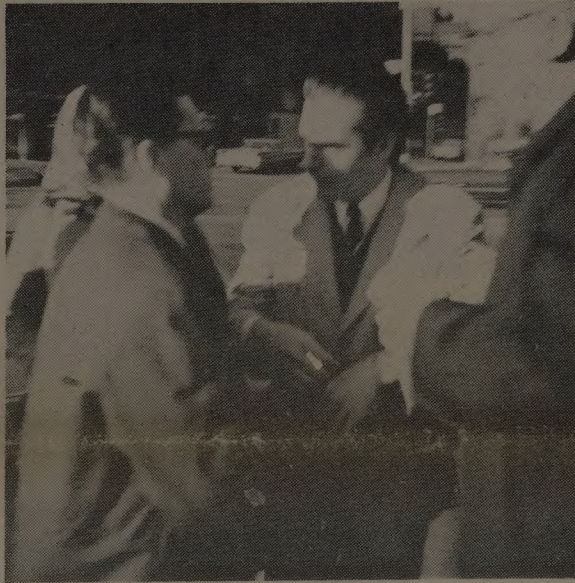


FBI ARRESTS CATHOLIC WORKER

FBI agents arrested lower east sider Murphy Dowouis in broad daylight last week on the corner of Delancy Street and the Bowery, charging him with draft evasion. Dowouis went limp when confronted by the FBI agents, and had to be dragged by the hair to a waiting auto.

According to the FBI, Dowouis had been evading the draft for over two years. In July, 1963, he had written his draft board that he would not voluntarily submit to classification or carry a draft card and would in fact return all correspondence the draft board sent him. He went so far as to invite the board to bring proceedings against him, which they finally did by calling for his arrest on October 5, 1965.

FBI men traced Dowouis to the lower east side where he was affiliated with the Catholic Worker Movement. They then contacted him, asking him where he wanted to be arrested, and arranged to arrest him in front of the offices of the Catholic Worker at 165 Christie Street at 10 o'clock in the morning of November 17.



Reporters and cameramen flocked in droves to the Worker office that morning to cover the arrest, apparently causing the FBI to have a change of heart.



Dowouis was therefore arrested while on his way to the Worker office, a half hour before the scheduled meeting.

He was jailed after failing to arrange \$2,500 bail.

ILLICIT TATOO CLUBS

Tattooing, now illegal in most states is on the rise again, in the underground form of secret tatoo clubs, it was disclosed recently to the Other by an informant that did not wish



to be identified. "Advocates of tattooing as an art have formed clubs, like cults. Some right in this neighborhood," said our source, the leader of one such club.

"All the members are sorry that we had to go underground," he continued showing us an eagle tattooed in a very expressive manner in blue and bright reds. "The law just isn't right. They first said tattooing spread disease, but when it was demonstrated that health standards could be met, the Bench proclaimed tattooing "a barbaric survival" and dismissed appeal."

Tattooing has appeared, at one time or another, among all peoples. In Europe and America it has been most widely practiced among seamen who learned the art in the Orient. It was popular only a generation ago among the British and American upper classes who also formed clubs. The present core of tatoo enthusiasts on the Lower East Side seem to be those who sought the carnival for romance in their youth and feel its their right to tatoo their bodies.

The new generation of tatoo enthusiasts have taken to modern designs and mystical symbols by famous artists. The custom is spreading among the pepsi generation of the uptown hippies and the jet set. The most popular designs among women are shoulder embossed butterflies, white on dark skin or a

TWO MEN CLAIM PLANETS STARS

In the largest real estate claim in history, Hugo Koch and Frederick J. Pohlman of the Lower East Side have declared possession of all the unclaimed planets in the solar system and all celestial bodies beyond—with the exception of meteorites.

"We didn't claim the meteorites because we were concerned they might hit something, bringing damage suits," Polhman said in an interview.

Koch and Pohlman claimed the stars and planets by placing an ad in the public notice column of a local paper for a full week. The notice, declaring their claim, is considered a perfectly legal way to claim previously unclaimed real estate. At least by Earthly standards.

Koch and Pohlman plan to sell off their holdings, but are undecided as to what prices to charge. Koch wants to sell each planet for \$1,000, but Pohlman argues that this price is far too high; the world's money would run out leaving them with an overstock in planets and no market to sell them in. He prefers an offering price of 24 planets for a penny.

Numerous phone calls have resulted from the claim. A woman called to rent 25 acres

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Other Editorial

The morality of the immoral

THEATRE IN TOMPKINS SQUARE

By 1967, the city will have transformed Tompkins Square Park with the construction of an all weather recreation room, sand pits, handball courts, soft-ball diamonds, shower basins, and game tables. At the south end of the Park, the city is building a marvelous, concrete, outdoor theatre shell with seating for several hundred.

It will be good, when this is completed, to listen to the band concerts that will inevitably take place here, but it would also be good to have the facility available for the performance of local drama.

A considerable number of artists, writers and actors make the Lower East Side their home now, and the theatre shell could provide them with an exceptional outlet for the performance of their work.

Local residents interested in this possibility should contact this newspaper for the creation of a Tompkins Square Park Theatre Group to perform in this new theatre shell.

A SUGGESTION

Teenagers are great. The city should hire them all as junior police and fire inspectors.

From about age 15, youngsters can do a terrific job handling streetcorner traffic. You know how straight they were during the Blackout. They could work 20-30 hours a week, earn good money, and still take their high school programs. (The cost could be offset by state and federal aid.)

Teenagers are being used as auxiliary police in other countries. They patrol the parks and streets, help ladies home at night, quiet drunks and rowdies. They go in teams of four or so, usually with a girl to help keep the policing as peaceable as possible. They can help the Transit Authority keep the subway cool too.

As a reward for their services, they could be helped with scholarships to the college of their choice, and yes, I think the Police Academy would consider their application as an honor.

Teenage auxiliaries should make great adult cops; adult citizens; and if one of them should decide to run for mayor—well, by then you'll be in Washington, right?—BH

PROCLAMATION

The editors of this newspaper, who are all working artists, poets, playwrights, etc., have seen fit to expand the role of artist as Creator-Communicator into the sphere of journalism. For us it will be a journey into the Possible; the Canterbury Tales of the newspaper trade in which we will try to influence and shape public opinion in relation to communal, political, social, and economic problems of this world and others. It will be a total overhaul of the personality to enable it to function a little bit better in a world made up of both physical, mental and spiritual facts. Our only testament will be to Creation and Change; our only belief that to change is not to die but to be born again; our only reason, that in order for people to survive in the world at large is not a necessity but Necessity itself.

We therefore welcome all criticism and advice from our readers in the faith that we will always have something to learn; and guarantee if ever we stop learning that we as a newspaper will pass out of existence and at least keep faith with the law of life itself.

There is a new morality in America, and with it, a new hope for our salvation. There is a new coming of age in this country, and it serves its own notice. Old men, aged by formulas and made cynical by incestuous agreements to keep silent or to freeze the world into a shape they can understand, who trumpet dull explosions of cliches they call speeches... These do not understand that there is hope for us now.

A powerful burst of energy has been released onto the American soil: youth has found its voice. Everywhere, evidence abounds. In Berkeley, in the great rash of protest demonstrations across the country, and now in the great 'Draft-Card Debacle.' The American student body has at last come of age, and probably, with it, so has America. Until recently, there had seemed to be a prevalence of apathy in the community of young American intellectuals: in Europe, in Asia, CERTAINLY throughout the history of Western Civilization, the student bodies have traditionally been quick to raise their voices in wrath at unpopular edicts or dicta of Governments... While in the American University, there was silence. No-one questioned the silence; indeed, it seemed to be a sign of contentment, an indication of satisfaction with everything American, and a complete acceptance of authority.

...But now, a tiger is loose, and the Zoo-keepers are nervous. Government has a case of the jitters, the national press quotes President, Congressmen, Senators, Educators and Churchmen as reflecting the reprehensibility of the actions of youth: everyone is looking for the national bogey-man, Communism, at the bottom of the woodpile; accusations ranging from 'treason,' to 'cowardliness,' to 'irresponsibility,' to 'subversion' spew from mouths with the heat of vituperative lava, and the Federal Government has already shown, by example in the arrest of David Miller, that it will brook no nonsense regarding Draft Card destruction...

The Administration is not so much annoyed by the New Voice of America, as it is puzzled. It does not understand how young people, how intellectuals, can stand against ITS decision to wage war in Vietnam. Nor does it understand why there isn't COMPLETE accord on Vietnam, and it is made uncomfortable at the VIOLENCE of the disagreement. After all, it reasons, we are all Americans, are we not? And what is good for many Americans, MUST be good for all!

...It is a question, sirs, of moralities. There is an essential dichotomy of moralities in America, on the one hand of Caesar (WHERE CAESAR COMMANDS, WE OBEY), and on the other of truly modern, flexible man (I WILL NOT, UNTIL I HAVE QUESTIONED). Students, who are perhaps closer to history texts than leaders of states, and whose heritage from their instructors, from the current literature predominant in every bookstore, and from the constant reminders of movies, television, et al, cannot as easily forget as statesmen the lesson of Nazi Germany in the thirties and forties, where the morality was unequivocally, WHERE CAESAR COMMANDS, WE OBEY. In the Nuremburg trials, almost every defense was predicted on the premise that CAESAR had commanded, and as good German soldiers there was no choice but to obey...

In America, now, in the 1960's, students are demanding their right to QUESTION, before it is too late. Once a man is inducted into the Armed Forces, he waives his rights as a citizen, and becomes only an instrument of some higher commanding body, or invisible influence. Men are shot for dis-obeying commands under arms... While, as citizens of a democracy, they may exercise their option to obey or not obey, and certainly, to question. The most basic tenet of this democracy is that men have the RIGHT to disagree—And American youth is NOT taking that guarantee lightly. If the young men of our country find it within their consciences to refuse to fight a war, whether on religious, political, or ethical grounds... The Government is MORALLY OBLIGED to honor their decision, and more... It must guarantee their CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT to that decision, for THAT is what democracy is all about, and THAT is why a democracy is such a difficult undertaking... Anything short of that guarantee subverts the MEANING of democracy.

We are either complete wards of the State... OR a nation composed of individuals IN the State, which therefore IS the State. Either the State towers over us as an independent monolith, OR we are the atoms that compose its firmament. If we are the property of the State, then no man has the right to disagree with the decisions of the State—And, as the numerous statesmen, educators and churchmen have told us, dissent is

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I do not want it rumored that I am down on you, it is just that I feel a neighborhood newspaper should reflect the uniqueness of the area which it serves, so that no other Tom, Dick or Harry of a publication can come in and spread around the same thread of truth...

