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JULY 1-15

20¢ outside NYC

15¢

LSD GROSSES DELAWARE



Water Street Photo

On June 15 Walter H. Bowart, publisher of EVO, Eve Babitz (Slungoddes) and Paula Sherwood, East Village resident testified before the United States Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency. Bowart's testimony is printed in full on page 14. The following is his first person report on the Washington trip.

Washington D.C., the center of a vast military-industrial empire bristles with shiny brass, and crew cuts. The tourists are ushered through the halls of Congress in ranks of two, like cattle or soldiers and they do not complain. The senate elevator operators are junior executives. They too have short hair.

It's a dry kind of pimple which comes to a head in Washington. The bland, bald, freckled

president in the third rate palace called the Capital.

Bob Dylan is not played on the radio but the 70% negro population is obsessed with amphetamine disc jockeys and rhyms and blues. An airport is named after a C.L.A. chief and his brother who, it is said, made millions selling guns to the AXIs.

Money is god, mediocrity is the rule, and friendship a sham. The streets are so clean that one assumes they are policed like an Army battalion street.

There are roughly 600 elected officials in modern Acropolis. All except the few from the metropolitan complexes of the west and east are dirt farmers who have to sleep with wives who scream "they're corrupting our daughters - they're letting the country go to pot" and the senators are conscientious.

to hear their crosses shut up. And the young ones have to have crew cuts and the old ones have no hair at all.

But the sunset on June 15th was bright red-orange and the sky was bright blue and the air was fresh. It was the first time since the birth of the institution of Washington that the long hairs had a chance to echo their words off the walls of Congress.

There is a seed planted there; the seed of an old tree once again approaching its spring. There are a few men, hidden away in committee offices who are alive enough, and fearless enough to help the truth be heard. But speaking is not the problem. How to speak around minds constricted from the womb by an attitude of riteous condemnation is the problem.

For the first time since the industrial



by Ismael Reed

At Town Hall on June 9, a capacity crowd rose in tribute to Thich Nhat Hanh as he said farewell to this country at the conclusion of a speaking tour in which he urged the end of the war that has turned his country into a nightmare. In the Town Hall meeting tributes were made to Thich Nhat Hanh by Robert Lowell, Arthur Miller, David Berrigan S.J., and John Oliver Nelson. The event went unnoticed in the daily newspapers.

Thich Nhat Hanh is one of the founders of Van Hanh, the Buddhist University in Saigon, Director of Youth for Social Service, author of ten published volumes including *Oriental Logic and Engaged Buddhism* and a volume of suppressed "peace poetry." He is also editor of *Thien My*, a leading Buddhist weekly, director of the Institute of Social Studies and professor of Philosophy of Religion.

These credentials apparently do not impress the stiff, drilled minds of the Saigon government with its undulating cables to Mahogany desks in Washington. Nor do they mean anything to the stout ball point pens who stand before microphones giving jaded talks to those complacent Americans who have yielded their blink rates to the present administration.

When a request was made for Thich Nhat Hanh to meet members of the administration charged with shaping the policy in Vietnam, it was turned down.

We Can Save Thich Nhat Hanh --If We Hurry!

All one has to do is follow the erratic behavior of the Saigon regime to know that upon returning to that country, Thich Nhat Hanh's safety can be far from guaranteed. Imprisonment, torture, even death might be awaiting this gentle eloquent poet whose verse sears and crackles indignation at his country's trial. This talented scholar could have sought refuge in a host of friendly countries but says, "I do not seek political asylum, to do that would be to desert my people."

The killing of great men has become an international lobby. In our own country we have seen them slumped in the back seat of an automobile, riddled and sprawled on the floor of a public hall before their ideas were allowed to bloom.

In a world dented with Mr. Peeper's spectacles in high places - snappy clipboards minds making decisions that affect millions, we cannot afford the demise of still another man whose efforts might well reverse the world's slide toward extinction.

We can do more than sit before water pichers with our hands folded disputing 'white papers.' We can do more than form professions.

The International Committee on Conscience on Vietnam, a 10,000 member committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation,

with headquarters in Nyack, New York and Copenhagen has proposed that Thich Nhat Hanh's name be nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. This takes nothing more than a personal letter to the headquarters in Oslo, Norway. The address is:

NOBEL INSTITUTT
DRAMMENSVENEN
OSLO, NORWAY 19

We should overwhelm the committee with "I place in nomination for peace prize Thich Nhat Hanh" letters. Already support is coming in for this movement. Every letter counts.

Thich Nhat Hanh is now in Sweden where he will meet with Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs; then he will move on for important meetings in Copenhagen, Paris, and London. This schedule calls for him to be back in Saigon about June 29. What awaits him there so no one knows.

We must move and move quickly. An avalanche of letters to the Nobel Prize Committee nominating Thich Nhat Hanh for the Nobel Peace Prize will put the Saigon regime on notice; that Americans are watching closely the fate of Thich Nhat Hanh; and that his mission of peace war is not a waste of time.

Desert Call to U.S. Troops

A call to American servicemen to oppose the war in Vietnam is made in a leaflet published this week by the War Resisters' International. The leaflet asks servicemen to consider what they could do to end the war, in the light of the Nuremberg judgment, which "places on you the duty to decide whether a war is right or wrong." The main text of the leaflet is as follows:

You could not have been in Europe long without discovering how widespread is criticism of the American war in Vietnam; and you may have discovered how false is much of the information in the American press and from the American government.

We are asking you to consider what action you can take to end this war. We know that you are in an extremely difficult position and that it is easy for us to talk. We only ask you, after weighing up all the possible consequences, to consider what you can do.

During the Algerian war thousands of young French conscripts demonstrated against the war and helped in some measure to end it. They demonstrated openly in the streets, and some even sat down in front of the trains taking them to Marseille for embarkation. Some deserted rather than take part in what they considered an unjust war; others voluntarily gave themselves up.

Will you consider:

1. Making clear your objection to the Vietnam war by petitioning and writing letters to superior officers, President Johnson, senators, congressmen, etc.
2. Staging protests within the barracks or taking part in public demonstrations.
3. Holding a token walk-out of the barracks or some other action of this kind.

4. Deserting, either singly or in groups. This action would have very serious consequences, such as the imprisonment of those involved. We do not ask you to undertake it lightly without considering exactly what might happen. But we hope you will consider it. It could have a powerful effect in building up pressure against the war.

5. Registering as a conscientious objector. Did you know that American law provides for conscientious objection to the war? That every man in the army can get out if they firmly maintain their views? That at least 300 men have received discharges because they can no longer honestly support war? Your action could help end a terrible war and save Vietnamese and American lives. It is quite wrong to suppose that only "communists" are against the American policy in Vietnam. Many religious and other organizations have opposed it. The War Resisters' International, which publishes this leaflet, has opposed all wars since 1921; many of its members have been imprisoned for their beliefs and have taken action against both Soviet and Western military policies.

The Nuremberg judgment places on you the duty to decide whether a war is right or wrong.

Every day innocent lives are being lost in Vietnam. Will you consider taking some action that could help to end this bloodshed?

The leaflet also contains a brief history of the war, a statement of casualty figures (nearly 4,000 American dead and an estimated 250,000 Vietnamese), a Bureau cartoon and a list of the supporting organizations, which besides the War Resisters' International itself include Peace News and WE sections in West Germany, Italy, Holland, Britain and the United States.

