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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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MOM'S WAR ON TOYS

by Allan Katzman

High above the Con Ed smog, not too far from the tallest building in the world where once a gargantuan ape fought valiantly against what he mistakenly thought was a race of children in miniature toy airplanes, sits Mary Poppins preparing to do battle with the King Kong manufacturers of the American Dream; a fantasy which actually took place when a horde of mothers in Mary Poppins garb descended on the Toy Fair Monday, March 7th, at 10 A. M., in front of the Hotel New Yorker, on 8th Avenue near 34th Street. They clutched black umbrellas emblazoned with the slogan: "Toy-fair or War-fare?" a gesture which heralded a renewed protest against war toys by individuals and members of parent and church groups, under the banner of Parents for Responsibility in the Toy Industry.

The entrance to the hotel looked like a left-over from women suffrage days as the women picketed—their umbrellas grabbing for the clothes of passersby—and passed our leaflets. Two women carried a four-foot rag doll with a huge smile across its face and a sign which read, "No more war toys." Press, radio and TV devoured the small group of "helpless" women in a mass of film montage and recording tape, and the police tiptoed politely around the Carey Nation nightmare with the utmost caution. The Mothers of America were not to be trifled with nor were any of their rights to be denied. Mary Ann Welch, a spokesman for the group, summed up the group's position: "We do not want our children taught by these war toys to grow up getting their kicks by hurting others."

Inside the hotel, business went on as usual as toy manufacturers came and went among the 16 floors of display dreaming of money and Pinnochio. One toy manufacturer, when questioned about what was happening just outside, said, "The recent A. J. Wood survey shows that the public expenditures for war toys was only 5% of the total for all toys." This statement was later contradicted by an irate mother who stated that, "Without counting wheel goods and sporting goods as toys, the figure jumps to about 22%."

Though the Hollywood thrill-freak spectators thought they were watching multiple Julie Andrews with scorn under her fingernails, The Parents for Responsibility in the Toy Industry have actually had a tremendous effect on the fair. In the northeastern states and in California, delegations have visited toy buyers to appeal to them not to order war toys at the fair. And a letter has been sent along which sets forth a plan for a "Selective Toy-Shopping Campaign," on a national basis, with the public to be urged to buy toys only at stores that do not stock war toys. Even many parents have begun to question why, in the view of industry claims of low war toy output, is there such a high percentage of TV toy commercials devoted to war toys?



WANTS YOU

by Irving Shushick

THOM! The heavy metal doors of the elevator rolled shut as PAK! PAK! PAK! running footsteps reached the closing doors and ZAP! a gloved hand grabbed at the up button. How surprised the silent clerks of this towering midtown office building would be to discover exactly what lay hidden within its innermost recesses.

High above New York's famed Madison Avenue is the mysterious office of Stan Lee, editor of Marvel Comics. On the office walls hung advance issues of Marvel for the coming months. Sitting in the room was Danny O'Neal, Marvel's newest writer. He zapped through some of the secrets of the comic book trade.

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THE east village OTHER

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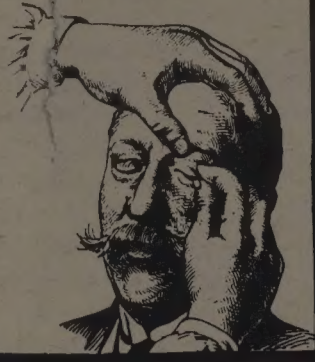
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Other Editorial

"The only complaint I have about our work here is that we cannot do a complete job."

"I have seen on more than one occasion when artillery targets (a large number of V.C. troops) were left unfired upon because the permission to fire had to be okayed by so many people and finally approved by the local Vietnamese official who in many cases have been proven to be working for the V.C."

"We will only be effective here when the decision of power is returned to the battalion and to company commanders and taken out of the hands of the politically polite, nonmilitant and usually V.C. - oriented men who now have it." These excerpts are from the letters, written home to friends and relatives, of Marine PFC Richard Marks, who was buried on Feb. 21 at Arlington National Cemetery. They are excerpts which can only illuminate to any free-thinking individual the hypocrisy being performed on the American Public's body by this massive surgical operation called Vietnam; a war which is not being fought for freedom, nor against the enslavement of one people by another, nor even the suppression of one idea by another, but simply a war of genocide. We will win in Vietnam, not because we are right or stronger but because we are afraid and misinformed.

PFC Marks was an average and fairly intelligent young man who was afraid (like any man facing the horrors of war), and what is worse, he was misinformed when he wrote in one of his last letters home, "How can these people [college and university demonstrators] be serious? Don't they realize we are fighting the same type of bid for world take-over here in Vietnam, as we did against Hitler in Europe, and Japan in the Pacific?"

There is some validity to his words, for one cannot ignore the intentions of China. But China is not Vietnam. Vietnam does not have an atom bomb. Vietnam does not have a standing army of over one million men. Vietnam does not have endless supplies and resources. It has only poverty and people and a desire to be left alone by both China and America.

Two things should be remembered about the beginning of our embroilment in this war: the first concerns the American political climate of 1953, and the attitudes politicians were forced to assume in the midst of general rightist hysteria; the second being the simple historical fact that, faced with the inevitability of avowedly-Communist Ho Chi Minh winning the free elections guaranteed by the Geneva Agreement, we chose to support a corrupt and collapsing Southern interregnum rather than "see Viet Nam go Communist." This, despite the fact that the Vietnamese word for China means "enemy."

There can be little doubt left now in the minds of most Americans that we chose the wrong side in this war— because we could not choose Communism. We could not choose this evil bogey which tiptoes into our public nightmares on horned feet. We would rather commit genocide than commit adultery. In this, the latter part of the 20th Century, the war for freedom has become obsolete because victory has become obsolete. We have lost to the whoremongers of Peking as well as to Washington and Moscow. Power has become the politics of keystone cops. There are no more winners when there is no more us.

PFC Richard Marks was buried on Feb. 21 at Arlington National Cemetery on a gentle slope just below the crest of a hill. He was afraid and misinformed. He was 19 years old.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

We would like our American counterparts to know that there is already a growing opposition to the present American Vietnam policy in Sweden, evidenced by a recent pronouncement by Mr. Torsten Nilson, the Foreign Minister, and that the activities of the American protest groups are receiving much attention by the Swedish press.

In order to reinforce these trends we in the Goteborg have agreed on the following resolutions.

The U.S. must radically change its policy. Mass bombings and other aspects of the American annihilation policy must stop immediately. The principles of the 1954 Geneva Convention, where the full autonomy of the Vietnamese people was guaranteed, have to be accepted by the American government. In particular the American government must acknowledge the right of the South Vietnamese to make their own decisions about their society, their government and about the future position of their country without interference from foreign troops.

The present Saigon government cannot be considered anything but a puppet regime sustained by the American army. That Sweden's official relations with Vietnam should be represented by our recognition of the Saigon regime, ought to be reconsidered.

An important role in the movement for peace in Vietnam is played by the different protest groups formed in the USA. American citizens from all walks of life, teachers and students at American universities, the peace organizations, religious groups and private citizens, have criticized the policy of their own government, a criticism that has been widely noted. We regard it as an important task for the Swedish groups to connect with this movement in the USA, to make common cause with it and to make its efforts better known to the Swedish public. It is in this way, that our sympathies with American democratic traditions must be expressed today.

Lillian Hullin
Goteborg, Sweden

Dear Mr. Wilcock:

Have been in a scruffy funk since receiving my copy of the "Voice" (Feb. 3 issue).... and have only one comment.... What, please, is the mailing address of the "East Village Other?"

In one week we lost you and Jean Shepherd! As you know he was carried here on KFRC (radio) for a few marvelous weeks. I may go back to making pen wipers and linoleum block prints.... or open a coffee house for senior citizens serving catnip tea and Sanka... with readings by Robt. W. Service and Eddie Guest... and call it the "Henna Sneaker".... and we could have wheel-ins and....

Do wish you the best with your other papers and would appreciate knowing how to subscribe to the "Other," by the way.

A prematurely old fan with

rampant respect for your talents
Eileen Wyman
Oakland, California

Dear Editor:

Your interest in G. I. Joe's own G. I. Joe Footlocker reminds me of an unexpected encounter I had with someone more or less responsible in the packaging of this worthy toy. After much sociological praise of the ultimate he-male-masculine-manly-aggressive-adult-protector-image-identity-relationship a boy-child can have with his male-doll, I inquired as to why they chose to present their virile image-identity doll castrated. Perhaps little boys looking for adult masculine-male-images wouldn't notice? Later I began to consider its possibilities as the ultimate pacifist weapon in indoctrinating generations of boys. I mean like YOU risk the armed services? However, these people aren't dumb. Soon they will realize the real effect their castrated-soldier doll is achieving, and it will be withdrawn from the market... replaced by one equally castrated doll in the uniform of a poet. That will bring those kids back in line.

Nancy Ellison
New York City

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

On February 21, the New York State Senate, by a vote of 34 to 28, passed a bill which would impose criminal penalties on a citizen who resisted an illegal arrest.

In the 1965 session, the bill's sponsor, Senator Thomas Laverne of Rochester, publicly blamed NYCLU for defeating the bill. He was right. Nothing we accomplished all year gave me greater personal satisfaction.

If this naked police power grab is to be defeated again in 1966, it will be in the State Assembly. Please contact your assemblyman immediately urging him to oppose this bill.

A copy of NYCLU's Legislative Memorandum #12, which has been sent to all legislators in opposition to this bill, is enclosed. On the reverse side of this legislative memorandum, you will find a list of all assemblymen. Your Assembly District number appears on your voter registration card.

And again, please contact your assemblyman. Your help is crucial.

Sincerely,
Aryeh Neier
Executive Director
New York Civil Liberties Union

Lionel Kearns
Dolly Kearns
Margaret Randall
Jerome Rothenberg
Eleanor Antin
Ted Enslin
Susan Sherman
Allan Katzman
East Village Other

This letter came from Francia via England. Read Mat 17/20 in a Bible. The good luck of this has gone around the world. The one who breaks the chain has BAD LUCK. Don't keep the letter and don't send money. Please copy and see what happens in four days. Send the letter to four (4) persons you wish good luck. IT MUST LEAVE YOUR HOUSE IN 24 HOURS. Chuck Houston received \$16000 only to lose it when he broke the chain. You are to receive good luck in four days after today (4). THIS IS NO JOKE IT WILL COME IN THE MAIL; Remove top name and add yours to the bottom.

This is a chain letter EVO received from Allan Katzman. Since there are more than four people we can think of to wish good luck, we are hereby officially sending this letter to anyone that has read this far. You have been charged. Sit down and type four letters. - Ed.

Dear Editor:

A SIMPLE STATEMENT ON THE WAR

Now is the time for simplicity.

The war is pathology. The masks are real, the hideousness is my hideousness, is your hideousness.

America has to hate. America needs an enemy.

Yesterday Russia, today China, tomorrow the World.

America the land of the sadist & the home of the masochist-America your Krafft is Ebbing!

Yes! Pathology! & the Pathology is Sexual Pathology!

For this is the great area of America's frustration. Wilhelm Reich (dead in an American prison) said: "We shall never know the true place of sex in human life in our lifetimes—because of all our own distortions!" (I paraphrase.) We, the instrument, are imperfect. (Ruined? No!)

Simple ideas. Frustration leads to aggression. THOSE WHO WILL NOT LOVE WILL KILL. (Themselves, others, both!)

The politics, the economics, the ideology, the ingrown bureaucratic patterns of "decision making" read "murder" all are subterfuge, suprastructure, excuse, rationalization. ALL ARE LIES!

Americans want to kill! Especially old Americas. Americans in their 50's & 60's & 70's & 80's. Old Birchites, Old Presidents, Old Generals, Old Fogies of all kinds! Stuffed shirts; empty cocks.

The young get trampled and masked in the run towards murder.

YOUNG PEOPLE will you stand it?!

O it's not quite that black & white. There are young fogies, there are old fre-fuckers. America is not alone in her sexual pathology: Look at Russia yes & China: Puritans. Ready to sacrifice millions on the real altars of abstractions. Killed by symbols of "The good life." Dead for "Socialism," for the "Workers State," for the "future of mankind!"

The economically backward areas have the excuse of the anxious empty stomach, the anxious overworked heart without the materials for life. WHAT EXCUSE DO YOU HAVE O MY AMERICA?

Look look again, look in charity: none of us is perfect, none of us is the great immortal cocksman who rides across the brilliances of his life, a thousand women swooning at his bedside. All of us have known loneliness, all of us have known impotence, sexual & otherwise. All of us have been frigid before the impossible demands of sobbing life clutching, clutching asking asking for more more than we have more than we can give!

Oh America—before death crushes all the beautiful love we were created in... Oh America America...

Let us love again. Let us fuck again. Let us arise & kiss the lips of our brothers!

TULI KUPFERBERG

Prince to Receive Go-Go at EVO Ball

by Suzy Triviabaker

The night of March 31st, the Grand Ballroom of the Mills Palace (now The Village Gate), Bleecker and Thompson Streets, will be the scene of this season's most swank "Patarealistic" hoopla.

There, at this imperial flop-house, in an all night frenzy, the upcoming Coronation of Prince Robert de Rohan Courtenay as "First American Emperor of the Byzantine Eastern Roman Empire" will be put into orbit with an official Go!..Go!

Sponsored by EVO, organ of the U.S.A. Patarealistic Realities, the objective of the Coronation is to legalize Prince Robert's rights to his long hidden Byzantine nest.

Located in the ruins of an old Turkish fort, in the vicinity of Monastir, Yugoslavia, like ours, Prince Robert's Byzantine Fort Knox, also is deeply buried and consists of many precious jewelled crowns and 160,000 lbs. of pure gold ingots with a price tag of \$300 million. This is the gold which, as a true loyal American, Prince Robert has promised to donate to the U.S. Treasury, where it is badly needed. This act makes Prince Robert the only Wealthy Loyal American who puts his gold where his love is—Fort Knox in this case.

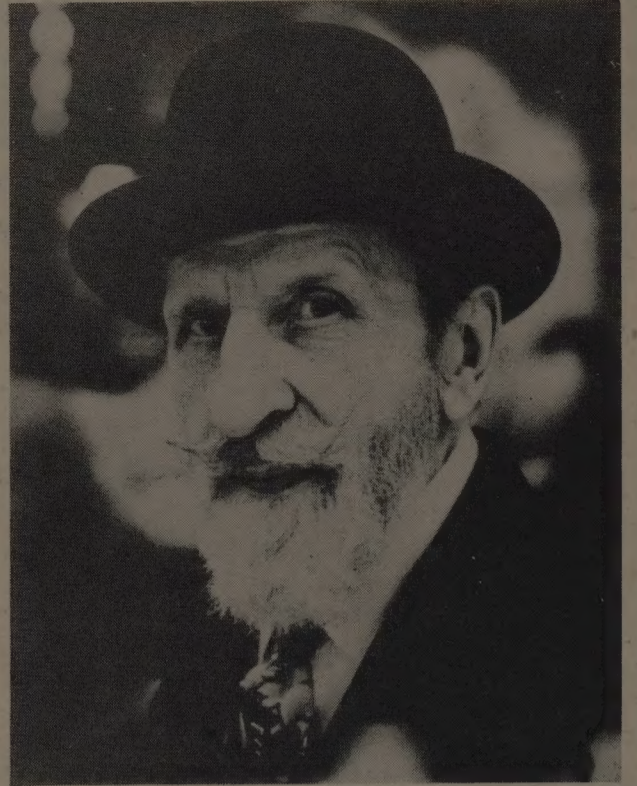
At this point, one would be inclined to dismiss the whole thing as a hoax, and wonder whether both the Ball and the Prince are a segment of someone's imagination. But the Prince is as real as a Prince or anything else can be real in this best of all possible mixed-up worlds.

"Life is a Grand Illusion." All that the patarealistic philosophers are out to prove is that the greatest of all realities, which is cosmic life itself, is nothing else but the delusion of a sick brain, which way, way back, accidentally got bitten by an LSD-carrying mosquito, and that the effects of such a mean bit are just now beginning to wear off.

When applied to every day living, this new philosophical concept will teach people that in dealing with *Reality*, there are no longer two sides to every story. There are three—the true, the false and the patarealistic one. Please take your choice and suit yourself.

The people at EVO hope and pray that on the night of March 31st—following the Prince Robert's example of putting American loyalty on a pay-as-you-go basis—all the money people will come there to pledge their loyal gold. Only then, perhaps, we will be able to convince the world that American democracy really pays off.

His Imperial Highness
Crown Prince Robert de Rohan Courtenay.



Horse died. Gregory will ride again!

gregory's

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and GROOVY SIDES to dine by.
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CAPTAIN HIGH!
THE WEIRD OUTLANDISH WONDER!

©1966 BY WILLIAM BERKMAN

AT THE DEPARTMENT OF EVIL, INSPECTOR NODDING-ACT TESTS A FIENDISH WEAPON ON THE LINE-UP!

LATER...
THE INSPECTOR HIMSELF!

WOW!

ZAP!

HA! THIS BRAIN SCRAMBLER DOES WORK!

BUT WILL IT STOP THAT FANATIC CAPTAIN HIGH?

GOO GOO

BABBLE!

SLURP

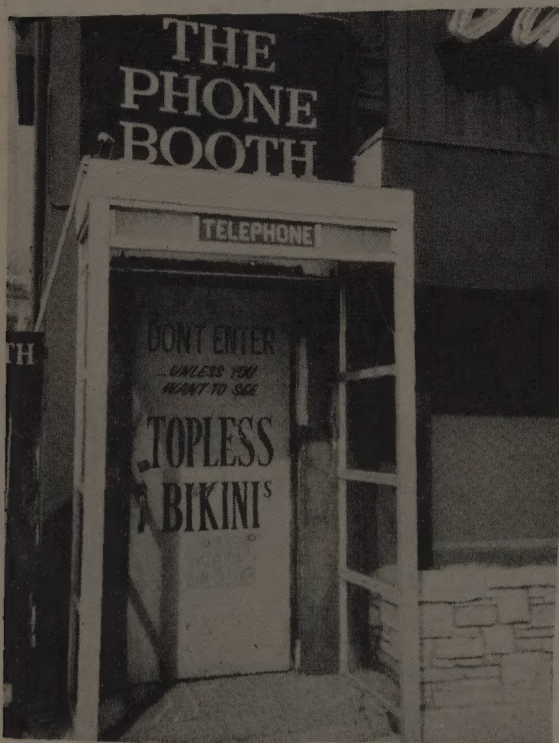
WHAT WAS THAT? HIT ME AGAIN! THAT'S A FINE HIGH!

"ONE MAN'S POISON..."

SMEK!

CONTINUED!!

OTHER SCENES



by John Wilcock

If the symbol of the NY scene is the movie camera, then in Los Angeles it's certainly the electric guitar around which all the action seems to revolve. This observation, a pertinent one, was made by Jerry Hopkins, a bearded smoothie who divides his time between directing a TV rock and roll show and turning out a Runyonesque column entitled "Making It." Rock and roll IS important, here, at any rate, because it's where the young people are at. That's what represents California: the people who goof off all day and dance all night and sometimes never, ever come down. You can see them parading up and down Sunset Strip at almost any time, teenage ditty boppers with tight chartreuse stretch pants, long straight hair and eye makeup that must have been applied with a trowel. Fifty-two percent of the population under 25? On the Strip it must be nearer to 75 percent. The kids from Hollywood High mingle with the hustlers and the hoods and the moneyed loafers who prowl back and forth in their convertibles, ever ready to "take a trip," mentally or physically.

The parking lot attendants, mostly teenage college kids, are as genial as could be. Why shouldn't they be? They're stoned most of the time and live in the same kind of daze that embraces most of their customers.

