

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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CALVARY AGAIN



by Walter H. Bowart

"The Messiah will come only when he is no longer necessary, he will come only on the day after his arrival, he will come not on the last day, but on the very last."

—Franz Kafka

The figure of Jesus Christ, nailed to a wooden cross on top of a dirt hill was mutilated by violent and hating youths under the watchful eyes of the local guardians of the state.

It was Easter morning, 1966, and the sculpture representing the figure of Christ was erected on a hill in Tompkins Park. Hundreds of people early in the day had been moved by

the sculpture and by the statement of a 21-year-old artist, who felt that he was worshipping God in his own way by exhibiting the sculpture he had spent six months in constructing.

At 8 a.m. the bearded, long-haired youth walked up "Hoving's Hill" and put down a large pipe welded to three legs. He then walked down the blacktop walk to Avenue A and disappeared into a store.

From the store, there emerged three other "beatniks" carrying a ten-foot cross which had a six-foot effigy—sculpted in wood, metal and plaster—crucified on it.

"Where you going with that?" screamed the

park attendant. "You can't bring that in here! I'll call the cops! You ain't got a permit! I'll call the cops!"

A group of ten or fifteen, with beards, strange hats, sunglasses, and long hair, straggled across the park to watch the erection of the crucifix.

The paparazzi swarmed.

Joey Skaggs, the sculptor of the piece, went to talk to a policeman who had come at the complaint of the park attendant. Someone had a flag. There was no disturbance. No, this was not a group protesting anything political. Joey Skaggs gave the police one of his dittoed statements. The cop told Joey that he'd have

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PSYCHEDELIC IGNORANCE

Out of fear or ignorance, the medical profession has abdicated the control of psychedelic drugs to the federal beauracacy. A campaign of terror and sensationalism coupled with prohibitive legislation is now being waged by the FDA. RE: The letter to college deans. Treatments and diagnosis of "panic reaction" cases in our public hospitals is being badly handled.

The recent case of five-year-old Donna Wingenroth, who was "treated" at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn points to the failure on the part of the medical profession to become informed on the nature and treatment of LSD. Young Donna, who accidentally swallowed a sugar cube containing a dose of LSD, was treated as if she had swallowed a deadly poison. Her stomach was pumped, her hands tied to the sides of her crib, and a glucose needle put into her vein. This would have been a frightening experience for any five year old, and it was magnified by the effects of the psychedelic agent. In a state of panic, Mrs. Wingenroth, not knowing the nature of LSD, put her daughter into the hands of physicians who thought they were treating a toxic poison, rather than a child in an altered consciousness situation.

LSD is toxic only in very large quantities. Several cases of young children accidentally ingesting LSD have been reported to re-

searchers. In most cases the children received no medical attention and suffered no known psychological or physiological aftereffects. It would be better to leave all "panic reaction" cases out of the hands of "medicine men" who are evidently not aware of even one of the many antidotes. In California, where the use of psychedelic substances is more widespread than in New York, a special clinic has been set up to more effectively deal with the problem. Trained specialists are provided to soothe and guide the psychedelic voyager back to security.

It is unrealistic to believe that LSD consumption is going to stop because it has been made illegal. Curiosity and "kicks" will continue to make it a popular experiment for our spiritually starved society.

It is also to be expected that disturbed adults are going to have "panic reactions" and seek comfort from our hospitals; and, from time to time, a psychedelic substance may accidentally fall into the hands of children. To avoid complicated repercussions and provide a rational backstop to the "psychedelic revolution" the medical profession must become informed of the true nature of these consciousness expanding chemicals and plants. This means that the doctors themselves must take them to understand the states of mind which are produced.

IS GOD DEAD ?

In red letters on a black background the April 8th cover of Time magazine screamed, "IS GOD DEAD?" The official satire magazine of the establishment, Time's article while discussing a problem of theology points to a hidden political problem.

In a time in American politics when we are plunging headlong toward automated totalitarianism, Time states, "Nearly one of every two men on earth lives in thralldom to a brand of totalitarianism that condemns religion as the opiate of the masses—which has stirred some to heroic defense of their faith but has also driven millions from any sense of God's existence. Millions more, in Africa, Asia and South America, seem destined to be born without any expectation of being summoned to the knowledge of the one God."

Prematurely one might think that at last the crusades have ended. No longer can our nation go to war "with God on our side." Now NO excuse is needed.

Though God, the Christian old man in the long white beard, may have passed from the collective unconscious as an archetypal image, the basic spiritual requirements inherent in man still need to be fulfilled. If Christianity has failed, what then will provide the spiritual fulfillment which psychiatrists, philosophers, and theologians say is necessary to man's existence?

This civilization has progressed to a point where it is too noisy to practice the contemplative spiritual arts. The discipline of God has been replaced by the technology of chemistry.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dr. Timothy Leary, Boo Hoo of Millbrook
Protector of Mexico
The Castalia Foundation
Millbrook, N. Y.

Dear Tim,
I have just heard about the monstrous and savage penalty imposed on you for going about your religious duty.

You have always been, and always will be, the real head of the New-American Church. You are our inspiration and our guide. If it were not for your work, your words, and your courage, we would not exist.

I am at your disposal—the church is at your disposal. Cannabis is probably the most commonly used and best form of the True Host for group ceremonial use.

Are Roman Catholic priests searched at the border? Is sacramental wine taxed, or seized? I doubt it—yet alcohol is a narcotic and cannabis is not.

I wrote Dick Alpert about a week ago suggesting a conference this summer of all leaders of groups and churches interested in the religious aspect of psychedelic experience, with a view towards forming our own "council of churches." You should certainly be at the head of any such group, even if, God forbid, you are in prison.

And if you do go to prison, I personally intend to see to it that you are given the opportunity to form a congregation of inmates and guards alike within prison walls and distribute Holy Communion to them—as is your right.

We are with you all the way.

Love,
Art Kleps
Patriarch of the West, Chief
Boo Hoo
Neo-American Church

P. S. Keep your chin up Susan.

To the Editors:

You seem to be confused about the laws regulating LSD. And while I'm at it I'll include pot.

As of last July 1, the state penal law (section 1747-d), the education law (!) (section 6804-r) and the mental hygiene law (section 229) were amended to make illegal "the possession, sale, exchange or giving away of hallucinogenic drugs or preparations (starmonium, mescaline or peyote, lysergic acid diethylamide and psilocybin) by other than licensed physicians who hold a license issued by the commissioner of mental hygiene or by persons whose possession is for the purpose of aiding public officers in performing their official duties." The only qualifications are that the commissioner of mental hygiene may issue a permit for use "to licensed physicians for such scientific and medical reasons as the commissioner may prescribe."

But he could—if pressure were brought to bear—"by regulation, exclude any such preparations as he may determine to be desirable from the restrictions."

Hallucinoheads hauled in on a "1747" may receive up to a year in jail and/or a \$500 fine (misdemeanor). Subsequent convictions may net a doubled sentence.

Possession of less than one-quarter ounce of pot is a misdemeanor; that's about, I understand, a nickel bag or perhaps two very clean nickel bags.

With possession of more than one-quarter ounce goes the legal presumption that you're selling it—a felony. If they get you for possession alone, the sentence runs, I seem to recall, one to three years. If they get you for selling it, trading it or giving it away (!), I understand the sentence can run much higher (McKinney's Consolidated Law Compendium, New York State Penal, Sections 1751-3... in the Public Library).

Interestingly, the law equates a quarter ounce to 25 rolled cigarettes. It's a mighty stingy smoker, I'm told, who can get 25 joints out of a nickel bag these days, so it would seem the person who keeps it rolled up gets a break.

A side note: The UN sponsored a survey 15 years ago which estimated that at least 200,000,000 people—6-1/2% of the world's population—use marijuana in one form or another. With improved agriculture (and more arable land), transportation and communications in the 1960's, the figure probably has jumped considerably.

PS: Do any grass, flower, seed or mushroom enthusiasts know if Lemar is still located at Box 133, NYC 9? Robert Wolf

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps it would be a good idea to legalize pot. If the so-called "power structure" were to see the light, so to speak, and rescind its current restrictions, maybe the hordes of "protest" pot-smokers would likewise discover that their childish reactions to a state of things beyond their control are meaningless. To smoke as a hostile gesture toward a hated "middle-class" society as asinine as sitting on a flagpole and screaming. "Here I am, folks; please look at me."

The only legitimate reason to smoke marijuana is to use it as a means to a paradise. But even this justification of the act is essentially meaningless in view of the fact that man can never know when he has reached the true paradise. After he has been high as the sky for a few hours, he must always return physically and mentally to this world. Pot may serve the purpose of escape for a few hours, but then what good is the experience? I submit that there is no useful purpose in taking any drug with the expectation of playing God to escape from a reality which will always be present. Let's legalize pot to hasten its demise. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Greg R. Malone

Dear Other—

Having just read your snag on L. B. J. I was moved to write you—which I felt like doing after the first "Other" I read months ago.

Do you think we could get a reprint in the Times? Or the Congressional Record? It is, perhaps, the best thing I've read on L. B. J. so far, and meets the emotions of those of us who are rent by "America today" exactly.

Your whole paper is tops, and I dig your stories too. Watch out for undercover men.

Have you thought of doing some sort of photo montage of draft card burners (humans) being attacked by Boston mobs, and anti-"dope" rallies with Hearst headlines and caption "It could not happen here." That, plus the grotesquerie of cops in the Village now makes one feel that this is the new Germany.

God bless, and keep cool.

Kenneth Appleton
Merrick, New York

Dear John Wilcock:

I'm writing on behalf of my client, John Rosevear, who was the defendant in an action charging him with violation of the Michigan Narcotics Control Act. Mr. Rosevear, after a great deal of soul-searching, decided to forego a trial and plead guilty to the offense. He is scheduled to be sentenced on April 21; prior to sentencing the law requires an investigation and recommendation by the county probation department. I would like to request that you write a letter to the probation department here indicating your appraisal of his character, and most important, your observations and opinions of his book regarding its validity as a study of marijuana, its social significance, and its literary quality.

Although John was the accused, there were times when it appeared as if his book were actually on trial. The police department will most likely also make a pitch to the probation officer. They seem to be taking the position that the book is nothing but a manual to instruct people on how to grow marijuana and how to smoke it, and that John is out to subvert the whole character of society.

The letter should be sent to the Department of Adult Probation, Washtenaw County Building, Ann Arbor, Michigan. John is scheduled to meet with the probation officer on April 11; all communications should be in their hands by that date.

Thank you very much for your consideration.

Yours very truly,
Ron Paul

Judson Chamber Concerts

Bach Motet No. 6. Other works by Rameau, Gesualdo, Beethoven, and Italian Masters. Edward Druer, conductor & harpsichord; June Jasper, soprano; Janet Millard, flute; & The Judson Chamber Choir. Sunday, April 24, 5:00PM Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square South. Contribution

APOCALYPTIC TATTOO

by Walter Bowart

Apocalyptic Tattoo, an underground tattoo parlor, set up in a cold water apartment on the Lower East Side does not feature "Mother," or hula girls, or battle ships, or any of the other usual tattoo designs. Instead, it offers a wide choice of apocalyptic visions, mandalas, LSD inspired sunbursts, and consciousness expanded eyes in as many as twenty colors—not just the usual three.

