

ANFIELD east village CENTER

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feedback

Dear EVO:

Your Dick Gregory interview (Vol. 3, No. 13) was a stoned groove! He has got all the qualifications for president, and, what the hell, he's not Johnson. How come the Statue of Liberty doesn't have curly hair and fat lips?

Eternal,
 Caw

Dear EVO:

Re: Patereal Paradox (Vol. 3, No. 14):
 The energy of a fly crawling up the wall at the rate one millimeter per century is 0003154 electron volts per metric ton. Find a one-ton fly somewhere around the East Village and check this out yourself.

Cheerfully,
 John Boardman

Dear EVO:

This is an expression of my concern. I speak for myself, but the message applies to many of us. Several weeks ago, the local vigilantes took it upon themselves to burn a commune composed of three houses. As nearly as I can tell the only motivation was that of fear. They were afraid of what the commune stood for, love. The people residing at the commune were in your fair city at the time, (the town had stopped plowing their road) I had nothing of material value in the commune, nothing at stake except ideals and concern. This concern has motivated me to write this letter.

I ask, what can one do? Call in the Man? Forgive and forget? Find the people responsible and burn them? The only answer I can offer is this letter. Tell people about it, let it be known the crime perpetrated against fellow man.

Still should I feel? Hate? Love? Uncertainty? What do the diggers do when the local Puerto Ricans bust up their store? What do they feel when Goss shits all over them? What does Abbe feel when the city fires him for doing his thing at the Stock Exchange? What does Dana feel when the Man kicks the shit out of him and then proceeds to bust him for a "crime" he has "committed" four weeks earlier? What do you at EVO feel when the DA tries to put you out of business with an obscenity rap? What does the spade do when he sees the Man shoot his brother, or while he watches the establishment screw him?

What should we all feel?

LOVE?

I would like to think so, what do you feel?

Love and concern,
 Kevin Roos
 of Plainfield,
 Vermont, 05667.

I'd like to hear from anyone with new vibrations, thanks.

Dear EVO:

Scare publicity about LSD and other psychedelics have apparently frightened the legislators into considering passing federal restrictions on their use and possession, contrary to the recommendations of Dr. James Goddard of the Food and Drug Administration and Dr. Stanley Yolles of the National Institutes of Mental Health. This reaction however, is not too surprising since fear seems to be the most naturally human reaction to the unknown.

Like the mother who instinctively shields her young from strangers, our legislators are reacting emotionally to a new and threatening emotion in their realm. Until that presence can clearly be shown to be harmless, the fear and hatred will remain. At present, our society can best learn about these powerful chemicals not through the claims of its rebellious youth, but through the sensors of the society's research organs. Clearly, formal research may not be ideal for examining all aspects of the phenomena of consciousness expansion, but it can get answers to some of the specific questions that seem to be bothering society, and communicate these answers to the public in a way that it will understand and accept.

Some who proselytize the psychedelic drugs claim that science is beyond its depth in dealing with an experience that is basically mystic or religious. This argument belittles science unfairly and begs the question entirely. Not only does the scientific method provide the power of man's rational mind for studying all kinds of phenomena including psychedelic effects as the public might understand them, but it is the only method that can communicate with that public, clearly and authoritatively.

If the promoters of psychedelics are correct, then the research will demonstrate that the chemicals do little, if any, harm to the organism and that they may be of great benefit to it . . . in stimulating mental function to full use of its potential, to better integration of personality, and towards the kind of self actualization, peak experience, and full humanness that Abraham Maslow, president of the American Psychological Association, described long before psychedelics came on the scene. Further, evidence will accumulate that harmful effects can be completely eliminated through a minimum of intelligent control and a maximum of information about proper use.

It cannot be denied that improper use of psychedelics can lead to gross personality distortions of uncertain duration, but it also appears that such incidents represent only a tiny fraction of all psychedelic experiences. Research

must be undertaken that not only quantifies the extent and characteristics of psychedelic experiences, but that examines the conditions for positive use and that answers the questions about permanent damage and "genetic mutation".

Today's society is complex enough to have incubated and to some extent incorporated psychedelics (albeit illegally up to now); the question remains as to whether it is mature enough to overcome emotionalism and seriously investigate the possibility of beneficial use. Fortunately, society has the tools with which to evaluate this budding part of itself. Let us suspend all consideration of further punitive legislation until we have accomplished this evaluation, insisting on objectivity and rigorous controls. According to many, the facts appear to be that hundreds of thousands of people have now "turned on" . . . pleasantly, meaningfully, religiously, and happily. To ignore the possibility that the overwhelming majority of such experiences have been positive and beneficial without examining their validity would place society in the role of some pre historic giraffe who refused to let its neck grow, and tried to legislate against such growth in its fellows who had found that, simply by letting their heads get a little higher, they were opting for survival.

Diem Thi,
 Washington, D.C.

Dear EVO:

As with all the bags and things I've meddled with, in the past few years, I find that your thing contains a few good ideas and a great deal of shit. You've influenced me a good deal but I'm not going to tumble after your scene like a faddistical shit-head.

The failure of the system to provide all young women with a thorough knowledge of contraceptives is criminal. Our system is hagridden with the dying and encrusted remnants of Christianity.

Hell! I'd even prefer good old harumscarum Gothic Christianity to this tax-exempt caretaker variety. Gothic Christianity did break balls but breakballs was the order of the day in the middleages.

Peace? Shit yes! But if one is, personally, fighting the entire thing becomes a lethal chess game with the pawn out there trying to do you like you do him. War is hell but you folks should zap the politicians what create them and not the neutral tool-like military what fights them. If the military, as in Greece, takes over, they are promptly dubbed fascists—if they remain quiescent (as in America) they're accused of pragmatism and lack of principle.

This is unfair.

Drugs? If you wish—just don't bother me.

Sex? Sure! Rotsa ruck—do anything your backbone's capable of. Just keep clean and don't contaminate my toilet seat or make noise in the apartment next door.

Love,
 Edward Rak,
 New York, N.Y.

Dear Allen Katzman:

I now understand why your column is entitled "Pure Paranoid's Almanac," but this still does not justify the grossly dishonest job you did on the Guardian in your column of March 15 (Vol. 3, No. 14).