In two overlapping aspects of the current scene, Southern California is far ahead of the rest of the world—hallucinogenics and sexual freedom. While Los Angelenos remain as publicly paranoid as ever about pot (vast quantities of which are nevertheless smoked in the privacy of bathrooms) they have thrown themselves enthusiastically into the exploration of LSD, which everybody colloquially refers to as "acid." (Pot is currently called "dope.")

A substantial proportion of the college and high school kids have experimented with LSD and a tremendous number of others are too cool to put it down even if they haven't tried it. For the even mildly curious and experimental there are the "acid tests," a dubious form of entertainment with flashing lights, colors, and mechanical attempts to simulate the hallucinogenic experience without the acid itself. Sometimes, as happened a couple of weeks ago, it can be a dangerous experience sampling the punch at such social functions because overenthusiastic proselytizers have a tendency to spike it without informing the guests. Quite a few people have made their first unintentional trip that way.

Most of the LSD, by the way, is manufactured at the Sandoz plant in Switzerland, sold to buyers in Czechoslovakia and arrives in the U.S. via Mexico.

Pot has not exactly been forgotten, however. The *Los Angeles Times* reported February 19 on "the largest single seizure in U.S. history"—a half-ton truckload all neatly packaged in kilo blocks and stashed in Canadian Club cartons. The *Times*, very uptight about the whole scene, took the opportunity to editorialize against another aspect of the case: the attempt by what the paper calls "an understandably anonymous committee" to get marijuana legalized via a constitutional amendment to appear on the next statewide ballot.

Before California voters get the chance to vote on this issue, the committee must collect signatures from almost half a million "qualified voters" and the *Times*, while intoning that such petitions "mock the initiative process," concede that under state law the attorney general has no choice but to permit their circulation.

Of course in this, as in everything else, the law is far behind society's actual behavior: even in California people smoke whatever they want to smoke and for those who find the smell of pot too incriminating there's a simple solution, mask or remove the smell. (Try soaking aromatic pipe tobacco in warm water, then pouring this homemade essence over the grass and drying it.)

The physical freedom of Californians to live outdoors, to wander via reasonably unclogged freeways, to be released from the drag of worrying about what to wear or how to keep warm, makes it a fertile field for experimentation and it is only after several years of coming out here that I've begun to realize that the fact that the state is a renowned haven for faddists, individualists and nuts of every kind is a good thing and not a bad one. There's always some screwball out here who's got some new cult or ism working and a band of happily unrealistic acolytes around him who are now convinced that they've discovered the True Path to everlasting health, wealth and satisfactory orgasm.

Not surprisingly, most of these "new" movements are based on communal living of one kind or another, sometimes under the guise of round-the-clock group therapy in a decaying mansion in the hills, other times under the re-



spectable aegis of the American Sunbathing Association whose numerous affiliated nudist photographer Ed Lange whose publishing empire, in less than five years, has spawned half a dozen lavishly expensive full-color magazines, has fought and won so many battles (i.e., for the right to send his unretouched nude pictures, pubic hair and all, through the mails) that his critics have to be content with such minor skirmishes as they can dig up. Currently he's under fire for publishing a picture of a male organ decorated with roses, a pictorial echo of what offended the Victorian pruders who read "Lady Chatterley's Lover," half a century ago.

Los Angeles, to put it succinctly, is mad about sex. Topless waitresses have proliferated to the degree that you can hardly get a drink in some spots without a hardon and, seated at a low bar with a mostly nude dusky maiden towering above you, it's important to duck when she bends to take your order or one of her boobs will literally knock your eye out.

Then there are the strip nightclubs (the Pink Pussycat starring Peeler Lawford and Norma Vincent Peale, is the most touristy), the nude movie houses (current hit: Mondo Freud with its satirical look at sex mores around the world, all shot on one Hollywood set with dif-



ferent tablecloths), and a weird hybrid that can only be described as jerkoff arcades. Here the passer-by is enticed by a neon sign, "Color Movies," into a drab, ill-lit "bookstore" behind which rows and rows of dime-in-the-slot machines unreel teasing shorts of chicks stripping. The color movies cost 25 cents in the slot and invariably end as one of the two feminine leads starts to undo her bra. For another quarter the film takes the viewer a stage further to where the second chick starts to undo her bra. I've never bothered to invest a third quarter as I prefer fucking.

Action paper for literate, leftwing hipsters is the tabloid *Los Angeles Free Press* (\$5 from 8226 Sunset Blvd, LA 46) which still operates against tremendous odds (meagre advertising, rightwing fanatics who break open its sidewalk display boxes, threatening phone calls) out of a tiny basement below the Fifth Estate Coffee house, one block from Schwab's drugstore. The *Free Press*, gathering around it an army of malcontents, dissidents, potheads, artists, college kids and freelovers, may be the base for an eventual political transformation of Southern California and meanwhile it keeps its head above water by sponsoring such events as the recent Richard Alper/Steve Durke lecture on hallucinogenics ("there will be similar meetings of the Explorers Club throughout the country") and a Happening in which a girl, onstage, in a long, loose dress wriggled out of 37 separate pairs of panties and then briefly whisked her dress above her waist to show she wasn't wearing any more.

Monday nights from 8 to 10 are when the LA art lovers make their way along plushy La Cienega Boulevard to the numerous galleries. It's not as wild, or as social, as the New York scene, and rarely is there booze to keep the crowds lingering. But the art is as topnotch and trendy as anything seen in the East. Currently on show at the Esther Robles Galley (665 N. La Cienega) are the imaginative pho-



continued from page 4

to collages of Jan Stussy of which this is an example.

* * *

Current joke in LA concerns the rabbi, a Moil, by name, who specializes in circumcisions. One moil saved all his clippings and stitched them together as a wallet, which he tried to sell for what his potential customer regarded an inflated price, particularly in view of its size. "Too small, you say?" the moil replied. "Listen, you rub it for a while and you'll have a briefcase in your hands."

* * *

Out in Bakersfield when people write words like 'shit' on the rocks, the forest rangers now spray the inscriptions appropriately enough with fertilizer and in no time at all lichen and moss covers up the "unsightly" words... "For those of you who cancelled your subscription to Playboy last year because of its absurd jazz poll, you will be interested to know that this year's jazz poll is beyond belief. It looks like a listing of the 1949 Senior Citizens Poll or something." (Les Carter writing in the newsletter of KBCA-FM, a 24-hour jazz station) Actor Gary Goodrow's 15 minute movie, "The Creditors," consists of nothing but credits. ...Nostalgia Dept: Gaiety Delicatessen on the Strip, HQ of most of the R&R groups and their managers, is laid out to represent Times Square subway station complete with subway ads.... *Daily Variety* reported that George Stevens' deadly boring "Greatest Story Ever Told" was passed over for an award by the deadly boring National Council of Churches partly because the "characters were all lifeless, stereotyped, cardboard figures out of ancient Sunday school literature"... Barry the Buttonmaker (c/o LA Free Press) will make any lapel button for 50 cents... Jaik Rosenstein's usually vitriolic "Hollywood Close-Up" (50 cents from 8011 Romaine Street, Hwd 46) writing of some of the background pressures at Oscar voting time says "most pernicious influence of all is the NY critics with their image of supercilious intellectualism" ... Among the Marxist, tactical and revolutionary classes advertised by the New Left School of Los Angeles is an "Irrelevant Lecture Series" including such subjects as "The Motorcycle and Its Friends," "Bird Calls of the Georgia Swamps," and "Informers I Have Known."

LIVING JAZZ NIGHTLY

Slugs'

In the far east

242 East 3rd Street (bet. Ave. B & C)
GR7-9737

VOYEURAMA

THE NEW JAZZ

by Rupert Kettle

John Cage recently had a 3 p.m. appointment with *Village Voice* jazz critic, Micheal Zwerin. According to Mr. Zwerin, he arrived at exactly 3.

"You're right on time," said Mr. Zwerin.

"It's music," said Mr. Cage.

Apparently most of the members of Albert Ayler's group, who appeared at the Astor Place Playhouse on Monday evening, February 7th, feel such a musical discipline to be expendable, and most of them didn't show up until at least an hour past starting time. Musical discipline aside, one is prompted to direct a couple of questions toward Messrs. Levin, Hentoff, et al: Do a lot of people miss out on gigs because of the extremely 'avant' profundity of their work? Or because of some abstract, racially discriminatory undercurrent? Or simply because of an inability to punctually keep commitments?

The program, however, was well worth waiting for in most respects. Ayler, to me, is the most important member of the contemporary jazz community, both as an individual player and as a leader. In the recent concert his mastery of his instrument was obvious, and his solos were intensely beautiful; his group, which sounded best when playing 'tutti,' often had as many things going as there were men on the stage (one could only have wished that its members had been seated in various places around the small theater, rather than all lumped together up front).

Trumpeter Don Ayler and alto saxophonist Charles Tyler were extremely inventive in full ensemble passages but did not come near measuring up to their leader's soloist ability.

Cellist Joel Freedman, an astounding musician, often couldn't be heard over the rest

of the group. It is hoped that in the future some adjustments can be made to allow his presence to be realized; perhaps electronic amplification; perhaps a seat closer to the front of the stage; I don't know. But something should be done to insure that his brilliant playing will be audible.

Drummer Charles Moffat—whoops, "Percussionist" Charles Moffat (complete with a set of orchestra bells to prove it)—was, unfortunately, fodder for those who would shoot George Russell's by now infamous cannon ("The avant garde is the last refuge of the untalented."). An incredibly poor drummer who is best off hiding behind the "percussionist" moniker, Mr. Moffat evidenced an ability to keep time that was on an even par with his ability to keep appointments. His constantly choppy and very obvious use of two-measure, 4/4 phrases, during passages in which a steady pulse was maintained, made his work seem out of place with that of his cohorts.

However, the concert was enjoyable as a whole, and Albert Ayler's work is always to be commended. He has said someplace that it's no longer a matter of scales or chords or even notes, which would seem to indicate that he may be getting very close to something. He has gone on to say, however, that it's now just a matter of feelings. When Ayler can eliminate that idea and get down to that of which it's really more a matter than anything else—sound—he'll really be something. Of course, it will then be said that he's no longer playing jazz, but Ayler has further said that he has no use for that appellation anyway. Yeah, he just may get into something...

Postscript—Mr. Nat Hentoff was not in attendance.

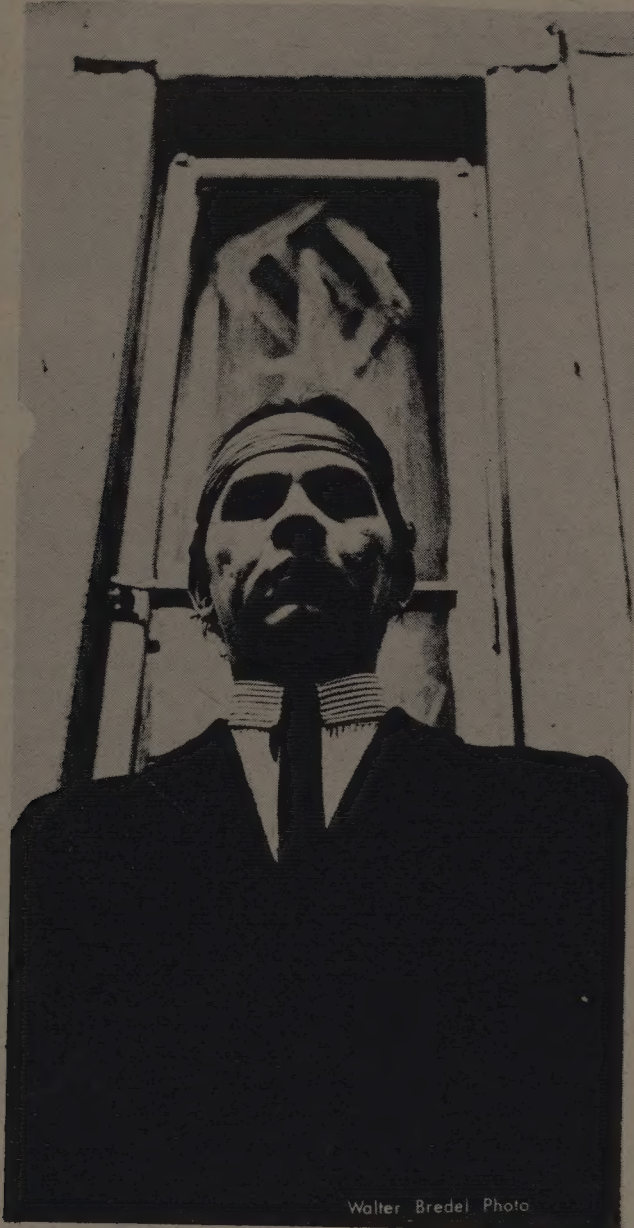
LONDON REPORT

by Miles

THINGS ARE BURNING on all levels folks. John E has been busted for being in possession of stolen LSD which is a unique charge. Looks like being the test case for the fuzz to hang their anti-psychodelic machinery on so results will be interesting. The other side has machinery too. In England LSD also means Pounds, Shillings & Pence so any drug with so close a mental connection with money gives people paranoia. Michael Hollingshead recently opened up his expensive Pont St pad for "An Evening of Psychodelics" with trips for those that wanted, lectures on Acid, Bart's Scroll and other subjects. In fact he spiked every item of food in the place with LSD going to the extent of injecting apples and oranges and a huge fruit salad. The consequence was that of people nodding-out on overdoses and some people flipping completely to be found later wandering in the streets thinking they had gone mad. Those were the ones who had never tripped before. To give someone an LSD high without them knowing it is about the most foolhardy & stupid thing possible. Anyway Mike Hollingshead is now making a Psychodelic film and all are invited.

NEW MUSIC stemming from Bob James, Ornette's ESP disk, Son Nova records and lots of original ideas is flooding town. The

new idea is the 10 second tape which would enable a number of works to be put together on a single 45rpm record as an LP. Naturally it would be cheap, make the charts, be a hit, HIT! So would all Fluxus Something Else, Cage & sound artists like to send tapes (at 7 1/2) to Lovebooks - 20 Fitzroy Sq. London W.1. and maybe it will work. Steve Lacy is here again after cutting an album in Milano. He has been playing with the Keith Roe, Cornelius Cardew ensemble. His "silent music" is so good, expressive, precise yet absolutely free, he must be heard. He is being recorded and an LP will be issued soon. The Keith Roe group play every Wednesday at RCA from 9pm till 11pm, in total darkness, without a break. Roe plays electric guitar and amplifier (some of the drones from the amp last up to 25 minutes). Cornelius "playing piano as instrument" frame, wood, pedals, strings, achieves amazing intricate sounds. While a huge volume of sound comes from the rest of the group, Cornelius listens carefully to the silence in his piano caused by him not playing it. Their music is the most exciting, free and revolutionary in London. In the last week there have also been concerts by Luciano Berio, John Tilbury and David Bedford. When are you sending us the FUGS, SUN RA and ALBERT AYLER??



Walter Bredel Photo

by Walter BOWART

Into the EVO office walked an Apache Indian. He wore his long hair pulled back in white yarn at the back of his neck. A red band was tied around his forehead with an intricate knot. His name was Mana Pardeahtan, and he had come east from Arizona to trade with the white man.

DOCTOR STRANGE

continued from page 1

"We're different, you see. Unlike other comic publishers, where the writer supplies the artist with a written description of the story, panel for panel, at Marvel the artwork is done first, occasionally prompted by a brief story from a writer.

"First there are the fan letters," and he shuffled through some. "One fan designed a pornographic wardrobe for Millie, the Teenage Model, another asked to see Spider Man nude. Fans are always writing in to inquire where Ditko (Dr. Strange) gets his mushrooms.

"And for the Fanzines or amateur fan-made magazines, we've recruited Roy Thomas because of his beautifully produced Fanzaine, *Alter Ego*."

Yet the comic book scene requires, if only occasionally, something new in its universe. So Marvel's "Old Master" Bill Everett (who is taking over the artwork of Sider Man and Dr. Strange) revealed a source or two.

"Bad dreams come in handy as a starter," Everett mused. And then O'Neal chimed in. "We're going to introduce The Black Panther, the first Negro super villain (and also the name of SNNC's southern political party). To add to the Millie series, is a zippy teenage Negro model. The upshot? Well, Blackie turns good guy by his second appearance. And who knows in the comic book world what turns the model will take.

In the early days (circa 1939-40) Marvel was mainly publishing horror comics. Today they are making a comeback with Marvel trying to resurrect some of their bygone heroes. Many have lost their copywrites, while others like "Jap Buster Johnson" are obsolete.

In 1947 there came the black days of comicdom. A consultant psychiatrist of New York City labelled comics, "A seduction of the innocent," and the Comic Code was established

Psychedelic Reservations

Mana Pardeahtan - Roadman of Native American Church

He came to establish more outlets for his authentic Apache pottery which he designs and makes with the help of his wife Rena. Mana lived in New York for a while at the end of World War II and is as sophisticated as any successful businessman.

He had read an article mentioning the Native American Church of which he is a member, in the number 4 issue of EVO and wanted to clarify a few points about the Church.

He began by saying, "First I think you'd like to know that there is an Anglo section of the Native American Church designed for non-Indians.

"It was started when we had a bunch of beatniks hanging around the reservation trying to turn on with peyote. I shoved them into a place by themselves where we could keep an eye on them. I taught them how to run the road (our term for taking peyote) in front of a fire with the Roadman leading the road, the Earth Mother getting water, and the Fireman keeping the fire. I told them when there were too many people for a meeting, and banned any activities that might make a corruption of the ritual.

"For example this one guy came to our church, rather in psychological trouble. He smoked marijuana and was always looking for 'kicks'. Now he is one of our Anglo Roadmen. He changed completely. He is happy with his job and makes a good living.

"I don't say the Native American Church has straightened him out. He straightened himself out, with the help of the Native American Church. It's impossible for the church to make magic. The people have to have a sincere wish to grow. It's not that a conversion counts in a religion, it's the in-between time.

requiring comic publishers to submit their books for inspection before printing. The books are then edited for content and changes suggested. Censors are watchful for too much violence, menacing characters, and above all degradation of police. There is a clause in the Comic Code which states that nothing is allowed in comics which would tend to lessen the status of authority in the eyes of kids, and so, of course, the villain must always lose.

With the Pop revival, Stan Lee began creating and perfecting his stable of Marvel superheros. To facilitate reader identification he gave the heros typical troubles such as sibling rivalry, anomie, alienation, and all sorts of sexual hang-ups. As the Berkley Pelican pointed out, "Citizens are more likely to tolerate the insidious villains than the super freak heros. Think of the Hell's Angels with congenital defects and you've got the X MEN."

Recently Marvel has jumped to fame. Hanna Barbara animators have projected two Marvel TV series. *The Journal of Existential Psychiatry* is featuring an article on the early Fantastic Four. There are soon to be two Marvel-inspired Rock and Roll groups, The Seven Rings of Ragnador (after Thor's favorite cuss word) and the X-Men.

Federico Fellini recently closeted with Stan Lee for several hours. After the conversation, Stan inquired about the identity of his guest Fellini. Being totally involved in comicdom Stan seldom goes to the movies.

Where is Marvel at this minute? To quote Reed "Mr. Fantastic" Richards, "Now I'm plunging through the resultant void which I've created in the space-time dimensional barrier. It's almost more than human eyes can bear! I'm actually witnessing a four-dimensional universe, but the effect of seeing it with three-dimensional vision is indescribable... everything is moving faster now! The universe has become a vast kaleidoscope of light and sound!! There's only one explanation!"..... and we leave our hero drifting into a world of limitless dimension.