The two tattooists, Paul and Barry, are both artists on canvas as well as with needle on skin and they have set up their illicit tattoo parlor not out of any profit motive, but rather as a natural extenuation of their artistic pursuits. So far their clients have included a designer for Lord and Taylor, an editor of *Vogue*, and many artists who wanted their own designs transferred to skin.

The process is simple. The tattoo first designed on paper is transferred to an acetate stencil 2,000th of an inch thick. The area to be tattooed is shaved, swabbed with alcohol, and vaseline is applied. Medical charcoal powdered through the stencil sticks to the vaseline in the form of the design and the outline is followed by the liner needle making 3,000 punctures only 1/32nd of an inch deep. Next the colors are put in with a shading needle and the total area is rinsed with alcohol and bandaged.

The tattoo takes from ten minutes to one half hour depending on the intricacy of design, with an hour sitting enough for all but the toughest patron. Though the process is not painful, soreness does develop, limiting the amount of time endured.

Strict health measures are followed. All equipment is medically sterilized and precautions are taken against infection and hepatitis, the two major enemies of tattooing.

The third enemy of tattooing is a New York City law. It is presently being contested by the Civil Liberties Union, which feels that the city's law is unconstitutional under the first amendment. The N. Y. C. L. U. states that no art form may be absolutely prohibited, even though it may lend itself to instances of crudity and debasement.

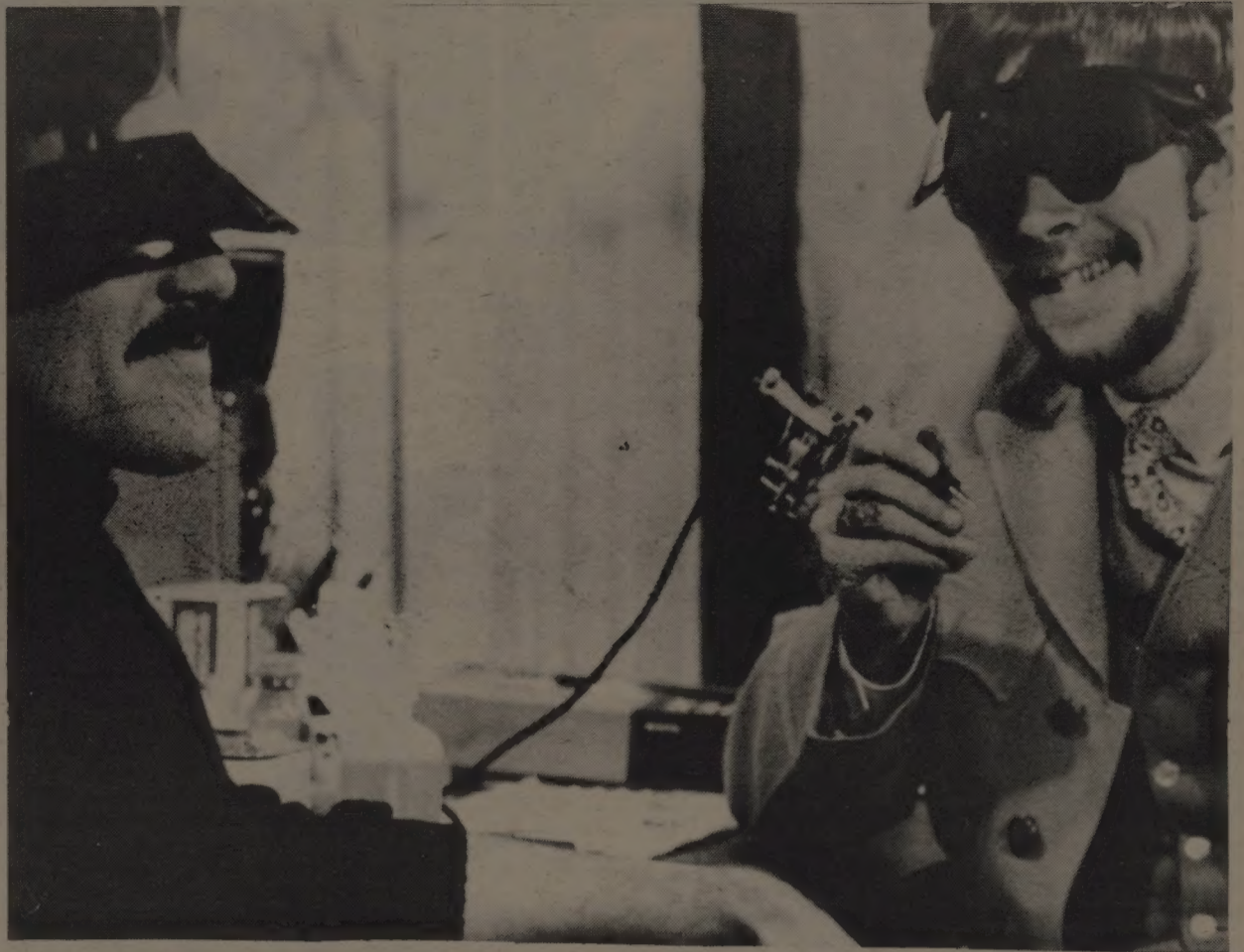
The ordinance was brought about by the Health Department, which said that tattoo needles were responsible for transferring hepatitis germs. A Justice of the N. Y. State Appellate Court issued a statement in 1961 when reinstating the ban on tattooing: "It is still true that there is no accounting for taste, but the decoration, so called, of the human body by tattoo designs is in our culture, a barbaric survival, often associated with a morbid or abnormal personality."

The Apocalyptic Tattoo agrees about the "abnormal personality" part stating that the artists and creative people who constitute their clientele are abnormal in the sense that they are creative.

"Unlike most American tattoo artists," Paul said, "we would like to work in *chiaroscuro* and with hard needles such as in Japan where tattooing reached its height. We'd like to find our way to a common symbolism of body adornment, and bring tattooing to occupy its rightful place as an art form."

Tattoos were first brought to the civilized world by sailors returning from the South Seas. They superstitiously had roosters or pigs tattooed on their instep with the words "hold fast" underneath the designs to help them in their climbs about the rigging of the sailing ships.

Soon the aristocracy became interested in tattooing and the fad swept throughout the court of England and spread to the Continent. The practice is perpetuated today on the tattooed torso of King Frederick of Denmark. Still surviving as a custom among seafaring men, the major U. S. centers of the tattoo art are at Scolloy Square in Boston; the Norfolk Va. shipyards; in New London, Conn.; Coney Island; The Brooklyn Navy Yard; and near Madison Square Garden in New York City.



ACID TEST REPORT

Acid Test—San Francisco Reporter Richard Honigman

No doubt you've heard rumours about Acid Tests in San Francisco. What's it all about? Imagine:

Hundreds of people filling a huge dance floor, dressed in "ecstatic clothes"—striped stockings, sequined and iridescent-painted bodies, flapper costumes, Victorian dress, top hats, sailor suits, Indian costumes, and undefinable "psychedelic" outfits. Strobe lights flashing at varying rhythms. Color patterns projected on the walls. Loud, powerful, pulsating electronic music from a group such as "The Grateful Dead," or "Big Brother and The Holding Company," or Dow Jones and the Industrials." An odd parallel to "Jumpin' at the Savoy" of a generation ago.

Almost everyone is high on acid—it's in the punch which is labeled "Electric Kool-Aid." The scene can only be described as a happening. Where is the audience? Who are the performers?

Bodies milling about, some sitting, other hundreds dancing. The music slows, the dancers slow, the dance takes on an Indian feeling; the music gets weirdly oriental, then speeds up again and the whole place wigs in a frenzied profusion of writhing bodies atune to the current dance evolution. Lights flash, large balloons fly in and out. Dancers and watchers, performers and spectators merge into a unity. No one is running the party anymore—everyone is!

Everyone is considerate. There are no hassles. In the corner of the dance floor is a large

freeform sheetmetal sculpture about six feet in circumference. It has large flat planes folding in it. People go over and start beating on it, making a sound like thunder funneled through a steel drum band.

It is the Mardi-Gras, a peyote ritual, Stephenwolf's Magic Theatre... price of admission, your mind.

By 2, the auditorium is rocking in a crescendo of sensual delight. Then the police. In honor of a local ordinance they have come to stop the party.

What can a group of police do to several hundred Bohemians, artists, beatniks, students, and freaks with a common denominator of being on "acid," and possessing anti-establishment ideas? Most treated the police like poor little boys with authority hang-ups.

Protective paranoia made the faint of heart leave when the fuzz became obviously insistent. Eventually the police had to escort practically each person out separately. Their main problem was to stop the entertainment: What was the entertainment and who was performing?

An hour later, the cops got down to stopping hand cymbals and finger snapping. The very end was when a cop shouted, "Stop that VVVrrroooooommmmm." The toy motorcycle-sound simulator for bicycles.

The thing the police couldn't perceive was that each human being was entertaining himself.

OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

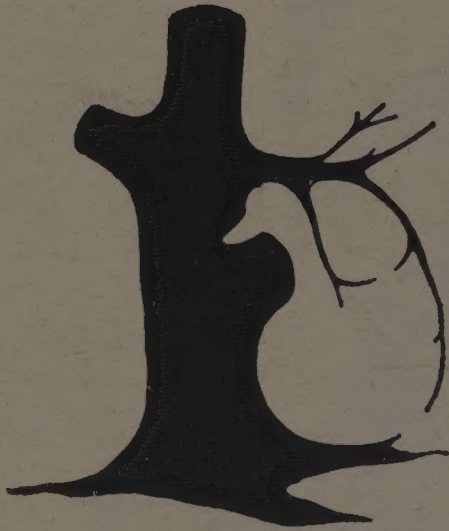
I suppose it is only human to be curious about the arrangements in spacecraft for the astronauts to perform what are politely described as natural functions. Important as this aspect of space technology undoubtedly is, it is thought rather distasteful to talk about and I recall the embarrassed prudishness of Soviet experts at one space conference, who declined to answer questions on the grounds that there were ladies present. I thought that Colonel Edward White, addressing the AAAS at Berkeley did better. When the Gemini men poured their "liquid body wastes"—as the colonel called them—into space, the minute particles drifted across the sky. He described them gleaming in the light of sunset. "like great clouds of diamonds". But what happened after that? Will the clouds of uric diamonds be seen as yet another impediment to the radio astronomer like those notorious needles? Perhaps, like the citizens of eighteenth-century Edinburgh, the astronauts really ought to have shouted "Gardylloo!"—Aniadre writing in London's "New Scientist" magazine.