The War Resisters' International plans to distribute 20,000 copies of the leaflet in Europe; it hopes to send copies to Vietnam. Copies of the leaflet are available at 55p per thousand (cheques etc. to be made out to War Resisters' International) from the WRI at 83 Park Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex (LAB 3977). The centre for distribution in Britain is the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Erdridge Street, London WC2 (RUS 5501).

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

GROPEGROUP

by Walter Stewart



Dale Pon and Tom Bayston on McDougal Street.

wasserman photo

"They have turned to blind unthinking worship of idols, leaders, and prophets. Without clear thinking to guide and direct it on an individual level, this new creative energy is turning into a frenzy of LSD, self-flagellation, hipness for its own sake, dissipation, confusion and finally withdrawal," so reads a manifesto of GROPE magazine.

Grope, an old English word meaning to feel about blindly, is the key to a philosophy of youth propounded by two young college drop outs.

Dale Pon, 21, and Tom Bayston, 19, co-editors of Grope magazine, got the idea after dropping out of a number of colleges, that the best minds of their generation were doing nothing more than the folk-rock and playing ego games. They urgently felt that the younger half of this nation is in a state of suspended animation, and so, dropped out of school for the final time, refused to take part in this conspiracy of their peers.

Instead they started a unique magazine designed by, of, and for youth to shock them out of their aimless stupor by providing a synthesis of all the bewildering manifestations of our culture describing an element of groping as the common denominator.

"I sat around watching the best minds of my generation sit around and folk rock. I watched a lot of them flip out and go to Creedmore, Napa, and Hillside. On a youth cosmic level I realized that this huge youth revolution did not have the opportunity to utilize today's communications techniques. The mass media is artistically garbage... It's totally compromised to the dollar and is being handled by reportage and second-hand information techniques. I didn't know ding shit about publishing, but I simply got off my ass and sold let's do it," said Dale Pon. And he's doing it.

Both Dale Pon and Tom Bayston came from similar backgrounds - middle-middle-class. Bayston says that he and Pon were both, "career oriented. We suddenly discovered art and things like the Yao Te Ching, contemporary music, and jazz. They seemed to point out a kind of third, to a kind of receptivity to the new."

"A lot of our contemporaries are not receptive. The only thing they lack is courage and that's what we'll be trying to give them with Grope. We're trying to convince them that they're not crazy, or alone, or alienated in this outward directed, misdirected society. They're living in a world of frozen consciousness we'd like to unfreeze."

Bayston: I saw the best minds of my generation folk-rock.

Pon: Characteristic of us and others; paranoia and anal retentive; result, crippling inability to do, Tom and I had to cope with these, our own syndrome. Ideas are abundant; and everyone has them, shares them, and freely disregards them.

The bother is, youth has not yet even sought DIGNITY. Dignity rooted in themselves as being where it's at. Asking, where else might it be at?, provokes only a bewildered shrug. Indignantly presented, sought, it's nowhere; and not to be found. It can only be happening within YOU.

Bayston: A constructive attack at mass media cannot be dogmatic. The responsibilities associated with thinking at a level inclusive of the affectual creative majority, must be regarded with humbleness. Unlike others, attempting mass media "takeovers" we have no theories, preferences, value judgments, dogmas, even innocently guised as say 'love'...we have only the question, WHERE ARE YOU AT? We want to be told by the nation; and we promise to describe/define, as an integrated artistic entity, reflective of communal interaction, a synthesis of what's happening to and with the creative youth. A synthesis that will express, to each reader:

"Find out who YOU are, then actively manifest who you are without hesitation. YOU ARE WHERE IT'S AT!"

Pon: Then, if the youth do possess the seeds of a new Zeitgeist, there will be a real "revolution," a revolution of mind and spirit.

Bayston: The youth will be the first, because they are free enough and brave enough to search within themselves, but the phenomenon holds true for the entire culture.

Pon: We are going to demonstrate, how mass media technology can be used creatively, and without the psychological distance which, paradoxically, mass media creates between itself and the individual, making him feel helpless to ever influence it, at the same time he is attracted to it.

Bayston: This is why seventy percent of the magazine will consist of up-till-then unheard-of young people from all over the

country, which will, hopefully, make the reader aware that the phenomenon is happening all over, and not just in one or two isolated centers.

Pon: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked." Empty systems of free-flowing noncommunicating mass media. Vast technologies, idle. Auditory and graphic diarrheas. Outgrowth gibberish-swaddle bombardment. Language, lying. Youth, INDIGNANT without even minimal staple to provide the vaguest consistent life style.

The core of their operations is an office on First Street in a three-flight walk up. But this is no shoe string affair. When Grope appears (now set for a fall publication date) it will be a magazine of 200 pages, with full-color, dual-black reproduction in an assortment of type faces and paper stocks, with a collection of some of the most avant garde, heavyweight materials around. By avoiding the ordinary commercial channels and methods of publication, Pon and Bayston intend that Grope will provide an example of responsible artistic use of mass media. And to them mass media means saturating the market with a quarter of a million copies of their first issue. They seem to have captured the imagination of one of the nation's largest paperback book publishers to help them do this. They flow around the country so that they could establish personal contact with thousands of student-age people on and around fifty major college campus communities across the country. In their several trips, they talked with college students, student body representatives, college deans, and anyone else that could lend a hand or a word of advice. They called the best material from all fields of expression in these communities and at the same time, set up distribution techniques with responsible young people.

They have been running for months now with no end in sight. Take a vacation? Dale Pon says, "Vacations are obsolete. Does a child take a vacation from play?"

A FRANK MESSAGE ABOUT ODORS THAT STINK UP YOUR PAD

My dear non-hip friends:

LOX, ONIONS, & C. ROACH SPRAY and other stinkier smells need no longer linger within the confines of that beautiful steam bath our old folks call 'home'. Yes, now your invited guests need no longer ask you where the Sheraton Perry is hiding.

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Kusama, in gold kimono with bare feet in tiki-less sandals, glides across the Piazza San Marco. Even the men selling pigeon-food stop to stare. "Hi!" Awake from a friend.

"How can I stop them stealing my balls?" "Your balls, Kusama?"

"My silver balls...in the show. They pick them up to admire, then they walk away. Without paying. How can I stop this?"

The suggestions are inconclusive, Kusama glides onward. There is a party at the American Consulate, magnificent, old building on the Grand Canal. Admission by invitation only but arrival by gondola, instead of more prosaically at the street entrance, is obvious evidence of status; nobody is asked for credentials. Especially somebody wearing a gold kimono.

The U.S. flag, fluttering above the entrance, is the only external sign or color along this stretch of the canal. The restraint of waterside dwellers is amazing. Laws probably prohibit advertising but the common reaction that all scenery is defamed merely by the presence of signs is too automatic to make sense. Banners or giant paper carp, for example, would look delightful swaying gently over the water.

Ferro's beautiful Voguechicwife, Mary, watches the dancing in the garden. Ferro himself, Icelandic-born/Italian painter, is off in a corner somewhere filming. Began to collect short sections of artists grinning and palling faces at the last Biennale, two years ago, now has more than 180 painters and sculptors on film. There, interspersed with film of their work, he'll edit into a full-length movie in NYC this fall.

