

Mark Lane :

**ASSASSINATION,
ESCALATION**

In mid-August, Holt, Rinehart & Winston will publish "Rush to Judgement," an independent study of the JFK assassination by Mark Lane, 39-year old lawyer and former New York State legislator. The book will also be published in Spain and in England. What follows is an excerpt from an interview with Lane by Wendy Sonnenberg.

EVO: Who in your opinion benefited from the assassination of Oswald?

Mark Lane: Well . . . of Oswald?

EVO: Right.

Lane: Or of Kennedy?

EVO: Of Oswald.

Lane: Well I imagine that whoever wanted to prevent the full disclosure regarding the events of November 22 benefited from the murder—possibly.

EVO: What were those events?

Lane: Well obviously if Oswald had lived there would have been a trial. If there was a trial there would have been a full disclosure as to what Oswald did on November 22, I think. The reading of the record compiled by those who investigated for the Warren Commission, by the witnesses who testified to the Warren Commission, demonstrates quite clearly that Oswald could not have been convicted of the assassination of the President in the first place. And in the second place, the evidence would have shown very plainly that at least two people were involved.

EVO: It is your opinion that Oswald was framed?

Lane: Well, again, we move into the area of guess work . . . I think that the record shows clearly that what the Commission said happened on November 22 and November 24 did not happen.

EVO: It is your opinion is it not, that Oswald did not shoot the President?

Lane: I am rather old fashioned about these things. I believe in the presumption of innocence, which is theoretically the cornerstone of the American criminal jurisprudence. There is no evidence which compels the conclusion that Oswald was in any way involved in the assassination, and I, therefore, presume that he was not involved in the assassination. Insofar as the Commission's conclusion that Oswald was the lone assassin, that is an asinine conclusion and one which is rebutted by the facts because there was no lone assassin and no one—Oswald, or even a superior rifleman—could possibly have used that antique weapon which the Commission claims was used as the sole weapon and secured such effective results.

EVO: Do you believe that Ruby shot Oswald out of feelings of pure patriotism?

Lane: No, I do not. The fact is that Ruby, who claimed, after he had killed Oswald, to have been such a lover of President Kennedy, was among those who were present in Dallas on November 22nd and, according to his own

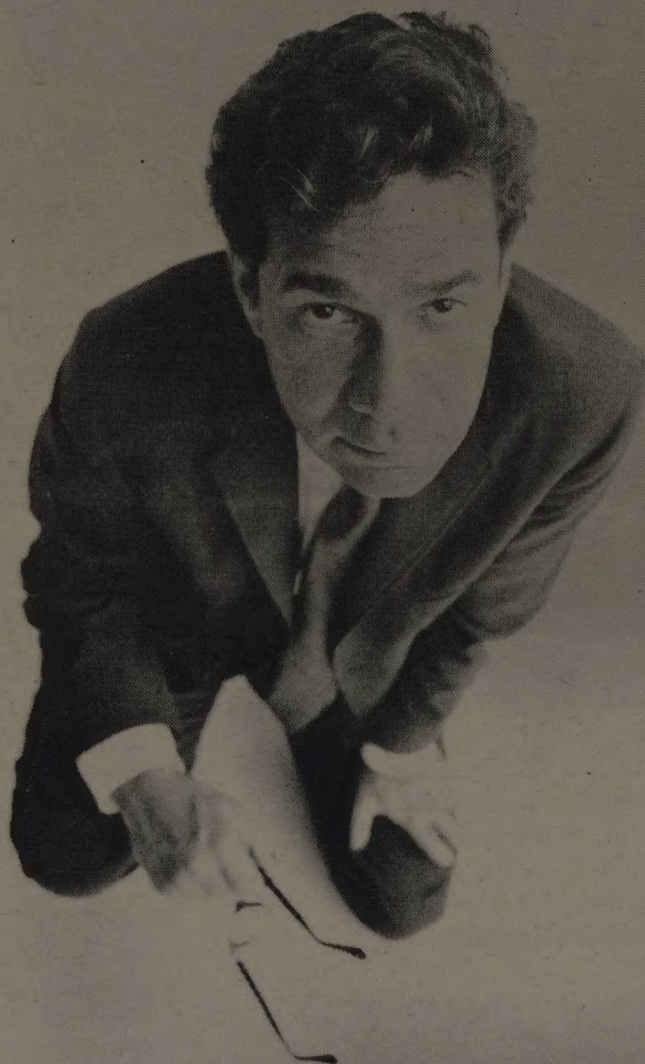
statement, did not even take the trouble to walk two short blocks from the DALLAS MORNING NEWS, where he was involved, he claimed, in a transaction, a business transaction, placing an ad for his Carousel Club—another club in Dallas—in the newspaper. He didn't bother to walk two short blocks to the Presidential route so that he could see this one man, the President of the United States, who he professed to love.

EVO: What are your plans after the book and movie are out?

Lane: Well I expect to be lecturing a bit in connection with the release of the book and the release of the film.

EVO: You've done a lot of lecturing, haven't you?

Lane: I have lectured at 75 to 85 universities in the United States, and about a dozen countries throughout Europe.



Kaplan photo

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THE NEW CIVILIZATION

We belong to a party that does not yet exist: civilization. Even the New York Post recognized this fact when it stated in an editorial of July 2 that, "The big baby boom in the years right after World War II produced a great cohort of citizens who go marching through the years setting the style for our civilization."

By 1968, the average age of the world voter will be 27 and the average age of our presidents, prime ministers and other heads of state will still be in the early sixties. Nothing, as yet has been done to civilize the world. But the truth is that today's youth can never be so foolish as to uphold the laws of destruction and devastation. It is not their style.

Rather, they are more concerned with civil rights, the war in Viet Nam and poverty. Their involvement is with protecting the freedom of privacy from an encroaching totalitarian technocracy; doing away with the barbaric institutions of war and freeing half the world from the chains of poverty and starvation.

Everywhere and especially in America, a cultural evolution is taking place; an evolution that will sweep Johnson and his ilk, the gray-haired myth of the masters, into the garbage heap of obsolescence. Wisdom and time is now on the side of the young.

It is the primary purpose of the East Village Other to pass along this vital information and to convince the young people of America and the world that they are not crazy or alone; that they are wiser than their elders who persist on a political and economic path which can only lead to total destruction.



Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

The Underground States of America

... to form a more perfect union."

There are literally thousands of young people (artists, hippies, beatniks, pacifists, civil rightists, etc., known as the "underground") who have, in one form or another, dropped out of the system to the extent of just barely existing on its borders and who would benefit once and for all by seceding from the Union. Of course this movement would have to be combined with the formation of a loosely knit confederation of *people* rather than states.

Since they would only be in the thousands, there would be no necessity for the corporate structure of the state. The Confederacy would be tribal. It would be known as the Underground States of America and would exist along grounds already to be found in the now existing "underground." This proposal, at first, may seem ridiculous but it would serve the purpose, as New York City's proposal does, to illustrate the poor moral, political and economic climate of America.

The Underground States would, of course, choose the Constitution and Declaration of Independence as the criteria for "Being," changing it slightly (instead of "We the people . . ." / "We the people of the Underground"). These documents are much more original than people think since they really haven't been used in 190 years—in this country at least.

They would then have to consider the structural formation of this new "Union." The Judiciary, Executive and Legislative branches are those which are primarily problematic. As far as the "Fourth Estate," the Press goes, it has begun by the mere fact that underground newspapers such as the L.A. Free Press, Berkeley Barb, The Paper in East Lansing, The Fifth Estate in Detroit and The East Village Other are already in existence—that is in another country. But the "other" estates which have not yet begun to form are still to be considered.

The judiciary should follow along the lines of the Ten Commandments except that the first three commandments about God could be condensed into one commandment, "Thou shall not be God." This would bypass the ridiculous hang-up which has plagued western civilization for the past several centuries whether God existed or not. Commandments could be added such as, "Thou shall not say anything unless it be beautiful and useful."

When considering punishment for law breakers, the decision should be based on forgiveness. But the stipulation must be, since they broke the law, one of ostracism from the "Union." A good way to ostracize law breakers is to ban them to the United States of America. There they will learn the way of the jungle and the street in its fullest reality and hopefully realize that man cannot exist without love and his fellow human beings. If, upon learning their lesson, they desire to reenter the Underground States, they can but only with the consent of the majority of their fellow citizens.

The executive and legislative branches of government, because of the way the judiciary and Law of the Land is structured, would not be concerned with making and administering laws over people, but rather over things. Their primary concern would be with providing enough food, shelter and clothing for everyone and that is all. It would be an anarcho-technocracy in which the executors and legislators would be technocrats.

Of course this type of system would create problems such as: if man were not to work to exist but be given these primary things then

what can he or should be do with his time? The answer lies in the fact that this is a creative confederation. Man could go back to farming or making tables and chairs, or he could paint, write, etc. He could even travel. This type of loosely knit confederation would create problems for uncreative people who would either, knowing their own uncreativity 1) not join or become a citizen of such a country or, 2) if they did join, would eventually be driven to break the law. When this happens the Judiciary goes into effect. They would be tried and if found guilty, be ostracized (i.e., as in a foreign country when a diplomat breaks the law, he is politely asked to leave).

The idea of visiting or living or being part of such a country, as I said before, is to be creative. This idea is not so unbelievable as it first appears when you realize such a system, though on a small scale, exists presently in America. The system is known as "Synetics." It exists as an agency in Cambridge, Mass. where young executives from large corporations are sent to learn to be creative. They are exposed to people of creative nature whose activities are free; who congregate in areas where executives like these do not normally visit: like Greenwich and East Village—where people smoke pot, take LSD, have strange literate conversations, write, read, paint, etc. What is, in other words known to the vast majority of the population, as illicit and underground activities. The principle behind such an idea and agency as Synetics, is that the present corporate system puts these young executives uptight, making them unable to deliver the goods. In short, it blocks their creative process.

The idea of Synetics could be put to use in the Underground States of America. One of the ways the new confederation could raise monies, is by making itself available to the United States of America, as a country to visit because of its synetic values. The Underground States would charge all visitors a fee for entering and living in the country which in affect would be one great big therapy.

An advertizing campaign could then be started to induce visitors (which are different from the regular run of tourists by the fact they are not there to look around but to participate, to be creative and cured) by such slogans as COME ON DOWN or TAKE A TRIP THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND. Any visitor who is not serious about his quest or disturbs the natives would be asked to leave and his money refunded.

Today nothing really bad happened

There were no explosions
No mass suicides
No one was raped . . . carted off howling to a madhouse . . .
There was no plane wreck, train wreck, auto accident or any other even middle rank catastrophe &
O yes

Seven newspapers failed.

