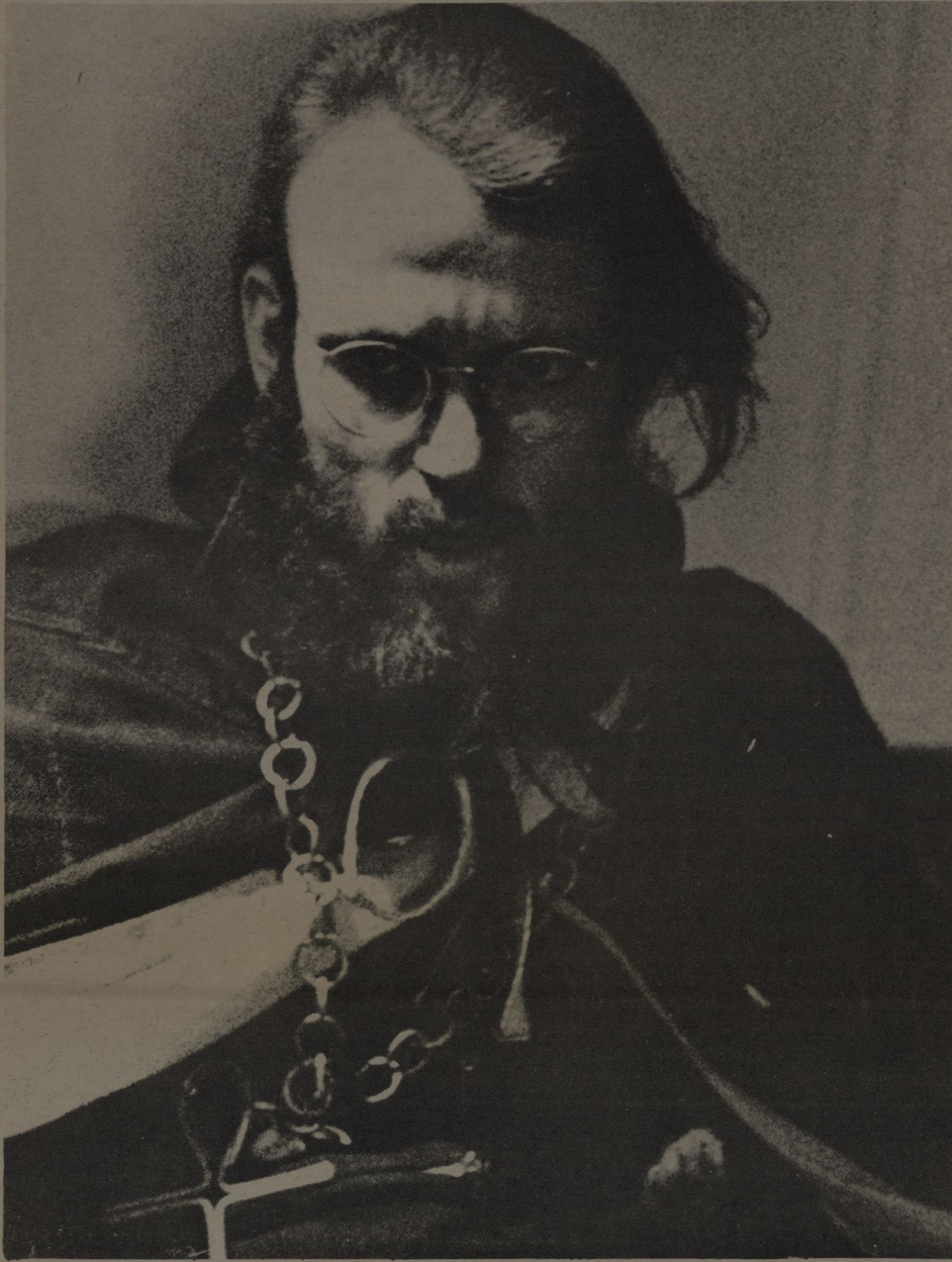
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An Eagle Without Claws



by Walter H. Bowart

Little Eagle, alias Charlie Brown, born Charles Edward Artman the son of an Iowa minister, has the magic power of provoking America's middle class to acts of violence. The official bureaucracy from coast to coast has expressed violent dislike for his beard, his hair, his manner of dress, his tepee, and his beliefs.

On February 24, 1966 President Lyndon Baines Johnson stepped out of a limousine onto the red carpet of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. He had come to receive an award from Freedom House and to make a speech defending his policies in Viet Nam.

Across the street stood Little Eagle dressed in his black cape with a peace symbol embroidered on the back. He held one end of a large red, black, and white banner which read, "IMPEACH LYNDON JOHNSON."

Jimmy Breslin described the scene in the next morning's paper: "The sign said, 'Impeach Lyndon Johnson.' Little Eagle held it up proudly. It went higher than the three triangular, yellow-starred Viet Cong flags kids in the crowd held up. There were about 300 behind the barricades—there had been nearly 4,000 anti-war demonstrators on the sidewalks of Park Avenue a little earlier.

"... One Patrolman decided he was not going to stand for Little Eagle's sign.

"Take it down,' he said. The sign was on poles. Poles, which can become weapons, are not allowed in demonstrations. The cop used this as an out. But the next thing anybody saw was the blue coat of the cop going into the crowd and grabbing at the flag and then,

all of a sudden there were over a dozen of them in the crowd, elbowing, jabbing with their clubs and kids in the crowd falling to the sidewalk and one of the cops standing in the street reached out and grabbed a kid by the back of his coat and bent him backwards over a barricade and then another cop grabbed another one and they had him bent over the barricade and now it was a mess."

This was New York's reaction to the vibrations of Little Eagle. On the west coast he was treated more severely. He was arrested twice during the University of California's "Freedom Uprisings." In December of 1965 he was arrested in Berkely for possession of peyote and put on probation for three years. He is a member of the Native American Church and carried the peyote in a locket case around his neck, as a charm.

A typical reaction came from residents of Ordina California. The *Ordina Sun* reported Aug. 13, 1965: "Charlie Brown Artman, a self styled 'Big Chief' of the Native American Church pulled up his stakes in Berkely Saturday and set up his mammoth tepee at midnight atop of one of the highest hills in Redwood Canyon.

"One resident said, 'We thought nothing surprised us anymore, but Charlie Brown did!'"

The *Sun* reported that the first thing Charlie Brown did after setting up his two story tepee was to post a sign in the canyon general store. The sign told the world that Charlie Brown, folksinger and poet, was in the tepee on top of the hill. A member of the Canyon Community Club took down the notice from the community bulletin board.