"New Yorkers, I believe, are ready to be casually friendly exactly to the degree that the line of retreat to their necessary anonymity is covered. Strangers do talk at a bar but they never identify themselves and their chat is forever ended when one of them walks out of the door".—John Ciardi, in a piece in *Saturday Review* in which he advocates a central telephone exchange where people can plug in for anonymous casual conversation.

It is the war which is primarily responsible for the growing apathy towards the plight of American Negroes. Those who must rationalize an unjust war in Vietnam under the banner of defending freedom, are becoming increasingly reluctant to admit social injustice at home. The brutalizing effect of war propaganda is desolving the conscience of a people who were once outraged by the violence perpetrated upon southern Negroes. The Administration, which now relies on the Ellenders, Russells, and Longs to support its Vietnam policy is every day more reticent to push a cause which is opposed by the likes of these "defenders of the Free World." —Peace Perspectives.

All that the Christian opponents of birth control failed to achieve, the Christian opponents of abortion law reform are even now endeavouring to accomplish, and by similar methods. That they too will fail, and for the same reasons as their zealous forerunners, is only a partial consolation—how many women must lose their lives unnecessarily, have their health ruined unnecessarily, suffer unnecessary misery, while this dreary battle is fought out once more between the self-appointed guardians of our morality and the rest?—Madeleine Simms in "The Humanist," \$3 annually from 40 Drury Lane, London, WC 2.

Only Congress has the constitutional authority to commit this nation to an offensive military action. If we are to have war, then let the representatives of the people legally declare it as such and then give our troops the weapons they need to win it. If not, then let's get out of Viet Nam and stop killing our young men needlessly.—"On Target," monthly bulletin of the Minutemen, P. O. Box 68, Norbone, Mo.

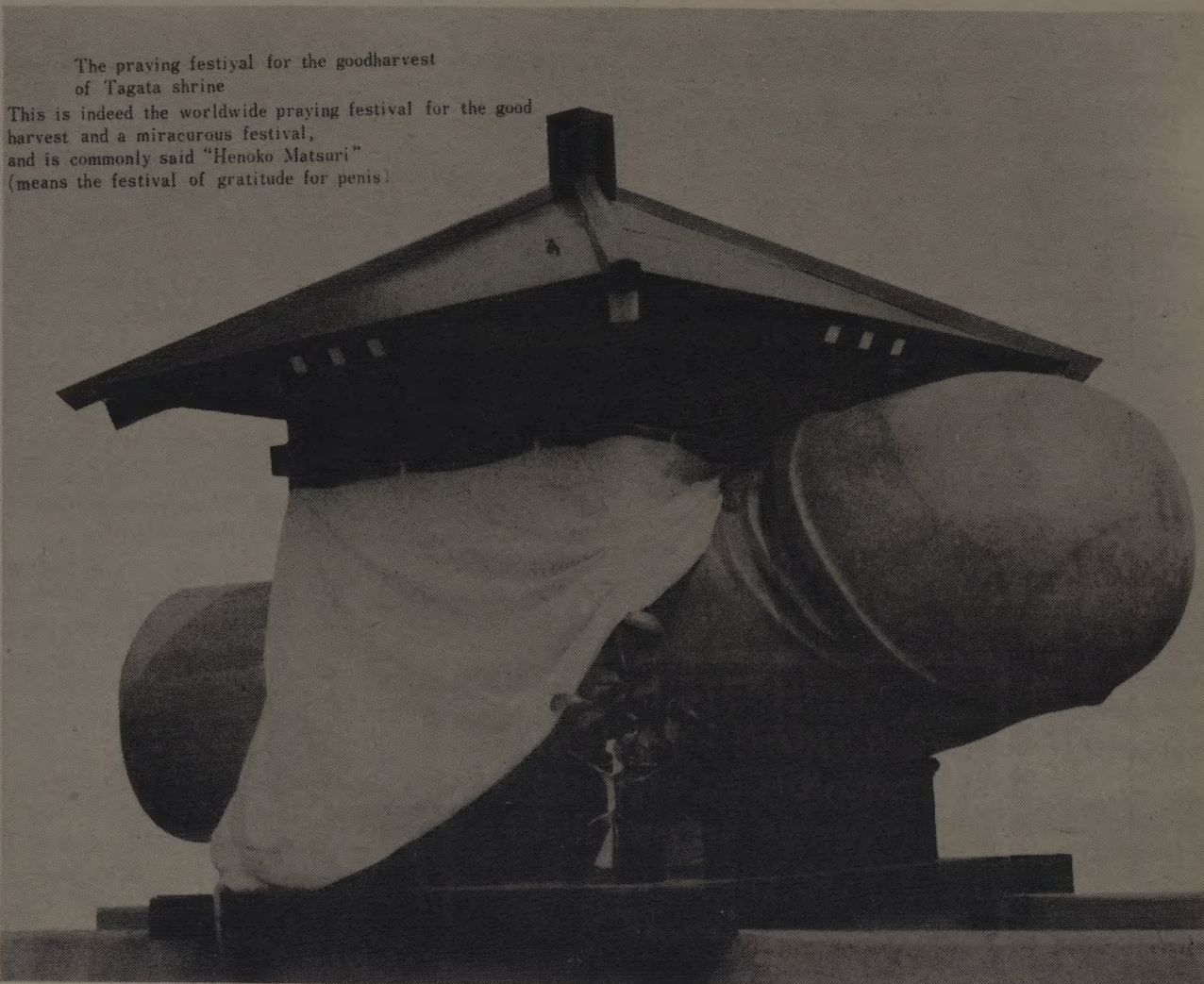


AN UNNOTICED DUCK ENTERS THE MIND

Because of civil rights activities many people have been forced out of their homes or jobs in Mississippi. A few have found work with the cooperatives making tote bags, leather goods, clothes. Send stamped addressed envelope to Liberty House (P. O. Box 3193, Jackson, Miss.) for a list of such handmade products....Freeport, Grand Bahama, a privately-owned and operated city with its own hotels, churches, industries and legal gambling may be an early tipoff to the way Western civilization is heading: nationalism under private enterprise....Most representative selection of current American poetry so far produced is the bilingual collection, "Poesia degli ultimi americana," by the Italian publisher Feltrinelli (Via Andegari 6, Milano). Everybody from Ginsberg, Kerouac, Creeley to O'Hara, Olson and Sanders....Heaven help us if politicians ever learn how to manipulate us via our emotions as efficiently as do the operators of discotheques...And, apropos this, I'd like to recommend Elias Canetti's paperback, "Crowds

& Power" (Viking, \$1.95) which is surely one of the most perceptive books ever written. Canetti has analysed what a crowd is, how it gets that way, what makes it change, what it is capable of, how it can be channeled and where it goes. His prose is sometimes poetry: "Man has always listened to the footsteps of other men; he has certainly paid more attention to them than to his own..."....England in the midst of an investing boom in gold medallions. Dozens of firms turning out such commemoratives as "The Battle of Hastings Medal," "Fire of London Medal," "British Prime Minister Series," even the "25th Anniversary of the Death of Lord Baden-Powell Medal." All sold at exorbitant prices and containing only one-third gold.

The battle for sexual freedom, despite some recent gains, still continues: freedom from social condemnation, "guilty conscience," prudish censorship and sometimes legal action. In this country we're at the stage where what we are fighting for is the right to be horny, legitimately to have our sexual prurience deliberately aroused. But in Sweden, traditionally more permissive in this area, they're hotly arguing the merits of a book that calls for more tolerance towards "perverts." Homosexuality, says author Lars Ullerstam, is about the only "deviation" that has gained even partial acceptance. And why shouldn't you be free to practise any "deviation" you want, if that's the way you get your kicks? This is one of the questions he poses in "The Erotic Minorities" (Grove Press, \$6). Dr. Ullerstam adds: "I would like to advise the many impotent and frigid people to find out for themselves which sexual act they find the most repulsive—and then to try to commit this act as an experiment...Moral courage and self-discipline are required for such an experiment but there are reports of successful cases in which disgust has transformed itself into voluptuousness, the embarrassed reaction becomes ecstasy....We carry many slumbering possibilities within ourselves and often they are revealed only by accident."



The praying festival for the goodharvest of Tagata shrine
This is indeed the worldwide praying festival for the good harvest and a miraculous festival, and is commonly said "Henoko Matsuri" (means the festival of gratitude for penis)

A "High" School of Music and Art

by John Wilcock

Andy Warhol and his four-member pop group, The Velvet Underground, came to the Village last week, settling into the tatty, old Polish National Hall (above the Dom, on St. Mark's Place) for a three-week stay. A slender, white hand-painted banner stretching from the balcony of the third-floor hall almost to the street was lit by winking lights diverting the young couples who had almost decided to enter the ground-floor Dom and listen to Tony Scott.

Upstairs, Warhol (silver hair, shades, leather jacket) watched impassively from the balcony as about one-third of the tables in the vast hall filled up as soon as the ticket office opened. "It's a place for people who have nothing to do," he said. He had just spent two days signing contracts. "They took my paintings as collateral. My pictures are collateral for everything." An ironic thought from an artist who admits that he himself doesn't even paint most of his pictures—merely signs them.

(Recently the Dannon yoghurt people invited him to paint their truck, actually *paint* it. Of course, everybody tells Andy that he should collect a fat fee, hire a couple of truck painters and merely sign their work. Conversely, there's the man uptown who's opening a new discotheque and invited Warhol to design it for him. Andy refused but the man is broadcasting it around that he's hired Warhol and nobody will know the difference anyway unless Andy sues.)

For the first part of opening night on St. Mark's Place there was some worry about whether the bar could open or not but by

half past ten it did (beer 75 cents, cokes 50 cents) and customers were carrying paper plates of 50-cent sandwiches (salami, bologna, swiss cheese) back to their red and white checkered tablecloths, anxious not to miss any of the gradually expanding action.

Onstage the rear wall was still being painted while the movie "Couch" was being projected on it, giving an interesting three-dimensional effect to the film, and even if there hadn't been a stepladder in front of the "screen" it still wouldn't have been too easy to follow the plot because infrequent bursts of rock and roll would burst through the amplifiers completely drowning out the already garbled soundtrack. Occasionally a couple would get up and dance but most people preferred to sit and watch.

A pair of other projectors up in the balcony went into action beaming two different movies onto the narrow strips of wall beside the stage. A colored spotlight onstage focused onto the mirrored ball that revolved in the ceiling sending pinpoint of light on predictable circuits around the room. A plastic globe glowed in cycles of changing pastel colors.

Somebody was watching the late news on a tiny, portable television set. "Wow!" said Andy. "Wouldn't it be great if we could have one of those on every table?"

The action was hotting up. Colored floodlights stabbed out from the corners, caressing the dancers with beams of green, orange, purple. At one point three loudspeakers were pouring out a cacophony of different sounds; three records played simultaneously. Oddly it all seemed to fit. "Vinyl" was playing on the screen ("We borrowed that story from

Anthony Burgess," Andy says. "Hope he doesn't mind. We wanted to buy his book but we couldn't afford it.") but it was being obscured by brightly colored slides and patterns from two slide machines operated by Jacki Casson. Slashes of red and blue, squares of black and white, rows of dancing dots covered the walls, the ceiling, the dancers.