—Tuli Kupferberg

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ACTION+ANXIETY=CHAOS

notes on the new bohemia

by John Gruen

Anxiety and music, anxiety and dancing, anxiety and sex, anxiety and art—these are the raw materials for a New Bohemia. In New York, as in other cities throughout the world, these commodities run rife, and if we mean anxiety to stand for racial tension, poverty, a simple search for something other than the status quo, or displacement—intellectual, emotional, or aesthetic—then it becomes clear that this anxiety, when acted upon, can release numberless creative and emotional explosions.

In less than two years New York has given birth to a new and radically different Bohemia. As such, it is symptomatic of an international movement in the arts. Its protagonists and practitioners may well become known as the Combine Generation. Its center is known as the East Village, an area that runs roughly from Third Avenue to the East River, and from Houston Street up to Fourteenth Street. A large and relatively unknown park—Tompkins Square—is its focal point, but the area's chief attractions are its low rents and its old-world atmosphere.

At the height of its bustle—on any weekend night—you see the makeup-less faces of long-legged, long-haired girls; bearded boy-faces; old women, their heads covered with small, neatly tied scarves; old men, walking in groups, speaking in foreign tongues. You see young Negroes, walking arm in arm with white girls, who have the look, not of defiance, but of *Here it's possible! Here we can! Here we will!* The fact of the matter is that the East Village abounds in interracial couples, many of them married. They have found the neighborhood relatively free of prejudice and they can walk the streets without being stared at.

The rhythm of the Combine Generation can rush you into discussions with young artists, young composers, and young film-makers, all of them bent on the demolition of the past. How ironic that this should take place in the least demolished of neighborhoods. Indeed, one of the few aspects of the past which most New Bohemians hold sacred is the old and sentimental architecture that so statically surrounds them.

But the true emblem of this New Bohemia is action—physical, mental, and emotional. The New Bohemia moves insatiably. The most overt manifestation of this need for movement can be observed in the passion for the frenetic, exultant, near-tribal dance catharsis of today. There is no question that almost every stratum of society has been influenced by this solitary, exhibitionistic style of dancing, but it is the New Bohemians who have brought it to its highest pitch. Having finally, so to speak, disentangled themselves, couples are now "making it" on their own, while still relishing the conviviality of the group. This has heightened everyone's sense of competition, and unmasked as well as released a heretofore veiled megalomania. Dancing has become an open war on self-consciousness and inhibition.

Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the New Bohemia is its acceptance of integration as an unquestioned part of the scene. Young Negroes and Puerto Ricans are part of the crowd at the New Bohemian bars. In fact, they move with apparent ease and security within every sphere of creative and social activity. It can truly be said that for New Bohemians every day is Independence Day.

Whole movements are about in the East Village to legalize marijuana: "Let's Legalize Pot," "Smoke Pot, It's Cheaper and Healthier Than Liquor!" While severe narcotic addiction is a more solitary escape from anxiety, pot-smoking tends to be group-oriented.



Picture by Fred McDarrah from "The New Bohemia."

The new film-makers, mostly young men and women in their twenties, depend on themselves and their friends for the making of their "underground" movies. And most of them are as serious and dedicated as their high-budgeted, Hollywoodized counterparts—if not more so. Once again, their stars are friends and neighbors; their locations, the streets and lofts of the East Village; and their backers, the friends and patient cameramen, film-suppliers, and dark-room technicians who give them extended credit. Underground films are quickly becoming one of the most widespread creative movements in the world. And, as far as Americana is concerned, it would seem that the hand-held camera has replaced the six-shooter.

The subject matter of these films is invariably either too taboo or too esoteric for the commercial screen. The Combine Generation film-maker rebels against conformity by focusing his mind and camera on unconventional themes, and often chooses to rebel against camera technique itself. The effort to find cinematic liberation is a direct reflection of the attitudes of the New Bohemia, and the most natural consequence of it is the recording on film of the ambiance that pervades the movement. It is almost as if the underground film-maker were inventing the larger-than-life image of the New Bohemia.

The poets of the Combine Generation live their poems. The point of reference of New Bohemia writing is, in general, the writer's everyday life. A whole crop of underground "little magazines" have sprung up, the way co-op galleries once did on East Tenth Street. *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*, *C, Mother*, *Clothes Line*, *Elephant*, *Umbra*, and *Nadada* are some such publications—all of the mimeographed and stapled variety. They are circulated almost exclusively within the East Village, and seldom get "uptown." They celebrate all conditions of New Bohemian life on an intensified plane, but the tenor is witty rather than earnest, debunking rather than pompous. These little magazines loathe hypocrisy above all. *Sex uber alles* takes up a good many pages, and when they have causes—such as legalizing pot, legalizing prostitution, legalizing sexual inversion, etc.—their words can be immediately grasped by any layman. Deliberate obscurity of meaning is eschewed not only when championing causes but in creative work as well. In short, the New Bohemian wishes to speak clearly.

In general, every creative activity of the Combine Generation is marked by the wish to see clearly, to make an image of what it is to be alive *now*, to seek out truths unclouded by useless, stultifying veils of hand-me-down

continued on page 14

Burnbabyburn

PYROMANIA OBSESSES LEFT AND RIGHT



John Wilcock photo

An American flag burns in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, during the July 4 demonstration against the Vietnam war. Below, Jean-Jacques Lebel, French artist, carries a banner past the watchful glance of one of hundreds of gendarmes lining the parade route.



The manufacture and delivery of napalm—destined, presumably, to burn up the homes and humans of North Vietnam—has become one of the most inflammatory issues in the nationwide campaign to end the war:

- In Berkeley, the Bay Area Peace Coordinating Committee has called for a boycott of Dow Chemical Company products including the ubiquitous Saran Wrap;

- In Los Angeles and San Francisco, delivery trucks carrying stocks of napalm (27 bombs, each 700-800 pounds, to a truck) are being preceded, and in some cases followed by escort trucks bearing warning signs "to alert the public";

- In San Jose, four housewives have been given 90-day suspended sentences "for trespass and interference with a legal business" after they blocked unloading of a truckload of napalm for more than one hour;

- In New York, the Workshop for Non-Violence is planning demonstrations against local Dow Chemical plants; the manufacture and use of napalm will be an issue (and a slogan) in the Hiroshima Day protests, August 6; and a committee has been formed—the Citizens' Campaign Against Napalm (44 Butler Place, Brooklyn) to instigate further action.

At present, according to *The Peacemaker*, 100 million pounds of Napalm-B is being manufactured at United Technology's Redwood City plant and a further 300 million pounds by Dow. There are also unconfirmed reports of a 200-300 million order placed with a Stockton (Calif.) company.

The drivers of various "escort trucks," bearing such signs as—USE EXTREME CAUTION NAPALM BOMBS AHEAD—have been harassed by local highway patrol officers in both Berkeley and Los Angeles. "The police said next time they saw us they'd give us a reckless driving charge—they'd give us so many tickets we'd lose our licenses," reports Dan Niedniejko, one of the drivers of the special project in San Jose. And his partner, John Seltz, added: "The truckers have been chasing us with lug wrenches, blocking us on one-way streets and pushing us off the roads. It's open season on napalm escort drivers."

From Palo Alto, Calif., has come a petition to be circulated throughout the country calling on the President and Congress to "stop the manufacture and use of this barbarous weapon pending its total abolition by international law." One napalm bomb, the declaration states, burns and sears every living thing in an area the size of two city blocks. "The United States is the only nation that today uses napalm."

13 Witnesses Die

At least 13 persons—all of whom knew either Lee Harvey Oswald or Jack Ruby—have met with mysterious deaths since the assassination of President Kennedy.

That is the startling information disclosed in "Forgive My Grief," a new book on the assassination, written by Penn Jones, Jr., editor and publisher of the *Midlothian Mirror*, a small-town weekly newspaper in Texas.

The book brings the story of all 13 deaths to light publicly for the first time.

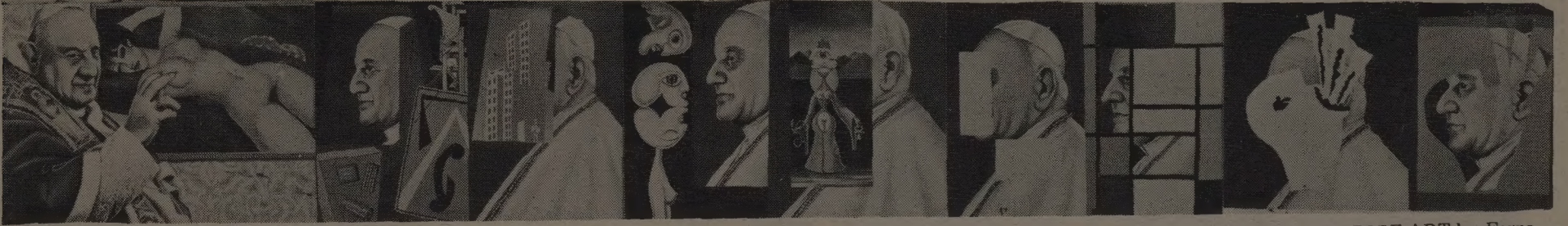
"Forgive My Grief," Vol. 1, by Penn Jones, Jr. Printed by the *Midlothian Mirror*, Midlothian, Texas, 1966. Foreword by the author, preface by John Howard Griffin. 188 pp. \$2.95.

—Hal Verb, Berkeley Barb

otherseens

"The business of politics is to satisfy the wants of men striving to outdo each other and to discover the means of inducing them to the necessary effort to satisfy those wants". (Bob Overy in Peace News).

John Wilkes



POPE ART by Ferro

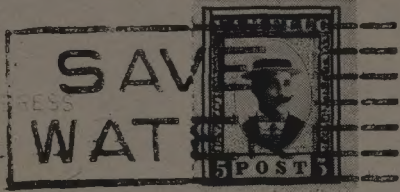
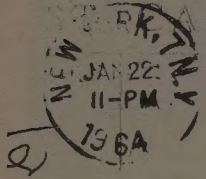
It's only a couple of years ago that an article in *Playboy* said fake stamps that had been passed through the mails undetected (i.e., postmarked) were extremely valuable. If that's so, collectors must be getting richer every day: most people I know have received cards or letters bearing some kind of fake—from green-stamps to France's Pataphysical Society stamp. And two things seem likely to increase the flood rather than diminish it: growing automation within the post office plus more and more "special" stamps which restrict the machines to checking merely whether a letter is stamped, not whether the stamp is a genuine one or not.