I put forth that you do well to put in many articles of a truly vital nature. To start off, I freely give these following titles:

"How to make benzene lamps out of the benzene the slumlord gives you to paint his walls, if you require light because Con Ed has turned off your power." (That is maybe too long a title.)

"It is both fun and profit to train the rats you find lurking in your refrigerator."

"What to do when the water closet overflows and gets shit all over the hall."

"Six things to make out of the sludge that comes out of your cold water faucet."

And "The man in blue is your friend."

Sincerely yours,

Dennis Patrick Harrington
and a multitude of the
heavenly host

Dear Sirs,

I read with interest number two of the East Village Other, particularly the article by Stephen Dangerfield, entitled "Repeal of Marijuana Prohibition Due."

I have had quite an interesting interlude with marijuana recently...

I began writing a book about marijuana in February of this year. In order to devote my entire days to study and research (not smoking) about the subject, I solicited two large loans, and worked all summer. I gave the book a scientific background, and included my own experiences and interviews on the subject. Finally, after spending all summer on it, the book was somehow assembled into a number of pages all the same size, with the minimum amount of spelling errors. I called it a completed book, and began working to pay back some of the loans. I also began writing a number of after-thoughts to put into the book, and rested for a few days.

Meanwhile, I was growing a patch of marijuana near my back door, in order to finally describe the plant botanically and suggest that it should be placed in one family, namely the Cannabinaceae. The police spotted that patch, however, and figured I was "operating a hard core racket of marijuana usage" in the Ann Arbor area. As the patch got higher toward the end of the summer, I got more worried, and one night pulled the patch up and threw it into the river. That was all the police needed. Next thing you know, I was arrested and accused of being in possession of the stuff, and thrown in jail. My bond was a low \$200.00, and I was out that night. Ever since then I have been trying to accumulate funds and morale to fight the case in court, and have substantially failed in both attempts.

John Wilcock is a correspondent-friend of mine, and I wrote him of my plight. He put a note in the Village Voice and I received \$12.00 from people in the country, and was sent an offer to do a story for a magazine on the West Coast. (It is called CAD—ever hear of it?) They also mentioned a book-publishing house—why don't I send along my ms.

But the cops also took my book, including some original drawings and data. Fortunately I had a carbon copy at a friend's house in Chicago, and immediately sent off word to him to put it into a safe-deposit box. Also, I had a photostat made of the book, and sent it to a friend in NYC who is etching it this very day.

My examination comes up the 15th of this month, and my trial will follow. With the funds, I could hire a top criminal lawyer and probably get acquitted, and even have a go at changing the statutes in the state (and possibly the country) concerning the drug. I have already presented testimony to the Michigan State Senate where a subcommittee is working on the narcotics laws.

John Roswell
235 E. Liberty

treason, disagreement is irresponsibility, queries are cowardly, and any form of individual assertion is subversion— But in that case, WHAT PRECISELY is the difference between the United States, and totalitarian China or Russia?

If all the gentlemen who thump their bellies in rage and wave flags stood for a moment in silence, with their fingers up their noses, and contemplated a bit, they might see something, or hear something of value. The new breed of University Student has a message for them, if they will only listen. It is that there are all sorts of wars, and that the more ferocious, and deeper-thrusting wars are not always conducted on the battlefield, with bullet and shell. There are moral wars, and spiritual wars. In America there is now a new, vigorous, healthy spirit. Young men and young women seek a voice all their own, for they have a new vision that perhaps older men do not quite understand. Their heroes are not Generals, but peace-makers. Their gods are not George Pattons, but Mahatma Ghandis. There, perhaps, lies the key to much that the Administration does not understand.

—Aldo Giunta

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Palm Beach
December 1, 1965

Good Evening:

I understand, dear readers, that you endured considerable inconvenience last month with the power blackout. Unfortunately, I could not be with you to share the crisis as business kept me in Palm Beach at that time. I do however believe I know something of what the blackout was like, for on that very evening, I was attending an outdoor clambake conducted entirely by candle and firelight.

Incidentally, I want you all to feel free to visit with my Editors at their office on Tompkins Park. The address is 147 Avenue A, and although the Editors are employed there only on a day to day basis, they are surprisingly pleasant to visitors.

I myself will be making a visit to the office sometime in the near future, and if you so choose, you can be part of the crowd to greet me at that time.

K. Jason Rushton
K. Jason Rushton IV

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Thanks very much for sending me a copy of EVO No. 1. The Patereal Manifesto seems to me a succinct declaration of a position which we can all well afford to adopt.

In too many of the news items though, the whole idea of paterealism is lost from sight. I get the feeling that the writer either never heard of paterealism or at least for the moment has forgotten about it. The patereal reflections at the end of a few of the items help a lot. There should be more of them, or—even better—the patereal attitude should be made expressly understood within the body of the news stories themselves (also the other articles, though I can well imagine that your view is that if you got somebody submitting something where he is saying something good, you want to put it in whether he is saying anything about paterealism or not).

The thing is to adopt a viewpoint and then make that position clear to readers, continually hammering it home that it is from here that you speak. It's all right to protest, but protest because you are a paterealist. Make it clear that you are not just another right-thinking type rising up in moral indignation to write letters to the New York Times, but that your protest forms an integral part of a program of action demanded by a faith, an attitude of mind of the paterealist. And make it explicit. Say it outright. Often.

Why institute a program? you might ask. Because if you don't, it's too easy for others either to ignore you or mistake you—mistake you for just another one of those calling for minor reforms of foreign policy or the penal system. I trust that there is no difference of opinion over the fact that what is needed is not reform but revolution. "We will not have destroyed anything until we have destroyed even the ruins."

Well, this may be entirely out of line with what you had in mind. But personally I would like to see EVO be something more than a mirror of opinion. It should be a definite voice speaking in the name of an explicit attitude, one which calls for a total revolution of the mind, of thought, of attitude.

The opinion of the new citizenry of the East Village, as far as I know, is a completely confused and chaotic situation, or at least one no less so than any other. I question whether there is any genuine value in its being mirrored. One can find a welter of confused opinion being expressed on every side. EVO could serve better as the voice for something not at all confused but its opposite—that is, paterealist.

Looking forward to another brilliant issue of the EVO,

Sincerely,
Walter Grutchfield

In the last issue of EVO, our headlines proclaimed—LOWER EAST SIDER BURNS FOR THE NATION. It stated "The nation would have been less outraged had Lower East Sider David Miller burned himself instead of his draft card. Had he poured gasoline over his head and with Buddhist dedication set a match to himself and quietly burned to death, the nation would have called him crazy, the President would have missed the point and called him a beatnik-zen-buddhist. Instead David Miller burned his draft card and the bureaucracy of the nation was up in arms."

Poor Paranoid's
Almanac

by Allan Katzman

On Nov. 8, Lower East Sider, Roger Allen La Porte, David Miller's roommate and friend poured two gallons of gasoline over himself, and set himself on fire in the courtyard of the U.N. It might be said that Miller was the Word and LaPorte, the Incarnation of that Word.

Arthur Goldberg, Chief U.S. delegate to the U.N., said that while the youth had undoubtedly been impelled by "the highest principles and motives," his action was "terribly unfortunate and terribly unnecessary."

"Perhaps there has been a failure on our part," he went on. "Perhaps we are not sufficiently communicating to the people of the world our dedication, our attachment and complete commitment to the idea that peace is the only way for mankind in the nuclear age."

A spokesman said that U Thant was "deeply grieved over this human tragedy, whatever the motivation might be. U Thant regards human life as very sacred."

In a recent article in the N.Y. Post, Max Lerner in his column titled "The Fanatics" puts forth the idea that The New Left pushes its opinions on other people absolutely. He further stated that the burnings are illogical and fanatical acts of immolation. He would have been more logical if he had stated that all this love of man and love of God bit is against the national interest. The educational system must be changed before it's too late. But it is too late. Reality reaps its own revenge like water seeking its own level. We have reasoned against the universe and the universe has answered us in spades.

Max Lerner, the U.N., and the country have missed the point. They cannot understand the paradoxical logic to such an act as immolation. As human beings, they are eager to grasp the logic of a man dying for his country in wartime, especially if it's "so others may live." "We who are about to die salute you." But for Lerner and the rest, there is no logic to the principles of immolation—yet wars go on.

It has often been said, "Whom God chooses to destroy, he first makes mad," but was Roger Allen LaPorte's act, the act of a madman? The ordinary man shrinks from the Christ-like image of life but seeks salvation:

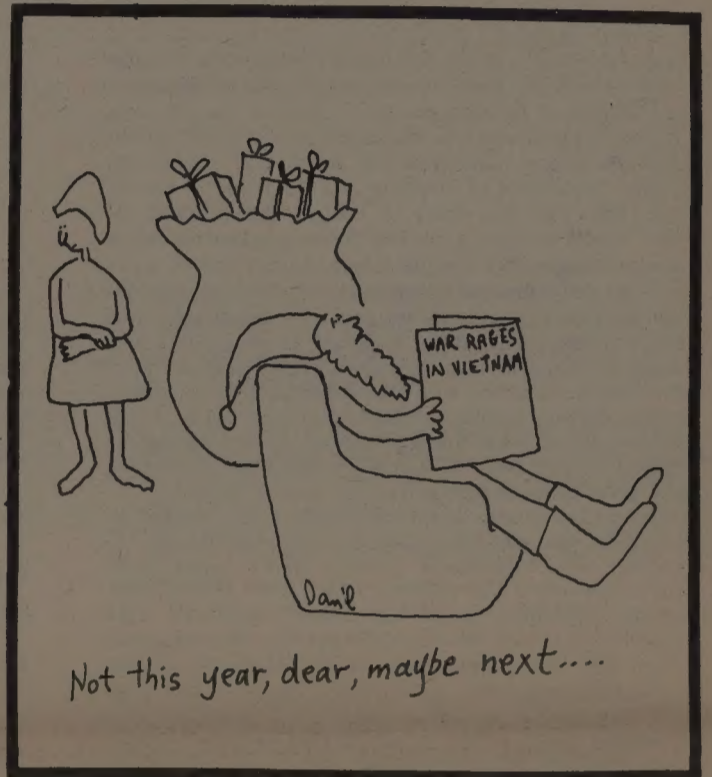
BATTLE IN VATICAN

Vatican City Oct. 15, U.P.S.—A secret session of the Vatican Curia was disrupted today by a twenty minute battle between the Vatican's Swiss Guard and a group of unidentified youths.