Twice during the evening were sets by the Velvet Underground, a group whose howling, throbbing beat is amplified and extended by electronic dial-twiddling. It is a sound hard to describe, even harder to duplicate, but haunting in its uniqueness. And with the Velvets came the blonde, bland, beautiful Nico, another cooler Dietrich for another cooler generation.

From upfront, by the stage, the hall was a frantic, frenzied fandango of action: the lights flashing on and off, the fragmented pieces of movies, the colored patterns and slides sweeping the mirrored walls, the steady white beams of balcony projectors, the Sylvania strip lighting writhing on the floor, flashing on and off like a demented snake who's swallowed phosphorus, the foot-long flashlights of Gerard Malanga randomly stabbing the darkened hall as he danced frenetically in front of the group.

When they counted the takings they discovered that more than 400 people had paid the \$2.50 to attend. Already Andy Warhol, sometime painter, has been fingerprinted for a cabaret card (which, typically, bears the picture of his assistant, Paul Morrissey). Now there is talk of unions and agents and long-term contracts. Art has come to the discotheque and it will never be the same again.

ANDY WARHOL'S VELVET UNDERGROUND



Superstars Gerard Malanga And Mary Woronov On Film On Stage On Vinyl

LIVE MUSIC, DANCING, ULTRA SOUNDS, VISIONS, LIGHTWORKS BY DANIEL WILLIAMS; COLOR SLIDES BY JACKIE CASSEN, DISCOTHEQUE, REFRESHMENTS, INGRID SUPERSTAR, FOOD, CELEBRITIES, AND MOVIES, INCLUDING: VINYL, SLEEP, EAT, KISS, EMPIRE, WHIPS, FACES, HARLOT, HEDY, COUCH, BANANA, BLOW JOB, ETC., ETC., ETC. ALL IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME.

First come first served. Occupancy by more than 750 people is considered unlawful. Program repeated Saturday, April 21st, 3 PM, for teenage tots and Tillie Dropout Dance Marathon Matinee \$1.

AT THE OPEN STAGE 23 ST. MARK'S (BET. 2ND & 3RD AVES.) 9-2 NITELY
NO MINIMUM, WEEKNIGHTS \$2.00, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY \$2.59 674-9742

Lindsay's Harassment of Artists

Night Crawlers Invade the Bridge Theatre



Producers of The Bridge Theatre: L to R; Aldo Tambellini, Arthur Sainer, Elsa Tambellini and Margot Sherman

ARTIST'S PARTY RAIDED

by Stan Steiner

In the quiet of the night—it was about 2 a.m. on the tower clock—seventy-five artists and writers marched through the park and up the steps of City Hall. The first thing the guardians of the citadel did was to lock up—lest the uninvited nocturnal guests haunt the ghostly corridors of New York City government. Who knows what marching artists and writers might do at night.

Leon Golub, the artist who had led the band through the streets of the dark city on their surrealist pilgrimage, explained: There had been an Artists' Peace Party in a loft on Prince Street. It was an "ordinary loft party"—so he said. "You know, wild, way-out things, like an old-time kissing booth and orgiastic revelers, like a live rock-and-roll band—'The New Eras'—and debilitating libations like Coca Cola, and (oh, may the teetotaling police forgive us) hard liquor and, worst of all, a film on the Artists' Peace Tower in Los Angeles.

That seemed to do it. Even before the film of peace had found a flickering niche on the wall of the loft the party was raided by half a dozen squad cars, two Fire Department Chief's cars, and a beautiful, red fire engine. Several dozen firemen and policemen milled about; the more adventurous Green Berets of civic virtue among them, daringly charging up four flights—the detective was so winded he barely made it—to protect the citizenry from artistry.

Yeah, someone did say: "It's a raid!"

However, the guardians of morality ignored the revelers and made a bee-line for the bar. One red-faced policeman promptly confiscated the liquor; he disappeared with the cases, then returned to carry off the single bottles; he returned again to take the half-empty bottles. He was not interested in the Coke.

Once they had protected everyone's liquid morality, by seizing the liquor, they seized the liquor dispensers—two college kids—who shrugged, and disappeared the way of the bottles.

It was then the firemen's turn to make with their civic virtue. "Vacate the premises in

fifteen minutes," they ordered.

In the street, a protest march formed on the spot. Since the police never thought to confiscate the artists' brushes and paints, there were instant signs: STOP DISCRIMINATION AGAINST GOOD CLEAN FUN, and VACATE VIETNAM, NOT PEACE PARTIES.

So it was that they marched to city hall. But they, and the police who came out to meet them, were locked out. One blustering Sergeant pounded on the doors. "Let me in!" he pleaded. "You can knock all night before anyone in there wakes up," he muttered. His frustrations were apolitical and shared.

Like ravens in the night, flocks of police gathered out of nowhere, fluttering about three patrol cars that took up guarded positions across from the steps where the artists sat and sketched ("Lousy light") and the actors talked—about themselves ("So Fellini said to me...") and the writers wrote it down for posterity, or lesser rags.

"We feel we are being harrassed because we held a party for peace," Golub said, his wind-swept bald head glistening in the klieglights. He was explaining all this to a semi-official who had finally come sleepily out to inquire: "What's going on here?"

"No firemen ever raided a loft party I was at before this. Maybe pressure has been put on them (the Fire Department and the Police) by higher-ups, because this was a peace party. They were after us from the word go. It's political harassment."

The semi-official nodded. "I see," he said.

A few minutes later word came out of the dark caverns of the municipal mind that the leaders of the impromptu protest had been granted an audience with Woody Klein, Lindsay's PR drummer. Into the abyss the leaders went.

Half-hour later they returned with the official word of the Mayor's right-hand man.

"So what did he say?" the artists asked.

"He told us," Golub said, "you're artists? Come back to your friendly City Hall in the daylight and look at the art work."

The Night Crawlers of New York, known to most as the License Department, has ordered an investigation into the license status of The Bridge Theatre after a benefit performance where it was alleged that the American flag was burned on stage and child actors shouted obscenities against the President, the country and motherhood—in two languages.

License Commissioner Tyler, who called for the investigation, stated that, "Foul and lewd language derisive of the United States and its role in Viet Nam was coupled with an attack on President Johnson and flag burning. He further stated, "Children 5 to 8 years old were used as actors without the consent of the Mayor's office, and the foulest words were put into their mouths."

Elsa Tambellini, co-producer for the theatre registered shock at the impending investigation. "We were not informed about the investigation until the press started calling us." It wasn't until Monday night, two days later, that an inspector from the license department came to the theater to tell us when and where the hearing would take place." The whole thing seems to be a distortion of freedom of speech.


Miss Tambellini, who accepted all responsibility for the program, noted that "the treatre backs any artist who wants to make a statement against the war in Viet Nam." This is a clear-cut case where the city is using licensing as blackmail against small institutions to bypass the constitutionality of free speech. We are taking federal action against the city for depriving us of this inalienable right." Arthur Sainer, another co-producer, further stated that, "If everybody was arrested for an illegal act in a theatre, they would have to close down Oedipus Rex after the first 3 minutes."

Miss Tambellini said that the flag burning and questionable language was in "LBJ," a play by Jose Rodriguez-Soldero and that the children were not present when these so-called actions took place." She went on to state that in the last few days the Lindsay administration has terrorized not only The Bridge but the artists protest committee and Joey Skaggs, a sculptor. We are forming a committee to protect ourselves against this blackmail."

The committee, made up of representatives from the artists' groups: Committee on Poetry, Film Cinemateque, The Bridge, The Fugs, and The East Village Other calls itself *The New York Eternal Committee For Conservation of Freedom in The Arts*. It has drafted a petition to be sent to Mayor Lindsay and the License Department stating in effect the Committee's concern over the misunderstanding of the License Department in relation to artistic enterprises in the arts. It also sets itself up as liaison between the Mayor's office and individual artists and their artistic presentations.

The Committee feels that the whole avant garde movement is in danger of being pushed completely underground and stifled if all artists do not make a stand against the city's misunderstanding of avant garde enterprises. Anyone interested in the committee can contact Elsa Tambellini at the Bridge Theatre, OR 3-4600.

Since I started wearing BEAD GAME earrings, my lovers have 69% bigger erections.



RETURN OF THE BEAD GAME
78 E. 4th St.
Between 2nd and 3rd Aves.

I CHING

The *I Ching* (pronounced E-King), or Book of Changes, is an ancient Chinese book of prophecy, dating back to 2,500 B.C., which was studied and amended by Confucious and many other great Chinese philosophers. It is used only for the most pressing questions and in China is treated as a respected ancestor. To consult the *I Ching*, 49 yarrow reed stalks or 3 coins are thrown a number of times, resulting in a readable pattern called a hexagram. Anyone can read the answers in *I Ching*, which is published with complete instructions in the Bollingen series edition published by Pantheon Press.

QUESTION: Will the present administration have any effect on world peace?

The name of the image of the hexagram received was #50, called The Caldron.

In the book, under Hexagram 50, The Caldron "suggests the fostering and nourishing of able men...to the benefit of the state." It is the sacrificial vessel used in the nourishing of men of worth.

"The administration of government lies in getting proper men. Such men are to be got by means of the ruler's own character. That character is to be cultivated by his treading in the ways of duty. And the treading those ways of duty is to be cultivated by the cherishing of benevolence."

The judgment given in the book is: "Break-through. One must make the matter known

At the court of the King.
It must be announced truthfully. Danger. It is necessary to notify one's own city. It does not further one to resort to arms. It furthers one to undertake something. "As a result of this attitude he succeeds in finding strong and able helpers who complement and aid him in his work."

In answer to the question asked, Lao Tzu has given us this prescription:

"I have Three Treasures, which I hold fast and watch over closely. The first is Mercy. The Second is Frugality. The third is Not Daring to Be First in the World. Because I am merciful, therefore I can be brave. Because I am frugal, therefore I can be generous. Because I dare not be first, therefore I can be the chief of all vassels."

LEARY'S POLITICS & ETHICS OF ECSTASY

by Walter Bowart

"We're involved in a conflict of generations. I'm convinced that the present generation, under the age of 25, is the most sophisticated, intelligent, wise, the holiest generation in our history. And by God they'd better be!"

With these words Dr. Timothy Leary closed his lecture, *The Politics and Ethics of Ecstasy*, at Town Hall, April 5th. He spoke to an audience of 800 persons of widely diversified ages. Many in the audience were over sixty. Some were sixteen.

He spoke of a psycho-chemical revolution which he said has been growing since 1960. "The political problem of use or control of psychedelic drugs will take care of itself. Nothing can stop it."

Leary said that the minorities of the young, the creative, and the ghetto peoples, who are the primary users of psychedelic chemicals, are being persecuted by the "middle-age, middle-class, middle-brow, whiskey-drinking persons who pass our laws."

