

Black Power

IN THE GHETTO: two flags, a stepladder, and a megaphone

by Ishmael Reed

In the black ghettos from coast to coast, seething with ideological fury each man has two flags, a stepladder, and a megaphone. The hot white sun blazes down on the flies which collect on heaps of busted microphones. Weary gentlemen—triple named transcendentalists like Martin Luther King fan themselves in the shade while the real ghost of James Meredith—the admirer of Theodore Roosevelt and the last one on the block to know—becomes disillusioned with Jesus. Not since Nathaniel West's Lemuel Pitkin has the Horatio Alger impulse received such a thorough dismantling.

The auxiliary Mau Mau rushes into the marketplace and lifts the mantle of Malcolm X. Like the middlemen and operators who followed Jesus and Buddha they sift through his philosophy, removing all that appeals to them and suppressing the rest. Then raising a megaphone to their lips, they demand nothing less than a full stampede back into the middle ages.

The sun in hot. One man, his mouth puffy with swampfumes, releases them. They blow out, "White men are beasts who should be slain," followed by ample quotes from Artaud, Wittgenstein, and Allen Ginsberg.

The man whose jaw throbs in mud, we are told, has had a scythe swinging through his pages even before he set his foot into the marketplace and desires to impose his wish to marry dead crowds upon millions.

The marketplace at Constantinople: black arts, sorcery abound. If you have two flags—a two column picture in The New York Times. If you have a skullcap—a full page in Life.

The suns rays are steel; they pierce the skull. Alchemists with stars and half moons on cone-shaped hats, throw difficult finger exercises at each other and demand that the black people get 'substance'.

Heat prostration sets in and some brilliant trembling tonsil yells: "Black Power", just a murmur at first but soon galloping through the media like a romping rhinoceros crushing twigs and everything underfoot. He heads an organization that can't afford to buy the Fremont Centennial Postage stamp—nevertheless he screams "Black Power".

When the black people (whom we have been advised by the black intellectuals "have soul", and "know where it's at") pick up the phrase

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Negroes were urged to refuse to fight in Vietnam and to "stay right here—and fight right here." Stokely Carmichael of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee told a Detroit rally, "We ought to tell everyone, 'We aren't going to fight your damned war.'" Negroes "are going to take what belongs to us because it has been taken away from us," Carmichael said Saturday night. "Among ourselves, that's where we're going to preach non-violence and nowhere else," he declared.

—Wall Street Journal

Among the interviews given recently by Carmichael, 25, chairman of SNCC, have been those with NBC's James Daly and William Price of the National Guardian.

DALY: Mr. Carmichael, what do you mean by black power?

STOKELEY CARMICHAEL: Before I answer that question, I want to point out something very significant. You see, the projection of black power has been given by the white press. They're the ones who have maliciously distorted it. Black power seems to me to mean nothing more than black people coming together as a political, economic and social force and forcing their representatives or electing their representatives to speak to their needs, and that if that doesn't work, they then decide what tactics they use to get the things they need in this country.

DALY: How does that differ from the old goals of the civil rights movement? Is black power just a good rallying cry?

SC: It doesn't seem to be that it differs in our minds. I mean, the reason I joined SNCC was precisely because of that reason, that it seemed to me that in a country that is morally bankrupt, in a country that only force, be it political or economic force, is the thing that speaks, that the only way black people can get the things they want is to meet that power with their power. . . .

DALY: Is SNCC losing any financial support because of this new militant approach?

SC: Well, I don't know if it's a new militant approach. I mean, we're not concerned with militancy. We're concerned with getting black people decent things—decent jobs, decent education, decent houses. That's what we're concerned with. Well, it seems to me that if people in America say they're concerned with these things, that there would be no problem of supporting an organization that's doing that. Now, we aim to continue doing our work whether or not people support the things that we stand for.

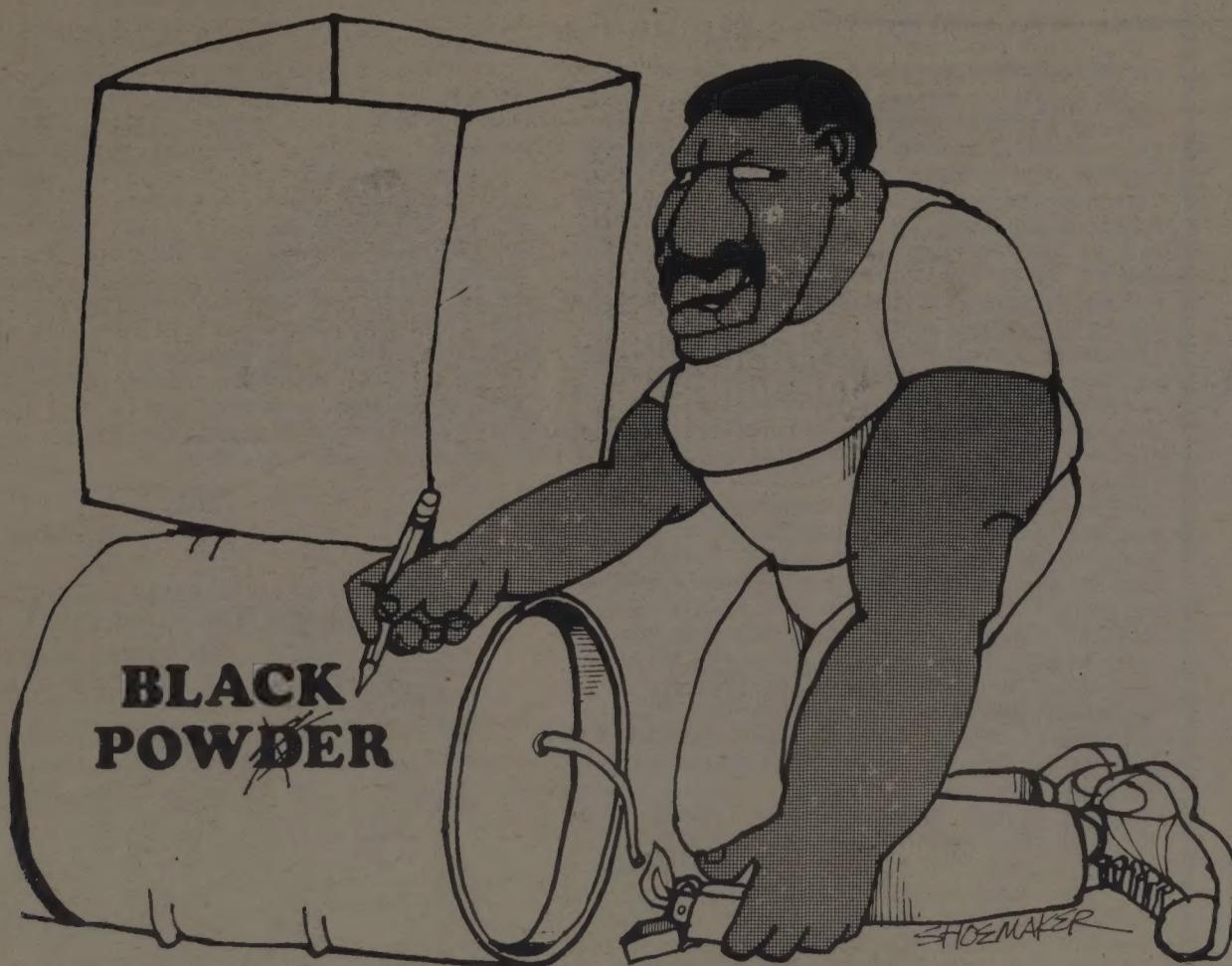
PRICE: What is the general tone of Negro sentiment in the South today?

SC: The feeling the Negroes have now is that they psychologically want something of their own, something to identify with. That's why you have groups like "Afro-Americans," because they cannot identify with white society. Negroes certainly see that this is the richest country in the world, and they want to share in the wealth. And the feeling—whether or not the white press likes this, whether or not white liberals like it—is that if Negroes cannot enjoy part of that dream, they're going to burn the country down.

PRICE: SNCC's new direction has been called "reverse racism." Would you comment on that?

SC: I do not see it as "reverse racism." There is nothing wrong with anything all black. There is nothing wrong with anything all white. What is wrong with either of those things is when force is used to keep somebody else out based on colour. That's what is happening in this country because whites have used physical force in the South or they've used legal force in the North to keep blacks out.

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The Feasibility of Impeaching LBJ

LETTER TO THE UNDERGROUND
BY DAVID MCREYNOLDS

An open letter can be read by anyone. You are welcome to read it or not, but let me explain what this letter is about and to whom it is addressed. It is a letter about Vietnam and Johnson and Death. I am writing to you who are so agonized over Vietnam, so hurt and wounded and angry and sick, at one and the same time, that you have withdrawn behind a facade of buttons and bumper stickers: "Sterilize LBJ: No More Ugly Children," "Kill For Peace," "We Shall Overkill," "LSD Not LBJ." I am writing to those of you who do not know whether you are pacifists or not or whether you support the NLF or not. I am writing to those of you who are not clear whether Vietnam is an inherent aspect of capitalism or a horrible accident. I am writing to those of you who might even support the war if the murders were at least done honestly, but who rebel against the systematic and deliberate policy of lying practiced so openly (and so consciously) by McNamara and Rusk and Rostow -- and Johnson. I write to those of you who are unclear where you stand on the whole question of Communism versus the Free World but who feel there is something basically filthy about sending B-52s from the absolute security of Guam to make absolutely safe raids over South Vietnam, where from miles above the wretched earth, they drop tens of thousands of tons of high explosive through the monsoon clouds upon targets they have never seen, upon children whose language they cannot speak, upon troops they will never confront in honest battle. I write to those of you who, cowards like myself, at least send no others to die, and find it a thing without honor to be ruled by a man who has never seen battle but who has committed 300,000 American boys to the swamps and jungles and stench of this war and who can then say, from the guarded security of the White House or his Texas ranch that "we" will not weary.

We say it is a dirty war. We mean it is an obscene war, a pornographic war. A war waged by the order of moral perverts. I write to those of you -- and there are not so many -- who do not require a twenty-page political analysis with quotes from the New York Times and scholarly sources to know or to sense that in Johnson we have at last found the equivalent of Stalin and of Hitler -- a man without a moral center. You are a mixed "underground" but I address you all, housewives and queers, stray cops and acid heads and ex-Communists and neurotics and starving artists. I address all of you who have seen through flames of napalm the trembling nightmare of Johnson's inner mind and have found there is none: that his mind (and the minds of his associates) is tuned to death and to power: our death and his power. It is to you that I write.

I do not write you marching orders, for orders enough have been given. I do write to say that children are dying in Vietnam and all our buttons will not save them. Our bumper stickers are only a fun game to irritate the enemy and tickle the friend.

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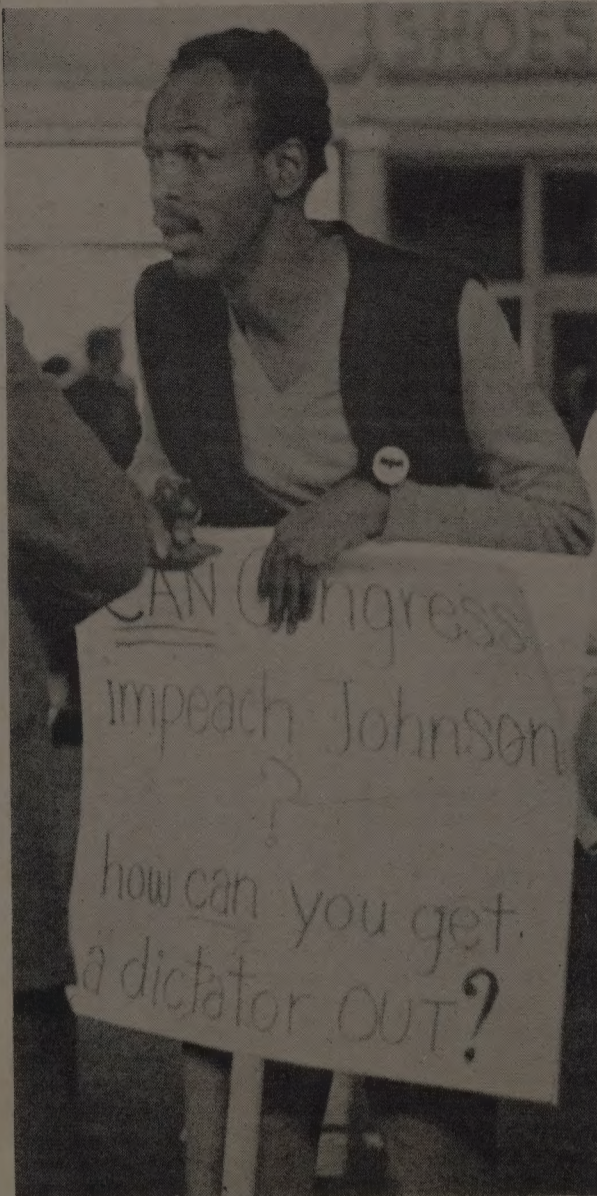
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The issue is how to get rid of Johnson before he kills us all. Opting out, in whatever form, will not make Johnson go away. The real world and the dying children are still there, and if we trip out to a world of private beauty it will be flawed by the unsilenced and unsilenceable consciousness of death in Vietnam, death that is not neutral, but death that is chemical: napalm, gas, and cordite.