One—there is absolutely no truth to the rumor you are trying to circulate that "part of the National Guardian's staff has threatened to quit if the Guardian publishes Julius Lester's column praising the Yippee convention this summer." Julius Lester is given absolute freedom to write whatever he wants and

(Continued on Page 16)

has never been subject to censorship. Nor is our staff so immature as to threaten the action you attribute to it over an issue such as the Yippees.

Two—again you are incorrect in stating that Lester is "the only Negro on the staff." Staff writer Robert L. Allen, who is also a member of the five-member Coordinating Committee which manages the Guardian, is black.

You owe us a correction.

As far as the Yippees are concerned, we have not yet taken a position on what to do in Chicago this summer because there are half-dozen plans circulating, in addition to the Yippees' plan, and conditions relating to Chicago are so swiftly changing these days that we need more time to assess the situation.

Sincerely,
 Jack A. Smith
 Managing Editor

Dear EVO:

The military's latest attack on pot-heads shows the growing desperation of The Navy in its futile attempt to stamp out marijuana usage, which has spread through the ranks with startling speed in the last couple of years. The following is quoted in whole from COMSERV-LANT INSTRUCTION 67-0.1, 20 February, 1968:

MARIJUANA

Marijuana is a derivative of a flowering hemp plant which may be dried out and smoked. The symptoms produced vary with the personality of the user and the potency of the material. Frequent symptoms noted are a sense of well-being, giggling, joyousness, dryness of the mouth and occasional nausea. Hallucinations (visual or auditory perceptions that have no external cause) may be experienced. The user may notice muscle tremors or become unable to walk.

The typical marijuana user is an idle male with a history of maladjustment and frustration. He is often sexually maladjusted (homosexual), feels inadequate and uses the drug to "boost" his self-esteem. However, users don't normally stick with marijuana, they either stop the habit or more often go on to something stronger. Is there anyone in the Navy who wishes to be associated or prototyped with this person?

Equally important are the effects on a young man's future upon being convicted of inappropriate drug use. Whole areas of living may be closed off to him—military service, civil service and government jobs, scholarship and college entrance, even driver's licenses in certain states. Employers, understandably, are reluctant to hire persons known to be narcotics users.

USE OR POSSESSION OF THESE DRUGS IS ILLEGAL, being a federal offense. It can be punished by a fine of \$20,000 and two to ten years of imprisonment.

Don't be caught in this trap, not realizing the consequences, just because someone says, "It's the thing to do!"

Note the clever smear on marijuana users by implying homosexually (the BIG FEAR in the Navy, at least, is of being called "QUEER," and the super-military assholes are always quick to use this as a weapon to try to put down individualists.) I think this is a significant attempt to keep straight sailors from associating with some of the many military potheads. Sailors have no prejudice against potheads, but shun "queers" for fear of guilt by association. Note also the casual use of the word HABIT (another lie) and the implied statement that most potheads escalate to speed, scag, etc. Lastly, of course, the mailed fist. "We'll throw you in prison!"

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GENE MC CARTHY



Photo by Diane Dorr - Dorynek

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW HAMPSHIRE DIARY

THURSDAY—Tried to catch a plane to Manchester, New Hampshire, at LaGuardia. Northeastern airports snow-bound, flights cancelled one after the other. Ran into Tim Leary in the coffee shop, sober faced but friendly as always, and somehow more real than the fog, the PA system droning, the shuffling, the impatient, noiseless crowds. After three hours, went home to try again the next day.

FRIDAY — Via shuttle to Boston and a stifling bus ride, arrived at the capital of New Hampshire, Concord. Headquarters a large store front, bare light bulbs, unpainted wood partitions and floors. Cartons full of literature, rows of work tables. In the other room, desks, dozens of phones, wall charts. Everyone looks like a college student, with few exceptions. This is a political headquarters? I like it. Before I go to sleep, I throw my TAROT, in which the King of Cups comes up next to a card of disappointment. The King of Cups represents my skill, or my art.

SATURDAY — Hang around headquarters waiting to receive my assignment from the man in charge. When we finally get to talk, he says he isn't interested in photography as an art, although he assumes that I am, and he wonders whether I can take polaroid pictures with a swinger for the local newspapers because that is what's needed: local coverage meaning pictures given to the papers on the spot. I remember my Tarot. I swallow my pride, and say I'll try. PM. We bundle into cars to hear the Senator speak at an auditorium in Nashua. Good press coverage, major network TV cameras. The Senator, whom I had heard speak only once before, suddenly leaves the words behind and begins talking from his heart. I am surprised, moved. The audience roars. For the first time it seems that a politician can be a believable, honest human being. After-

wards, a party for all the student volunteers. Happy, bright kids It is snowing on the ride home to Concord, the snow flailing directly into the windshield, into my eyes, bringing the desert and the forest, the virginity of the human spirit in a one to one relationship.

SUNDAY — Accompany a fellow worker to the Wayfarer Inn, Bedford, where the senator's family is staying at the Cottage, and the central press office has headquarters in two rooms. A fleeting glimpse, a little polite conversation with Ellen McCarthy, the Senator's daughter. She is 21, majors in international affairs at Georgetown, shy, has saucer eyes. Spend a sleepless night because the scene is so foreign and I have to verbalize, write it down. I am the stranger in the midst of people very similar to me but somehow different.

MONDAY — On the road with Mary McCarthy, the Senator's 18-year-old daughter. She major in government at Radcliff. Dropped out of school to campaign. In Portsmouth, she gives a newspaper interview. I have my polaroid swinger, but the paper has its own photographers. Portsmouth headquarters: a few courteous and kind gentle folk, some elderly . . . the only headquarters not reeking with kids A sea captain's town (Portsmouth went 100 per cent McCarthy in the primary). At Philp Exeter Academy, speeches by Mary and Allard Lowenstein. The assembly walls are lined from end to end and top to bottom with oil portraits of grey haired gentlemen. The young student body jumps up and down with pro-McCarthy, anti-war placards. At Dover High School, another speech to a freshman assembly. More meetings and greetings that fade from memory. PM. A debate in the small town of Gow. Republican and Democratic candidates are represented. Mary speaking on behalf of her father. Carnations for the male speakers, corsages

for the ladies. Something out of a 1930's film by Renois. A strange little man called Dupont putting in his own bid for the nomination to the office of president. He talks too long and has to be reminded to stop speaking.