"The reason that the youth today are using LSD without supervision or control is because those of us of middle age, six or seven years ago, could not or would not set up the systems to help use and control these substances. Some time ago we estimated that in 1963 about 1 or 2 percent of the population would have used LSD. By 1970 it would have been 10 percent. By 1980 maybe 20 percent of the deans, assistant professors, and district attorneys would have come from the generation which is now exploring consciousness expansion on its own. According to the recent *Life* magazine article, it appears that the growth has been twice what we'd expected.

"Every large scale lab in the country is studying mind changing through drugs or electrical techniques. This produces an ethical dilemma."

Leary proposed two commandments of ethical behavior: 1) "Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellow man by chemical or electrical means. You can teach him how, yes. But the goal and controls must be a man's own." and, 2) "Thou shalt not prevent man from changing his own consciousness, except when clear and present danger is shown, such as when there is a threat to society or to one's self. But the goal and control of a man's own consciousness has got to be in the hands of each individual and not in the hands of a system.

"If a man's moral and ethical use of power has ever called for a precise examination, it's now, when we use these new energies. The use and management of these new techniques of

consciousness is up to the individual learning to use his own machinery. These are chemical vehicles which can control and change the heart of human beings," Leary said in reference to the experiments held by the army and the federal government with psychedelic chemicals.

Leary called for the scientists to test the new mind-changing chemicals on themselves. He said if they are to be understood and studied they must be understood from the inside.

"Since when have scientists not been courageous men?" Leary asked. "Faith and bravery are needed by the scientist of the future if he is going to make use of these chemicals like the 1491 mariners who got into ships and faced the unknown."

Leary spoke briefly of marijuana saying that it was not as powerful as three martinis. "Marijuana is only a mild sort of energizer compared to real psychedelic drugs." He further said, "These drugs, peyote, mescaline, psilocybin, the sacred mushrooms—speak the language of the nervous system. They are the potent mind-enhancers that are full of meaningful energy which we must study."

Dr. Leary announced that he would continue the lecture on April 21st at Town Hall, dealing in detail with the political implications of psychochemical revolution.

TIMOTHY LEARY THE POLITICS AND ETHICS OF ECSTASY II:



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Gentles Tripout

AS soon as they touch the sky Laddera rush of wind propels them up

Ahead is a road leading to a deep black sky cavern.

moving ahead quickly no one notices the obstacle in silent Vera's path.

They contemplate the pitch black cavern. The ring pulls forward.....

Gentles becomes a flash Light.... notices Vera is gone.....Continued.....

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman



The 2nd Tourist

There are little machines stationed in practically every home in America which have been responsible more for the toilet training of the youth in the last 20 years than most mothers and fathers would want to admit. Mass Communication as a custom has influenced more people on the way they should eat and shit, in short on the way they live, than all other customs or traditions combined. We have all become more or less the 2nd tourists in our own defecation; the watchers of something else involved in the process of making life.

Time has become a period of waiting. The first time in history that the human race has ever been given, on a mass scale, a chance to look at themselves and how they tick. The trauma of watching this "divine comedy" mimed across the flesh of our own 2nd face (tv, radio, films, electro magnetic tape, etc.) has caused a spiritual blackout. Watching has become our only defense; the eraser at the end of the pencil used to blot out all of human existence.

Watching has made us into its own image: parasites who live off the flesh of the Scene; the constant voyeur of the senses; professional audience to life as it performs before them like a 20th Century Fox fanfare of human montage. America has become a 2nd tourist, fat with cholesterol and celluloid. We have self-amputated ourselves from the moment and have left "living" to the machines. The constant rigor of "now," forced upon us by our own high speed transmission technology, has forced us to take refuge behind a vacuumed body. We no longer feel, no longer move or react, we only watch.

The narcotic haze and stupor of our society caused by the overuse of machines to do our living has produced a cancer which congregates in our organs and atrophies the spiritual limbs of our choice. We have traded in the "ghost" for a network of copper tubing and intricate wiring. The masterplan of the

inhuman has become the blueprint to our doom. The men and women, the mechanics of the universe who at one time could sew together a wound, mend an emotion or fix an idea, are becoming fewer and fewer; receding from the balding controls of an aging universe, an ailing history, a sick and feverish species, into the plush livingroom and clean unobtruded countryside of a hide and seek dream. America is overfed with failure which haunts the aura of daily living and makes us act as if we must succeed at all costs. There are no longer any lengths we would not go to to blot out the Frankenstein of our own Central Nervous System laid bare in the form of tribal drums and idiot boxes blurring out the pain of the human race as we give birth, grow and decay. It is more than human nature can bear to know and feel how the atom actually lives. All of creation has become impossible unless we are convinced like the senile scientist that we must wear snow shoes where ever we go to prevent ourselves from falling into the empty spaces between the atoms. It takes a religion, a dedication, a faith which will accept life on its own terms. The fact that nothing changes but change itself.

In the 20th century, due to the enforced possibility of total annihilation, we must now move into the area of controls, the social navigation charts of society or else we will watch ourselves, like a revolving film clip split apart from the second reel, or the overheated tube, or the over-loaded circuit, fade into the final silence of human electricity dashed to pieces against the void of an overloaded irresponsibility. We cannot turn off the machines without total damage nor can we turn off ourselves; there must be people to witness and adjust and to man the controls. The passing of spiritual information is a must. Time must become a paid learning. We must sit down and talk for a 1000 years and have a 1000 years of peace. We must bear witness for those who refuse to listen to the testimony.

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SLUM GODDESS



Dear Mom,

How is sunny California? The Lower East Side is quite a world. Strange animals leave their turds between parked cars. There are no movie stars on the subway. On First Avenue the fruit stands are open all night with the grapes, and the lemons, and the oranges, and the apples in technicolor. My friends hang oriental fabric from their ceilings. People hurry down the streets and pop into doors or go up steps. They wear woolly grey clothes and yellow sunglasses.

Soon I'll open The Head Shop, where beautiful things, many by local painters and makers, will be sold. Sometimes at night we turn on the electric jewels and people.

I am tubless, but I have a picture of three dogs and Indira Gandhi on my wall. My musical piggybank is singing out "Feed me!" I met Ira Chaleff, who has a robin; weeds grow wild in his room. Don't forget my birthday.

Love,
Betsy

E.V.O. Ball Report

April Fool's Dance, Models' Ball:

A True Story

Seven bands. Balloons on the ceiling. The gentlemen of the press. Khadejha's clothes. Gorgeous, exciting, smashing, superfine, excited girls. Flashbulbs and harried unbelieving reporters asking for signatures on releases of pictures.

The Velvet Underground, a manufacture of the '60's shy P. T. Barnum, Andy Warhol provided a three-ring purple circus with flashing lights and whips and sound. With movies on the drum, and each slender one of them dancing in the artificial moonlight. "Oh, yes, I'm having a wonderful time," Andy said sitting in an artificially quiet spot.

The Fugs came on somehow in real life and Ed Sanders did it on stage again.

The Seventh Son played a raga for twenty minutes and Buzz Linhart, the lead guitarist of the trio, sounded like four people. Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky played a mantra three hours later. The Tri Angels covered the cellar of the Gate with human sounds of India.

The Hi-5 were the only band who played chiefly danceable music even though their manager insisted that they were an act. Compared to the other things that went on in the progressively hotter, sweatier, more abandoned underground chaos, the Hi-5 were most representative of "aboveground" norm.

"The End of the World is coming," someone kept insisting and Tim Leary said, "No, don't worry, it's only a party." Later on stage, after a standing, cheering ovation when he was introduced, he spoke about the younger generation and ended by advising them to, "TURN ON, TUNE IN, AND DROP OUT."

Phil Ochs sang, but the sound system, unused to even loud sound, was unable to cope with the soft music of Ochs and unfortunately

no one could hear.

The Frozen Flowers were on early in the night, setting the tide by their name and a strange member who did nothing but watch them, each one-one at a time—with boundless enthusiasm.

And then there was the press—EVERYWHERE, and they couldn't quite believe their jaded eyes. "Would you please stand over here, miss, with these two gentlemen," a middle-aged *N. Y. Times* man asked one of the Slum Goddesses. "Sure, I'll do it, but I bet you won't be able to get those guys to pose because they're Fluxus and they're doing something else." And they wouldn't pose, so the photographers had to be satisfied merely with gorgeous girls. The Fluxus Group staged a constant happening. There were eight of them, rumour has it, and they dressed in baggy overalls, climbed ladders, strung tape across the room, made a painting with a hand-sized hole in it and Yoko Ono stood behind the painting shaking hands with the dancers. They never stopped, never explained themselves, never got in the way and only a few realized they were there at all because there was too much going on down below.

Captain High was there, disguised as Wm. Beckman.

Ivan Black, the press agent for the Village Gate, had horny ideas of crowning a Slum Goddess. EVO publisher elected not to play dirty old man and vetoed the idea. In order to give the press the coronation promised by Black, Buzzy Linhart beat out Gerard Malanga for the crown.

A fine time was had by all and everyone lived happily ever after including, we suppose, the guy who stole Walter Bredel's camera.

POETRY READINGS AT FOLKLORE CENTER

321 6th Ave. 8:30 PM \$.50

April 17 Poetry from Dominican Republic \$1.00
April 18 Albert Rene Ricard \$.50
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May 1 Serge Gavronsky \$.50
May 8 Daniel Cassidy, Jr. \$.50



Buzzy Linhart and Prince Robert at the EVO April Fools Dance



The Maze at Hampton Court, London.

VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA



LADIES OF LIGHT

*There are no rules to poetry
Necessity makes and breaks all rules.*

—Harry Hooton

The one thing you can be sure of seeing at a multi-media show is the unexpected. There are as yet no accepted forms, rules, codes... in short no aesthetic yardsticks with which we can play jury, judge and executioner.

In reviewing the academic uptown events, critics (and even ourselves) separate the stinking sheep from the heavenly goats with all the precision of a well programmed computer. It's easy, we've seen it all before—like priests, politicians and policemen we *know* what is good and what is bad. But downtown, and in particular at the Bridge recently, it's a different story. Here the sheep and the goats are like alien creatures from a distant planet.

Our yardsticks are now useless tools. In "DMT" by Jackie Cassen, Ralph Metzner and dancers, slides and movies are projected onto a proscenium size piece of white opaque plastic. The whole thing is very organic... dancers move both in front and behind the screen and are responsible for its expansion and contraction. At one point the screen was rolled into an exquisitely beautiful tower of light.

Slides, used well, and these certainly were, have a unique quality of their own. They become a new medium between that of film and painting.

As I have already said there is no established form. Jackie Cassen tells me that she changes the form every time she does a show. Ralph Metzner, who does the sound, has a scientific as well as an aesthetic reason for his involvement. (Perhaps I should say that his involvement is scientific-aesthetic for this is an age of *things*... things used in the service of man and it is therefore natural that the new poet should also be part scientist.) Metzner says that DMT is an experiment in the expansion of consciousness.