Let me begin by discussing the unthinkable act of assassination. Assassination would seem to be the easy way, and in a country where such an act occurred less than three years ago with Kennedy and shortly after with Malcolm X and in a country where an Eagle Scout and ex-Marine could cut down fifteen lives in Austin, it is perhaps better to face this issue than to pretend it does not exist. I begin by ruling out assassination because I am a pacifist and believe there is the light of God in the least among us. It was in Eichmann, it was in Hitler, it was in Stalin, and I must believe it is in Johnson -- and even in McNamara -- or abandon my pacifist faith. I am also a Marxist, and if I recognize that the high crime rate in the Negro ghetto can only be understood in terms of the social conditions of the ghetto, then I must also recognize that the high crime rate of the White House also can only be understood in terms of the social conditions of America. So, both as religious pacifist and as Marxist, I know that we are all involved in Vietnam, that in a certain objective sense we gave our permission for it before it happened. This does not necessarily rule out assassination, it only explains why I would be unable to nerve myself to pull the trigger. I will not kill my fellow, whether he is in Vietnam or in Washington. I will not try to obliterate the sins of a nation by taking the life of a single man.

But there are other reasons. Johnson did not get us into Vietnam -- that was the work of Eisenhower and Kennedy. We remain in Vietnam not only because Johnson is too much of a coward to risk his political career by getting us out (and thus facing Nixon's accusation in 1968 that he "sold out" to the Communists and let America "be defeated by pint-sized guerrillas"), but because of political forces grouped around him. Johnson is the symbol and he must bear the responsibility. But behind him are the State Department and the Pentagon. To remove Johnson without a discussion of how or why we went into Vietnam will change nothing. If anything the killing of Johnson by someone who opposed the war would be exactly the act that would arouse the nation to full support for the war. Johnson might fall, but the next day the dikes around Hanoi would be bombed and a million would die. We do not overcome the violence in Vietnam by adding our own violence to it. We do not resolve political issues by terror.

But I assume that those of you to whom I write have seen blood enough and would have done with killing altogether. So, then, how do we deal with Johnson? Are we stuck with him through 1972?

I praise, of course, all current efforts to educate the public -- street corner meetings, door to door agitation, leafleting of downtown areas, mass demonstrations, the encouragement of young men to refuse

military service. But I have in mind a further step. We run peace candidates (which is good) but operate on the assumption that Johnson himself is invulnerable, that we can do no more than pin on a button saying "LSD not LBJ." I suggest we move beyond buttons. I suggest that in every town and city across the country we draft soberly worded "Impeach LBJ" petitions, circulate them, hold press conferences to announce them, and send them off to our Congressmen and Senators, demanding they begin impeachment proceedings.

Six months ago I muttered about impeaching Johnson but felt it was so far-out and non-political that it would be a waste of time. It was too extreme a position to win any following and in any case if we could get the man impeached we would only have Hubert to show for it, which is small progress, if any. I think now, however, that it is important to raise the slogan because it personalizes the political debate. Johnson has sought to silence and to intimidate us with charges of being "nervous nellies." He has sought to equate dissent with treason. Shrewd politician that he is, he has sought to make us the issue, rather than to debate or discuss the actual Vietnam policies. It is time for us to make Johnson the issue. It would give the anti-war movement a focus. We would no longer be immobilized behind our buttons, tripping out in despair.

We cannot succeed, of course, in impeaching LBJ, but we can succeed in forcing the Vietnam debate off dead center. Just now all the liberals are agreed on two propositions, the first being that the Vietnam War is an utter disaster and probably a crime, and the second being that Johnson is utterly sincere in his desire to negotiate. Bullshit. Johnson has no intention of negotiating. He has blocked and sidetracked and sabotaged every move toward negotiation. The immunity of Johnson from direct political attack is incredible. He is perhaps the most dishonest man ever elected President and there is no excuse for anyone any longer believing a word he says.

We cannot, I repeat, get Johnson impeached -- the Congress today behaves with all the abject servility of the Roman Senate under the Caesars. But does their silence justify ours? Are we to agree that the course of our foreign policy is quite mad but that we ought not to do anything extreme? What more does Johnson have to do before we rise up and demand that he get the hell out of the White House? We dishonor ourselves by voting him in -- are we now to dishonor ourselves by our silence?

--Underground Press Syndicate

LETTER

dear editor,

right now i live on vomit corner, west third and macdougall, with the two war-torn coin telephones that somehow manage to keep working, maintained, as they must be, by the fbi, lew adler, the down home girl detective agency, the federal narcotics bureau, the new york city narcotics agency, the federal narcotics bureau, the new york city narcotics squad, paul sargent, the omaha private eye group, the port of new york authority and tass. all of them, of course, subcontract the actual physical job of maintaining the telephones to Broadway maintenance, which bills everybody several times for the same work and which complains regularly to the new york telephone company that too many people are using slugs instead of dimes. the only other thing that Broadway maintenance complains to the new york telephone company about is when one of the Broadway maintenance men gets his finger stuck up the coin return slot. otherwise, vomit corner is a happy place, swept clean and deserted by new york's tactical patrol force while the scent of english leather wafts out the doorway behind the telephone booths. the doorway leads to a pharmacy, and kids walk by, happily whistling drug songs to the registered counter men and tampax boxes within. "dont call me, i'll call you," one often hears. cigarette papers snow everybody. it often gets cold, even in the air conditioned summertime. for ten cents you can get a chocolate ice, a flavor the italians never even heard about until they captured somaliland. you can also buy a village voice at the ices stand and read it while you lick. i'll write again for \$5 a day. love,

al aronowitz
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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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Mailer or Mauler? Christian or Cannibal?

CANNIBAL OR CHRISTIAN

by Stan Cohen

What is called American existentialism is not really a mid-twentieth century occurrence; it is a return to the fundamentalist principle of salvation, and its number one herald in this country--Norman Mailer--is, at center, a traditionalist whose engines are powered by the religious vision of apocalypse and damnation. If there is anything new about the existential drive it is the sense that salvation is not a promise to be gained at the favor of God but something that must be torn from the grasp of the Devil.

And there is the intuition in Mailer, as there was in Hemingway and Melville, that if one is to save himself he must do it a piece at a time, the way one fights a land war, the only true ground being won on bold forays into enemy territory.

Hemingway found the symbol of salvation in the bull-fighter's sacrament. There is, he tells us, the terrain of the bull and the terrain of the bull-fighter. So long as the bull-fighter stays in his own terrain he is relatively safe. It is when he crosses into the landscape of the bull that he is in real danger. But it is only there, only in the kitchen of the damned, that he can send the bull to an honorable death and free some breath of his own spirit for a later migration to the Palace of the Gods. That is the existential trust: one can only win his soul by sending it on a blood-hot charge into fire and flame, sword and dagger for the trophy of the Devil, the last crusts of self the bounty of the Lord.

Mailer, bent on snatching hidden treasure from the ovens of the charnel house, has closed his pact with the Devil. Faithfully and demonically, he has been thrusting for the eye of the American Dream, the Romantic impulse to exhaust the possibilities of experience and macadamize the road to Heaven. Probably Mailer's search is keener, honed on the crack and snap of mortal combat, the hard root knowledge of its perils sweetened by a religious respect for the limits of the war. Melville gambled eternity at the Gates of Hell, staking on the visionary's chance at the annihilation of evil. The quest for Moby Dick ends, really, in a covenant which voids the possibility of ascent. Ahab, his harpoon spiced with pagan blood, draws the final contract: "I do not baptize you in the name of the Father, but in the name of the Devil." And fifty years later the hope of innocence ends for Melville when Billy Budd and Claggart, God and the Devil, destroy the mutual core of their existence.

This was a road Hemingway never had to take. He was born into an America which long ago had surrendered its innocence, so he understood the Romantic dream but never dreamt it. The last threads of illusion were being unwound from the country's fibre in the twenties and what myths he might have known had been exploded in a burst of shrapnel he took during the First War. And so Hemingway's early heroes--Fred Henry, Nick Adams, Jake Barnes--tuned to the chilled limits of possibility, make their separate peace.



Two weeks before the film version of his last novel, "An American Dream" opens on Broadway, Mailer's earlier novel, "The Deer Park" is being presented in a stage version at Provincetown where Mailer is currently living. Leo Garen, who took this picture, directed the author's wife, Beverly, in a New York production of "The Slave" and is also directing the Provincetown production.

The search ends for them at that thin frontier just inside the bull's terrain, where one can taste the cold breath of the Devil and still retreat into the bombed-out cloisters of the self. But near the end, these heroes give way to such as Santiago, the fisherman, who finds retreat impossible. Santiago puts the final touches to Hemingway's Code of Honor: "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." And so he sips a spoonful of salvation from Satan's cup. Santiago outlasts the big fish, he beats him in his own arena, but it is the sharks who get the flesh. The old man returns with the fish's skeleton strapped to the side of the boat. A penny's worth of Paradise the salvage of his journey.

Mailer's pursuit has been more demanding, more intense. He has spent the past twenty years carving his way, sometimes cleanly, sometimes raggedy-chop, through the jungles of his private dread. The harshest rule of his probe, it would seem, is the self-imposed stricture never to repeat himself, that he never take the same route twice. For there is the suspicion that Mailer is not yet sure of the dimensions of his quarry, that he has put his trust on the primitive notion that one might meet the Devil only if he is brave enough to offer his soul at the shrine of the fires.

These are the terms of Mailer's tryst with the Devil. He has agreed to make the voyage, to mine the sands for buried gold. But he has set the limits of the encounter at that stony juncture where more than a few such forlorn battles have been waged to no decision, quit before their end. In the Big Race, attrition is the Devil's edge. Still, one is game, for the time, to put the bet on Mailer. He is a long distance runner.

when it happens you will be there
ami hendon 563513

On August 29, Dial Press will publish Norman Mailer's latest book CANNIBALS OR CHRISTIANS, a collection of long and short pieces he has written, mostly for slick magazines, in the year since the publication (by Dial) of AN AMERICAN DREAM -- a novel originally ground out in monthly installments for Esquire. The famous novel-to-end-all-novels that Mailer has reputedly been working on for ten years is still more legend than reality, although its author told a press conference last year that it is definitely going to appear some day.

MAILER BY IRVING SHUSNICK

Violence and politics have always intrigued Norman Mailer. One senses his ambivalence over the frustration that meets the revolutionary at every turn. The use of force is the first thought that comes to mind, but the intellectual soon rejects this in favor of political machination. But existing ideologies are, understandably, too rigidly structured for the man of action. For years Mailer's hero was Hemingway (did his idolatry die, as did Hemingway, with the realization that those who live by the sword die by the sword?), a blustering figure whose assault on American literature failed to compensate for his love of hunting, shooting, and killing?

"It is probably one of the worst periods in history for a writer; to be a novelist today is absolutely a bone-cracker," Mailer has written. "If a writer really wants to become serious, he has to become intellectual and yet nothing is harder. Intellectuality delivers the writer to self-questioning and into despair at his own limitations. ...I'm beginning to have a pride in writers, they're radical, always disturbing ... A great writer always goes to the roots, he is always coming up with the contradictions, the impasses, the insoluble dilemmas of the particular time he lives in. The result is not to cement society, but to question it and destroy it. A great writer has to be capable of knowing the rot, and he has to be able to strip it right down to the stink. But he also has to love that rot. A writer has to have a tough mind, the toughest mind of his time. And he has to have a great heart."

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mailer the christian continued

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The years after the success of *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD* were not Mailer's happiest:

A second novel, *BARBARY SHORE*, was badly received ("Mr. Mailer is interested in political-philosophical overtones almost to the exclusion of action. His characters rarely do anything but talk.") and shortly remaindered;

A lawsuit over the movie version of *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD*, after a slanging match, in the newspapers, with its producer Paul Gregory;

A slew of reviews, so universally bad, of his third book, *THE DEER PARK*, that one of the kindest -- Orville Prescott's -- called it "a thoroughly nasty book and a dull one";

Numerous frustrations, and finally defeat, in his attempts to have the book mounted as a Broadway play or a movie;

More insultingly crushing reviews at the publication of *ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF*, in one of which John K. Hutchens referred to Mailer's "growing air of panic. He cannot, for instance, get Hemingway out of his mind."

Mailer's political ambitions and hero worship fused in the column he wrote for *THE VILLAGE VOICE*, advocating Ernest Hemingway for President. Mailer himself didn't want to be President (he kept telling himself), but he did want to be Mayor of New York (generally regarded as the second most prestigious job in the country).

Some of the material for *ADVERTISEMENTS* was drawn from a series of columns that Mailer had written for the *VOICE* and, in a preface to the first of these, he explains how he came to invest in the paper and how, "giving myself the excuse that I was needed," he started to spend time in the office.

"For weeks," he wrote, "I lost face in a drift of bold programs and dull resolutions and all the while my partners and I were coming to see that there were different ideas of how the paper should develop. They wanted it to be successful; I wanted it to be outrageous. They wanted a newspaper that could satisfy the conservative community -- church news, meetings of political organizations, so forth. Before the paper could be provocative, it must be established, went their argument. I believed we could grow only if we tried to reach an audience in which no paper had yet been interested. I had the feeling of an underground revolution on its way, and I do not know that I was wrong.

"Beat, the Christmas tree of Hip, arrived with Kerouac, and because it is sweet and oddball, a cross between folklore and fairy tale, Madison Avenue took it up, they had to, this was the first phenomenon in years to come out of the Great Unwashed, which Madison Avenue hadn't rigged, manipulated, or foreseen. I was ready too early but I still wonder if the kind of newspaper I wanted might not have managed to give a little speed to that moral and sexual revolution which is yet to come upon us."