Bernstein noted in the newsroom bulletin, the phrase would have been an objective observation but today, "it's equivalent to saying Abraham Lincoln needed a shave". . . . India's State Trading Corporation, taking advantage of a Hindu religious custom that requires believers "to cut their hair and offer it to the gods" at least once in every lifetime, set up collecting units at two temples and exported 60,000 pounds of hair in the first five months. . . . RCA scientists' proposed a system for direct transmission from satellites to home TV sets, bypassing networks. Gallagher Report says also watch for television tape cartridges to become major entertainment and advertising medium . . . On the grounds that "unburdening tension forestalls anti-social acts", the Stockholm Institute of Sexual Therapy has plans for a masturbation machine—a battery-operated device which jerks you off while showing at eye level a series of erotic images (programmed after an interview to determine the subject's "deep-hidden fantasies"). . . . Meanwhile at London University the students have been voting on whether or not to install a contraceptive-vending machine encouraged by reports that a similar machine at Stockholm University sells 10,000 rubbers per year. . . . The short movie, *LSD Wall*, is brilliant. . . . Something Else Press (160 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10010) publishes not only the work of impractical dreamers. Its current pamphlet, "Manifestos" (\$1) contains a section called "Take Care of the World" in which Oyvind Fahlstrom takes only five pages to revamp the entire societal structure. . . . The only people who should be allowed to run for political office are those with no experience.

imagination is no basis for apologizing about its frank depiction nor supporting any forces that would suppress it". (California publisher Ed Lange responding to a recent charge of producing obscene material.)

"As a call boy when the Press were taking pictures on the set, I always started pointing. When it came out it looked like I was in charge" (British director Michael Winner explaining his success in making movies).

"Rather make painting with closed eyes than create it with open eyes—all talented painters are blind. Rather allow the painting come by itself than search for it. Without ideas is better than with them. A life for man, a Spring for grass and trees, a picture, a frame of white skeleton." (Walasse Ting)



"Although as governor of Ohio I reluctantly allowed six men to die in the electric chair in accordance with my oath of office, I am totally opposed to the death penalty." (Michael DiSalle in *Playboy*— . . . Listing a couple of hundred toilets in his "The Better John Guide: Where To Go in New York," (G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.50), London's Jonathan Routh quotes the Duke of Edinburgh: "Biggest waste of water in the country by far. You spend half a pint and flush two gallons". . . . Suits stealthily stenciled with their ads should be offered free by advertisers to anyone willing to wear them. . . . Collectors' items in British Columbia are a new set of VD posters—originally pasted up in washrooms throughout the Canadian province and now selling on the black market for as much as \$8 apiece. . . . a young critic named Susan Sontag, who owes her popularity to her ability to make totally obscure references in such a way that the reader feels intellectually clean for not understanding them" (John Skow in the *Saturday Evening Post*). . . . Compared to most foreign lines, the hostesses of most American airlines are coldly efficient although it's true they're experts at producing a synthetic smile in the face of adversity (or merely inconvenience). . . . Is obscene just the popscene? (Paul Maag).



*Behold, the crowd of wild geese.
How with their wings they veil the sky!
And yet the frost comes, as it were,
leaking from on high.
The obana flowers of autumn
lean but to one side,
as my heart is drawn
only to you, my bride.*

Translations from the *Man-yo-shu*, the word meaning literally, "a collection of ten thousand leaves." The *Man-yo-shu* is a series of almost 4,500 poems, mostly written during the 8th century, whose themes were taken from "human relations, love, lamentation, the four seasons and natural scenery." They are permeated, says Japan's *Official Guide*, by "a spirit of grandeur and hopefulness as befitted a young and awakening nation."

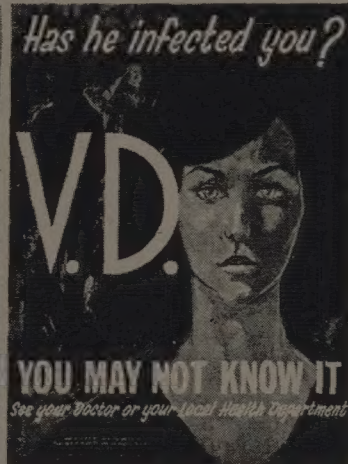
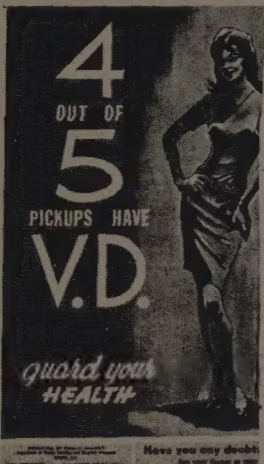


There'll always be those who mourn the old days, any old days. And particularly about food which, legend has it, used to be fresh, natural, uncontaminated by chemicals, preservatives and coloring. And packaged not in cans, jars, plastic or foil, but just as god made it.

The fact is that, often as not, food was just terrible. Salt and heavy seasonings disguised the decay that, without preservatives and refrigerators, inevitably set in early. Sweepings from warehouse floors helped to pad out small quantities of dusty pepper. Baked horses' livers and wurzels added the body and flavor to coffee. Sulphate of iron added the "head" to beer and a special process was used to curl and color the leaves from hedgerows so they could pass for tea.

Most of these details are from a new book, "Plenty and Want" (Nelson, 42s) by John Burnett, a social history of the diet in England from 1815 to the present. The author quotes an anonymous diner from the year 1850, writing about his meal: "Parboiled ox flesh, with sodden dumplings floating in a saline, greasy mixture, surrounded by carrots looking red with disgust and turnips pale with dismay".

"To the nudist the human body is not indecent. It is not something to be ashamed of. The fact that some persons cannot look upon nudity except in terms of their own prurient



If nature merely took its course the leaning tower of Pisa would fall and Niagara Falls would merely crumble and disappear. But to keep the tourist millions pouring in, delaying tactics continue. At the end of this summer, Niagara's water (3-1/2 million gallons per minute) will be diverted over the Canadian side for a while to allow repair work—filling crack with concrete, removing unsightly boulders—and then back to "normal". . . . NY Times style arbiter Ted Bernstein criticized a reporter for writing that participants in some parades "needed haircuts". A few years ago,

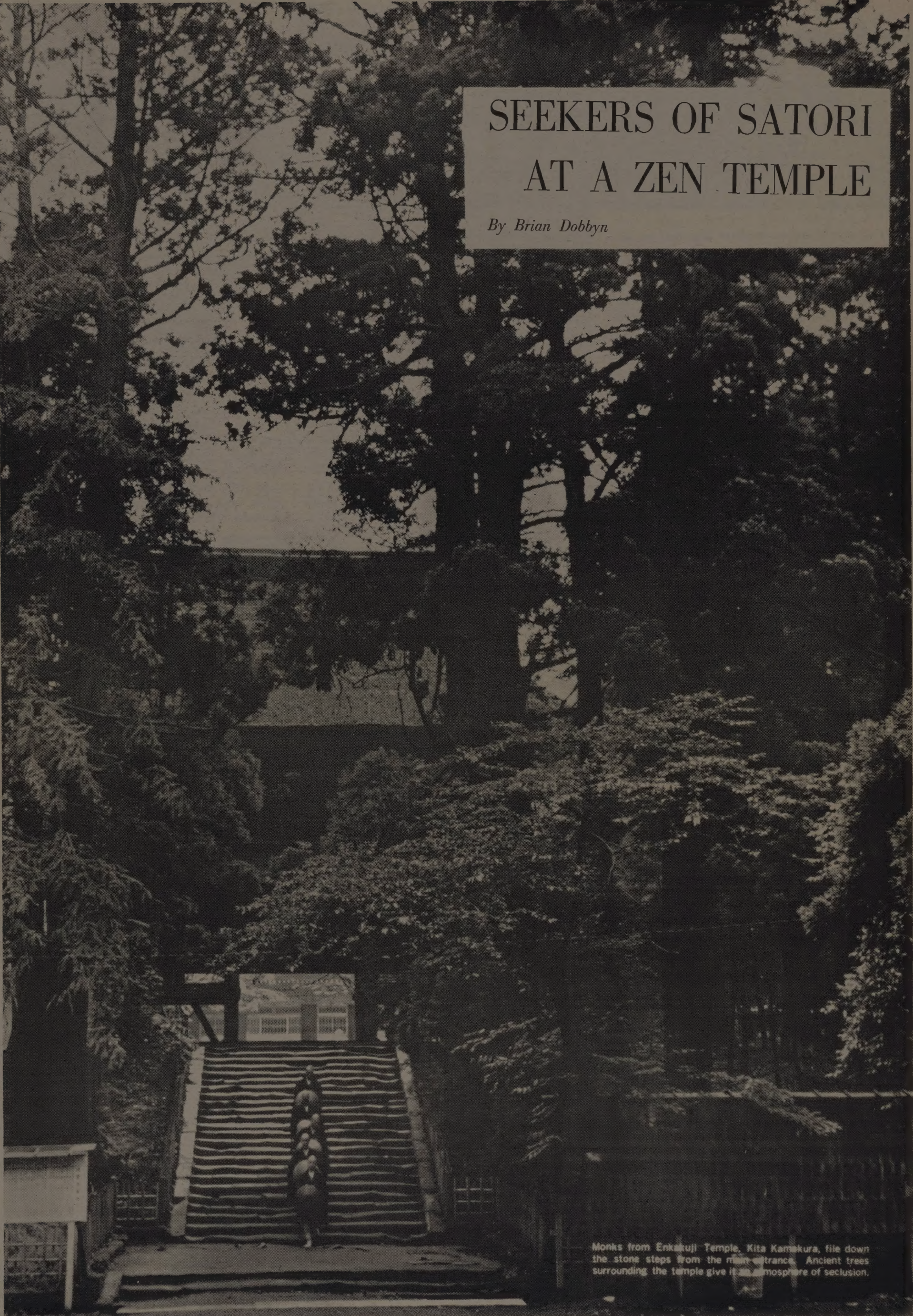
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Nick Johnson will remember August 6, 1966 very well as it will be marked by a natural and a man-made calamity in recognition of her marriage; along with two new revolutions more than 5,000 miles apart.
Pope John is beginning to disappoint me—if he were really for peace he would have said more than "jamais la guerre" fifty times in his NYC-UN visit last year.
"Talking Folklore Center" by Bob Dylan is still 25 cents from Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Avenue, New York, New York 10014. Isreal G. Young, Prop. We put on regular poetry readings too.

SEEKERS OF SATORI AT A ZEN TEMPLE

By Brian Dobbyn



Monks from Enkakuji Temple, Kita Kamakura, file down the stone steps from the main entrance. Ancient trees surrounding the temple give it an atmosphere of seclusion.

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Kita Kamakura Station seems virtually in the middle of a forest. When you leave the Tokyo train there, rich greenery surrounds you. To the left, a dark belt of weather-worn cedars, their trunks tall and branches twisted, grow almost down to the tracks. Beyond, maples climb the hills.

At first, you are not aware of any buildings among them, parti-

cularly if you arrive, as we did, at dusk. It is not until you have walked along a narrow path that you see through the trees the broad steps stretching up to the entrance to Enkakuji Temple.

At the most, it is five minutes' walk from the station. Yet, once inside the temple compound, the silence of seven hundred years closes in, shutting out the sounds and senses of the busy center you

have just left. It is this quietness which strikes most strongly, establishing at once the atmosphere you had expected, consciously or subconsciously, to find. For Enkakuji is one of the main temples in Japan of Buddhism's Zen sect, whose core is enlightenment through silent meditation. Our party of three had come to spend two days there observing its rituals.