"You have to get out of the brown paper lunch bag, going to fight the subway scene, working with terrible people. Eating hasty lunches. Doing the city thing.

"If a person can get his religion to make it easier for him to do his thing then his religion is working for him. If he cannot do this through his religion, then a man is just wasting his time with whatever he professes to be, whether Zen Buddhist or what have you.

"The eastern religions are formed for people whose biggest problem is whether the rice crops are going to be good this year. The people here in the city have everything, and they're using the same methods. They gravitate towards exotic religions to find something different. They think anything different has got to be better than what they've found in their establishment religions. But the first things that's good is themselves, if they'll only stop and see it.

"The Native American Church has grown throughout all the states in the United States, including Hawaii. It's here in the North among the Mohawks, but it's not as big as their tribal religion. There's even a road team around here on the Lower East Side, but they're not holding meetings.

"The Cherokees and the Oklahoma Indians are members of the Native American Church, but the Anglo centers are in Santa Fe, New Mexico and Silver City, Nevada. The Anglo branch of the church is designated the Native American Church of God. It contains men of all races, but the rest of the church from there on is totally Indian.

"White men, members of the Anglo division of the church, can go to Indian meetings. They're not segregated to the extent that they have to stay in one place, but they do go through a training program for a couple of months by themselves.

"In Tucson I started such an Anglo center.


"There is a great deal of individuality among Indians. I'm speaking first as an individual, then as a member of the Native American Church. Nobody speaks for the Church except the President of the Church, Emerson Decora. He's the only man who has the right to speak for the Church. Decora is a member of the Winnabego tribe.

"Every two years the heads of the church have a general meeting in Macy, Nebraska. There is someone of all tribes represented there.

"What I'd like you to print, is that the Native American Church (I'm almost sure you can say this without anybody feeling bad) is against drugs, is against what the government is against. The government is against the illegal use of LSD, peyote, and all psychedelics. The church is interested in prohibition of these acts very much and they are with the government on this. We wish only to use peyote as a sacrament.

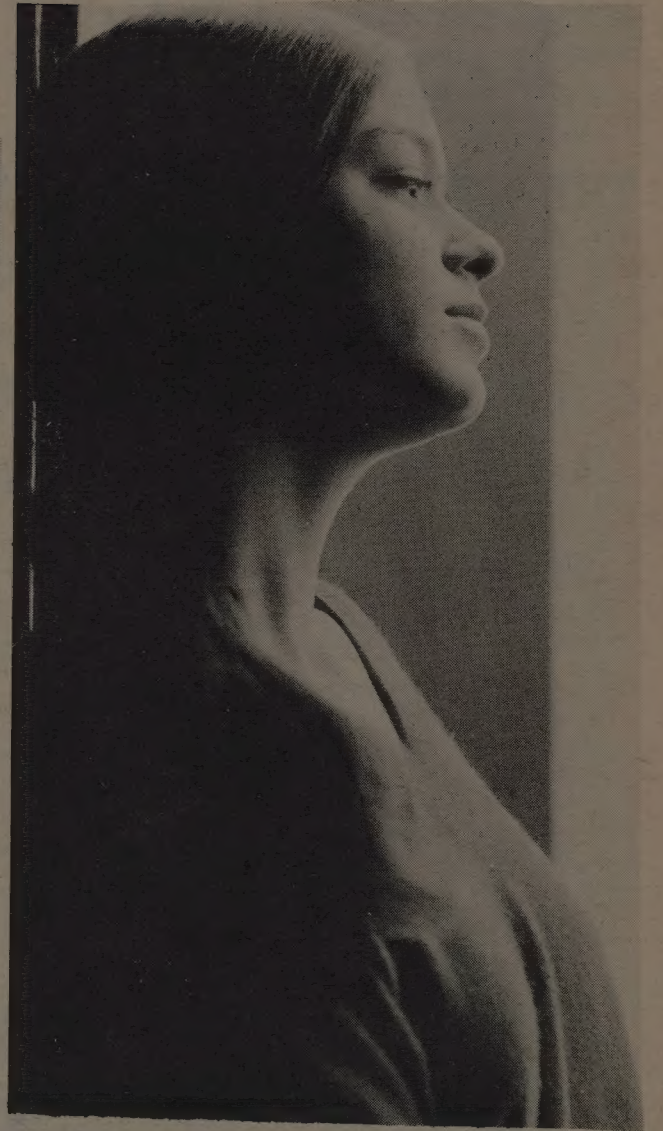
"The Native American Church has no membership dues, or fees, or collection plates. We don't have buildings. (Laugh) It's not one of the rules. That's just the way it happens. One or two people will have their own hogans, or they have a teepee or something that they put up when they need a meeting. This is they way it's done. We are an organized Church, not an industrialized church. There's quite a difference. There are no baptisms, or certificates, or official documents.

"You know when you're a member of our Church."



WED. & THURS.
7:30 P.M.
BATMAN
at the ANNEX

SLUM GODDESS



German Happenings Artist

German Happenings' artist Wolf Vostell arrived aboard the liner United States last week carrying a battered brown suitcase full of copies of his magazine "Decollage" and wearing a rubber elephant mask over his face. He was met by a representative selection of the New York Happenings underground led by Allan Kaprow and publisher Dick Higgins in black tie and tails. Higgins clashed a pair of cymbals - to the consternation of other greeters on Pier 86 - while his wife Alison Knowles handed out copies of a brown pamphlet of directions:

"At the sight of the person being welcomed, each participant trills or repeatedly thumps his instrument as loudly and sustainedly as possible. Each person tries to drown all the others out..."

Others in the welcoming party included poet Carol Berge with bells around her ankles,

Lil Picard on wooden whistle, Nam June Paik with a harmonica flute, photographer Peter Moore with camera, housewife Hala, Alan Hansen playing a Japanese record on an old-fashioned phonograph and an unidentified lady with a bass fiddle that never left its case.

Vostell, here for four months, is staying at the Hotel Chelsea.

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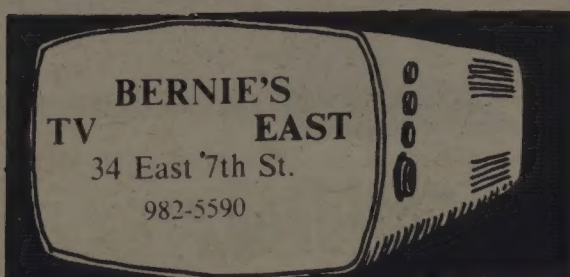
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"My name is Simi, my friends used to call me Fred. I started to go to ballet classes when I was about four, but then I've been lazy.

I don't smoke. I used to but I've been lazy. My high is internal. I love a man, he makes me happy, I make me happy too. I walk a lot, it makes me relax. I like the way the sidewalk feels under my sandals in the summer. I like cats, they're very free. I like healthy food, I like food that makes noise, like celery, and has good colors, like tomatoes. I eat a lot, sometimes. I think that I've lost a lot of the mystery I had when I was known as Fred, now it's just mememe-mememe, simi. I'm very friendly to people on the subway, I figure if they're in the subway they need some friendliness, such glooooooom!!!!

I haven't lived downtown long. There's a woman on the second floor of my building who always asks me to buy catfood, 'cause she can't go outside.

New Hallucinogen "Dangerous" -Senator

"Surfers" in outhern California who have discovered a new hallucinatory weed have come under fire from Sen. Rovert J. Lagomarsino. The Senator asked California's Gov. Brown to allow the legislature to take action to outlaw the sale and use of jimsonweed, which grows wild.

The weed, which grows abundantly in the Ojai Valley, causes "nerve damage and even death if its pods are eaten," Lagomarsino said in a letter to the Governor.

The Senator claimed there is widespread consumption of the weed along the beach areas of Los Angeles, Ventura and Santa Barbara counties.

If laws aren't passed to control the weed, he said, it could cause problems, "almost as serious as those posed by LSD."

"Enterprising pushers have established a market where where they get as much as \$2 to \$4 for a single pod," Lagomarsino continued.

The weed is seasonal, blooming early in the summer. The Senator's letter said that last year "there were several cases" of overdose reported and that he was concerned that "more cases of hallucinations, coma or even death will result."



NEWS IN REVIEW

THE COMIC Weekly

a thousand clowns

man's visions



NARCOTICS IN SUBURBIA

SUBURBAN CITIZENS, confronted with the dope menace in their midst, often react as though they had awakened to find Al Capone living in the split-level next door or their own son accused of heading the Syndicate.

HEROIN: Reaction, immediate ecstasy, followed by dulling of all impulses including sex impulse, heavy sleep. Physical effects, complete dependence on the drug, malnutrition, aging of organs.

GLUE: Reaction, brief feeling of walking on air, dizziness, euphoria, mirages. Physical effects, brain damage, destruction of organs including liver, kidneys, lungs, heart, stomach. Death.

BIG ACTION

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Just like Grandma



The Kick

"I'm a real swinger. I can really handle the stuff."



-AND WITH THIS THOUGHT, BRENDA DRIFTS OFF INTO DREAMLAND....

Public in Revolt Over Drug Rap
"SUGAR BALL"

Aw, Come On!

The Danger of Dope Addiction and Your Children

RISE OF NARCOTICS

On Needle,

A Shot—a Friendly Gone

Junk Mail

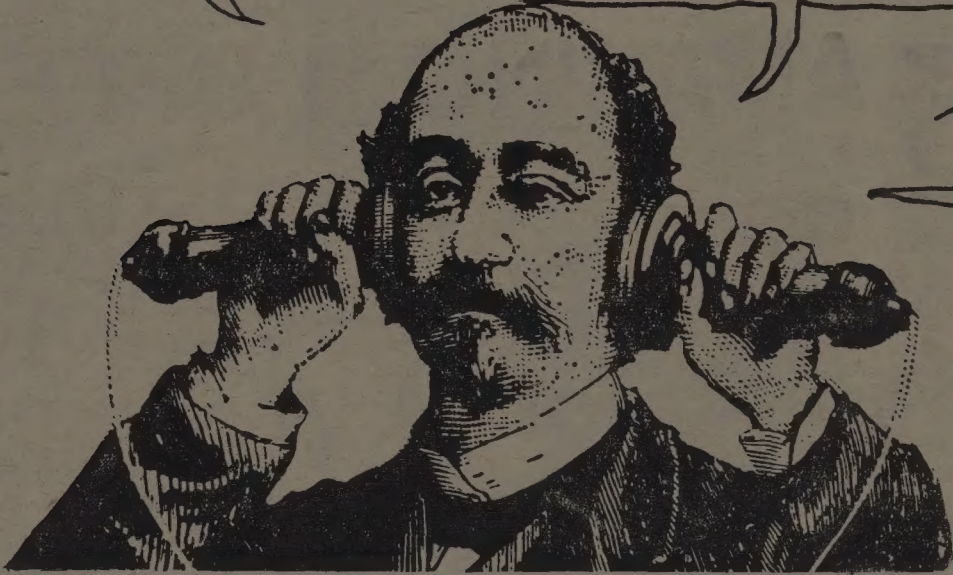
EVERYBODY?

"They're shooting up—That's real Horse."
The girl looked blank:

"Horse?"
"Heroin, stupid," the boy said. "They're mainlining."

TEENAGE DOPE ADDICTION has burst low-income, big city slums and spread into neighborhoods of suburbia, enslaving young middle-income and even wealthy families.

"We were having a real boss time, until Jeff noticed something crazy with Tommy," Tom's 17-year-old girl friend later told detectives.
"He was glassy-eyed and like in some other world. Somebody said, 'Tommy's really gone this time. He must be having a wild time inside his skull . . .'
"Then his eyes closed. He didn't move for a long time, and we all got scared . . ."



DOPE DEALER'S FOE is Police Inspector Ira Bluth, shown examining confiscated narcotics at Old Slip station.

Addiction Danger

COCAINE: Reaction, feeling of great power, hallucinations leading to "dope fiend" reaction, savage assaults on imagined persecutors. Physical effects, can be the most damaging of all, including death or self-inflicted savage mutilation under the power and persecution delusions of the drug.



LEMME STASH IT IN YOUR LOCKER TILL BIOLOGY!

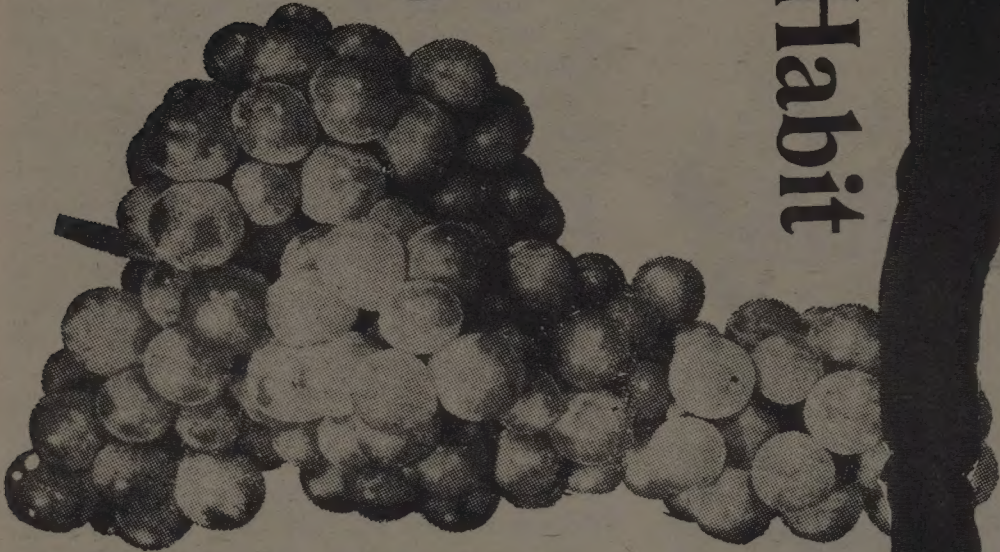
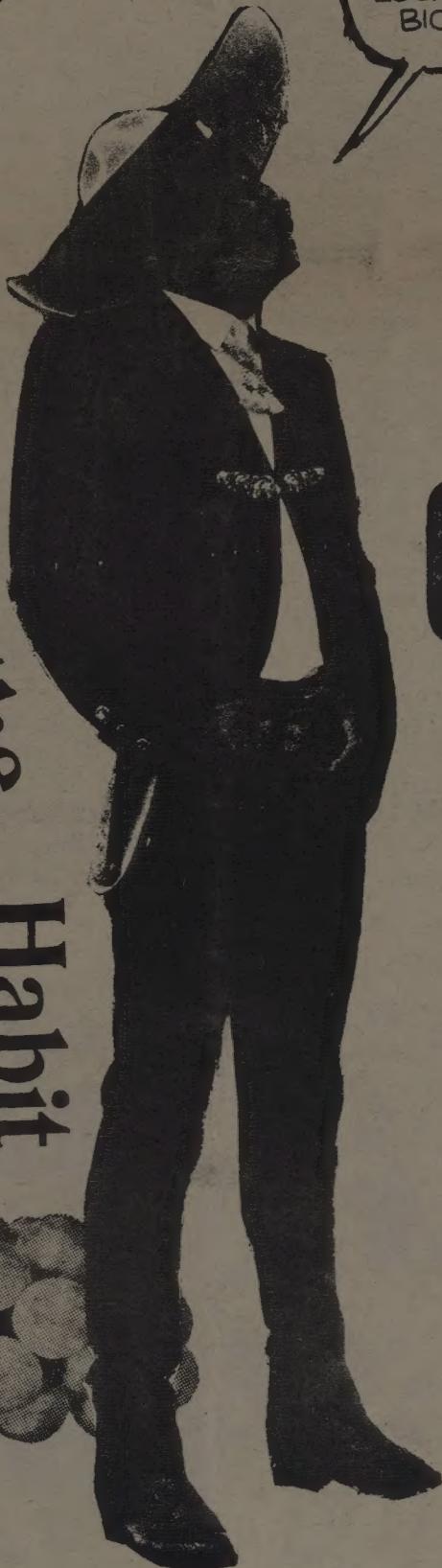
AMPHETAMINES: Reaction, exhilaration, anti-social conduct ranging from theft to degraded sex conduct, hallucinations. Physical effects, symptoms similar to delirium tremens in alcoholics, nervous system damage.

LSD: Reaction, hallucinations, loss of memory, reasoning power. Physical effects, psychotic reactions, anxiety states approaching schizophrenia.

DOESN'T

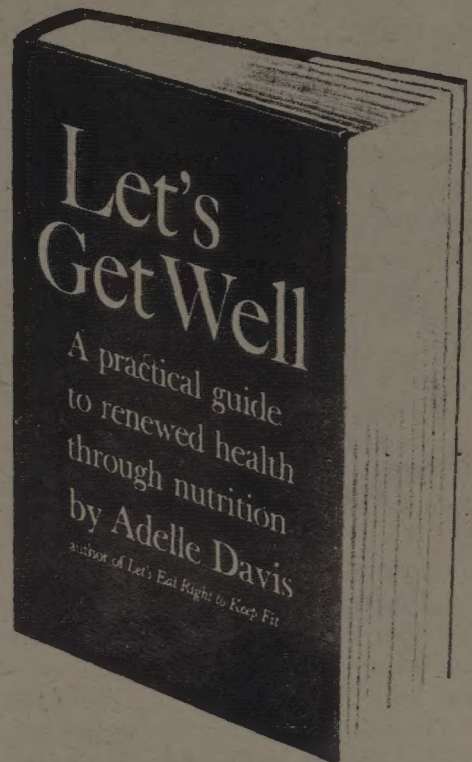


Break the Habit



THESE PERILOUS PILLS could have been purchased by thrill-seeking teenagers if police hadn't got there first.

Cuddle this



would anyone think of a last resort?

Civic Retribution



Walter Bredel Photo

TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK, nearing completion of its most recent renovation which includes handball court, bandshell, skating area, baseball diamond, basketball courts, game tables, sand pits, all weather recreation room and dancing area.

by Sandra Adickes

The reconstruction of Tompkins Square Park (the largest neighborhood park south of 110th Street) is the work of the Parks Department and the firm of John J. Kassner, construction engineers who specialize in highway and sewer design. The merger perhaps explains the anal quality of the renovation: iron railings wind and bind like miles of intestinal tract and a concert shell is mounted on the south greensward like a huge urinal. The half million dollar renovation may benefit the people who provided the concrete, the fences and the ghastly floodlights but does not do much for area residents, whose greatest need in a dirty, congested area is a wide unobstructed space of grass and trees.

Neighborhood residents learned of the plans for the renovation by accident when Mrs. Aviva Sainz, went to the Parks Department to complain about some broken fences. Mrs. Sainz voiced her concern to her friends who in turn spoke to others, and a committee, representative of neighborhood residents and community groups, was formed to protest the Parks Department plans, which included tearing up 103 trees and plunking down a Little League Stadium. The baseball facility was meant to be used by outside, nonneighborhood organizations; the project was popular with many Stuyvesant Town residents.

The committee was not optimistic about its chances for success; futile protests against an earlier renovation had been lodged with a former Parks Commissioner, a modern Moses whose policy would have been to pave the Red Sea rather than to part it. (In the 1930's, against the wishes of the Tompkins Square community, the previously landscaped northern portion of the parks was covered with asphalt.)

The Committee for the preservation of Tompkins Square Park consulted designers and landscape architects so that they could offer suggestions for improvement as well as proposals for the removal of undesirable features. They suggested further landscaping and garden areas, enhanced facilities for mothers with young children — safety-surfaced play areas using natural materials such as large rocks for climbing, a wading pool/skating rink, a recreation area for teenagers, and suitable facilities for elderly people (70% of the park's population are elderly people, many of them on fixed incomes). The Parks

Department, who had invested in 32 pages of blueprints before the residents of the area caught up with them, turned down these suggestions, along with the proposal that a competition be held among designers and landscape architects to provide an improved design. Commissioner Morris did agree, however, to spare the trees and strike the Little League. He also agreed to include more gaming tables and modern playforms and safety surfaces in the kinderplay areas.

