

POET ARRESTED ON OBSCENITY

by Allan Katzman

Ed Sanders, poet, publisher and editor of the underground magazine *Fuck/You*, a magazine of the arts, was arrested at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, January 2, at his Peace Eye Bookstore and charged with possession of obscene literature and lewd prints. He was released on \$500 bail.

Sanders, who is also the leader of the Fugs, a satirical rock and roll group from the East Village, was called to his store at 383 E. 10th St. by Tuli Kupferberg, a neighbor, friend and Fug, who discovered the door and window broken and the store occupied by four policemen. Sanders was arrested immediately on arrival.

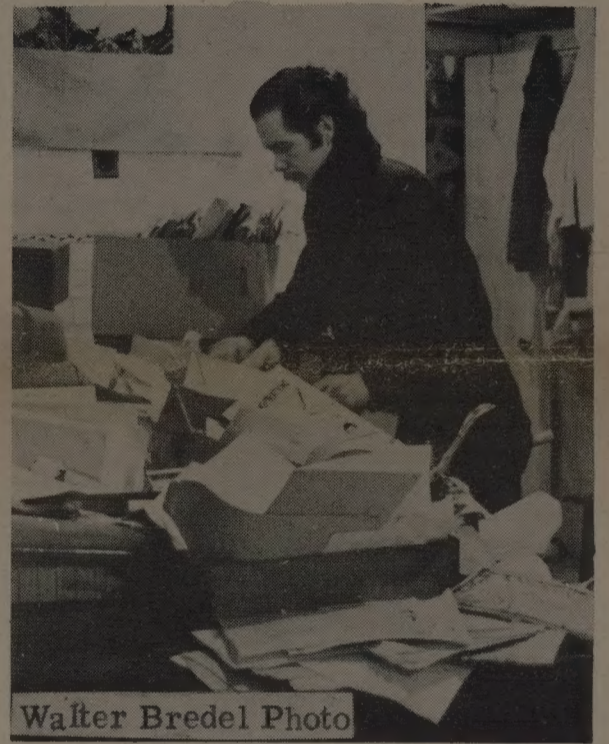
The arresting officer, Sgt. Fetta of the 9th Precinct, Badge No. 775, was summoned to Sanders' store on a burglary call. While determining the items stolen (a violin and drum), he stumbled upon some of the literature Sanders publishes and sells. Among the articles confiscated for the arrest were: current and back issues of *Fuck/You*; *Peace Eye*, a book of poems written by Sanders; personal letters and papers, one of which was a letter from the Library of Congress asking for a full set of *Fuck/You*; *Bugger*, an anthology of sexual erotic poetry; and

The Platonic Blow, a poem of homosexual encounter by the famous poet W.H. Auden.

Sanders approached the New York Civil Liberties Union on a point of information concerning the legality of the search and whether the N.Y.C.L.U. would file as an 'Amicus Curiae' (Friend of the Court.) Henry DeSuvero, a lawyer for the N.Y.C.L.U., expressed interest on the whole encroachment on the arts by the police in the East Village. He stated as examples the Paul Nuchim and Jonas Mekas cases. Nuchim was arrested February 8, 1965 on a charge of obscenity concerning his paintings of vaginas that were hanging in the Yellow Kid Gallery on 10th St. Mekas was arrested at the Bridge Theater on St. Marks Place for showing obscene films: Jack Smith's "Flaming Creatures" and Jean Genet's "La Chant de Amour." Both cases are still pending before the Court. Mr. DeSuvero further stated that "what Sanders writes, publishes and sells has valid literary endeavor." The N.Y. C.L.U. decided to accept the case.

This year, obscenity as an issue looms large on the calendar of the U.S. Supreme Court: Fanny Hill, a novel written in the 18th century and just published in this country; the Ralph Ginsburg Case, editor of *Eros*

Cont'd on page 7



Walter Bredel Photo

ED SANDERS looks at the shambles of his Peace Eye Book Store after release from jail.

LOWER EAST SIDE CIA ESTABLISHED

On January 16, a hundred people crowded into a small store front at 105 Avenue B, to form the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association.

The Association, headed by Donald Weeden and Geoff Stokes, plans to work with individuals of the community, directing their complaints to City agencies best suited to handle the specific problems.

Donald Weeden, speaking before the meeting, said that the main objective of the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association was to "bring City government and the neighborhood closer together. This is the first time the City has established an organization for community relations. The pipeline is open. The City again belongs to the people."

Headquarters of the LESCIA at 105 Ave. B, will be open from 1:00 to 9:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, staffed by volunteer help. There will be one person handling the telephone and receiving complaints from the public. A lawyer will be in the office at least two nights a week, not to take legal action himself, but to recommend to individuals the best method for action. There will be a large area at the back of the store for project work.

Geoff Stokes outlined an eight-step pro-

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FDA PROHIBITS USE OF "RELIGIOUS SACRAMENT"

by Walter Bowart

The Neo-American Church is defending its right to administer psychedelic drugs as the Holy Sacrament on the grounds of religious freedom. Following legal inroads made by the Native American Church of North America, the Indian church that uses peyote as the sacrament, the Neo-American Church maintains that psychedelic (mind expanding) substances are the True Host and protected by the rights of religious freedom guaranteed in the Constitution.

Possession of one psychedelic substance, LSD (dilysergic acid diethylamide) becomes a felony under federal law on February 1, having a maximum penalty of five years imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000. Until February 1, possession of LSD is merely a misdemeanor under local law.

The effects and molecular structures of psychedelic agents: peyote, mescaline, psilocybin, and LSD are similar. They are usually taken orally with their effects lasting up to twelve hours, producing what many describe as a "religious" experience.

Peyote, a cactus grown in arid climates, was used by the Aztecs long before the Span-

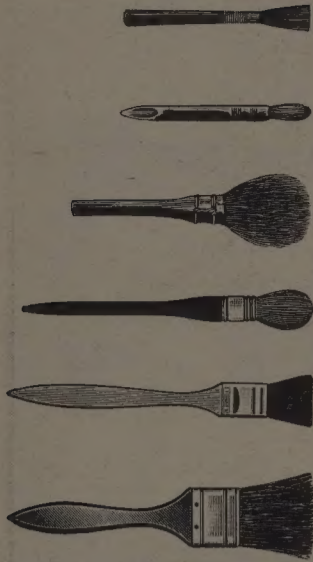
ish Conquest. As far back as the Spanish Inquisition there are recorded documents of peyote being used by Pueblo Indians near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Peyotism moved from one tribe to another and by the late 1800's many tribes in Oklahoma had incorporated peyote into their religion.

In the early twentieth century an association known as the "Mescal Bean Eaters" was formed. Later the name was changed to the "Union Church" and in 1918 the Bureau of Indian Affairs attempted to have Congress pass an "anti-peyote" law. James Mooney, famed ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institute, advised the Indians to change the name of their Church to the "Native American Church" and form an intertribal peyotist association that could combat any such government action.

The battle raged until 1961 when the American Civil Liberties Union made an appeal to the Supreme Court and won national acceptance on religious grounds. The state of Arizona still had a law against the use and possession of peyote. With the help of the A.C.L.U., Mary Attokai, a Navajo woman, intentionally broke the law. She was arrested

Cont'd on page 4

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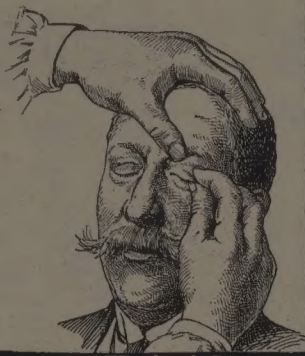
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

My Dear Other:

I have just received my complete genealogy and it seems that I am a direct descendent of Pata-Mok, Pata-Deity and titular head of the Wholely (sic) Pata-Real Church. As you know from the corrected translation of "Trials of Pata-Mok," (Patrealist Press \$1.58) Pata-Mok, a retainer in the Court of Darius, fell in love with Zinniah, the fairest flower of the king's harem - swooped Zinniah away to Yazd and gallantly fought off Darius' pursuing troops.

Zinniah, the fairest, after spending seven day and nights with Pata-Mok, was recaptured, but not, however, returned to the harem.

She was ensconsed instead in the famous Precious Palace and fed the freshest of fruits for lo...her time was near.

She gave birth as it turned out, to a son, whom she named Pat.

Darius would have none of this and officially renamed the child, Ahuramayda Ahrima Xerbyox which translated means light and dark copy.

Personally, I've never cared too much for Darius, even less now that I'm sure we're not related.

In time the King's heart did grow weary of the lie (near his death) and to repent he stopped the hunt for Pata-Mok and when Zinniah finally wilted, the King inscribed under the innermost lid of her sarcophagus ZINNIAH - FAIREST FLOWER OF THE KING'S HAREM, HAD BY PATA-MOK THE BASTARD MOTHER OF PAT, THE BASTARD'S LITTLE BASTARD.

Nevertheless, Zinniah had taken no chances that the boy would grow up and not know his Patareal name.

All the years, since the child's birth, she, in secret, industriously worked on the lining of a robe to be given to Xerox (Pat) on his 21st birthday, Jan. 20, 490 B.C.

There, in precise row upon row is the whole sordid story! Stitched out, plain-as-day from the left to right in white-on-white silk embroidery are the Patareal facts.

Is it any wonder that this garment is considered the fifth most important document in the archives of Patareality?

The final section, that of the lower left hem was just recently discovered at Persepolis.

In its almost pristine condition it reads, in a final swift yet ever legible stitch: "I must close my son as I can hear your pseudō (sic) father coming." Love, Mother. "P.S. Remember who you are!";

Love,
Mother

P.S. Remember who you are!"

Unfortunately, I must close too. I see that I have not showed much of my lineage, but each link is fraught with significance and a detailed approach might help Others find out who they are. Perhaps on some future date I shall manage to bring you up to at least the 1st century B.C.

It's wonderful having a Patareal Paper on the Newsstands again.

The best to you.

Respectfully,
Daszguel Tut Wyieler
elf

Gentlemen:

Please note misprint in January issue: Village Voice publisher is Edwin Fancher, not Edward.