Heavy rain had been falling and the last visitor had long since left. A man and a young girl weeding a bank nearby were the only sign of life. They stared curiously at us as we passed but did not speak.

The Enkakuji complex spreads over several acres. Most buildings stand alone, either in an open space or secluded behind a stockade-type fence, with winding tree-lined paths linking the various units. Probably the setting has changed little since Hojo-Tokimune, regent to the seventh Kamakura Shogun, founded it in 1282, the year after the Mongols invaded Japan. It was built in the likeness of a Chinese temple of the Sung Dynasty and its first chief priest was a Chinese. Do not be afraid to ask questions about sitting properly; be exact in bowing and joining the hands; be sure your clothing is clean, tidy and suitable; regard it as shameful to engage in unnecessary talk or to laugh; sit as long as possible without moving, then exercise to restore the blood circulation.

The two young girls appeared already deep in meditation. Neatly dressed in western clothes, they looked as though they had just dropped in on their way home from the office. Their Zen training was to help them in mastering the art of tea ceremony.

A priest in charge of one of the subsidiary temples in the compound meantime had joined us. Taking us to a nearby office, he switched on a light, for night had officially begun, and bade us sit in a relaxed position. He himself automatically assumed the lotus posture of feet resting on opposite thighs.

Zen, with its clear and simple doctrines and practical spiritual training, suited the Japanese temperament well. At first it was taken up by the educated classes—the warriors and nobles—but quickly spread over the whole country, reaching even the common people.

The teaching was divided into two schools—the line of Nangaku, which became the Rinza School, and the line of Seigen, which became the Soto School. Zen in Japan today is confined to these two schools, and Enkakuji is the head temple of the Enkakuji sub-branch of Rinza.

All this we learned through our subsequent contacts at the temple. Admittedly, on our arrival our knowledge of Zen was slender, a fact which later caused us to be chided by one of the leading priests.

A rough earth path led from the main entrance up two flights of stone steps. Abruptly, another flight branched to the left to the Kojirin, the training house for lay Zen followers, which was to be our home for the next two days.

Leaving our shoes in the paved vestibule, we entered. By the Buddhist rule, night had not yet officially begun, for the outline of the hand could still be seen, and the Kojirin was almost in darkness. From the dim interior, a young man, tall and lean, his hair closely cropped, and dressed in a shapeless black robe, came out to greet us. He had all the appearance of a dedicated Zen priest, but was, in fact, a truck driver who was spending two months at the temple. He was one of many who come there alone for meditation for periods of a day to several weeks. Others come in weekend groups, sent by employers who want them to increase their sense of discipline and powers of concentration.

As we talked in low tones, a gong sounded, two girls entered silently, picked up meditation cushions and entered the main hall. The youth excused himself and joined them for his role as master of the early evening meditation session. In the eerie stillness of the Kojirin, still lit only by the twilight, their chanting of Dharani (chains of words or names of Sanskrit origin) began. Then the striking together of two flat pieces of wood marked the start of meditation.

We were sitting on the floor in the entrance hall, which served as a room for visitors and also a place for meditators who might find prolonged sitting in the main hall too fatiguing and distract others by their restlessness. A notice on the wall listed the Kojirin rules:

"The correct method of sitting is the full 'lotus' position, with your right foot on your left thigh and your left foot on your right thigh, and a thick cushion under your behind. Your back and neck should be perfectly straight—never allow them to bend forward or sag backward. Another old piece of advice is 'Keep your nose and navel in a straight line and your ears and shoulders in a straight line.' Your hands should rest naturally on your folded feet, right under left with the palms facing upwards and the thumbs just touching, as though you were holding a round jewel. Finally, your behind should be pushed back, and the pit of your stomach pushed forward a little. Then, before you settle into position, sway your body a little backwards and forwards, left and right, breathing lightly. You should then feel your strength concentrated at a spot a couple of inches below your navel—though do not try to do this with too much force. It is important to feel, by thus slightly swaying your body, that the weight of the upper half of the body is settling quietly over the pit of your stomach. The upper half of your body, with your straight spine supporting it like an axle, rides over the pit of your stomach as though on a springy rubber balloon. Your arms and shoulders should be completely relaxed.

"In this position you can regulate your breathing, which should be so deep and yet so calm and light that you are scarcely aware of it. Position and breathing are very closely related. Once you let your position go wrong, your breathing will go wrong too. Your eyes should be half open and fixed on a spot about three feet in front of you. If you can fulfill all these conditions, you will find that sitting is very pleasant. In the words of the ancients, 'Zazen is the gate to

Photos by Takehisa Fukuda



Alms-seeking Zen trainees on the platform of Kita Kamakura Station.

peace and joy.' In this position, and in this balanced frame of mind, you set about your search for your original mind."

Early morning shadows gradually outlined on the wooden floor as the two and a half hours' meditation slowly passed. The windows had been pushed wide open and we shivered as the cool, damp air blew in. Every 25 minutes we were allowed a few minutes' break to relax our muscles.

Halfway through, the girls left to prepare breakfast in an adjoining kitchen-outhouse. At a long sink—an old-fashioned pump at one end, a conventional tap at the other—they washed the vegetables which, with rice and barley, were the basis of the morning porridge. Backing the sink was a bamboo lean-to with shelves of kitchen utensils. In the kitchen itself, its walls and ceiling smoke-covered, were two boilers, and another two stood outside in the open, for which the university student was cutting firewood with a machete.

Sakiyama-Zenko, the priest in charge of lay trainees, took over the meditation for the last half hour. A tall, straight man, with shaven head, he looked a formidable figure as he strode slowly down the hall holding a Keisaku, a piece of wood about three feet long shaped like a small oar. Later we were to find him a warm-hearted, soft-spoken man, full of humor.

His steps were slow and measured. . . . first up and down one side of the hall, then crossing to the other, up and down again. . . . pausing momentarily to correct a bad posture of one of the meditators or acceding to the request of another to be struck on the back with the Keisaku. This is not, as might be assumed, a form of punishment, but is sought as an aid by a meditator when he believes he is nearing his goal of self-realization (Satori) or, more prosaically, feels his mind is wandering.

Clasping his hands together as the master approaches, he bows down, then places his right hand on his left shoulder. Two sharp strokes are given with the Keisaku on the right shoulder blade. The procedure is repeated with the left hand on the right shoulder, and two further strokes given on the left shoulder blade.

The breakfast ritual was followed at an 11 a.m. meal, with the additional procedure that a few grains of rice were taken between the thumb and third index finger of the right hand and placed in a container as an appeasement for evil spirits. This meal was somewhat more substantial, consisting of a vegetable soup, with rice served in bowls. A single small fish had been used as seasoning for the soup, then removed. Meat and fish are excluded from the strict Zen diet.

For lay followers, the remainder of the day was spent in further periods of meditation, cleaning tasks and a rest break. This daily routine, though less severe, follows much the same pattern as that of the trainee priests. Their periods of meditation are longer and more arduous and the Keisaku employed more frequently, often without being sought. Meditation is from 3 a.m. to 6 a.m., 7.30 a.m. to 10 a.m., 12.30 p.m. to 4 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. to 9 p.m. There were 18 trainees at the time of our visit, most of them university graduates, who were prospective chief priests of temples. Some were former doctors, physicians or teachers. The average age was the early or mid-20's, but a few were around 40.

Possibly no other sect is so apparently reluctant as Zen to accept trainees. When he arrives at the temple, an aspirant is refused admission and for a few days must remain motionless on the steps under the eaves during daylight hours, but is allowed inside at night. Even when finally admitted, he must spend several more days in solitary confinement. Then, if he has proved his fortitude, he is accepted as a trainee.

To be continued.

GEODESIC GYPSY CITY



Four domes in the center of nowhere. A television in a tepee. A discarded sign urging "total devastation of the world". A beautiful junk pile. It's what's dropping in a little colony near Trinidad, Colorado.

Trinidad is a small town like many other southwestern towns. Hot in summer, cold in winter; the land poor, the way of life slow.

Two years ago one of the locals sold six acres of land (for \$450) to a drop-out philosophy student from New York. Soon Trinidad ran high with speculation about the beatniks who were building strange looking round houses out in the middle of a pasture five miles away.

They were building Drop City, a small town,

population nine, inhabited as an experiment in quiet, creative living. A group of four geodesic domes, an "A frame" chicken coop, and a tepee make up the main street of Drop City, engineered by Curly Bensen and Clard Svensen and inspired by the ideas and architecture of Buckminster Fuller.

Bensen and Svensen, who admit that their names are pseudonyms but won't say why, heard Fuller lecture at the University of Colorado and soon thereafter dropped out to put his ideas into practice. They became convinced that the geodesic dome is the most functional and beautiful form yet devised and a perfect idea to house a community which is based on the principal of creative work.

None of the residents of Drop City are gainfully employed. Their belief is to avoid non-creative work at all costs. They buy welfare food stamps to get their necessities at half price and once in a while are reduced to eating corn meal.

Tho their incomes are nil they work full time, building their city, printing LuSiD, their comic magazine, and pursuing such private artistic endeavors as painting, sculpture, and architecture. Once in a while they sell a painting or a piece of sculpture to supplement their slim income. But as Curly Bensen puts it, "Mostly we're at the mercy of the gods."

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE

One morning this spring, the students of Jesuit High School in New Orleans were treated to an event which will become common in high schools all over the nation in the next few months. The noted event was the activation ceremonies to start the first of 12,000 Marine ROTC units for boys, ages 14-18.

This latest and most insidious effort to turn the United States into another Third Reich did not go unchallenged however; several pickets were on hand and many students of Jesuit High objected. The pickets carried signs reading: 'Peace Corps Not Marine Corps', 'How Many More Must Die For Johnson's Mistakes?', 'Why Train Our Children To Be Killers?' and 'What Happened To The Prince Of Peace?'

One student likened a compulsory ROTC programme to a 'Nazi Youth Group' and stated that 'it will be compulsory even though they and the newspapers say that it won't be compulsory'. James Viator, a senior, claimed that Jesuits wanted the programme 'for uniformity' and also for government subsidy of uniforms and equipment.

General Wallace M. Greene, US Marine commandant congratulated the students on being the first unit in the United States to receive the 'honour', and said, 'we in the Regular Marine Corps are proud of this new addition to the Marine Corps family.' The Rev. J. Donald Pearce stated that the United States is presently fighting in Vietnam 'to preserve the ideals established here 200 years ago', he went on to say: 'If our youth is rightly instructed, our power will be greater than any weapon man can devise.'

Rep. Hébert told the formation of 900 students that 'this is undoubtedly one of the proudest moments that can come to any individual'. The new programme 'will prevent delinquency instead of subsidizing it,' he claimed.