However, more on his kinetic light theories at a later date. It's enough to say, I think, that DMT is fast, exciting and new.

Later that week, the Bridge put on another light and dance show, two pieces of which were of particular interest to film-makers.

The first, "Domino", was a dance with hanging electric lights. Over and above the vibrancy of the choreography, it was a lesson in itself in the dramatic use of artificial light. The second piece, called "Four Miniatures" was a dance film, and cast a spell over the entire audience. It's been a long time since I heard such spontaneous applause. The pieces were simple and direct in their construction, delightful to behold and in me, at least, they created a tremendous sense of peace such as I haven't felt since I've been in N. Y. Moreover, the integration of James Seawright's abstract films and Mimi Garrard's choreography was as near perfect as we humans should permit ourselves to get.

Another, and totally different use of multi-media (also at the Bridge) was Marge Sherman's "Girllives", which was a sensitive and feminine approach to a femine subject. Using film, slides and projected light the action of her play was given new dimensions of space and time. Her *play* was so visual that any literary description of it would be quite inadequate. It has to be seen.



Jackie Cassen outside her studio

There is little doubt that what we have been witnessing in the last few months at the Cinematheque, the Bridge, Judson Memorial Hall, and at St. Marks in the Bowerie is the beginning of a new "theatrical" revolution. As film has synthesised all the visual and performing arts, so multi-media has synthesised film and its related media... as the perimeter of human imagination expands so the revolution continues.

GARRICK

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Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

Coming from the west coast, not only from Ferlinghetti's City Lights Bookstore and press... Why doesn't New York have such a relaxed place? At City Lights you can sit downstairs among the poetry all day and munch free apples. Maybe even make love. City Lights Books will send you a catalogue for only a dime (261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco). (Also out of SF is Jeff Berner's *Stolen Paper Review* (4411 17th St., SF, \$1.) Last issue seen had a great parody on Dick Tracy called Tricky Cad sculpture by blind children. Lawrence (*Holy Barbarians*) Lipton's "I Was a Poet for the FBI," Patchen drawings and a manifesto by Eastsider Richard O. Tyler, who operates the Uranian Press here and sends out a mystical calendar every year.

Los Angeles has always been a drag to this wayfaring stranger, but people arriving here swear it's a good scene. The only hip bookstore I've heard of near there is Steve Richmond's new Earth Gallery Books. But it's in Santa Monica. L.A. is also the home of Charles Bukowski, one of the best hard/hat poets on any scene... his new book is *Crucifix in a Death Hand*, published by Lyle Stuart in an edition of 3,500, \$7.50. It's strong stuff Bukowski wrote over many a year. Bukowski's first one like this, "It Catches My Heart In It's Hands," was such a success he landed in L.A.'s drunktank (he tipples a bit and chases the nags, and those pastimes, of course, are part of his work). That book sold out and is bringing up to \$25 on the rare book market... so beat the dealers to this one.

Otherwise, the L.A. scene is stocked with nudist magazines, store after store of them, pink flesh bouncing from the glossy paper in a ghastly city... nothing wrong with that but it keeps writers out of work.

A recent issue of *American Dialog* (75 cents from 853 B'way, NYC 3) features a retrospect of Walt Whitman which will make you want to re-read "Leaves of Grass."

Two of *Dialog's* writers, Art Berger and this newspaper's Allan Katzman, make valid (to me) comparisons between Whitman and Ginsberg. Berger's comments on how the "duality id life" leads to schizophrenia, and his commentary on Eliot, Pound, and Brecht are well worth the asking price. Katzman says, "Whitman followed the American dream of democracy; Ginsberg, in *Howl*, stood against it to protect it from total annihilation"... like Katzman, I've surrendered my schizoid tendencies as best I can, but I'm holding onto my paranoia and my poverty for dear life.

By the way, Eastsider Raphael Pernan, formerly manager of The Engage, has some of the authentic artifacts of our "Beat" progenitors at his new studio on 4th St.: poetry and drawings, some signed, by Kerouac, Corso, and the rest, which he'll show you if you're nice. But don't ask to buy these particular treasures, since you don't have enough loot anyway... Hey! This is national Feed-a-Writer Week, so call up your favorite EVO creep and invite him to supper. Until then, see ya.

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VOYEU

by Lil Picard



It's a Game, it's a Pillow, it's Super-Fun

RAMA

In times of cruelty and absurdity a certain type of artist seeks refuge in playing games. Some do it with a sense of conscience, some with a bad conscience, some don't give a damn; just make money and play any gimmick-game to gain attention. The way out of the mess of absurdity, lawlessness, guilt, brutality, corruption, war, murder, hate, crime, is escape into something one could call "alienation in reverse." It is the alienation either as cool, icy, inhuman formality or as a funny, ironic, paradoxical game. The cool guys work from ABC to Minimal Art, the game-fans make Art-Happenings in the fun-house. They play "Games without Rules," or games of violence and devilish laughter. Velvet-Underground and plastic-uppercrust-games with snob appeal.

Niki Saint Phalle plays with colorful fat "Nanas," painted in bright colors and embroidered. She makes such creatures with wit and charm, out of papieramache and plastic media over wire frames. Her frolicking dolls crawl, sit, stand on their heads, lie, or, like monuments, stand erect on thick legs. They are all heavy-breasted females, folklore goddesses who belie the fashion trend to be slender, breastless, hipless and ready for the nude plastic-vinyl-transparent tunics; and bring to mind the Venus of Willendorf (Austria) and other primordial paleolithic sculptures. They

shine in bright Mexican colors and seem all to be pregnant. Art Nouveau designs cover their bodies. Some carry plastic black bags. Fashionably named—Jane, Samuela, black Clarice, Rosy—they turn on motorized platforms and were admired by girls in shorter than knee length plastic or lace dresses. No-breast, no-tummy, no-hip girls, in the latest Madison Avenue style. Clarice (wife of painter Larry Rivers), whom one of the Nanas was named after, posed big-bellied, with all the paraphernalia of feminine camp chic, ostrich boas and print dress, before Clarice-Nana.

Pillows Dance

Fat also are Andy Warhol's Silver-Pillows, helium-filled, heat-sealed, made from heavy plastic. They hover for the next weeks (closing 23 April) in the front room of the Castelli Gallery and look like square balloons, ready to take off into Central Park. For the opening, Al Hansen did the directing with a long metal stick. We were reminded of the goings-on at the lake in Central Park, where little boys accompanied by their daddies direct the sailboats with long sticks. At the Warhol Pillow Dance (new indoor sport), kids and dads and moms had great fun. In the back room of the gallery, 73 Cows, pink-red and yellowish-green-colored, stare immobile at you from the walls. They are Warhol's Wallpaper-Cows, designed to adorn collectors' walls.

who loves peaceful multiple cows can get them by the yard to wallpaper den, livingroom, bathroom, or what-not. Warhol is probably the most earnest and the most ironic artist around. But most of all, he is an experimenter in repetition and multiple visual images

Games without Rules

The Fischbach Gallery's "Games without Rules" attracts kids of all ages to play with mixed media. Nicolas Calas is the master-Daddy of a show with 26 artists participating. He wrote the catalogue, giving the historical facts for the game idea. Each of the artists produced his own version of a game without rules. Christo designed the closed storefront, a protective curtain hiding the theater behind it. You can play to your heart's content with colored blocks spread out on the floor (Les Levine); silver balls on a billiard table that, touched with cues, induce musical instruments to give out noise-music (Joe Jones); an extremely successful game-idea, Carton-Cubes (D'Arcangelo); Touchboxes (Aio); Sarie Dienes Glassbox and Babette Neuberger's Sex-box with mirrors can be handled; Irvin Flemings' Bead Game Solar Ritual can be played "reverently and with care," but if not played as indicated the cycle will produce chaos, starvation, and death, and cannot be completed.



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CALVARY AGAIN

continued from page 1

to stop handing them out. Joey agreed. The cops said o.k., you're not bothering anybody, and left. The park attendant was highly insulted.

About 9 o'clock the hill looked like an underground sunrise service. People gathered about the cross, silently walking up and down the hill. The metal ribs of the Christ vibrated in the wind. There was a reverent air about the group. For the first time in years, someone was saying, there was something here that really felt like Easter should feel.

All day people came to the hill to admire the sculpture. An old Polish man put a bouquet of white and yellow flowers at the base of the sculpture. Many families came to have their picture taken in front of the statue. An unidentified woman tried to push the sculpture over. Joey Skaggs defended his piece from this first attack.

He had defended his act by writing a short statement: "I have named my piece 'The Very Last Day.' I have put it on display Easter

morning, for those who believe as I do that Christ was a man who died on the cross. What he represented was something of the spirit and not of the flesh.

"I feel that the church started out, and continues to be involved with the flesh—with possession. After charging Peter with founding the church on the rock, and after Peter cried out at the pending death of the body of Christ, Christ said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' Christ recognized the church as being an organ of the devil, the flesh, and possessiveness of earthly things from the very beginning.

"This Easter I feel compelled to make my private protestation of this betrayal of the human spirit. I am placed in the precarious position, by creating this work and act, of being misunderstood. I do not intend to blaspheme any man's belief. My only hope is that I might somehow make those within my hearing stop and consider their rote choices. God is of the spirit, not of the flesh."

Squad cars drove through the park all day without taking notice of Joey Skaggs or his sculpture. At 5 p.m. a squad car drove into the park and stopped by the mound. Patrolman Michael Vatow told Joey to, "Take it down."

Joey asked, "Why?"

The cop said, "You don't have a permit do you?"

Joey said that he had settled it with the park attendant and police in the morning. The cops then asked for Joey's draft card. They took Joey to the park attendant's office where the new park attendant said that they gave the other attendant a lot of trouble that morning.

The patrolmen radioed for instructions. The patrolmen were offended, but seemingly did not know what action to take. They then drove off with Joey Skaggs's draft card, telling him to "stay here."

Returning at 5:30, the police answered Joey's inquiry as to what was going to happen with, "We're waiting for the sergeant."

Joey then asked them if he took the sculpture down, would it relieve them of their dilemma. The police answered, "No, we're going to arrest you, or summons you or both."

Several youths hanging around the sculpture then went over and talked to the police. One of them leaned his head inside the patrol car. Then the youths came swarming up the hill screaming obscenities. They ripped the penis off the Christ figure and pushed the piece over.