Consulate floors appear to be marble but after reading Luigi Barzini's "The Italians" (whose main point is how expert are the Italians at faking things - even marble floors) judgment is more often reserved. Inge Feltrinelli, wife of the Italian publisher, says that the Barzini book was written "for foreigners" but as Feltrinelli didn't publish this particular bestseller it may be just sour grapes.

Most of the Americans are rooting for Roy Lichtenstein to win the Biennale's grand prize but the odds are against it, they say, because of the American (Robert Rauschenberg) victory in 1964. And because both artists are represented by the same gallery, NY's Leo Castelli. Leo is not in evidence at the Consulate party but the gallery director Ivan Karp with wife, along with Lichtenstein and his wife, Dick Bellamy and another guy leave the party in a gondola piloted by a sharp cut who tries to charge the party, 1600 lire apiece (\$1.70) for the brief trip. Equally sharp Karp, a legendary negotiator, convinces him that only the men should pay. (Next night Ivan lost most of his money in the Casino roulette tables can't be bargained with.)

What is Castelli up to? That is what everybody is asking. In the complex world of Italian art politics, say his rival/admini-

stor par excellence. Can the jury be influenced? Who are its key members? Of the seven names, only two are Italian; none are American, The rumors fly, and multiply. Sweden's Oyvind Fahlstrom is given a chance, so are Venezuela's Soto and Italy's Castellani.

This year's U.S. Commissioner is the Metropolitan Museum's owlish Henry Goldszalzer, who stuck his neck out for pop art when it had hardly been defined as a movement, and is now reaping some of the rewards. His official statement, calling for the abolition of the prize and jury system, was somewhat defensive: "I think it unfortunate that the journalistic emphasis is never on the questions of aesthetic quality, but always on the mechanics and politics of prizes. Prizes reflect quality only in the violation to exhibit is a sufficient index of quality."

But that only started the arguments all over again. "If Lichtenstein is the best painter," his supporters asked, "might he not get the prize just because he's an American exhibiting with Castellani?"

Locked away in a briefcase, Henry had a list of the Thursday parties at various pavilions: 10 A.M., Canada; 11, Japan; 11:30, Russia; 12, Romania; 4 P.M., Germany; 4:30 Israel; 5:30, Holland. Most shared the same caterer with additional touches: Russia offered oyster, vodka and American-type cigarettes. Long before each party was due to start, an overflow crowd from the previous one was waiting with poised glasses by the bar for the pouring to begin. By 5:15 P.M. it had swelled to riot proportions. A paparazzi turned the lawn sprinkler up and got some good pictures of the thristy through fighting to get out of the spray.

Belgium's young Pol Bury, who showed sexy kinetic wooden sculpture in 1964, is represented in Venice this year, but not in the Biennale grounds. Instead he's had 400 colored posters of his melting Tower of Pisa plastered on walls around the town. Many artists do this when they have a show to advertise but Bury's posters are the show.

Bob and Ethel Scull, NY collectors who get more publicity than most of the artists they collect, are being dogged by Tom Wolfe, who's writing a piece about them for London's Weekend Telegraph and (if it ever appears again) the Trib's Sunday magazine, New York. (The Sculls are also, incidentally, the subject of a forthcoming New Yorker piece by Jane Kramer.) Wolfe is trying to keep his mind on the subject of the Sculls but he is becoming more bewitched by the backstage politics of the Biennale every day. Inge Feltrinelli wants her husband to publish a book of Wolfe's but is worried about how the whizzing stuff can be translated. She discusses it over lunch with her friend, Fernando Pivano, but the latter (having translated a book of the American postbeat poets) doesn't think it will be difficult.

Mario Amaya, young unstaffed publisher of

butors include Voice art critic, David Bourdon and pathologist Simon Watson-Taylor) hands out copies of his new issue - with Lichtenstein on the cover. Two issues from now, Amaya will bring out his much-heralded anti-destructive issue - treated with some chemical that causes the magazine to disintegrate to dust within a few months.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY: Ceroli's enormous wooden packing case, still bare but decoratively carved inside, as can be seen by spectators who open the door and step in...Shaped canvases by Richard Smith (and others) that narrow the cap between painting and sculpture by being a bit of both... Fahlstrom's do-it-yourself construction pictures on which different figures and clothes on figures can be applied by magnets. Fahlstrom's works, like those early English picture books that could be cut up to make theatrical sets, are like three-dimensional Sir John Tenniel valentine cards... Fontana's plain white canvases blasted only by a thin black strip... Castellani's plain white canvases shaped into ridges and furrows by underlying rows of pegs or nails... Curt Stenvert's manifestos in the form of flower-bedecked steel skulls, trombones regurgitating coiled springs and glass hoses combining turn-of-the-century attic nostalgia with contemporary social comment... Kusama's "Garden" of light silver-colored material, clear enough to faithfully reflect the buyer's face, on sale for \$2 each outside the Italian pavilion.

Predominant in the Japanese pavilion is an enormous rainbow-painted structure by 34-year-old Ay-o who has been living in New York for the past six years taking part in numerous happenings. All over the garish structure are spaces in which to insert fingers, an action that results in different tactile sensations, bells ringing, horns blowing and sometimes nothing at all. The three other Japanese participants - Onosato, Ikeda and Shinoda - are also represented in a parallel show of Japanese works that opened next to the Piazza San Marco last week, bringing to the square probably the largest collection of lovely kimono-clad multitude it had ever seen. Also in this show are some of Miki's famous recessed ears, sculptured out of some silver alloy, and the shadow paintings* of Takamatsu who paints a nail on the canvas, then the shadow of the nail, then the shadow (but the shadow only) of a brush hanging from the nail. Probably the most beautiful foreign painter living in Venice is another Japanese, Junko Kawada, who presides over a magnificent old house named Casa de Maria in which about half a dozen other artists of various nationalities also live and work.

**DOUBLE FEATURE SHOWS
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SLUM GODDESS

Rosalene Phillips

photo by Neil Kramer



The heart is a dry rain scandal. Always a pain in the bum-bum. Remember, heart follow begins with a melancholy in the throat and homicides your heart bone at last.

CROWNS GO SOCIAL

THE FOURTEEN MILLION DOLLAR MISUNDERSTANDING

By Tom McNamara

If Mobilization for Youth did not exist, Joseph Heller would have created it. Like Catch-22, it is a wen-like symptom of our hung-up times. The very fact that we, you and me, baby - that's right us - live in a society that has something called "social workers" is living/dying positive proof that we live in a hangup, even "stuck" time. The very fact that we have to compartmentalize ourselves and delegate to a certain member of our alleged "society" the role of trying to "cope" with the emotional basketcases that our malignant, unhealthy past has created for us - this almost dead Puritanical present means that we have just about failed as a species. It's that serious.

I talked to one of the kids from The Latin Crowns just a few weeks ago. He's going to court. And he's going to take his sentence like a "man"; and dig this - he could even be innocent. He was fingered by a guy who said he and another Spanish kid stole something from his apartment. Juan, the guy I talked to at a local coffeehouse told me he got married since I last saw him. Then told me he was going to court to plead guilty. He said the middle-class type who pointed him out from the police car is a homosexual, he says he was standing with the other guy (the guy that did do it). They were on the street when the citizen who was cruising around in the cop car pointed him out. Interesting story, eh what? I've heard hundreds of them. I wonder how many are true. Ah, hell, all Puerto Ricans look alike.