Yours truly,
Andrew Peck

Other Editorial

THE FORGOTTEN LAW

60% of the population of the U.S. are under 34 years of age; 50% are under 25. The majority of them do not belong to any one movement, although, they do have in common a "spirit of the age." They are the BOMB Babies born under the Nuclear Umbrella who learned that "The world is too dangerous now for anything but the truth, too small for anything but brotherhood." They are trying to remember something which they had forgot. It is a simple law:

The land will be divided equally among the people. After 7 years, it will lie fallow and revert back to Jehovah who had created it. They will once again gather and those who became rich off the land, will give up their riches and those who became poor and enslaved, will be set free. They will begin again, equally, and become a blessing power (Mosaic Land Law; Old Testament. This Law later became the Jubilee Year Law—every 40 years—and eventually was forgotten.)

It is a law which says take the sins of the world upon you; die for these sins; and be resurrected in purity. Give up the ghost; the system which has become inhumane and start again with any -ism, as long as it is once again humane (Mathew XVI; New Testament.)

It is the law of conditioned reflex (Pavlov) through which he later learned that the body-mind is preconditioned before birth by the cell process itself. (Birth, Growth, Death and Rebirth.)

It is what is known to most people as the delusion of this young generation. But delusion, like fever, is part of nature's attempt at cure. It is the law of life itself. It is a time when we remember that human consciousness must outlive human existence.

—A.K.

CEASEFIRE EVERY NEW YEAR

On January 20th, all the people fighting in Vietnam stopped killing each other for nearly four days. The ceasefire was ostensibly to celebrate the Buddhist New Year, but certainly even non-Buddhists enjoyed it. The same could be said for the three day truce that took place to celebrate the Christian New Year only a few weeks before.

Certainly other religions could offer their New Years for truces. And if enough New Years could be celebrated, the fighting might be eliminated entirely.

D.R.

EVO GOES FORTNIGHTLY

With the appearance of this issue, we shall stop appearing on a monthly basis and start appearing on a bi-weekly or fortnightly or every other Wednesday basis. Help.



LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

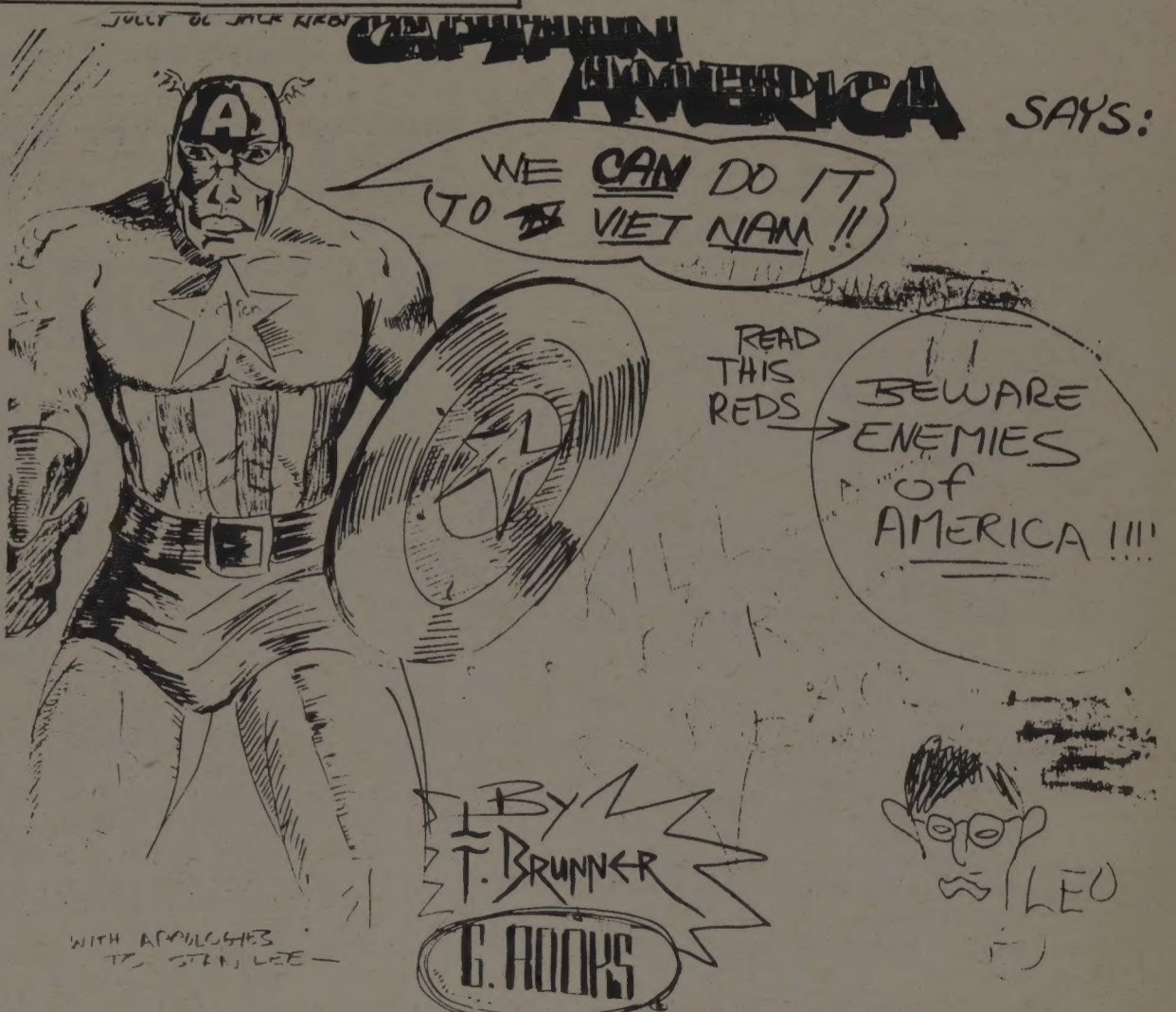
February 1, 1966

Good Evening:

I am sure that many of you, like myself, had been anticipating Time Magazine's annual presentation of the "Man of the Year Award." My friends here at Palm Beach were looking forward to it and had arranged a magnificent champagne victory party for me at the beach club. Of course they were stunned beyond belief when the selection was announced as General Westemoreland. Servants fell in the pool, the hounds had to be let out and nearly all the guests were in tears. It was a dreadful evening. I myself suffered a terrible attack of gout and had to be bundled off to my physician in Barbados that very evening.

I'm currently recuperating well—there's no need for worry thank you—but I don't expect to be back for another week. In any case, I have been out of touch with my editors lately and haven't even seen their latest issue. My associates tell me they plan on publishing every two weeks beginning with the current number, but this can't be true since they would have to consult with me before taking such a major step, and I certainly would forbid it.

K. Jason Rushton
K. Jason Rushton IV



POP ART GOES POLITICAL with Captain America painted by a student of The School

of Visual Arts on a board fence surrounding a construction site at 53rd St. and 3rd Ave.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dr. Corliss Lamont, patron of civil libertarian causes sent the following letter to all the major news media including the wire services. It was printed in excerpt form on the U.P.I. teletype, Reuters, Tass, The Boston Herald, The Herald Tribune and Peace News.

OPEN LETTER TO AMBASSADOR
HENRY CABOT LODGE

Dear Cabot:

You will recall that as classmates in the great Harvard Class of 1924 we both helped to found the Harvard Debating Union during our college days and that you and I had brisk exchanges of opinion at its meetings. Ever since that time, more than forty years ago, we have carried on a running debate concerning basic issues that have confronted our country and the world. You consistently maintained a conservative position, and before long became a prominent member of the Republican Party. I must say that in my judgment you were always one of the better Republicans.

Now our disagreement has become more far-reaching and fundamental than ever because of your active support, as American Ambassador to South Vietnam, of the Johnson Administration's cruel, illegal and immoral war of aggression in Vietnam.

Like Secretary Rusk and the U.S. State Department, you have pretended that South Vietnam was established as a permanent independent state in the Geneva Accords of 1954, whereas you well know that the division of Vietnam into South Vietnam and North Vietnam was designed as a temporary measure and that the Accords provided for all-Vietnam elections in 1956 to unify the country. You must be aware, too, that it was the United States and President Diem of South Vietnam, that refused to permit these elections and thus clearly violated the Geneva treaty.

As Walter Lippman has pointed out: "While our government endorsed the Geneva agreements, and especially the provision for free elections, it opposed free elections when it realized that Ho Chi Minh (President of North Vietnam) would win them. Gen. Eisenhower states this frankly in his memoirs. Since that time we have insisted that South Vietnam is an independent nation." (New York Herald Tribune April 20, 1965.) What all of this adds up to is that in this matter the United States has been guilty of double-dealing and a failure to honor its pledged word.

Again, every objective observer knows that the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam, with its military arm—the so-called Vietcong, is leading a nationalist uprising supported by the vast majority of the population. What we have here is the resolute and unyielding effort of a former colonial people to assert its freedom. Opposing this is a white Western nation, the U.S.A., determined to reimpose shackles such as France maintained for almost a century.

In all frankness, Cabot, how can you sleep nights when you sanction the horrible and wholesale slaughter by U.S. bombers of women, children and peasants—of non-combatant civilians in general—throughout Vietnam? In the past few months American planes have repeatedly dropped napalm and heavy-duty bombs indiscriminately on South Vietnam villages where a few Vietcong were "reported" to be. Here is what a U.S. Air Force officer recently told the Associated Press: "When we are in a bind, we unload on the whole area in order to save the situation. We usually kill more women and children than we do Vietcong." Owing to the terrific bombings in South Vietnam, more than 600,000 destitute refugees have fled to the coastal cities.

I should think that you, Cabot, as a former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations pledged to uphold its Charter and international law in general, could not but suffer many qualms of conscience in upholding the President's current foreign policy. For the Administration's brutal course of action in Vietnam flagrantly violates the Charter of the United Nations, the Geneva Accords of 1954, the principles laid down at the Nuremberg Trials of Nazi war criminals, and the 1949 Geneva Conventions of the International Red Cross dealing with the "rules of war."

The way out of the Vietnam mess is clear. There must be a peace conference that includes the National Liberation Front as an independent authority in its own right, and the various nations directly involved; and a settlement that returns to the original Geneva Accords. This would mean the complete withdrawal of the United States Army and all other foreign troops from South Vietnam; a guarantee against any foreign military bases in that country; and elections to enable the Vietnamese people freely to choose their own government in accordance with the long-established principles of self-determination.