Tompkins Square was a park when Washington Square was a public hanging ground and Potter's Field. Once there was a riot in Tompkins Square. The reckless speculation that followed the Civil War led to panic and depression. On January 13, 1874 the unemployed of the area gathered at Tompkins Square for a protest demonstration. Mounted policemen armed with truncheons charged the crowd and began opening skulls like oyster shells.

The problems and the turbulence are still part of the scene but in the last decade a new kind of migrant has come to the Lower East Side. The new East Sider has talent, or politics, or hangups or a life style that has drawn others in his wake, including some people



who don't make the action but make their living from it (i.e., saloon owners, realty brokers and undercover cop-voyeurs trying to get turned on to LSD, PLP or chicks who do things they don't do in Bay Ridge and Jackson Heights). The new East Sider justifies himself in Calvinist terms by stimulating the city's economy but he is not receiving a proper return for his energy.

The almost completed Tompkins Square Park renovation would seem to be a case in point: civic retribution for those whose sin is being unaffluent ergo unworthy. And yet, incredibly, the reconstruction marks a major concession, wrested after much wrangling from an intransigent Parks Department.

Just three blocks further east, right in the middle of Jacob Riis Houses, Paul Friedberg, with backing from the Astor Foundation, has shown what park design can be. In the children's area there are stone formations for kids to climb on that resemble Egyptian pyramids and Mesopotamian ziggurate. There is a tree house and an igloo with a slide on the side, a turret at the top and passages to crawl through. There are large painted building blocks with a see saw rising from them as if it had been carved from the wood. Ladders are arched over a soft base of sand. It is a play area that encourages caped crusaders and boy wonders to stretch their limbs and fantasies.

Elsewhere there are pagoded pavillions, lanes of trees, planted areas, attractive wooden benches, sculpted hieroglyphic steles, globe lamps on poles like lighted lollipops. A square amphitheatre breaks the surface: wooden tiers descend to the playing area. Privacy is scarce in public housing; a sitting area has been provided with benches set off from one another by curvatures in a brick wall.

The design is excellent, the materials are first rate. Variety in surface, irregularity in pattern, historic architectural forms lead the eye and link the imagination to a human heritage beyond the monoliths of Projectville.

Parks Commissioner Hoving has indicated in his meetings with the Committee, whose present active leaders are Ronnie Solbert and Jean Merrill of East 10th Street, that he understands and is sympathetic to community needs for green spaces and vest pocket parks. Unfortunately, he has assumed office too late to save Tompkins Square Park from its disastrous renovation.

Artists FHA Loan Project

by Marcia Goldstein

More than two hundred artists, seeking a solution to their housing problem, crowded into the gym at St. Peter's Church, 346 W. 20th Street, last week for the annual meeting of the Artist-Tenants Association.

One artist removed his wet raincoat, patted his damp white hair and glumly explained that his landlord thinks his work is a fire hazard. "But I haven't smoked for years," he chided. "My landlord wants to put me out. Where do I go if I have to get out of here? The East River?"

Another, a young woman, wearily sat down on a bench and said, "I'm thinking of moving to Vermont. There are plenty of barns up there."

But thirty minutes later, the room hushed, the artist-officers of the ATA (a nonprofit organization) outlined the experimental FHA loan program designed to meet the visual artists' living/studio needs. ("Visual" artist applies only to painters, sculptors and those involved in the graphic arts.)

The FHA loan will cover the entire cost to acquire existing lofts or warehouse structures in New York City, which will be rehabilitated and modified to meet city health and safety regulations.

It is up to the artist to find the suitable existing building. He must determine the zone designation of the building, whether it is fire-proof or not, and finally, he must either form his own cooperative group or register with ATA to join with other member artists in a group.

With the combined efforts of The National Council on the Arts Housing Fund, the ATA and the artist, the program will go into effect immediately.

The FHA loan will be paid out over a long-term mortgage with an annual 3% interest rate. The limit of the FHA's investment is \$18,000 per studio living unit. And, in agreement with ATA's specifications, the minimum unit requirement is 1,200 feet with ceiling heights of at least 10 feet.

The ATA, born in 1961 to define and then to protect the artists' living/studio needs, has been instrumental in the formation of the FHA program.

"This one project has been four years in the making," said Ruth Richards, co-chairman of the ATA. Jimmy Gahagan, also co-chairman, viewed the program as unique. "It's a novel, history-shattering project, for the City, State or Federal governments have never before been involved in the housing needs of artists. We hope," he added, "that this will precede similar projects all over the country."

Most of the artists were enthusiastic about the program and a lengthy question and answer period followed Gahagan's outline of the plan.

What the National Council on the Arts' Housing Fund will provide is the preliminary FHA application cost covering legal and architectural work. The FHA application will take approximately six months to process. When the FHA application for the mortgage

is approved, the NCA will be reimbursed. Then the money will be put into a revolving fund for other artists in this venture.

The ATA, on the other hand, will establish an "option fund" to provide the down-payment on the building which the artist and the FHA are considering for purchase. Again, when the FHA loan is granted, this money will be made available to other artists.

Money considerations aside, the success or failure of the experimental program will be determined by the artists' initiative and cooperation.

"We must continue to help ourselves," said Gahagan wearily, "or the artists' community in New York will cease to exist." He urged the group not to "fall into the trap of competing among ourselves for buildings. Obviously, that would defeat our purpose, for prices on buildings would be raised and options delayed."

"Although it is presently illegal to convert buildings in M-1 or C-8 zones," Gahagan added, "there's a good chance that such buildings may be converted legally upon seeking and obtaining special permission from the City. But the buildings in illegal zones must be suitable for our program."

The ATA, located at 215 W. 28th Street, will attempt to coordinate groups of people wishing to form a cooperative with or without the ATA. If an artist finds a building, or artists to buy into the co-op, or has any questions about the program, he should get in contact with the ATA.

Terra Cotta Terrorized

by Sandra Adickes

Despite the aid of friends, neighbors, craftsmen and strangers, it is not likely that Fred Darsey will be able to salvage his business.

Two and one-half years ago, Fred Darsey left his job with an advertising agency and opened a small shop, Terra Cotta, at 175 Second Avenue. Mr. Darsey sold pottery, china and other household items but concentrated on handcrafted wares. His assistance to artisans extended from providing any outlet for distribution of their goods to outright sponsorship. He assisted Bob and Judy Brown, puppeteers, and arranged for the placement of an article about them in the *New York Times* of April 24, 1965. Through the Interracial Council for Business Opportunity, he aided a glass blower, Ida McCray. He has helped Trudy Feiss who works in papier mache and has exhibited at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. Will Farrington, a sculptor and fashioner of clay-framed mirrors that are sold at Terra Cotta, is now selling his work at America House.

However, after a disappointing December and a January blighted by a transit strike, Mr. Darsey found that his shop could no longer sustain itself. Chances of securing enough funds to recapitalize his business were very slim, so Mr. Darsey placed a going out of business sign in his window, a signal of deflection that was to entangle him in retributive municipal machinery.

On February 11, Inspector Ernest Blumstock of the Department of Licenses entered Mr. Darsey's shop and issued a summons for violation of the Administrative Code. Inspector Blumstock explained that because Mr. Darsey had failed to obtain a license to go out of business (a process that involves paying a \$25 fee and filing daily inventories with the Department of Licenses), he would be subject to a \$50 fine. Somewhat bemused by this procedure, Mr. Darsey had the summons reproduced and exhibited the blown up version in his window. A week later, a wrathful In-

spector Blumstock returned and issued a second summons because Mr. Darsey had had the temerity to display the first. Again the charge was "violation of the administrative code," but which portion of the code Mr. Darsey had violated was not made clear. When pressed for an explanation, Inspector Blumstock spluttered, "Mr. Darsey, we don't like it."

Mr. Darsey appeared before Judge Amos Basel in Municipal Term Court on March 1 and, much to his surprise, was sentenced to a \$50 fine or five days on the first count and \$150 or 15 days on the second. Not having the bread, Mr. Darsey was taken to the Tombs where his cellmate, a man awaiting trial for murder, began a solicitous initiation into prison procedure. When the story appeared in the evening newspapers and TV newscasts, Mr. Darsey's neighbor, Mr. G. De Santana, the owner of the Original Flea Market on Second Avenue, went to the Tombs, paid the \$200 fine, and bought ex-prisoner Darsey a drink.

Sympathetic individuals called Mr. Darsey's home offering assistance. Calls were also received at the office of the World Telegram and Sun and the reporter who had covered the story undertook to organize Mr. Darsey's champions into a cohesive group with a plan of action.

Mr. Darsey was heartened by the palpable evidence of sympathy and support, but the forces of the corporate and municipal megaliths were not finished with him. He received a telegram from a City Marshal who informed him that all the merchandise in his store would be placed on public auction. Mr. Darsey was able to avert this action by assuring the lawyer for his creditors that they would receive payment for what was due them. The City Finance Department demanded payment of all retail sales tax. Nor did Mr. Darsey have a friend at First National City Bank: they issued a sight draft demanding immediate payment of the balance on a small sum borrowed by Mr. Darsey.



Walter Bredel Photo

Terra Cotta Gone Under

THE
VILLAGE BEAST
IS COMING!

GR 5-9153

VOYEU



RAMA

UNDERGROUND LITERARY REVIEW

by Tom McNamara

Good things are pouring in from everywhere...after a parcel from Miles (one of London's dealers in wild and rare books, and a publisher, too, write Lovebooks, Ltd., 20 Fitzroy Sq., London W1 for free (!) lists), another bunch of stuff arrived through customs from Better Books (92-94 Charing Cross Road, London WC2)... a copy of *Peace News* with a story about the East Village, a wild kookie called *Cuddon's Cosmopolitan Review* with artworkies by mad Arthur Moyses, whose *Golden convolvulus* upset 'er majesty's postal people... his drawings for the Xmas issue of Cuddon's will knock the mitres off the reigning bish-ops. A group of local "anarchist youth," called The Resurgent Youth Movement, will send you a copy of *Resurgence* free (write Torch Bookstore, 641 E. 9th, NYC 10009)...

If you dug Kenneth Anger's flick "Scorpio Rising" you're bound to want Kirby Congdon's *Juggernaut* (\$1 from Interim Books, Bx 35, Village Station, NYC10014)... a verbal and visual look at sex and sadism in American sports and entertainment that comes in a collaged folder. It's a collection of broadsides and follows Congdon's long-time theme of man against machine. Excellent. Highly recommended.

Since we're limited on space, take my word for these, which you can examine at bookstores (*Peace Eye* and *Thompkins Square Books* hereabouts, *8th Street & Gotham* elsewhere in NYC...) *Confessions of a Man Insane Enough to Live with Beasts*, Charles Bukowski's autobiographical prose (449 So. Center, Bensenville, Ill. 60106 at \$1) and his *Crucifix in a Deathhand* published by *Lyle Stuart* at \$7.50 (worth it). Demand that your library get a copy! Also, Alan Watts' *Deep-In View*, a comparative study of religions (*Dustbooks*, El Cerrito, Calif., \$1.50)... *El Corno Emplumado*, a good magazine from Mexico in English/Spanish (\$1 from Apartado Postal 13-546, Mexico 13, D.F. and/or send a quarter for new lists)... *Earth*, a hard/hat new mag from the westcoast (244 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90405, \$1). And to think, people are still reading the *New York Times Book Review* this week!! Seeya.

LSD CORRECTION

EVO has received letters telling us that LSD is not illegal to possess. The article "FDA Restricts Religious Sacrament" was written from telephone interviews with the Food and Drug Administration. Their statements were misleading. No printed copies of the statutes were available at that time.

Since that time we have obtained a copy of Public Law 89-74, which reads in regard to possession of stimulants or depressants, "No person, other than a person described in subsection (a) or subsection (b) (2) shall possess any depressant or stimulant drug otherwise than (1) for the personal use of himself or of a member of his household, or (2) for administration to an animal owned by him or a member of his household. In any criminal prosecution for possession of a depressant or stimulant drug in violation of this subsection (which is made a prohibited act by section 301 (q) (3)), the United States shall have the burden of proof that the possession involved does not come within the exceptions contained in clauses (1) and (2) of the preceding sentence."

EVO OFF BROADWAY

by Lew Arthur

MODERN MORALITY PLAY

When an American's car breaks down on a snowbound Alpine road the driver finds refuge in a chalet and consents to join the retired court personae gathered there in a strange game of law. Soon enough he is startled to find that they are in earnest and that he is condemned for a crime which the "prosecutor" has pried from him—a moral crime, moreover, which no real court of law could take cognizance of despite its sinful unsavoriness.

Such in essence is *The Deadly Game* at the Provincetown Playhouse, a contemporary morality play devised by James Yaffe from the novel of Friedrich Duerrenmatt. We missed the Broadway production done some years ago, but this one as directed by Alton Wilkes and including in the cast Roger DeKoven and Chet London is suspenseful and thought-provoking.

Swiss writer Duerrenmatt's irony, heavy, strikes at the heart of some timeless questions of love, loyalty, success, justice and their obverse. Says the "public defendant" on behalf of Howard Trapp, the American salesman: "What is life after all but a battlefield in which every day we contribute to the murder of our fellow citizens as they diligently do the same?"

Jails are for overt criminals; how do individuals pay for moral crimes against their fellow creatures which may match, in their destructiveness, physical crimes? Is Trapp right when he shouts at his tormentors, "You—you're murderers too... only you call it justice"? Or is he merely defining the limitations of his own life style, his own top-dog role in a dog-eat-dog world?

There's a surprise ending we won't give away here.



EVO SPOTLIGHT. The drama at the Provincetown is notable, we say, for introducing Jana Klenburg in a supporting role as maid. This new girl in town can properly be heard without saying a word. She has a repertoire of wide-lipped smiles and wonderfully rubbery expressions just short of caricature and Imogene Coca. Making her stage debut in English in *The Deadly Game*, Miss Klenburg comes to New York from her native Mexico City where she has played lead roles in *The Glass Managerie*, *A Phoenix Too Frequent*, *Life Is a Dream* and *La Ronde*. Miss Klenburg's TV credits are impressive; critics in Mexico have recently named her their "outstanding young actress." She has also appeared in numerous Mexican movies. Given the chance, she should do very well in comedy, for one thing.—L.A.

EVO ON BROADWAY

by Lew Arthur

SEEN AND RECOMMENDED. *The Deadly Game* (Provincetown), *Man of La Mancha* (Anta-Washington Square), *The White Devil* (Circle in the Square), *A View From the Bridge* (Sheridan Square), *Phedre* (Greenwich Mews), *Happy Ending & Day of Absence* (St. Marks), *Hogan's Goat* (East 74th Street), *Cole Porter Revisited* (Square East), *The Fugs* (Astor Place), *The Subject Was Roses* (Belasco), *Half A Sixpence* (Broadhurst), *Inadmissible Evidence* (Shubert), *Royal Hunt of the Sun* (Anta), *Marat/Sade* (Martin Beck).

THEATRE

By Harvey Marshall Matusow

"GENERATION" by Wm. Goodhart—Morosco Theater—Starring Henry Fonda

"My mother was a junkie who never took drugs," a nineteen-year old lower east side slum goddess remarked as she explained her reasons for existence. "We lived in Scarsdale, had two cars, and tax-evasion was my father's major preoccupation. Like I was sayin', my mother was a junkie, she main-lined with Broadway Theatre parties, and she accepts her values as being holy—the movies are a lie, T.V. is a half-truth, and Broadway Theatre is God Given.

Yes, I said, but in addition to your mother, the Broadway producers accept the truth of your old lady—because if they don't give her what she wants, they don't have box office.

—But why the hell must my old lady dictate?

—Why are you here, I replied.

This conversation took place in my head as I sat thru' the gyrations of a "smash hit" called *Generation*.

Generation is a play which attempts to deal with the issue of the establishment vs. the new-anti-establishment. Gene Saks, the director, has outdone himself in creating outlandish caricatures which twisted what the playwright wrote until they bear no resemblance to persons either living, dead or half-and-half. The setting for the play is a legal loft (A. I. R.) which no artist would live in, and no artist's chick would love in—and yet in this would-be picture of the "scene" we find our heroine married four days, and about to deliver.

I couldn't help but think that playwright Goodhart had written a far better play than that which I saw—somehow I feel that it all boiled down to the fight between the sold-outs and the pure—in fact, the conflict of ideas that the play is touting doesn't come across as well as the real conflict that the playwright had with the producers, backers, director, et al.

According to *Variety*, *Generation* is a smash—in fact it is the "biggest comedy smash of the season." All the theatre-party addicts from Scarsdale are swarming into the Morosco to see what their children are all about. Scarsdale mama, and Riverdale papa come out pleased, for in this play they see their children, or at least that fantasy-untruth that they want to believe is their children. They sit there subdued by the stagnant untruth of their own lost dreams and their own lack of courage, by their own refusal to move into a vital world. Instead they curse their offspring, and what the play says is their offspring, and crawl back into the double standard of value which is good guy-bad guy, which is: believe it if money isn't involved. This is the Viet Nam world they want for their children, and this is why their funk and their guilt take them to a theatre which has a play which comes off like the granddaddy of all confessionals, and they walk out feeling absolved, dreaming about their children and the second coming of the Pope. To conclude about the play: Save your money, better just stand in front of the Morosco at intermission and listen to the conversations of those who paid their good cash—they make a far better commentary than what is inside.

VOYEU



RAMA

ART REVIEW by Toby Mussman
Group Show at Park Place

Park Place at 542 W. Broadway is also known as the Gallery of Art Research, Inc., and was founded as a nonprofit corporation in order to provide its ten or so young artists with an easily accessible forum for exhibition of their work. What it all means is that much of the commercial politics of the uptown galleries is bypassed while still allowing ample opportunity for exposure to the press and public. The participating painters and sculptors, Mark DiSuvero, Forrest Myers, Tamara Melcher, Anthony Magar, Peter Forakis, Robert Grosvenor, Leo Valledor, Dean Fleming, Edwin Ruda, and David Novros cannot comfortably be lumped under any one general categorical heading. With the exception of DiSuvero, they all share an interest in developing the aesthetic potentialities of new materials, e.g., plastic, aluminum, fiberglass or shaped canvasses, with an accent on geometric and hard edge design. Forrest Myers' aluminum and plastic sculpture pieces with their bright, contrasting color combinations are usually much smaller in scale than the other works. But he compensates for their size with a fascinating intricacy of spatial involvement between the separate constituents of a whole piece. For the current group show, Myers has made a color movie of a large mobile he exhibited at the Graham Gallery last year. It reminds one of the films Moholy-Nagy, Man Ray, and Calder (with Hans Richter's help) have made of their moving sculpture pieces. I think that films like these work best as films when devices such as intensified lighting, distorting lenses, or prism lenses (as is the case in Myers' film) are used to create something other than a mere record. Mark DiSuvero's contribution to the show, entitled "Stuyvesanteye," is a magnificent construction of cast-off structural wooden members integrated very beautifully with iron beams and ornately curved pipe. DiSuvero's attitude toward mass and form is reminiscent of David Smith's predilection for rectilinear forms contrasted against curved shaped ones, but his style of treatment is much freer, tending to an overall looseness and an opening up of the enclosed space. One gets the feeling that DiSuvero has taken real delight in using the rich ready-made surface of old wood as an expressive textural element counterbalanced against the flatly-colored, ice-hard members. The endowment he has sent our way is an exceptional feast for the eyes.