TUESDAY — Never enough sleep. In the morning, foggy eyed and with unraveled mind, I accompany Mary to several Head Start programs in Nashua. The children are another glimpse of reality. Shy or eager, but something you can touch. Mary seems a little stiff next to them — her mind is more "adult," rational — and she only comes into her own when addressing students or grown ups. This she does with fantastic skill, gauging her approach to each situation with keen attention to the nature of her audience. She tells the kids that they will be around longer than anyone else, so they should participate now through any avenues open to them in the political process . . . she tells them that their insights might be truer, that they can help the older generation see where it's a really at. We also visit a home for retarded children. I thought I was cool in the face of human misery, but I'm not. I lose my composure and smash a camera. I didn't take the polaroid today because it's totally useless. At midnight I'm writing copy for an article that doesn't get published in the general confusion. I'm no longer really sure what my job is. Local papers have their own photographers, but I'm still not supposed to take art pictures, am I? So I'm shooting at random and without meaning. Headquarters won't get me the chemicals I need to develop my film. My function has no definition and my identity is . . . who? I've been slopping around in an inappropriate dress because my working clothes (a red pants suit from a New York boutique) are considered scandalous for New Hampshire Haven't a penny to buy somethin gelse. Beginning to feel like I've got two heads.

The fresh enthusiasm at Concord headquarters has turned into mayhem, and there's no one with a near to talk to.

WEDNESDAY — I decide to go home. I reconsider and decide to stay. From here on I practice meditation and centering several times a day to remember that I am real. Yesterday they wouldn't give me \$30 to buy supplies. Today they order a darkroom-trailer and hook it up in the parking lot of the Wayfarer. Fuses blow, and there's no hot water. I spend the night developing my film in one of the bathrooms in the hotel, and move my things to a room at the Wayfarer.

THURSDAY — With no sleep at all I stagger through another endless day. With Mary we visit several Manchester Head Start programs. Then another home for retarded children. I tried to imagine that I was in a Fellini film, but it didn't work and I dropped my telephoto lens. Portsmouth headquarters again. I relax. Beautiful people. PM. A fast round of political gatherings in private homes. Mrs. McCarthy makes short, ladylike speeches. Tony Randall, an actor all the way, shakes hands and kisses the ladies. He is bad news. I fall asleep with tears of fatigue in a room full of tired girls who, in the morning, will don McCarthy banners and hats and ride the press bus with the Senator, giving out charm, enthusiasm and gaiety. We're doubled up in the beds and one of them sleeps on the floor.

FRIDAY — The day is a round of lab work and errands. I'm gobbling ups. I have to fight for time and space in the lab with a number of amateur photographers who hope working on the campaign will make their fame or fortune. The chief photographer has receded into the background, smiling, after a fray with one of the overseers, and chaos rules the day. At night I follow Paul Neuman to private parties in the Manchester area, and a couple of social clubs. His incredible

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AN ARTIST WITH BALLS IS WORTH TWO IN THE GALLERY

DESTRUCTION IN ART SYMPOSIUM

The following is an open letter concerning the forthcoming DESTRUCTION IN ART SYMPOSIUM, part of the exhibition to be held at the Finch Museum from May 9 to June 20.

OPEN LETTER TO THE ORGANIZERS OF DESTRUCTION IN ART SYMPOSIUM No. 2

of how the so called "avant-garde" lets itself get sucked in by the cultural or entertainment industry and sooner or later absorbed, castrated, silenced. All colleges, museums, mass media (including the "liberal" ones) are part of the very same power structure, the same dollar brained machine which is making napalm and other "cultural" products. We are aware, aren't we, that Madison Avenue (the ad agencies AND the galleries), that Hollywood as well as United Fruit or General Motors are all geared to the needs of the white middle class which controls everything in our "free world" from sex to technology, from education to space programs. Is it then not up to us, so called creators, to explore alternatives, states of mind, ways of being, methods of perception or action which are at present against the law? If we stay within the limits of the cultural industry, how can we expect to be anything but employees or entertainers?

From past experiences I have learned that to have anything to do with the power structure is to let oneself be used (or to let one's "art" be used) as a smoke-screen, as a mask not only for the causes of the Vietnam war or of the riots in the black ghettos — but for the daily process of alienation every individual is subject to.

I think we had better go literally underground. I mean cut off all ties with that structure in order to have some chance to destroy it. I prefer the art of destruction to destruction in art. After all, what does art want to destroy? Itself or the culture? The artist or the repressive society?

I participated with enthusiasm in the first DIAS held in London because it was clearly a marginal event and because I felt it was free of all compromise with the industry. This can not be the case of a show put on IN a museum (, "modern" prison is still a prison and a "modern" museum is still

a museum.) The last letter I received about DIAS No. 2 (from Jon Hendricks) asked for 3 events — the only one I can think at this moment is as follows:

BOOM!

A sound and fire happening
By J. J. Lebel for DIAS No. 2

Wait till every one leaves the Finch Museum, get yourself locked in. Make sure every one (staff, guards, etc.) has left. Deposit 5 pounds of TNT you brought in your coat in the middle of a show room. Light the long wick. Split thru a window. Quickly paint your signature on sidewalk in front of entrance. Run to other side of street and watch the explosion. This event could and should be repeated at quite a few Universities, induction centers, police headquarters, army posts, art galleries, concert halls, publishing houses, TV, Radio stations, churches, etc.

All over the world at this moment (in the USA, Japan, Spain, France, Poland, Italy, etc.) youth is reaching the stage of resistance and insurrection. In Rome last week thousands of students demonstrated against the authoritarian University and were severely attacked by the police. One of the street-wide banners that was held not far from where I was in the crowd read as follows:

ABASSO LA CULTURA!

(down with culture)

In other words, ART IS \$HIT. I think it is time for us *avant-garde* artists to stop copping out and selling out. It is time we took part in the Revolution. Signs of it's spreading are obvious in many countries. What are we waiting for?

This letter will be my only contribution to DIAS No. 2. Please exhibit it and publish it in the catalogue or elsewhere to inform the public of this point of view which I feel is shared by many. Thank you.