According to Vatican sources, the youths, described as "rock-and-roll type kids" by an American priest in the service of the council, were posing as tourists inspecting the relics of Sts. Ambrose and Sybil in an adjoining corridor. Suddenly, as if by prearranged signal, they tormented ranks and stormed the session hall, shouting obscenities and giving fascist salutes and other gestures.

The Swiss Guard was promptly called to the scene, whereupon the intruders produced banners, a snare drum and allegedly a saxophone or bagpipe, making one futile charge at the ranks of the famous Vatican mercenaries. Those not captured in the hall itself continued the battle on an individual basis about the grounds.

No comment as to aims of the insurgents is yet obtainable from official sources.



Not this year, dear, maybe next....

The artist seeks the Christ-like image of life but shrinks from salvation. He is like the devil who says "better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven"; not just out of pride but out of fear and hopefully out of the stronger realization that he is all too human. Roger LaPorte died in an act of creation more powerful than could be conceived of by any artist or ordinary man. His was not the logic of Judas; he did not betray or take a life to save his own but took his own to save others. His was a faith kept with his God, "we who are about to die salute you, so others may live—forever!" and thereby rendered unto Caesar what is Caesar's and unto God what is God's.



PATA-MOK CLEARED

CHICAGO, OCT 12: (PRP)

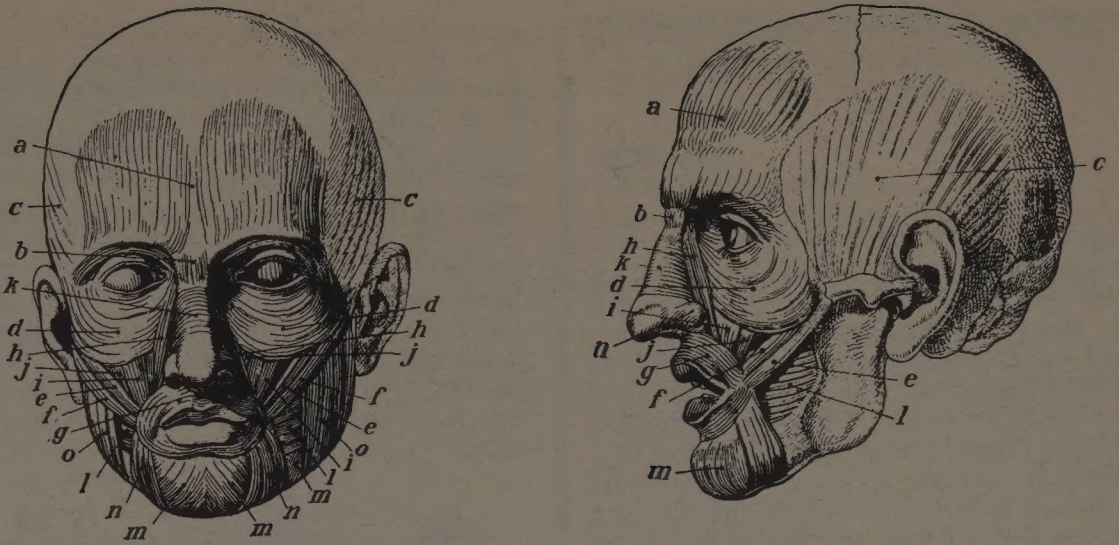
At a recent conclave of Patarealist Historians and Philosophers, which met at the Pomme de Terre Hotel in Chicago, complete accord was reached on certain particulars of the Patarealist Philosophy and History.

There had been some confusion amongst Patarealists as to whether or not Tuesdays or Wednesdays were official Patareal Frog-Fast Days. According to tradition, since times of yore, Patarealists have abstained from taking, consuming, or using Frogs or Frog-Flesh in any form on Tuesdays. However, due to changes in the Patareal Zodiacal Calendar used in ancient times by the Pata-Deity, PATA-MOK, confusion developed as to whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday upon which the Patarealists were to exempt themselves from eating Frog, in honor of the adventures of PATA-MOK.

PATA-MOK lived in the early third, late fourth centuries B.C., under the mandate of the Persian King Darius. According to tradition, PATA-MOK was a powerful retainer in Darius' court, who fell in love with one of the King's wives, a Princess Zinniah. The divorce laws of the times being inadequate, PATA-MOK, driven by insatiable passion to have Zinniah for his own, organized a revolution. Hiring an army of Macedonian and Phoenecian adventurers, he struck against the palace, succeeded in wresting Zinniah from the harem, and fled with his army to central Persia; there, he was forced to fight a pitched battle against the crack combat legions of Darius' army. Outnumbered as he was by an estimated 4,000 to 1, PATA-MOK defended his position as best he could, and after seven days and seven nights, suffered the indignity of seeing his forces shattered around him. Darius regained possession of the lovely Zinniah, and PATA-MOK fled the broken camp. Darius ignobly proceeded to hunt PATA-MOK across all of Asia Minor, refusing to let bygones be bygones even after PATA-MOK forgave him for the slaughter of his troops.

Many adventures befell PATA-MOK in his flight, as retold in the ancient chronicle, "TRIALS OF PATA-MOK" (PATAREALIST PRESS, \$1.57) -one of the most important adventures, which gave rise to Patarealist FROG-FAST DAYS, is the "TALE OF THE LEAP-FROG," in which PATA-MOK's life was saved by a leap-frog. In gratitude, PATA-MOK, who was an avid frog-consumer, vowed never again to eat frogs on Tuesday—a tradition which all Patarealists have observed since, except for the period wherein Tuesday was confused with Wednesday, due to an error in the translation of the "TRIALS OF PATAMOK."

One of the most important features of the "TRIALS" is that it outlines PATA-MOK's line of descent throughout history. Many important historical figures are said to be indirect descendants of PATA-MOK—though not always legitimately, hint Patareal Historians. It is claimed by scholars that as a result of his wanderings, PATA-MOK populated half the Ancient World, and that even prominent contemporary figures are traceable back to him.



WHY MARIJUANA SHOULD NOT BE LEGALIZED

"There has been an alarming upsurge in the smoking of marijuana in and around our nation's schools and colleges. We are concerned about checking this trend and enlisting the help of parents to recognize and understand its dangers."

This, the definitive statement made by Federal Bureau of Narcotics Commissioner Henry L. Giordano, concerns the government's position on marijuana. But the time has come for the public to go beyond the false dilemma of rationalism, or irrationalism, pro and con for the legalization of marijuana.

As a true hallucinogen, marijuana acts on the body much like the more potent mind-changing drugs. As described by one Smoker, "At best, it is a mystical experience." Marijuana does not produce physical addiction, although the Federal Narcotics Bureau treats it as a narcotic. (Under the law, possession can bring a 40 year jail sentence!) According to most medical and sociological experts, people who take any drug—from marijuana to heroin—use it, in part, as a weapon in a war of rebellion against society. Moreover, marijuana conceals its dangers. There is evidence that its frequent use causes a loss of interest in most other aspects of living, a reduction of drives and goals, a means of easy escape, a synthetic euphoria for those not interested in dealing with life. Some individuals use marijuana to release their inhibitions and gain the "courage" to perform antisocial acts, which can be violent.

The association of crime with the use of cannabis goes back at least to around 1300 when Marco Polo described Hasan and his band of Assassins. The drug was reportedly used to fortify courage for committing assassinations and other violent crimes. In certain parts of this country, a near hysteria developed about 1930 when the use of marijuana was claimed to be related to a violent crime wave and an alleged widespread corruption of school children. Dr. Gomila, who was Commissioner of Public Safety in New Orleans, wrote that some homes for boys were "full

of children who had become habituated to the use of cannabis," and that, "youngsters known as 'muggle-heads' fortified themselves with the narcotic and proceeded to shoot down police, bank clerks and casual bystanders."

Moreover, today, Commissioner Giordano has stated that "the unpredictable marijuana is very dangerous and affects people in many different ways. Some become violent and inflict damage on themselves and others. Some are unable to gauge space and distance and are a hazard on the highway" Our files are replete with cases of degradation and violence caused by marijuana, and the worst danger of all lies ahead for the person who continues to smoke marijuana, for he will almost surely turn eventually to stronger drugs—cocaine and heroin—for bigger thrill." This last statement is misleading, but only in a broad sense. Habitual, heavy users rarely stay on pot alone. New York City police estimate that 35 per cent may go on to heroin. In addition, they may become multi-habituated, using goofballs, bennies, other hallucinogens and narcotics. And although few marijuana smokers ever go on to hard narcotics, most heroin addicts probably have smoked marijuana at one time.

Despite the lurid claims of Commissioner Giordano though, subsequent studies have, for the most part, failed to substantiate a causal relationship between major crimes and cannabis. In 1944, New York Mayor LaGuardia appointed a committee of experts and policemen to investigate the problem.

A passage from the report said, "In most instances, the behavior of the smoker is of a friendly, sociable character. Aggressiveness and belligerency are not commonly seen, and those showing such traits are not allowed to remain in the tea pad."

More recent assessments tend to agree with these findings. The Ad Hoc Panel on Drug Abuse at the 1942 White House Conference stated, "Although marijuana has long held the reputation of inciting individuals to com-

Cont'd on page 8

DANCE

at the

DOM

19-23 St. Mark's Place (bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves.)
777-2210

CAPTAIN HIGH! IN VERY HIGH & FAR AWAY!!

A BECKMANIAN PRODUCTION.

* CHRISTI IN GREEK

OTHER SEENES

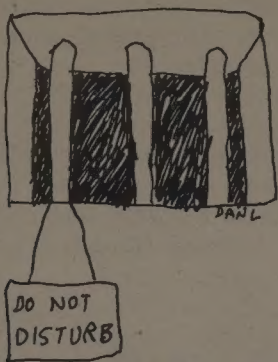
NOTES FOR A NEVER-WRITTEN BOOK By John Wilcock

So-called "antisocial" behavior is often the most constructive of all social behavior because it is an affirmation of the individual's right to exist individually in a collective structure. Freedom is obtained only by taking it, without stopping to define its limits (and inhibiting one's actions) in advance. Laws, also, are changed only by defiance—a defiance that creates the climate for legislative change. The law, in fact, almost all rules, exist to protect the weak, who remain weak as long as they govern their lives by other people's beliefs.