'This programme will have a greater effect on this nation than any other programme during our lifetime, including the draft,' Hébert said.

By Jack J. Frazier

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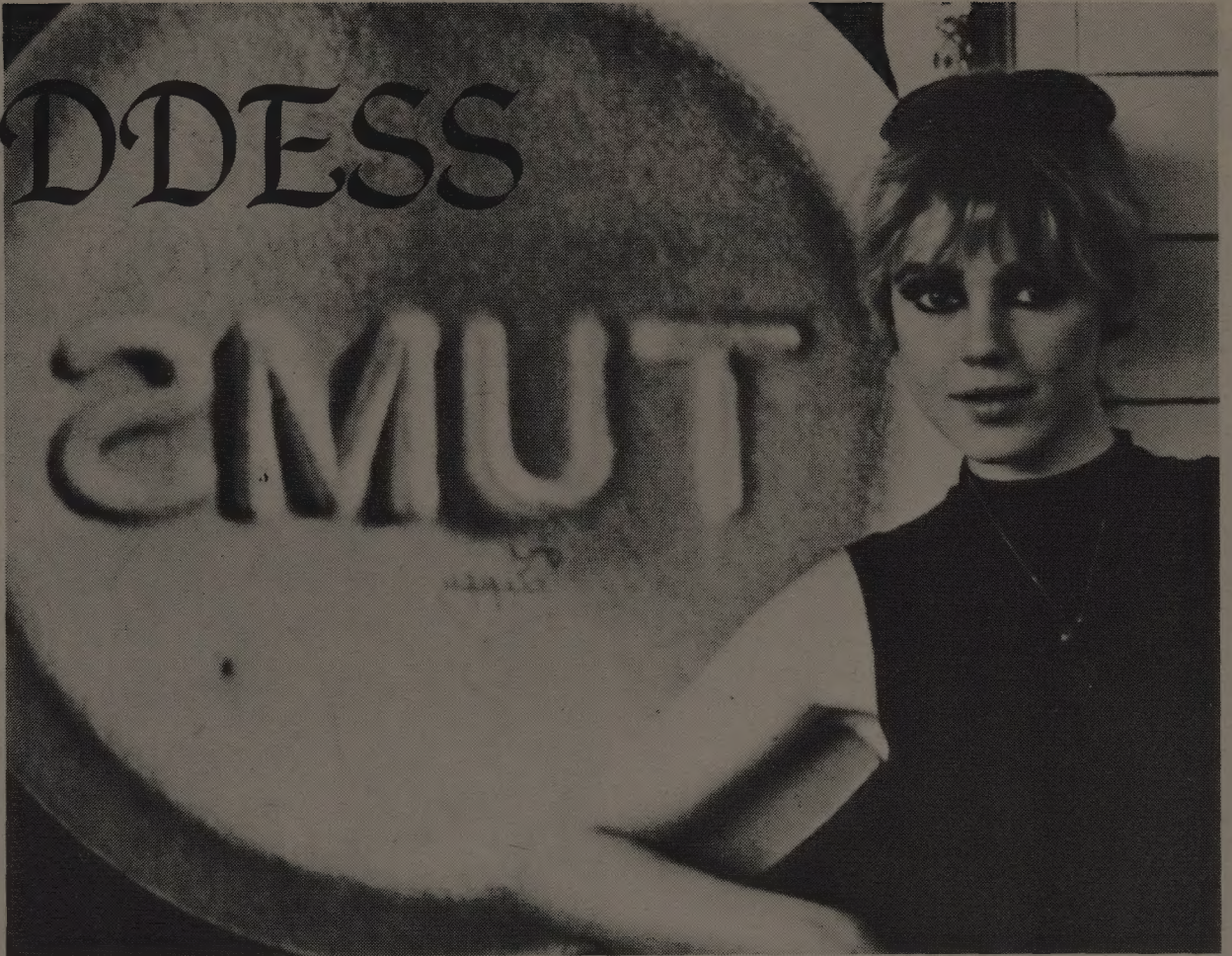
24 St Marks Place

475-9331

SLUMGODDESS

EDIE SEDGWICK

I want to make a 'D' movie. Whad I really most want to make is D Jane of Tarzan Mooovie, but wid out you Holywood. D question is dis-er-ah-th- this can a small girl from a middle weight mining town in California, can she make it in sush a larger, tremendous city lika Nude Porkville, in D countryland of Acklebama Tacklamama?



poisoned pot

A quantity of poisoned pot has turned up in Berkeley, Calif., and as yet nobody seems to know where it is coming from. There have been suggestions that the unknown pusher, or pushers, added mercury to a quantity of Mexican grass to make it heavier although there is skepticism about this explanation owing to the fact that mercury costs even more than blackmarket pot. Unless, of course, it was stolen.

What is undeniable is that at least one smoker has spent time in the hospital recovering from mercury chloride poisoning. There may have been others but, says Lemar's Ken Rice, "Who's going to admit it?"

Symptoms of mercury poisoning are described by Dr. Charles Hines, a forensic toxicologist in San Francisco, as irritability, anxiety, hand tremors, soreness of the gums and tongue and a metallic taste in the mouth. The effects are cumulative so that intensive sickness may result from smoking mercury-poisoned pot over a period of time.

A rough test can be made by scrubbing clean an ordinary penny (with a Brillo pad, for example) and then rubbing the penny in the affected pot and examining under a microscope for silver streaks. It is emphasized that this is not 100 per cent reliable, however. The only sure way to detect the presence of mercury or mercuric chloride is via laboratory analysis.

— Underground Press Syndicate

CLEANLINESS IS NOT ALWAYS NEXT TO GODLINESS



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In the beginning, in the late 1890's, Lumiere took his camera and placed it across the street from a factory. He filmed the workers as they left and the horse-drawn cabs as they drove past. This was the first great imitation of Reality.

From this seed there grew hundreds of little men, each with a camera and tripod appended to their persons and they rushed hither and thither and they filmed things—like wars, and natural disasters and coronations and fashion models and bathing beauties and they called themselves Newsreel Photographers and what they filmed they called Reality.

But there were some who thought that this reality was a very shallow thing and so they took their cameras and they went into the factories and down the mines and into dingy apartments and into the dark holds of ships and they called themselves Documentary Film Makers.

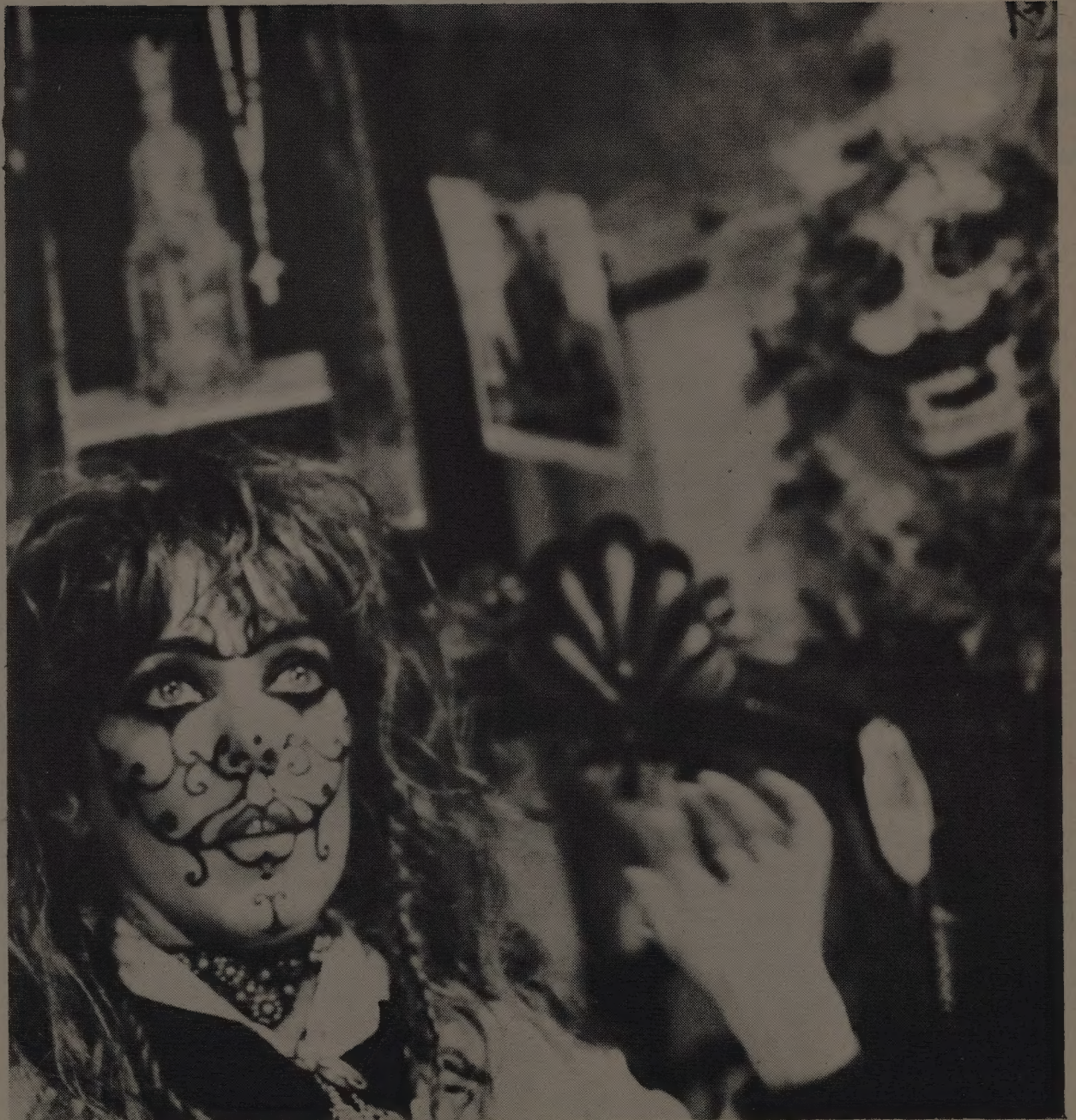
And later there were those who thought that this, too, was a very shallow method of capturing reality because, they reasoned, reality lies first in man himself and so they took the camera off the tripod and held it to their eye and followed men around. And they spoke with shrill voices proclaiming this as the great reality—the VERITE. And their voices were carried into the air conditioning ducts of the television networks and were heard by the executive producers, who being by nature seekers after the truth, cried, "Toujours la Verite," and they saw to it that every man who enjoyed their favour had among his retinue a cinema verite cameraman. And millions of feet were shot (much of it out of focus) and never once did they catch the most favoured man with his pants down because most favoured men are very sharp cookies and know (even though the executive producers would have us believe otherwise) that the man behind them is not invisible, is not a martian, but is a verite cameraman.