Of course, a negotiated settlement in Vietnam would be helpful to the Communist countries as well as the capitalist. But the position I have presented is essentially pro-American and pro-humanity. It is a position shared in general by millions of American teachers, students, writers, clergymen and workers, as well as such eminent individuals as President de Gaulle, Senator Gruening, Senator Morse, Professor Linus C. Pauling, Bertrand Russell and Arnold Toynbee.

Resign your ambassadorship and rebuild your public image before it is too late! Come home and help transform the Republican Party into the great American Peace Party, opposed to U.S. military intervention in Asia, Latin America or anywhere else. On that platform you and the Republicans might well win another election.

Sincerely yours,

Corliss Lamont

INSECTS DIE

Professor Carroll Williams of Harvard has isolated a hormone highly effective in killing insects. The hormone was isolated from newsprint.

"There is enough of it in a copy of the Sunday Times to kill literally billions of insects," he said. "Besides that it gives us something to do with all those sections."

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

The Death of Our Clowns

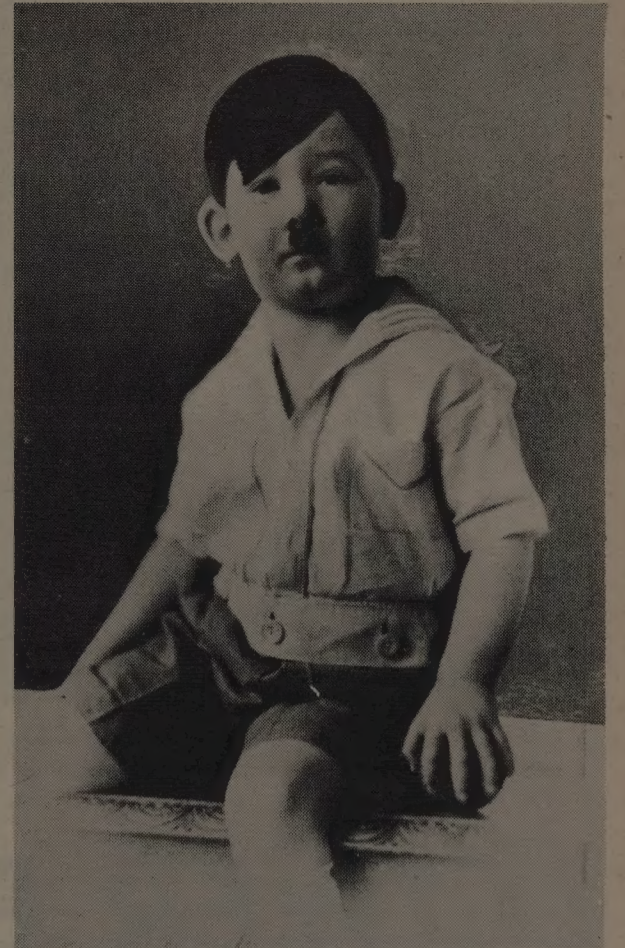
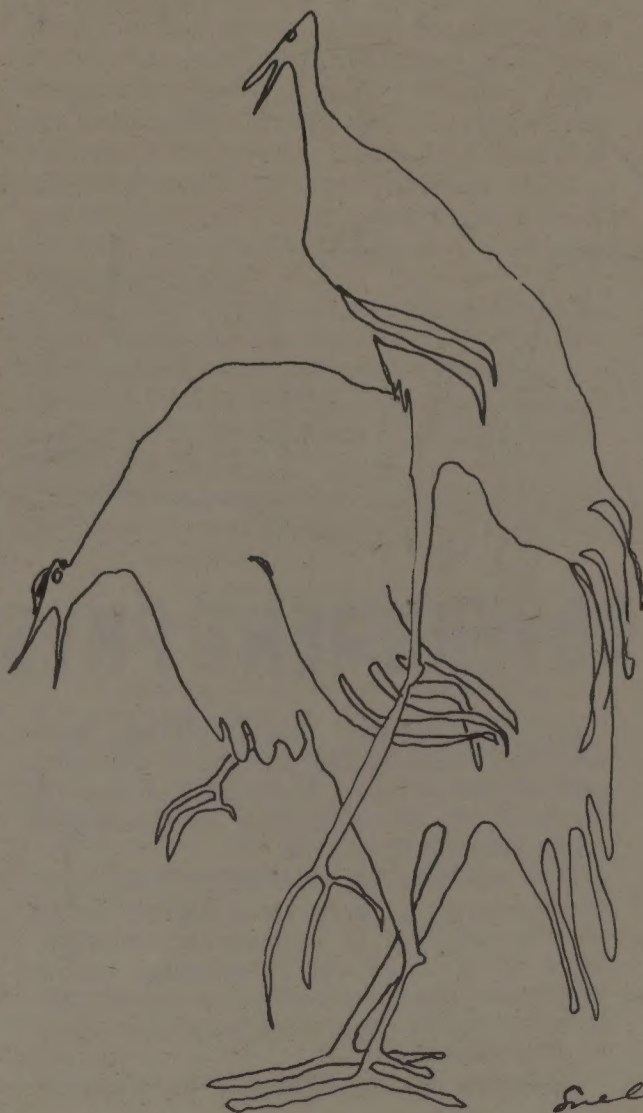
W.C.Fields, Will Rogers and Fred Allen are gone. Charlie Chaplin still hides behind Europe's face. Lenny Bruce has been 'busted' so many times for outrageousness that he can be aptly termed the Fun Christ of Comedy. And more recently WNEW-TV dropped the Mort Sahl Show from its ranks for being too controversial. What will happen to a country like America—where humor and democracy are synonymous—when humor has become too controversial? Democracy without humor will become indistinguishable from a Totalitarian Regime except for a certain lack of rigor, a more apparent disorder, a less persuasive phraseology.

One has to poke fun at Democracy. According to Dennis DeRougmont, "Democracy is the only regime which tolerates a bantering criticism" and it does so "because humor is necessary for the smooth running of institutions in almost wholly profane social order." Thanks to the sense of humor, "a breathable and respectable distance can be re-established between neighbors, between husbands and wives, or between the officials and the normal victims of the State."

But lately the Charlie Chaplin God of Democracy has begun to disappear in this country. He has become a James Bond who, although immortal, can be replaced by 008. Wotan, the common man, has come to City Hall and taken over the bureaucracy of America. Democracy is no longer willing to accept its own failures. We have all become asphyxiated by proximity.

Even freedom has become insidious. Emmet Kelly is indistinguishable in the face of Mass Man whose consciousness is wrapped in cellophane. Clown White has become the fashion and the Carnival is everywhere. Mark Twain and Nathaniel West have been reduced to a footnote and imbeciles have nothing to lose.

We have become a nation of Cheshire Cats where only the smile disappears. What is left is a furry animal fighting shadows and going through the motions of being human. Bring back our clowns and resurrect laughter.



THE BEGINNER

Photo Montage by Anita Steckel

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DO NOT USE NEAR FIRE OR FLAME

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CAMPUS CRACKDOWN ON MARIJUANA

In recent weeks, a wave of arrests by police have taken place on college campuses for the possession of marijuana.

Inquiries by N.Y.U. officials and the police into reported uses of marijuana, have resulted in eviction of some 30 students from N.Y.U.'s Weinstein dormitory, on University Place near Eighth Street. The suspected students were ordered out of the dormitory last Thursday and Friday, January 13 and 14 and were placed "in the custody of their parents."

In Akron and Columbus, Ohio, 22 young persons were arrested last week in marijuana raids, including at least nine students or former students of Ohio State and Kent State Universities. Police said they believed there had been big shipments of the weed into the area from Mexico.

In Norman, Oklahoma, eight students and five former students of the University of Oklahoma were arrested on charges ranging from possession of narcotics to lewdness. The police raid on an apartment near the campus bagged two 18 year old sorority coeds.

At Michigan University, six students and six persons described by police as "campus hangers-on" were accused of "possession or sale of narcotics." One defendant, a 29 year-old painter, was said to have grown marijuana in a home garden plot three blocks from the campus.

In Washington, U.S. narcotics agents acting on a tip from officials of American University arrested an 18 year-old freshman and charged him with selling marijuana.

A Miami University student and his wife were picked up at the Miami Airport by customs agents who said they were trying to smuggle in five pounds of marijuana from Jamaica.

Police arrested a dozen non-students in a recent marijuana raid near Washington University in Seattle. An investigating reporter for the Seattle Times said 500 to 1000 persons in the university area, and including a number of school dropouts, were using marijuana.



(L. to R.) Donald Weeden, Jeff Stokes and Commissioner of Buildings Charles Moerdler speaking before the meeting of the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association.

LOWER EAST SIDE CIA ESTABLISHED

Cont'd from page 1

gram on which the LES CIA will start immediate action. They propose to study potential park and playground locations; develop a plan for play streets; survey the sources of air pollution; study existing transportation facilities with emphasis on the double fare condition that exists for most of the neighborhood; report the present status of old P.S. 71; study the feasibility of establishing a Camp Placement Service for neighborhood children; take a physical inventory of the Lower East Side on a block-by-block basis, and organize the use of the bandshell theatre, newly completed in Tompkins Park, for the presentation of original plays using neighborhood talent.

The Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association, which, while declaring itself to be non-political, is made up of the local group that was active in the Lindsay mayoralty campaign.

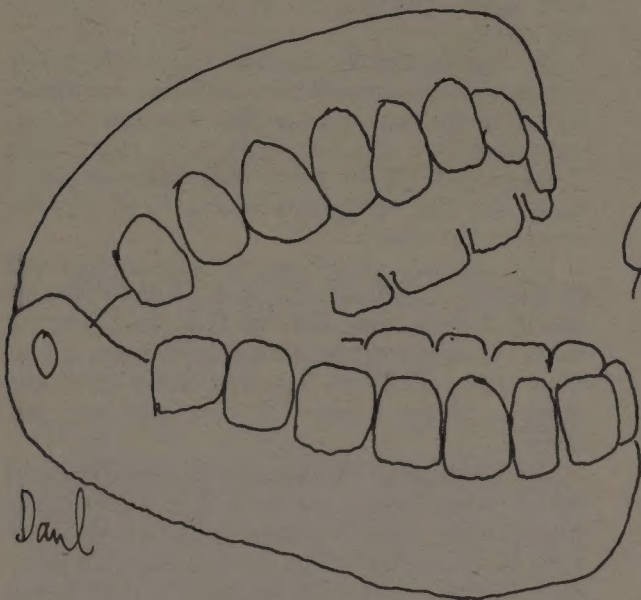
Speaking before the meeting, Commissioner of Buildings Charles Moerdler said, "We've just completed a review of some build-

ings and one elevator in the neighborhood. It took the police one hour and a crowbar to get us out of the elevator. The landlord was in there with us. He knows that in the morning he can expect a summons.