The intellectual's obligation to society approximates that of the artist: to present to it a vision of something that can be rather than what is, assuming, of course, that the "can be" is based always on a mutual respect for each other's freedom. True morality implies a tolerance for other attitudes and modes of life, not necessarily an endorsement of them. The major immorality is in insisting (by coercion, blackmail or law) that others live and think as you do.

The rebel, therefore, fills an important function in that he helps to keep society mobile, challenges or upsets the status quo ("the only constant is change"), and always by his example, promulgates the notion that there are alternatives.

It is my belief that nothing is holy; nothing is above challenge and examination; and that the most firmly entrenched ideas, institutions, and individuals are most in need of it. "Man is man," as Brecht so aptly said; all begin and end in the same place and in between all have the same potential if they choose to stand straight and lick nobody's shoes. Man's inhumanity to man is never better demonstrated than in the dominance of one man over another; or, an institution over its subjects.



I have a friend who joins the Book-of-the-Month Club every year to get the free books for joining. She then sends back all the other mail marked "Not known at this address."

Junk mail can also be "cross-fertilized," i.e., send the religious crackpot stuff to the nudist magazine solicitors and vice versa (no pun intended).

Government

On general principle always delay any action as long as possible. Parking tickets, for example, if not paid won't be followed up by most cities for at least one year—and anything can happen in that time. Parking tickets should be placed on other cars if possible; sometimes people who follow the rules more than you will obediently pay them. If necessary, conduct a long correspondence with the department which wants payment—send a check for the wrong amount, "forget" to enclose the check, etc. Often you'll wear them out and they'll drop the whole thing.

Use green stamps, plaid stamps, foreign stamps or home-made stamps on letters that bear no return address. In nine cases out of ten they'll get through. Robert Watts (RD 2, Lebanon, N.J.) designs his own stamps and sells them for \$5 per sheet of 100. Same price as 5c government stamps but in this case the artist gets the dough (which is the way things should be).

If you mail letters within the same city put your address in the center of the envelope and the addressee's address at the top left hand corner. Usually they'll "return" it to him because there isn't a stamp on it.

If you can get at the man in the automated personnel department of a big government body have him upgrade the personnel by punching a few holes in the IBM cards which come through his hands.

Use your imagination to smuggle things across the borders—not for profit but for yourself. If a book can be printed in France why can't it be read in the U.S.? Ridiculous. Put a fake book jacket on it (Hugh



Paulk, 60 East 42nd Street, sells fake book jackets) or mail it third class with a piece of brown paper around it showing everything but the title.

Avoid the draft—pretend to be a homosexual when you're being interviewed or shout, "I'll kill the Commie bastards," or say you hate your parents and want the insurance money sent to your mistress, etc. (Tuli Kupferberg's ideas).

Constantly write awkward letters to public officials (Gov. Rockefeller, why did your wife have to go out of the state to get a divorce? Why not change the law so that she can get one here?). Play off public officials against one another (in election years) by implying that you know more than you do or that you have influence over a large block of votes (even if its only a big family).

Institutions and Organizations

Bell Telephone Co.

Make collect calls from pay phones to pay phones and there's nowhere for the company to send the bill.

Overpay bills by a dime and screw up the accounts.

Insist on an accounting on all local units that you're charged for over and above the allowance.

Always ask for the supervisor and keep asking for higher officials when you get into a dispute, over the phone, about something they won't do for you.

If they won't break into long conversations when you want to talk to somebody tell the operator that you're a doctor and it's a matter of life or death to talk to your patient. ("Life or death" is their yardstick for whether they'll interrupt or not.)

Dial "O" and say you're calling to register your vote against Digit Dialing (the system of changing exchanges to numbers and eliminating letters.)

Ask for imaginary people, person to person, in far-off towns—this is one of the master plans of the Anti-Digit Dialing League (571 Seventh Ave., San Francisco).

If they overcharge you, or, try to con you, threaten to take the case to the Public Service Commission (which regulates tariffs) and this scares them—usually.

When your phone service is disconnected, remove and hide all extra appliances, answering services, extensions, etc., because there's no coordination between departments and when they reinstall they'll charge you extra for extensions if you let them get away with it.

Consolidated Edison

If they send you one of those cards asking you to read the meter yourself and make a notation on the card, do so—but send them a bill for your time. (Jules Feiffer's idea.)

Banks

Join all the banks that offer gifts for joining and remove your account (using the money to join some other bank) as soon as the necessary time expires (or before, if you can get away with it).

Write checks, occasionally, on such diverse surfaces as postcards, coconut shells, handkerchiefs, etc. Most banks—by law, I think—accept all checks with a legible signature, no matter what the medium the check is written on.

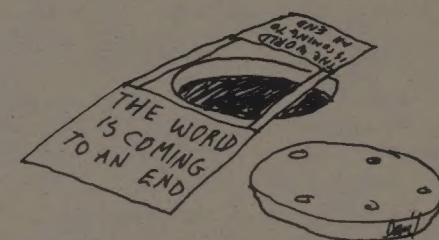
Always ignore the magnetic hard-to-read number on your check. If they want to automate the system and print numbers on all your checks its for their convenience—not yours.

Magazines and Book Clubs

Anytime you get tons of junk mail from magazines soliciting subscriptions, bundle all the stuff back into the envelope (taking care to omit your name and address) and send it back in the postpaid envelope. If it comes with an IBM punch card, punch extra holes in the card before returning it.

Alternatively, fill in the card with the name and address of some public official or slumlord and have the magazine sent to him. Don't sign the card—that's forgery.

Alternatively, paste a fake name on your mail box and receive the subscriptions free for as long as they'll send them. When the requests for payment become too insistent take the extra name off the mailbox and return all mail "Moved—new address unknown."



Big Business in General

Write letters to big companies asking awkward questions. (Why does the Heinz Co. sell pea soup without any peas in it? Why does Pet Milk situate so many of its plants in areas where the radioactive fallout is heavy? How can a can of beer be flat? And why doesn't your company (Rheingold) ever have a Negro Miss Rheingold?)

Have phony letterheads made up with fictitious companies and give yourself great references making sure there's somebody at

THE MAVERICK CHURCH, ST. MARK'S IN THE BOUWERIE



ST. MARK'S-IN-THE-BOUWERIE

Walter Bredel Photo

by Aldo Giunta

St. Mark's—in-the-Bouwerie stands at E. 10th St. and Second Avenue, an old and weather-beaten patriarch of the Episcopal Church. Only the building has aged. The minds that guide it, the spirit that infuses it, are young, and perhaps representative of the spirit of rebellion now predominant in American Christianity.

It is a church with a past—and a future; the future somewhat clouded by the pressures incumbent upon mavericks. Operating under the weight of an \$11,000 deficit, St. Mark's struggles towards solvency, and toward the continuation of its Arts Programs. Economic pressure threatens to foreclose the Arts Program, since the church is strictly dependent upon its parishioners in the matter of funds, and EVERYTHING nowadays costs money.

The church was originally founded by Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch Governor of what was then New Amsterdam. The name "In-the-Bouwerie" derived from the Dutch word meaning "Cultivated Farm," or "Gentleman's Estate." Stuyvesant owned the area extending from Broadway to the East River and Fifth St. to Seventeenth St. Thus, the church was built in Stuyvesant's "Bouwerie." After the original chapel deteriorated, the present

church was built on the old site in the year 1799. (The original chapel was at one time used by the Stuyvesants as a burial vault.)

For the past six years, it has been under the guidance of Rector Michael Allen. A one-time editor of *Look* magazine, Allen was converted to the Ministry at age thirty-two and then assumed his current rectorship. Two years ago, Ralph Cook wandered into the church, heard a sermon by Allen, and fell under the spell of Allen's hard-nosed, pragmatic Christianity. Cook became a lay minister, and is currently in charge of cultural activities at the church today as Minister of the Arts. These activities include a playwright's unit, a filmmaker's lab, summer jazz program in the garden adjacent to the church, and an art gallery. All these activities are presented to the "parishioners" free of charge, and are therefore non-profitable.

"The parish of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie extends from 4th Ave. to the River, and from 14th St. to Houston St." says Ralph Cook. "Everyone, regardless of race, nationality, or denomination, who lives within the bounds of that parish, is considered a parishioner. And since many artists, painters, writers, film-makers, poets, and musicians live in this area, we find it incumbent (on us) to serve their needs."

How does this attitude set with the hierarchy of the Episcopal Church? Luckily for the community, every parish is strictly autonomous, and though there is both a national and a local Diocese of Bishops which govern the Episcopal Churches, Rector Allen has a free hand to direct his church as he sees fit—though, naturally, there are drawbacks.

On November 7th, ABC Television's "Directions 66" taped parts of two plays, one that was in production at St. Mark's, and another that was in production at St. Clement's, the latter sponsored by the New York Episcopalian Diocese. Ralph Cook, in a televised interview, made a statement to the effect that he "did not care if the writers were baptised, or if they would be baptised..." by the Episcopalian Church. The Diocese took exception to this last part of his statement, and asked him to retract it. He refused. They then withdrew their support of the show.

The significance of their withdrawal was that the national organization refused to continue to subsidize St. Mark's Church, forcing the church to go to its parishioners for funds. And the East Side is its parish!

Artists may wonder what a church has to do with the free, open spirit of Art, which dictates its own laws of experiment, investigation, and analysis. But the spirit of St. Mark's is precisely the spirit of Art. It is dedicated to open experiment, honest investigation, and analysis of the world it lives in. It challenges the Establishment and quests after its own truth—independent of rules and laws. It waits to be either illuminated, or to luminate.

"Its Christ is not the Christ of little old ladies in white Sunday hats," said a parishioner, "but the vigorous Christ of rebellion against the vested hierarchy, the Christ of Challenge and of violence, who sweated and bled and understood the smell of sin, Christ the man who perhaps pissed in his pants when they drove the nails..."

St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie is physically old, but it's spiritually young. It awaits the painters, the writers, the photographers, pornographers, poets, and musicians who care to use its facilities towards their own ends. It is perhaps the very spirit of the Lower East Side.