Yeah, things were looking pretty good, just a few years ago, for the kids from 4th Street. They had their own club and they had a guy named Larry Cole frosting for them. Cole is a renegade psychology student and supporter of lost causes, who still is in evidence around those parts. When the Crowns moved in on his Lower East Side

little kids, he told me he wasn't going to make the same mistakes the Youth Board did - undermining the gang's structure, moving in on them, etc. But he did. Then, after he jacked them up, raised their hopes and helped them build fantasy castles in the air - he pulled out on them. They fell from the clouds like unrocketed paratroopers.

Maybe he didn't know what he was doing. Maybe you can write it off to his own neurosis. But, with the appearances on the big-time radio shows, the spreads in the big-league newspapers, James Wechsler's columns, the kids, some of them at least, began to believe that the world was their oyster. Cole began to think BIG. He called a meeting to set up a board of directors and told us storefront projects were going to multiply like Playboy clubs. It was beautiful and we all believed it.

Then, for some reason, he pulled out of the storefront and left the Crowns high and dry. They didn't know what to make of it. Once again...the same bit...some other slick talkin' social work type had let them down. Except this time they fell with a thud. The kids got themselves knifed, they missed probation appointments and got themselves jailed. The whole business crashed down on their heads. They still wonder about all this and sometimes must even talk about it in their cells.



Latin. If it had carpeting I'd sleep over and never miss going home.

GARRICK	Wed to Thurs June 29-30	A Woman is a Woman & Sweet and Sour
	Fri to Thurs July 1-7	Black Orpheus & Red Dances
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CONSCIOUSNESS CONFERENCE

Ralph Metzner



Left to right: Leary, Frosh, Rolf Von Eckartsberg, M.J. Herber, Gerd Stern, Paul Lee, Houston Smith, Sidney Cohen, Abram Cohen, Abram Hoffer, Sterling Bunnell, R. Alpert.

Though previous psychiatric conferences on the use of LSD in psychotherapy have been held, this conference, held under the auspices of University of California Extension, June 13 to 18, was probably the first comprehensive gathering on LSD. Considering the mounting hysteria and fear surrounding this topic, it may well be the last for some time. About half the participants were psychiatrists; the rest were psychologists, philosophers, theologians, lawyers, criminologists, anthropologists and an eminent poet who was disinvited but came anyway.

The conference opened under the shadow of political controversy. Democratic incumbent Brown and Republican contender Reagan had been vying with each other in denouncing Berkeley as a hotbed of communism, homosexuality, dope-taking and stroboscopic orgies. A University-sponsored LSD-conference was the last straw. Richard Baker, director of the conference, was subjected to considerable pressure from the University when it was realized that a majority of the speakers would actually say positive things about LSD. There was talk of cancellation and a compromise was finally reached by inviting three additional, primarily negative speakers and by disinviting Allen Ginsberg. This decision, made at an unnamed election higher than the conference committee's, backfired since it only meant that the poet was listened to even more avidly when he did speak. One of the lecturers invited him to sit in on his panel, another read one of his poems.

An example of the apoplectic reaction the conference elicited from some members of the academic community is the story of the psychologist who actually flipped into temporary paranoid psychosis and posted the announcement of the conference on the bulletin board at Berkeley, replacing the word "LSD" with the word "Jew". The psychologist, who was Jewish, had published the first research on mescaline in this country in 1954. He was obliged to post a public apology on the board later.

The conference was also attacked from the other end of the power hierarchy. For one or two days there was some mild picketing by students, who claimed the conference was "manipulated" to keep students out-by the high price (\$1.50 per lecture) and the inaccessible location. The picketers called for a "free acid conference".

The opening lecture was a scholarly paper by Frank Barron, research psychologist at the University of California, Berkeley, on stability and change in human consciousness and intelligence. His survey of LSD-users and their various motivations, aesthetic, religious, therapeutic, escapist, rebellious, included this description of the late adolescent or early adult

"Indeed, there is already developing a sort of 'LSD underground man', in the Dostoevskian sense of the term—a man who, in Dostoevski's words, 'would rather that his hand wither off than that he carry a single brick to help build the crystal palace. . . the crystal palace being the world that modern science and technology and state collectivism is making. These individuals, students and non-students, use LSD in the service of an apocalyptic vision of the future of mankind. That vision takes many forms, but a common element is the development of radically new relationships between the individual and the state, and the development also of new social institutions to replace marriage and family. These young people feel very keenly about the invasion of privacy by the police and by state 'information collectors'. They seek a human nature which will be free of the tyranny of the machine. Their stoichiometry is 'the acid test', which at least in part is the ability to abandon the claims of the individual ego and participate in a sort of group mind which is preparing to 'take off' and is just about ready to 'go somewhere'."

Since it is impossible to summarize every one of the lectures here I will merely mention briefly Dr. Sidney Cohen's discussion of LSD therapy and Joseph Lohman's survey of law-enforcement problems. Both speakers agreed, as did everyone at the conference, that use and possession of LSD per se should not be illegal. Lohman, who is head of the FDA's training program on "drug-abuse" (at Berkeley), denounced the laws prohibiting possession as unenforceable. Michael Harner, a Berkeley anthropologist described the use of psychedelics in primitive tribes around the world, noting the almost universal use of plants by shamans (priest-doctors), witches and vision-seekers.

Richard Alpert, described in the newspapers as a "high priest" of LSD, included in his lecture an open letter to Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare John Gardner, proposing the establishment of an IF ("internal flight") agency, analogous to the FAA. This agency would train and license LSD-seekers the way the FAA trains and licenses would-be pilots.

Sterling Bunnell, a San Francisco Psychiatrist who announced the existing knowledge of chemistry and pharmacology of LSD, Claudio Naranjo, a versatile, learned and courageous Chilean psychiatrist, described the therapeutic uses of ibogaine, hallucinogenic extract from an African root. He feels ibogaine, though similar to LSD, produces a more active, analytical attitude, and hence is more useful in therapy. Dr. Naranjo said he believes psychedelic therapy of the future will use careful combinations of drugs-LSD perhaps for overwhelming, non-analytic experiences; ibogaine for analyzing the past and others like MDMA

and nifedipine related to the 'here and now'.

On the evening of the third day, the USCGO group presented their "multi-channel medication", familiar to New Yorkers, including Richard Aldreoff's incredible living-mandelala-dimood-analog-jewel-light projector. Paul Lee, MIT philosopher and Protestant chaplain at Brandeis, gave an eloquent talk on the mystical aspects of LSD—the age-old tradition of self-caste and intellectual emigration, noted the emergence of a significant 'psychedelic style'. Abram Hoffer, probably one of the world's leading biochemists, summarized ten years of work on the treatment of alcoholism with LSD. He concluded that on the average 'one third will remain sober after therapy is completed, and one third will improve somewhat.' If certain classes of patients are excluded the improvement rate is even higher.

A crowd of around 1000, twice the normal size, turned out to hear Timothy Leary, dressed in white pants and striped blazer, talk on "The Molecular Revolution". After a discussion of "the anatomy of consciousness", he five levels reachable by various chemicals. Dr. Leary elaborated on his slogan "turn on, tune in, and drop out". "Not drop out of life, but drop out of the game—academic, professional, etc." "Drop out means harmonious, loving detachment from materialist goals." "If dropping out makes you feel guilty or rebellious—don't do it."