Much warm love to all of you and particularly to Jud Yalcut, Ralph Ortiz, Charlotte Moorman, Al Hansen and the other DIAS participants.

Yours truly,

JEAN-JACQUES LEBEL

Paris, March 1968.

Dear friends,

I have received quite a few letters from you and from the Finch College Museum about the next DIAS show to be held in New York soon. Thank you for your invitation to participate. I feel that I must decline it and that I owe you an explanation.

This show and these events sponsored by a college and or a museum are, I am afraid, an example

SHOW ME A MAN WHO'LL DIE FOR A BILLBOARD, AND I'LL SHOW YOU A MAN WHO'LL WORK FOR LESS

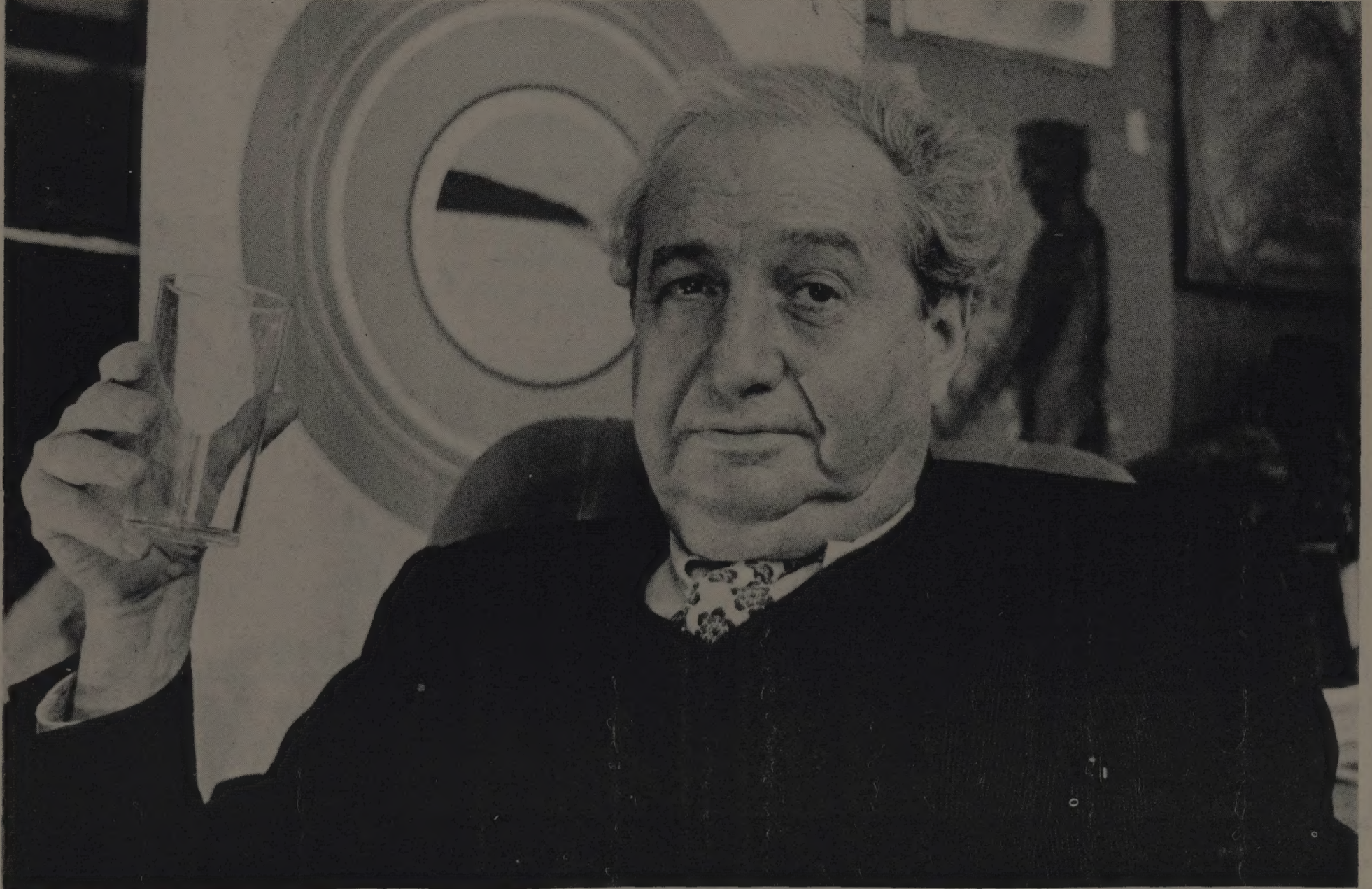


photo by Charmian Chaplan

by Walter K. Gutman

Walter K. Gutman was for about forty years the world's greatest unrecognized authority on monetary policy. If he had not liked strong women so much he would have been one of the many recognized experts but as it was he devoted his life to the pursuit of the strong woman and only incidentally was interested in money. But it is not possible to pursue the strong woman with the 9 to 5 or 10 to 3 P.M. regularity that it is possible to pursue money and Walter K. Gutman was one of those people with a lot of energy and he had to do something. Once during his second analysis, and in what was the equivalent of the tenth year, the analyst asked: "What would you really like to do?" W.K.G. thought very carefully — what would he really like? This is not an easy question for anyone to answer. Three was, he decided, only one thing to answer to far as he knew — "I would really like to find a woman whose biceps bulged like ice-cream cones." "Would you prefer chocolate or vanilla? W. K. G. thought again — "I would really like them both." It was this tendency toward brilliant lack of reality which made Walter K. Gutman the world's greatest unrecognized monetary expert. He was for a long time the greatest because he was the first and therefore only one to recognize that money is a fantasy. Money is not gold or silver or the backing of the Federal Reserve Bank or anything like that.

W.K.G.'s first experience with money wasn't the first time he had spent money — far from it — but it was the first time he was confronted with its strange quality of something familiar really not being what we generally think it is — as something definite like gold, for instance — but as something that no one really knows what it is or ever will in this definite way — but as something that nevertheless is.

In 1932 the banks were crashing. They had been crashing for some years but in 1932 they were collapsing in the thousands. Money itself was not trusted. Thousands began to convert their dollars into gold. W.K.G. was one who began to exchange dollars for gold.