Kinetic Sculpture by Forrest Meyers in Park Place Gallery. Group Show.

For those who were baffled and intrigued by the incredibly subtle movements, to the extent of near imperceptibility, of Pol Bury's kinetic sculpture shown at the Museum of Modern Art last year, there is more of the same kind of adventure and even some new surprises in store at his latest exhibition at Lefebvre Gallery, 47 East 77th St. (March 1 to April 6) — Bury, a young Belgian now working in Paris, began his artistic career as a surrealist and his current work bears witness to a persisting fascination for dramatic juxtapositions of everyday reality, and haunting, unanswerable mystery similar to the earlier researches by his countrymen, Magritte, Delvaux, and Mesens. Writing a tribute statement in the catalogue of the exhibition, Eugene Ionesco has said, "But then Bury comes to disquiet us... Society is not still, the pillars over which the sky, the un-

verse, the certainty rest are not solidly rooted, and the earth itself is cracking." What Ionesco realizes is that Bury is trying to get at the inabsolute nature of things, that there is always change, and that no establishment is permanent. Since this is not at all a new philosophical stand, the critical question goes to the manner in which the artist makes his statement. In the current show, Bury demonstrates two separate techniques: one, dubbed "Cinematization," refers to the method by which a photograph, preferably of a classic or established nature, is cut up in a series of concentric circles and reassembled (see photo) to picture the same scene in various stages of disintegration. I am, however, more content with his new sculpture pieces, which work best when the structure attains a certain indefinite and unbalanced quality.



Cinematization entitled "Main Post Office, N.Y.C." by Pol Bury at Lefebvre

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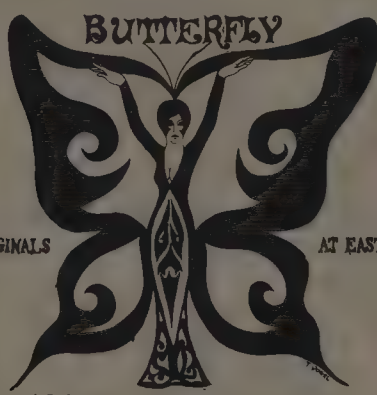
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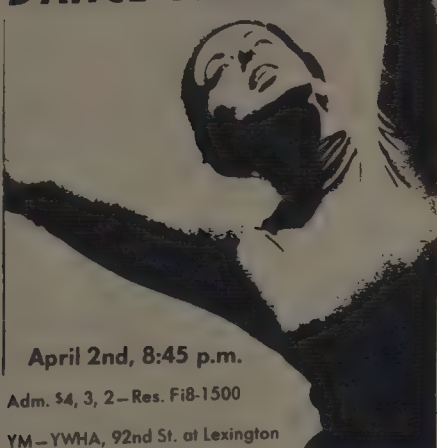
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OTHER SCOPE

By Suami Omar Muldoon

TUESDAY MAR 15—
 New sources for turning on will be found by many. Your cool response may lead to years of Satori. Avoid the murky side and switch to the light, the wholesome view—now! Caesar's spirit reminds us that Brutus lives on.

WEDNESDAY MAR 16—
 This is a tense day. Make a clean sweep of those who employ shoddy methods and are torn in their loyalty.

THURSDAY MAR 17—
 Disturbing news from far off can put you into a quandry. Much is involved. Romance, money, ethics and even reputations can be involved. Do not be too speedy in making any telephone calls—electronic devices rule this day.

FRIDAY MAR 18—
 Be firm and steady in refusing requests of those whom you are certain need a turn on. You contribute nothing by being too generous with those who are all too willing to lean upon you and go their merry way ungratefully.

SATURDAY MAR 19—
 This is a gay and happy social atmosphere, but it may have interference from nagging little police worries and breakins of the home. Repairs can be costly, damage done to valuable items. Be exceedingly cool in evening enjoyment and company.

SUNDAY MAR 20—
 You are probably inclined for too much to exaggerate grievances. Let reality guide you this day. The New York Times can be misleading and cause great sound and fury on the scene today, but by late afternoon it will all calm down.

MONDAY MAR 21—
 Watch Viet Nam for unexpected developments. Peril lies in extending borders too far. This is a day when fair play and give and take will win out. Remember that other people and fuzz have ambitions vital to them, too.

TUESDAY MAR 22—
 You can make a splendid start on a new project. If you are bold enough to enter a new field of mind development you will discover the full meaning of Reich.

WEDNESDAY MAR 23—
 Go ahead with major plans and changes. The time is ripe for new ideas to "catch" and take-hold. You can even take a risk on a very impulsive "shot in the dark." Surprise results will delight you. By evening you get the news!

THURSDAY MAR 24—
 Rest and refresh your mind today. Devote time today to reflections of matters of the future. Stars indicate the ability see the future.

FRIDAY MAR 25—
 If you give money today, re-evaluate how you make it, and take another trip to see if you want to make money that way again.

SATURDAY MAR 26—
 Another day when lack of moderation can be a danger. Do not buy in large quantities—you have no assurance of being able to pay. Peril lies in extending too far.

SUNDAY MAR 27—
 Advice from an older person can put you up tight. If you feel caught in the snares of an unwelcomed romance, take thought of you own safety and smoke until you see it clearly. Avoid impulses in the evening that can cause a rash.

MONDAY MAR 28—
 If you make a mistake, find a way to make it work for you. But if you insist on looking at past mistakes, then put your mind to work finding new ones to make. New York Times will be in trouble again on this day.

TUESDAY MAR 29—
 Stay away from all banks and new connections. Seek the advice of the Gypsy Lady on Avenue "A" between 7th and 8th Streets. She may not be hip, but she is cool.

WEDNESDAY MAR 30—
 Be sure you have your ticket for the East Village Other Ball at Village Gate. You will meet all the right people there for your future to grow on.

THURSDAY MAR 31—
 See Wednesday March 30th.



continued from page 1

Mothers Warfare At Toy Fair

The mothers, undaunted, kept their vigil throughout the entire afternoon while their children watched with glum faces as wave on wave of manufacturers exited from the hotel with neither a trace of an extra added heavy appendage growing from behind their money belts or longer noses extending beyond their popcorn eyes. If anything could be said of the success of this latest Mary Poppins expedition into politics, it could be summed up in the words of the film classic King Kong, "It wasn't the airplanes that killed him. T was Beauty that killed the Beast."

N. Y. ARTISTS PLAN WAR PROTEST

Large balloons tethered in the nighttime sky winking out illuminated antiwar messages to all who look up. This was one of the projects considered by an Artists' Protest Committee that met last week to discuss how the artists in New York can scream their protest about the U. S. involvement in Vietnam.

After some discussion of whether it would be necessary to get permission to float the helium-filled balloons in the sky and what would happen when they came down, the score or so of artists present agreed to go ahead tentatively on the project and report on any obstacles at a future meeting.

The committee, meeting at the spacious loft of painter Leon Golub (97 Wooster Street), also laid plans for a "dance of death" with 1,000 costumed "skeletons" on Fifth Avenue; renting subway posters or billboards overlooking midtown streets; carrying protests painted by different artists each week; and a fund-raising party around the first week of April.

Interest in the New York project was sparked by the erection of a tower along Los Angeles' Sunset Strip (full details in last issue of EVO) which, at the time of going to press, was still standing despite threats by rightwing groups.

Irving Petlin, UCLA art professor and chairman of the Los Angeles Artists' Committee, told EVO: "Many attacks have been made on the tower and last week somebody threw a flaming Molotov cocktail down from the hill behind. Fortunately it didn't explode but it's a sample of the kind of thing our guards have had to put up with. Everybody is very tired and in some ways it will be a relief when we start to dismantle it next week."

The 65-foot steel tower, flanked by 400 two-foot square paintings protesting the Vietnam war by artists from all over the country, may find a permanent home with the Center for Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara.

—J. W.

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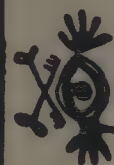
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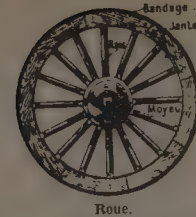


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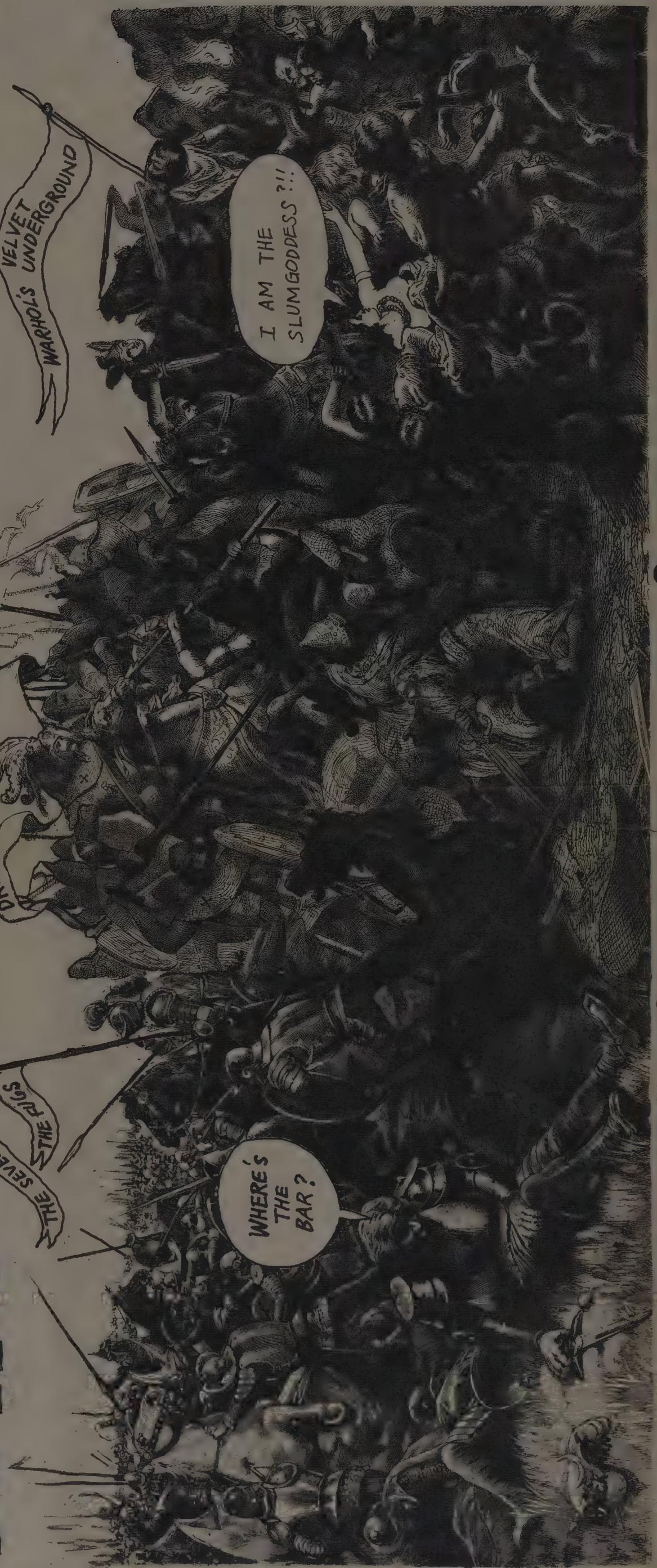
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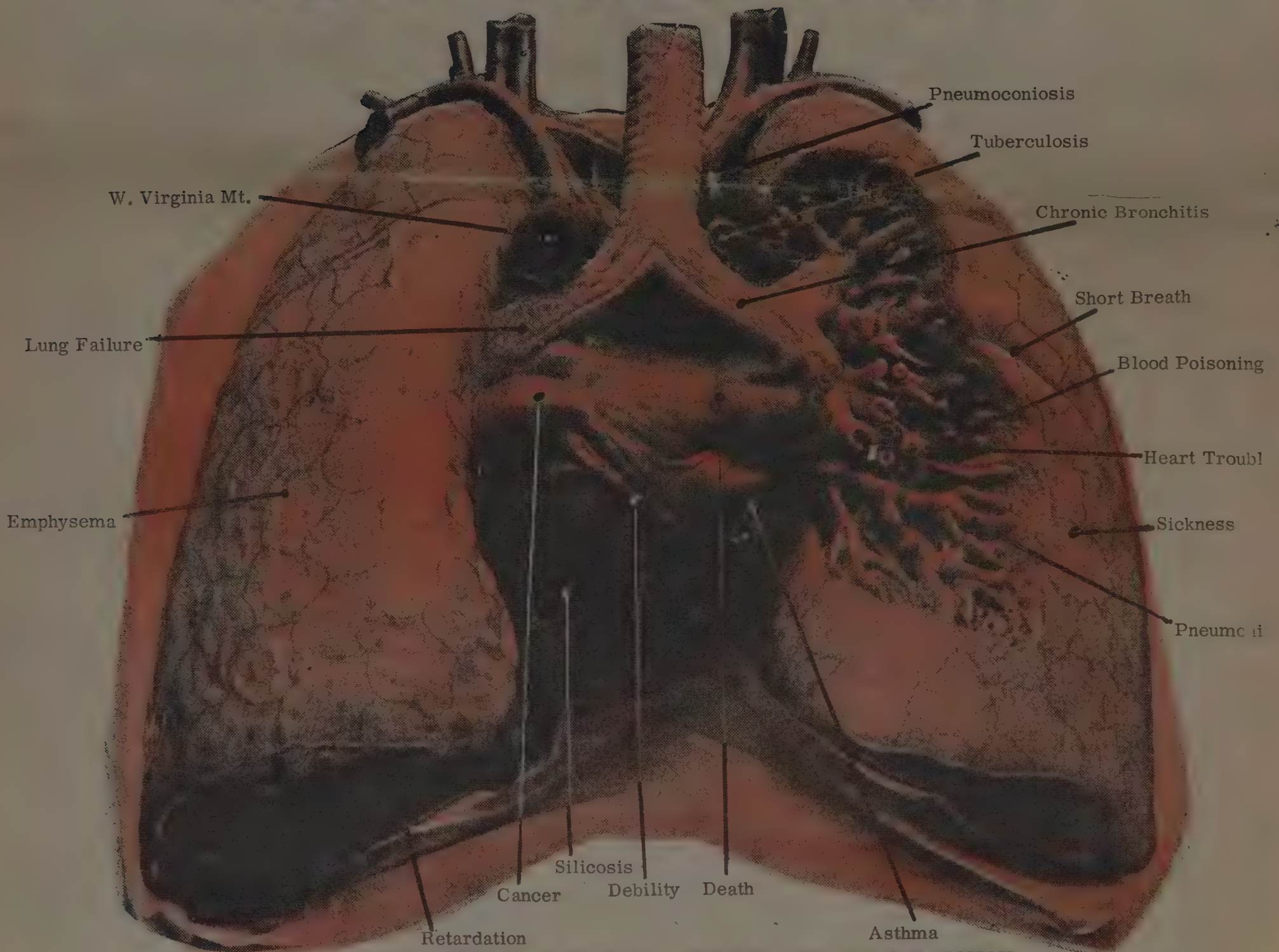
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A PROPOSAL FOR AN AD VALOREM TAX ON THE SULPHUR CONTENT OF FUEL CONSUMED IN NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Councilman:

In the last election I surveyed my E.D. for my local Lindsay club. Responding to an open-ended question, "What problems do you have that you think a mayor or congressman could help solve?", five voters out of seventeen mentioned air pollution as a major concern and the thing which bothered them most.

Since my E.D. is not particularly close to any major air pollution sources, I think you will agree with me that air pollution is a problem seriously affecting your constituents and the city as a whole.

This is why I urge you to give full support to the Air Pollution Bill (Bill No. 49) as it stands, with the exception of the provision reducing the permitted sulphur content of fuel to 1% within 9 years. Even a shortening of this period to 5 years, without lowering that 1% figure, would be totally inadequate in terms of present public health needs, let alone for a future in which fuel consumption will double by 1980 and double again by the year 2000.

As you are well aware, any sulphur present in fuel when it is burnt, will combine with oxygen to form sulphur dioxide, a highly poisonous gas. Once in the air, part of this gas is oxidized by ozone and the ultraviolet light of the sun to form sulphur trioxide, which immediately combines with water vapor to form sulphuric acid, which is gradually eating away our buildings, marble statues, and lung tissue.

We cannot afford to wait 5 years to have this damage halted. Buildings can be repaired, lung tissue cannot. Chronic emphysema is an irreversible process, as any physician will tell you. The number of deaths in this city from emphysema has doubled within the last five years. Will Con Ed, which worries about an additional cost of twelve hundredths of a cent per Kilowatt hour to desulphur their fuel oil, indemnify these victims? Must all your constituents be hospitalized before it is recognized that this is a process which affects everyone, and not just a few hundred thousand asthma sufferers?

For the above reasons I propose, as a supplementary measure to this bill, an ad valorem tax, to be paid by the wholesaler or distributor, of 20% per each percentage point of sulphur, or fractional part thereof, present in coal, fuel oil, and natural gas, with the proportional part of this tax to be rebated to those firms which remove part of this sulphur at the stack by use of efficient removal devices (adsorption on semi-coke, alkalinized alumina, or catalytic oxidation), and an ad valorem subsidy to coal and fuel oil, regardless of sulphur content, of 20%. Thus fuel with a sulphur content greater than one percent would be heavily penalized, fuel with a sulphur content less than 1% would be rewarded, while exactly 1% sulphur fuel would enter New York scot free. The subsidy to be withdrawn after the first ten years of the tax, when it would no longer be needed.

The measure would have the following advantages:

- 1) Immediate economic incentive to firms to reduce the sulphur content of their fuel now, not 5 or 9 years hence when the mandatory restrictions become effective.
- 2) Strong economic incentive to reduce the sulphur content of fuel to the lowest practical level, and not merely down to 1%.
- 3) Automatic penalties for putting sulphur in the air, applied consistently and uniformly, not requiring the marshalling of evidence nor dependent on the whim of a judge.
- 4) Strong penalties for putting sulphur in the air, not handslapping fines of \$25 or even of \$1,000.
- 5) Flexibility - the tax does not mandate a quick change to the very low sulphur fuel, it merely makes it highly attractive to do so. Those firms with special difficulties would still have the 5 or 9 year grace period. However, they would be under economic pressure to make the switch as soon as possible.
- 6) Additional revenue for the City of New York. If present patterns of consumption of high sulphur fuel were to continue, the tax would bring in roughly \$28,000,000 a year. However, it is highly unlikely that

the City would collect anywhere near this figure, even in the first year of the tax, for the main effect of the tax is to shift the price structure of fuel in such a way that it is no longer profitable to use high sulphur fuel. This, of course, is the purpose of the measure - to shift the pattern of fuel usage, not to raise revenue. Thus the measure will be successful precisely to the extent that it does not yield this revenue, to the extent that firms successfully evade the tax by shifting to low sulphur fuels. For the damage done by this sulphur in our air far outweighs the revenue that might accrue from the tax on it.

Since large quantities of low sulphur content fuel are already available to the New York market, and since the inducement offered by the shift in the price structure would rapidly bring forth additional quantities of low sulphur content fuel, the prospects for the success of the tax are very bright.

The costs of such a success (assuming that the use of low sulphur coal, desulphured fuel oil, and sulphur collection devices at the stacks had brought the effective sulphur content of fuel down to the .5% level), would be about \$10 per person per year (.12¢ per Kilowatt-hour or about \$4 per person for electricity, and about \$6 per person for space heating). Most of this cost would be passed on to the consumer, though the major refiners of imported crude oil might have to bear a substantial fraction of it.

But contrast this small figure with the fantastic amount of damage which air pollution does to each of us, which I would estimate, including many of the costs which previous estimates have left out, as well over \$1,000 per year, and perhaps as much as \$2,500 per year, for every man, woman and child in New York City.