Known as friendly folk, the townspeople admitted to being suspicious of young men bearing tepees. Little Eagle was harassed by firemen from Ordina, who were worried that he might set fire to the surrounding countryside. Canyonites revealed that they were keeping a close watch on their new neighbor because Little Eagle and his friends used their private road, named Redwood Highway, and that, "It costs us a lot to keep it up and we don't like strangers wearing it out."

One night a storm came with drenching rain and strong winds which blew down the tepee, soaking Little Eagle's belongings and scattering his papers about the hillside. The next morning a canyon resident declared, "This is a violation of the litter law."

So Little Eagle moved on. He spent the winter on the Lower East Side where he was investigated by the FBI. Now he has his tepee set up in Lander, Wyoming where he hopes others will join him in forming a tepee city. Plans are now being made by some of Charlie's friends on the Lower East Side, to rent a bus and make the tepee city come true.

EVO interviewed Little Eagle before he left for the west. He has some very definite ideas about the reactions he provokes:

"Somebody once said that in order to get well you have to first get angry. Well you know, when I go down the street people shout, 'There's superman' or 'Hey, is that you J. C.?' They are trying to catch me in a game in order to destroy what I am projecting, because what I am projecting is, in a sense, understanding. People look at me, on some level of consciousness, and see that they can make it before me—that is, their faults, their grief are not hidden from me and they see that I am living in a way that is truly one of love and brotherhood and helping others.

"Of course, they have to complain. This is why they had to crucify Christ. This is what I expect happened to Kennedy and to many others. I'll probably be shot in the back.

"After a series of lifetimes you reach a state of high understanding and purity of spirit. In a sense your vibrations are too high for this world, you can no longer exist in it. This is disturbing for those of lower vibrations, so they have to put you out of the way.

"There are many more people like me around this planet. There are many people who are coming into this Christ aware state—people becoming aware that there is a new age that is coming in."

Why was he leaving New York?

"I much prefer to live in a tepee. New York is killing me. It's killing my body, it's killing my soul. I just can't stand it here. There's so much destruction in the air. Everywhere people are destroying each other.

"New York City is a zoo. Every afternoon at three the keepers come around the streets and throw garbage at the animals. Then the animals fight over it in the streets. Sometimes at midnight they unlock the cages and the animals run loose. Then, baby, watch out!

"The sun hardly comes through the soot in the air. They're poisoning our bodies. On the streets I look and I see these forms that I can't call human. They have a pretty tremendous social pressure that comes to bear on you, to destroy you. I see it in the people over in the carnival on McDougal Street. Society has really done some of them in.

"But more and more, youth, in this civilization which goes around the world, is beginning to see more clearly the things that are so wrong. We are developing, together, a force that is beginning to be very strong, it's built on a firm foundation of dissatisfaction with the lies that have been fed us so long."

With this note of hope and his usual closing salutation, "Peaces" Little Eagle folded his tepee and left New York.

Walter Bredel Photo

Ethel, The Fairy Godmother



by Lew Arthur

A week before Christmas the Kennedy office in New York sponsored a series of parties for children of the city's slums. Toys were contributed by Senator Robert F. Kennedy who, with his wife, planned to drop in on each neighborhood center and meet the parents and the children.

Parent Education aides of Mobilization For Youth, the lower East Side poverty organization, had decorated the Emmanuel Presbyterian Church on 6th street, readying it for the visitation. When I got to the old church on that Friday before Christmas, I found the women aides angry and upset. The Kennedy-sponsored gifts were a disgrace, they said; they would be ashamed to hand them out. The children of the neighborhood had eagerly been looking forward to the event and now were to be given flimsy cardboard dollhouses, chiffon head scarves made in Japan and other shoddy gifts gotten at God-knows-what disposal sale.

What to do? The women went to see the top brass of MFY and, after telling their story they succeeded in getting \$700 for additional gifts. They bought out a local toy store to supplement the lot contributed by the Kennedys.

At the church I noticed Jim Savoid, a local youth worker, sitting glumly on a bench. The girls had chosen him to be Santa Clause and he had not got into the spirit of the role. I guessed he needed bucking up and I invited him to the corner bar where we each downed a Scotch. The few afternoon barflies stared at Jim in his Santa costume. Jim soon thawed out, wondered aloud whether he was the first black Santa in history. No, I said. Father Divine beat you to it, and we laughed at that.

When we returned to the church the benches were full of squirming kids, mainly Puerto Ricans with their mothers and sisters and brothers, and more funnelling into the 100-year-old structure where Joe Papp, the Bardnik, originally put on his Shakespeare. The

appearance of a Kennedy in the flesh was a big event to these people. Few of their homes are without a picture of John F. Kennedy, 35th President of the United States, usually hung in an honored place in the kitchen or livingroom alongside a color litho of Jesus Christ of the Sacred Heart or the Virgin Mary.

Ethel Kennedy soon arrived with a retinue of pale-cheeked Ivy League men and a couple of folksingers. She smiled the assured gilt-edged smile of one who vacations in the sun in the midwinter. She is a very knacky baby, considering she is 37 and the mother of nine. She wore a simple wool dress and wanted to meet all the MFY people and quickly ran out of "official" hands to shake.

As she looked about expectantly I introduced myself as a local resident and told her how wonderful of her to take the time to visit little us on the Lower East Side. "The children love you," I said.

"I'm so glad, so glad, Mr. Wassner," she said, getting the name wrong.

One of her aides asked, "Are you in charge Wasser? We'd like to get started."

I pointed out Rev. Euton Williams and the Ivy League man went over and addressed some earnest words to him.

The ceremonies soon began. The two folksingers entertained the children with a song and Rev. Williams blessed the gathering and then introduced the star of the performance. Mrs. Kennedy came up to the head of the altar, smiling, smiling a benediction as she was roundly applauded with squeals and shouts and yells and clapping. She waited for the last full measure of shouted greetings to subside, then raised her arms like a good fairy Godmother about to announce good tidings of great joy.

"Will you make me a promise?" she cried. "Everyone who'll make me a promise raise your hand!"

The kids shouted "Yes-Yee-es-Si! A promise. We promise. We promise!"

...This promise question has a familiar ring. Robert Kennedy, Ethel's husband, had asked it of poor backcountry Brazilians. A couple of months earlier he was seen on TV touring South America like a vote-getting politician. Said Kennedy in Brazil, a Portuguese translator beside him: "Will you make a promise to keep your children in school?" The people had shouted yes to that. "And you children! Raise your hands if you'll promise to finish your education?" All hands up and a shouted Si! from Brazillian kids who were lucky to have a grade school within one hundred miles.