But that was written about a more glorious day. By 1959, when *ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF* was published, the erstwhile columnist was more rueful: "If America is rich in talent, which it is, this wealth seems more than equaled by the speed with which we use up our talent ... So the strong talents of my generation, those few of us who have wide minds in a narrow overdeveloped time, are left to wander



through a landscape of occult herbs and voracious weeds, ambushed by the fallen wires of electric but meaningless situations. Our promotions are often undeserved, our real efforts are understood too late ... if it were not for some new generation coming to life -- a generation which might be more interesting than my own, or so I must hope -- it would be best to give up, because all desire is lost for talking to readers older than oneself. Defeated by war, prosperity and conformity, the best of our elders are deadened into thinking machines, and the worst are broken scolds who parrot a plain housewife's practical sense of the mediocre -- worn-out middle-class bores of the psychoanalytical persuasion who worship the cheats of moderation, compromise, committee and indecision, or even worse, turn to respect the past."

On November 19, 1960, towards the end of a boisterous party, Mailer stabbed his wife, Adele, in the stomach and he was taken off to the hospital, ostensibly with wounds caused by "falling on some glass." The real story -- that she had been stabbed -- didn't come out until two days later, when Mailer went to visit Adele and was arrested. In the meantime he had taped a television interview with Mike Wallace saying nothing about the stabbing but commenting on his plans to run for Mayor when he promised he would stage an annual jousting tournament in Central Park, in which members of the city's street gangs could fight in armor on horseback.

"The fact of the matter is that the knife, to a juvenile delinquent, is very meaningful," he explained. "You see, it's his sword, his manhood."

Magazine writer, Gerald Walker, while recounting the story of the stabbing in a magazine article later that year, painted the picture "of a sorely discontented author who had been in a long downhill slide and was now about to hit rock bottom." He reminded readers of Mailer's arrest at Birdland over nonacceptance of his personal check (a charge was made, later withdrawn); his arrest (and later acquittal) by Provincetown police

for hailing a patrol car while drunk under the impression it was a taxi; his public fights with his wife, his battles with editors and publishers and his shout to the police (during a protest in City Hall park against air raid drills): "I'm for war with small weapons -- knives and bottles."

And on another occasion he told Walker: "One of the reasons people exist is to be creative. There are many who hate creativity in others. Often they hate it because their own chance to be creative was killed very early in life and the injustice of this has made them vindictive so they try to destroy the creativity of others. I've noticed that when one tries to be free, one runs into enormous and subtle resistance from other people. I have to try to be free because it's the only way I can be creative."

In a comfortably casual way Mailer has become a legend, a writer who as John Crosby says, is more written about than read. But his well-publicized milestones, in retrospect, assume a curiously satisfying pattern: from his espousal of the Henry Wallace cause in 1948 ("I don't think a writer can avoid being political. There has been a regrettable tendency in America in the last decade to be unpolitical as writers and I think it's partially accountable for the poverty of American letters in this period") to his assessment of LBJ as "that most shrewd and diabolical politician" during a talk in London last year, while tagging the Vietnam War as "a release for America's built-up violence" he referred to America's need for action, "not brave action, but any action -- any move to get the motor going." And he called on the Johnson administration to pull back our boundaries "to what we can defend and what wishes to be defended."

About Mailer, even so smooth a reporter as John Crosby has chosen to perpetuate an old cliché. No, he wrote in London's *OBSERVER*, he hadn't read anything Norman Mailer had written since *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD* because he'd been so busy reading about Mailer there'd been no time.

This implies, of course, that the man who chooses to write a book must be frozen for all time as A Novelist -- his every subsequent action viewed in relation to this central fact, his every book compared with *The Novel*. Norman Mailer, it's been said many times and by people who should know better, is a kid who wrote one good book and has been trying to equal it ever since.

He is still snubbed by many of his contemporaries, and those jealous of his talents (and publicity) but like any original, creative artist, he is judged less today for his "failures" (and his last book, *AN AMERICAN DREAM*, was pretty universally panned) than for the boldness of what he attempts. In a celebrated review of *DREAM* in the *N. Y. TIMES*, Conrad Knickerbocker speculated that Mailer is indeed one of the last of his breed: "A writer who tries to address the entire country."

But here is Mailer now at 43 somehow stronger and fitter and not written off at all, a kind of existentialist folk-hero, in fact, to a generation that has followed him. A man, according to critic Richard Kluger, "consumed by the time and place in which he lives and not in flight from them for all their abrasive qualities."

Happenings artists here and around the world were invited to contribute to an EVO Happening, printmedia division. Some of their responses appear on this page and throughout the issue.

OTHERSEENS

"Which Kennedy do you most enjoy reading about? Life-enhancing, life-affirming, wry funny, coolly-committed, amazingly young, tough-minded Jack? Caustic-cutting, thrusting, restless, aggressive, astonishingly mature, tough-minded, fun-loving, loyal, compulsively hard-working, ruthless Bobby? Or quiet wry, life-affirming, life-enhancing, amazingly-young, loyal, coolly-ambitious, funny, surprisingly tough-minded Teddy? There is much to be said for quiet, wry, astonishingly mature, seven-year-old John. He has not yet been gushed about by drivelling Madison Avenue hacks and adoring professors."

(Richard West in The New Statesman.)

"It's astonishing how the cultural outlook of this city has improved since we got rid of that Wagner person."

(Dick Higgins, Something Else Newsletter.)

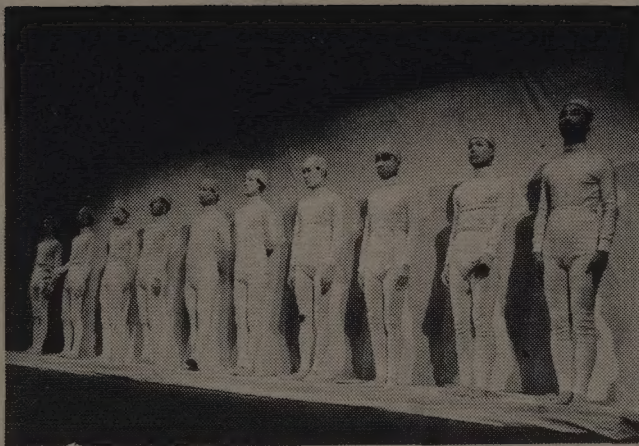
* * *

"No 'conventional wisdom' --to use a phrase of John Kenneth Galbraith-- has been so mercilessly cultivated by the American mass media as the one that charges China with being the fountainhead of "aggression." Daily repetition has not only convinced the public at large of this 'truism' but many a liberal and pacifist as well. It is simply taken for granted that China intends to rule the world and that "if we don't stop her in Vietnam we'll have to fight her in California." Where an underdeveloped nation like China, with a gross national product hardly a tenth that of America is going to get the ships and planes to transport an invasion army to Los Angeles is never made clear."

(Sidney Lens in Liberation)

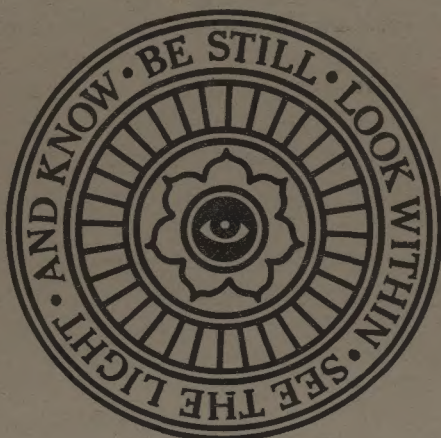
* * *

"Whoever eats candles shits wicks." (Venetian proverb)....Almost 2,000 Englishmen have requested sterilisation since the launching of a nationwide campaign to promote this form of birth control a few months ago. Operation takes ten minutes, costs about \$130 and in about half the cases is reversible later in life....It takes a Chinese girl three months to learn how to operate a Chinese typewriter whose main ingredient is a large shallow tray containing 2,400 characters upside down and back to front. The characters are arranged according to their frequency of usage but this varies from one business to another...."Our times-and motion study of Camp...shows that Camp devoured the Twenties in four years, exhausted the Thirties in two short years and, at the current rate of acceleration, will dispense with the Forties in one year and by 1969 have nothing left of the past whatsoever to raid. Camp will at that time have caught up with itself and exist in the present!" (David Myers in Status).... Warhol wanted to have his birthday party (Aug 16) at the Campbell's Soup factory in NJ, but Campbell's turned him down because it would interfere with the sales figures...."Dear Wilcock You may have heard that parking meters can be operated by the fliptop part of



michio yoshihara

a beer can. It isn't true, but it will jam them up beautifully. Signed, The Saboteur "....The Japanese are testing a device that inflates balloons to completely fill the interior of a car on impact, cushioning the driver faster than he can be thrown against the dashboard....And over in Hilversum, Holland carpet-maker Haf Keljzer has wedded his machines to a photo computer: drop in a photograph and the machine will weave its design right into the carpet, any design, any color..... Chicago's Literary Times (35¢ from 2561 N. Clark Street) carries a piece knocking little magazines ("maybe ... little mags are dead") along with a list of the names and addresses of about 100 of them...Gene Bloom's "Entrails" (75¢ from Whispershit Press, 283 East Houston Street, NYC 10002) is the most scatological sheet since Fuck You. Beautifully porno, funny and a delightful interview with "a cunning linguist".



james riddle

...His-
toric Venice frowns on advertising, bans neon signs and anything hanging from or over its century-old buildings. But many stores carry a photograph of the words COCA COLA spelled out in letters 20-feet deep in the center of the gigantic Piazza San Marco. To get the picture, the local franchisee spelled out the letters in dried peas in the Piazza and then watched the pigeons eat it up...It probably hasn't occurred to anybody in Russia that the growing incidence of "motiveless" juvenile crime is related to the frustrations young people must undergo having to abide by all kinds of petty, pointless restrictions framed by their elders a generation ago. Just like here, in fact...Dr. James Brussel has the pot thing all doped out: "The user finds in the medium of his choice that which he cannot find in himself. Boiled down to basic psychiatric elements: It is an attempt to neutralize unconscious (and sometimes conscious) feelings of inferiority and insecurity. Furthermore, to be different becomes the equivalent of being superior. Hence, the unusual attire, the unique language, the disdain for the law. It is not a refusal to conform; it is an inability, due to overwhelming inferiority." Oh yes, Dr. Brussel, by the way, is assistant commissioner of N. Y. State's Department of Mental Hygiene... At a time when almost all young people see the world internationally, govern-

ments (first the U. S., now the British) are trying to impose all the financial restrictions they can on foreign travel. If Britain and America can't afford to let its citizens go where the hell they want to go (spending their own money, mark you), then who can? ...Grove Press sometimes goes pretty far out in its search for the sexy. Now it's come up with a book called "Manual of Classic Erotology": a collection of pieces on pederasty, cunnilingus, masturbation and "intercourse with animals" by such well-known sexologists as Suetonius, Ovid, and Aristophanes...A thirteen thousand dollar prize awaits the first person or persons who can get a manpowered (i.e., no engine) aeroplane off the ground in England and around the length of a mile-long, figure-of-eight course laid out by Britain's Royal Aeronautical Society. At least a score of different designs are being tested up and down the country. Most are like bicycles with wings, one person doing the piloting, the other pedalling furiously.

lesen sie dieses manifest und decollagieren sie es indem sie sich darin waschen und abtrocknen

lageempfindung ist	ist happening	ist sein
bewegungsempfindung ist	ist happening	ist sein
antriebsgefuehl ist	ist happening	ist sein
bewusste bewegung ist	ist happening	ist sein
taetiger gedanke ist	ist happening	ist sein
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rumpfbewegung ist	ist happening	ist sein
handbewegung ist	ist happening	ist sein
beinbewegung ist	ist happening	ist sein
kopfbewegung ist	ist happening	ist sein
augenbewegung ist	ist happening	ist sein
wortbildung ist	ist happening	ist sein
laut und tonbildung ist	ist happening	ist sein
geschmacksm. ist	ist happening	ist sein
geraueempfindung ist	ist happening	ist sein
erfahrung ist	ist happening	ist sein
tonempfindung ist	ist happening	ist sein
optische aufmerksamk. ist	ist happening	ist sein
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temperaturempfindung ist	ist happening	ist sein
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beruehrungsempfindung ist	ist happening	ist sein
optischer gedanke ist	ist happening	ist sein
blickbewegung ist	ist happening	ist sein
optische musik ist	ist happening	ist sein
gedankliche musik ist	ist happening	ist sein
gedankliche malerei ist	ist happening	ist sein
gedankliche aktion ist	ist happening	ist sein

wolf vostell itzelhoe 22. 9. 65

WOLF VOSTELL

from "Duties of a Lady Female"

Teach them;

Marriage is not LEGAL BUT MORAL. Let the mother make it and/or break it. The mother of the married pair, that is, or both maws.

To laugh, sing, dance or exclaim in public without shame.

To SEE beyond local things like race, age, sex, class or religions.

Teach them to be suspicious of anything hidden or secret. Arouse their anger against it. Teach them to love the clear, the sunny, the true, the free & open.

To share what they have with anyone who needs or wants it. That will outdate stealing.

Teach them that the word 'illegitimate' is meaningless. There is NO such thing as an illegitimate child.