"You've all heard of corruption in city government. Well, it takes two to tango, and in this administration it is not more blessed to give than to receive. We will identify the fellow with the open hand as well as those ready to fill that hand.

"Soon you will read of scandals, of additional indictments in the Department of Buildings," Commissioner Moerdler said. "If we don't press forward with these convictions we won't be doing our job. And you can be sure we will rout out slumlords too."

Commissioner William Diamond called on those affected by building violation problems to, "First call your landlord. Then call the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association, and they will channel your complaints to our bureau."



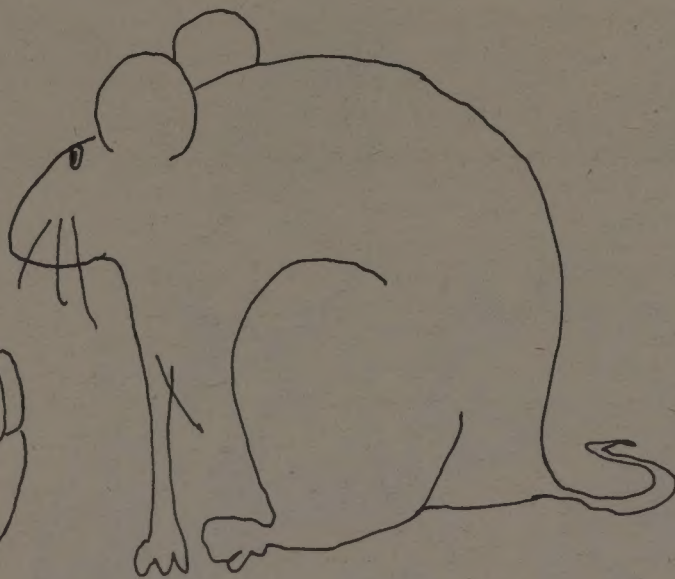
CAMELS AMOK

Hundreds of camels, crazed by heat and a lack of water, are running mad on the desert north of Sydney Australia. Authorities are helpless to stop them.

According to local residents, a camel will come galloping into camp in a crazed frenzy, trampling fences, troughs and tents before disappearing off into the desert. "You can hear a camel coming from five miles off," one resident said. "Gives us time to take cover."

Camels are not native to Australia, but were brought there by Afghan teamsters who use them to carry freight across the dry desert.

The Central Desert is currently suffering the worst drought in its history.

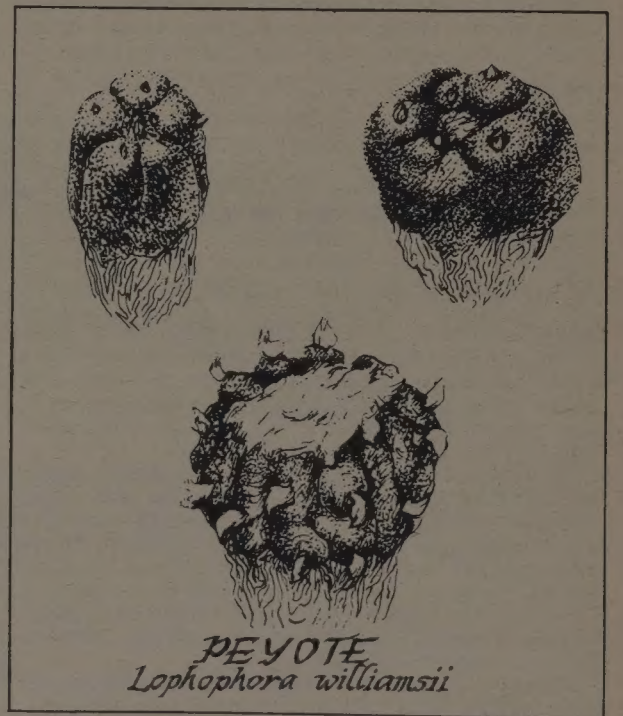


GOVERNMENT PHYSICIST GOES BESERK

A nuclear physicist with government clearance to handle "secret" documents went berserk at Brookhaven National Laboratory, January 18, shooting three other scientists before committing suicide.

The scientist, 34 year-old Michael Maresca, entered his laboratory shortly before noon naked from the waist up and brandishing a shotgun. Painted in nailpolish on his chest were three small rectangles with a smaller square above. Another rectangle was painted on his forehead.

Shooting wildly, Maresca hit Physicist



FDA PROHIBITS "SACRAMENT"

Cont'd from page 1

and convicted, then appealed the case to the Coconino Superior Court where Judge Yale McFate dismissed the case stating in part that, "Peyote is not a narcotic. It is not habit-forming."

"The peyote rite is one of prayer and quiet contemplation. The doctrine consists of belief in God, brotherly love, care of family and other worthy beliefs. The use and significance of peyote within the religious framework is complex. It is conceived of as a sacrament, a means of communion with the Spirit of the Almighty, and as an object of worship, itself having been provided for the Indian by the Almighty."

A recent bulletin from the Neo-American Church states, "At the present time the church is not distributing the True Host due to governmental persecution, in spite of the fact that the narcotic alcohol is available as part of the politically dominant Christian churches' sacrament. As soon as we are in a legal and financial position to do so we will openly distribute the sacrament to our members. In the meantime, one of our chemist members is working on a substance which will not fall under existing statutes."

Membership to the Neo-American Church can be gained by sending \$2 to Art Kleps at 1331 S.W. 92 Ave., Miami Florida. The Church publishes regular bulletins and is presently forming a chapter in New York City.

The new law prohibiting the use of LSD was instituted under the direction of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. "This drug is considered one of the most powerful chemical agents known", warns the FDA. "It is capable of causing serious mental changes with extremely small doses. It may cause nervous breakdown and suicidal states. LSD is rapidly becoming a public health menace. New York's Bellevue Hospital reports a recent upsurge in LSD cases, many patients in a state of 'panic reaction' seeking relief from their drug induced states of terror."

While the FDA's role is one of protecting the general public from the abuse and misuse of drugs, many feel the penalties in this case are extreme in view of the findings of physicians who state that LSD, administered under proper environmental conditions, can be beneficial to disturbed individuals.

Martin S. Zucker in the hip, researcher Russel Dietz in the leg, and Dr. Lief Hjarne in the chest. As other scientists fled in panic, Maresca left the building, went behind an elm tree, put the shotgun barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger. He fell just a few feet from his car, a brown Pontiac Station Wagon, which was found with the motor running.

All of the scientists shot by Maresca were reported in fair to good condition at Brookhaven Memorial Hospital.

CAPTAIN HIGH!

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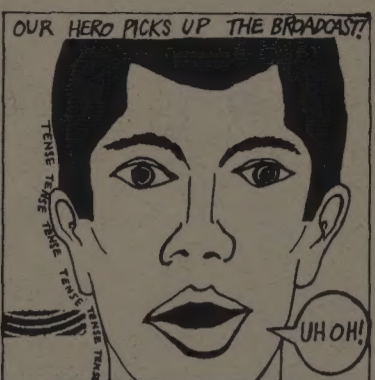
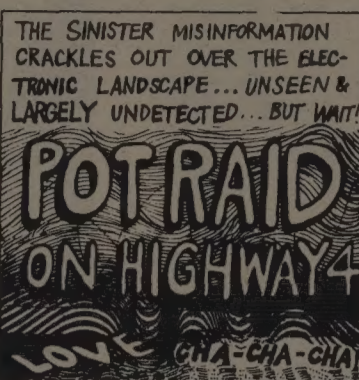
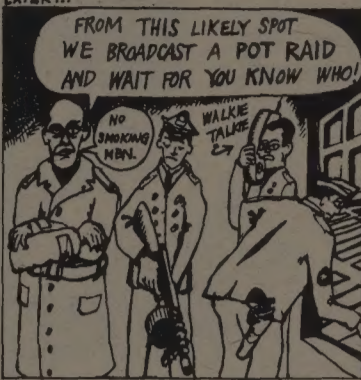
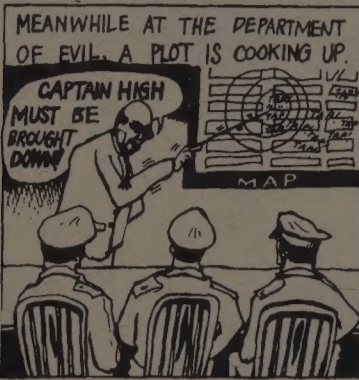
THE WEIRD OUTLANDISH WONDER!

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INTELLECTUAL VIOLENCE!



NATURALLY CONTINUED...

LOWER EAST SIDE FUNK

THE OPENING OF AN EXHIBITION OF THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY.

by John Grafitti

Andy Warhol recently finished a short film starring himself, Gerard Malagna, and Edie Sedgewick dancing wildly to the amplified sound of the Velvet Undergrounds. The film is to be shown in segments on twenty screens, simultaneously, in a new Underground Discotheque on Long Island, which will soon be opened by Michael Meyerburg. In the film, Gerard, dressed totally in leather, brandishes a 36-foot whip, as Edie and Andy frug in the foreground.

* * *

A group of poets formerly associated with Le Metro and Les Deux Megots, has moved activities to Atelier East, at 83 E. 4th St. Readings began with a duo by Jerome Rothenberg and Paul Blackburn, followed by a solo reading by Ted Enslin.

Upcoming readers will include Gilbert Sorrentino, Chuck Stein, Richard Barker, Carol Berge, and others. Other events at Atelier East include plays, parties, jazz and readings. There is a nominal charge of \$1.00 to attend single events, but one can purchase a \$3 card of membership which entitles the bearer to attend the Atelier on all evenings during a full month.