Well, here was Mrs. Kennedy addressing the kids of the Lower East Side, also collecting promises that cost nothing to exact, and nothing to make. Except she had lost the thread of her thought. After asking the magic "promise" question, and after receiving Yes's and Si's, Ethel asked the kids to join herself and her two troubadors in singing "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer."

Meantime the MFY delegation had returned with the extra toys they had purchased for the kids. One of the women, a Puerto Rican lady who had earlier expressed her bitter resentment at the Kennedy contribution, went over to the Senator's lady and said, "I think you should stay to give out the gifts, Mrs. Kennedy."

"No, no," replied Ethel Kennedy, still smiling but emphatic. "It is only fair that you local people who have worked so hard should take the credit." Following this she left with her entourage—as neat a putdown as let 'em eat eat cake.

Little Edwin Velazquez, age six, one of the last in the long line at the church waiting to see Santa Claus, received a gift from the bottom of the barrel, a pair of cheap plastic braces. Nothing more was left. Even with MFY's contribution, there had not been enough decent toys to go round. Edwin Velazquez cried all the way home.

continued on page 13

SLUM



Dina Gornick is 8 years old. She attends P. S. 64 on East 9th Street. In an interview Dina expressed her views on art, national politics, education, and love.

Dina told EVO: "I draw, paint, and once I acted in a movie. My friend Paul made the movie. I slept through it. It was only a film.

"When I grow up I want to be a nurse, a doctor, a housewife, and if there is such a thing as The East Village Other I want to work there."

We asked her to describe the East Village: "Well, in the middle of it there's a park and across the street there's a church, and across the street from the church there's the Welfare Department. The people that live here, some are nice and some are mean. I like the east side cause there's a lot of beatniks there and they're nice people."

THE LATIN CROWNS GO SOCIAL

by Tom McNamara

Let us now praise the dead!
and remember Nicky who's till now, alive
(of an underdose of H.)
Let us now damn and man/damn each other
for what we did not do
to the least

to the least, man, to the least
There is a part of this city which Mayor Lindsay knows nothing about. There are starved faces on the East Side, faces starved for love and money as well as food that all the king's social workers and all the king's cops couldn't put back together again if they really tried. The poor are sad. But there's a poverty deeper than money-poorness and it's the poverty of the soul.

The politicians don't know what to do about it. And Mobilization for Youth with their 14 million bucks doesn't know either. There's a death plague in this city—a plague of noise, Con Edison soot, neglect, and despair. And sometimes it looks like there's no hope. Especially for the kids. The New York kid is an ace hipster. He's way ahead of the Congressmen, the hacked-out social workers, and especially the cops. He knows that his only hope, his only way to bargain against the hard doom that is this city is his gang. And the guys in the Latin Crowns knew that. Even when the middle-classniks with the degrees came to save them.

I met Sampson and Chao and Blackie and the other guys when I was running a mailing business from a store on 4th Street. They just wandered in one day. They were hanging out with a guy named Larry Cole who runs a gaffe called The Lower East Side Action Project. He had just been thrown out of three other storefronts and was dodging the cops himself, since the mother of one of the little kids he worked with had him arrested for—get this—kidnapping. O crazy city! O city of psychoses. O city of anger. All Larry Cole had done was to get this kid off the black tar streets of this

here and now slum; and before he knew it there was a police sergeant calling him some sort of child molester.

The guys in The Latin Crowns moved in on the scene after that. They were mostly Puerto Rican guys, the kind you see bopping around the street corners in those SS-type jackets. Not really hard guys. But they had been one of the ugliest fighting gangs below 14th Street and they were now "going social" or at least they wanted to. They wanted to get in off the streets, anyway. They were beat, even though they didn't show it. But they had that black shirt, stingy-brim hat look that spooks them and you. And that bad B-picture way of standing and talking. I sat with them at Larry Coles' place night after night and listened to their fantasies—how rotten the cops were, what they were going to do about it, how they didn't have a chance. Doom, man, doom, that's all they talked about. Their future was about as bright as Dillinger's and they seemed to want to go that way—"you know, man, to mean something!" Picture in the *Daily News*, all that jazz. The same old JD thing.

There was Larry Cole and his wife supporting this little storefront mainly out of their own pockets and there, right across the street was Mobilization with 14—count them—14 million dollars and the fattest social workers writing the fattest sociologicales reports in capacity. And there were the guys, standing around all those cold winter nights wondering what would become of them. Now Larry tried. He did what MFY couldn't or wouldn't do. Those lumbering social work types at MFY were as bad as the boring teachers and the lumbering cops in the eyes of The Crowns. And they weren't entirely wrong.

Cole on the other hand looked good to them. He got them on the radio and Barry Gray sympathized with them for a night. And then Wechsler in *The New York Post* wrote them

up once. And things began to look better and better for the whole LEAP thing. Cole told me, "I never make the mistake the city's Youth Board Workers make. I never move in to take over the structure of the gang. That's the mistake the social workers make." I, too, could see sense in that. The social worker oftentimes has a need to take the place of the gang leadership. Maybe it's his fantasy, since he didn't make it in his high school gang, he's going to run this one. Sort of a compensation-type thing. I thought it made sense. Anyway, I felt better sort of hanging around the outside of the group and letting whoever wanted to, come to me.

The first guy who started talking to me was a quiet kid named Hector.

"Hey are you a teacher?" he said.

"No, are you a student?" I answered.

Hector thought about this exchange for a couple of days. I guess I sorta zenned him. He started hanging around and talking to me ments or even to ask any straightout questions. He seemed to sense that I knew a trick or two, but he was probably sure I was just another social worker. A lot of the guys tried to pin me down. It was part of the con-game that New York had taught them. After all, they were Juvenile Delinquents, right? So that meant you had to be something. They really didn't believe I was just a writer, but when I showed them my novel and told them I was going to have some poems published, that was enough.