-Sheri Martinelli



John Wilcock

Peeping Toms, Hairies & DICK

By Petronius

Extraded from the just-published, underground bestseller "New York Unexpurgated" (Matrix House Publishers, NY, \$4.95)

Nonresident peeping Toms will be smothered and outclassed in New York. At first. New York City is obsessed with listeners, peepers, feelers, winkers, gropers, lookers, creepers, snatchers, exposer, stumblers, dirty mumblers, rubbers, grabbers, crawlers and every type of voyeur, cheap sensationalist and vicarious thrill seeker known to Krafft-Ebbing and stekel.

This supersaturation with non-doers, often proves baffling to the law. The force takes a dim view of voyeurs and their ilk. There's an incorporeal feculence about these types that defies direct accusation. And for good reason! They're sneaky and perverse. Cops feel that, though they're not actively dangerous, the potential is there. Who can guarantee that these marginal rascals won't suddenly switch from ogler, "ooher" and "aaher" to more direct action?...

Even the busiest New Yorkers take time out for watching and allied spectator sports. Everyone is watching something or someone. Hopefully an exhibitionist. For on the positive side -- many citizens like to be watched. They participate in provocative, titillating capers for large, interested audiences. And there are those who don't mind more tangible contact on occasion.

New York abounds with metavoysuers. A watcher watching watchers who are watching more watchers ... and so on down the line, until finally someone is left noting the ones actually watching something. The "something" may be nothing more than a promise. But just enough to engross a famished chain of lookers linked by longing. Though not in the direct visual line of fire, the metavoysuer is content with just an eye on the source. This also adds mystery. Perhaps they're wasting their time watching absolutely nothing!

A New York watcher is dedicated, knowing, resourceful and seldom without dignity. Due to an overabundance of riches ... he can afford to be a specialist. He soon acquires a highly perfected sense of discovery for choice sightseeing locales and routes, depending on his own personal tastes. His methods of operation are deft and businesslike.

"Freak-peeks" have tight reins on all major freak areas and playgrounds. "Bird-watchers" know when and where the rarest and most promising of our feathered friends cloister. "Listeners" know the best hidden walls to investigate with high-powered horse stethoscopes for the best in sexy listening.

"Girlwatchers," according to age, type, build, coloring ... know where concentrations of their specialty live and walk, undress and primp. They are alerted to the best positions in subways, thigh spots beneath stairways in stores and buildings, windy grates, most revealing windows, corners, roofs with several views and so forth. "Necker watchers" -- canvas key hidden areas for love makers. They know the prime positions in the parks -- what higher levels and hiding places to snipe for close ups on lovers, best balcony sections, lovers' lanes, and every other hot spot in town -- on wheels or immobile.

"Celebrity surveyors" -- know exactly where celebrities live, walk, hang out, relax, hide, etc. "Foot fetishists" know all promising escalators, cracks, grates ... and so forth ... where they can promptly help a distressed lady release her stuck heel. Their escalator claws also get a little ankle action enroute to the ensnared heel.

Girls prove to be voracious "boy watchers." -- They cruise and flirt with boys as audaciously as vice-versa. They're equally busy girl watching to case other girls and evaluate the competition. Or because they happen to like girls after a few weird experiences in the high school locker room.

There are as many girls and straight men as faggots who pass each other rather haughtily, then slyly pivot, scrutinizing each other's apparel. Men, too, these days, are always checking hairdos, outfits and accessories of other men. Girls are slightly more discreet in clocking men.

Some male girl watchers gaze at girls with no intent beyond admiration. Or scorn. Or wistful fantasizing. Others want (and usually get) more direct action.

Many girls exist solely to taunt these male watchers. The way they dress is the tip off. The sexiest-dressed girls in sheer and low frocks, who "invite trouble," are usually "put ons," and generally the least available for action (at least in those enticing garments). Just leaving a trail of wolf whistles and pre-empted. Particularly certain streets abounding with open windows, all show-cases for flaunting doxies. The struggling newcomer has to work hard to plot and establish his own ideal watch. Once established, he may eventually join in friendly rotation plans with others. The new luxury buildings also provide massive luxury watching

Crowded luxury transportation and stores and other mob areas are so crowded with feelers and dirty talkers ... they end up exchanging obscenities and feels with each other. Even the male exhibitionist has to search for a solitary area for proper exposure ... or face being forced into an involuntary brother act with others in his crowded coterie.

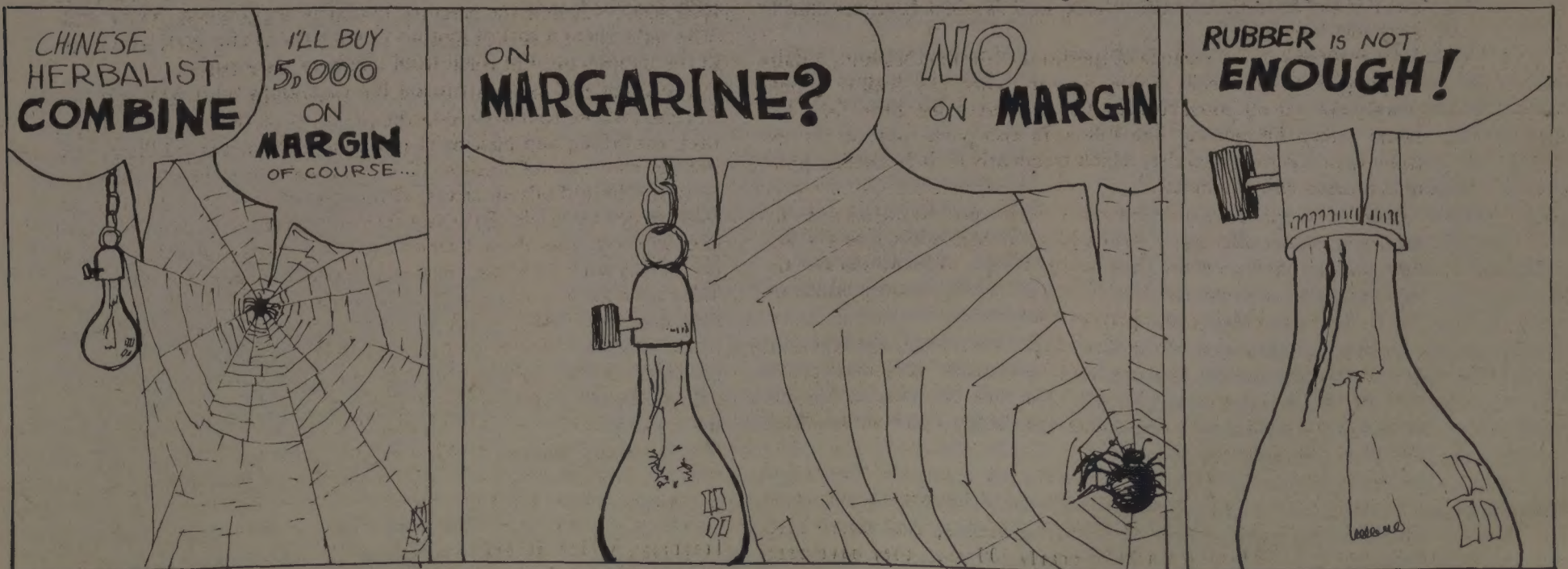
Voyeurs fall into several loosely overlapping categories. The girl watchers and boy watchers, as mentioned split between both sexes ... rank high. "Knocker watchers" -- consisting of the juvenile, the insecure and the critical -- also rank high. They enjoy sneering and jeering at the slovenly masses, Who sneer right back. Then there's the occasional, nondescript sightseer ... visitor or resident, who is continually intrigued with the variety of this slovenly, weird conglomerate. He finds it too improbable to form any kind of opinion, negative or not. And there's the mere casual observer who just watches whatever falls into his path.

Beyond voluptuary interests, New Yorkers are serious watchers due to self-starting solipsism and rampant narcissism, mettlesome autolatry and sick minds. New Yorkers are fascinated with themselves. More often ... stunned !! They look at each other to identify with the approved ones, to locate desirable alter egos, to confirm their superiority and good taste and to see if they're likewise being admired.

What with such a compelling array of objects to focus on ... all so readily available, it's no wonder most settle into some form of vicarious existence. However, there are exceptions. For instance ... blind beggars. And those New Yorkers who never look at anything ... even surrounding calamities. Those blase notables who step over bloody corpses and small cars. Don't let this New York stoic fool you! As detached and lofty as he or she may seem ... they steal glances, too.

Some, of course, are genuinely uninterested in anything around them. Not aloof ... only "out of it." They're the frantic ones too busy rushing around or too immersed in their own problems and selves to be distracted by anything else. Their pills and bills dominate their time. They couldn't care less about anything outside of their own tight little life. They're impossible to query for information or any straight answer ... they can't account for anything beyond their daily milk route. Often even missing out on that.

written by M. Bowen, A. Katzman, drawn by Steppenwolfe Danglerfield © 1966





Walter Bredel Photo

SEEKERS OF SATORI AT A ZEN TEMPLE

Part Two

By Brian Dobbyn

Copyright The Mainichi Newspapers

In Japan, the early summer rainy season and the winter months are the strictest time of the year. Trainees are confined to the temple and cannot leave without permission. This practice dates back centuries to the early Zen in India, when trainees would assemble during those periods at the chief priest's house.

A new trainee must serve at meals—and also must finish his own meal at the same time as the others, so it is often hard for him to get enough to eat.

Then there are the periods of special meditation (Sesshin), usually totaling about six weeks during a year, when the trainee monks strictly are not supposed to sleep but may actually do so for a few hours a day. Devout lay Zen followers also participate in this extremely demanding exercise, which frequently is their turning point in achieving enlightenment.

Even in comparatively recent years the trainees would go to farmhouses to collect offerings of vegetables for their table: now the farmer is more likely to bring them to the temple in his truck. But the trainees still carry out the traditional alms-seeking and often are given overnight lodging in a private home.

During the afternoon of our first day, a Saturday, the weekend Zen meditators started arriving, and by evening our small group had increased to more than 40, occupying four rows in the Kojirin. Enkakuji has always been noted as one of the few Zen temples which accept public trainees.

Many of the new arrivals were women, who were accommodated in new quarters built with funds provided by visitors and from outside sources. The record of women practising Zen dates back almost to the 13th Century, and for nearly 100 years they have been attending Enkakuji.

With the pride of housewives showing guests around their new home, two of the regular visitors conducted us through the women's quarters. One was a widow from a devout Buddhist family, who works for a magazine in Tokyo, and the other a tea ceremony teacher, who followed her husband in the practice of Zen. Both women had been attending Enkakuji regularly for several years, and their faces reflected the serenity it had brought them. Their seniority gave them a sort of mother role for the young girls who come to the temple, most of them from offices or universities.

A meeting had been arranged for that night with Abbot Sogen Asahina, whose rooms were in the precincts of the Shariden. Light rain was falling and mist swirled around the ancient building. Motionless as a row of statues, 12 lay trainees stood before the main door of the abbot's quarters, kimono-clad and each holding an oiled-paper umbrella. Patiently they were waiting to meet him and present the results of their meditation on what is probably the most perplexing aspect for the outsider: the Koan. These are more than 1,000 traditional problems given to trainees—usually self-contradictory and unsolvable by the common means of mental application. Some reach an answer in a short period; others must wrestle for years before final enlightenment comes after agonizing meditation.

The difficulty experienced in reaching an answer can be gauged from the nature of the Koan, some of which are: "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" "What is your face before your parents' birth?" "From where you are, stop the distant boat moving across the water." "Who is it that hears?"

The aim of every Koan is to liberate the mind from the snare of language, which fits over experience like a strait jacket. Koan are so phrased that they deliberately throw sand into our eyes to force

continued page 12

Mania for Beatle Balls

John Wilcock photo



Once every seven years the lemmings, small rat-like creatures, march into the sea en masse and drown. The lemming phenomenon has been observed every seven years for centuries and is not yet understood by sociologists or behaviorial psychiatrists. It has been rumored that the lead lemmings have long hair and play strange instruments.

The lemming counterpart in the human species is the rapidly growing sub-flock of fresh young ladies who follow to the sea, or across the widest river, or over the highest mountain, some productive group of pop artists. These artists may be rock and roll musicians, folk singers, painters, writers, or even avant garde newspaper men. (EVO encourages the phenomenon.)

They're called Groupies and can be found on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles, on Macdougall Street around the Night Owl Cafe, or on Carnaby Street in London. The run-of-the-mill Groupie usually has long blonde hair and heavily made-up eyes. There is a class of somewhat more intelligent Groupies, disguised as normal chicks, their real talent hiding not in their brains but in

their butts. A Rolling Stone called them, 'home away from home.'

In the past few years Groupiedom has become formalized, developing a classic style of behavior. A complicated folklore recognizes and chronicles those who've made it to the height of Supergroupie.

EVO recently interviewed a well-informed Groupie of international repute who finked on the action:

'Take E--- for example. She's one of the more intelligent Supergroupies. She's loved a Byrd, a famous English folk-rock singer, a Pappa of the Mommas and the Pappas. E--- is a brown-haired beauty who wears levis rather than the more flamboyant bellbottoms or mini-skirts adopted as the traditional Groupie Uniform.'

'There are teeny boppers and psychedelics in California, but they're not Groupies. They don't know how to yet.



'And there are all kinds of Groupies. M--- is a negro groupie. She started as a Folk-groupie hanging out with folk singers in the early sixties. She was working at a local folk coffee house when she met her first Byrd. After a couple of months with the Byrd, she progressed to a Leaf and then graduated to one of the Paul Butterfields. Until the last, M--- insists that she is not a Groupie, but that's normal; most Groupies deny that they are members of the secret sistership.