Albert Bendish, criminologist and lawyer, defender of Ginsberg's Hotel, delivered a brilliant lecture on the constitutional issues of religious freedom and the right to privacy. Jean Mayo, maker of the prize-winning film, "The Psychedelic Experience", presented an evening of experimental films, "lapis", by James Whitney, an ecstatic flow of mandalic changes, had the audience gasping as if in visual orgasm.

The last day's lectures were an analysis of LSD trip "crasher" by Bellevue's Dr. William Frosh; a one-and-a-half hour torrential description of the minutiae of LSD states by Rolf von Eckartsberg, a Duquesne University scholar; and a pain-staking logical dissection of the religious aspects of LSD, by MIT professor Houston Smith. Dr. Smith agreed that LSD experience was religious, but denied "the psychedelic movement" was a religious movement on the grounds that it has failed to integrate the experience into everyday life, that it has not developed a social philosophy, that it has no moral position and makes no distinction between esoteric and exoteric. He forgot to mention the "psychedelic movement", has only been in existence for about three years.

A panel of all the participants on the last day made it clear that all were agreed on the "need for more research", the foolishness and utility of laws prohibiting use of possession.

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POEM OF THE WEEK:
DECEMBER BY RON PADGETT

DECEMBER
I WILL SLEEP
IN MY LITTLE CUP



PUBIC HAIR OF THE WEEK:

JOE BRAINARD
AGE 24

"A VERY NICE PERSON"

THOUGHT OF THE WEEK:

"DO NOT BE AFRAID OF DEATH."

—JOE BRAINARD

FUR COAT

BY JIMMY SCHUYLER

Once I graced the shoulders of
Lillian Russell — went to Rector's,
Delmonico's, was at Canfield's
gaming rooms that night in
Saratoga when "Canfield" was
invented. Now I'm an old
coat with just one button. But
I've got my memories and I
never had to scrub floors.

As Miss Russell used to
say, "It's all a lot of
kismet."



CHUCKLE OF THE WEEK

BY KENWARD ELSMLIE

WHY DID
THEY BURY CARMEN MIRANDA
SO FAST?
SO THE
FRUIT WOULDN'T
SPOIL.

GAME OF THE WEEK

REVERSE THE
NAME OF MY
INVENTOR, DROP
A LETTER, AND
SEE A NEW WAY
TO SIT DOWN.



BY RON PADGETT

WHY BE A
FAT NURSE?

'LOST FAT'

CALIFORNIA NURSE SAYS
EASY WAY. MISS

LOUISE WHITE, GRADUATE
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SAN FRANCISCO, WRITES:
"IN MY WORK AS A FAT
NURSE I MET MANY
PEOPLE WHO WERE AS FAT
AS I WAS. THEN ONE DAY
WE ALL GOT TOGETHER AND
TRIED RE-DUCE-OIDS AND
NOW I AM NOT A FAT NURSE
ANYMORE." (SIGNED) MISS
LOUISE WHITE

BANGKOK REPORT



by Simon Watson-Taylor

Bangkok, May 15th (My birthday, God help me, and neither wiser nor richer than I was 20 years ago, when I was 23 . . .)

I was reflecting yesterday as I lay sweating in my steam-bath (in Bangkok, you lie in a padded coffin with a hole at the top end of the lid for your head to stick out, rather than sit in a box as in Japan). And since extreme heat seems to produce in my mind a pleasant state of delirium, I was comparing the cool efficiency of the Japanese massages with the apparently gay insouciance of the Thai girls. In Tokyo (and in Hong Kong, too) the offer of genital manipulation is a solid business offer, to be accepted or rejected or bargained for. In Bangkok, however, it is all part of the service; indeed, each girl has her own individual technique of stimulation, including a unique form of body massage consisting of "butterfly strokes" delivered with the finger-tips along the parts of the body carrying the sympathetic nerves, small love-bites awarded to unexpected parts of the anatomy, and mysterious, incomprehensible croonings into the ear.

But of course, there is a moral in this story. By diabolical cunning and ingenuity, the Thai girl times the whole bath and massage routine so carefully that when the genital massage is about to reach its satisfactory climax, the room phone rings and the supervisor in the lobby announces that time is up. Imagine one's predicament! Here is this saucy wench standing by your massage bed, one hand holding your foot, the other the telephone. When she turns to you demurely and asks, "One more half hour, Sir?" what can one do but groan, "Yes" and spend another 50 baht (a massage in Bangkok costs 100 baht about \$5). So one might conclude that the forthright behavior of the Japanese is preferable to the devious treachery of the Siamese: not so! Because, of course, to every moral there is a corresponding a-

moral. And in this case, the extra half-hour can bring much joy. Some of the girls, if they like you, are quite content to be bent over the bed themselves and be screwed. The more demure ones will lie down on the bed with you and allow the operation to conclude with mutual frigging. . . . And downstairs, the Madame will offer you a cold beer, free, before you leave. And you drink it gratefully, because, by God, you need it, and somehow you've got to restore your energy before you meet that sweet chick you dated last night in the Diamond Bar, for dinner and date tonight and, inevitably, a visit to that splendid Chinese motel where the taxi drives straight up to the door of a room containing almost nothing but an enormous bed, and mirrors lining the three walls opposite the entrance. These mirrors are, with typical Chinese delicacy, equipped with curtains which can be drawn across, and I did indeed once come across a Siamese girl who insisted they be drawn, bless her heart. And with typical Chinese thoughtfulness, an order for a bottle of cold beer before starting work brings not only a bottle on a tray but a small package of rubbers-grats. Once when I neglected this obvious safeguard with a Bangkok girl and found (horror!) when I arrived in San Francisco that I had clearly caught a dose of the clap. Which wouldn't have mattered except that I had recently declared my undying love for a young and chubby English girl living in New York and she was expecting to see me there two days later. God bless penicillin! An invasive 24-hour diet of penicillin capsules restored me to health, and I was able to face my love, pure, virtuous and uninfected. But it was a nasty moment. It's easy enough for women; they can always lie, "that time of month." But what can a man say? I've always thought life was unfair in that respect.

London: by MILES

The column from London is a regular feature—I just keep missing my deadlines. Most beautiful new thing happening here in the West End these days is the Jeannotta Cochrane Theatre which has been taken over by Jim Haynes for the TRAVERSE THEATRE COMPANY. Jim Haynes, (Georgia Military Academy—No Degree) started the company in Edinburgh in Jan. 1963. Since then he has been responsible for almost all the advances in the modern theatre in Britain. He has presented about 100 productions, almost all British premieres, often world premieres, of works by Arrabal, Sartre, Jarry, Ionesco, Genet, Bolt, Pinter, Albee, Anouilh, Weiss, Ahlman, Shure, Grass and many others. The Edinburgh TRAVERSE still continues but the London branch of the company looks like just the buds of a whole new flower.

The first late-night reading in the 350-seat main hall was Robert Creeley. Creeley, a little tired after the flight from Chicago but, very relaxed, telling stories about San Francisco in the 50's and the American police, and being just human. He read new poems included in the British edition of "For Love" which will contain one third new work from the Scribners one. Out late summer probably. On at the theatre now is a play by Cedi Taylor, (the Scots playwright) called *Afterglow* and a play by Alan Seymour called *The Gaiety of Nations*. Together they constitute "A Moral Evening" as they both approach the theme of reversion for war, reason for pacifism.