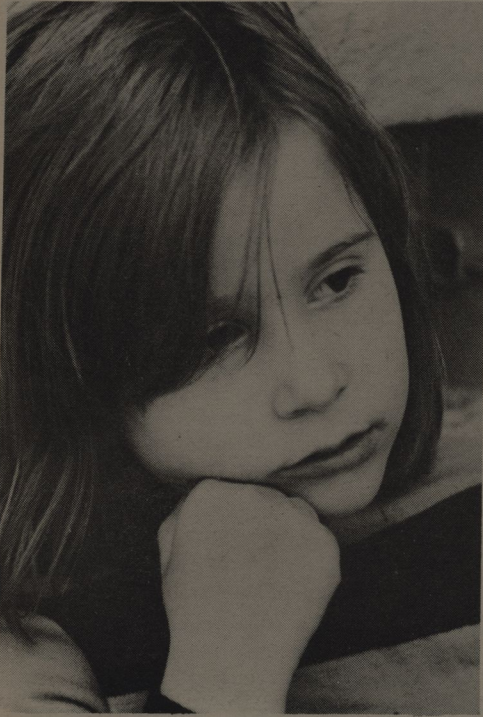
NEXT: "When The Crowns Bopped the Cops—"

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GODDESS



When asked what she thought of President Johnson, Dina replied: "Well . . . I don't like him that much cause everyone puts him all over the place. . . . puts him on their suits . . . puts him on coats . . . puts him on collages . . . puts him on posters . . . puts him on keep out signs . . . puts him *everywhere!*"

"I'm getting tired of looking at him. I liked President Kennedy more cause he wasn't all over the place. I like Batman cause he's handsome. I like him better than Superman or Captain High. I like Allan Katzman even if he has got hair on his face.

"If I were president I'd boss everyone around.



"My hero is Norris. He's a boy in my class. "Once we were in the park. It was in the summer and we were planning to toast marshmallows. I almost got on fire and Norris put it out. Norris is my hero forever after. The ouiji board told me that I was going to marry Norris. I work the Ouiji board every day after school.



"I don't like the cops cause they put everyone in jail. Once me and my sister were lost and they said get in the police car. My shoe was untied and the policeman told me, 'Tie your shoe. It's the tenth time I told you,' and it was the first time he said it.

Dutch Youth

Take Civic Action

Dutch "beatniks" are running several candidates for the Amsterdam city council election to be held June 1. With the voting age just lowered from 23 to 21 they have a good chance of capturing at least one of the 45 seats.

"One will be enough to observe the authorities from the inside," commented Roel van Duyn, the chief idea man of the 30 to 50 youths who are the informal nucleus of the movement. They call themselves "Provos," short for provocateurs.

The Provos' demands are: direct election of the mayor of Amsterdam, who, like other Dutch mayors, is picked by the national government; making the Mayor responsible to the city council on police matters; disarming the police; and curbing air pollution by taxing offending factories.

Spokesman for the group, Mr. Van Duyn is the editor of a monthly magazine entitled *Provo*, sales of which help to support him and others and keep up the payments on a printing press.

The Provo movement began last summer with a series of Saturday-midnight "happenings" in a small downtown square. According to Mayor Gijsbert van Hall, the demonstrations did not attract much attention until a newspaper publicized them. Then bigger crowds came and there were clashes with the police.

"Nonviolence is more effective" for the Provos, Mr van Duyn says, but he also says, "We hope to provoke the police to be as they are—to use violence, to take off the mask of authority and democracy."

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman



The Fall of the House of Usa

Mr. System died this morning over a last cup of coffee while sitting at the breakfast table. The late afternoon edition of the Daily World reported, "Death due to apoplexy; a sudden diminution or loss of consciousness, sensation, and voluntary motion caused by rupture or obstruction of an artery of the brain." No one in the country seemed to be directly concerned with his demise except for the fact that the moment he gave up the ghost, the stock market took a tremendous drop and the president and vice-president took to the airways to calm the country's fear that "our system" was doomed.

An on-the-scene witness reported, "His face turned red and his eyes lit up like a lightbulb and his tongue protruded from his mouth the

size of a car bumper." The autopsy report which was never made public found its way into the hands of an EVO reporter.

When they opened him up they found a whole world which had been neglected for too long. Areas of dirt where gardens had stopped growing and a space of sky where rainbows long ago disappeared. When they opened him up they found only dials and faulty wiring and a T. V. camera for a brain. They found frustration in his stomach, despair in his heart and loneliness travelling the corridors of his bloodstream.

When they lay him to rest, he will be embalmed in wood emblazoned with steel and surrounded by dirt but he will not rise up again. His last memory will be that of a son who told him he was wrong.

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VOYEU

by Lil Picard



RAMA

THE WARBURG FAMILY'LL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT

An Interview With Herself

Q: Aren't you rather fed up with the art scene—all those parties, rock and roll, frugging, watusing, swinging, rushing around to all the openings, every day an opening on Madison Avenue, and taking it all in wearing your yellow fluorescent raincoat, and digging all this pop, abc, minimum, electrical, kinetic, electronically motorized junk?—pardon me—art? You should give an honest answer, but I understand your reputation as an Art Critic. . . .

A: I don't criticize, I report. I don't dig art Critics. They try to destroy the artists and they're out to get their own wise-cracks publicized. Historically, they mostly have been wrong. That's a fact. Self aggrandisement, that's what makes them tick.

Q: So what do you like to report on?

A: Let me think, my mind's a blur . . . so many things . . . things, things, things, and babble babble. I mean all this art-language. One has to take in all those words, the torrent of language. (Marshall McLuhan)

Q: But what has slang got to do with art?

A: A lot. See they sit in this museum-auditorium and they talk and talk, on art, in their own slang; the art jargon. But just let me tell you the end of a shelf story.

Now this guy in Paris said to me, just go ahead and make a lot of shelves as an art show. Have them manufactured and look for a good gallery and sell them at a nice profit. You see, like a commodity. Just go into business (good old Veblen) art industry like, you dig?

But I missed the boat. Now those Primary guys, they're really making it.

Q: Do you like any of them?

A: Yes, some, but when they talk I crumble. Language, language, language, (forgive me Allen Ginsberg) artbabble. 100 dollar words. And I listen and listen, but art should be looked at, and understood.

But you really need a thesaurus, art-slang-thesaurus. So I go home to my slang dictionary and I look it all up and get educated.

Q: To which language joints did you go lately?

A: I went to the Guggenheim Museum. Conversation: Thomas Hess and Barnett Newman.

Q: Did you get enlightened?

A: Not really, they started it all, with drinking water. First Hess poured himself a glass and drank it very slowly, then Newman did the same, smiling good saturedly. It was like a holy ritual. All the lecture-listeners-cognoscenti had a good time seeing the two godheads downing

And Barnett Newman said: "Let us try to talk in public like we were painting a painting." And Hess agreed to that, so they rambled on and on; why Newman gave his abstract paintings the title *The Stations of the Cross, Lema Sabachthani*. ("My God, why has thou forsaken me?") And Hess asked, "Are you a believer on the subject?"