And once more there are those who think this method to be shallow and to prove this point Sheldon and Diane Rochlin have just completed "Vali"—an INTRA-VERITE film—(intra-verite—inside the truth). And with "Vali" we take a giant step closer to the heart of reality.

The Rochlin's have done what the cinema verite people have not—that is, to treat their subject with love and understanding. It is almost impossible to make a film portrait in depth by merely following someone around for a few days. One has to go deeper . . . one has to really know and understand the subject. In short, a large dose of empathy is the major ingredient and in "Vali" this ingredient is self-evident.

Other people are not isolated objects. They are reflections, projections of ourselves. They are as sensitive as we think we are and to get the best out of them they must be accorded the same dignity which we ourselves demand.

"Vali" is the name Val Myers, an Australian girl, acquired in the Paris of the 50's when she



was the toast of the Left Bank. She is a witch, an alchemist, a painter, a dancer, a tattooist, and a strange and beautiful woman, a free human being blessed with the magical power of making her life into a wholly creative experience.

Tiring of the Paris scene she and her lover

moved to Positano in Italy and it is here, in their home, that the Rochlin's lived and each day for four months filmed little pieces of Vali's reality. The result is a film that everywhere reflects the lustrous red of Vali's hair and the patterns of love with which it was

made.

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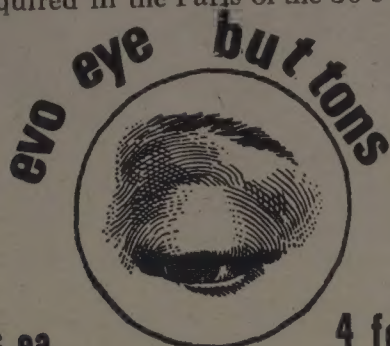
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Frank O'Hara Dead At 40

Frank O'Hara is dead. He died Monday night, July 25th, at Bayview Hospital, Mastic Beach, L.I., after having been struck by a taxicab on Fire Island early Sunday morning. He was 40 years old, and lived at 791 Broadway.

The loss is incalculable and all but unspeakable. The loss of the man makes the air more difficult to breathe in. The loss of the poet can be compared only to the equally tragic early deaths of Guillaume Apollinaire and Vladimir Mayakofsky, the two poets in this century perhaps closest to Frank O'Hara in style, spirit and stature.

He had had five books of poetry published: "A City Winter and Other Poems" (Tibor de Nagy, 1953), "Meditations In An Emergency" (Grove, 1956), "Second Avenue" (Totem, 1958), "Odes" (Tiber Press, 1960) and "Lunch Poems" (City Lights, 1965). In addition, the entire issue of "Audit" Magazine, Vol I, No. 4, (1964) was made up of his poems and his essay "Personism: A Manifesto", and two essays on his work. These books, plus the many poems in such magazines as "Evergreen Review," "Locus Solus," "Yugen," "C" Magazine, "Folder," "The Floating Bear" and many others, and the poems in Don Allen's Grove Press Anthology, "New American Poetry 1945-60", have been as much responsible for changing the face and figuring of poetry in our time as have the writings of any other poet writing today. The existence in our universe of such poems as "In memory of my Feelings", "Hatred", "Poems For The Chinese New Year & For Bill Berkson," and "Rhapsody", to name but a few, has electrified and purified our air, and no poet has escaped the charge Frank O'Hara's poems has generated. In one brief poem, "The Day Lady Died," he seemed to create a whole new kind of awareness of feeling, and by this a whole new kind of poetry, in which everything could be itself and still be poetry. Simply for this we loved him before we even met him.

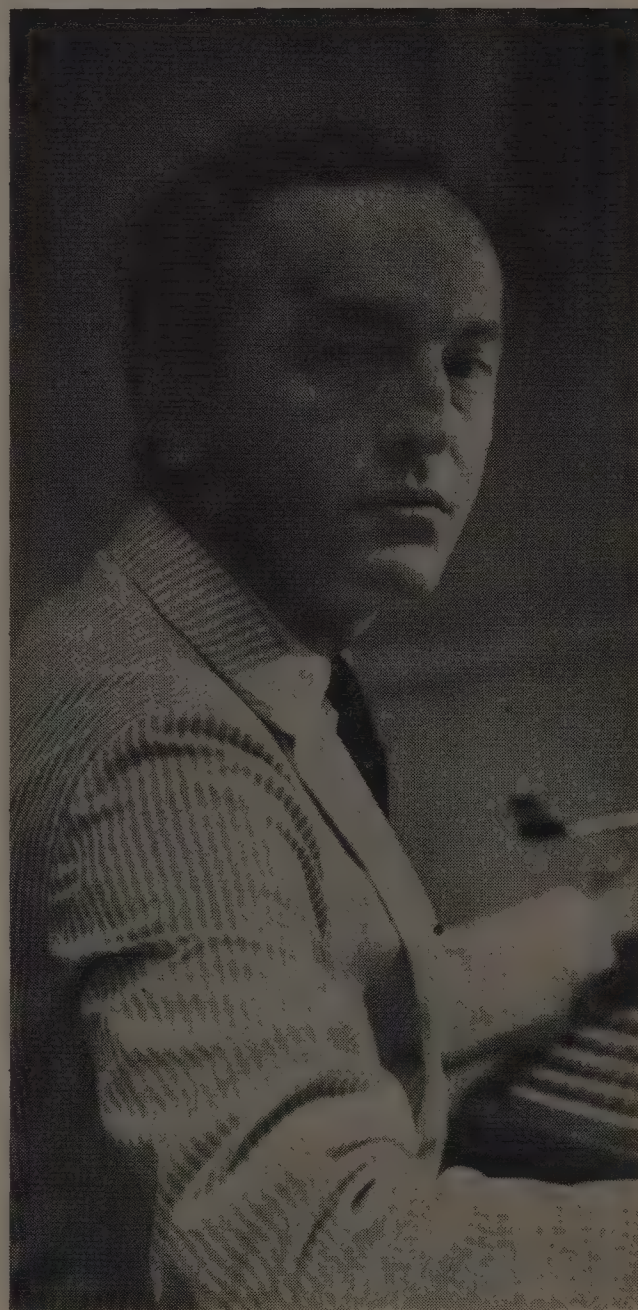
His essay, "About Zhivago and his Poems", Evergreen Review No. 7, is a brilliant and moving personal statement of artistic principle.

In it, speaking about Pasternak, Frank O'Hara wrote: "[his] epic is not the glorification of the plight of the individual, but of the accomplishment of the individual in the face of almost insuperable sufferings which are personal and emotionally real, never melodramatic and official." And later on, "As he scribbled his odds and ends, he made a note reaffirming his belief that art always serves beauty, and beauty is delight in form, and form is the key to organic life, since no living thing can exist without it, so that every work of art, including tragedy, expresses the joy of existence. And his own ideas and notes also brought him joy, a tragic joy, a joy full of tears that exhausted him, and made his head ache."

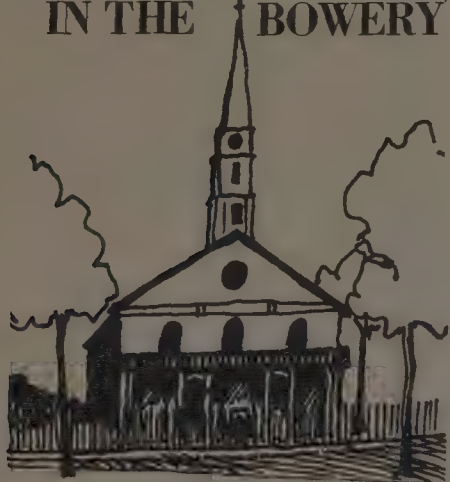
And in closing his Zhivago essay Frank O'Hara told us much about himself. He finished by saying: "And if love lives at all in the cheap tempestuousness of our time, I think it can only be in the unrelenting honesty with which we face animate nature and inanimate things and the cruelty of our kind, and perceive and articulate and, like Zhivago, choose love above all else."

Kenneth Koch has written somewhere that "Frank's presence and his poetry made things go on around him which could not have happened in the same way if he hadn't been there." This is the essence of the loss, and nearly says it all. The happy saving exception to such a finality is this: that in the six years and more since the Grove Press Anthology was published, and with the increasing availability of Frank O'Hara's work in many more areas than simply poetry, the man's remarkable presence in his poetry has been and continues to make living be happening in ways which would not be the same without him.

Ted Berrigan / July 27th



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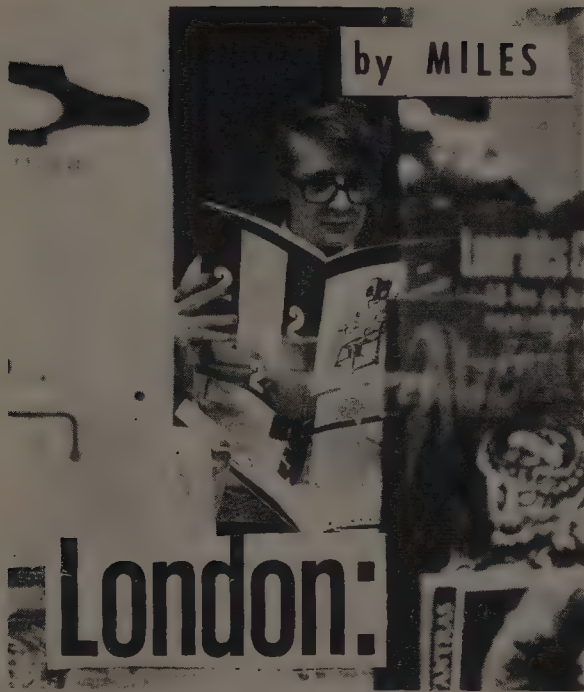
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BATMAN

at the ANNEX

POETRY READING PIETER VANDERBECK

AUGUST 11
SOUTH GALLERY
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Anyone who flew to London to see the Kreeping Kreplach Non-Profit Cultural International Foundation of Purple People Art Combine's rock and roll film festival at the Royal Albert Hall on June 17th & 18th as reported in EVO might have wondered why it didn't happen. The last line of the article: "The Royal Albert Hall has been leased . . . London will never be the same again" is the key to the reason. The idea that the hall was leased was someone's fantasy. Unfortunately this type of fantasy occurs in many events of this type, the idea that some form of magic exists so that if you say a thing will happen, then it will happen, even if you don't do any work for it or even bother to write to people or tell people in key positions about it.

It was estimated that to bring 76 people here and to house and feed them would cost about \$30,000 which is a lot for anyone to show. When Barbara Rubin, the prime organizer of the combine, finally arrived after about five weeks silence from New York, it appeared that no-one had thought of getting work permits for musicians. A British work permit is almost as hard to get as an American one, (only about four British groups are allowed to work in the States these days, the rest can't get in even if they have number one records in the charts). Donovan, the only British performer who had agreed to be in the show was busted the day after Barbara's arrival which let him out, and no-one here knew anything about an exchange visit for British musicians & poets to play in the States. All references to that in the article are completely false.