It was a curious experience. You took your fistful of dollars and went to a gold dealer and pushed them thru a window and he pushed some bars of

gold out to you. They were small hunks of metal — dull in sheen-yellow of course in color but not at all attractive. If you had seen one lying on the sidewalk you probably would have ignored it or if you were very conscientious and neat you might have made an effort to keep New York clean by throwing it in a receptacle. The gold W.K.G. got through that dealer's window had no relation to the glamour of the gold that the nation was losing. It had no glamour at all, at least in his eyes. In order to have glamour it had to be either part of the vision of national wealth or it has to become jewelry which would reflect the glamour of a woman's body. Gold itself was not so great.

W.K.G. of course at that time read a lot about money. There are a lot of books on the subject. Very careful books filled with a lot of history. But then there are lots of books on other subjects — like love, sex, marriage, child raising, the care of horses, cooking. They get you part of the way — but not the whole way. He realized from looking at this gold and from reading these books that money was not something you could know about the way you hope to know about it. Money is one of the forms of mystery. It differs from the mysteries mentioned above in that it is a mystery created by human beings — maybe the biggest mystery they have created. Most mysteries are deeply involved with nature. Wealth of course has a great deal to do with nature, and money obviously is connected with wealth. But money is also quite different from wealth. If money were as closely related to wealth as we usually think and as we wish it were, then monetary management would be rather simple — certainly much simpler. The money problem is complicated because it is very hard to give a mystery permanent form. The situation is something like this —

It is 1963. In the Judson Memorial Church an extraordinary dance concert is in progress. The dance is based on a playlet of Gertrude Stein's. It is called "What Happened." It has been set to music by the assistant rector of the church — Al Carmines. Some of the dancers are Yvonne Rainer, Lucinda Childs, Aileen Passloff, Arlene Rothlein, and a girl — very beautiful — whose name W.K.G. doesn't recall.

MONEY

They are all very young, all very little known, and all very extremely gifted and all highly trained. It is an extraordinary beautiful performance — memorable many years later to everyone who saw it. None of the performers received any money, but they gave quite a lot of wealth. This was but one of the many extraordinary dances performed at the Judson Church which enriched the lives of quite a few hundred and maybe even a few thousand people but which were scarcely involved with money at all. Except for the contributions — usually small — of the audience as they left the church these performances did not have any reflection in Gross National Product. They were little known statistically because there was little money in them.

This is now 1968 — the dancers who danced for nothing in 1963 are now in demand in various spots of the nation. They received some money for what they do. They do the same thing — they create wealth in the same form, but now what they do is reflected in Gross National Product. The total amount of unpaid for performance in the United States — of dance — theater — music — and one should add also the total amount of unpaid for painting and sculpture — is vast — it enriches life — it is wealth but it isn't money.

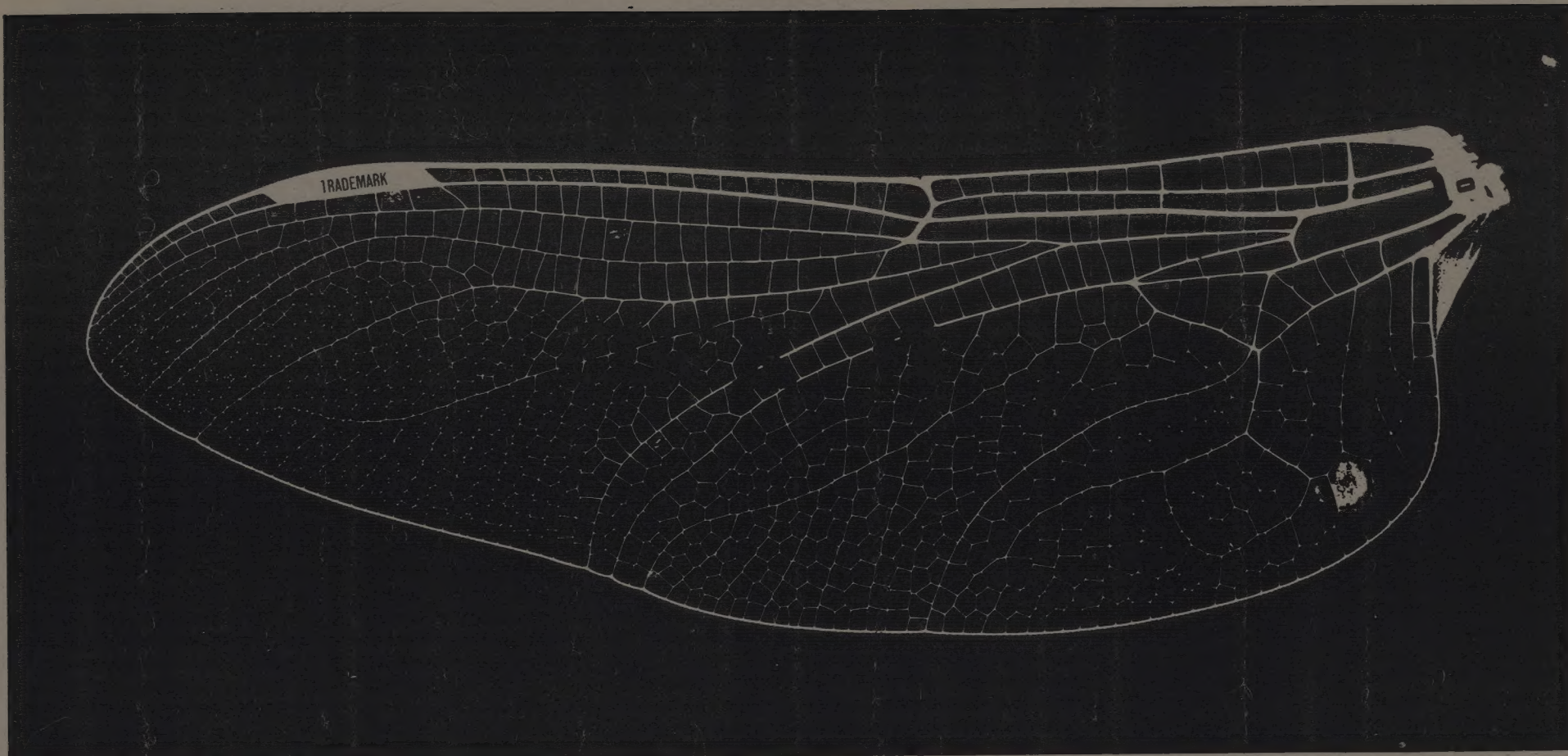
There is another vast mass of entertainment which is strongly reflected in money — it is often very great even if it is commercial — *Bonnie and Clyde* for instance. This mass of entertainment forms a very important segment of Gross National Product. It is one of the statistics that makes us think we are a wealthy nation. But the other entertainment — sometimes very great as in the Judson Church — sometimes a little weak, like Shakespeare by the P.T.A. — is probably just about as significant in terms of wealth but it has no significance in terms of money. The nation doesn't know how wealthy it is and neither do the monetary experts of the World Bank — neither do the viewers with alarm or the Presidential Advisors. If all our wealth were monetized we wouldn't be worry-