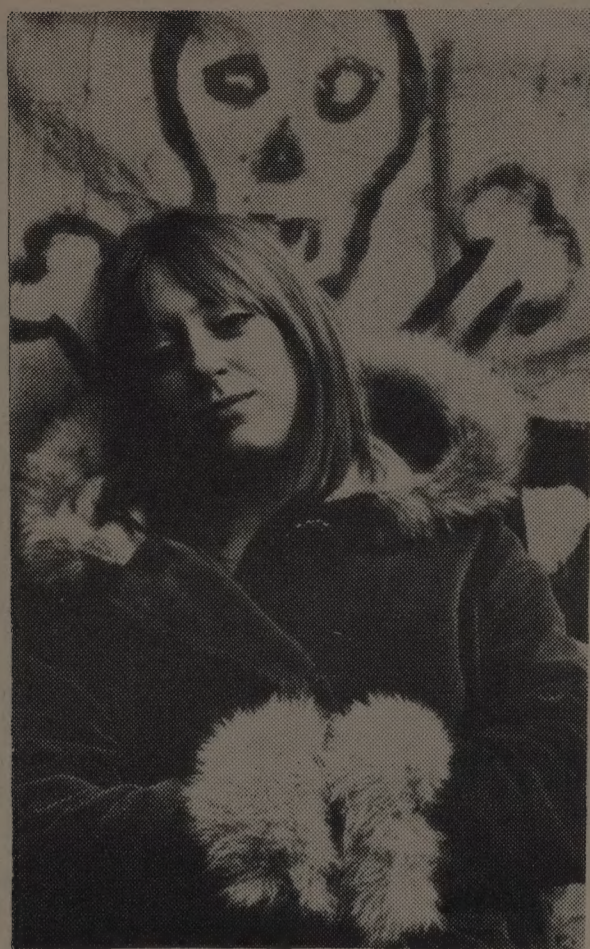
THE WIZARD BOOKSELLER

A lone dark figure cut unnoticed through the litter and crowd, seeing only the patches of mist and flashes of color intertwining the knots of intent shoppers below Union Square, as he neared Weiser's Bookstore, at 845 Broadway. Occult and oriental magic permeates the basement of the store. "Venus gathering with Mars," incants a dwarf in the section labeled "Tibet." A lady consults the hexagrams to regulate the spheres.

For thirty years Weiser's Bookstore has supplied peculiar books to the curious, the scholar, and the sorcerer. The business in occult started when Sam Weiser began obtaining this material for friends, and became himself interested in the field. The best, and almost only store of its kind in the country, Weiser's makes available such titles as, *Sex and Astrology*, *The Key to Tarot*, *Werewolves and Where to Find Them*, *The I Ching* in many editions, and stacks and shelves of *Alchemical Charts*, *Yoga*, *Magic*, *Egyptology*, *Flying Saucer Reports*, *Human Aura Manuals*, and a million old and mysterious tomes on related fields. The practical reader may be enticed by a book of *Potions and Philtres*, or the *Vampires Guide*.

Bearded, looking himself the Wizard, Don Weiser is both ready and able to assist both neophyte and initiate in investigating all manner of forgotten lore. The occult department situated appropriately in the cellar of the store is equipped with a couch to make comfortable lengthy browsing. Most of the business being brought in by word of mouth and appropriate incantations. The owners are friendly and helpful directing the prospective purchaser through the dark stacks ranging from *Alchemical Symbolism* to *Zodiac and Zen*.

SLUM GODDESS



Walter Bredel Photo

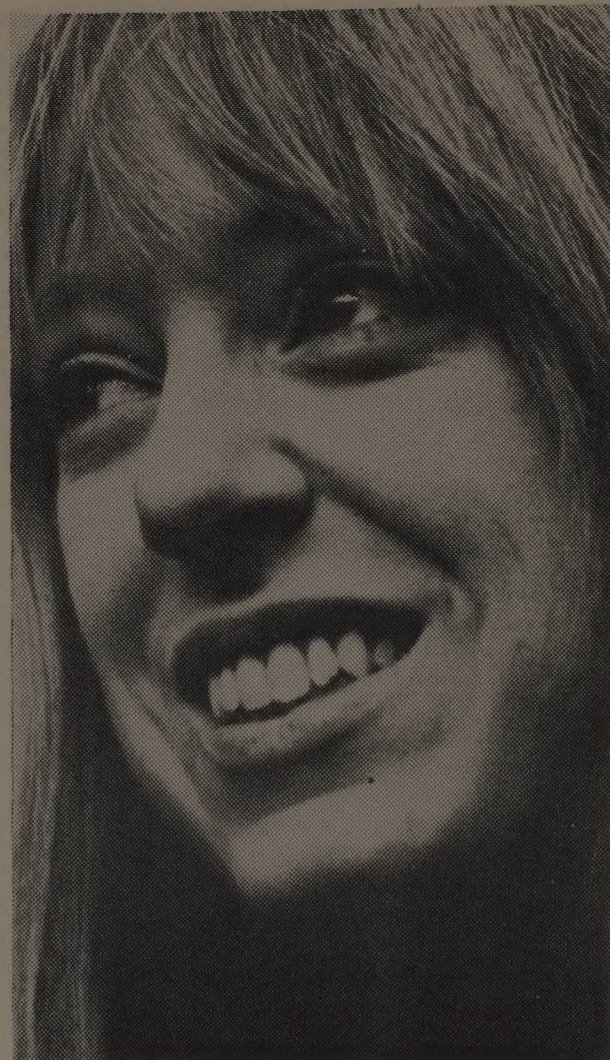


SLUM GODDESS FOR DECEMBER

Suze Rotolo, age 22: "If a man can learn to develop all his inherent and latent powers there is nothing that he will not be able to apprehend. For the knowledge of everything is in man in the same way it is in God. Only a heavy veil of darkness hides it from view and prevents his seeing these things and understanding them.

"Arthur Rimbaud said that, and that's all I want to say. Because if you look at it close enough it answers the three questions: How come the Lower East Side? Men in general? What I do?

"I live on the Lower East Side because I



like the new. I want my man to have a toothpick in his ear and a purpleboot on his right foot. I do artist and earn money when I do."

FAR OFF BROADWAY, THE LAND OF DO-IT-YOURSELF

Gylan Kain, 23, a Lower East Sider who writes and acts, converted his loft into a small theatre and formed a repertory company to produce original dramas.

THE FAR EAST THEATRE, Kain's pad, located at 223 East 2nd Street gives regular performances every Friday, Saturday and Sunday night at 8:30.

Limited by space to an audience of sixty, the "theatre" itself is a study in ingenuity. A raised platform, normally Kain's bedroom at one end of the loft acts as the stage while simple risers and hard backed chairs serve for seating. A window at one side of the stage overlooks Houston Street and is indeed in-

corporated into the play as such. A sink on the other side of the room is Kain's kitchen sink and provides for business such as washing hands, pouring water and other often recurring activities of drama.

The dramas currently on stage are as follows: EPITAPH TO THE COAGULATED TRINITY by Gylan Kain: Kain reads the one and only character, a loud talkative drunk somewhere on the platform of a Manhattan subway station. The monologue leads Kain from a group of nuns to a little girl to a very large segment of the New York police force. In fact, an absolute army of police sirens outside the theatre on 2nd Street sounded precisely on cue.

"You goddamn idiots, you just shot a bystander. I don't know why the hell they sent you out after me," complains Kain.

JOAN'S WAY by William Lane: A monologue finds Kate Hoffman (very pregnant, but not related to the play) in the attic of her house going through an old picture album.

TWO ROOMS by Gylan Kain: A lonely, love-starved chick lives in a room adjacent to an alienated poet. The girl, Sally Spink, yells, implores, screams and shrieks through the thin wall at the poet, who tries very hard to ignore her. He finally hurls a boot at the wall to shut her up and from then on finds himself in the midst of the proceedings.

SOCIAL NOTE

"Beatniks" in increasing numbers have prompted Berlin police on both sides of the wall to action.

In West Berlin, police arrested 20 youths outside the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church on Kurfuerstendamm Strasse after a young man wrote "Jesus Christ was the first Beatnik" on the Church wall and a girl performed a bare-breasted dance in front of it.

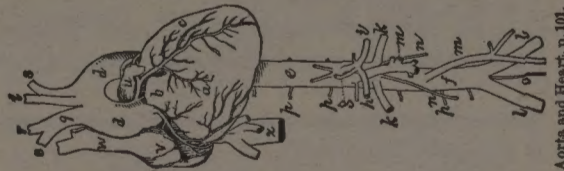
In East Berlin, meanwhile, police cracked down on the young people who regularly gather at the overhead railway station of the Lichtenberg district. Neues Deutschland, the East German newspaper, described the youths action as being provoked from the West, infiltrated to undermine the morals of "our clean and proud youth."

The newspaper wrote, "To see them makes one's blood boil—unkempt, with dirty long hair, in ragged trousers. They stink 30 feet away against the wind."

The arrested youths allegedly proclaimed laziness as their philosophy, as a protest against conformity. Most of them held no regular job.

ILLICIT Cont'd from page 1

warm brown on lighter skin interlaced with golden yellows and soft blues. The modern tattoo parlor club can provide any color and many designs. Most members themselves at present are involved in the art of tattooing.



FRENCH NAZI WILL DIE

Paris Nov. 5—Jacques Vasseur, agent of Paris Gestapo during the French Occupation, who hunted, tortured, and murdered hundreds of his fellow countrymen with unusual zeal, was sentenced to death for the second time by the Court for State Security, a military-civilian tribunal.

Vasseur was first sentenced to death at the time of the liberation, in absentia. He hid in his mother's house, never crossing the threshold, for 17 years, and was finally discovered in a routine search concerning a different matter.

Over 200 witnesses appeared against him to report his role as a traitor and the murderer of their loved ones. Vasseur was reported to be withered, pale, hunched from years of hiding, and frightened.



JOHNSON LIES TO HIS COUNTRY ABOUT VIET PEACE OFFER

The Johnson Administration turned down an opportunity for peace talks with North Viet Nam in July 1964. The talks had been arranged with North Viet Nam leaders by U Thant who was reportedly "furious" with the American rebuff.