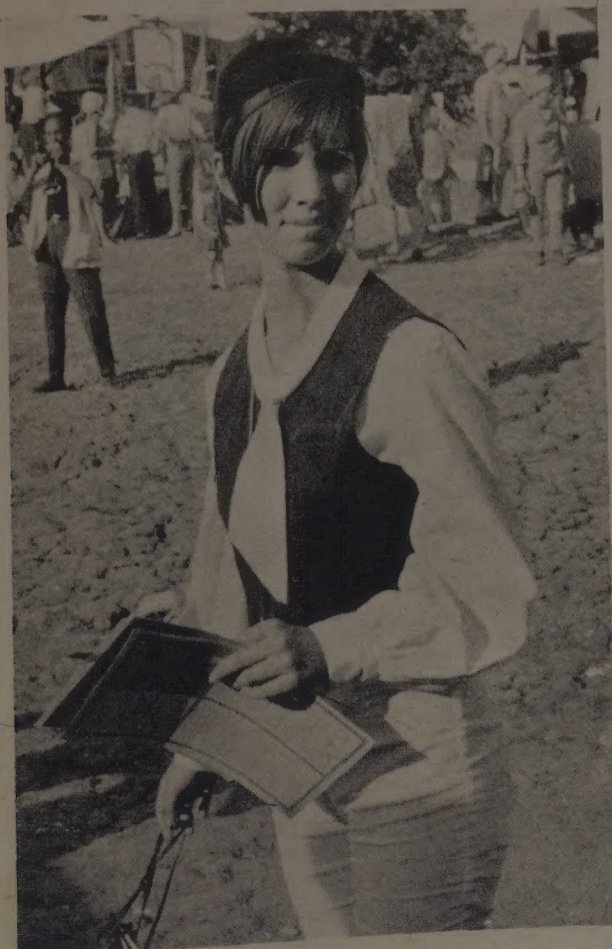
'Then there are the altruist groupies, those that live with and support a rock 'n' roller who hasn't made it yet, gambling on his future success. B--- is typical of the altruist class getting very indignant when someone calls her a Groupie; yet, her scorecard attests to the fact that she has lived with a member of a locally famous English group, and she carries in her wallet a picture of yet another English folk-rock star, cer-



tainly entitling her to the Supergroupie status.'

Supergroupies attend every 'in' event. They are the superstars, who must by now be running out of rock 'n' rollers to sleep with; the bikini-clad, tall, tan, stupid aspiring movie starlets in Hollywood or Cannes; the fourteen-year-old wonders hopelessly lost or high on acid who, when times are tight, sleep with the managers of rock 'n' roll groups; or movie directors; and even avant garde advertising salesmen.

Groupies are a phenomenon of our media inundated times. Vestigial remnants of vestal virgins come to worship at the throne of mass culture, their only virtue in grinding pelvis.



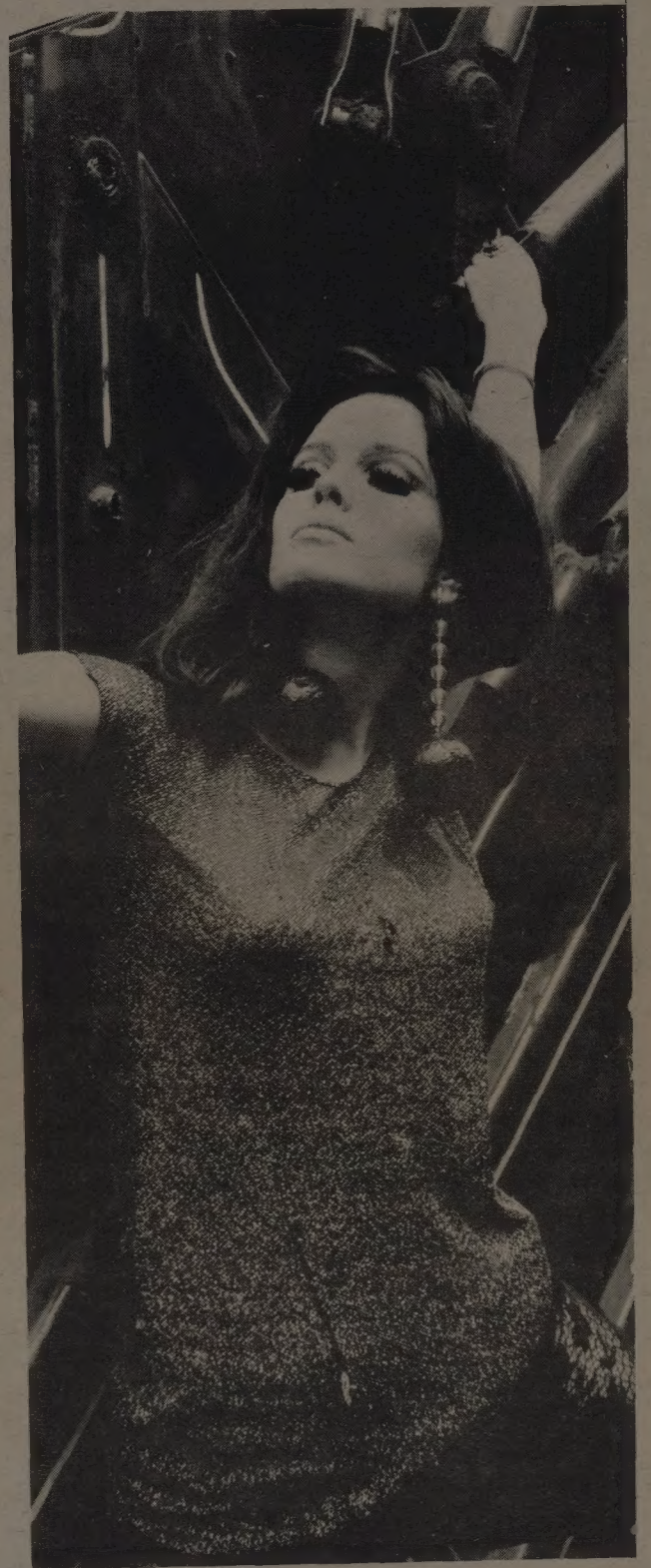
SLUMGODDESS



Her sign in the Zodiac is Libra, and for August friends will prove a catalyst, for they are eager to do things for her and with her. On her seventeenth Birthday last October her secret wish was to appear in an underground movie. Ten months later her wish was fulfilled.

Her name is International Velvet and her first feature-length film appearance was Gerard Malanga's Prelude to International Velvet Debutante, and since then she has appeared briefly in three Andy Warhol films. Leopold Sacher-Masoch's "Venus in Furs" has been especially adapted as a Warhol vehicle for her.

She appeared as cover girl on the December "Mademoiselle" and comes from Wellesley, Mass., the daughter of a prominent district attorney.



Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman



This age we live in has been electronically violated and amplified. The world as we know it has been foreshortened in terms of years and condensed in terms of space. The clues to the crime lie in our high speed transmission and our electronically-gearred memory banks which have sealed us off from our feelings.

The future of crime has no body, only voices. There will be no apertures or silent rooms to speak from. Nothing will be hidden, not even our own names. There will be any number of toys to play with; limitless amount of vices by which to reconcile oneself to the outside world. And there will be the New Age.

Crime will be evident only by the fact that there is the absence of Time. There will be only one man wanted by the rest of the world for crimes against the state, the man who stole time away. The white

race will not dance anymore because so much activity was never really a white man's preoccupation. And there will be no movement but the movement in the brain; the endless passage to what we think is at the beginning of our fingertips.

Our heroes will be alive, kicking beneath the skin of our intellect; throbbing with life through the opening in our arms and legs.

The man who stold time away, the man who stold fire; who stold from the rich to feed the poor; who stold love in one-night cheap hotels will have become the final thief of our emotions.

The future of crime is the future of the human race; the race between humanity and itself.

The punishment will fit like a glove over its own heart.

Baez Builds Sand Castle

Encouraged by Joan Baez and an impromptu jazz combo about 1500 people gathered on the beach at Venice, California, last weekend to build "The World's Largest Sand Castle" as part of a program sponsored by NO WAR TOYS, INC.

Established in June, 1965 to protest war toys on the grounds that they are psychologically harmful to children and to advocate creative toys in their stead, NO WAR TOYS now has offices in Los Angeles, New York, Miami, Detroit, Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Hiroshima, Japan.

According to Richard Register, Los Angeles sculptor and founder of NO WAR TOYS, Stanford University studies are proving that children who witness violence on TV and in movies are subsequently more violent than a control group.

The sand castle building, an event scheduled for the first weekend of each month, is part of a nationwide program with similar constructions planned in Miami and Vancouver, B. C.



Al Kramer



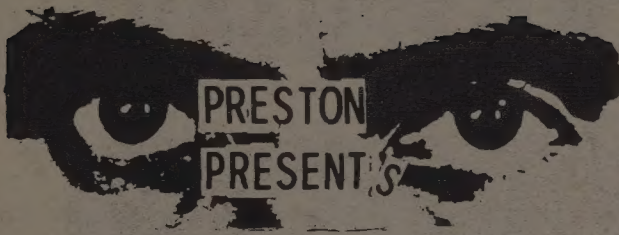
FILLER

My girlfriend, who has huge Tits, lives next to Tompkins Square Park. I call her my East Village Udder.

Change of Address
Event
From now on, my
address will be

LA CEDILLE QUI SOURIT
12 RUE DE MAY
VILLEFRANCHE-SUR-MER (A.M.)

From which, Fillieu
and I will handle objects
and events involving (or not)
a cedille. George Bracht



THE N.Y. FILM FESTIVAL

Little waves are beginning to appear in the hitherto placid lake of the N. Y. Film Festival. The cause is a letter written by Stan Brakhage to John Brockman of Lincoln Centre Film Dept. Since the letter is long and EVO IS NOT THE N. Y. TIMES, I shall give you only a couple of sections of it. It begins ...

Dear John Brockman,
It would be pleasant to hear that at— last—
Center for the Performing Arts is aspiring to include something of film as an art medium. It is not for the fact that (1): the term "Independent" is an altogether unsatisfactory distinction (it will certainly include all artists but, unfortunately, a great deal of T.V.-&-Hollywood-exiled "industrialism" as well), and (2): "the powers that be" behind this budding aesthetic inclination don't seem to feel it incumbent upon them to pay for the leg of showing these works.
The first deficiency is no concern of mine, but the second does touch me very personally.

I see that you, as representative of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc., or (in all justice to yourself) "the powers that be" behind you are willing to sacrifice very little, if it can be called anything at all, for the privilege of inheriting this tradition and giving it cautious-thus-imbalance (a referred to above) New York public show. If you only knew how bitterly I, who have often gone without food in order to support my medium, who have struggled all my adult life against insurmountable odds to extend this tradition, react to your "There is a very limited budget for this area" as an excuse for offering only partial expenses for my coming to New York.

He then writes about the sacrifices that are the filmmakers' lot and the sacrifices which students have made in order to bring both films and filmmakers to their campuses, and he concludes by saying ...

And so it is, with only minor regret, that I must refuse your offer. Amos Vogel will surely understand at least the practical aspects of my refusal: he did always exact the full rental from the above-mentioned students and thereby kept himself and many film artists going during all those difficult years -- bless him for his sure sense that, as once imparted to me: "an honorarium is just a fancy way of cheating an artist," ... "calling a thing 'priceless' is just a way of refusing to pay for it" ... so, then, you will need a good part of that "token" \$200 just to have a program of my films: because I will certainly insist, as I did with the Museum of Modern Art, that you pay the full rental price for them. After all, John Brockman, "official" recognition is little more than a tremendous bother to a hard-working man -- "fame" is a drain upon all creative processes to a, sometimes, devastating extent (albeit artists of this time assume as much as they can bear of it out of a sense of -- how shall I put it?: social responsibility? -- NO, as that is too, altogether too, abstract and unreal a notion for an artist to work with ... out of some simple daily sense of "meeting the needs of others," as Olson puts it -- but that does imply the need of reciprocal response-ability) ... after all, John, what on earth do you think Lincoln Center can possibly offer me except — money?
Sincerely, Stan Brakhage

This brought an open letter from filmmaker Ed Emshwiller to members of the Co-op which said in essence that although it's tough not to be remunerated, filmmakers should co-operate for the good of the cause.

In a telephone interview with Amos Vogel (festival director), I ascertained that...no "official" film festival ever pays for its films...that the N. Y. Film Festival operates on a deficit...that he was personally sympathetic on the subject of remuneration but that the business of drawing a line between the institutional

independent film and the avant garde production was too difficult...that the Independent section was very small...that the N. Y. Festival, like all other registered festivals throughout the world, abides by the code laid down by the Federation of International Film Producers (no names were given but I got the impression that they were the Carlo Pontis of the industry)...that the organization of the independent section was accomplished with the assistance of the Film Makers Co-op. Remuneration was not discussed.



from
Carolee Schneemann

This last item puts the onus of cooperation or withdrawal from the festival entirely in the hands of the filmmakers themselves.

COMMENT: Now only a person of the most incredible naivete would see the N. Y. Film Festival as a great cultural and artistic landmark. Its raison d'etre is, very largely, as a showcase for distributors and commercial producers who have films of some artistic merit on their hands. Its primary function is to sell. Why else would these festivals be under the aegis of the Federation of International Film Producers? It is the avant garde filmmaker who gives these festivals any artist status, and it is also he who has the least chance of making any money out of them. A fat lot of good it is to give Brakhage a medal to help him to commercial success when it is going to be at least 50 years before the industry gets to where he is right now.