They sit in with "The War Game" the BBC TV film which never got shown on TV and which is playing in London right now. When at the FBI, all top-ranking officials claim the War Dept. came to see closed sittings of the film. Many people see the film, get up walk out, walk a few steps down the street then fall to the pavement crying. This film should be shown to Pentagon chiefs and Kremlin chiefs. There has never been such an antiwar film made before which gives the full picture of the total devastation and death a nuclear war could cause. Recently the BBC-TV played Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets" on a rock and roll programme. Instead of showing film of Sadler they showed documentary film of American napalm attacks and bombing in Viet Nam. Fortunately this made the record drop in the charts. Maybe the Vietnamese will eventually take over Viet Nam as the Cubans took over Cuba!

A magazine giving clear, detailed analysis of political situations throughout the world is *New Left Review*. They also have articles on films, "new thing" jazz, art and previews of new books by authors such as Robbie-Griffie. Also Sartre on culture, R.D. Laing (Divided Self) on various aspects of psychology (50 cents from 7 Carisle Street, London W.1.)

On the music scene the AMM are still playing well, Marianne Faithfull has taped a song with Ornate Coleman. Ornate wrote and backed it (not available on disk). The Beatles new LP is going well with amazing electronic tapes, loops, and words from Tibetan Book of Dead. New groups PINK FLOYD SOUND and the ACTION are on the UP. A big Indian music thing is going with a new Indian bookshop & record center and concerts every week. Paris seems to be overtaken by London as the new city for expatriate Americans. It's cheaper & no language difficulties, or almost. Readings recently by Tom Clark, Ed Dora, Ron Fodgett, George Tysh and many others. Of the new publications, Art & Artists has Jonathan Williams on Palmer's best notebooks and free pull-out Hookney drawing, also article on Brassmann's nudes (Eastern News Daily, 155 W. 15, NYC). William Burroughs says the British edition of SOFT MACHINE (when it comes out) will be again re-written from the Grove edition, which was re-written Olympia. George Andrews' Book of Grass is out from Peter Owen late summer.

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PRESENTS

Making the scene is like working in the garment industry...its all fashion and productivity. All you have to do is keep your nose down, your arse up and keep grinding it out...one damn thing after another. And don't think about what you're making...thinking leads to self-criticism and that slows down production.

In this valley of the Shadow of Death is getting more chronic...we are shitting ourselves to death...using ourselves up, so that when the big bang comes there'll be nothing for it to destroy except our skin and bones.

We know all the theories of meditation and still we swing from second to second... from thing to thing...like frenetic apes. We have read our Zen book for today, but we read it backwards...the answer did not lie in the last chapter or even in the first. We know enough to know that work without thought or meditation isn't worth a cupfull of cold piss but we are scared lest someone should pass us in that moment-when we bow our head.

And so we go on making the scene, and likening it to shaving...if we don't do it every day, we may be a bum. We believe in the new art-form which says if you haven't made anything for a couple of years you're finished...if you've only made one thing this season, you're practically anonymous...if you don't keep producing you're letting your public down - and the criticism industry. Christ, man! they've got a right to eat too.

Stardaria? Don't worry about garbage like that. The critics will be elated by the sheer weight of production. Just get in there and work and made damn sure its NEW and DIFFERENT. But suppose it's a bit gimicky? Don't even think that word... just keep your mind on how to make it DIFFERENT.

Do something that hasn't been done before. Like...like...like - here's a great idea! You drop your penis and crap a beauty right in the centre of the stage, then you take off the rest of your clothes and wrap yourself in facial tissue until you look like the very Mummy himself - then you roll in it. And for the piece de resistance you flush yourself down the toilet. I was going to suggest that you drench yourself with gas and strike a match but apart from that being old hat now its also sort of final. It's much more jolly to have your friends



Hillary Harris

photo by Richard Preston

give you a party on the beach where the sewer flows down to the sea.

Well, having got that out of my bowels, let me tell you about Hillary Harris who is the antithesis of everything I have just written.

He is a man who had standards, patience and talent. A man into whose hands the establishment has placed an Oscar and into whose lap the Ford Foundation has dropped its bounty. A man who has recently justified the whole existence of Henry Ford with his film "9 Variations of a Dance Theme." His film is simplicity itself. There is a dancer, a bare loft...the rest is light and shadow, carved with the most meticulous artistry. Hillary has developed the sort of eye that seeks out the sensual - extracts its essence and transforms it into a total

kinetic experience.

Films that are, truly visual are almost impossible to write about...by their very nature they are beyond words. I can write about the mounting and powerful flow of his images...the perfect rhythm of the editing...the exquisite camera work - but words remain words. The film you have to see.

I can tell you that here is a man who in spite of money and "success," who in spite of his involvement in the peace scene (which can become as big a drag on the creative force as Madison Ave.), who in spite of living in the Valley of the Shadow of Death who in spite of not having made a creative film in about 4 years is not in the least bit fazed but who can, in the stillness of his own time create a thing of tremendous beauty.

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RAMA

Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

It is a world of self-derision and self-education we live in. What brings this to mind is reading three magazines which arrived today - by I Ching Chance, almost spontaneously. The three - all religious magazines (in a special sense): MOTHER, SYNAPSE (some would say not a magazine, rather a pamphlet) and AAAB-A FOR YOU per KF, which even had the audacity to wrap itself in an envelope originally belonging to Liberal Religious Youth, which is undoubtedly some organization of frenetic young Catholics devoted to the immediate stamping-out of all products of latex, if not even foam rubber. Stephen Levine, who dreamed and wrote SYNAPSE, of course, knows he has dealt in religion, since the booklet is further titled "Sutras, Myths & Visions of the 'Religious Circus.'" SYNAPSE is a beautifully written and produced, almost medieval illuminated book (if almost said manuscript, it has that quality to it, an almost forgotten magical touch since Gutenberg's time. SYNAPSE is strikingly resplendent in the apocalyptic drawings of Nagari and somebody who looks like a combination of Bosch, Ensor, and Max Ernst and is the best depicter of madness since Bela Lugosi joined the ranks of the dead undead. It is a mad-making book. Get it and read it.