Maybe the Combine will happen, it is a beautiful idea; what is not beautiful is the idea of "invading London" so that we are "never the same again". If that's the intention then no-one is interested at all. To invade anywhere is a pretentious act, even presuming that your culture and way of life is better than that of the invaded area and that it should be imposed upon it. London and New York share a number of ideals, respect a number of attitudes and have a common vision (I think) of an international mobile, loving, creative humanity.

In specific terms the two cities are very different. The Lower East Side has no counterpart here, people live from Hampstead to Chelsea (10 miles apart) on the west side of town & from the East End to Islington on the east side, some even live in the middle (West End). There is no centre, no street, no cafe, no bar that you can go to and find "the scene". There is no "scene", as such. A few bookshops are collecting places and clearing houses for information, but most contact is made through readings, concerts, parties and in the numerous communal pads about town.

London continually absorbs thousands of people arriving from Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Ibiza, and the other "underground" centres of Europe. She is gradually replacing Paris as the "cultural centre" of Europe but unfortunately she lacks the cafe society of Paris which

LETTER FROM SOFIA

The first thing that strikes you about Bulgaria is how drab everything seems. I've heard people say this about East Berlin and always attributed it to political prejudice but now I believe there might be some correlation between Communism (or at least the Slavic version of it) and dreariness.

Women in Bulgaria, for example, are frumpish, uninterestingly dressed and lack style. The standard excuse that it's a poor country concentrating upon satisfying demands for quantity before progressing to quality just doesn't stand up. India is a poor country; so are Greece, Mexico and most Caribbean islands, yet color and style (and music and smiles) aren't in such short supply.

The streets of Sofia are broad, well-planned and lined with shady trees but somehow they are utterly boring. The stores all need a coat of paint or at least a spot of color to distinguish them from their neighbors; in the windows, too, one looks in vain for any sign of variety or imagination. Most goods are shoddy, utilitarian and expensive (a transistor radio, about 6 x 8 inches, sold for the equivalent of \$80). The big buildings, usually decorated with inspiring murals of brawny industrial workers flexing their arms or occasionally with life-sized pictures of some party boss, all look as though they were turned out on some massive production line by an architect with unlimited marble and one blueprint.

Here and there is a sidewalk cafe but these rarely possess the animated, table-changing general air of gaiety one finds at similar cafes in, say, Greece or Paris. This is, I think, partly due to the lack of nearby newsstands selling all those foreign newspapers, magazines and paperbacks that provide such a steady flow of conversation-starters when table-hoppers identify each others' nationalities.

It is this lack of contact with the outside world that is at the root of the visitor's troubles (and, by inference, those of Bulgarians themselves). No foreign language newspapers, magazines or books are available in the country, with the exception of Communist newspapers such as France's L'Humanite or London's Morning Star. English is heard rarely on the radio, hardly ever in the hotels.

There is no pop music to speak of, very little music at all outside the turn-of-the-century flavored light classics that have been the mainstay of oldfashioned hotel dining room orchestras since pre-World War I. The visitor without languages (myself) is almost completely isolated and after a week spent in the

makes social mobility so easy there. Things are beginning to happen to ease the situation: the London Free School, the Greater London Other (newspaper, out soon), the London Film Co-op (just starting), DIAS (Destruction In Art Symposium—brings over people from Europe) and the various bookstores in London, Nottingham & Newcastle, the Traverse Theatre and the ICA (Institute of Contemporary Art) are all either in existence or just emerging. A few clothes shops: Hung On You, Granny Takes A Trip, Countdown all in the Kings Road are changing things & a few clubs are opening to a new clientele. The image of "swinging London" is just a publicity stunt, London is still basically a closed city, unless you know someone because prices are high, accommodation very hard to get, like in Paris, and people more reticent to make friends.

company of a Bulgarian interpreter hearing statistics about rolled steel production and collective farm acreage is likely to be in a state resembling cataleptic shock.

It would be unfair to give the impression that I was deliberately propagandized. It is just that this poor country, having gone through some tyrannical times in the past—a typically feudal state in which the peasants were kept dependent on their heavily taxed farms, or subjugated by Turkish, Russian or German occupiers—is understandably proud of having converted into an industrial economy in the short time since 1944 (when, for the first time it became a "People's Democracy").

Every village is known for its resistance hero, or executed peasant leader, or for its new fertiliser plant or steel mill. To us, the sight of tall chimneys belching orange smoke in a peaceful countryside might seem ugly. To the proud Bulgarian, it's a sign of his independent state's fast-growing economy.

And although it is true that Americans have some stupidly erroneous ideas about communism, it's also undeniable that—isolated as they are from contact—many "communists" have little understanding of what we laughingly call free enterprise and what they regard as "Wall Street capitalism". ("General Motors" is actually a concept they prefer to Wall Street.)

My guide, Philip, for example, who's never been outside Bulgaria, made a big point about how in a society like America, governed by the profit motive, the workers were exploited because they received such a tiny percentage of the large profits earned by their sweat.

Well, of course, he's right, but I found it all but impossible to explain to him that the question of exploitation (i.e., the boss making \$200,000 a year while you're making \$200 a week) somehow doesn't seem as relevant to a worker who has a new car, big house, color TV, and the freedom to join a strike against the boss at any time.

For my part I made some inquiries about student demonstrations which, I gathered, had been totally lacking since the anti-Fascist demonstrations in the Forties. Today there was no need, said Philip blandly, for students to demonstrate because their complaints were channeled through the Democratic Student Union. And to my suggestion that in most parts of the world students felt they should demonstrate anyway—just to protest the status quo—he repeated that in Bulgaria "there was no need for such demonstrations."

—John Wilcock

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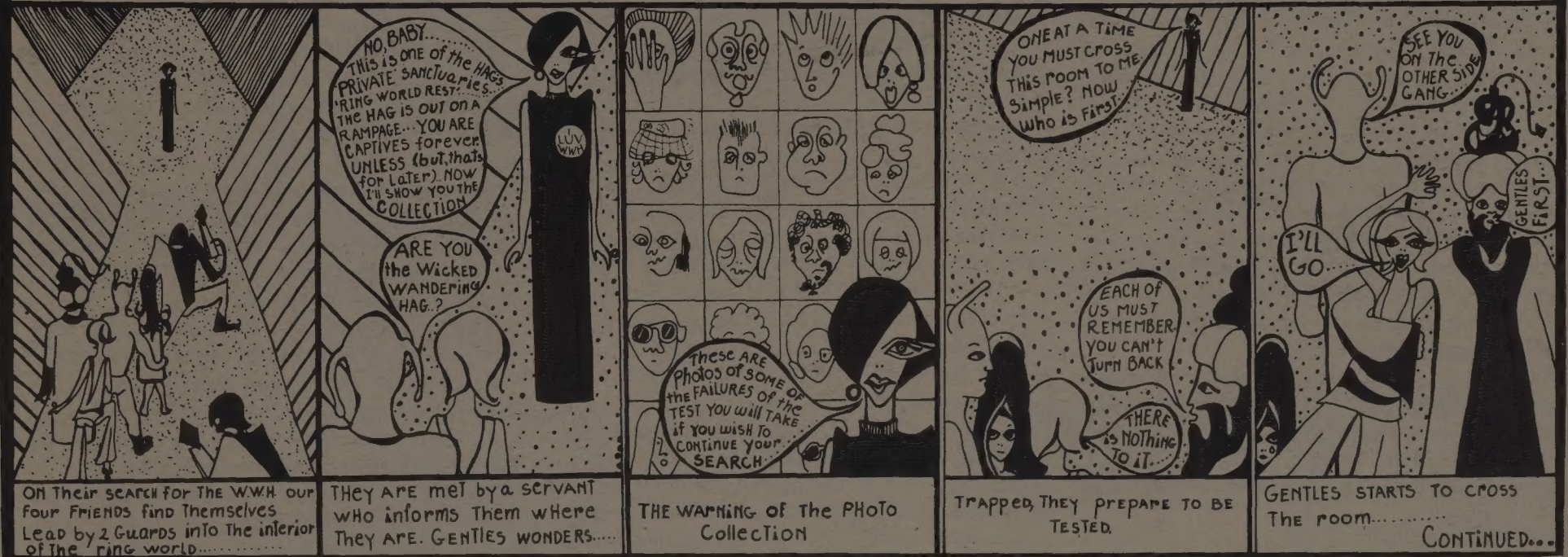
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Draftees Cop-out In Canada

Several hundred young Americans—to use the term correctly—are now living in Canada as free men, having chosen not to "defend their country" against Viet Nam.

With its long tradition of providing haven for refugees from U.S. political harassments, the Canadian government firmly refuses to allow extradition. And when they become 31 years of age, they can, if they wish, return to the U.S. without loss of citizenship.

According to London *Evening Standard* tension is growing between the US and Canadian Governments over the number of these "draft dodgers". The Canadian Prime Minister has demanded an apology from the FBI for threatening a 21-year-old boy who was wanted in the US for failing to register for the draft. The Student Union for Peace Action at Toronto University is reported to be assisting draftees. 'We tell them how to become landed immigrants. We arrange for them to get work and apartments here. We estimate that about four hundred Americans will be coming to Toronto

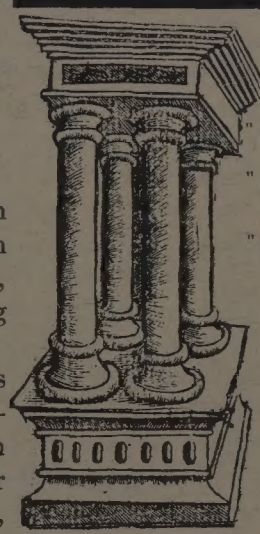
as soon as the college semester ends.' . . .

The Student Union adds that an American who is 1-A, or who has received an induction notice, or who is a member of an ROTC unit, has no greater formal difficulty in entering Canada than any other American.

Once he has legally entered Canada, he is in no danger of being extradited due to violation of the Selective Service Act. The Canadian government provides for extradition only for acts considered illegal in both countries. Thus, since Canada has no draft, Americans will not be returned for draft violations.

Entry may be permitted for Americans as visitors, students, or as landed immigrants. Those in poor health, users and peddlers of certain drugs, members or former members of 'subversive' are prohibited from entering. Canada has no subversive list.

Apply at the Canadian Consulate in San Francisco. Detailed information is available from Ed Lavalle, 2226 York Street, Vancouver, B. C.; and from SDS, 924 Howard Street, S. F. 362-7922.