ing so much; we wouldn't be cutting back on education, poverty programs, etc. We wouldn't be cutting back on the supplies we send our troops for that matter. Pass the ammunition. Where is it? But then if the Viet Cong and North Viet wealth were all monetized we'd see they were a lot stronger than we ever thought. Obviously a relatively monetized society like us underestimates a relatively unmonetized society because it doesn't believe that wealth that is unmonetized is wealth. And of course there are other factors — a Viet Cong captain who knows how to inspire his men, what is his rice bowl worth compared to the South Viet captain who can't get anyone to follow?

People would like to give money the elemental strength which is so evident in gold, and also keep in money its magic. The essence of money is that it has magic — it can get people into action. It can make men dig for gold — by putting a price on it. Like other forms of magic it sometimes makes men foolish, like paying high prices for fake masterpieces of art. The paintings aren't money — they are real paintings, but what is phoney is the masterpiece ardor of the art lover. The magic of money has created civilizations and has created disasters for civilizations. It is understandable that men would like to tie it down to something that is simple and stable. But gold is not really very magical until men have worked on it.

For every individual, for each nation, there are two forms of wealth — one is monetized and the other unmonetized. Each is a very powerful form of wealth. One of the most powerful forms of unmonetized wealth is, of course, children. For instance I say to Lucy — "You could be in a Happening at Finch College next fall. You are an acrobat — your head is small and delicate — your body is redolent and voluptuous — you are ideal for the concept I have of George Segal making just your head. You love his work — think of your small, delicate head, white and silent above your beautiful, tanned from the summer, voluptuous body. What an event. A true

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ALLAN the K's "poor paranoid's"

by Allan Katzman

Easter will be early this year and let us hope that the Resurrection will be too. The Christian world will not be the only ones enjoying the amenities come April 12th, 13th, and 14th. In New York, the underground and artist communities have two specific events planned out for the masses "yearning to be free."

A group calling themselves "The Transformation" has demanded an EASTER UPRISING-HOLY WEEK, 1968 which they term A CALL TO CULTURAL REVELATION: "We call on all groups to join us on the steps of the Museum of Modern Art from 7-11 p.m. This evening will be dedicated to the ritual dis-establishment of Dada and Surrealism. MOMA IS DEAD. DADA IS DEAD. Les enfants du parody celebrate the rites of spring. Recreate with us the first ritual act."

On April 14th, Easter Sunday, all day, a Human Be-In, a joyous reunion of the Tribes will take place at Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Unlike March 17th's Be-In which was called on account of rain, April 14th's will be the big one. Let us hope that He will be there too.

The west coast has its own thing planned for the coming holidays. On Easter-Saturday, April 13th, at 7:30 p.m. on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, they will celebrate The Festival of CHAULI (SHOW-OO-LEE). The theme of this parade — Theatre in the streets — will convey the spirit of Chauli: a coming together with joy, which will enrich the world of man. Anyone going west for the Resurrection can contact Michele, week day afternoons, 213-653-9341.

These then are the plans for the coming freakout. If you have spiritual hives, I suggest you join everyone at the cave when they push away the rock.

* * *

The west coast for the last fifteen years has been the advanced bulwark of the cultural revolution in America. Recently Channel 28, Los Angeles TV, ran a series on marijuana. The series ran from March 11th to the 14th, four hours each day, and covered the topic historically, sociologically, and economically. Channel 28's stand was "pro-grass," a first for the media, and has caused a stir among residents. Meanwhile Stan Freeberg, the comedian, has been plugging marijuana through radio ads designed to sell "grass."

* * *

Two newspaper publications written for American soldiers in Vietnam are

The ALLY and VIETNAM GI.

The ALLY, which recently came out with its second issue, has two major problems: getting names and addresses of GI's to mail to, and raising enough money to continue publishing. Since the paper is mailed free to any serviceman who request it, printing and mailing costs must be paid through subscriptions and contributions from civilians. Rates are \$3 for six months, \$4 for a year, and checks are payable to THE ALLY, P.O. Box 9276, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.

VIETNAM GI is published monthly. Subscription is free to servicemen and Vietnam vets. Supporting subscriptions are \$10 per year. Send money to VIETNAM GI, P.O. Box 9273, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

* * *

The N. Y. Times and the N. Y. Post which recently printed a story on Social Security checks being raised to \$250-million this year missed an important scoop.

"People 72 or older who had little or no past earnings under Social Security will get \$40 instead of \$30 and couples receive \$60 a month, an increase of \$7.50." This statement does not acknowledge the fact that only those who were 72 before 1968 will be getting the increase.

* * *

March 23-24 the Workshop In Non-Violence and the War Resisters League will sponsor an Urban Affairs Conference-Weekend at the Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place (between 15th & 16th Street).

Speakers will lead discussions on housing, the ghettos, the neighborhoods, police in New York, education, decentralization and the arts. For further info contact: The Workshop (Eileen Morris) 227-0973 or War Resisters League (Maris Cakars) CO 7-4592.

* * *

An interesting letter from R. Wm. Hurrell, 1505 Fairchild, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 for those people who are planning to emigrate from the city to country areas in the near future:

Manhattan is no paradise, but is a possibility. There are about 75-100 here now who are making their own things go, and though the locals don't necessarily understand or approve, they do not interfere.