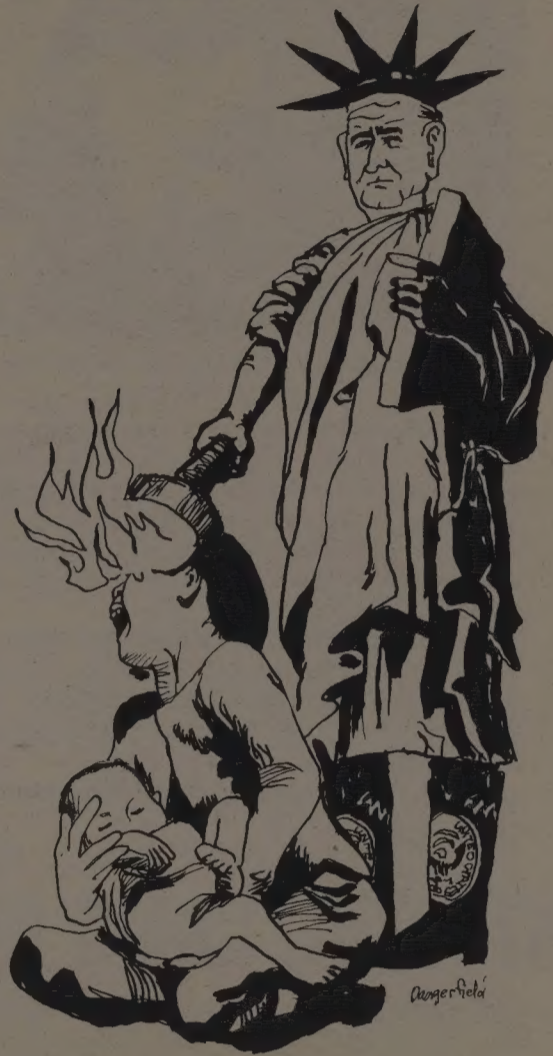
According to State Department officials, the talks were turned down because Secretary of State Dean Rusk felt the North Vietnamese weren't really serious and were only making the proposal as a propaganda move. Secretary of Defense MacNamara also rejected the talks on propaganda grounds, adding that it would be awkward because "it would have to be explained to the South Vietnamese government" which was shaky at that time.

The late Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. disclosed the peace bid and the turndown in a conversation with newsman Eric Sevareid on July 12. According to Mr. Sevareid, who wrote of the conversation in an article in LOOK magazine, Mr. Stevenson expressed frustration at his Government's position and talked about resigning his post as U.S. Ambassador.

"In the early autumn of 1964," Mr. Sevareid writes, "U Thant...had privately obtained agreement with authorities in North Viet Nam that they would send an emissary to talk with an American emissary in Rangoon, Burma. Someone in Washington insisted that this attempt be postponed until after the Presidential election.

"When the election was over, U. Thant again pursued the matter; Hanoi was still willing to send its man. But Defense Secretary Robert McNamara flatly opposed the attempt. He said the South Vietnamese government would have to be informed and this would have a demoralizing effect on them; that the government was shaky enough as it was.

"Stevenson told me that U Thant was furious over this failure of his patient efforts,



Give me your tired, your poor...

but said nothing publicly."

Mr. Sevareid said in his article that Mr. Thant later made "a remarkable suggestion: United States officials could write the terms of the cease fire offer, exactly as they saw fit, and he, U Thant, would announce it

in exactly those words. Again, so Stevenson said to me, McNamara turned this down, and from Secretary Rusk there was no response to Stevenson's knowledge."

Government officials are quick to point out that U Thant's proposals came six months before President Johnson announced that the United States was ready for "unconditional discussions" for peace in Viet Nam. At the time, however, the Government denied that any such proposal had ever been made and in fact told the American people that it was Hanoi that was not prepared to talk in spite of American peace "feelers."

"I must say that candor compels me to tell you," President Johnson said on July 13, 1965, "that there has not been the slightest indication that the other side is interested in negotiation or in unconditional discussions, although the United States has made some dozen separate attempts to bring that about."

The publication of Sevareid's article and the admission by the Government came as American troops in Viet Nam fought the most savage battle of the war with North Vietnamese regulars in the Iadrang Valley near the Cambodian border. It also coincided with an announcement that the Army would begin drafting students and husbands to provide the manpower to increase the American involvement and replace the increasing numbers of Americans who were dying in the conflict.

The following day, U Thant made a bitter speech in which he said the tragic situation might have been avoided if "bold steps" had been taken in 1964.

Ten days later, twenty thousand people marched on Washington to protest the war in Vietnam and on November 28th, President Johnson declared the day to be a memorial day for the soldiers who had died in the war.

TOMPKINS SQUARE

BOOKS AND ART

97 Ave. B
ART OBJECTS, USED BOOKS
BOUGHT, SOLD and TRADED

The Potter Shop

The unexpected in Antiques

181 Ave A CA 8-1864

TIGER KILLS 35

35 persons have been killed by a tiger in the Nainital District of India, about 145 miles east of Delhi. The tiger attacked bicyclists and rickshaw passengers, and also carried off farm workers.

MARIJUANA CONTINUED

mit sexual offences and other antisocial acts, evidence is inadequate to substantiate this."

Due to the LaGuardia and White House Reports, a number of highly vocal groups have agitated for the legalization of marijuana. The most recent of these champions of repeal is called LEMAR—standing for "legalize marijuana." LEMAR'S argument is: "If we can have alcohol and cigarettes, why not marijuana?"

The argument is specious. If alcohol and tobacco are dangerous at all, the fact that—unlike marijuana—they are socially accepted in the U.S. does not make them less dangerous. Marijuana does not deserve to be legalized simply because it may be less harmful than some substances that are not illegal. The essential point of the marijuana problem that both sides of the pro and con argument miss is not the "bad" or "good" uses of marijuana but that legislation has been enacted to discourage the bad uses of such drugs. Complete prohibition should be avoided, but so should indiscriminate use. It should not be legalized but the law should be changed. Many judges have complained that these laws have resulted in excessive sentences (five to ten years) for relatively minor offenses with marijuana. The 1963 White House Conference made the following recommendation: "It is the opinion of the Panel that hazards of marijuana per se have been exaggerated and that long criminal sentences imposed on an occasional user or possessor are in poor social perspective."

It is time we realized the elemental truth that nature simply cannot create a plant which is "evil," but man can definitely smoke a good plant in a harmful way. He can do wrongly to what is already given in the universe.

EVNIKE

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Between 1st and A

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makes suede skirts
makes suede blouses

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NOTICE!

MEN,
WOMEN,
AND
CHILDREN

Are required to Appear
AT THE
STORE
OF
STEVEN
SMITH
And invest to the extent of their
CASH!
A VERMILION EDICT!

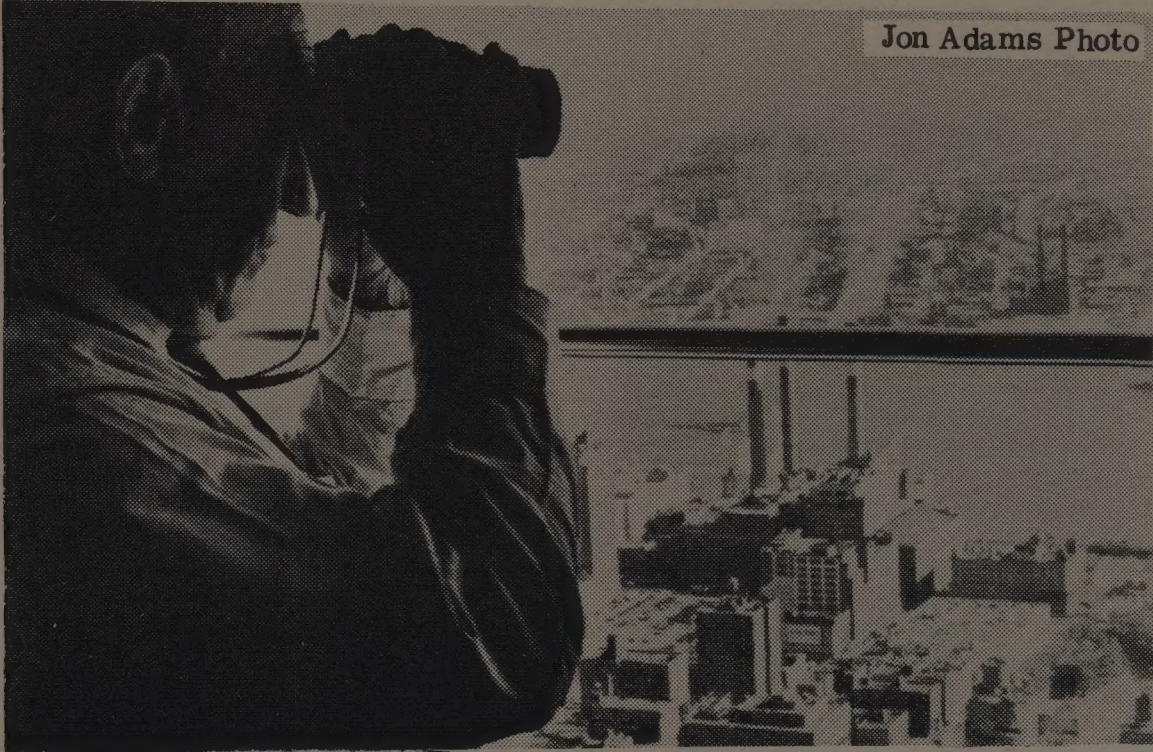
TINWARE
CHINA
GLASS
LAMP
SLAVER
TOYS
PLANTERS
MIRRORS
POT BELLIES
JEWELRY
BUTTONS
BEADS
CHAIRS
LARDIEN
FRAMES
COPPER
PRINTS
BRONZE
BOTTLES
BUCKETS
OLD IRON
ETCETERA

the Ground Floor ATTIC

4 St. Mark's Place Gr 3-8888

CON ED SMOKESTACK OBSERVATORY ATOP EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

THE CON ED CON



"Stackwatching is a white collar job where I used to work in overalls as an operator," says Stackwatcher Patrick McGlone of Man-

hattan. "Being up here I'm out in the sun. Sure beats horsing with valves in a sweaty boiler room."

On the 80th floor of the Empire State Building, the Con Edison Company maintains an office to observe the smoke that belches from their dozen or more smokestacks on Manhattan Island. When observers from this office spot a smokestack that is smoking badly, they can phone the plant immediately resulting in a correction.