So Newman answered very sweetly: "I don't think I have to be a believer on the subject, I felt free to express something I was feeling."

And of course Tom Hess agreed to that. But he said that the idea of the subject matter, to call the 14 abstract striped paintings, *The Stations of the Cross*, was an affront to the critics, who howled. (He meant John Canaday, the great howler of the *New York Times*.); He really howls a lot in a very vulgar way. There is no excuse for it, but that was *not* said in the museum.

Q: Don't you think it's a bit over dramatic, too much tragedy? We're cool today.

A: That's true, but an old man like Newman, painting all those years, always stripes breaking and cutting through space, it's like a hair-shirt. It's like a wound, it bothers him, he's looking for salvation. I understand that. . . .

Q: Did you go to the Jewish Museum's Primary Sculpture show? Did you look and listen? Did you get something out of it?

A: It was like the World's Fair. All colored, pastel, bright, light. No dusty old brown bronzes around. No plaster-cast stuff. Just new materials. New media; aluminum, glass, plastics, formica, steel, enamel, bricks, plywood. No marble, no stones.

I always hated plaster-casts, heads and hands

and feet standing around in the Beaux Arts in Paris. Dusty, yellowed-with-age trophies of store rooms. They bug me.

In the Jewish Museum things look bright and young. I was startled and absolutely taken aback by the three big monumental gray black rectangles made of plywood and aluminum by Ronald Bladen. They stand there in this big room in the Jewish Museum, like pyramids, stonehenge burial places. You hear music. . . .

Q: You are a real historian aren't you, Baby?

A: No, I'm a reporter and an art-addict. But not a historian. I am *for* the artist, not against him, and I'm engaged, not cool.

Q: What happened at the panel discussion? I understand Judd and Morris talked. How was that language tournament?

A: Barbara Rose, the writer, the art-in-america, art-form girl talked. To her left Robert Morris sat laconic, nonsmiling, severe. On her right sat the curator Mr. Kynaston McShine. Next to him Minimum Judd.

Just as they announced that Mark di Suvero, the park-place-boy could not come, he arrived like the Messiah, and saved the talk in. . . . Without him it would have been a Castelli-performance.

Q: Why, what's he got to do with this discussion?

A: Don't you see, Donald Judd is a Castelli-man and Robert Morris is a Castelli-man and Barbara Rose is married to Stella and he is a Castelli-man, and he sat in the first row and talked a long time in the discussion—and the curator said very little, he just looked very nice and cool—and all those other primary-boys stood around and sat around and were angry because they talked and talked.

Anyhow the conversation took a hot turn, because of di Suvero. Barbara Rose said, all those big, big sculptures, and no museum wants them, and they won't go in apartments and they are so big.

So Mark di Suvero turned to the audience and his blue eyes darted and I heard him say: "Johnson is a murderer."

You know, I really got scared. I thought that the ghosts of the Warburg family, who used to own the Jewish Museum, would get him. But nothing happened. Because it wasn't the Peace Tower Party; just a nice, pure, clean, amusing, minimum discussion.

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VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA



Stan Vanderbeek is probably the most difficult filmmaker for me to *try* to be objective about. It's rather like that old routine of Abbott and Costello's in which they used the frame of a mirror. One of them stood behind the frame while the other stood in front of it and scratched his ear, simultaneously the first one scratched his ear. And so it went on until their co-ordination became so outrageous that the whole scene fell hilariously apart.

Actually it is only in the collage film where our talents and interests parallel, but since this constitutes the larger part of our work it is, I think, worthy of some comparative comment.

Vanderbeek was already involved in making collage movies before I commenced work on mine and it wasn't until I had completed a couple myself that we got the opportunity to view each other's work. Then I tried a film ("Conversations in Limbo") in something of a Vanderbeekian manner, but it didn't work out too well and later had to be revised. And I think he tried one in my style ("Achoo Mr. Keroochev") but that didn't work out too well for him either—at least not by my standards.

The problem is that one cannot escape oneself. What's more, I don't think one should try, unless one goes into the industry where the most expendable product is one's soul.

Stanley is a nice bloke, eager, energetic, inventive, visual, optimistic and gregarious while I am phlegmatic, lazy, literary, pessimistic and antisocial. It is therefore natural that two independent beings working in the same medium should produce totally different works.

Stanley's film images have a pixilated qual-



ity . . . his satire is gentle and conservative . . . it is satire without malice . . . strange, rare and paradoxical.

Sometimes I have the feeling that his images, though inherently 20th century, might have come from the walls of the Great Pyramid. Americanologists of the future (that is if our civilization leaves any scrap and remnants) will have their work cut out for them when they get to decyphering Vanderbeek's movies . . . what does a human profile on an automobile chassis mean? . . . Why do automobiles fight like prehistoric monsters? . . . why are their faces covered with tattoos?

His most successful movies are "Science Fric-

tion" (that's one I'd like to have made), "Skull-duggery" and more recently "Breathdeath". These are most successful because they build with a black dramatic force and are not composed of isolated and unrelated images. There is also a great sense of freedom in these movies, as shown in his masterly ability to combine live and animated material.

Yet, there is another paradox in the Vanderbeekian scene. This is the streak of literary authoritarianism.

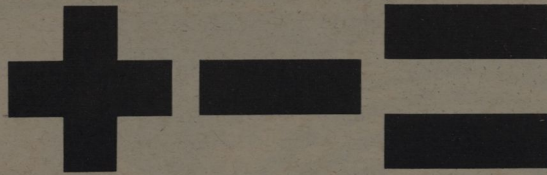
In his manifesto "Culture: Intercom" (available from Room 1204, 49 West 45th St., N.Y.) he writes "It is imperative that we quickly find some way for the entire level of world human understanding to rise to a new human scale . . . and it is imperative that each and every member of the world community . . . join the 20th century as soon as possible." And . . . "It is imperative that we (the world's artists) invent a new world language . . . that we invent a non-verbal international picture language. . ."

The "We" is, of course, a camouflage for the word "I". Taken to its illogical conclusion, on a purely animal level, it leads to declarations such as ". . . we must fight the communist menace . . .", ". . . we must get back to God . . .", ". . . we must unite to free the world from the tyranny of capitalism . . .". The "we" always assumes that what is food for him is good for the rest of the world.