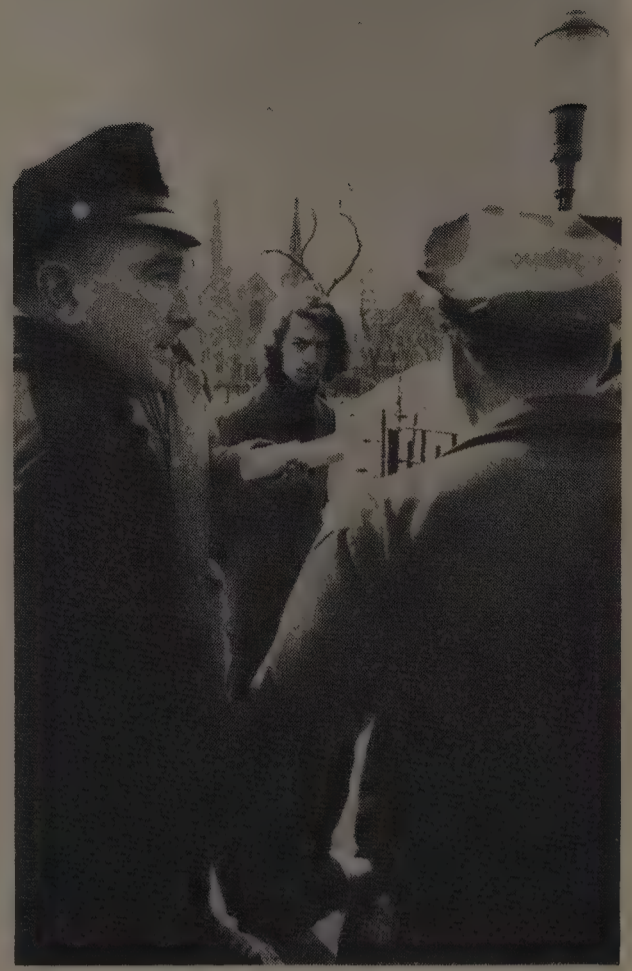
Joey and some friends rushed up the hill and started carrying the piece to St. Marks in the Bowery where Father Michael Allen had promised Joey sanctuary if he or the sculpture were threatened or harmed.

They carried the piece past the patrol car toward the 8th Street exit. The patrolmen then handed Joey the summons which stated simply "violation of park regulations."

"They accused me of defacing public property," Joey said later. "The police stood by and watched the vandalism being performed on my sculpture, which I consider to be a work of art. I was only trying to share it with them."

Joey Skaggs has been summoned to Criminal Court, 52 Chambers St. on April 22, for "failing to remove structure on Parks Department property."

The sculpture has found sanctuary in St. Marks in the Bowery until the very last day when the Messiah will come only when he is no longer necessary.



Joey Skaggs exchanges Easter greetings with local law

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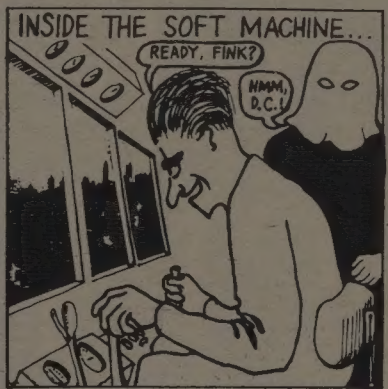
CAPTAIN HIGH!

THE WEIRD OUTLANDISH WONDER!

IMAGES BY WILLIAM BERTON

OUR HERO STAYS HOME MOURNING THE LOSS OF HIS STASH...

MEANWHILE FRIENDS OF CAPTAIN HIGH ARE IN A SIMILAR SPOT!



CONTINUED...

WATER LIGHT/WATER NEEDLE/:

a Carolee Schneemann kinetic theater happening

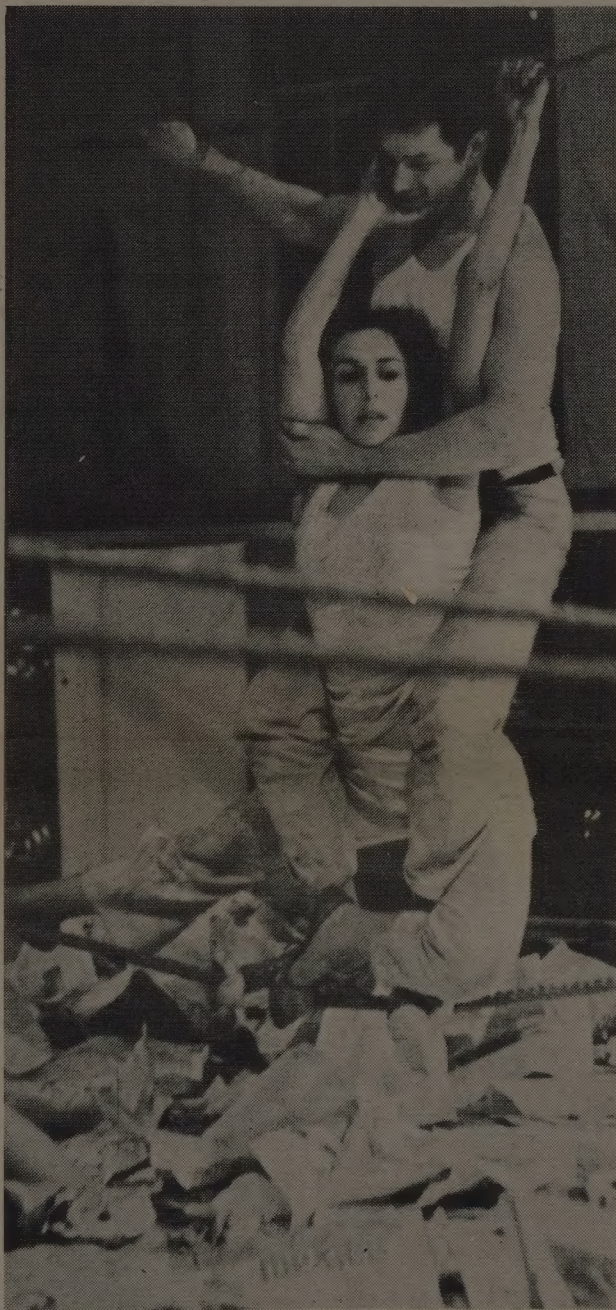
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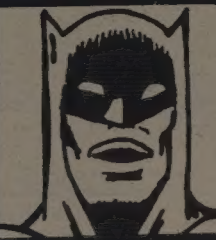
"...we are stretched horizontally on a shifting gravity. Our attention is always on the ropes—as an extension of our bodies and our physical intentions—and on one another. Each meeting is a unique encounter by which our journey is shaped. Each body is a confirmation of our situation in space...."

—Schneemann

I have seen the realm of the human backbone; how rich and soft the whole body is when it perceives its nature as it was first made. *Water Light/Water Needle* moves out of a source of energy to the place which existed before, before the separation of the divine consciousness of human experience; the place where in his animal soul man wonders and exults, has no straining intentions, and no lordship over nature.

The audience was led in by guides; we sat on crumpled newspapers in a semicircle around ropes which were suspended from the walls in a four-sided figure on three horizontal, not quite parallel, levels. One segment, directly before the audience, was attached to pulleys; there was soft murky green and blue lighting. The ten performers were hidden in cupboards; a curtain hung over the top rope hiding the cupboards. Carolee and a young man entered carrying trays of crumpled paper. They went to the fans, knelt down, turned them on, and listened to them... began blowing papers, filling the center aisle with heaps of paper. They turned the fans off and pushed them to the side. The performers began to come out of the cupboards, fell out in architectural patterns of body; they climbed the ropes, walked and swam on the ropes functionally. The character of movement was not acrobatic or balletic but as natural as that of monkeys. I was fascinated by lovely human bodies moving with the skill and innocence of monkeys, making natural faces and sounds while doing physical actions; their spontaneity was delightful! Various sounds happened: hammering on wood and metal, glass breaking, Bach and Vivaldi, scratching of fingernails on windows. The apparent disorder of various seemingly alien noises was revealed in order. And while the people walked and hung they showed the hidden, the magical, joining of spirit and body. As I watched I was happily pulled away from earth-bound realism and made to be more aware of the earth. What is above and what is below? seemed to be the question which was sung out from the males and females as they moved and embraced each other. They were cosmic beings moving through the outermost to the innermost, restoring things and saving themselves from artificial actions, telling the story of the birth of the soul and linking together the forces of life, drifting us along with them to show us passion and the essence of our being.





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HOW YOUTH ARE DESTROYED BY JUVENILE COURT SYSTEM

Attorney
Herbert Porter

After a number of years in which I have been handling a substantial proportion of juvenile court cases I have been forced to certain conclusions on the carefully cultivated myth of the California Juvenile Court system.

I would like to point out now a few of the obvious but most dangerous fallacies in this system that has swept untold thousands of young people into a never-ending, always - tightening inward spiral of destruction and that has made permanent zombies of what would have been many reclaimable youths.

First, we claim that juvenile law is only for the protection of the juvenile, not criminal in nature. What defines a criminal law? Obviously, its effect, not its name. What, then, is the effect on the juvenile of the operation of the juvenile court law?

When the court takes a juvenile away from home and confines him, against his will and desire and that of his parents, in an institution, camp, or otherwise, for a period ranging from months to years, can we deny that he is serving a jail sentence? If the juvenile is not free to come and go, is not confined where he is getting physiological or psychological or psychiatric treatment in a hospital setting, he is serving a penal sentence, because jail is in the mind of the confined person, not the confining person.

If the juvenile record is cited in a possible later criminal case, as it always is, and is used to determine the sentence in an adult crime; or, if the record is available to bar the juvenile from jobs, promotion or certain governmental positions; or, if the record even exists when he is an adult—then he has a criminal record, because that is its effect.

If the juvenile is dealt with primarily by police and police-oriented personnel, rather than by non - punitive psychological - teaching personnel, he is being treated like a criminal and he is being developed in his own mind as a criminal, or at least as a criminal defendant.

This leads us to the second point. The juvenile has been branded and treated as a criminal without having the benefits of being a criminal defendant. The primary error in the whole system is that a juvenile court judge or referee may sustain the charge in the petition, that is "convict" him, on evidence that would be totally inadequate in an ordinary criminal case. In the first place, he does not have to be proved to have done the thing alleged "beyond a reasonable doubt" and there is no "presumption of innocence," both of which are our great constitutional protectors of the innocent.

Next, the ordinary rules of evidence do not apply and many kinds of matters can be introduced against him that would not be permitted in a regular trial where he has the protection of criminal law safeguards.

Juvenile courts in our state now admit attorneys, but do so reluctantly and with inadequate provision for their effectiveness. For example, the attorney isn't even provided a table to write on in Los Angeles County, but must juggle his brief case and writing material on his knees in inadequate chairs. No regular court is without a counsel table.

There is no regular appeal procedure. Thus, when injustice occurs—and it does—it usually remains fixed and permanent and beyond help.

There is no guaranteed bail, but the juvenile may be confined to Juvenile Hall on the decision of the referee and have to remain there even though there may have originally been no reason for his confinement. He may have a job that is lost in the process, school missed, community continuity dislocated. But he has been cheated of his constitutional right to bail.

For a third major point let us consider the utter fantasy of lumping all infants, children and youths together in the one "juvenile" classification. How can anyone who pretends to approach this subject with a serious and conscientious attitude feel that it is proper to have the same court procedures, personnel, methods and facilities for a seven-year-old, a twelve-year-old and a seventeen-year-old?