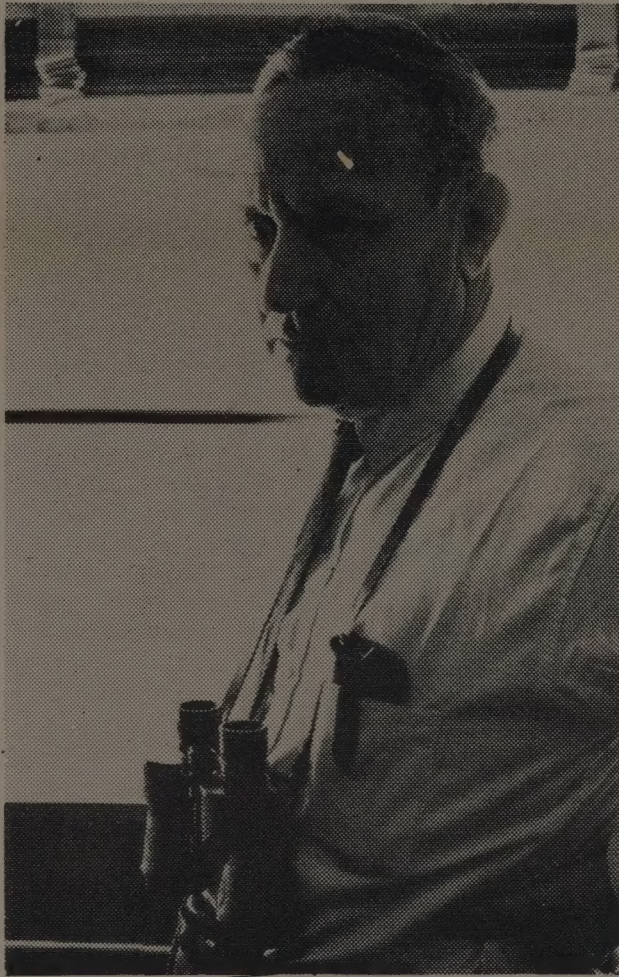
"Smoke means inefficiency to Con Ed," said Bud Stahl, the public relations guide at the office. "It means that fuel is being burned improperly, that controls must be adjusted."

The observers—Stackwatchers—work from dawn to dusk seven days a week, sharing two or three shifts, depending on the season and the amount of daylight. It's considered light duty for a Con Ed employee, but it's a demanding job. Stackwatchers must be vigilant, alert, and mentally stable. They must enjoy being alone. A chrome bar prevents their falling out the 80-story window, and high-powered Bausch and Lomb field glasses aid them in their vigil. They must know oil smoke from coal smoke from gas smoke, as well as smog, fog, haze, cloud cover and the ever present "background." So what might appear to an untrained observer as heavy black soot could in fact be nothing of the sort. A trained stackwatcher knows for sure.

The Empire State Building observatory is furnished in Con Ed Functional. There are high stools by the window where the Watchers sit, phones, two chairs and a refrigerator containing milk and cookies. Dominating one green wall is a chart labeled RINGLEMAN'S SMOKE SCALE FOR GRADING THE INTENSITY OF SMOKE with smoke densities labeled from one to five. A plastic radio sits on a counter tuned to WMCA. ("They give weather reports every hour on the hour. Very important.")

With the exception of the WMCA Goodguys, the observatory is quiet. The stackwatchers silently busy scanning the stacks, filling out forms, calling in, recording wind velocity, precipitation, "background," etc. When the stackwatchers see a heavy smog settling on the city, they can prompt the factories to drive smoke up the stacks at 80 miles an hour to pierce the smog and carry into the cross-current winds above.

Con Ed has maintained a Stackwatching Observatory for many years. Originally it was on the top floor of the Con Ed Building at 14th Street, but as apartment houses and skyscrapers were built, it became exceeding-



Stackwatcher Courty takes a moment's break.

ly difficult to observe all the smokestacks in the city. Finally, Con Ed moved the observatory to the Empire State Building where it could once again gain an unimpeded view of the situation.

Sometimes though, the Empire State observatory is of no use at all. When visibility gets so bad that the factories can no longer be seen from the observatory, Con Ed will deploy men on the roof of each individual factory, so that the stacks can still be watched. During daylight hours, Con Ed can have every smokestack in New York City under surveillance, one way or another.

"We believe the city has overestimated the role that Con Ed plays in polluting the air," Mr. Stahl said. "The new apartment houses often have no filters in their chimneys, no controls whatever, and pollute the air quite badly. We can see it all from here."

Those great shards of soot that settle on your window-sill come from the Consolidated Edison plant on 14th Street, one of the architectural wonders of our age.

East Villagers know they live in a funky, messy city and that the air is funky and messy too. (It is perhaps the only neighborhood in the country where African violets expire with a hacking cough.) But Con Ed has 12 major plants around New York City.

East Siders aren't the only people in the city who suffer from the company's drive to guarantee their investors six per cent a year. Jackie Kennedy's maid, for instance, probably has a hell of a time keeping the terrace free from soot, even though Con Ed hasn't razed the Central Park Zoo and replaced it with a soft-coal-burning, steam generating plant.

However, Central Park is Uptown, where people can resort to intra-uterine devices like air conditioning and maids wearing dust masks, Lower East Siders are not slighted. They have Arthur J. Benline.

Arthur Benline is Commissioner of New York City Air Pollution Control and he and his doughty crew of smoke-watchers have brought Con Ed to court eight times since 1963 for letting their 14th Street machinery overload and bump off your African violets. (No one has yet filed a personal injury suit against the company and produced an X-ray of a blackened dessicated lung as Exhibit A, but it might make the point more clearly. A real lung would be even better, and probably, more easily obtainable.)

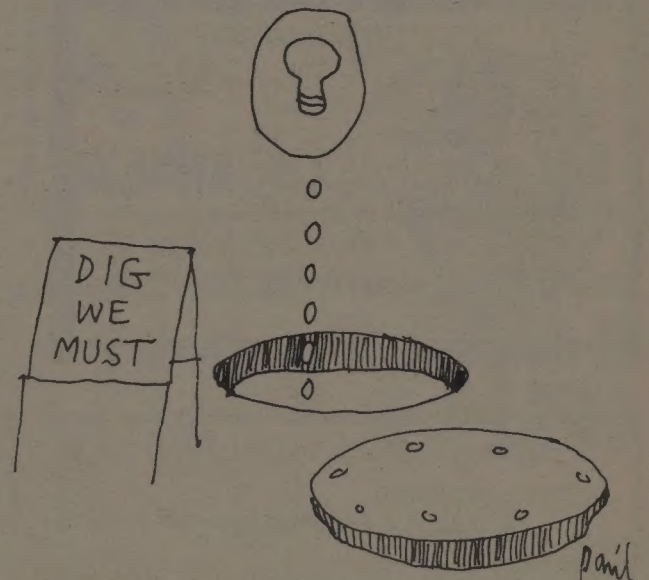
For these violations Con Ed paid an awesome \$1,000 in fines. This so frightened investors in Con Ed stock that earnings rose 24 cents per share for 1964, the company approved a 2-for-1 stock split, and, scared stiff, plunged recklessly into a \$1.1 billion new construction program. Arthur Benline has them on the run.

It is difficult to decide which aspect is more infuriating! There is: a.) the consideration that you, as a bought and paid for Con Ed account (read it prisoner), pay from five to six dollars a month to poison you; and b.) the company's surpassing contempt for the health and well-being of its customers. At city-air-pollution hearings in June and July, the Con Ed spokesmen proudly mentioned that the company had spent \$118 million on pollution control. Someone else pointed out that the amount the figure represented was the amount spent on control since 1937. That comes to around \$4 million a year. The company grosses about \$800 million a year.

During the hearings, one moderately civilized proposition came up when Queens Democratic Councilman Edward Sadowsky suggested the removal of all power-generating plants from New York by 1975 to be replaced by atomic-power plants in rural areas.

While this solution sounds almost as simple as locating halfway houses for narcotics addicts on Sutton Place (there is a backlog of rural communities fairly thirsting for their own atomic-power Con Ed plant—take Queens for instance), it is more desirable than fencing your watch to pay the Con Ed bill so your candle outlay doesn't rise impossibly. Nuclear generating plants are cleaner and cheaper; the problem is to keep our beloved public utility from locating them in high population density areas (they abandoned temporarily their Ravenswood Project in Queens after public protest).

Unfortunately, the situation is hopeless. Little planning is being done by Con Ed, except in the direction of increased profits resulting from lower operating costs. You can't lower costs by spending money on air pollution control. And then, do public utilities really give a damn about the public? Well, their subway posters are often amusing.



Other Scenes

Cont'd

the address or phone to back them up it calls arrive. Always always give yourself lots of degrees from some fictitious university that can't be checked. (Any foreign university that might have had its records destroyed in the war is fine).

Call up TV shows (or write) and complain about some (imaginary) episode that offended your taste so much that you'll never watch the show or buy the sponsor's products again. (Paul Krassner's Realist hoaxes did this.)

Pretend to be stealing when that Big Brother television camera in the department store swings over in your direction. Then sue for false arrest (when they don't find anything) and settle the case out of court. (After all, they're stealing from you all the time.)

Tie labels, already printed, on all portable items that you find lying around big offices. (One label, I know of, reads: "Please properly label and package this item and ship post-paid to Gene Hall, 713 W. Main St., Elkin, N.C.")

Mingle with the intermission crowds outside Broadway theaters and go into the second act free.

Walk into any big city hotel at 6 p.m. and look on the lobby bulletin board for any cocktail party listings. Walk right in (having checked your coat downstairs) as if you belong. Eat and drink and then leave. If anybody asks you who you are, say, "Mr. Roberts asked me to meet him here."

Have cards printed with the name of a firm that sounds very dignified (including your own name as a partner) and list "Attorneys-at-law" on the card somewhere. It will get you out of a lot of trouble. Maybe it's better to just say "Legal advice."

Print famous names (and addresses if you like) on the backs of your envelopes. People will pay more attention to the letters—at least until they read them.

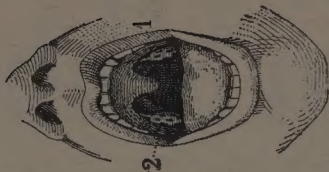
Use "No-Tip" coins (Roy Morser, 1394 Third Avenue, New York 21) whenever you get bad service.

Write to Foundations and ask for grants for something wildly improbable but vaguely related to their field. (George Rike, for example, founded Banter University Press (there is no Banter University) and asked for a grant from the Ford Foundation to study "a field that lies largely unexplored: Medieval printing in the United States. Obtaining the necessary documents, especially, is proving quite costly since in most cases we must manufacture them.") Large foundations don't get much fun and it helps to loosen them up a little.

Jaywalk

Litter (We don't agree—this place is enough of a shit pile. Ed.)