The function of Vanderbeek's Manifesto is, I imagine, to propagandize and intellectualize his current (and most commendable) project, which is the building of a Movie Drome. A Movie Drome is a dome shaped building in which the audience lies on the floor and gazes at a multitude of projected images. A great idea, and as I've written before, film is badly in need of new types of theatres.

But, to write in a manner that implies that the Movie Drome, the Vanderbeekian film aesthetic and nonverbal picture language, (by which I assume he means anything from cave paintings to newsreels, collage movies, and movies in which the emotions are mimed), will educate and save the world is, I think, a little egocentric.

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VOYEU



RAMA

Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

"Yeah, baby," as Bukowski says, "life is just a spider web." But spring is, at least semi-officially, well *almost*, sprung . . . so BEGONE! dull care and all that jazzjazzjazz . . . let's see what cooks in the less serious stuff: while we here in the colonies go in&out of our cottonpickin' heads about all sorts of alarums, our cousins abroad, even in their more radical newspapers don't get sucked into the various and sundry moiling frays. This surprises me, but if what I see from England is any indication, we are still adolescent, and what we are hardly capable of, these days, is warm humour. And I mean in political stuff, too.

Take *Peace News* (25 cents by air from 5 Caledonian Road, London N.1.). Even tho it's got all sorts of newstories about consciencious objectors fasting and going to jail etc., an issue I've got has got a fine story on a warm and wooly cartoonist named Leo Baxendall, who's known as "The Master of Bash Street." From what I can see, he's the Stan Lee of that Foggybottomed scene, and betcha we hear of him real big here soon.

Tuli Kupferberg is funny. And is appreciated on both sides (maybe all sides) of the Atlantic. Whenever I come across a poem of his, it's a delight. Especially since so many alleged "poets" think that their work has to be as tragic as "Stella Dallas" or "Portia Faces Life." But they're funny, too. Even O'Neill was funny, because when you get as tragical as he did, sometimes, it breaks through to the other side. Which is basic patarealism, no?

Much of what passes for comedy these days is hysteria. It is almost impossible to be funny in times such as these. As an antidote, I'd suggest reading the English publications for a while. Only the German magazines look as despairing as many of ours.

What's in orbit: Extra Verse (10 Clarement

Park, Edinburgh 6 Scotland @30 cents) is tastefully done and tastefully edited and has good work by many fine poets and, what's this(!), no use of "big names" or other such gimmicks to attract attention, just good, experimental, pleasing work. Hooray!-*P. V. P.* is a mimeo from 3502 Powelton Ave., Philly, (25 cents) that is kinda amateurish, but if you know what that word means you'll know its no put-down . . . Screechs Publications (11 Clematis Street, Blackburn, Lancs, England) has many good one-or two-poem folders for 10 cents or so . . . which is a good idea . . . you can see some of these and some by others at the 8th Street and Gotham . . . I shoulda mentioned *The Wormwood Review* as a first-rate mag, before now, but I just got my first looksee after hearing many praises . . .

"The Ginger Man" is out again in paperback and, finally - unexpurgated. The stuff that was cut out originally is pretty tame by today's

standards, but that just shows how far we've come in a few years . . . *Poetry Newsletter* (35 cents) from 315 East 9th Street always features worthwhile poetry. Current issue has Marcus Grapes, Steve Richmond, Albert Einstein and reviews by Kirby Congdon . . . *Monocle* has gone "occasional" and will appear sorta when conditions warrant. Out currently is their "Vietnam Speak-out" or "How We Won The War" which presents the government's publicrelationese flack over the years on how we're "winning" in Viet Nam . . . it would be funny if, etc. . . *Nexus*, the San Francisco magazine, has ceased publication . . . Ferlinghetti has announced a new number of his excellent *City Lights Journal*. This is more of a book than a magazine, but is absolutely first-rate.

Tuesday and Thursday are now reading nights at St. Marks Church.

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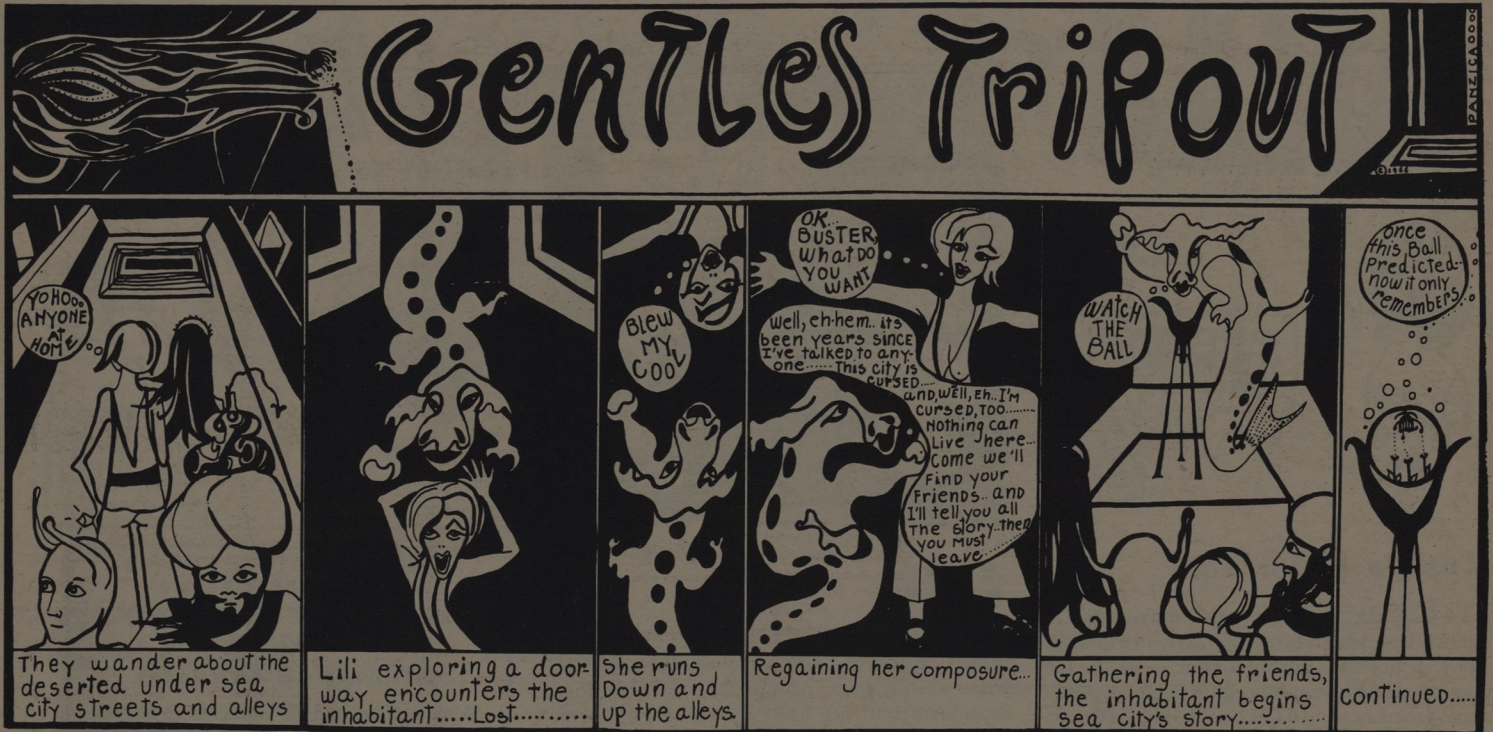
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Aaa2