* * *

On January 17, 1,500 hipsters and jet setters gathered for the opening of Max's Kansas City, a bar and steak house inaugurated by Mickey Ruskin, recently returned from sabbatical in Spain. Ruskin formerly held interests in The Tenth Street Coffee House, The Ninth Circle, and The Annex. This latest venture is his biggest.

Mr. Ruskin commented, "Please don't do a story in your paper on Max's. I'm afraid all those East Village Junkies will show up here. This is a high class joint. They won't be able to afford it."

U. S. LEAFLETS TURN ON AMERICANS

The South Vietnamese Air Force dropped leaflets over Communist positions North of Saigon January 18th, but the wind carried the leaflets back to the city where they fell on civilians and American soldiers.

The leaflets urged the readers to return home to their families for the Lunar New Year holiday period.

The leaflet drop is subsidized by the United States at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars.

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WIRETAPPING MADE EASY

That clinking, hissing and snapping on your telephone may be someone listening. Wiretapping devices are easy enough to install and almost impossible to detect.

As recently as a month ago, a former Army Intelligence Agent revealed he had monitored the private telephone conversations of Eleanor Roosevelt when she was First Lady. The agent, Willie Adams, said he recorded the conversations because Mrs. Roosevelt was talking with a security suspect and the Army wanted tapes to hand over to the FBI.

Listening devices have also been found in the private offices of United States Senators. FCC engineers, asked by Senator Long (D-Mo.) to check for just such devices, began turning them up all over the place.

The discoveries moved President Johnson to issue a memo strongly denouncing the practice of wiretapping.

Wiretapping is easy. When an employee of the New York Telephone Company came to the EVO offices recently to install telephones, he didn't hesitate to demonstrate how to wiretap. Just hook up a hand set and tune in. It was his opinion that wiretapping in the City was quite common and that tape recorders, even loud speakers could be hooked up without detection.

In his memo, President Johnson wrote "I am strongly opposed to the interception of telephone conversations as a general investigative technique. The invasion of privacy of communications is a highly offensive practice which should be engaged in only when the national security is at stake. To avoid any misunderstanding on this subject in the federal government, I am establishing the following basic guidelines to be followed by all government agencies:

"No federal personnel are to intercept telephone conversations within the U.S. by any mechanical or electronic devices without the consent of the parties involved (except in connection with investigations relating to the national security.)

"No interceptions shall be undertaken or continued without first obtaining the approval of the Attorney General.

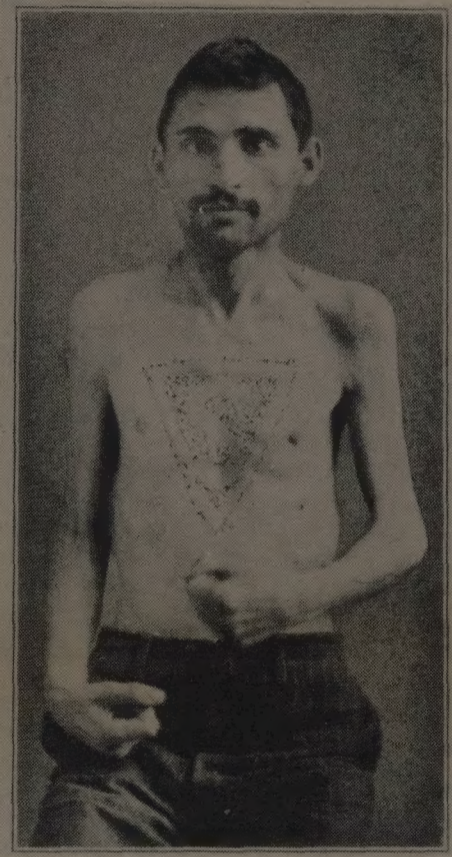
"Every agency head shall submit to the Attorney General within thirty days a complete inventory of all mechanical and electronic equipment devices used for or capable of intercepting telephone conversations.

"In addition, such reports shall contain a list of any interceptions currently authorized and the reasons for them."

There has been no report yet as to just how many "interceptions" the President found to be going on.

THIS SIGN PLACED HERE AS A PUBLIC SERVICE.

OBITUARY



A Requiem Mass for Clark Kent, 53, mild mannered reporter of Metropolis' Daily Planet Newspaper, and a prominent defender of the rights and justice of all, will be offered at 9:00 a.m., Saturday, February 12 at Our Lady of Krypton, R.C. Church, Metropolis.

Mr. Kent died of malnutrition due to lack of nourishment resulting from overindulgence in a macrobiotic diet.

Near the end, Mr. Kent was reportedly suffering from delusions of excessive power and from occult visions he allegedly saw through walls.

He at times would fly about the room in a blue suit with the letter "S" stapled on it. Many times during his illness, he fell from his third floor window, once suffering a sprained ankle.

Mr. Kent is survived by a son, Clark Kent Jr. and a daughter, Lois Kent of New York.

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SLUM GODDESS



Kassandra Lennon, known only as Kassandra, 20, came to the East Village 2 years ago because she "liked Jewish food".

Printmaker, writer, painter, collagist, and Egyptologist, Kassandra pursues these varied interests feverishly.

The photo above is a montage Kassandra arranged with herself as the subject, "because its beautiful."

"I love to love men! I think they're tremendous. I can't stand those that fall apart at the first sentence. The cream supreme dream of all men is John Lennon. He's better than Bob Dylan and faster than Clark Kent. He also has a good sense of humor. The only other man I consider as appealing as John is Oscar Wilde."

Kassandra was raised in "a very rich neighborhood" in Chicago. I changed my name from Zimmerman to Lennon because I didn't want to sound Jewish. I started a school for the sublimely limited to teach anyone who wants to learn. I have no students. The school is folding.

"Tennessee, my iguana, is in the hospital suffering from writhe movement. It's like St. Vitus Dance. I need money."

Kassandra is scheduled to appear on the Johnny Carson Tonight Show on NBC to talk about her career and reveal to the world the value of being a slum goddess.



INTERVIEW WITH A BEGGAR

By Piero Heliczer

"I have a steady trade with these women, they give me a nickel or a dime depending on how they feel, what they're carrying, the weather. Sometimes they put down bundles just to give me a penny.

"I make it. See, I'm in front of the market over here, Essex St. Market. I'm here for a purpose.

"I try to utilize sexual symbolism. I try to aggravate as well as appease. I use my tongue. Sometimes I catch people's attention just by a sound, use the word Sir and inflect it, sometimes refractionate someone's eye, make him turn around, with my eye.

"Even if it doesn't work I'm not aggravated because I'm ready to receive and not to give."

How do you use sexual symbolism?

"I won't go out of my way to take my pants off. Caressing the stump of my leg turns people off. It's not that they won't give me money, they quicken their pace and won't listen to my plea.

"They're involved in a visual sexual aberration and it doesn't hit it off too well. I noticed it in hunchbacks, they have a certain way of expressing themselves with their fingers.

"Size has a relation to the war psychosis."

War psychosis?

"I noticed it in the blackout. I was sleeping in a Bowery flophouse, you know the rooms there are mostly transient and you get different people every night. Just prior to the blackout this group of men came up and were belligerent to each other. In their mannerisms.

"As soon as the blackout came on like there was an initial moment when all their nastiness towards each other, you know strictly on a vocal level, came out in a matter of

seconds. Then they settled down, there wasn't a sound to be heard, they were really peaceful, and a minute after the blackout everything was silent in this particular Bowery flophouse. Cunard.

"During the Second World War they had a lot of blackouts and a lot was done secretly. They weren't really necessary. We knew the enemy's movements.

"Incidentally my father was a POW in a German prison camp and had occasion to interview a German officer. He told him the war was won on propaganda. He also told about American atrocities. They used to tie an escaped prisoner on a jeep and run him around the prison compound and kill him that way. I think it all ends up with M and W."

M and W?

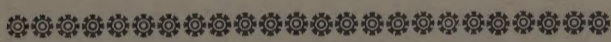
"Men and Women. It's starting to rain. I hope we get some snow soon, and ice. I had a dream last night. I dreamt I was in a subway with all these bums and we got to the last stop and these police were at the other end. Sir, can you help a cripple out with some change? And being we had no other place to go, they gave us a physical examination and everybody took their clothes off. As we were being examined, my turn came up last and at that point I said if you want the secret to heart attacks I have it on the bottom of my foot and at that point I got two violent spasms."

What happened?

"I turned around and kept the secret of heart attacks."

The secret of heart attacks?

"Dissolve a toe nail so that it is liquid enough to flow through the eye of a needle and shoot the solution in the vein."



LOCAL POET ARRESTED

Cont'd from page 1

who printed photographs of a nude negro male and white female; and the Mishkin Case dealing with the N.Y. Statute on Sadistic Literature. Supreme Court Justice Douglas when asked his opinion on the obscenity issue stated "Pornography. It's a bore."

Sanders will try to go further and prove that obscenity doesn't even exist. His arraignment has been postponed till Feb. 7.

DOES CENSORSHIP REALLY WORK?



PATAREAL PROFS STUNNED BY 700 YEAR OLD STUDENT

The Administrative Department of the College of Patarealism has converted to a computer system, and in doing so, has discovered a student who has been registered for 700 years.

The student, Nemo by name, has registered for every course given at the school since the 13th Century when the College was founded. Alarming, however, the faculty has no record of Nemo ever handing in a paper or taking a final exam.

"Who is this Nemo? Why doesn't he show his face?" asked Pataprof Bowart at an emergency meeting of the Faculty Board.

Pataprof Katzman advanced the theory that Nemo was nothing more than a name made up by the founders of the college to credit Pataprofs with lectures. He pointed out that Pataprofs receive no credit for lectures unless

at least one student is in attendance. And since students generally do not attend because the lectures are so boring, the creation of a mythical student was a necessity. Nemo or whatever.

"Documents in the Patarealist Handbook, however, prove the existence of Nemo," said Pataprof Rattiner. The faculty was shocked to silence by this, since none of them had ever read the huge Patarealist Handbook in spite of the fact that it is the "bible" of the College. Pataprof Rattiner then produced the passages in the Handbook, one of which stated "although there is no birth certificate to show he was born due to the fact that no such records were kept in the latter part of the 12th Century, neither has there been a death certificate. There can be no doubt therefore that Nemo indeed founded the College of Patarealism."