THE NEW MUSIC



by Frank Smith

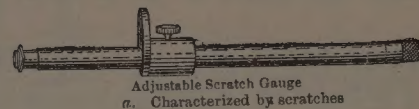
For those not familiar with the term new music, it refers to the kind of music first put forward by Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane. It is now being played around New York, especially in the East Village, by more than a dozen groups, none of which are heard nearly as much as they should be. Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, Paul Bley, Roswell Rudd, Le Sun Rā, Burton Greene and Giuseppe Logan are just a few of the better known leaders playing this music. Strong dissonance, fresh sounds from the instruments, new ways of moving the pulse and accent of the music, more complex organization: these are some of the characteristics of the new music. The Giuseppe Logan Quartet (ESP DISK 1007, Stereo only) provides a good example of these qualities. It is available at The Record Center on Eighth Street.

Giuseppe Logan played a recent Monday night at Slug's Saloon with Henry Grimes, bass (Eddie Gomez is on the disk); Milford Graves, drums; and Don Pullen on piano. Logan played alto saxophone and flute that night, but he also plays tenor sax, Pakistani oboe, bass clarinet, trumpet, and violin. The music was very powerful and beautiful with Logan playing things so piercingly sad that he almost had me in tears. His strongest quality seems to be this soul-wrenching sadness mixed always with a touch of tenderness, the courage to bend notes way off the old diatonic pitch of the piano. This kind of



basic honesty was the thing that upset so many people when Ornette began doing it a few years ago. Now the same cry—"can't play his instrument"—is leveled at Giuseppe, when in truth he's doing something so naturally real that many people are afraid to face it.

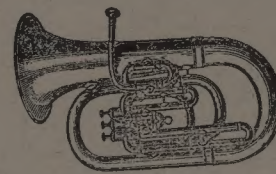
Milford Graves continually plays music so basic and complicated on his drums that he makes a whole orchestra of modern classical percussionists sound like sterile game boys. Ferocious rage, lovemaking right up there on the band-stand—this is what one gets in the new music and this is what is so frightening. Sometimes, Don Pullen got so carried away with seizure that he looked like he was coming off right out through his fingers and into the keys. Of course, the reaction is—you can't make love in public; but the musicians say—I'm sorry, but we've been doing it and we're gonna keep doing it till all of us wake up to what's real.



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When the whole group gets going at full blast they create a level of intensity and dissonance that makes the harsh things of Bartok and Hindemith sound light and gay by comparison. Grimes is always underneath with a powerful thrust that somehow never stops being tender no matter how strong it is. His playing always has the sound of an angel, a ferocious one, but an angel nonetheless. The dissonances are created mostly by the combinations of Giuseppe and Don, when the leader bends notes and Don gets into his ear-rending ten-note chords in the low register.

The fact is that the new musicians have developed entirely new playing techniques to



get out this strength of emotion. They jump across octaves and registers so rapidly and change direction and accent in multinode runs so suddenly, that many listeners can't follow it at all when they first hear it. It's not what they expect, so it sounds wrong to them. But the truth is, were it notated, none of our bebop or classical masters could cut it for some time simply because the overall flow and organization would totally confuse them. And when they got past this, they'd find that indeed new muscles would have to be brought into play to master this music, because these new musicians aren't blowing just anything that comes into their heads, it's a way of playing they've worked on for years and the ears hearing it are what need developing, not the music.

The dissonance, complexity and overall newness just need to be listened to, to be gotten used to. When Ornette came on the scene everyone said he couldn't play, too harsh, he's gone too far, hurts my ear. Now everyone has gotten their ears acclimatized to his music and already we have idiots saying what sound and original principles of composition he employs, but this new bunch of avant gardists have gone too far, can't play their instruments, too harsh, hurts my ear. Fuck your principles of composition—start listening to the human souls bleeding out love for you. Love, I love you tenderly, love, I'll fuck you, yes indeed.



FIG. 247.
Bassin pour toilette féminine.

Social Note—

Producer Richard Kollmar, the husband of the late Dorothy Killgallen is the grandson of Daniel D. Tompkins, for whom Tompkins Park is named.

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CARD BURNERS FUME AT GOVERNMENT — INFLAME CROWDS

Five card-burning pacifists performed the fiery oblation before a crowd of over fifteen hundred in Union Square. The offertory was made by Miss Dorothy Day, head of the Catholic Worker Movement, who made clear that the demonstration was made with the full approval of the Christian-pacifist community. Most of Miss Day's comments were drowned out by the fifty-odd antidemonstrator demonstrators jeering nearby, and carrying signs reading, "BURN YOURSELF INSTEAD OF YOUR CARD," and, "QUEERS—COMMIES—COWARDS." The card burners, all but one of whom is already exempt, face up to five years in Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and a \$10,000 fine.

The card burners each made his own statement before the group burned their cards as a unit.

Thomas Cornell: "I could just let the war in Viet Nam pass me by but take this opportunity to protest a war that is a waste of moral energy and a war that is a blight upon our community...virtually enslaving our men from the ages of 18 to 43." He further added that he did not make his personal protest "in the spirit of defiance or self righteousness."

Marc Edelman: "Change comes with sacrifice, personal sacrifice...If freedom means jail then I shall be a free man in jail."

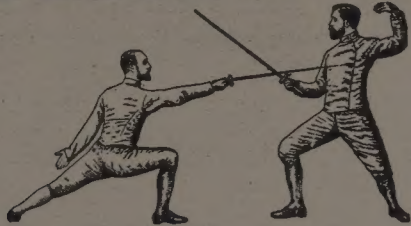
Roy Lister spoke of his as a "purely individual act." And added, "President Johnson has to live with his conscience and I have to live with mine."

James Wilson (the only protestor in the group eligible for the draft): "The duty of every Christian must be to oppose war...as a Christian I find it necessary to destroy this card today."

David McReynolds: "Conscience is at the very heart of democracy...the only reason we have democracy at all is that some men have dared to make unpopular stands...One of the reasons I am burning my card is that I am a loyal American...The truly disloyal are to be found in Washington, D.C....To President Johnson...I voted for you; you betrayed me...The government has become the enemy of the people and of the Constitution of the United States...it is our duty to defend our nation from our government."

These words had the effect on the crowd and held jeers of the right wingers down to random guffaws. One joker in the crowd pulled a fire extinguisher from a laundry bag and doused both the speakers and their cards at the crucial moment. After the cards were dried over a cigarette lighter, they burned crisply.

A spokesman for the F.B.I. said "no arrest was imminent" for the card burners.



Star

Cont'd from page 1

of Saturn for 10 years at 25 cents and they told her they'd think it over. A man called, shouted, "You don't own it, I own it," and hung up, and another man called to inform them that Balboa claimed the Pacific Ocean for Spain but Spain indeed does not own it today.

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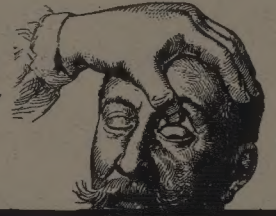
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GET THE MONEY

BY TED BERRIGAN



John Kevs, in England, writes that Roger Miller is a liar. Also, that as far as stance goes, everyone between him (John) and the self-immolaters are just chickenshits! The English refuse to give John all their money, which makes them just about as low as Americans. In his column on bookstores that publish and generally "swing" (whatever that means), John Wilcock failed to mention The Phoenix, on Cornelia Street, which at least publishes (Ace of Pentacles & McClure Bibliography) and might swing, if pushed a little or if a good stiff wind came up. Could it be that genial Bob Wilson has had another personality clash?

Paul Blackburn, 2nd Avenue's Clyde Beatty, lists Robt Kelly (Dec 1) Kathy Fraser (the 8th) and Jerry Bloedow (15th) as readers at Le Metro in December.

Don't believe the rumor that The Fugs (Ed Sanders, Ken Weaver, Tuli Kupferberg & Steve Weber) were killed in an automobile accident in the Mohave Desert. In fact, they'll supposedly be back in NY for Thanksgiving. The Free University wants poets, painters, musicians, etc., interest in giving courses, to contact them at 20 East 14th, any evening. Particularly anyone interested in giving a poetry workshop.

Grove has just released Leroi Jones's THE SYSTEM OF DANTE'S HELL (and it's about time) which is one of the great prose works of sometime or other. Look for Review by Allan Katzman next issue.

One of the most boring works of any time (though actually it isn't that good) is Ron Norman's pretentious BLACKLIST magazine, the editor's tribute to himself. Only Terry Southern would like it.

MOTHER magazine, editor Peter Schjeldahl, 86 Avenue B, is about to appear with works by Kenneth Koch, Ted Berrigan, Ed Sanders, Allen Ginsberg, Buck Mulligan, Joan Baez and Joan & Karl. Don't miss it.

Also, "C", number 11, all prose, with a masterpiece by Tom Veitch, is at Peace Eye and 8th Street. Veitch, who was asked by Wm. Burroughs for a manuscript to be presented to Grove Press (which those boobs rejected) is about to enter a monastery.

Dear Ted,

How are you? I am fine.

Your friend,
Tom

P.S. Yes, it is true.¹What else is knew? Sorry I chucked all my scripts when I was in P.A. (correction Pa.)²Go away.³Expect to have new forbidden manuscripts in future years.⁴Imprimatur and all that. Write later for information care of the Vatican. Spirit of Christ everywhere...yes man... Thanks for C's.

Liked Luis Armed Story best of all. Some genius wrote it.⁵Get Grove to publish it send money to monks care of Caesar Romero.⁶Hear Stewart Granger dead? or whoever that guy in snow...I mean King Solomon's mines who also read C magazine on his death bed.

To speak is to lie.⁷Therefore I cease to speak in order that purest truth may bubble in the veins. So long old shit, write when you can...I'll be in NY after Christmas.⁸

Tom

1. I am going to be a monk.
2. No words left to send you old buddy.
3. and find peace, old friend.
4. Sex Orgies of a Benedictine Monk and Secrets of the Cloister.
5. Me.
6. Checks payable to Tom Veitch.
- 7.
8. Sleep the sleep that needs not breaking
Could it be we all are faking?

* * *

So much for Tom Veitch.



FIG. 87.—Irrigation of the Bowels. Second step.

Send all poetry magazines, gifts, money, books, snowshoes, snow jobs, job offers, offerings, bribes, gratuities, data, dates, blacklists, hate literature, propositions, dope pills, booze, and other boring matter to Ted Berrigan, c/o this newspaper, for appropriate mentions, knocks, pissing on, ecstasy over and/or other in print. GET THE MONEY!

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