Such social costs arise from long term health damage and physical and psychological discomfort to the average citizen, increased incidence and duration of respiratory infections and accompanying absenteeism, blighted real estate values, loss of middle class and professional families and increased urban sprawl, accelerated corrosion and breakdown of precision machinery and complex equipment, accelerated deterioration and disintegration of clothing and other fabrics, particularly synthetics, corrosive attack on buildings, sculpture and artwork, increased cleaning bills, and excess stress placed on those already ill with respiratory or other ailments, particularly during the periodic air pollution "episodes." These costs constitute an unbearable and unnecessary burden upon the citizen.

The reasons why this situation has continued for so long are two-fold. Firstly, these huge social costs have not been reflected in the price structure of fuel. Secondly, highly organized commercial interests usually wield more effective political power than an unorganized, poorly informed electorate and hence block the legislative action needed to correct for this market failure.

The second defect is rapidly being overcome. Public information as to the nature and hazards of air pollution has markedly increased within the last few months. And the public is beginning, just beginning, to organize. The time to remedy the first defect is now at hand.

Yours truly,

Richard M. Bell
 236 Baltic Street
 Brooklyn, New York 11201
 Economic Consultant
 Professional Committee for Air Pollution Control

cc: to other interested parties

SCIENTISTS RECONSIDER POSSIBILITY OF INTELLIGENT LIFE ON THIS PLANET AFTER POLLUTION DISCLOSURES



By Allon Schoener

We live in two types of environments: those which we have befouled, and those in which we have attempted to eliminate noxious agents. Awareness of the first has generated the second. Purification has become a goal in itself; it offers a panacea to collective errors. We purify the water that we drink after we have polluted it with sewage and industrial waste. We purify the air that we breathe after we have polluted it with automobile exhaust and toxic chemicals. We purify highways, neighborhoods and people's minds. The search for purity has generated new problems. The solutions are often much worse than the original conditions which they were designed to remedy.

HOUSING -- For three generations Americans have been indoctrinated with the belief that the city was a place to get away from, not to live in. The city was crowded and dirty. Escape to suburbs created green ghettos in which houses, people and vegetation are homogenized into an amalgam without personality. Recently, the single dwelling unit suburb has been recognized as unsatisfactory; high-rise apartments are the latest fad. There has been a return to the geography of the city, not the spirit of the city. Homogeneous

stereotyped high-rise apartment complexes, much like the suburban subdivision ghettos, are being built in the city.

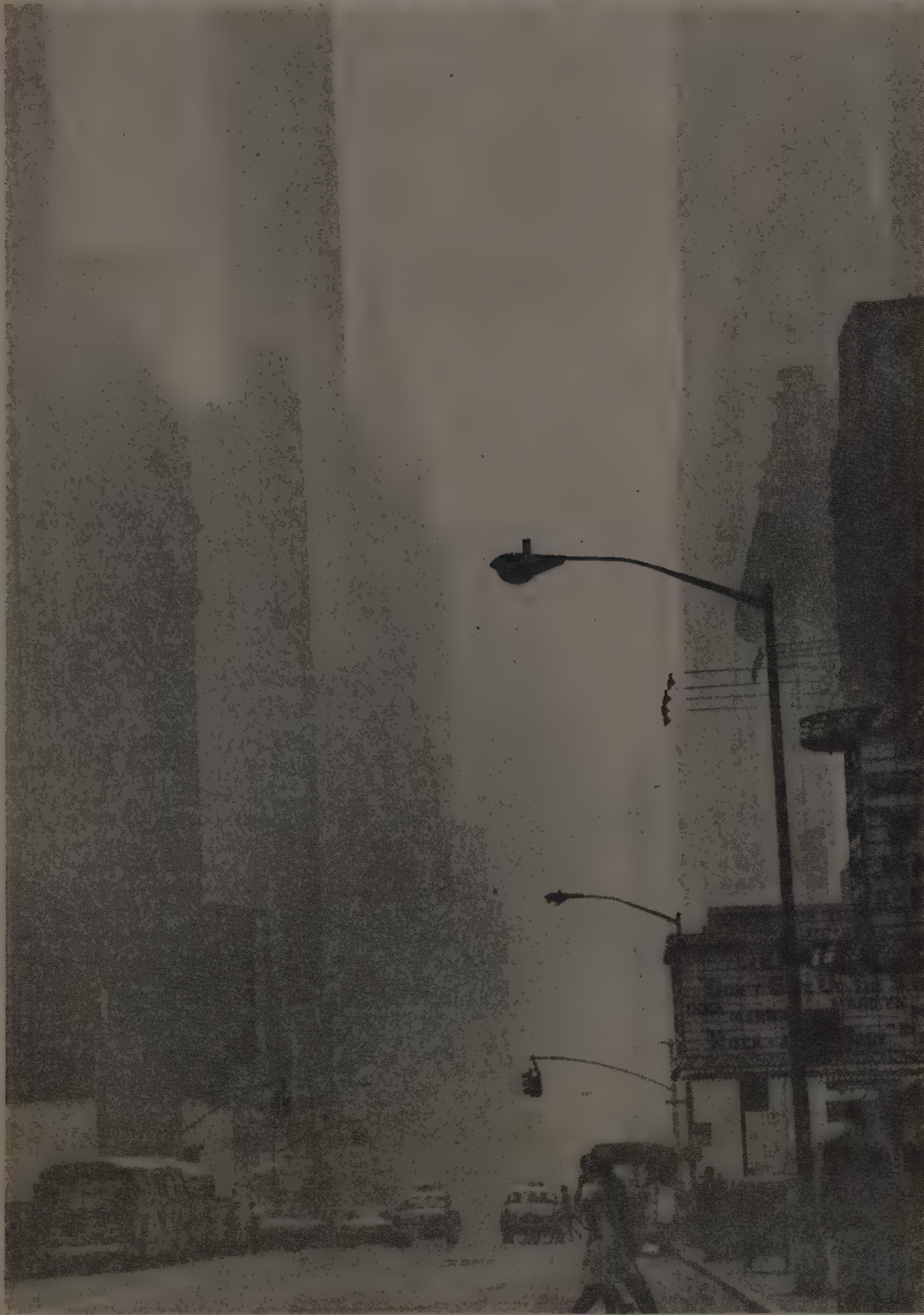
BILLBOARDS -- Billboards are obtrusive. No one denies it. Billboards are needed because they communicate. Communication, whether it is for information or advertising, is an integral part of highway experience. We can accept communication of information and advertising in newspapers, magazines, radio, television, motion pictures, but not on the highways. There is a contradiction between the prohibition of billboards on highways and the absence of restrictions anywhere else. Billboards may be an obvious target, but the crusade to keep the highways free of them is a delusion. It camouflages the real problem -- that none of our streets, roads or highways, whether they be new or old, provide effective communication. Older streets, roads and highways are cluttered with so many messages that effective communication breaks down. Only a limited amount of the information (which the people who erect the multitude of signs desire to have received) is communicated. On the new expressways and super-

highways there are so few effectively placed signs that insufficient information is given to drivers at the wrong times. It is a common experience for anyone who travels on an unfamiliar expressway or superhighway to miss an important junction and go miles out of the way. The fault is not with the driver; highway communication systems fail to communicate.

HIGHWAYS -- The increasing density of the world's automobile population has created pressure on all existing automobile arteries. Everywhere, limited access highways which penetrate and connect urban centers are being planned and built to relieve congestion. The design of the first limited access highways built in the United States during the 1930's was dominated by romantic land planning theories. Following a late 19th century precedent, escape from the ugliness of the city to peripheral, utopian "garden cities" was recommended. The Merritt Parkway, one of the first superhighways built in the United States, is a forty mile monument to "romantic chlorophylism." The green parkway, like the green suburban ghetto, is a dull, monotonous and stereotyped environment. This long, thin "Garden of Eden" insulates the automobile from

continued on page 13

Air Cleaner On Bardo Plane.



High noon on a clear day in New York City.

By Lorraine Glennby

The most important element to a human being is air. You can live five weeks without food, five days without water, but you cannot live five minutes without air. Think about it.

If the temperature suddenly changes in New York tonight, 10,000 people could be dead tomorrow, poisoned by the air they breathe. This is a CERTAINTY, not a speculation: we are facing genuine catastrophe and mass death as a result of air pollution.

Temperature inversion is the term used to describe a common occurrence in the East: a blanket of warm air moves in and holds a pocket of cold air close to the ground. Usually heat rises; when this does not happen -- on at least 25 days a year -- the concentration of contaminants held close to the ground is sufficient to affect and even kill anyone who has any breathing disability or heart condition. Even under normal conditions an estimated 300 persons die each week because they breathed too long and too steadily in the septic streets of American cities. New York is the most densely populated and hence the most deadly, but it is only one of 140 urban disease centers of its kind.

What are the contaminating agents in our air? The worst among them is sulphur dioxide which, like evil itself, is invisible except through its destructive effects. At least 700,000 tons of this vaporous form of sulphuric acid are released into the atmosphere every year, causing health problems to every citizen. It gives rise to respiratory tract infections, painful irritation of all exposed mucous membranes (most noticeably the eyes, which ache, become reddened and swollen), and chronic bronchitis. Sulphur dioxide is directly responsible for emphysema, a lung disease which is the fastest growing cause of death in the U.S.

Smokestack gases, which release most of the sulphur dioxide, also result in a 45,000 ton soot-fall each year and as much of it as you'll find on your windowsill falls down your throat each day. You can find it on your lungs. The carbon materials in soot deposited on the lung surface inevitably blacken the lungs of ALL CITY DWELLERS. Just breathing in New York is equivalent to smoking one and a half packs of cigarettes a day!

Precipitators (electrical devices inside smokestacks which trap carbon particles

on rods) and filters (which trap the gases before they enter the smokestacks) could prevent this, but they are little used. Remember the profit motive. It is expensive to install these in already existing systems and, although they cost less to install in new ones, it is not mandatory and so they are often overlooked.

Look up, and you'll find those familiar darkish smokestack billows; look down and you'll see and sniff those even more familiar automobile exhaust pipes. They are both emitting carbon monoxide, a gas that inhibits your blood from carrying oxygen to the various parts of your body. One half hour's driving in midtown Manhattan equals the loss of the oxygen-carrying capacity of one half pint of blood.

Internal combustion engines (Diesel engines, those in trucks, buses, and passenger cars) give off nitric oxides which turn into a mild dilute solution of nitric acid and are believed to be lethal. One of these is the same as what dentists used to give patients, called "laughing gas". Many doctors suspect this of giving rise to feelings of drowsiness, general lethargy, and a sort of slap-happy euphoria accompanied by an underlying lowered morale which I'll bet sounds familiar to more than a few readers.

Another by-product of diesel engines is the lead fumes given off by burning "leaded gas". These fumes have myriad destructive effects, especially on stomachs, livers, and flesh. Years ago laws were passed prohibiting the sale of children's paints containing lead, because of too many cases wherein youngsters chewed or ate quantities of such paint and died of lead poisoning. Adults are supposed to look out for themselves, says the friendly manufacturer et al right down the line to Chase Manhattan. Unleaded gas can be made with an additive replacing lead, but the costs are higher. Only one company, Amoco, is willing to compromise greed for the sake of human safety.

That air pollution is crippling the human psyche is becoming increasingly evident. A survey by the Community Church which was confirmed in the opinion that only 18% of all people living on the affluent East Side are functioning normally; the rest are suffering from mild to severe mental or emotional disorders which can be associated with depression and disease brought about by Con Ed's belching East Side plant.

Polluted air then is essentially a mist containing two deadly vapors: sulphur dioxide and nitric oxides. When these combine they undergo a photochemical reaction, forming gases which add additional toxic compounds in the presence of sunlight. Thus the brownish-grey furry air called smog is born.

But whether they appear dense or almost imperceptible, the poisons remain, knitted into an omnipresent blanket smothering the city. Often the air seems clear to us as we walk on the street. But...go up on the roof. The concentration is so thick over New York that air pilots dislike landing here. And when they take off, which they do roughly 1400 times a week, this tosses 36 lbs. of unburned hydrocarbons such as kerosene to the winds, which in turn are extremely inflammatory and irritating to the respiratory tract.

Where does the contaminated air come from? All chemical plants, which release by-products of their chemical processes; all paper and rendering plants; metal smelting establishments; electrical power plants; oil refineries; and, as mentioned, engines in all vehicles of trans-

In fact, throughout history, some price has always been paid



Great sewer of Rome (cloaca maxima) was greatest of early sewer structures. A vaulted arch of stone, it was so large hay wagons could be driven through it. From the start, city fathers fought clogging by silt, but sewer functioned till early 20th Century.



Smokestacks of English towns early in Industrial Revolution exhausted vast volumes of smoke and grime from inefficient furnaces. Picture signifies appalling urban ugliness now, but such scenes once were synonymous with what passed for prosperity.



Canals of Venice, as they have for centuries, provide fabled city with sewers as well as transportation arteries. In diurnal rhythms as old as time, tides wash the city's wastes out to sea. Many coastal cities still rely on action of tides to purge their rivers.

portation. We have imported as well as domestic poison: New Jersey's chemical and oil refineries contribute 30% of New York's pollution. The "Garden State" is becoming a wasteland whose aerial garbage wends its way here on prevailing westerly winds. A far cry from Shelly, helas.

Two models of right behavior should be mentioned here. DuPont will not authorize any plant until engineers insure that all sources of air pollution have been eliminated, and now Bethlehem Steel has followed DuPont's lead. But these industries are alone in their concern with protecting the public by not contributing to their contamination.

Hovering over the grim complex are the ten plants of Con Edison, their black smokestacks like legs of a parasitic insect secreting poison to protect itself and stay alive. The power rates in New York are by far the highest in the country but Con Ed has not used its profits for creative engineering; lacking the vision to anticipate the population growth which would make clean air mandatory in the city, it has retained its deadly smoking plants and prefers to spend its funds for press releases to whitewash its image rather than to take steps to correct its crimes against the public. The fact is that air pollution costs each New Yorker at least \$65 per year in cleaning costs (for both clothes and for buildings) and painting costs. Con Ed is responsible for one half of this. And worse: even if the city could shut off ALL OTHER sources of contamination THE AIR WOULD STILL NOT BE CLEAN ENOUGH FOR SAFETY OWING TO THE POLLUTION BY CON EDISON PLANTS.

If steps are not taken to cut down air pollution the city will become literally unlivable within ten years. Ten years. The situation worsens WITH EVERY HOUR.

Here is a partial list of what should be done:

- 1) Pressure should be brought to bear upon Con Ed to retire its New York plants and enter into joint arrangements with other utilities to provide modern stations with air pollution devices (even if this requires Federal subsidies of several billion dollars). To this end, a metropolitan power authority should be created to undertake an impartial study of the best means and methods, unobscured by a corporation's obligations to its stockholders.
- 2) City incinerators should be completely modernized or shut down, and replaced with safe contrivances.
- 3) Reduced rates for commuters on bridges and tunnels should be eliminated. Passenger cars have become a menace to life in the city and their numbers must be cut down.
- 4) All city buses should be equipped with LPG gas (liquid petroleum gas), which does not pollute the air.

Before and until these measures are put into effect, there are various things that each and every individual can do to save his own life and his neighbor's and to alleviate the diseases caused by air pollution which are even now at work within our systems. Everyone is urged to undertake some or all of the following actions:

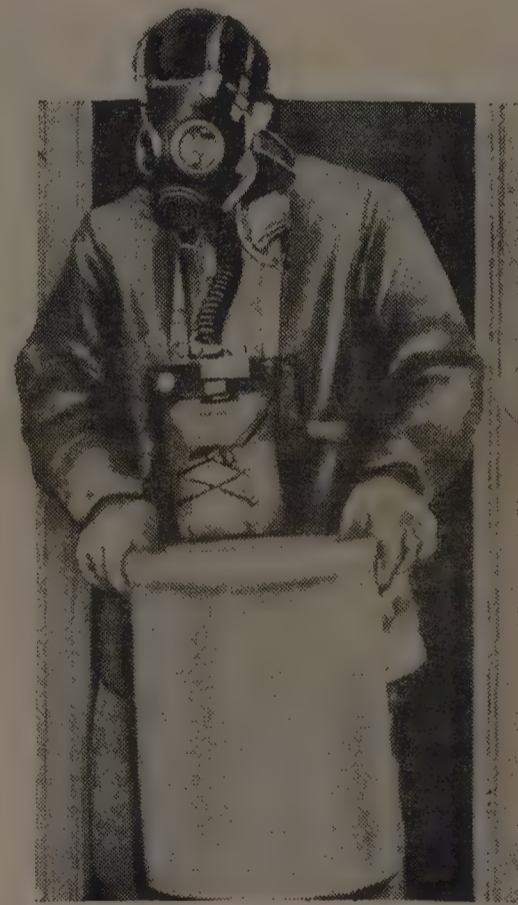
- 1) Call the Mayor's office (566-5700) and complain whenever you see a violation (darkish smoke issuing from a building top or smokestack).
- 2) When paying electric bills, or as an independent gesture, send a note or letter to Con Ed protesting their persistence in violating health standards and polluting the air. (In this regard, some interested persons might consider designing and making up stickers with a message to this effect, which could then be given out or sold to the public).
- 3) Put pressure on your landlord to install a "bailing machine" in your building, which works to compress and bind waste paper into bales that can then be sold to wastepaper dealers (see Yellow Pages) for 65¢ per 100 pounds. This is not so trivial as it seems; the N.Y. Sunday Times alone weighs 11 pounds. Moreover, the machine will pay for itself, the amount of polluting incineration will be cut down, and the reclaimed paper can be re-used, thus saving trees which cut down on pollution by absorbing carbon, etc.
- 4) Support Senator Edmund S. Muski, whose Congressional bills set quality standards nationwide for clean air.
- 5) Try to spend at least one day a week away from the city.
- 6) Urge your local Congressional representative to provide adequate Federal funds to speed research in the development of electric cars. (All proposed devices to cut down on exhaust fumes are only stopgap measures).
- 7) Form Anti-Pollution Leagues in your area which would monitor neighborhood smokestacks and register with the Department of Air Pollution all violations. They could also petition City Councilmen and Assemblymen to amend Air Pollution Regulations by requiring that every smokestack bear a number for easy identification.

For further details on forming Anti-Pollution leagues or further information about anything relating to the problem, please contact Mr. Larry Bogart at the Anti-Pollution League, 866 UN Plaza, tel. 661-0232. Mr. Bogart is Director of the Conservation Center which co-ordinates some 15 conservationist groups and operates as a countrywide information service, concentrating on the problems of the East and the Hudson River Valley.

In spite of the criticism and the cures directed towards our air, it should be remembered that this pollution is essen-

tially a symptom of a social order gone berserk. It is not profitable to try to effect a cure by treating symptoms; ultimately we will have to explore and eradicate the basic fallacies of our society and evolve creative plans for the future which our technology today makes possible. Unless we create new cities, the pressure on existing metropolitan areas will grow so severe that the situation will become hopeless.

There is still time to conquer the fear in a handful of dust, but you must begin to act now. Think about it.