GARRICK

MON. - TUES. (AUGUST 15 & 16)

Marlon Brando in
"THE UGLY AMERICAN"

Sidney Poitier in
"THE DEFIANT ONES"

WED. thru SUN. (AUGUST 17-21)

2 with W. C. Fields!
"IT'S A GIFT" and
"MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"

MON. thru WED. (AUGUST 22-24)

Jean Seberg in
"LILLITH"

Jane Fonda & Lawrence Harvey in
"A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE"

THURS. thru MON. (AUGUST 25-29)

2 with Mae West!
"KLONDIKE ANNIE" and
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 abcdefgh jklmnopqrstuvwxyz
 bcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
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 abcdefghijklmnopqr tuvxyz

EVO: Why are you a Fug?
 TULI: None of your fuggin business.

EVO: Do you enjoy being a Fug?
 TULI: Wouldn't you like to know, you
 horney sonofabitch!

EVO: Have you sold out?
 TULI: Sold what out?

EVO: Are you making any bread?
 TULI: Let'em eat cock!

EVO: What is your message?
 TULI: Suck it.

EVO: What do you offer to the youth
 of America?
 TULI: Peace pussy pot prosperity &
 pandemonium.

EVO: Pandemonium?
 TULI: God's axe. I play it.

EVO: How did you first get started?
 TULI: Maw jumped on Paw.

EVO: What do you see next for the Fugs?
 TULI: Nude command performance at
 Luci Johnson's wedding anniversary.
 Court martial. New electronic pussy.
 Homosexual battle of the bands (us
 & The Stones--the Fugs of the over-
 ground). A date with Dylan. The
 abolition of money. Dancing in a Mig
 69. Chinese won-ton A bombs. Nude
 command performance at the Lubianka.
 Love feasts. Tarzan to divorce (marry)
 Jane and move into Kerista. Cosmic
 superimposition. Race mixing (4 races
 at a time). A sexual bill of rights
 for monkeys. Glass houses made of
 brick. The abolition of journalists.
 The end of nausea. A Police Pro-



tection Board. Nude summer uniform
 for soldiers. Radios the size of a
 camel and tasting the same. Intra-
 uterine television. Command appear-
 ance at PCC (Pro.o Cyanide Chamber).

EVO: Any special word for EVO read-
 ers?
 TULI: Yes. Subscribe or I'll kill you.

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Cont'd from page 7

SEEKERS OF SATORI IN A ZEN TEMPLE

us to open our Mind's eye and see the world and everything in it without distortion.

Koan take as their subjects tangible, down-to-earth objects such as a dog, a tree, a face, a finger to make us see, on the one hand, that each object has absolute value and, on the other, to arrest the tendency of the intellect to anchor itself in abstract concepts. But the import of every Koan is the same: that the world is one interdependent whole and that each separate one of us is that whole."

It is part of the Zen "code" that one does not reveal to another his conclusions on a Koan or details of an interview.

At these interviews (Dokusan) with their master (Roshi), trainees may be abruptly and forcefully dismissed and told to tackle the problem again. Or, if they have successfully solved it, be given a further one.

The 12 laymen and women waiting to see the abbot presumably had not been bound by time in considering their Koan. Not so fortunate are some of the trainees, who are sometimes taken forcibly to the Roshi by their seniors, even if they feel they have not reached a satisfactory answer.

Dokusan is also a period of individual instruction, when the trainees bring up all the problems associated with their practice of Zen and are given guidance.

When the last had left, we were ushered along a winding corridor to the abbot's room. Expecting a withdrawn, ascetic man, it was surprising to find Sogen Asahina such a smiling, down-to-earth personality. Clothed in brown ceremonial robes, he sat relaxed behind a sunken charcoal fire, on which an iron kettle was steaming. Nearby were tea-making utensils... a green container, large bowl and whisk. Motioning us to the large red cushions, he chatted amiably as he prepared the tea, passing a bowl with the thick green liquid to each of us in turn.

The abbot summarizes his philosophy in his book on Zen: "Anyone with any spark of wisdom must have realized that man has reached the limit of the violence he can use in fighting... The only enemy left on the globe for mankind to fear now is himself and his own ignorance. The resources necessary for his existence, which in ancient times man had to risk his life to secure, can now be produced in limitless abundance by mutual cooperation. If only man had true faith and understanding, he could tomorrow dispense with all the useless efforts spent on guarding himself against attacks from others, and devote himself to producing the resources necessary to a happy and peaceful existence, thus saving the whole world from the miseries of poverty, insecurity, suffering and disease. Where, then, would be the need for war? Man's ignorance of this important truth is his own worst enemy."

CANNED IN EGYPT...



Beer was commoner in ancient Egypt than wine — and usually more potent. This warning of the dangers of too much comes from a book of etiquette dating from about 1,500 BC, "The Precepts of Ani".

'Stop prolonging life', says Oxford Prof

Admitting that his suggestions "savored of intellectual treason," a former head of the British Medical Association, Sir George Pickering, said that maybe scientists should stop trying to prolong life. Because, he predicts, if the medical profession should reach its goal, "those with senile brains and senile behavior will form an ever-increasing fraction of the inhabitants of the earth.

"I find this a terrifying prospect and I am glad that I shall be dead and will have ceased to make my own contributions to this catastrophe long before it happens."

Sir George, a professor of medicine at Oxford University, pointed out that aging in preparation for death "is a concept so fundamental that it needs emphasizing--even before considering the diseases of old age. After all, it is these diseases which kill and make way for new life. Without them none of us would be living as we are today.

"A new species, for better or worse, can only begin with a new life."



CANNON PIECE

By Yoko Ono

Paste your name on the window.
Borrow a cannon.
Go to a distance and fire against your name.

The name can be a name or a number taken out at random from a telephone book.

If a cannon is not available, you may use machine-guns, arrows, stones, spitting, urinati, hose-water, or any other method.

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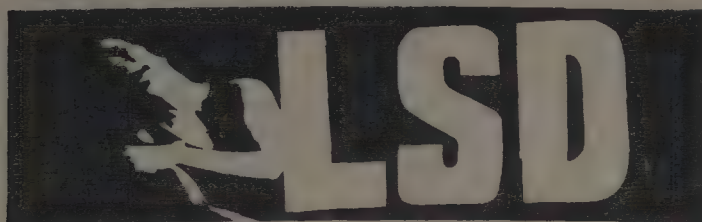
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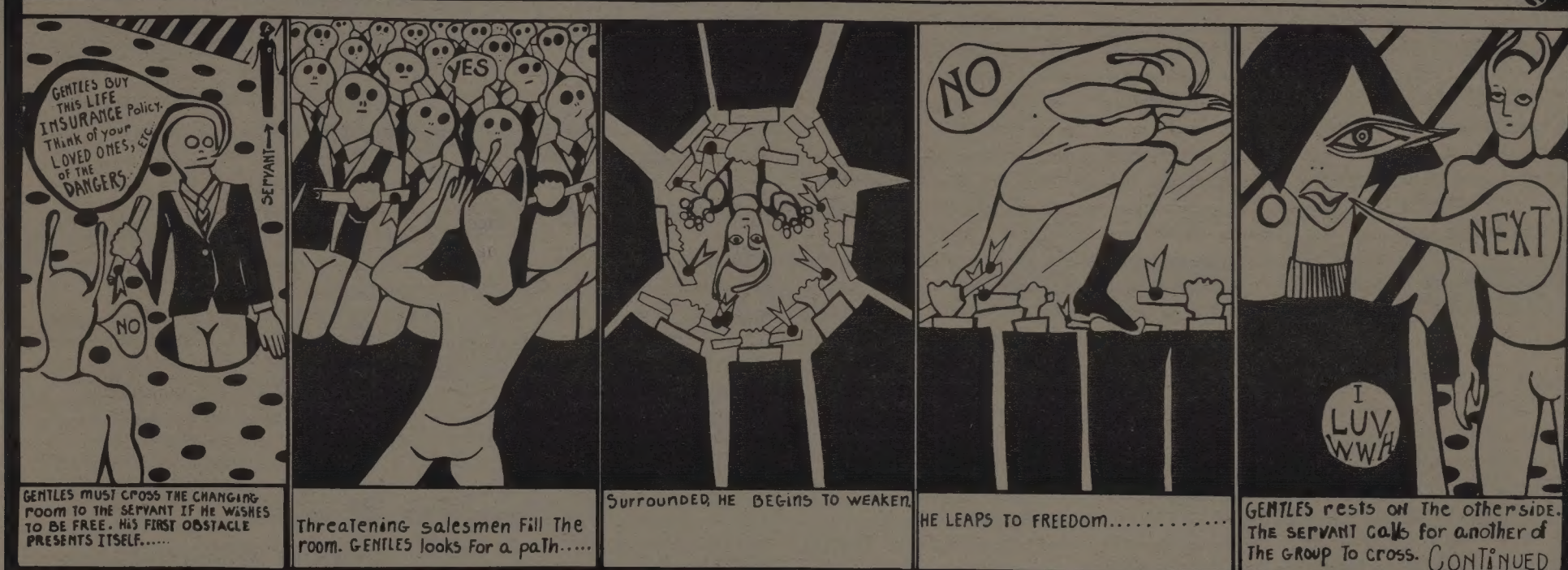
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GENTLES TRIP OUT



A Few Words From Lenny Bruce

What topics get the most attentive response from your audience?

When I deal with subject matter that connects with their own experience. Something that directly involves them. Theology, particularly; if I talk about death in a philosophical or satirical manner. For example, I'm often tempted to talk to my mother frankly and say to her: "Ma, you're going to die, and as a favor I'd like you to allow me to say or do anything I want to about your body after death because I think it is archaic and horrendous, the manner in which we relate death to our children. It's somber and macabre. I'd like your permission" -- I'd say to my mother -- so that if I'm on the road somewhere and the super in the building calls me at 4 in the morning, the conversation might go something like this:

SUPER: Mr. Bruce, this is Mr. Schindler. I hate to have this as a reason to call you, but your mother passed away.

LENNY: I'm awfully sorry to hear that.

SUPER: Yeah, it was a tough break.

LENNY: What time is it there now?

SUPER: 4 a.m.

LENNY: Is it cold? It's so damn rainy and sleety here.

SUPER: I don't know if you heard me or not, but I said your mother passed away.

LENNY: I know.

SUPER: So?

LENNY: So what?

SUPER: Er, well ... What do you want to do with the body?

LENNY: Well, what would you like to do with it?

SUPER: I guess you're in shock.

LENNY: No, I'm just answering your question in a logical, reasonable manner. And it seems rather sad, but the only thing really sad about this call is that I've been living in your building now for nine years and this is the first time you've called me. You never called to say: "Lenny, the honeysuckle's in bloom. Isn't it wonderful to be alive; is the moon there as full and radiant as it is here?" The only time people give their fellow-man respect is when he's stretched out.

SUPER: I'm not interested in all that philosophy horse manure; I want to know what you want us to do with the body?

LENNY: If the rent is paid to the 16th, let it stay there. And fill in a change-of-address card.

Is there a subject you wouldn't consider talking about in your act on the grounds of bad taste or anything else?

Yes. Subjects that would offend me because they are trite; that have been exploited too many times. Mother-in-law jokes.

Have you ever done any mother-in-law jokes?

Yes, if they are what I consider bizarre or different. For example, TIME magazine beseeched Ralph Gleason to use his influence on me so the first-time question in his interview was: "What do you attribute your divorce to?" So I tried to think of the tritest area and I came up with: "My mother-in-law broke up my marriage."

"Your mother-in-law?! What happened?"

"One day my wife came home early from work and found us in bed together."

"In bed together? With your own mother-in-law? Why that's ... you're a pervert!"

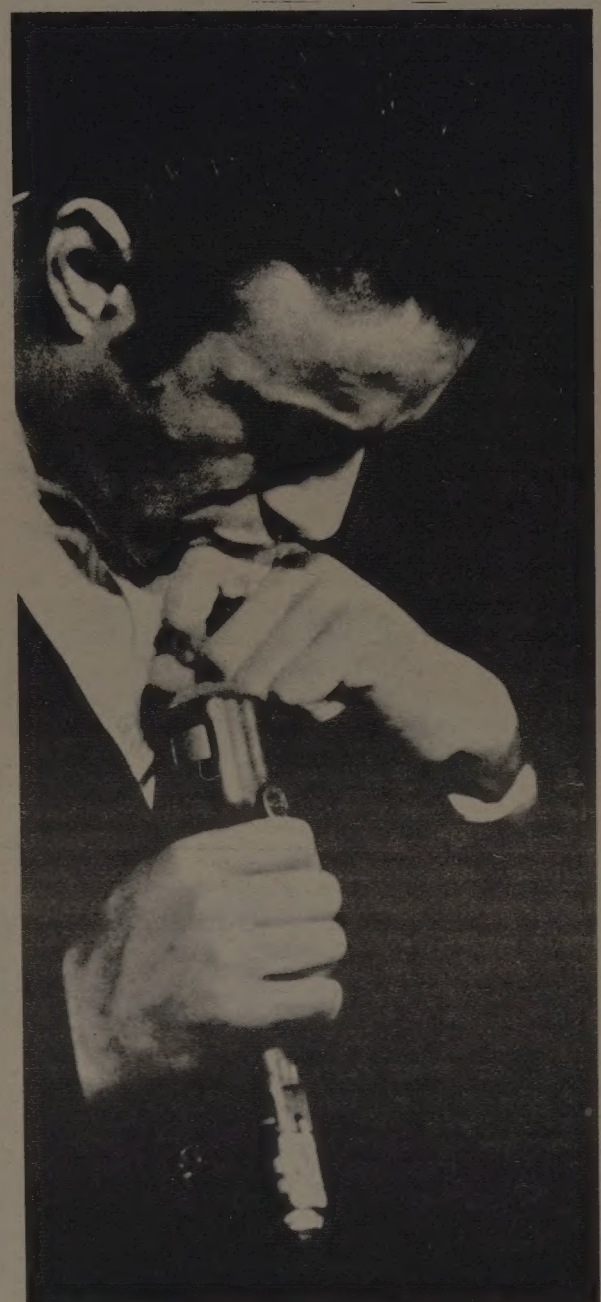
"Why?" I said. "It was her mother, not mine."