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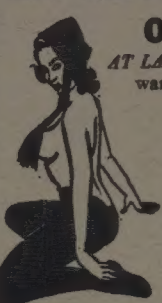
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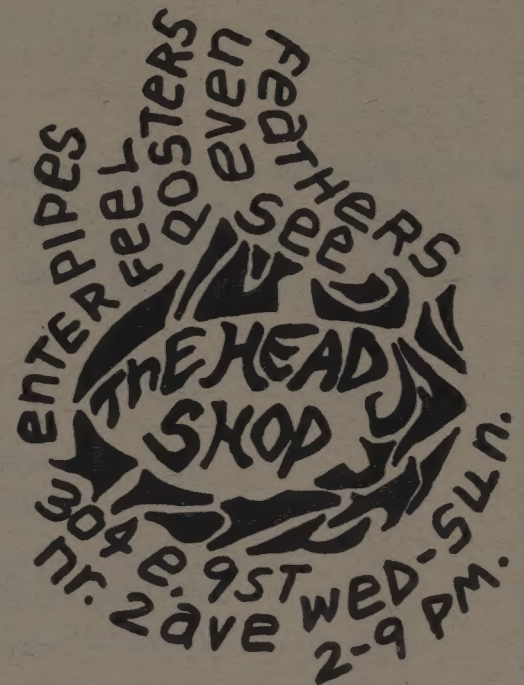
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Assassination

EVO: Don't you think once the book is out you won't need to lecture any more? You can go on to another subject?

Lane: Well, I think that when the book comes out, there will be a renewed public interest in the assassination. While I'm not anxious to continue lecturing, because I think that almost everything I have to say about the assassination I have said in the book, and I would like to go on to another subject, I think that there will be an opportunity to advance the effort for pressure to force the government to conduct an adequate investigation anew to determine what took place in Dallas on November 22nd. And it seems almost as an obligation to stay with this matter until such time as that effort has either failed or succeeded, but has concluded in any event.

EVO: Don't you think that there are other subjects, such as the war in Viet Nam that require your concern and attention now, as President Kennedy is dead, as Oswald is dead, and as you've devoted so much of your time to this subject?

Lane: Well, the war is a massive war and is becoming much more massive. I'm not sure that the two matters, the war in Viet Nam and the assassination are unrelated matters. President Kennedy, two months before his death, announced to his administration that all American troops would be out of Viet Nam by the beginning of 1965, and we then had 17,500 men in Vietnam, and 1,000 were withdrawn from Viet Nam by President Kennedy in September, '63 and in November, '63, he withdrew another thousand men, and we were down then to 15,500. We now have a quarter of a million men in Viet Nam as a result of the policies of his successor, and the New York Times promises us (while relying upon Administration officials, of course, for the source of their information) that there will be 400,000 men there before very long.

Fifteen thousand five hundred, as a part of a reduction program of Kennedy. And almost a half million under President Johnson, as part of an escalation program. I think the two matters are not entirely unrelated. Although President Johnson likes to pretend that American participation in Viet Nam is the American program and always has been.

It is in fact, not so. It is the Johnson program. As the war in Viet Nam and its massive escalation is the Johnson War and the McNamara War in Viet Nam, and very different from the policies enunciated by President Kennedy during the final days of his administration. Nothing concerns me more at the present time than the American effort in Viet Nam.

EVO: You're for the withdrawal of all American troops?

Lane: Absolutely. Precisely. I believe in self determination. I believe that the national aspirations of people in every part of the world must be respected. And it is certain that what we are supporting in Viet Nam represents almost nothing in terms of popular will of the people of that country. There are two parts of Viet Nam—north and south. We deal only with the south.

Eighty to eighty-five percent of the south is controlled by the National Liberation Front. Eighty per cent of the twenty percent which is controlled by the government is controlled by the Buddhists, who oppose the administration. So we are left with, really, General Ky, his cabinet, and a few members of his family, for whom we are asked to send American participation and help and for which we are asked to bomb North Viet Nam which is not a party to this conflagration in the south, and participate in the use of chemical warfare and gas warfare and a whole series of other activities including the torture of those prisoners of war—a whole series of activities which have been outlawed at the Geneva Conference, and outlawed by other treaties to which the United States is a signatory.

We are involved in an immoral activity there. Our goals are immoral in the first place. And our methods are immoral. And I think every American citizen has the right and the responsibility to be ashamed of that which is taking place today.

CLUB NOTES
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the new bohemia

Cont'd from page 3

attitudes. There is no doubt that this has been the wish of every new Bohemia, but the current one differs in seeking more to enlist than to exclude. It is somehow simpler to slide into it, the only prerequisite being an open mind about its aims and assumptions.

Behind this difference lies the fact that the audience for the creative New Bohemia is so often an integral part of its creative activities. Moreover, it is an audience whose character is unique to the extent that it does not seek entertainment so much as a sense of participation. Too, it is in attendance less to judge than to identify with, to support experiment in the mutual search for an awakening and deepened use of the senses.

The importance of the physical as a reference point here cannot be stressed too strongly. The Combine Generation seeks and respects a visceral knowledge of life, and seems to treat the brain as simply one more organ of the body, almost as if it were trying to close the cliched gap between the intellect and the emotions. There is tremendous faith in the unconscious and the uninhibited, as well as in the autonomy of the body.

To be outrageous, to be sensational, to be abandoned; these can result in chaos or genius. For the moment, it is chaos that reigns in the New Bohemia because of the undisciplined over-reliance on Combination—of brain and body, of boy and girl, of public and private, of black and white, of performance and audience, of one's inner and outer self—which has not, and perhaps cannot, truly come about.

The movement's identification with the distant American past and its rebellion against the immediate past and present are still too adolescent and unruly to produce, as far as the arts are concerned, any mature works. So far, it has produced germinal works, works of promise and talent, but no major one.

What it has created—often stunningly—is an atmosphere in which conventional values and responses can be unsettled or shaken up, if not blasted apart. Living as it does within a set of its own conventions (the inevitable adjunct of any new movement), the Combine Generation comes as a necessary antidote for the poisonous claustrophobia it considers itself heir to.

From the book, "The New Bohemia: The Combine Generation" to be published in August by Shorecrest Inc., New York.

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* In solidarity with those American youth—GI's and those facing the draft—who do not want to be involved in this immoral war.

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* In memory of the victims of the Atom Bombings of Japan.

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Three Feeder Marches, designed by Peter Schumann of the BREAD AND PUPPET THEATER, will assemble at 10:30 a.m. in the Lower East Side area. They will converge upon Times Square at 12:30 p.m. along with 10 Feeder Marches from various parts of the city. The Assembly Points are:

1. Educational Alliance—East Broadway & Jefferson St., 10:30 a.m.
2. Tompkins Sq. Park—East 10th St. & Avenue B, 10:30 a.m.
3. Stuyvesant Park—15th Street & Second Avenue, 10:30 a.m.

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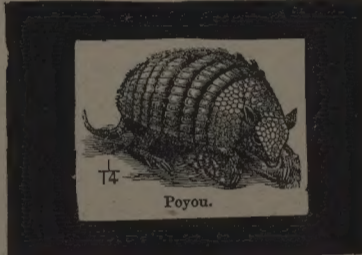
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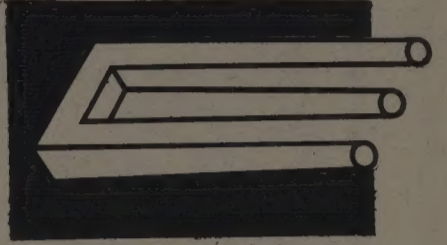
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BOOKS

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XVIII International Film Festival. Venice, Italy.

August 1
Miriam Makeba—8:30 PM—Central Park

August 5
Nina Simone—8:30 PM—Central Park.

August 5-12
A seminar and workshop: Education and the dimensions of consciousness led by Rollo May. Esalin Inst. Seminars, Big Sur Hot Springs, Calif.

August 5-6
Caroline Jazz Festival, Columbia, S.C.

August 6
Peace Festival. The festival held at Peace Memorial Park is observed in memory of the A-bomb victims. Hiroshima, Japan

August 6
The Young Rascals—8:30 PM—Central Park

August 6
United Protest and Mass Rally Against the War in Vietnam. Rally begins at 2 PM at Rockefeller Center (rain or shine). March begins at 10:30 P.M. at Times Square. NYC

August 7
Hula Festival, Oahu, Hawaii

August 9
The Animals, The 3-1/2—8:30 PM—Central Park.

August 10
Society of Yoruba Cyildren, West African Folk Music, Tompkins Sq. Park. 8:15 PM

August 11-14
Gold Rush Days, Valdez, Alaska

August 12
The Beatles, Chicago Ill., Int'l Chicago Amphitheatre.

August 12-16
International Naturist Federation World Congress, Antwerp, Belgium at Athena Club. (Nudist convention).

August 13-14
Narraganset Indian Powwow, Charlestown, R.I.

August 15
International folklore Festival. Confloens, France.

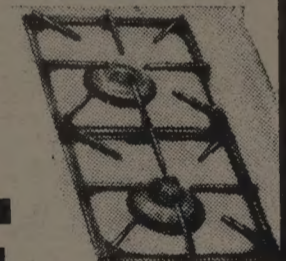
to August 21st
Every Sunday from 2-6 PM in Tompkins Sq. Park, jazz and rock 'n' roll and folk music.

This calendar is compiled by Eve who used to be a slum-goddess and is now some kind of wierd-freak. Send all calendar items to her: Eve c/o EVO, 147 Avenue A, NYC 10009

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Hash Brownies

Pulverize 15 grams of top quality hash.

Melt over hot water:
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Add the hash. Beat in:
1 cup sugar
2 eggs

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1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt

Mix in:
1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Bake for 30 minutes in an 8 inch square greased pan. When cool, spread with chocolate icing. Cut into tiny squares and nibble in a supine position.

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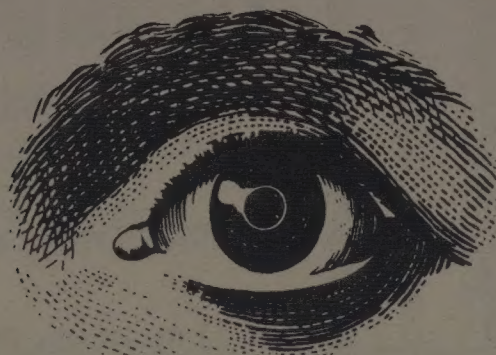
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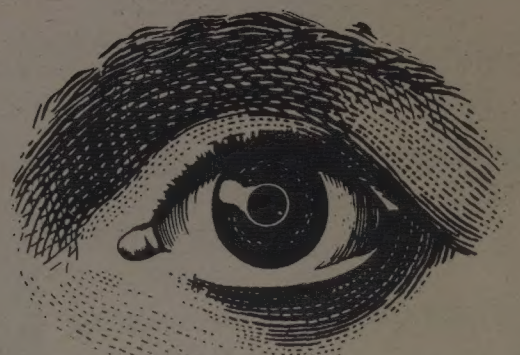


SEXUAL CONVENTIONS

AND



"ESTABLISHMENT" ..."



----N.Y.TIMES