Land is not especially cheap, but there are great slices of it that are marginal and which have abandoned

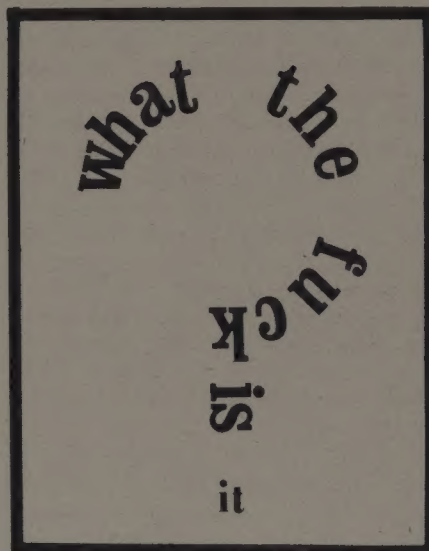
structures on them which could be made livable with work and ingenuity. There is a middling-small university for those who need its facilities, libraries, people, and attendant stir. Beyond that there is not much opportunity for any kind of work the system hands out as leftovers, and there is no such thing as a well-developed system of public / private charity.

I write to you because you are the most likely person I know of who can disseminate the word that Manhattan, Kansas & surrounding area is a possibility to consider for those who are getting out of the city. If you or anybody else wants more information, write and ask.

* * *

The Chicago Review's ANTHOLOGY of CONCRETISM will be published by The Swallow Press, Inc., 1139 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Illinois, April 1st. "Concretism" is a form of experimental poetry influenced by the graphic revolution where meaning is less important than seeing. As Eugene Wildman, the editor of the book, sees it, "Printed poetry is not like oral poetry; it is not oral poetry set in print. Print is something by itself. The poems in this anthology depend for their effect on the special quality of the printed letter and of type spread across a page. It is profoundly literary, for it deals expressly with the effects of writing (as opposed to telling). Entirely different techniques and conventions are required, for in telling it is the ear that must be appealed to. Here it is the eye that must be caught."

And here is my version of a concrete poem:



Does anyone remember LBJ's pledge in 1941 when he unsuccessfully ran for the Senate. It goes something like this: "I hate war. And if the day ever comes when my vote must be

cast to send your boy to the trenches, that day Lyndon Johnson will leave his Senate seat to go with him." Well, here is our chance. Let's send him.

* * *

Movements beget movements, so sayeth the Bible. In the United States the tale-telling fucking we get lies in the offspring of politics. The Democratic and Republican parties so far have produced a third party this past year with the uncommon name of Peace and Freedom Party.

But now in 1968 everything has become so fast and furious that the screwing has produced the possibility of a fourth party and this in less than nine months.

The new offspring is called the Peace and Freedom Huelga and they have already begun to organize the migrant farm workers in this country. This is just one of the many surprises they have planned for the coming election. Anyone interested in helping a real grassroots movement in this country can contact them at 226-5651 in New York City.

* * *

Fort Totten, the Nike Missile base in Bayside, Queens, is being shipped out, warheads and all, and will be stationed in Thailand. The possibility of atomic weapons in Vietnam has already begun.

* * *

Ten radical American Theatre ensembles have joined to form the nucleus of the Radical Booking Agency, a new nation-wide cooperative organized to arrange tours, one-night stands, radical theatre festivals, lectures, conferences and films throughout the U.S. and abroad.

The first radical theatre festival, on March 30th and 31st, at the Washington Square Methodist Church, will present works by five of the founding groups: Joseph Chaikan's Open Theatre, Peter Schumann's Bread and Puppet Theatre, the Pageant Players, the Performance Group directed by Richard Schechner, and Enrique Vargas' Gut Theatre which has been doing street-theatre in Harlem with teenagers.

The other six charter groups are: The San Francisco Mime Troupe, directed by R. G. Davis, El Teatro Campesino of Delano, California, directed by Luis Valdez, the Minneapolis Firehouse Theatre, directed by Sidney Walter, the Black Troupe, directed by playwright Ed Bullins, the Concept East New York, directed by Woodie King, and the Boston OM Theatre Workshop, directed by Julie Portman.

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BERLIN

by Alex Gross

With the end of the International Viet Nam Congress here in Berlin and the closing of the winter semester for German students, there were those who imagined that things would be quiet for a while. Quite the opposite has in fact happened. In a period of less than ten days the first two German underground papers have made their appearance, one of them has already been accorded the tribute of being confiscated by the authorities, a new trial has been brought against the Berlin Commune, and a molotov cocktail has been exploded in the gothic halls of the Criminal Court at Moabit. One hears rumors of a second Reichstag fire soon to be set (the first one, whose cause is still a matter of dispute, was used by Hitler to consolidate his power), and there is little doubt that a new round of student demonstrations will soon be under way.

The first underground paper was launched during the Viet Nam Congress by the Berlin Commune, the best known of the local activists, comprising a sort of cross between anarchist activists and diggers. They are the German group with the best developed sense of humor, a humor combining self-mockery, "obscenity," and political protest in nearly equal parts. Their leaflets have aroused laughter throughout the German youth and scandal among their elders. The same qualities are to be found in the multi-color hectographed underground paper, which resembles early copies of the Spokane Natural and Detroit Sun in style and format. The publication is almost entirely devoted to their own aims, views, and exploits and was produced in its entirety, from writing to printing to assembling to binding, by the Commune members on their own press and premises. When a printing problem upset their original idea for the front page, they improvised a new one by simply taking print rejects of the other pages and using them for the front page. This means that every issue looks different. The title of the paper so far is simply K1, standing for Kommune 1.

The second paper to appear was produced by a group closely connected with the Commune — their product looks much more like the standard American paper, though the first page is a parody of the reactionary newspaper Berliner Zeitung, familiarly known as the B.Z. A naked backside is printed in pink on this page with the headline above it GAS THE COMMUNE! This is only slightly more extreme than the comments about the Commune and other student groups (or simply about people with beards and long hair) to be read in the greater part of the German press, owned by one man, Axel Springer, whose Nazi past and present leanings furnish a frequent topic of conversation for German students. It is this newspaper, published by a group usually known as the Oberbaumpress people, which was confiscated last week. Two plainclothes policemen descended on Edition Et, an important underground bookstore, at eleven in the morning and took away all copies of the paper. The publication is still on sale elsewhere in Berlin, and the coming court case may provide an important test for other underground papers in the future. This paper is only six pages long but is likely to get longer later on.