Consider MOTHER now in this context. Undoubtedly editor Peter Schjeldahl does. And he is happy in his work, too. He describes MOTHER as "the best literary magazine in the world" and then hastily adds "I TRY VERY HARD NOT TO APPEAR He isn't and it is. Forty-five bookstores throughout the world sell 1600 copies (not more nor less) of each issue. Fugger Sanders, noted notebearer of noted note and proprietor of the Peace Eye has said (on occasion) of MOTHER that it is "the new Lower Rastafale Elegance." It is. Praise be to the Pats-Diety! Isn't it wonderful and marvelous that out little burgh within the Molochmonster, this dippy, dingy, almost unhinged, sometimes bingy, and never stonier little neighborhood of ours is taking the world by calm? Yes Yes YesYesYes. No? The current issue has been sucked down into the whirlpool of papers that is my desk, but #6 of MOTHER, which was published last last year is still, miraculously, atop. It features Barbara Guest, who I understand Brinsard, he of the supercamparasma assemblages of the gimcracks of our hang-up time and usually considered like a painter type artist but actually just another type of poet, contributed an entitled drawing called, or actually signed Ted Berrigan, and called "Untitled Drawing." I think. Then there are five poems from "The American Book of the Dead" (how's that grabby?) by John Glazer, a painting-poem collaboration by Mike Goldberg & Bill Berkson and Alice Neal's marvelous portraits of nudist-boothist Joe Gould, the flower of the Raven Poetry Circle including one in which Gould appears to be leering/sneering out of the page, perhaps overly proud of the fictive fact that he has three penises. In the painting, of course, Mabel One issue of MOTHER even came complete with a circular poem. There have been stiffs from Warhol's "15 Most Beautiful Women." Enough to spend an entire evening reading and all, as Peter points out produced in

THEATRE

by Jerry Benjamin

"The Kitchen" by Arnold Wesker. The New Theatre Workshop's Production, presented by Rith Fredericks & Paul Skout w/The Establishment Theatre Co., Inc. (Ivor David Balding, Executive Producer), directed by Jack Gelber, settings by Ed Wittstein

"What is there more?" The restaurant owner asks three times, and, finally, Arnold Wesker's meaning gets thru. The words are spoken. The copout presents his argument to the dropout. Peter has stopped the kitchen's action at peak period in an empty/semi-destructive/vain act of rebellion. There is a magnificent company of top-notch actors working on the expansive stage of the new, terrific, 81 St Theatre. The excellent setting by Ed Wittstein realistically recreates the kitchen of a huge restaurant-like Orwell's DOWN & OUT IN PARIS & LONDON, or New York's kitchens - The Plaza's, The Waldorf-Astoria's, etc. It is a thoroughly professional and perfunctory performance of Arnold Wesker's "The Kitchen," by no means a definitive production. Zip-zap: 2 Acts & out by 10:15 - much too quickly paced. An empty shell of the playwright's intent, it's well-acted. The actors are able to justify every moment.

Peter is a rebel; a spider caught in his own web; flailing about for escape, and dropping out instead. Bloodied at the end

or around this petadistal vicinity. A subscription would set you back \$2 per year, but just think - you could throw your TV into the catanonic octopoli at the aquarium. Champ. Oh, yes...the religious aspect. As Peter Schjeldahl so aptly puts it: "MOTHER is a legatee to all those joyous aesthetic explosions that have almost saved our century from death and boredom. MOTHER is incredibly intelligent and bestial." Oyach, Pete, a--wing that thing!

AAAB-A is "that freaky little mag published irregularly in English and Esperanto Ken Friedman and is a beautifully spirit duplicated little out of San Diego. The issue I've got reticently features "The Rub-You-Out...Omone Diem" in a new translation by the Rev. Tull Kupferberg, D.B.S.III "A Beginner's Guide to the World of Zoak" which is "reprinted through the courtesy of the Saturday Evening Post" and so forth. It contains what I guess is an ad for Friedman's radio show on KRNB and a public service plea asking the readership to "end psychodelic unemployment - employ a freak today." Why religious? Well AAAB-A is light and funny and frothy and tragic as well, but that ain't religion, that life (another magazine). Dig these excerpts from actual letters received by the Welfare Department and reported in AAAB-A... "I am glad to report that my husband who is missing is dead" and "I cannot get sick pay. I have to my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?" and/or "Please find for certain if my husband is dead. This man I am living with can't eat or do anything until he knows" and "I am very much annoyed to find that you have branded my son as illiterate. This is a dirty lie, as I was married a week before he was born." You can subscribe to such madness as this by

and senselessly defeated. Wasted. Rip Torn literally riffs thru the role with a bravura leaky, off-the-cuff, German accent. It is to his credit, that he makes every moment of his playing convincing; while managing to exclude a Peter that would call our sympathy. Here is the star concept (as presence) that seems to compliment the novel-inspector/method actor. After you get all that novel-inspection down, the next step is star processing. These are the personality gyraters. The good ones have star presence beyond conception. Mr. Torn has star concepts, but little presence. He is a good actor, and, perhaps, with a strong director whom he respects, he might be enlisted to put out for the character. Not so here. Jack Gelber has gone through some of the motions of directing in an able manner. He's cast an extremely competent company of actors. It's a large group - 29, and the traffic moves well on the stage of the 81st St Theatre, but this is more to the set's credit. The direction is absent when it's needed most, in the interweaving of actual relationships. Perfunctory at best. Somehow the play's notes are slurred. The actors are able, individually, to justify their playing moments; therefore, it seems that the production does so, and that the play is for the most part aimless. But, I'd say the production is not equally justified in its moment-to-moment encounter with the play's events and their expression.

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Open Letter to the Senate

The following is a transcript of Walter Bowart's testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency.

As publisher of a newspaper, The Star (Dallas), devoted to youth and the arts (on several pages), I have become aware of an impressive transformation in the youth that dwells on our shores.

In this age of mass media, transcendence of our adolescents are generally more informed than their parents; yet they are allowed to assume no more responsibility than before. Their freedom is bounded. In the direct experience via theater of being a part of the adult world, yet they must act discretely by being no part in the making of it, while they are offered a non-participatory education.

In frustration you youth are reading out. They are exploring the world and trying to find a situation in which they can participate. They are trying all kinds of things including marijuana and LSD.

The problem of understanding LSD because urgent when one realizes that by 1970, 85% of our population will be younger than 25 years of age. That's a lot of curiosity, idealism and frustration to deal with. Something has to give, and I'd venture to guess—no always—it will be the older generation's way of looking at life.

Let me explain a another way—in the world possible that while reaching a height of material wealth, we have not attained by any country in the world, Austria has achieved its spiritual wealth and falls into moral bankruptcy and spiritual poverty.

The cover of an April Time Magazine asked in big red letters: IS GOD DEAD? Has such a question been posed as publicly before? The Time article read, "Sincerely of every two men on earth there is therefore to a bond of totalitarianism that condones religion as the opiate of the masses—which has stirred some to heroic deeds of their faith, but has also driven no end of men to any sense of God's own existence." This seemed to overlook a brand of totalitarianism via televisual devices which is spreading on our American shores. It is not religious, nor does it have any spiritual content. It is a cold, direct, our youth toward specialization, waging war with vague ideas, and self-participating in and building an our directed culture.

Though our technology and social organization we have built a civilization of unprecedented wealth and grandeur. Yet despite this success of achievement we have often little thought to the mastery of our selves. In fact, our newly acquired wealth and leisure has heightened our materialism and our desire for social distinction. It becomes increasingly apparent that a stable and generous democracy can endure only as long as we have intelligent, self-disciplined, and properly oriented youth. Our television and electronic age of entertainment has been said it, McLuhan is saying it, Taylor observed it: When a culture reaches a point of extreme objective orientation, or other diversions, something happens and the culture begins to turn toward new directions, toward subjective consciousness. I believe this overwhelming curiosity about LSD is a direct manifestation of this broadened searching.

There are three ways this inner directed, basically moral, or spiritual quest can proceed either culturally by mass movements either politically, socially, or morally oriented.

Recently we have had two social movements making moral demands. The civil rights movement and the student pacifist movement. Both, I believe, are founded on moral rather than political or social values.

Seven years ago, when I was in college, a great number of my peers were trying to find a meaning or direction. I met Ben Hoffman, and trying to organize T-ent. Meditation can be difficult in our noisy culture.