A Member of the Fire Department Equipped With the Same Kind of Mask

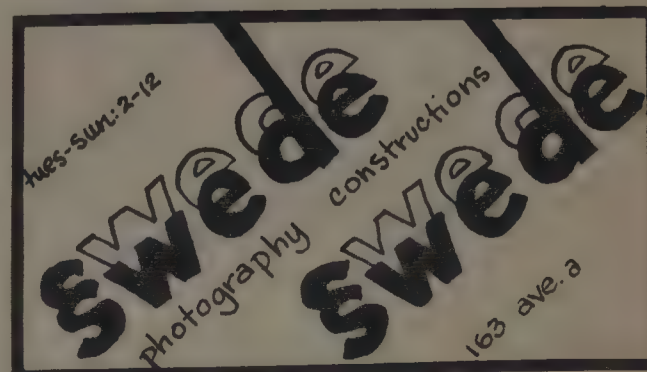
Paintings by Georgeann WEBER



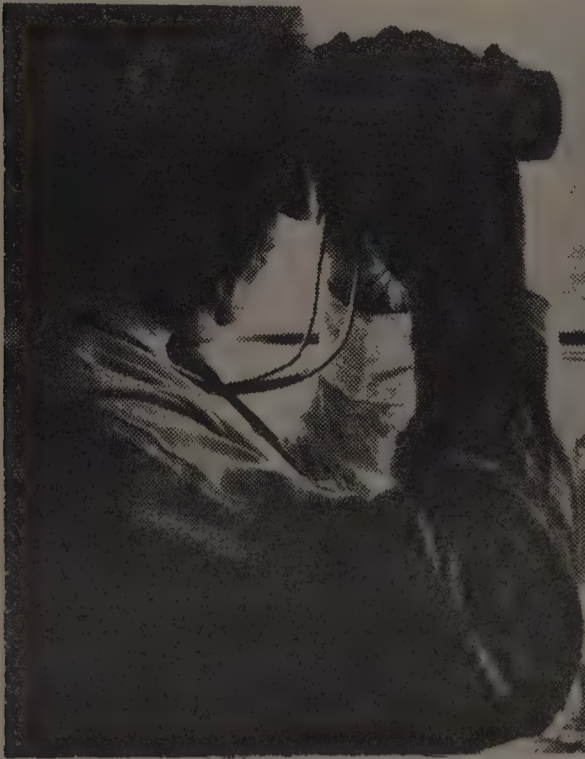
at

THE ANNEX

163 Avenue B
New York, N. Y.



CON ED SMOKESTACK OBSERVATORY ATOP EMPIRE STATE BUILDING



"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.

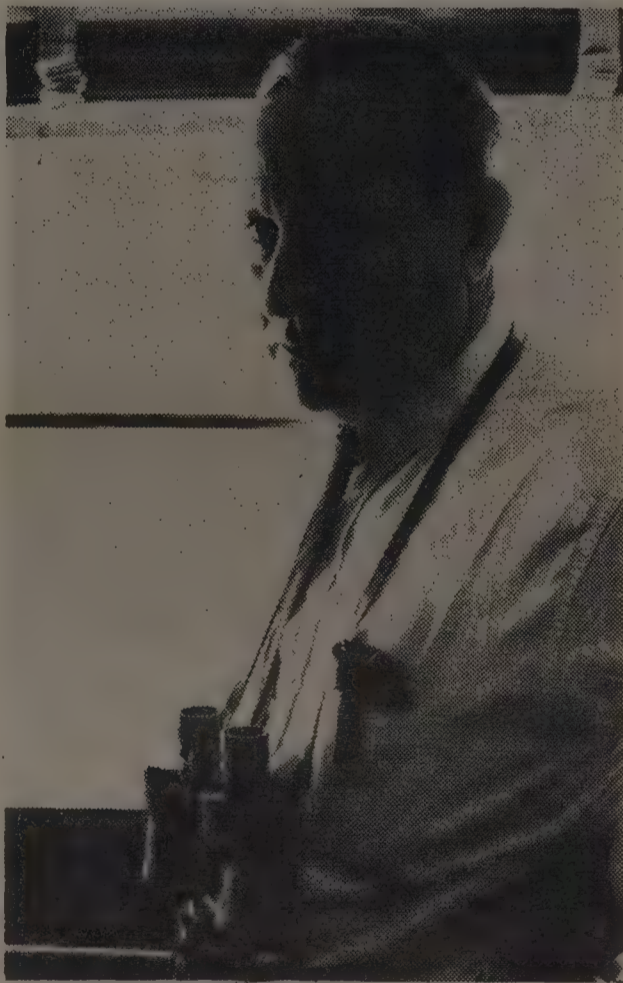
The Empire State Building observatory is furnished in Con Ed Functional. There are high stools by the window where the Watchers sit, phones, two chairs and a refrigerator containing milk and cookies. Dominating one green wall is a chart labeled RINGLEMAN'S SMOKE SCALE FOR GRADING THE INTENSITY OF SMOKE 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-



Jon Adams Photo



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."

THE CON ED CON

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 desiccated lung as Exhibit A, but it might make the point more clearly. A real lung would be even better, and probably, more easily obtainable).

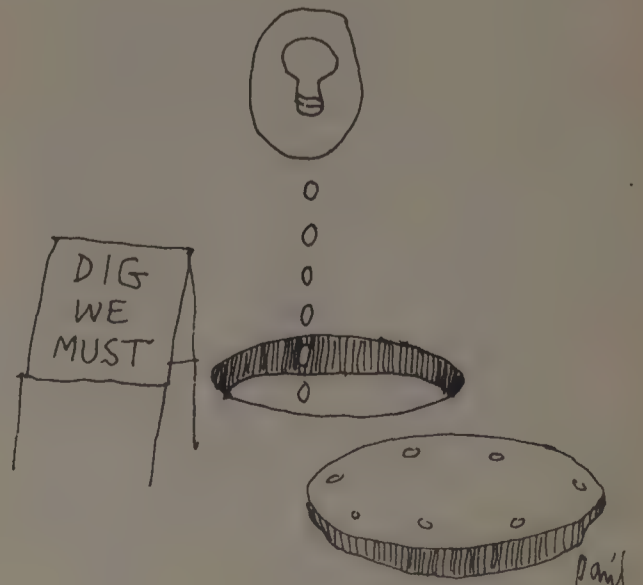
For these violations Con Ed paid an awesome \$1,000 in fines. This so frightened investors in Con Ed stock that earnings rose 24 cents per share for 1964, the company approved a 2-for-1 stock split, and, scared stiff, plunged recklessly into a \$1.1 billion new construction program. Arthur Benline has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



ATOMIC POLLUTION

By Larry Bogart

Atomic energy is a public matter. The fouling of the air and water and the blight that has been creeping out from decaying cities along highways, to despoil the countryside, is beginning to alarm millions of Americans. Fueled by the population explosion and the almost total lack of long-range planning for a better future, Americans are literally being run over by the momentum of their own uncontrolled technology.

Many see in the decay of the environment the beginning of the state described by George Orwell in "1984." The surrender of freedom and the degradation of the individual is already foreshadowed. Ground down between the operations of big government and big business, the people have been lulled into seeking security from external sources. Big Brother hovers in wait as both mass apathy and abject surrender to remote authoritative agents become the tenor of life.

But an inspiring resistance can be seen in the spirit in which people have banded together to oppose the desecration of the Hudson Highlands. The conservation of Storm King Mountain against a pumped-storage hydro-electric plant has been matched only by the outcry against the proposed dams that would mar the Grand Canyon.

At the White House Conference on Natural Beauty in May, 1965, it was evident that unless people began to concern themselves as individual citizens with the quality of the environment, no government agencies or combination of them at the local, state and federal levels could prevent the rampant loss of the beauty for which this country has long been known and which provided the setting for the greatest flourishing of material prosperity the world has ever known.

Moralists and preachers decry the loss of values, the disappearance of meaning in American life today. Could this be the inevitable concomitant of the uglification of America? Typical of the forces that contribute to further danger and demoralization, although cloaking their operations in the name of progress, is the mushroom growth of electrical energy from nuclear reactors. Prodded by the extremely powerful Atomic Energy Commission and a compliant congress, 50% of all new power installations launched during 1966 were nuclear even though presently atomic power supplies less than 1% of the nation's kilowatts.

Suddenly, without any new improvements having been made in nuclear power systems, the utilities all over the country are going nuclear with a whole string of giant power plants. The promise that nuclear energy can end air pollution caused by burning coal and oil in our cities has sparked their sudden popularity. The public has been exposed to all the miraculous benefits of the peaceful atom without having access to all the facts which clearly warn us against "too much, too soon."

At a certain stage in its development every innovation is feverishly embraced by those who see great wealth to be made, and then there is an inevitable rash of accidents followed by a sober reassessment. We are in such a stage today with atomic power, but there is a difference. One major misstep could be catastrophic because no more lethal machine has ever been devised than a giant nuclear reactor. Unfortunately, not even obvious, simple precautions are being employed as utilities scramble for their share of subsidized nuclear fuels from distinctly limited stockpiles and reserves of uranium.



COSTUMED for inspection of a nuclear power plant operated by a midwestern public utility company, these engineers, one representing The Travelers, wear two sets of coveralls, skull caps, canvas boots and gloves, shoe rubbers, plastic face shields, respirator masks, with tape to fasten gloves to wrists and coveralls to boot. Afterward all apparel will be submitted to radiation counters to determine any degree of radioactive "contamination."

Despite some progress made in taming the power of the atom to produce heat to generate steam and thus operate turbines which generate electricity, the problems of eliminating risks are so formidable that we may never be able to ensure "zero defects." Yet, throughout the North East, where the problem of air pollution has become acute, utilities are proposing to locate reactors aboveground, right in the heart of cities!

As recently as June 1965 the Atomic Energy Commission's own committee on reactor safeguards warned against locating nuclear reactors close to populous areas. Dr. Edward H. Teller, perhaps our foremost physicist, has pleaded for putting nuclear plants underground as an elementary precaution. They do it in Sweden. Why not here? Consolidated Edison, in an effort to conciliate opposition to its proposed Storm King plant on the Hudson, came up with a plan for putting it "entirely underground at no added material cost." Yet the utility and the AEC rudely pushed aside suggestions made at a farcical public hearing, that the same procedure of undergrounding be followed at Indian Point where ground has been broken for the largest nuclear reactor in the world so far seeking a license.

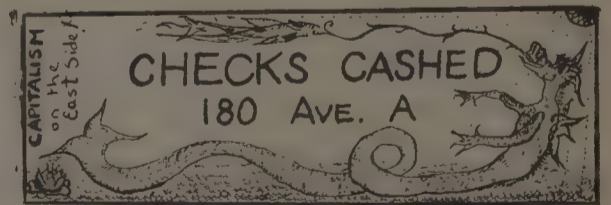
An examination of the operating history of the five pilot-plant-type nuclear reactors now in operation is far from reassuring either in terms of safety, economy or reliability. Consolidated Edison's new giant atomic plant will contain engineering that has never been employed before, making it highly experimental. The utility says the plant will be completely safe, but we have the "blackout that couldn't happen" to make us question whether we want the utility to take any risks of this magnitude.

At congressional hearings, the insurance industry said it could not undertake to write policies at this time, so a government indemnity fund has been set up to help induce utilities to go nuclear. But this coverage is totally inadequate in the face of an Atomic Energy Commission report which lists damage from the maximum credible accident at 3,400 lives, 43,000 injured and property damage in excess of \$7 billion, not to mention the evacuation that would be needed and the disruption of business.

This is why no safety precautions are "too much." In addition, we have the unknown but very definite dangers arising in leukemia-borne cancer, birth defects, and mental retardation correlated with the rise in levels of radioactivity. Emissions from atomic plants in their normal course of operation add to this total load of radiation that poses a threat to every form of life on the planet.

There is also the unsolved problem of how to dispose safely of waste materials from atomic plants, which are dangerous for upward of 24,000 years. The hazards of transporting radioactive material and waste ponds are growing with each nuclear plant licensed.

The public deserves to know more about the disadvantages of nuclear power. The subject is not too complex for the layman to grasp. Unless we have more public discussion before nuclear fuel results in a vastly changed power system for the nation, we may be placing our whole population under a second sword of Damocles. The people must decide whether we want more civilian control over the peaceful atom, since we have had virtually none over the proliferation which has turned the whole world into a nightmare of overkill.



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KING CON on 14th STREET

Antiquated Means of Attack



Any discussion of air pollution, its abatement and impact -- particularly in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area -- would be incomplete without discussion of the sulphur-oxide problem. This area has the nation's worst sulphurous pollution; definitely, it causes serious economic and esthetic effects, and there are strong reasons for believing that morbidity and mortality are increased.

First of all, it is evident that something must be done to reduce sulphurous emissions. The atmosphere's capacity to disperse this toxic ingredient already has been exceeded, to say nothing of increased emissions that will result from future sources in crowded urban areas of the country. Since homes today are heated primarily with low-sulphur distillate oil or natural gas, the bulk of atmospheric

sulphur oxides is derived from electric power generation, apartment house heating plants, and the use of soft coal and residual oil in industrial heating and processing.

We were encouraged in 1964 when the results of a joint sulfur-recovery study by a power-generating and a chemical industry were reported as follows: "Based on experiences gained over the past two

years, including the pilot plant project, we are of the opinion that a Sulfur-Smoke Removal System installed in a new 1,000,000 kilowatt plant using a high-sulfur content coal on base-load operation would meet all the requirements of operating and economic feasibility." We were equally discouraged this year when an amalgamation of electric companies, including the one that participated in the original study, announced plans for plants far in excess of 1,000,000 kilowatts which are to be built without sulfur recovery. The economically feasible suddenly had become economically infeasible. Instead, the traditional ever-higher stacks are to be used to disperse sulfurous emissions and carry them to be I presume, somewhere into outer space.

While some 23 million tons of sulfur dioxide are being discharged to the atmosphere annually, a large proportion of it from power-generating plants, the chemical industry is producing 21 million tons of sulfuric acid per year. Old sulfuric acid plants are enlarged and new ones are built to satisfy demands. It is difficult to understand why the chemical manufacturing industry deliberately ignores the tremendous quantities of sulfur which go up power-plant stacks; this sulfur would be a valuable raw material in the manufacture of fertilizer which is sorely needed throughout the world. It would appear that an agreement exists between the power and chemical industries similar to one the barber had with his bank: "They don't cut hair and we don't cash checks." In the interest of health, welfare and economics, however, it is past time to reconsider traditional ways of doing things.

It appears, therefore, if there is any adverse economic impact at all from regulatory controls, it must be an extremely minor one. The November 1965 issue of "Fortune" contained an article entitled "We Can Afford Clean Air." Liberal estimates were made of the cost of stringent controls, no allowance was made for recovery of marketable products, and no major cost-cutting breakthroughs in present technology were assumed. The estimated cost was \$3 billion per year, or \$1.30 per person per month.

If one were able to measure the overall impact on society as a whole, there is no doubt that the benefits of control would exceed the liabilities of not controlling. Much has been said and written about "economic feasibility" and "undue cost" of controlling air pollution. Recently, however, there is a tendency -- rightly, I believe -- to consider social values rather than traditional economic issues. More and more, the question is raised: Economical to whom? To a given air pollution source or to society as a whole?

One thing is certain: air pollution control is going to cost money, sacrificed convenience, or both. It is nonsensical to wait, while air pollution grows worse, for the perfect control system: one that costs no money to purchase or install, takes no space, requires no maintenance or operating attention, uses no power, presents no disposal problem and recovers a profitable product. A statement by Senator Edmund Muskie, Chairman of the Special Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, during the Congressional debate on the Clean Air Act is relevant:

"...we cannot allow ourselves to be dissuaded from a forceful and determined effort to meet this problem by those who want to wait until we know more, (or) by those who are more interested in avoiding the cost of cleaning up than in cleaning up the cost of doing nothing."

Is it not likely, for example, that air pollution is one of the major causes of

center-city decline? Where is the incentive to try to maintain a decent environment under a pall of atmospheric pollution? As one improves his standard of living, is it not natural that he seek freedom from constantly repairing, repainting and scrubbing a grimy house? Should not he and his family have the right to breathe air free of malodor, and are they not entitled to a view of the horizon unobstructed by smoke and haze? He may tolerate foul air during his working hours, but he flees to the less polluted suburbs to spend his leisure time. Unfortunately, the very device that makes suburban living possible -- the automobile -- is adding to his dilemma, and the problem has spread beyond urban confines.

Economic obsolescence from polluted air has been recognized in several communities. Before smoke control was instituted in St. Louis, property values declined \$25 million per year for ten years. The smoke nuisance was Pittsburgh's greatest hindrance to economic progress. Industrial development was lagging seriously, and top managerial talent refused to move there. Political and industrial leaders alike realized that Pittsburgh was a decadent, dying community. In their campaign toward revival, the first step was clearing the skies of their pall of smoke.

Many, many other examples of the impact of polluted air -- and the results of doing nothing, or too little, about it -- can be given. A good many of them can be assessed in conventional economic terms; others are social impacts which defy measurement in traditional monetary units. It would be questionable, if not repugnant, for example, even to attempt to place a dollar value on health -- physical or mental; but that is what the air pollution control agency often is asked to do when it must, by law, justify and defend its programs on the basis of economic feasibility and cost-benefit ratios. Health, happiness, comfort and enjoyment may be abstract and defy scientific evaluation; but they are being increasingly demanded by citizens and are nonetheless real. Taking such human values into consideration will require new techniques for measurement and new tools for satisfying them. Unquestionably, a base broader than the traditional profit incentive must be used in future decision-making processes.

Seldom is the impact evaluated in positive terms, such as: How much goodwill did our company gain? How much easier is it to recruit and retain employees, and how much higher is their morale? How much prouder are they to be associated with a public-spirited organization? How much pleasanter is our community as a place to live, work and play? How much do our citizens save in upkeep and repair of their properties? How much is the municipal budget reduced for landscaping, housekeeping and maintenance of publicly owned facilities? How many resources have been diverted to more fruitful endeavors from the effort to maintain decent conditions in the midst of polluted air? How much has the community's reputation been enhanced? How much of a housewife's cleaning time and drudgery have been turned into leisure periods for more pleasant or more productive pursuits? How much are utility bills reduced because of less deterioration of insulation and less corrosion of electronic contacts and other metal equipment? How much better is the view? How much mental depression has been alleviated? These and a thousand other benefits of a clean environment, if we had some means of evaluating them, certainly would tip the scales in favor of pollution prevention, control and abatement.

The individual is the forgotten man when the impact of pollution or its abatement is discussed. He is not organized. No powerful lobby makes known his collective fears and desires. While he ultimately pays the entire bill for any corrective efforts made by industries or municipalities, seldom is he told what his individual role will be and how great will be the benefits.

He has been confused by technical jargon, intimidated by threats of unemployment, and frightened by the prospect of greatly increased prices and higher taxes to the point where, in many areas, he has accepted pollution as an inevitable adjunct to modern living.

Poorest defined of all is the cost to the individual. Whether pollution is controlled or not, he is paying the "cost." If one had available methods for estimating this cost, the price paid by the individual undoubtedly would yield the most impressive figure of all.

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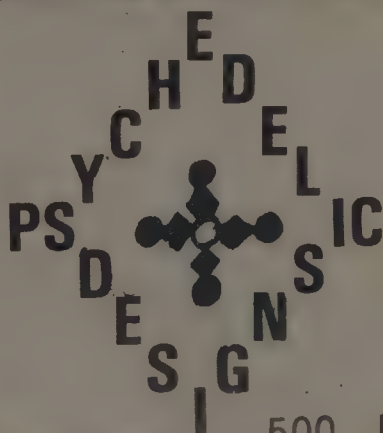
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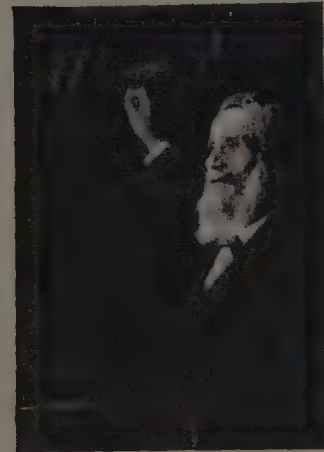
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SMOGGODDESS



SMOGGODDESS CAROL GRANISON

" I think the air pollution problem in New York City is utterly disgraceful. I used to be a Norwegian before I came to New York, and now I can never go back home--with or without my baby."