There should and must be a separation of "children" from "juveniles"—that is, from youths. All study of child growth, physiologically and psychologically, shows that we cannot apply the same system to these various ages, and perhaps, not even to the two sexes at the same age. Is it possible to determine in which category a child falls until we determine his true mental, emotional and physical age, as opposed to his mere chronological age? We all know the differences in numerical age at which various children learn to talk, have their first major sexual drives, have growth spurts or stop growing, etc.

It is no more sensible, then, to lump the seven and seventeen-year - old together than it is to lump the seventeen and the twenty-seven-year-old together. Thus we see the fallacy of the single division between juvenile and adult courts. There should be at least children's and juvenile court, and probably junior, intermediate, and senior.

The fourth major fallacy is the lumping together of those juveniles who are subjects of neglect and those who are accused of misconduct. Despite the fact that the hearings are supposed to be conducted differently, the children are still handled through the same facilities, the same personnel and the same system. Thus, the onus of criminality must inevitably rub off on the protected as well as the accused child. If the child is already suffering from neglect, should society add to his burden and feelings of shame and rejection?

There are many other factors involved. This serves only as an opening challenge to the myth of the benevolence of California's Juvenile Court law.

letters

Dear Editor:
Thanks for publishing my letter.

Thanks for publishing John Wilcock's column.

Thanks for publishing the L. A. Free Press.

The Village Voice has begun to look something like the great gray New York Times.

Sincerely,
Gloria Stavers
Editor, "16"
Magazine
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Dear Editor:
We enjoyed your article, "Evening of the Magic Cupcake." However, found it incomplete. Please supply the recipe.

Later—
Bill Garaway
Meg Pfanschmidt
Dennis Burns
West Los Angeles

Dear Editor:
In the publication of the Free Mess, you have confused civil rights with infantile eroticism. In promoting the latter, you have weakened your effect for the former.

Michael deCordoba
Venice

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The Strawberries are Dead and the Cream is Curdled

Liza Williams

When I was little and the Revolution was still going to come, like a nymphomaniac in analysis, there were strawberries and cream over the Life Cafeteria coffecups and not all this deathdoom talk to curdle the cream and send the brighteyed kids screaming into the streets and dance halls balling away the last lust hours of this diminishing society.

I crawled between the legs of the last true men off to war in Spain, and held the hand of the shakeapart noname man we imported, a bit of waste from the camps of Europe who sat gluing leather into the shape of football purses, left us to be a janitor in the cement of the east Sixties, and coughed his way out in a cellar in the middle of a New York January.

Fine famous men these were, with slogan hearts and thin wives who shared their love with freedom in a sanctified adultery. A time of windy corners with mimeographed loveletters-to-the-wind sticking to woolly mittens, blowing down the gray curb, lying blacklimp in the guttering holes of the drains and swampbrown pools of citywater.

Vast glowing congregations in Madison Square Garden waving dollar bills for Nine Negro boys, for Tom Mooney, who later, out of his prison walls, stood in a crowded lot on Sixth avenue, encased in a darkblue suit and monumental pallor, and shook hands and died so soon and marched on in my heaven populated with visionary soapbox orators, gaunt passers of information, the starving slum children for whom I shook rattling coincans on long afternoons.

Oh vanished rooms with pinned up notices of action, of art sales and lectures on the economic origins of poetry, of songs of antifascism, and all night picketlines with you can't scare me. Oh great opened bright floweryyellow sunned grassgreen future, so soon, oh love and song and tomorrow.

Heroes of another time I sing song for you through this new time of anxiety, of dehydrated hope and bangbang hours where the dead are over the seas and yellow and have unpronounceable names. Where we have too many causes and too small a world. Where the prisons of Europe and Asia, of Africa and America hold the golden throats of our heroes silenced in their screaming. Where war is our condition and peace as vague as God and times. Where even the borders of infinity become the territory of conquest and the spaceships bear cargoes of flags and slogans.

Yet stopped in the dream by horrorhistory, by the ovens of Europe, by barbed wire horizons, by the generations of anonymous dead, I shall still be moved.



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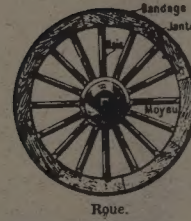
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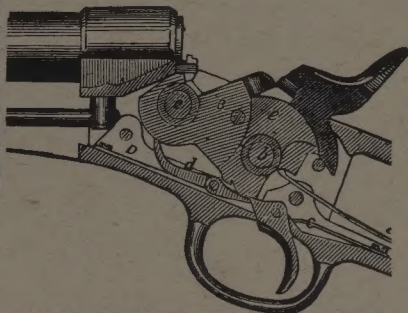


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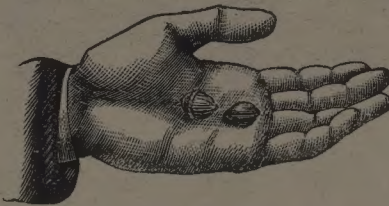
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APR. 15-APR. 28

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APR. 19—TUES.

"People on Sunday" (German; 1929). Film by Robert Siodmak, Billy Wilder, Fred Zimmermann & Edgar Ulmer. Bridge Film Club (St. Marks Pl. near 3rd Ave.)

WED. APRIL 20, 8:30 PM

Symposium: "Our Great Society" as viewed by Jean Sheperd, Paul Krassner, Albert B. Feldstein, Marvin Kitman. Moderated by Bob Fass. Village Gate. Adm: \$2.00

WED. APRIL 20-JUNE 19

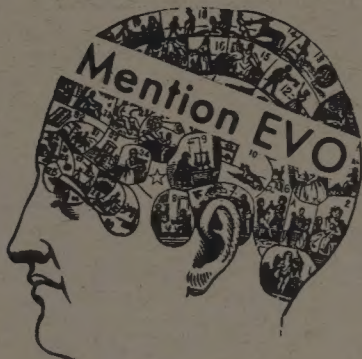
Exhibition of 15 paintings by Barnett Newman 14 of which are entitled "The Stations of the Cross" Guggenheim Museum

APR. 20-APR. 25 WED.—MON.

Eye Blast
Ergogh—Dov Lederberg; Voice of the Turtle—Dick Kanar; The Hole Movie—Margo Sherman; Bustbag—Don Dugga; Night Crawlers—Peter Emmanuel Goldman; White Peacock, reel 2—Mark Sadan. \$1.50 Call OR 3-4600 for time information. The Bridge, 4 St. Marks Pl.

APR. 21, THURS. 8:30 PM

Merce Cunningham, choreographer and dancer at 92nd St. YM-YWHA (92nd St. & Lexington Ave) Contributions



MENTAL ORGANIZATION.

APR. 27—MAY 3. WED.—MON.

Phantasmagoria
Dream of Wild Horses—Denys Colombe de Dauant; Rinon—Jose Rodriguez-Soltero; Sprawl—Victor Alonso and Alan Klein; In the Beginning God Created a Lot of Things—Conrad Karlson; Satisfactions—Piero Heliczer. Call OR 3-4600 for information. The Bridge, 4 St. Mark's Pl.

APR. 28, THURS., 8:30 PM

Harold Rosenberg speaking at 92nd St. YM-YWHA (92nd St. & Lexington Ave) Contributions

APR. 29—MAY 12

Intermedia, with works by Alison Knowles, George Brecht and Joe Jones. Something Else Gallery, 238 West 22 St.

MAY 1, SUN.

Poetry Readings at Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave. 50 cents Serge Gavronsky

Apr. 22-May 9 Fridays to Mondays
"The Pelican" by Arthur Strindberg & "Hector the Heroic," by Mark Zalk Judsen Poets' Theater: 55 Washington Square So. Contribution. Res. SP7-0033

APR. 22, 23 FRI. & SAT.

Response: What's Happening in the Arts Arthur Kopit, Allen Ginsberg, Duke Ellington, Peter Weiss, Gunther Grass, Larry Rivers Le Corbusier Lecture, Visual Arts Panel, Poetry Readings Subscriptions \$5, Students \$3

APR. 24, SUN

Poetry Reading by Murray Mednick at Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave. Contribution, 50cents

APR. 26, TUES.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?" (1924), D.W. Griffith. Movie at the Bridge.

MAY 3, TUES.

"The Joyless Street" (German, 1925), G.W. Pabst. Greta Barba's second and leading role.

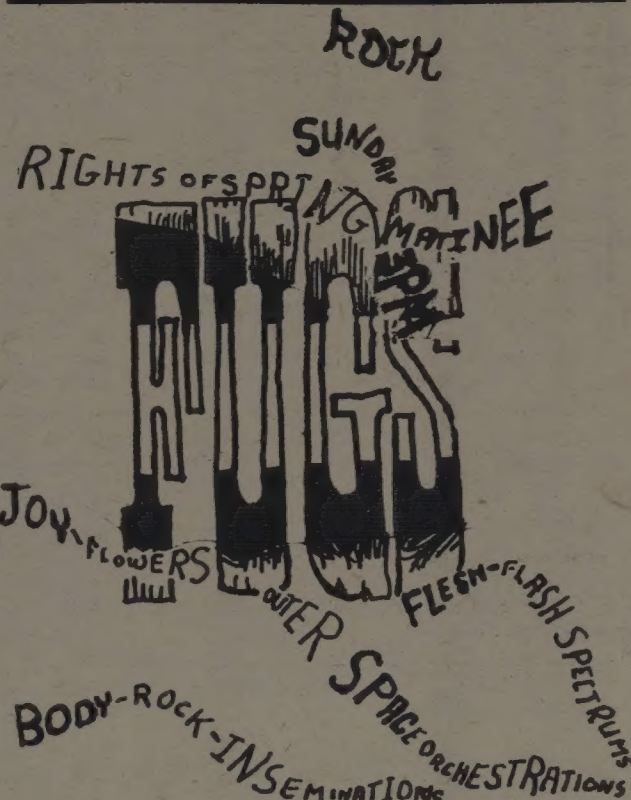
CONTINUING EVENTS

The Happiness, a New Hong Kong Style Discotheque opened Apr. 13, with slit up the side waitresses of all nationalities. 2512 Broadway

Every Fri., Sat & Sun. TRI-ANGELS at Jerry Floyster's Loft, 44 Lispenard St. (1/2 block from corner Canal & Broadway) Music of the MIND Concert. Dancing, refreshments. 9pm on (except for Sunday Brunch & Jam session—2:30pm on) Call 691-6781 & ask for Charlie

Mon., Tues., Wed. 8pm Bleeker St. Theater Workshop Reservations: 673-5881 on day of performance Free

THIS CALENDAR WAS COMPILED BY THE EAST SIDE BOOKSTORE. PLEASE SEND ALL NOTICES TO THEM: 17 St. Marks Place, N.Y., N.Y.



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The first United States Championship six-day bike race was in Minneapolis in 1886 with two entries, Schock and Woodside. Schock rode continuously for two days, halting only to change wheels, devouring everything he could get hold of as he rode, from ham and eggs to custard pies, sucking icicles to quench his thirst. He set a world record of 1,007 miles, 17 laps