Since that time, a wide interest in cerebral philosophies—Buddhism, Zen Buddhism, Hinduism, and others—has been taken root. It is not surprising that intellectually stimulated people should try psychedelic chemicals as a natural outgrowth of this spiritual hunger.

Psychedelic substances (LSD, Mescaline, Psilocybin, Peyote, Yage, the Tryptamines, Mescaline, etc.) seek, or any number of others) are changing our minds, not only directly, but indirectly. Some examples of indirect influences of psychedelic drugs are hidden and the light-show-oriented media now becoming popular in throughout the U.S. A great number of people are using a new brand of psychedelic-music concerts at the Riverside Museum. Go art, kinetic sculpture and some entirely new concepts in writing and painting are emerging out of our artistic milieu, which is very familiar with the psychedelic experience.

The problem, as I see it, is not one of how to make heavy anti-psychedelic legislation, but how to direct it to its broadest possible beneficial use.

LSD is not a catalyst, neither good nor bad in itself. A study on the psychic or moral reaction to LSD was done by Dr. Sidney Cohen and was printed in the Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease.

In that report Dr. Cohen questioned 5,000 people, half of whom were normal and the other half of whom were under analysis. They took a total of 25,000 times in a responsible controlled setting.

In his graph Dr. Cohen made note of three reactions: disrupted activity, successful activity, and psychotic reaction leading to hospitalization.

He found that on normal people (normal or unadjusted adults), while only 1.2 per cent of the people under analysis attempted suicide and 0.4 per cent had per thousand normal people had psychotic reactions which lasted over 48 hours while 1.0 per cent of the people under analysis had psychotic reactions lasting more than 48 hours.

These statistics, would seem to indicate that psychotic chemicals administered in the proper setting are not inherently dangerous. More studies of this kind should be done.

There are four groups primarily interested in psychedelic substances: the scientific, the religious, the artistic, and a group Dr. Cohen called the "false leader" revolutionaries. He described this fourth group as those who take LSD in a casual, frivolous, uncontrolled circumstance.

On May 17, before the University of Southern California Medical School Forum, Dr. Cohen said: "The third phase of the LSD story is upon us. For every person who takes LSD for valid scientific purposes there may be a few hundred who take it. Let us say for artistic, semi-religious, or recreational purposes. But for every few hundred of those there may be a few thousand who take LSD in a casual, frivolous, uncontrolled circumstance."

Life Magazine said that more than a million doses of LSD were ingested last year. That million doses has created a snowball of interest, via direct experience and gossip and via a half interested and sensational press. This means that the bulk of anything that anybody does more people than ever before will be by psychedelic chemicals, and some of them will seek help from our hospitals, because they were not properly prepared for it.

Our medical profession has shown a tremendous lack of understanding of the public reaction in the psychedelic time. They have most often treated the cases involving us in our hospitals as toxic poison cases rather than as people in a distorted psychological condition.

It is not surprising that the medical profession has the least ability to understand. Their approach is empirical, and it is this empirical approach which has shed the least amount of light on the nature of these chemicals. You can't walk what happens there someone else's head.

Our first step toward preventing irreparable damage to our country is to take individuals out of our hospitals and medical care and law enforcement agencies who are truly disturbed individuals. A most important measure would be the non-psychoanalyzing treatment of "psychotic patients" in hospitals; most have one of the substances themselves.

Today the organized religious scene is in offering resistance to the LSD. It is not out of it is the cause of religion that LSD has prevented seen.

Rev. Dr. Walter Krueger preached a sermon before the University Church of All Souls in New York stating that the fact that LSD could be used as any church as a religious ritual's last dimension of awe. He said, "The sermons with the Holy has been fast disappearing among us. Perhaps this emphasis will be maintained by research into drugs. Religion cannot be equated with religious experience but rather can it long survive in absence."

The Nation American Church, which has members in all of the 50 states, and even an all over branch, has been using psychedelic substances in their ceremonies for many years. How do they do this? By making it a ritual and treating it as sacred. The Indian religions are highly controlled by ritual, so that the public, or even those in the Indian American Church, know exactly what to do and how to withdraw devotion.

It has taken the Indian thousands of sessions over many years to understand and formalize the ceremony. Much of their ritual was inherited from the ancient Mayan culture.

I was fortunate enough to partake of this psychedelic love to the Indian way. In that session, I found that everything in the Indian ritual had a definite purpose. The first, the way people were seated around it, the idea of the four wheels, the drum, the road man, and the drum major, all of these directed the concentration of the participants in the ceremony toward contemplation. The Indian way to do this is to call in the Native American Church, know exactly what to do and how to withdraw devotion.

This ritual, it seems to me, performs a definite directing of the individual's consciousness to a carefully guarding against the onset of mass disturbances—mass hysteria and anxiety.

The psychiatric profession, in general, it would seem, has not used any psychedelic substances in a way that they could be. Many seem to be still looking at the substances from the outside, as somebody else's, and have not been able to try a psychedelic substance on themselves and see what effect it has on their understanding of social issues. For example, when such sessions have been exhibited in the psychiatric profession, it has resulted in a new outlook on several illnesses such as schizophrenia.

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Who are the authorities on LSD? It would seem to me that Dr. Sidney Cohen, Dr. Timothy Leary, Dr. Humphrey Osmond are some of today's Magicians of Inner Space. Any one of them might be likened to Robert Goddard who was experimenting about 1900 with rockets in his back yard. During his lifetime the government didn't understand just what it was he was doing and so offered him little encouragement. But in 1960 the U.S. Government made a million dollar withdrawal on his estate for patent infringement and now there is a space research center bearing his name.

I hope that the group or individuals with the most experience with psychedelic substances will be encouraged to experiment more and be called upon to set up programs of education in both scientific and religious areas.

I would like to see the way left open for those chemicals or herbs to be available to any and all religious groups who might ask for them to be incorporated into their existing rituals.

There should be a sound, well-directed campaign of public education in our universities, and possibly down in our high schools... warning of the dangers of abuse... and offering through films and lectures some kind of idea what the psychedelic experience is.

In all honesty, I would like to submit that before any action is decided upon, a representative from this committee—voluntarily and under proper conditions—should have an LSD session and report back to the committee.

CONFERENCE continued from page 8

participants, was ignored by the press. There was no discussion, far less agreement, about the problems of supply and control. The doctors felt they should control it exclusively, psychiatrists and others tended to be more liberal.

By this time, the audiences of the conferences, was in such good spirits that they were applauding everyone, regardless of what position they took. About one-third were FDA trainees, gum-chewing narcotics sceptical lawyers and doctors—these tended to preserve silence. One-third were the hipsters, in the boots, long hair, caps and buttons of the "psychedelic style". One-third perhaps were neutrals.

A liberal sprinkling of cranks added spice. Miss Paula Gordon, representing the Meher Baba faction, had leaflets at the door entitled "Psychedolics—Catalysts or Co-Revolvers," and was handing out copies of the avian's letter to Richard Alpert. In this letter the "God-Man" says that "If God can be found through the medium of any drug, God is not worthy of being God!". Miss Gordon challenged every speaker who had anything positive to say. The last word was had by a prankster who wrote on the notice board, among the messages for various professors and lecturers: Meher Baba—Come and consult me again—God.

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