Stanislao Cannizzaro (1826-1910) was professor of chemistry at the National College of Alessandria in northern Italy. His chief contribution to chemistry was his method for the preparation of cyanamide. He was very active in the political life of his country.

AIR POLLUTION CONTROL ORGANIZATIONS

For your information, the Organizations listed here have demonstrated an interest in the air pollution problems of our City. Those which are marked with an asterisk (*) are specifically organized to develop information about this problem. You may wish to contact one or more of these organizations to request information or offer your assistance.

- American Institute of Architects
115 East 40 Street, New York City
- American Assoc. of University Women
111 East 37 Street, New York City
- Brooklyn TB & Health Assoc.
293 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
- Chamber of Commerce
65 Liberty Street, New York City
- Citizens Committee for Children
12 East 19 Street, New York City
- Citizens for Clean Air
598 Madison Avenue, New York City
- Citizens Union
5 Beekman Street, New York City

- City Club of New York
6 West 48 Street, New York City
- Commerce and Industry Assoc.
99 Church Street, New York City
- Community Council of Greater N.Y.
225 Park Avenue South, New York City
- Community Service Society
105 East 22 Street, New York City
- Conservation Center
966 UN Plaza, New York City
- Council of Action for Clean Air Com.
105 East 22 Street, New York City
- Conservation League
110 West 71 Street, New York City
- East Side Association
141 East 44 Street, New York City
- Economic Development Council of NYC
230 Park Avenue, New York City
- Equitable Life Assurance Society
1285 Ave. of the Americas, New York City
- Fifth Avenue Association
350 Fifth Avenue, New York City

- Garden Club of America
598 Madison Avenue, New York City
- Jr. League of the City of N.Y.
130 East 80 Street, New York City
- Municipal Arts Society
115 East 40 Street, New York City
- National Assoc. of Manufacturers
277 Park Avenue, New York City
- Nat. Pollution Control Foundation Inc.
866 UN Plaza, New York City
- N.Y. Academy of Medicine
2 East 103 Street, New York City
- N.Y. Board of Trade
1 Liberty Street, New York City
- N.Y. TB & Health Assoc.
260 Park Avenue, New York City
- N.Y.S. TB & Respiratory Disease Assoc.
105 East 22 Street, New York City
- Outdoor Cleanliness Assoc.
139 East 57 Street, New York City
- Queensborough TB & Health Assoc.
159-29 90 Avenue, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Regional Planning Association
230 West 41 Street, New York City
- Republican Women in Industry
301 East 22 Street, New York City
- Richmond County Taxpayers
194 Bay Street, S.I., N.Y.
- Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference
500 Fifth Avenue, New York City
- Women's City Club
6 West 48 Street, New York City
- U.S. Public Health Service
42 Broadway, New York City

CON ED RAISES PRICE OF POLLUTION

Consolidated Edison recently asked for an electric rate rise of \$32.2 million and this increase was approved by the Public Service Commission before holding public hearings on the matter. The rate increase, which went into effect November 25, 1966, amounts to about three percent of consumer electric rates.

This action is a direct violation of democratic principles and is an outrage to each and every one of us who are already paying Con Ed with our health and our lives every time we take a breath.

Protest! Do not pay this rate increase. As a measure of self-defense, deduct three percent from your bill until this monster monopoly is forced into decency or destruction.

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Above: A view in a metalworking plant. Below: A view in the same plant 30 minutes after a "Precipitron" unit was turned on. A "Precipitron" is a machine for electrically precipitating smoke, dust, or other particles in air. How does a "Precipitron" function?

EVO sources have indicated the possibility of using the "Precipitron" as a nuclear deterrent. By saturating the air with a certain density smoke, gamma radiation is effectively blocked thus reducing the blast area to only several square blocks. At the signal of imminent attack, smoke generators will pour out thick smoke for our protection.

ENQUIRING SEISMOLOGIST

Q: Inquiring seismologist

"Sir and Madam: Do you feel that the soot condition in New York is in any way related to or reminiscent of the burial of Pompeii in volcanic ash?"

PLACE ASKED: TIMES SQUARE



A: Harry Kretschmer, 18, divinity student

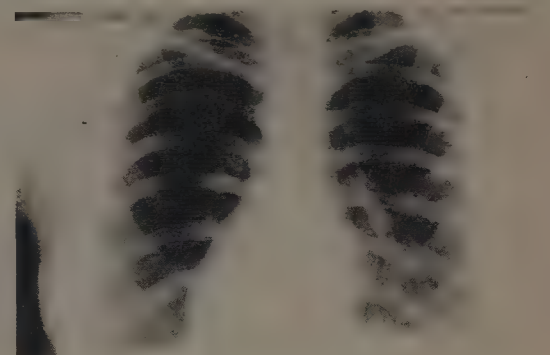
"Yes, as a matter of fact I was just considering the possibility of what the scientists 5,000 years from now might think when they dug the UN building out from all the soot and found the delegate from Assyria, forefinger poised in mid-air, with notes in front of him saying, 'Gentlemen, what this city needs is less discussion of the race question and more of us guys getting off an hour and a half earlier.'"



Aldo Groccioroni, 46, bartender
"That's right -- blame it all on the Italians!"



Mimsel Mirff, vagrant
"Buddy, I been working dis stretch a beach fa thirty years, this is the foist time I ever felt sorry for you dan for me."



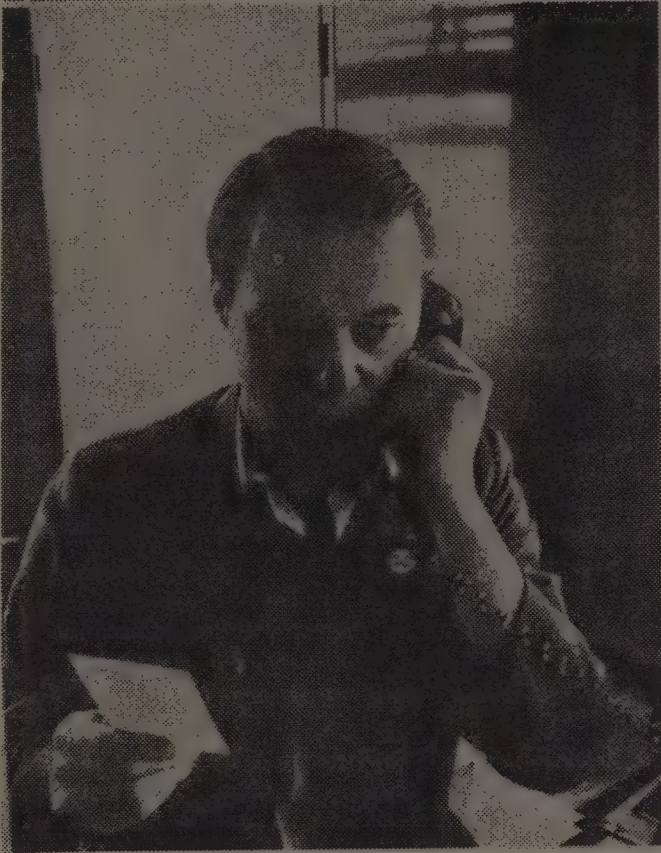
John Lindsay, undecided
"Can't talk to you now. I gotta get back to my iron lung."

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A SALUTE TO JOHN WILCOCK *

"Much of the world's trouble is caused by what I regard as 'The Vertical Alliance' theory, i.e., that one's country is automatically righter than any other country and should be automatically supported in any conflict of interests. And yet how much more logical is 'The Horizontal Alliance' theory which states that the victims of all societies share so much more in common with each other than with their leaders. The difference between LBJ and Mao, and Kossygin and DeGaulle and Wilson and Castro and Sukarno and all the other bullying despots is only one of degree: all rule masses of more or less helpless peasants who have no choice but to obey and fight and die, often for something they don't understand or believe in. What got me to thinking these thoughts was an article, 'Russia's New Class,' in London's NEW SOCIETY magazine (7 Oct. 1965) which describes the privileges and extras available to the administrative class in Moscow. About the men at the top, the article says: 'Giving orders has inevitably become second nature for many of them.' Giving orders. Yes, that's the key. There'll always be two major types of people, of whatever nationality—those that give orders and those that obey them. You'll live longer (and happier) if you can stay out of the game and not join either side." (1)

That is the kind of insight and advice John Wilcock regularly offers his readers. For many years Wilcock wrote a regular column for New York's VILLAGE VOICE. But recently he left the VOICE to become an editor and part-owner of THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER (2) for which he currently writes a column entitled "Other Scenes." To John Wilcock who occupies a position on the hip anti-disciplinarian end of the New Left spectrum, must go much of the credit for the principled individualism now seen emerging in that quarter.

In the first edition of "Other Scenes" he echoed the thunder-tones of Max Stirner and Benjamin Tucker, saying: "So-called 'anti-social' 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 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..."

"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." (2)

Do not look for a consistent libertarian line of reasoning in his thought. Do not look for a formal presentation of ideas or a careful recitation of events in his reporting. Do not expect his reviews to be more (most of the time) than a batch of brief but intriguing notes. What makes John Wilcock inherently worth reading is that he is an intellectual hurricane, spouting ideas and interests in every direction and in vast profusion—blithely leaving his readers to prowl and pick among the litter of trash and treasure as he dashes off once more to challenge and examine "other scenes." RAUL SANTANA

(1) Quoted from "The Village Square" as syndicated in 14 Jan., 1966 issue of the Los Angeles FREE PRESS

(2) THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

(3) Quoted from "Other Scenes" as syndicated in 4 Feb. 1966 issue of the Los Angeles FREE PRESS. The EVO has a reciprocal Underground Press Syndicate arrangement with the FREE PRESS, the Berkeley BARB, East Lansing, Michigan's THE PAPER, and Detroit's THE FIFTH ESTATE.

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announcing

"other scenes"

For the past 15 years John Wilcock has studied what we now call "the underground". He has visited 30 countries, lived and worked in half a dozen. One of the original staff of the Village Voice, for which he wrote a weekly column until early 1966, he has recently been editing The East Village Other.

Now, still determined to publish and write without censorship, he turns to the oldest and most personal form of publication:

John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES, a fortnightly gazette will begin appearing twice monthly in January 1967.

It will contain, of course, his famous column with news of the avant garde and sympathetic and sometimes cynical comment on art, politics, pornography, religion, pot, sociology, humor. In addition will be news, pictures and features about the furthest-out and the furthest-in trends all over the world. Other Scenes will not waste its' readers' time covering yesterday whenever it can offer, instead, the news of tomorrow.

Every year its intrepid editor will report personally from most of the following world capitals: Athens, Amsterdam, Budapest, Copenhagen, London, Montreal, Mexico City, Paris, Rome and Tokyo. At least once a year subscribers will receive, instead of the Gazette, some surprise: a rare herb, say, from Jamaica, or maybe a set of postcards from Yugoslavia or a sex magazine from Japan.

**John Wilcock, 39, is the author of "Mexico On \$5 A Day" and similar books on Japan, Greece & California. He lives in Greenwich Village and travels 20,000 miles each year. His column has appeared in the Village Voice, EVO, the Toronto Daily Star, Mainichi Daily News, Los Angeles Free Press, Berkeley Barb, Australian OZ and Paris Gazette.*

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continued from page 3

the outside world and the outside world from the automobile.

Highway design has not improved in 30 years. The New Jersey Turnpike (the straightest possible roadbed with the least variation possible in elevation, direction, width, color or texture) symbolizes the highway engineer's dream-come-true and the driver's nightmare -- carrying a promissory death notice. Although no such conditions exist, one might assume that the design of such superhighways assumes that each vehicles will be locked into a mechanized radio control system which directs its movements. Human beings seem to be precluded, or else they are being pitted for endurance against the limits of an imaginary mechanical system.

URBAN RENEWAL -- There has been apparent physical and economic deterioration of the older sections of large American cities. Slum clearance was encouraged to eliminate blight. More recently, urban renewal has been promoted as the panacea. Its objectives are accepted without question as the expression of the general will. In the name of progress and clearing the slums at any price, urban renewal has obliterated the architectural heritage of most American cities, uprooted thousands from their established neighborhoods and forced them to invade hostile sanctuaries, and failed to produce any new environments which are superior to ones which were bulldozed away.

The mass evacuation of slum dwellers has been one of the most devastating aspects of urban renewal. The techniques utilized by the Urban Renewal Administration parallel those used by Adolph Eichmann in the "Final Solution" to the

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THE CON ED CAPER

Reprinted from "Captain America" by
Ted White, Bantam Books, 50¢.



It was shortly after midnight that the anonymous late-model Ford turned off the FDR drive at Houston street cutting west. Riding in the car with Sparrow were Randolph and Marcus. Marcus was checking out a bulky suitcase, the side of which had a set of electrical connections. Randolph was working with the contents of the other suitcase.

The weather had suddenly turned warm, a hollow echo of Indian Summer. Gusty southwestern breezes pushed through the half-open windows of the car. The East River, when they had come over the Brooklyn Bridge, had been obscured by fog, the bridge lights pale misty moons. Clouds of fog were blowing in from the river now, as they left it, heading west on Houston.

At Avenue D, Sparrow swung the car right, heading north again. This was the worst part of the East Side, but at this hour all but deserted. Trash blew unhindered in the streets, rising in small clouds behind the car.

At 14th St., they turned east again.

There is only a short block between Avenue D and the FDR Drive at 14th St. On the south side sits a huge transformer switch yard, guarded by a high fence. On the north side sits the main Manhattan Consolidated Edison power generating plant. Even now its tall stacks belched pollution into the air. The city regularly fined the monolithic utility company, but Con-Ed only shrugged, paid the fines, and added them to its already staggering consumer bills. Across the Drive, nestled between it and the East River, almost obscured by the fog now, and only a hulking blotch of darkness, was a coal elevator, into which coal was dumped from river

barges. The coal was hauled up several stories, and conveyor-belted across the Drive into the power-plant, where it was burned, supplying energy for the giant generators that supplied most of Manhattan's electric power, and then became soot, falling gently from the air onto thousands of windowsills across the island.

It was a blot upon the city, Marcus felt. He felt a kind of boyish glee at what they were about to do. Perhaps someday the city would thank him. It was a thought worth smiling about.

Randolph had assembled the laser gun with care. Now he plugged its leads to the power pack in the other suitcase, and handed the seapon to Sparrow.

It didn't look like much. It consisted mainly of a tube. It was one of the new gas types that didn't use a jewel. Energy was pumped into the tubular chamber. It was converted into photons -- light particles. These bounced back and forth between the mirrors at each end of the chamber until they were perfectly aligned, and could escape at one end as congruent light.

With the tight red beam of light, diamonds could be cut, messages sent to the moon -- anything -- the possible uses of the laser as a tool or weapon are almost unlimited.

Sparrow used the beam to carve through solid inches of steel, to cut through the heavy maintenance shielding of the bearing assembly at the hub of one of the huge powerhouse generators. He used it to fuse and destroy the bearing upon which the giant generator rotor spun.

There were nine generators in the pow-

erhouse. Without pause, he moved on to the next. And then the next.

The instant the bearing had been damaged on the first generator, imbalance was introduced to the tons of spinning mass that was the rotor. A vibration was setup.

When the bearing was destroyed, vast amounts of friction were quickly created by the spinning shaft. The rotor, no longer on a true course, began scraping against the fixed fields. Showers of sparks began to fly from the wobbling generator while the bearing journal heated to a red glow. The vibration was shaking the steel mounts imbedded in concrete, and through the concrete, the whole structure of the powerhouse. A terrible screaming filled the air, the keening screech of tortured metal.

Very quickly the agonies of the first generator were joined by those of the others. The place sounded -- felt -- like a madhouse. Sparrow was laughing insanely, tears streaking his face.

Smoke was filling the great room, and with it the smell of burning rubber and ozone. Marcus grabbed Sparrow's shoulder, all but stumbling on the dancing surface of the vibrating floor.

"Boss!" he shouted into Sparrow's ear. "We gotta get out!"

Sparrow shook the man loose, but nodded, and beckoned toward the entrance. Stumbling, running, the three ran for the doorway.

Outside the air was thick with fog, and the fog muffled the terrible death throes of the powerhouse. The pounding vibrations could still be felt through the pavement, but the machines were dying, and soon they would slow to a stop.

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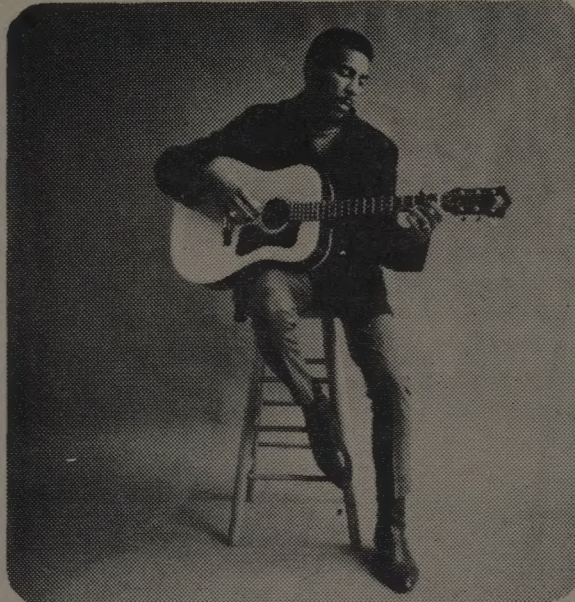
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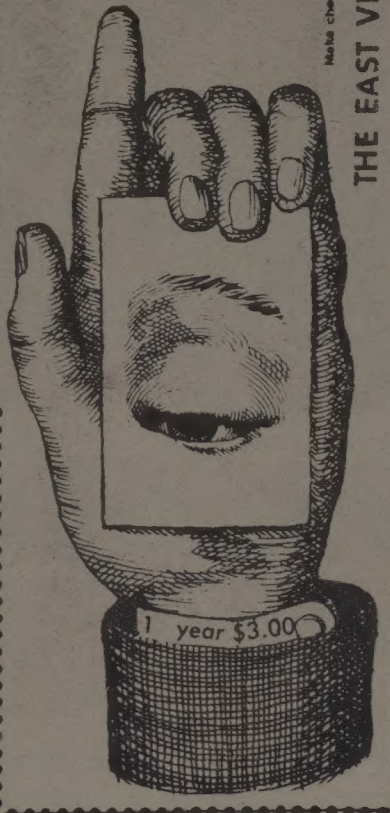
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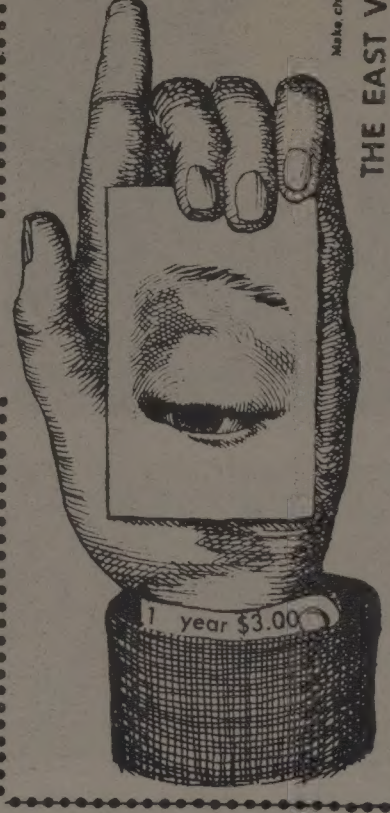
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