What do you do on nights when you don't feel funny?

I bomb.

What do you do to get funny enough to do your act?

What I will do is bare my soul and through this carthartic method achieve humor.



Lenny, do you have any final message for the world?

I have very strange dreams. I'm an egomaniac as it is, and then to have a dream like I had recently that smacked of excellent construction, a beginning, a theme, and a sensible end ... the dream:

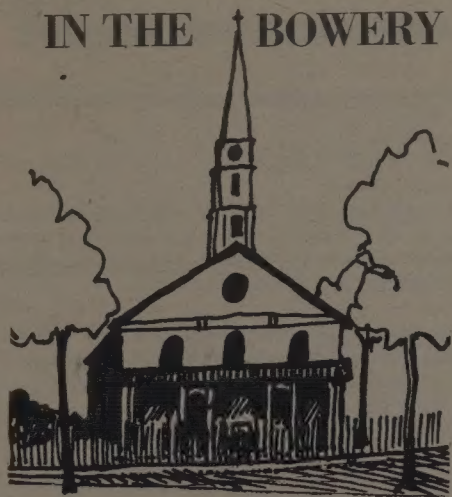
I shot somebody with a .22 rifle and killed him. I don't remember the killing; it seems somehow that as the dream faded in, I was in court standing before the judge and he was sentencing me. And he gave me the choice of spending five years in the penitentiary with no chance of parole--the full five years--or be exiled to Alaska forever. And that's it. Is that strange? I don't know what Alaska even looks like. Those tall bears; in my dream they were standing up straight.

Extracted from a five-minute bit by Lenny Bruce in the Village Voice, June 15, 1961.

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An advertiser who used the word "fuck" was obliged by his dealer to apologize under threat of losing his franchise. But copies of the ad are being passed from hand to hand around Madison Avenue.

IN THE GHETTO:

and begin to do violence against their tormentors in the cities; the sons of white eastern European wearing blue uniforms and wielding nightsticks; Mr. Stokely Carmichael and Mr. Floyd McKissick backtrack and say that's not what we meant at all, and then proceed with word games; editing, deleting, amending, and contradicting themselves.

Having just gotten rid of the liberals with their paternalistic attitudes which took the form of a misshapen romanticism about his life, the black man in the ghetto must now endure the 100-strong Methodist Choir from Howard University converging upon the slums and speaking Yoruba with an Oxford accent.

POWER AND THE EXCELLENT MAN

Man has power when he has the opportunity to become excellent. In order to become excellent, unless he is a genius, he must have an equal chance to dip his hands into the society's skill funds and partake of all that does not drip from between his fingers. In order for him to achieve this power he must remove all those stumbling blocks that impede his participation in these skill-funds. In The United States these skill-funds are controlled by 'White Power'. An assertion of Black Power brings about a confrontation with Italian Power, Irish and Jewish power with their grips upon the instruments of power, the labor unions the apprenticeship unions and paramilitary organizations just to mention a few. Behind this mosaic power is the almost inaccessible power of the white establishment which denies status to even the sons of these groups or admits only a token few.

It should be obvious by now that this white establishment will not budge under the threats of peaceful civil disobedience. In fact "White Power" has even become more entrenched and recalcitrant so that even the few concessions made by its legal apparatus—concessions which are largely rhetorical—seem doomed by "White Power's" increasing refusal to share these skill-funds. Black unemployment has gone up, not down, and there are millions of white absolutists on the verge of power who would even rescind the concessions of rhetoric.

In order to achieve power, that is the opportunity to become excellent, the black man must use whatever means at his disposal to liberate the skill and talent banks of this society.

In America this means black powerlessness arrayed against the white powerful—or Civil War II.

Already this has already taken the form of blacks doing battle in North East American cities with the sons of newly arrived immigrants. This is what the so called 'police brutality' issue is all about. These are the sons of refugees who were in a sense a colonized people in Europe. Inhabitants of white nations controlled by other more powerful white nations who settled in America while their countrymen were fighting in Europe for self determination. This is what we interpret the "escape from political persecution" phrase in the history textbooks to mean.

The clash between the recently arrived immigrants from eastern Europe and the recently arrived immigrants from the American south has continued for the last few summers and threatens to spread into other seasons as it deepens and widens.

FOR A BLACK REFERENDUM

The black man by his militant self defense and his deadly insistence upon a better way of life is demonstrating that he knows what Black Power is all about. If Mr. Carmichael and Mr. McKissick did not mean what they said and were not willing to prepare the black people for the grisly events that such a phrase implies, then they should have kept quiet.

Unless at this stage of the game those who manipulate the levers of white power give these black people an equal share in the ameri-

continued from page 1

can common market, then they should expect Civil War II. Pure & simple.

If white power continues to assert itself as arrogantly as it has been doing, then it must be willing to face the assassins slipping into the cities & a shortage of wheelbarrels for corpses.

They should know that the New York Central-Dachau express will be an empty train because no black man is going to show up at the depot with pajamas and toothbrush in bag.

All the eastern Europeans in America holding aloft the 'who need niggers' signs should be advised and advised quickly, that they can't really count upon the full white establishment with its military and paramilitary might to aide them because that white power is going to be deployed all over the world for years to come 'saving face' 'fulfilling its commitments' and all the other euphemisms of Mr. Dean Rusk. The white lower middle class should be informed that lazy dog bombs, napalm and the 300,000 gallons of herbicide just purchased from Dow Chemical will prove ineffectual in American cities.

Not to say that the black people won't be crushed but it will be a long protracted civil war with such interesting sidelights as black troops running around the world with their own foreign policy.

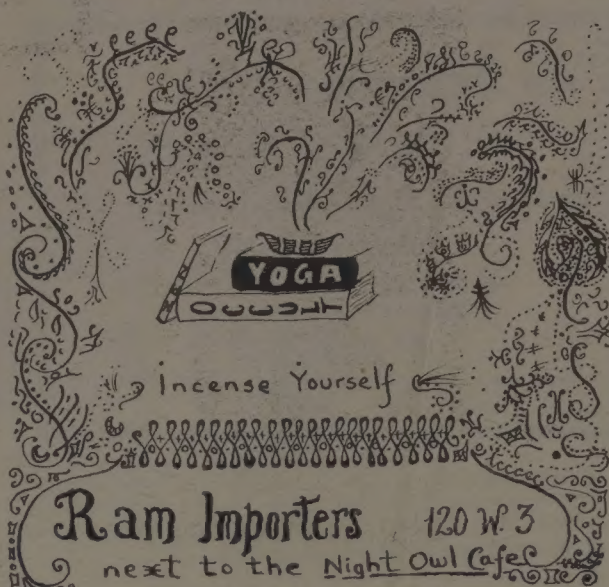
Only mad men desire the kind of catastrophe I have envisaged. But white power should realize that the black man's condition in America is such a mess that it has come to the point where anything will be an improvement: even death.

The white power has to accommodate the legitimate aspirations of the black people or else change that system of law or change the constitution of this country so that it reads along the lines of those of Rhodesia and South Africa. A declaration of a white republic in America or a lone star state will ease at least the hypocrisy and clearly tell the black people what they can expect and what they must do to defend themselves.

The black man on the other hand must gather a consensus about a program suitable to his needs. This cannot be done by somebody with two flags and a ladder selected by NBC any more than it can be done by the editorial boards of The New York Times and Life photographers in their self-chosen task of imposing the night club comedians, boxers, football players, playwrights and the whole phalanx of live ghosts and associate ghosts upon the black masses as "leaders."

These leaders, created by newspapers going out of business at the rate of thousands per year, rise and fall as rapidly as Saigon regimes. These same (media-selected) "leaders," who talk so often of self-determination have never even considered a referendum among the black masses to determine their own ability to lead.

If such a referendum were conducted, some of those in the present media-selected leadership might find themselves an alienated bunch. They might find that, sadly enough, all that black people want is to be middle class Americans. Which is enough to turn your stomach.



Stokeley: continued from page 1

PRICE: Can you, in capsule form define what you think is now the current policy of SNCC and its objectives?

SC: SNCC is going to move into the area of independent politics, regardless of race.

PRICE: Why do you say "regardless of race"?

SC: Because we are going to organize whites independently too—in independent parties.

PRICE: Where?

SC: Wherever we can.

PRICE: What about the financing of SNCC?

SC: I think we are going to lose a lot of money.

PRICE: From whom?

SC: From a number of whites who will be concerned that we are no longer acting the way they define that we should act, that we're now "acting out." When we took our Vietnam stand against the war and in sympathy with draft resisters, we realized that it would mean a sharp cut in funds. We've never let funds decide for us what we will say.

PRICE: Is there any message you would want to give to white American who have supported SNCC in the past?

SC: Yes. I think they have to understand that psychologically the Negro has been in a box that he could not get out of and that what he wants to do now is to do what everybody else in the world has done. He wants to build something of his own, something that he builds with his own hands. And that is not anti-white. When you build your own house, it doesn't mean you tear down the house across the street. It just means that you're building your own house.

Whites in this country have to understand that black people don't want to have to look to Tom and Dick and Harry to help them build so that when they don't do like Tom, Dick and Harry say, whites withdraw their support. Negroes want something that they can own and control. That's what everybody in this world wants and if white people are sincere in this country about freedom, they have to realize that.



GROOVY GOVT. GARMENTS

Limbo

24 St Marks Place

475-9331

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Several weeks ago we placed an ad in EVO which, because of the strong language it contained, was judged by some to be in poor taste. We take this opportunity to extend our sincere apology to those readers who may thereby have been offended.

It was not our intention to resort to the use of such language for the mere sake of sensationalism. Rather, the advertisement was meant to awaken an unwary public which has fallen prey to the practices of certain motorcycle repair shops operated by businessmen who seek to profit at the expense of honesty. In our eagerness to discredit those disreputable businesses which cast an unfavorable light upon the entire motorcycle industry, we failed to exercise the best judgment in the selection of advertising copy.

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GROOVE. Finally, an inexpensive service to meet your sensuous needs: Founded by people unsatisfied with hypocritical and fear-ridden computerized date-applications of profit-making "instant-love" corporations. Send for free questionnaire: Groove c/o 44 Van Ness Court; Maplewood, New Jersey

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GALLERY GWEN! VERMONT MT. VACATIONS, \$10 WK! Swim, sunbathe, talk, loaf!—or work! Artists, writers, Zennites, psychedelists, Tibetan Mahamudristis, Gurjiefites—or ANYBODY welcome! 74 E. 4 St., nr. 2 Ave.

PHOEBE LIVES!!!
To the groovy chick making the scene in Berkeley this fall: share my pad platonically, tolerate my idiosyncrasies and fetishes, and you'll derive the benefits of paternalism without the responsibilities. Dennis, Box 33, Station A, Berkeley, Calif. 94712

INDIVIDUALISTS... A date matching project for you. No corny questionnaires. No mechanistic machine matching. Write for free application. The Elite Project, 485 Fifth Avenue, NYC

WAKE UP PLEASANTLY. BY PHONE. Reliable, Courteous Service. \$5 per month. BE3-3300.

Ten year undergraduate student, stuck in the sticks for a while, wishes to begin correspondence with REAL PEOPLE, especially groovy, intellectual chick, before moving to New York. Also looking for a Chinese worker's uniform. Please write: Howard Fallis; Box 805; Bellaire, Texas 77401

PADS

Darkroom-Apt. East 3rd St. Good Bldg. Big wet sink, benches, addt. plumbing & electric, cork wall. Call YU2-8447. Fixtures available. Rent \$53

Apt to Share. Clean cut fellow of 31 with car has nice place to share with free-minded female. No Rent. Call after 5 p.m. 736-3800 Ext. 931. If not in, leave message

HELP

Winnie Ruth Judd: Come back. All is forgiven. M.

Abstract surrealist painter wants new position. Presently works as waiter in restaurant. Prefer job where he can work among sympathetic people. May the krishna bless your eyes and your thought. Call Richard: IS3-2153

Urgently needed: executive secretary, smart, competent, reliable, talented, to assist EVO's editor with a million and one tasks: typing, editing, scrounging, filing, reporting, and so on and so on. ABSOLUTELY NO PAY but a million-dollars-worth of experience, responsibility and enhanced social and intellectual opportunities.

Bright, dependable young men and women, prepared to work, can make good money renting apartments on commission. No experience necessary. Call OR 4-3760

Girl or Guy wanted for repairs to small antique objects of silver and other metals, manuscripts, etc. IN SPARE TIME. No experience necessary. OR 4-3760

Need hip stunning chick who speaks German fluently for pop consort. Pref. spade but grey o.k. Call LL6-3166 between 9 & 4:30; 777-1062 after 7

Avant garde poet seeks financial aid for his first book of poetry, will welcome benefactors and patrons regardless of race, color creed, or previous servitude. Box EL c/o EVO

WANTED: Young woman 21-34 interested in widening her horizons with man with wide horizons. Interests folk and classical music, drama, culture. To share bed, board and heart. MA 4-4120 Ext. 300.