Geoff Stokes

continued from page 1

"But there are things that the 'New Left' can accomplish which involves social rather than political change. What they can do, if they want to, particularly the kids, is put pressure on the established political outlets, including the Reform Democrats.

"We opened a new headquarters the other night on Avenue C, and we had a bunch of kids from SDS and SNCC drop up, and people ranging from Justin Feldman, who's a sharkskin suit type lawyer, to Peter Orlovsky, which is a mixed bag you just don't get.

"The kind of thing I'd like to see happen," Stokes said, "is a union between the reformers in New York, the California CDC, Dick Gregory's movement in Chicago, and The Freedom Democrats in the south. And then we can start moving the political spectrum left.

If you look at our presidential candidates for the last four elections, you'll see that the whole pattern of debate has been moving right with the Democrats taking more and more of a centrists position.

"Just Stevenson from '52 to '56 was a change. And Kennedy was considerably more moderate. The charge that there wasn't a lot of difference between Kennedy and Nixon was made with some basis. Surely if the Republicans hadn't run a raving maniac against LBJ he wouldn't have looked good at all."

Stokes said that he feels that most of his votes will come from those under the age of forty. Facing the problem of abstention from voting in the east village "bohemian" population, Stokes replied, "One reason that the 'bohemian' population doesn't register is that they move around too fast. They're in an apartment a couple of months then they move out.

"One thing we can do is change the registration laws. As least we are going to talk about changing them. We could do the same thing that's been done in Britain—everyone that's of a certain age is automatically registered on a state level.

"What they do, there, is the landlord compiles a list of residents in his building and sends it in. If there is any fraud there are strict penalties, jail sentences and so on, but everyone on the list is a registered voter.

"It seems to me that the politicians, as a group, don't really give a damn. The content of this senatorial district makes it a tough one to win so the politicians and lawyers backed off and didn't want it."

Stokes feels that the state constitutional convention could even have some effect on the marijuana question and freedom of pleasure in general: "This is a matter where you get lawyers wording. But you start making a new bill of rights and you start broadening your definition. What does freedom of speech entail? Freedom of religion?"

"There are certain things that ought to be done. Flag burning and draft card burning, although they are not verbal, come under freedom of speech. They certainly ought to, and we want to make this explicit in the constitution. You talk about pursuit of happiness which is a nice phrase, although as a nation we seem to be very embarrassed by it all too often.

"Then we start getting into things like freedom of pleasure. And you should have your choice. Your choice of enebriates. As it happens I don't like liquor and tobacco gives me cancer, so, you know . . . all right."

Stokes said his platform is one of "reverse Goldwaterism."

"The Goldwater thing is to let the government not do any services but regulate the lives of people as tightly as possible. I'd like to see it go the other way. Perform the services, mandate the government to perform the kind of services we need, but not regulate our private lives, which includes our sexual behavior, what kind of schools we want to build, what we want to do with our kids and so on.

"There are all kinds of issues I could run through that are going to come up, but the most important thing has got to be a new bill of rights.

"Right now half the time, state legislators are elected from upstate districts which can't know the kinds of problems we face in the city. They are very often behind by 50 years; by at least a generation anyway. A generation is too long. Five years is too long. My students are in many ways ahead of me already.

"So what you try to do with this constitution is to make the kind of conditions in which the upstaters can function, but where we don't have to worry about them again.

"Let them elect all the skruggs they want, they can't hurt us. But we can't have the conditions so limited that if they should elect a good guy, he's hassled. Which is what happens now.

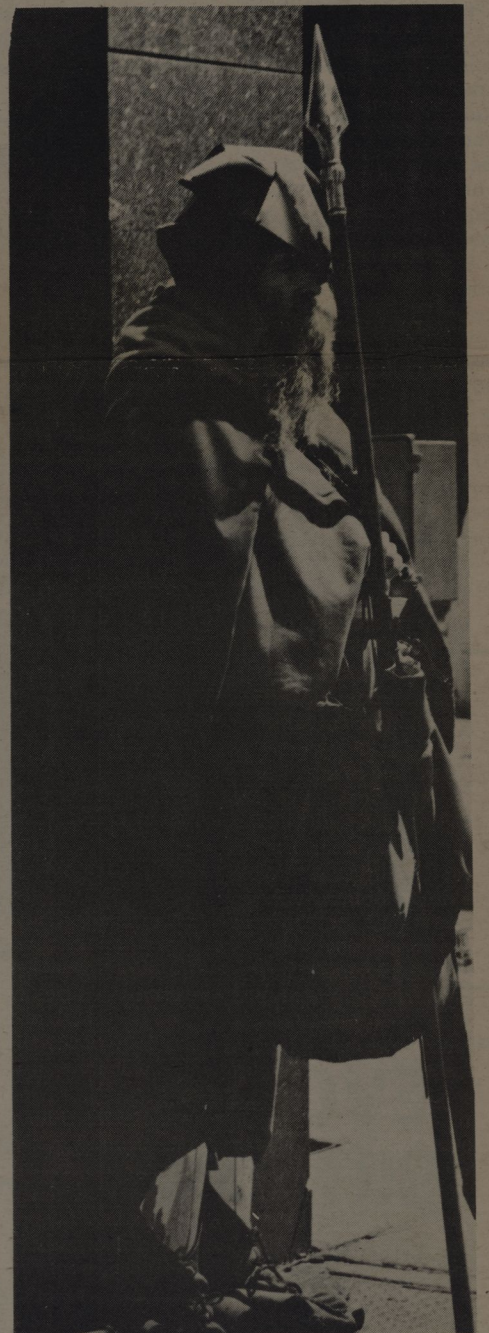
"We have all the restrictions in the wrong place, and all the freedoms in the wrong place. Just turn it inside out. Which is kind of what we ought to do with everything."