At this point, Associate Pataprof Aldo Guianta struck Pataprof Rattiner in the mouth and had to be evicted from the meeting.

"My Sicilian blood got the better of me," he told reporters out front of the meeting hall.

The meeting broke up shortly after that with the stunned faculty determined to send Pataprof Katzman to Wyoming where the Handbook said the College had been founded. There Pataprof Katzman hopes to find a mythical stone slab with the inscription "I am the Good, the True and the Beautiful. My name is Nemo."

The inscription is expected to be in the ancient Patah language, and translated into English, should read "I shall be what I shall be."

LUMIA THE CLOWN

by Ed Bailinson

A basement loft in the East Village is the headquarters of Free Theater for Institutionalized and Needy Children Inc., a chartered corporation managed, directed and motivated by Dorothy Sunshine, known to thousands of New Yorkers as Lumia the Clown. Each Saturday and Sunday, Lumia sponsors parties for children in order to raise enough money to pay clowns to perform at hospitals and institutions.

The parties usually begin at 2 p.m. and last till 5 p.m. Lumia, dressed in harlequin costume, minus her make-up greets the children as they enter the loft and in a few minutes has established the rapport needed for her kind of inter-personal communication.

Her interplay is a rare treat to observe. One can see the magnitude of her performance in the eyes of the children. It gives an adult the feeling of wanting to be a child again, blessed with the existent purity to be found in a child's world.

If you have attended a circus, you can visualize the scene. Lumia sets the pace in her creative impromptu fashion. With a background of snappy circus music she mimes and frolics with the children; they join in her fun games as if they were all part of the show. She blows bubbles from a large bubble pipe which resembles a saxophone and the children grab at the bubbles floating in the air. Whenever Lumia exits through the door separating the party section of the loft from her living quarters, the children playfully imitate her clowning. Then, Lumia makes up her clown face in full view of her audience and includes the children by dotting their faces with clown white and grease paint. Her coup de theatre in making up is her mime play attaching a tiny daisy to her nose. This little flower is the symbol for her maiden name, Stenglein, meaning "little stem".

The parents present laughed heartedly and applauded continually. But, the real treat was



Josef Mayer Photo

LUMIA THE CLOWN entertains an audience of children.

Lumia and the children.

Free Theater for Institutionalized and Needy Children was activated in 1960. Due to the lack of funds and cooperation, the corporation eventually strayed away into oblivion. Lumia appeared at the World's Fair in the Better Living Center where she directed and starred in her own show. Nevertheless, her hope of sponsoring a free theater for the needy and underprivileged remained within. Now, she is slowly developing the necessary means to make this dream a reality.

Lumia spent most of her childhood in a New York orphanage. "They used to call me the nut at the orphanage. I didn't know I was preparing for my purpose in life. Now I really know I am a clown. And to tell you the truth I love every minute of it!" For, her clown world is to her a beautiful world. The sensitivity of this lady clown is a combination of democracy, charity and tons of laughter. Today's world could put to use all of these ingredients and still ask for "more, more, more", just as the children responded in toto at Lumia's party.

FIREMAN REFUSES TO SALUTE FLAG

The Uniformed Firemen's Association has demanded the dismissal of a fireman because he refuses to salute the flag. The fireman, Robert J. Daily says he cannot salute the flag for religious reasons. Daily is a Jehovah's Witness.

In demanding his dismissal, the Association likened Daily's refusal to salute to the burning of draft cards. The Association's demand has caused City Fire Commissioner Lowery to take a stand in the dispute. Lowery backs Daily.

According to Lowery, Daily had been questioned and had signed a notarized affirmation of his loyalty to the Constitution of the United States, his loyalty to the Constitution of the State of New York, and his loyalty to the rules and regulations of the Fire Department "without reservation other than the one of saluting the flag."

The Fire Commissioner also noted that Daily's right to his job was protected by Supreme Court rulings and by the First and 14th Amendments.

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beginner will do well to resort to this method in all cases, for he will thus become better acquainted with the topography of the parts than by inspection only. The procedure is not as difficult nor as disagreeable to the patient as might be imagined, and needs but little description.

When the laryngeal cavity is to be examined by palpation, the head of the patient is thrown back, and steadied in that position by the left hand of the examiner while he introduces the index finger of the right hand into the mouth and slides it along the back of the tongue until the tip comes in contact with the upper margin of the epiglottis. Passing downward along its lateral margin on either side, the ary-epiglottic folds and the tips of the arytenoid cartilages can be felt, and likewise the upper surfaces of the ventricular bands. The vocal cords are, as a rule, too low down to be reached by the tip of the finger. An examination of this kind should of course be made quickly while the patient is holding his breath, so as not to obstruct respiration too long, which in cases of narrowed glottis by neoplasms might give rise to serious results. When the naso-pharyngeal space is to be explored by the finger, the patient's head is bent forward, and the index finger is gently pushed upward between the velum and the pharyngeal wall. When this is accomplished, the velum is drawn forward and the finger pushed along its posterior aspect until the different portions forming the rhinoscopic image are reached and explored by the sense of touch.



The Author's Nasal Forceps.

OTHER SCENES

By John Wilcock

The only thing standing between some jobs and the unemployed men or women who are ideally suited for such jobs is the Employment Agency. Theoretically if you have a job vacant and I can do that job, all that should be necessary is for us to meet and see how we like each other. But there isn't enough graft in a situation as simple as that so the Employment Agency enters the picture.

Now, irrespective of their few virtues and advantages, most Employment Agencies are staffed and possibly owned by narrow-minded, unimaginative, authoritarian creeps who translate their employer/client's requirements into the most bourgeois, conformist demands that exist outside the German civil service.

I remember when I was out of work once, with 12 years' newspaper experience behind me on some of the world's top papers, that one Employment Agency wouldn't even send me out for an interview with one of the tits-and-ass magazines that needed a caption writer. Their reason? I didn't have a college degree. Eventually, of course, I got wise and rewrote my resume to include an M.A. (from Sheffield University, whose records I knew had been destroyed during World War II air raids).

Another agency where I requested to be put on the waiting list (the waiting list, for — sake!) told me that I'd have to rewrite my resume because it didn't fit their files. They meant it literally; it was on a piece of paper too big to fit into their standard manilla folders.

But to come back to the main subject, Employment Agencies exist legally (although mostly unethically, in my opinion) to help (or hinder) people in getting jobs. They take their "legal" cut, amounting to a full week's salary or more, from the poor slob who are struggling to pay back rent and feed the baby, and sic the collection agencies or garnishee ghouls onto you if you don't or can't pay up. What exactly they have done to earn their money most of the time, apart from make two telephone calls and open a file cabinet, it's hard to see.

About three years ago I decided that I wanted to do a series of articles about this whole racket and I went so far as to make a brief announcement in my weekly column, The Village Square, asking people to send in their complaints. Well, I was flooded with mail, most of the writers hinting that what they'd told me was only a fraction of what they'd like to say if they weren't afraid of the libel laws.

The letters have sat in my files all this time, absolutely untouched, and following this introduction you'll find extracts from some of them. I make no apology for the fact that the incidents they mention are three or four years old. I can't imagine that the situation has improved for the better in the meantime. I have, however, concealed the identity of the writers. For all I know they may be working for Employment Agencies themselves by now.

Dear Mr. Wilcox:

When my job was terminated June 1st, 1962 I went to Career Blazers Agency.

I secured a job thru them which turned out to be one (I found out the first day) I was not qualified for — this man wanted a rapid typist/dictation type machine. But I stuck it out and decided I would let them fire me since I believed I would not be stuck with the agency fee. . . well, it happened two weeks — fired, that is. Salary was \$100.00 per week — paid every two weeks — my one check received from them (no deductions) was for the amount of \$136.00 and some cents. . . I still received the enclosed bill for \$202.09 from C.B. Agency.

Sincerely, S.M.

Dear John,

There are certain categories of office machine operator in which there are not too many applicants, and an occasional spurt of demand from employers. By running a phony "fee-paid" ad, you collect these potential customers, have them sign a contract, and when a job turns up, you've got a batch of them ready.

Why do employers use agencies? Well, many employers know that if a man's paid out two or three weeks money to an agency, he'll be easier to push around a bit, because he'll be more afraid of losing his job.

A second reason employers use an agency is because the employer believes they check the applicant through, doing part of the employer's work of hiring. This is nonsense, of course. How many times have you gone to an agency, and heard the agency man talk to a company man, so: "I've got just what you need here, fine man, great experience, etc. . ." He doesn't know a thing except what you told him. And if you're anything like me, you lied.

One of the biggest reasons for use of an agency, though, is simply to avoid complying with the law. The agency knows which employers don't want Negroes, Jews, or whatever; they'll send only the particular breed required.

I'd like to see a Dream Law. Make it illegal for anyone to hire in any indirect manner at all; he would have to publish a genuine Help Wanted ad, giving his address and time available, and interview whoever showed up.

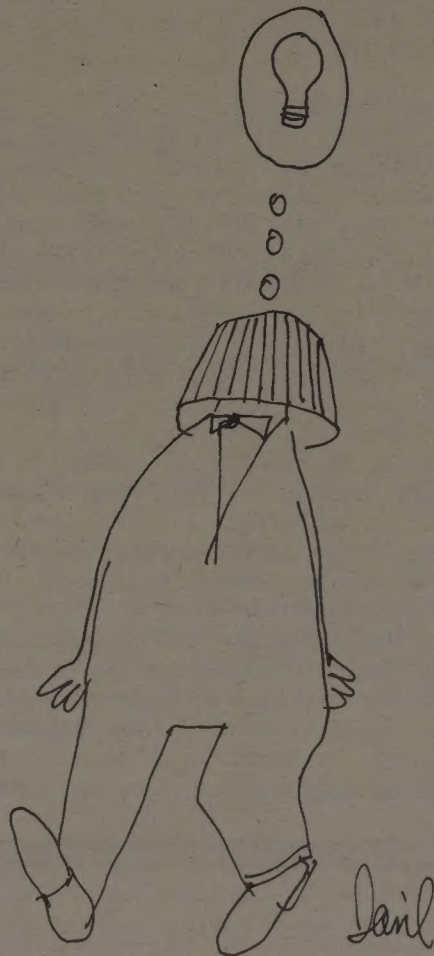
P.M.