BED-MEXICO-EUROPE. 1) N.Y.C. bed needed (solo or share) in August, before going on to: 2) Mexican or European trip, beginning Sept./Oct. with anyone who wants to groove joyfully and meaningfully. Anyone with bed/ anyone who wants to travel with me, write: Ron Norman; c/o Van Ness Court; Maplewood, New Jersey. 201 PO 1-5160 (after 7:00 p.m.) (Editor: BLACKLIST, filmmaker: "Death in Venice", poet, painter, living being, age 21)

Male, 42, cultured, excellent cook, with car and VERY cosy pad in country lower Connecticut with beach privileges, SEEKS UNINHIBITED girl, mid 30's, college grad, slim, 5'6" max, with own apt. in city. PURPOSE: wants to share latter during week, exploring each other and N.Y.C., will reciprocate week-ends with some hospitality, plus gourmet food, drinks galore, serious discussions, relaxation, leisure, discover nature, beach, and many, many etc's. Willing to teach her French, Hebrew and/or Arabic, exchange English diction and speech. Sounds Weird? Call 203-869-5527 evenings, and become happily disappointed.

Uptown chick attention: Lower East Side Type (19) wants to share a pad. Call AL4-0781/ 7-9 Mon. thru. Fri. or 12-4 Sat.

DESIRED: Mind Manifesting Females (2) to share psychedelic pad. Vibrant, Alive & Aware 18-23. CALL: LU 4-1197 (pref. mornings) and communicate. "Wisdom is True."

Guy, 27, wants chick to share breezy apt. I pay all rent, food. Call mornings and afternoons only. (Evenings I'm at the races). 473-6490

Male teacher, 23, has cool apartment to share with cool chick near Sheridan Square thru Labor Day. Radio tuned to WABC all day. phone: AL5-5045

Young businessman seeks to provide financial support for creative, stimulating girl active or interested in the arts. P.O. Box 20 Cooper Station, New York 3

Guy (young 38) very intelligent, slightly intellectual, will share pad in Queens (Squaresville) full or part time with unshackled chick. Call 275-7651

Wanted: Man wishes to meet good looking female. Object: dates, friendship, week end trips, oneness. Who knows? Write P.O. Box 359, Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C.

STABLE MAN SEEKS STABLEMATE. Erstwhile mobile male moovie mogul (29) needs woman-type-girl to share life, love, and your pad. Share expenses. Freedom insured. JU 2-4740

LEARN

Professional Opportunity: If you want to become a metaphysician—to explore the male-female factor through your own personality—and eventually work for the Institute of Advanced Metaphysics as group director, counselor, and/or teacher call 929-5226

School of the Great Fear: classes in the history of the collisions of the planets and the problem of preventing collisions in the future. Write Earth Company, 237 E. 5th St., N.Y.

METAPHYSICAL GUIDANCE. The Male-Female Factor: lecture-seminars for beginners. Pvt. & Group. All activities conducted by a metaphysician—a male female sexual being. Call I.A.M. 929-5226

Professional Instruction. All subjects, nursery through college. One M.A. with one child for one hour, \$6.00. In home Montessori technique reading, age 3-1/2 up. All boroughs. Terran Educational 233-8542

WEIRD

SALE: 250 Micrograms of Sir Charles Darwin's Great-grandson's sperm for \$1000. BARGAIN! Less than 50 cents per sperm. World Peace Brain. 339 E. 6th St. Apt. 12, N.Y. Call 475-4659

Allen Jules Weberman. Remember the smoke shop in East Lansing? Contact me, Peter Rodgers at 935-5000 *4639 between 9 and 5. Peter Rodgers.

Hey you chick is OK can murt del sol look mark no further here indescribably HELP but word so long rollout dar winner. CHICO

Convention is passive death. Dial 242-8282 if you're a free spirit girl and might want to share groovy guy's apt. without rent. Spontaneity is life. Call.

MISSING IMPORTANT CALLS? Use our numbers if you have no phone or as your secondary number when you're not in. 24 hour service. \$7 per month. CALL: BE3-3300

Can extensive meditation, vibration equal embracing, dispel or pass on a particularly treacherous thought-form, cosmic shudder, like this August's? OPENFOLD, 22 Tuttle St., Wallington, N.J.

BOOKS

DIRECTORY OF LITTLE LITERARY MAGAZINES—Contains 800 magazines—detailed information on editors, rates, madneses, needs—for writers, collectors—\$1.00—DUST-BOOKS, Box 123, El Cerrito, California 94530.

AN IMPENDING SIRIUS/ FROM AN EL-DORADO DHARNA/ BREATHES YOUR WAVE/ WHILE MORPHEUS WOUNDS/ OUR PREMATURE NOUGHT/ WITH PULMONARY ZEBRAS/ O LAMBENT SCULPTURE/ OF NEPENTHE TRUTH/ I AM AN AWAKENED ERASURE/ THAT SWALLOWS YOUR FREEZE/ WITH A MAMBA FLOOD/ OF SHADOW NEGATIONS. YU2-4471 LIBER

High Level Literature: LOVELEY EXPERIENCES by Noogie Smith, 68 pages of poems, semi-stories and a play thing. Send 25 cents to Box 263, Bellmore, NY 11710

BOTTOM OF THE BIRDCAGE. Dick Gregory, Paul Krassner, That Word, etc. Banned at Penn State. 7 back issues for \$1.50, 4 for \$1, sample for 25 cents. BOX 408, STATE COLLEGE, PA.

Poor Psychedelic Enthusiast wished to meet cool Guru, (male-female). OBJECT: serious FREEassistance in my first Time Modulation Session, or advice re: connection, set/setting. Pete Hanley (201-434-3600-Ext 260) MON-FRI, 10-4. BE COOL. City Hall's Aware.

In Chicago practically all underground film exhibitors call ERNEST THOMPSON; young screen writers give him candy. Maybe it's because he's the sole underground distributor. 1962 E. 71st Place HY3-3608

WHERE IT'S AT

- Tues, Aug 16
The Fugs, Tompkins Sq. amphitheatre, 8:30 P.M.
- Tues, Aug 16
Daimonji Bonfire in the shape of Chinese character "Dai" (meaning large) is lighted atop Mt. Nyoogadake, Kyoto, where Gary Snyder lives.
- Wed, Aug 17
The Beatles at Toronto's Maple Leaf Stadium, 4 & 8 P.M.
- Aug 17-20
Chocaw Indian Fair, Mississippi
- Wed, Aug 17
National Eating Contest, Pheces, Texas
- Aug 18-23
Fifth Test Match (England v West Indies), The Oval, London.
- Thurs, Aug 18
Miss Universe Pageant, Miami Beach
- Thurs, Aug 18
Art Farmer, Jazz in the Garden, MOMA, 8:30 P.M.
- Fri, Aug 19
Proximity of comet OVE best seen from nwest corner, Lexington & 58th St, 7:19 P.M.
- Fri, Aug 19
Fete of the mirabelle plum, folklore events, Nancy, France.
- Aug 19
Canadian National Exhibition opens, Toronto
- Aug 19-21
Military Order of the Cootie meets the VFW (honest!) Stalter Hilton Hotel, NYC
- Aug 20
International Town Criers' Championship, Hastings, England
- Sat, Aug 20
Carlos Montoya, Ballet Flamenca, Wellman Rink, 8:30 P.M.
- Sat, Aug 20
Natural Chimneys Jousting Tournament, Mt Solon, Va
- Sat, Aug 20
Bullfighting, fireworks, celebrations, Dax, France.

- Sun, Aug 21
Fete of the blue fishing nets, sardine celebrations, Concarneau, France.
- Until Aug 21
"The Object Transformed"—knives, forks, clocks etc as art. Fascinating. Galleries 5 & 6, MOMA, NYC.
- Until Aug 21
Daily concerts, Saratoga Springs Festival (NY tel: 584-9330)
- Aug 21-28
Folk Music Week, Pinewoods Camp Long Pond (Info. from Country Dance Socy, 55 Christopher St, NYC)
- Aug 21—Sept 10
Edinburgh Festival
- Sun, Aug 21
Blessing of the money: all churches everywhere
- Mon, Aug 22
Public meeting supports GI Right to Refuse To Go to Vietnam. Hear family member of one of Fort Hood trio. Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway, 8 P.M.
- Aug 22-28
International Painting Competition, Ravenna, Italy
- Tues, Aug 23
National Hobo Convention, Britt, Iowa
- Tues, Aug 23
Under-the-Kilt grabfest, Cadogan, Scotland.
- Tues, Aug 23
Lennon & friends in NYC
- Wed, Aug 24
Grand Prix motorcycle races, Brno, Czechoslovakia
- Wed, Aug 24
David Amram, Tompkins Sq amphitheatre, 8:30 P.M.
- Wed, Aug 24
The Loving spoonful, Wellman Rink, Central Park, 8:30 P.M.
- Tues, Aug 23
Welsh National Sheepdog Trials, Camarthen.
- Thurs, Aug 25
Battle of the Flowers, Guernsey, Channel Islands

- Thurs, Aug 25
Jackie McClean, Jazz in the Garden, MOMA, 8:30 P.M.
- Aug 26-27
Paper lanterns lighted and hung in annual festival at Suwa Shrine, near Nagoya, Japan
- Sat, Aug 27
Leonardi's movie of The Living Theatre in Europe, Cinema (Western & Santa Monica, LA) midnight
- Aug 27-28
Skin Divers Meet, Grand Lake, Colo.
- Aug 27-28
East Coast Surfing Championship, Virginia Beach.
- Aug 29—Sept 7
Maryland State Fair, Timonium, Md.
- Sun, Aug 28
Beattles LA
- Aug 31—Sept 11
California State Fair, Sacramento

see dewey decimal



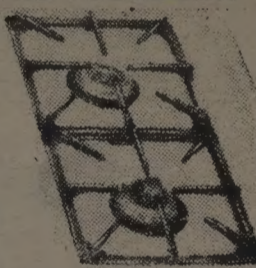
this is a dream

355 at your library

If you think
Benjamin Patterson

HIGH on the RANGE

THE COOKBOOK



by Panama Rose

Balls
Toast 1/2 ounce of grass until slightly golden and dry in an iron skillet. Be careful not to burn it. Pulverize in a mortar or with your fingers. Mix with:
3 oz. ground roasted sesame seeds
3 tbs. ground almonds
1/4 cup good honey
1/4 tsp. each of cinnamon, nutmeg, black pepper
1/2 tsp. strong ground ginger
a dash of rose or orange flower water

Stir in the skillet over a low flame with 1tbs. salt butter until thoroughly heated. Let cool. Form into balls the size of a walnut and roll in ground walnuts. Eat it with a friend.
Balls can also be made with a good handful or so of cleanings (stems and seeds) put through a Waring blender.

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of the Lowlands
And More*

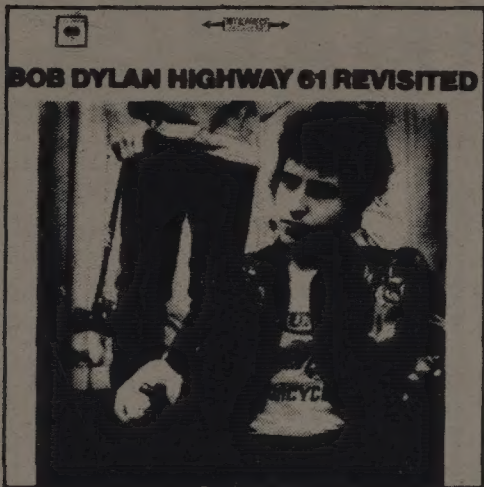
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Dylan

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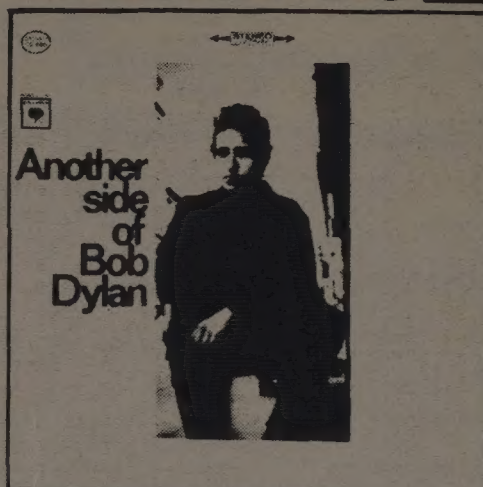
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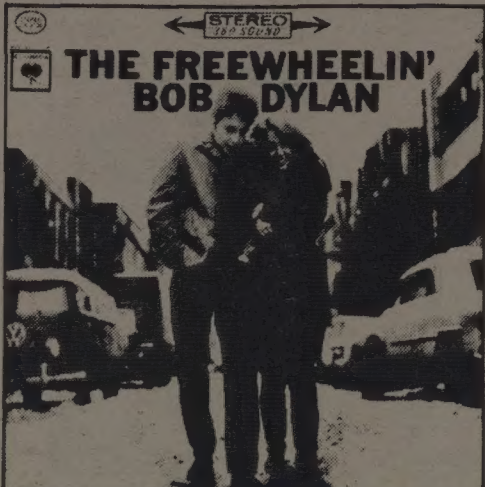
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