Geoff Stokes is running on Ted Weiss' line. About Weiss, Stokes said, "He's a ballsy little guy and he's better than what we've got. Who else could I possibly run with. I don't embarrass Weiss and Weiss doesn't embarrass me.

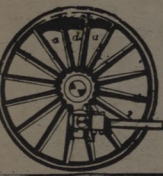
"Maybe I can help him in certain ways, but mostly I want a platform to talk. There are all kinds of issues that I can raise up there that people want to hear about.

"And even if I'm not elected we can start raising these issues and making them, at least, discussable."

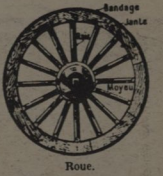
by Walter Bowart



Moondog (Lewis Hardin) will debut new works in a classical vein at the Spectrum Gallery May 20 at 8:30. The blind poet, musician, street beggar will be accompanied by a string quartet made up of musicians from the New York Philharmonic.



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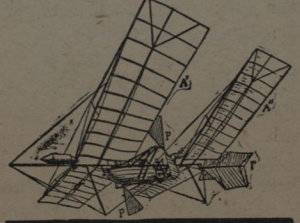
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The Righteous Brothers. Basin St. East, NYC

May 13
Group Gallery Show: Alberto Castagna, Michael Economos, Stanley Fisher, Donald Abrams, Dorothy Iannone, Jim Grosso, Rudolph Bram, David Prat, James Hans, James Upham. Stryke Gallery, 86 E. 10th Street.

May 13-19
The Temptations—Washington, D.C.

May 15
Paris Grand Prix, Monthery, France.

May 15
Robert Nichols, Poetry Reading, Folklore Center. 6th Ave & 3rd St. 8:30 PM, 50c

May 16
Poetry Reading. Leandro Katz. Folklore Center. 6th Ave & 3rd St. 8:30 PM, 50c

May 17
Eisenstein's Mexican Film: Episodes for Study (1930-31). Part one of a six-hour film showing the footage and plans. Eisenstein made for the monumental, never-to-be-completed "Que Viva Mexico!" Starting times for each three-hour section: 7 and 10 PM.

May 18-Sept. 5
THE CAREER OF AN ACTRESS: SOPHIA LOREN. Auditorium Lounge, Museum of Modern Art.

May 19-24
Devon County Agricultural Show, Exter, Devonshire

May 19—June 8
The Supremes—Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, California

May 20
Poetry by Hunter Ingalls and Michael O'Brien. One Eleven Gallery, 111 St. Marks

May 20
Bread and Puppet Theatre. 148 Delancey St. 8:30 and 10 PM. \$1.50

May 20
500-Mile Race, Indianapolis, Ind.

May 20-26
James Brown—Apollo Theatre, NYC

May 21
Annual kite-flying championship. Tillingaster Place, Barrington, Rhode Island. Rhode Island School of Design Freshman Freak Show.

May 21
PROGRAM OF DANCES by Lucas Hoving: "Variations on the theme of Electra," "Has the Last Train Left?," "Tenants," "Icarus," and "Sationa." Kaufmann Concert Hall of 92nd St., YM-YWHA. Lexington Ave. and 92nd St. \$2.50

May 21
Stock Exchange London to Brighton Walk. Amateurs keep up a fast pace in England's traditional walking race.

May 21
The Young Rascals—Old Westbury, Long Island, N.Y.

May 21
Ray Charles—Salt Lake City, Utah.

May 21
Rugby Football: Rugby League Cup Final. Wembley, Middlesex

May 21-22
USRR, Bridgehampton, N.Y.

The Cheetah's Open, in case you didn't know.

May 22
Ruby Dee & Ossie Davis reading verses by Gwendolyn Brooks and by other poets; Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Lucy Smith, Bob Kaufman, Melvin Tolson & LeRoi Jones with jazz sequences by Dizzy Gillespie and Lucky Thompson in person. Tickets: \$3.75.

May 22
Super-Fantastic Show for Timothy Leary Defense Fund. Young sounds; LIGHTS; scents; kailoidscope light-machine. At the DOM, the Open Stage (upstairs), 23 St. Marks Pl. \$2.00.

May 22
Poetry Reading. Ingrid Superstar. Folklore Center. 6th Ave & 3rd St. 8:30 PM, 50c

May 22
Monaco Grand Prix. Monte Carlo.

May 22, 23, 24
Patter for a Soft Shoe Dance by George Dennison & Home Movies by Rosalyn Drexler. Judson Poets' Theater, 55 Washington Sq. So. \$2.00

May 23
Poetry Reading. Janice Hocken. Folklore Center. 6th Ave. & 3rd St. 8:30 PM, 50c

May 24
Celebrity Billiard Tournament. Chairman—James Garner. Co-Chairmen—Steve Allen, Milton Berle, Jackie Cooper, Sammy Davis Jr. & Peter Falk. Benefit for SNCC. Cheapest seats, \$2.00. Valley MusicTheater, North Hollywood, Calif.

May 25
900th Anniversary of the Battle of Hastings 1066. Opening of Exhibition and Diorama of the Battle; Mayor's Banquet and Fireworks Display. Hastings, Sussex.

May 25
Royal Windsor Horse Show (to 28th). Home Park, Windsor

May 25-27
Chelsea Flower Show. Royal Hospital Grounds, London. Highlight of London "season."

May 25-28
Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Annual Show and Industrial exhibition. Balmoral, Belfast.

May 26
Bob Dylan Concert. Final concert in English Tour. Royal Albert Hall, London. (then, presumably, he comes back here)

May 26, 27, 28
"What Happened" by Gertrude Stein & "Promenade" by Maria Irene Forness. Judson Poets' Theater, 55 Washington Sq. South. \$2.00.

May 27
Flat Racing: The Oaks. Epsom, Surrey.

May 27
Poetry by Donald Garber, One Eleven Gallery, 111 St. Marks Pl.

May 27
Eisenstein's Mexican Film. Part two. Starting times: 7 and 10 PM.

May 29
Poetry Reading. Ted Berrigan. Folklore Center at 6th Ave. & 3rd St. 8:30 PM, 50c

Continuing Events
The Groove Corps! Sights, Sounds, Cotton Candy, Cold Drinks, Electric Kool Aides, & Psychedelic Treats and Trips—Midnight til 2 AM. Wed. thru Sat., Warner Playhouse, 755 No. La Cienga, L.A., Calif.

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