Dear Mr. Wilcock:

A good part of my working life has been spent in the industry — I've been an officer of our national association and, at present, am the President of our state association. I know of no "racket" employment agencies. The industry is regulated strictly by law and infringements are punished by increasingly heavy fines. An unethical agency could not long survive.

Sincerely yours,

John Fanning, President
Association of Personal
Agencies of New York



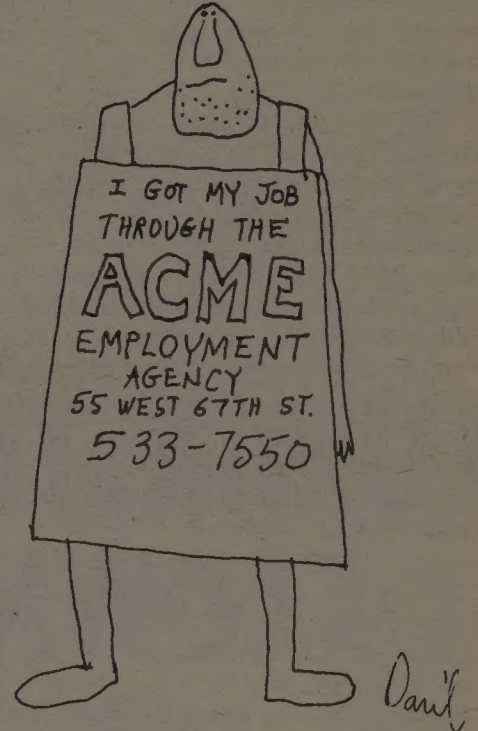
Dear Mr. Wilcox:

If you think N.Y. agencies are bad, take a look at the fees asked by an agency in Philadelphia.

LAWRENCE PERSONNEL
Suite 402-405
1015 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Weekly Earnings	Service Charge
\$50	\$120.00
\$100	\$329.00
\$200	\$892.00
\$225	\$1,094.00

Sincerely, J.B.



Dear Mr. Wilcox:

I am a lexicographer. Most of my training and experience has been in this field. I can also index, copy edit, rewrite, file, and make myself useful in other ways. This does not occur to agencies and they act deaf if I try to broach the subject. Janfield's young lady put down my record and said there was nothing in my field. I'll not hear from Janfield for a long time. The dictionary field is small.

I hate to think of the number of times this fall that I have had to explain in words of one syllable what a definer is. On a dictionary staff, certain persons are definers. They define words. What do they do with words? Shall I show the man's dictionary, and show him how these books list and treat words? I shall not call myself a lexicographer. Not in such company. They look frightened when I mention it. I am not being bitter. Everything I say here has happened or been experienced.

I shall discuss four types of agencies which I find to be the worst. Their power is unfortunate, since they are the only hope for the person from out of town. Small hope they are.

BIG BARNES

These are mass production places. The office looks like accounting offices. Two long rows are flanked by desks where men and women are constantly telephoning. This is the sort of place that I now leave the minute I open the door. I know better.

QUICK LUNCHES

They look like White Towers. A shelf with post-office pens is provided for standee applicants. The applicants are picked off, one by one, with a shouted "Next!" With little deliberation and no discussion you are thrust out the door towards a firm — any firm, it seems. Often you get a haughty look and are told they'll call you.

RESEARCHERS

These scape graces are found in both the above categories. You are sent out on an interview, because the agency is going to use your follow-up call to find out what kind of a place the employer runs. As a client, you do their work for them.

COLLECTORS

The Hadle Agency works this way. They take your resume and file it. They grant you no interview. End of story. Their ads crop up as thick as sprats. You call them because their ads tell you little. The knowledge is all on their side. If they don't care to elucidate, they won't. You have only their word. They have your resume. C'est tout. They must do something for someone because they are running a business.

BAREFACED LIARS

Lynhall falls into this category. Sunday's ads mean nothing. Monday you present yourself and the ad clipped to your resume. They use the abbreviated card and tuck the resume under the blotter. They name something entirely different. This is a refinement on saying that the position has been filled. Between Sunday and Monday morning at 9:00 A.M.?

OMISSION EXPERTS

They neglect to tell you that the encyclopedia job is to be confined to persons with twenty years experience in economics or that the applicant must have lived in Africa and know the kinship systems of the Watusi and Katua. I'm not putting you on. This happened. The employer thought I was a fraud. Both Howard-Sloan and Moran have done this to me.

SUBDEBS

Agencies seem to feel that they were created to aid the kid out of college. The individual in his thirties is at best a piteous ancient, at worst, a suspicious specimen who would not be out of a job if he had not done something felonious where he last worked.

Sincerely yours, B.A.H.

reviews

REVIEWS

David P. O'Neill, Rev. **PRIESTLY CELIBACY AND MATURITY**
Sheed and Ward, \$3.95

What do priests do? You will, regrettably, find out here. It's not very interesting. —D.N.

The Great Comic Book Heroes by Jules Feiffer. Putnam. \$9.95.

Feiffer, a former comicstrip artist and now a cultural desperado for the *Village Voice*, combines a wonderful, coffee-stained memoir with a selection of famous first-installments of Superman, Batman, Captain Marvel (all too briefly), Human Torch (once penned by Mickey Spillane), Hawkman, Sub Mariner, Plastic Man, Captain America, The Spirit, et. al. Feiffer's commentary on his former heroes is lovely and piercing. His essay often rises to an intensity that has to be sunken into, relished and read to be believed; his insight is sometimes profound. "Children, hungry for reasons, are seldom given convincing ones. They are bombarded with hard work. labelled education—not seen, therefore, as child labor. They rise for school at the same time or earlier than their fathers, start work without office chatter, go till noon without coffee breaks, have waxed milk for lunch instead of dry martinis, then back at the desk till three o'clock. Facing greater threats and riskier decisions than their fathers... And always at someone else's convenience. Someone else dictates when to rise, what's to be good for breakfast, what's to be learned in school, what's to be good for lunch, what're to be play hours, what're to be homework hours, what's to be delicious for dinner and what's to be, suddenly, bedtime. . . . [A] child, simply to save his sanity, must go underground." Thus appear superheroes, supercomics. "Comic books, first of all are junk. . . . Junk is there to entertain on the basest, most compromised of levels. It finds the lowest fantasmal common denominator. . . . It is there to be nothing else but liked." We liked. —D.N.

Kazoh Kitamori THEOLOGY AND THE PAIN OF GOD

John Knox, \$4.50

The spiritual masochist's handbook, this is about the transcendent joy of pain. Its fatal failure is in not ascribing pain to God and Jesus. —D.N.

John Marshall, M.D. CATHOLIC MARRIAGE AND CONTRACEPTION

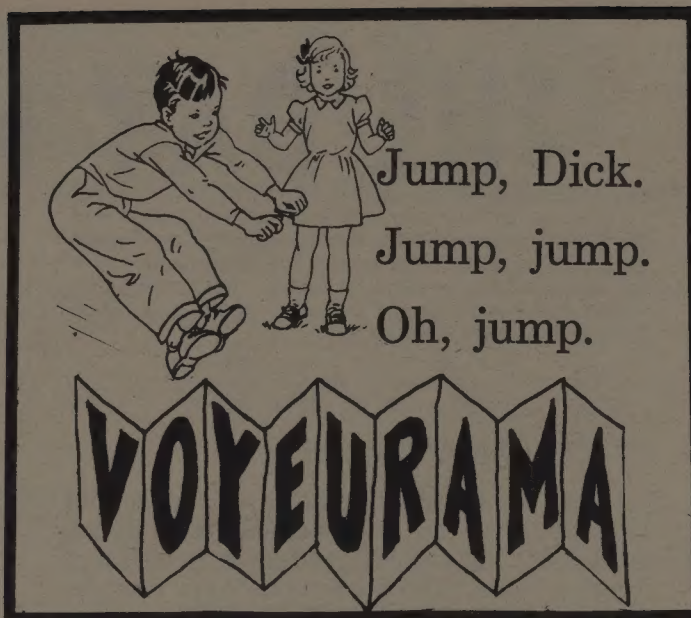
Helicon, \$4.50

This book gives us the sense that Catholics don't revel in the joys of intercourse. Perhaps they don't. —D.N.

"When they say Roi is dead, I wonder who they'll mean."

The System of Dante's Hell by LeRoi Jones. Published by Grove Press. \$3.95.

LeRoi Jones has written the definitive Hell on ourselves. He is the poet who moves us and always through the world; "a real world, of flesh, of smells, of soft black harmonies and color." Bereft of myth and heroes, he has taken us back down through his own mouth to a place where his five senses are magnetized to a point of no return. "An inferno. Where flame is words or lives, or the simple elegance of death." We meet the people we know, the people we are; gods who move through our pockets like loose change made dirty with transfer. A world crowded in upon us by thieves, liars, murderers, etc.; the system which speaks to us "in our language scared at the shadows of our crimes." A journey where the logic of our lives runs us down and destroys the face the wind sees. Where we turn the corner only to meet ourselves, our billion cells that stand before our eyes and reveal how our faces look; even the very dirt that grows out of it like hair. It is a journey in which, if we keep to it, we may be granted the grace to hear heaven speak to us through a thin silence. It is what makes us human, all too human. "I am myself after all. The dead are what move me. The various dead." —A.K.



FILM

by Dick Preston

Things aint what they used to be. Take, for instance, sex in movies. It's getting to that if one wants to see real old-fashioned nitty gritty lovemaking one has to pass through the underground to the underworld.

The untitled film I saw the other night was by an anonymous director and actors who were anonymous in name only and was a triumph of the cinema verite and a veritable lesson in the democracy of the two backed beast. True, the action was at times a little flabby and the camera work a bit primitive but it was real and had a great deal less padding than Louis Malle's "Viva Maria" and seemed to have more commercial honesty than Andy Warhol's "My Hustler". It was a commercial venture in which the actors looked like they were having a ball which is more than can be said for Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau.

"Viva Maria" is a commercial adventure of the Pop genre. It has a Pop Mexico, Pop peons, Pop revolutions, Pop gags and two (count 'em) Pop sex goddesses. The result is, of course, vulgar, insensitive and almost totally devoid of humour, unless the image of mindless peons being mowed down by machine gun fire is your idea of a joke.

Bardot and Moreau invent the strip tease, foment revolution and lead the audience into an abyss of boredom. Out of the ninety odd minutes of film there were perhaps five slightly funny ones. Its not enough M. Malle. . . . you've got to try harder than that.

Andy Warhol's picture is another in his continuing experiments with the long take and the subject of homosexuality. While his paintings are worthy of some discussion, I think his films are monuments of shit. . . . bad burlesques of bad T.V. programs. Indeed it's high time that T.V. came of age and took the general onus of responsibility for the production of films for and on the subject of homosexuality from the busy hands of Mr. Warhol. Homosexuals would, I am sure, be much better served. However, until this occurs, Mr. Warhol will no doubt continue to abuse the film medium and to inflate his already over-inflated image in an endeavor to postpone the day when the Pop market goes BANG.

TRUTH

Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

Since our last issue, I haven't had a chance to see the latest issues of our local eastside mags, but things keep arriving in my mail from England. Poetmeat has beat the system . . . they got off from the obscenity rap with only a small fine—which they didn't have. But John Calder—England's Bernie Rosset (he runs Grove Press)—came to their defense, along with internationally known poets like Anselm Hollo. (You can read some of these cats in a recent *Evergreen*, sandwiched in there with Barbells and the other adulterous seriocomics (snicker). . . . Letter to the Editor: Please don't shoot the piano player, he's doing the best he can. To the right of this typewriter is a picture of that archvillan (see all Luce Publications) and Eastsider, Allen Ginsberg, staring at me from "Long Hair" the "North Atlantic Turn-on." Costs a buck from Lovebooks' Ltd., 20 Fitzroy Sq., London W1. It's got Ginsberg's "Ankor Wat" from his journals, plus stuff by Ted Berrigan, Gerard Malanga, Tuli Kupferberg (his new book "Kill for Peace" is a valuable value at 99¢ from 381 E 10). . . . also Jack Michelene is in there (he's in town these days and his book *From The Bronx* is ne plus ultra). . . . Personal plug: I'm going to have an essay on American Sexuality (that should blow out some minds) in the March issue of *Nexus* (out of SF, they tell me). . . . only mag I ever head of with LSD in the ink. Cuts the lasers right out.

I was talking to Jack Green, a very fine writer, a bright sharp and very sweet guy at the Cafe Engage, our local existential, or whatever hangout for the hangovers from Stanley's and the Annex. Jack publishes his own newspaper called, you guessed it, newspaper in which he prints views as beautifully paranoid as Katzmán's. . . . for a dollar he'll send you a bunch—maybe ask for his inside story on the Metropolitan Life scene, he also has done quite a lot on that somewhat mad-hat, modern day prometheous, Wilhelm Reich. He researches carefully, Jack does, his sense of humour is fine and practically invisible. . . . forthcoming from the Green sheet: stuff on Kennedy's death, how Jack lost all his shirts at Las Vegas, &c. This is national library month in Lapland.



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THE DAY REICH DIED

Wilhelm Reich, famous psychiatrist, one time director of the Frued Institute in Vienna and developer of the Orgone Box, was convicted of violating Food & Drug Laws when he refused to stop selling his invention. The author of the piece printed below, served a sentence at the same prison at the time of Reich's demise.

By Harvey Marshall Matusow

Thirteen hundred hungry men were late for breakfast the morning Wilhelm Reich died at the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. The 7:00 a.m. count was delayed. "Recount" was the order of the morning, and "Recount again!" was the second order of the morning.

The 12:00 a.m. to 8:00 a.m. shift — the midnight to eight boys, the cuckoo hour boys, who were tired and ready to go home, could not be relieved. Not until every head was accounted for could that midnight to eight crew go home.

The men who sat out in the towers trying to stay awake all night in the dark silence of this Pennsylvania Dutch farm country couldn't open the tower doors to let their reliefs in.

The men in the bullet-proof, shatter-proof glass enclosed control center, the hub in the wheel of this penitentiary of fear and penitentiary of love, couldn't go home to their wives and children, because something in the count was wrong, and nobody knew what. "Recount" was hollered a third time, and again I got up from my cot and stood in front of the 2" thick wooden door with the 4" square window with the single crossbar in it, so that only my nose and mouth and my eyes showed — as much of my face as you'd see in a Dristan commercial on television, and the Hack, anger showing in his face now, walking with his relief man with notebook in hand, carrying his long, three-cell flashlight, tapping each door as he looked in, to see the Dristan Face — One, Two, Three, Four — and count again. And the fourth count came, and this time the heavy, burly Lieutenant Schaffer, the man who looked like Oliver Hardy but never knew or understood Stan Laurel, came with two Hacks, and this time they had a key and they opened each cell door, and as they opened each door that Dristan Face, the eyes, nose and mouth, suddenly became a human being. The Hacks suddenly forgot that we had numbers. We suddenly had names, because now it was: Jones, Smith, and the reality that we were people came to these Hacks, because they were no longer counting numbers and phoning them into a Central Control Center. They had found their one lost soul and had narrowed it down to "C" Cell Block, and the emergency narrowed to "C" Cell Block, and what was wrong?

Door after door they opened and the numbers had names, until they opened this one door in "C-1" Cell Block, and there they found, on his bed, the bed he had been in all the time — the Hack had been to anxious, too sure of himself to look in the window to see that on that bed lay a man — Wilhelm Reich. Two hours or so before the count Wilhelm Reich had a heart attack and escaped the federal penitentiary of Lewisburg.

Upon discovering his body, Lieutenant Schaffer yelled, "Get up! It's count time!" The motionless body on the bed laughed — I felt he laughed. I could hear this tough, fat, bully-boy, Lieutenant Schaffer, the man everybody called 'Porkey the Pig', say, "You're no exception! Get up!" and then one of the two Hacks with him said, "Wait a minute, Lieutenant, I think he's sick." Then somebody said, "He's dead! Get the doctor!"

The panic button hit. He dialed the number, 999 — bom, bom, bom, and the bells went off in the control center, and the control center picked up and said, "What is it?" and the doors all slammed shut as if triggered by an electronic key. "Dead man in "C-1" — Reich" that meant trouble. Not that there was a man who died — this is another statistic. But it meant trouble because it was Wilhelm Reich who died, and what it meant to the living, to the people who ran prisons, it meant publicity, it meant fear and panic — somebody's head had to roll — somebody had to go because Wilhelm Reich died.

Finally, when we did get out of our cells on that day I listened to the conversation of

a number of the Hacks and some of the cons. One of the Hacks said to me, "With all the panic about Reich, it reminds me of the day that Richard Lindner left here. You've heard of Lindner?" he asked.

I said, "Yes, he wrote a couple of interesting things."

"You know, he was staff psychiatrist here." the hack said.

"No" I said, "He was a psychologist."

"Oh, yes, a psychologist," the hack said. "They didn't like him up here in the hospital. Warden couldn't stand him, you know."

"Who?"

"Lindner, you know, the Warden couldn't stand him, and the chief doctor wouldn't let them have a going away party for him the day before he left. The only man I can think of in the history of this joint who ever left, who was on the staff who didn't have a farewell party given by the staff, either hospital or otherwise. Never happened before or since. There were people who wanted to give him a party, and there were a couple of private ones downtown, but the top brass, the politicians in this joint, they didn't want it. I'll never forget it, the day he left, when he was officially out of the prison, when he walked through the old front gate, when he got through the first door and he was in the Sallyport, they moved, and by the time he set foot out of the other side of the Sallyport into the outside of the wall, a lieutenant and two of the hacks were in the hospital, and grabbed his inmate clerk, who hadn't done anything, they physically grabbed him and dragged him down to the Hole, and the hate for Lindner was so great that they had to put his clerk in the Hole in order to feel they'd done something. The charge against him was that he violated some bull-shit infractions, which he probably had, like taking some notes of Lindner's dictation home, (to his cell at night) and technically the notes were contraband, so they put him in the hole and kept him there for a week. But they're worried now because they've got to issue a press release, it'll have to go to Washington for approval, the teletype already sent the word down, and the press release is coming back, the telegram has to be sent to his girl friend — Did you see that beautiful young girl who used to come visit him, were you ever out there on a visit when she came?" the hack said to me.

I said, "who?"

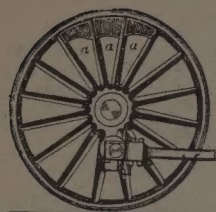
"Well, his wife, you know, she took a place up here in town, outside of Sunbury, so she could come in more frequently."

"Oh," I said.

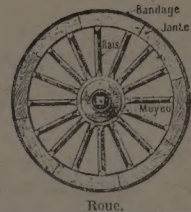
I don't know, he just talked about Reich, but I really wasn't listening, my own mind went back to the few exchanges of conversation I'd had with Reich. I'd kind of heard of Wilhelm Reich before I went away, but I really didn't know Wilhelm Reich. I was a non-hip hipster when I got into Lewisburg. If Reich had been a politician, yeah, I would have given you his life's history, but he wasn't. Instead, here was this old man with a very red face — he looked like he'd had some kind of blood disease — working at the library check-out counter. They didn't want him anywhere near medicine of the hospital, so they gave him a very soft, non-physically exerting job in the library, checking out books. This was the same man who would stand in the exercise yard every day at noon with his hands shielding the sun partially from his eyes, stand in one position for a half hour, looking up into the sun, just looking up into the sun, doing nothing else; day after day this man would stand there and look into the sun. I'd never seen anybody look into the sun before. This man wanted no friends at Lewisburg.

Many men tried to talk to him, and he said "No, I'm too controversial." and remained aloof. He wouldn't have conversations. He wouldn't discuss his own theories or why he was there, and he almost always ate alone.

Reich just did his time. He lived in his mind, not outside of it. He had no jailhouse friends. His jailhouse experience was his personal experience. He shared it with no-one inside the walls. What was the meaning of Reich in prison? Thirteen hundred hungry men were late for breakfast on the morning he died.



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