In the meantime, two members of the Commune are standing trial for alleged incitement to arson, because some leaflets they distributed last spring suggested bringing Berliners to an understanding of what is happening in Viet Nam by burning down a few department stores. A first trial on this charge proved abortive last summer, and it is likely that this one will also be inconclusive, leading to a further appeal. In the meantime it is certain that the proceedings of the trial leave a great deal to be desired. On the first day only nineteen "observers" were admitted to the trial, and of these six were uniformed policemen and at least three others were police in plain clothes. Genuine observers were elbowed and shoved out of the way at the door to the courtroom by these police skills. An attempt was also made to limit the

(Continued on Page 20)

CHICAGO

by Ernie Thompson

Yippie Convention this summer has caused confusion among Chicago's Blue elite. Sheriff Joe Woods, however, is still determined to play a grade D. John Wayne gig by going ahead with the formation of a thousand man corps of men who will become his "posse," designed to combat whatever THAT might take place here this summer. So far, though, every intelligent writer on the dailies is opposing him. Indeed, I would agree with his plan only if he succeeded in acquiring, as deputies, the next graduating class of Cook County Nursing School. Most of the men he's gotten are strictly out of central casting, yet; 1930's types who are just dying to have a badge pinned on their chests. Blue collars, I say, with brains to match. Even Bonnie wouldn't have dug them.

Ann O'Brien of The Bridge, one of our underground newspapers, went on trial Feb 29th and, happily, the whole mess was thrown out of court.

In the face of stupid threats made by a small troop of black nationalists called B.A.D., Colin Pearlson, one of the editors of THE SEED, refused to move from what was formally the spade group's former address. A storefront in Old Town Gardens on North Sedgwick. The Negroes had been evicted because they hadn't managed to lay down the rent often enough. So, out they went. While coincidentally THE SEED, needing a new home, latched on. There shortly followed several bricks into THE SEED's office. But, in the face of Colin's stand, no further trouble has been evident. Incidentally, Valiere Walker has been promoted to Associate Editor.

For many months, both underground papers had been printed by the Merrill Printing Co. Well, guess who didn't like it. Who else but the Red Baron of Chicago journalism — The Chicago Tribune. And so they like promptly bought out Merrill and quickly stopped

all underground screwing activities, one in Wisconsin (name withheld, natch). All of which asks the questions: Can a multi-million dollar organization afford to have two dangerously bright and literate, but non-competitive, papers like THE SEED and THE BRIDGE within pissing distance??? Obviously it can't. With a large stretch of the imagination, you just might be able to understand the Negroes' bag. But please explain the Tribune's. Even Mike Royko can't. Nevertheless, other than the B.A.D. scene, race relations with and between Negroes and flower children is excellent.

Of the few really true friends the Chicago underground has on the dailies, I think Michaela Williams and Richard Christiansen of the Chicago Daily News and Rodger Ebert of the Sun-Times stand out splendidly. Namely, they've accepted and helped us without explaining and dissecting us.

Michaela Williams was the first establishment paid journalist (Field Enterprises owns both the Daily News and Sun-Times) to discover the genius of the founder of the Chicago underground, John Heinz; in addition, she has helped many other film-makers and artists. Richard Christiansen was the first Chicago editor to give advance coverage to the October Midwest Artists for Peace festival which was held on the campus of the University of Chicago. And Rodger Ebert was the first columnist to print my press release regarding the first 24-hour Love-In of last June 18th, one which was cancelled at the last moment because certain brass at U. of C. said having it on the Midway was a no-no. All were hurt, of course. Confusion abounded, but it was too late to hip everyone. The word had already gone out via L.A. Free Press, local press (even the Trib, yet) and FM radio. Belatedly, he has our sincerest

(Continued on Page 20)

NEW HOPE FOR

Jazz, as is well known, is dead.

And how do we know that, you ask?

Why, how else but from those peerless prose stylists of the underground press, those luminous musical intellectuals who have contributed so immeasurably to our understanding of contemporary rock by discussing groups such as the Doors as manifestations of "theatre of the absurd" and "music of total abandon," and by telling us of Jimi Hendrix, "after he hurled his guitar at the screen in a cataclysmic-volcanic-orgasmic finale we fell back limp in our seats, stunned and numbed." If penetrating minds of this calibre assure us that jazz is dead, then there can certainly be no debate—jazz must be dead.

Which makes me a *necrophiliac*, I guess; because I happen still to derive no small amount of pleasure from jazz music. Or could it be that the announcement of jazz's imminent demise—an announcement that has been made repeatedly in the past, always to be proven false—is premature?

No, that particular heresy would be too great for us to harbor, wouldn't it?

So necrophilia it is. For the benefit of those other confirmed necrophiliacs, I call attention to four interesting albums that have provided me with considerable enjoyment in recent weeks.

JOHN COLTRANE, "OM" (Impulse A-9140). To jazz fanciers who, like this writer, have been bitten by the Coltrane bug a new album by that late and magnificent musician is an event with a capital E. This one, recorded in 1965 when the personnel of Trane's group was still shifting, is no exception to the rule. In addition to the superlative work of The Master himself, the LP shows off to good advantage the playing of tenor saxophonist Pharaoh Sanders, who had joined the band only recently, and the incomparable pianist McCoy Tyner, who was soon to leave it. The passages which feature ensemble "free" playing by Trane, Pharaoh, and flutist (it used to be flautist) Joe Brazil are particularly impressive.

Besides these aspects of "Om," followers of the rock scene should find this recording of special interest, regardless of whether they are familiar with much of Coltrane's previous work. As its title indicates, "Om" (the name of a Hindu deity) evidences that jazz musicians, as well as rock musicians, have an abiding interest in the religion and mysticism of the East. (In point of fact, jazz musicians were involved with Eastern music and philosophies long BEFORE rock players "discovered" the East. Saxophonist Yusef Lateef was performing compositions with Mid-Eastern instruments over a decade ago; which was just about the time that trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie was photographed jamming with Ravi Shankar in India. So, if we are to have any historical perspective in the matter, it must be admitted that jazzmen were there even before George Harrison and Keith Richard.)

For that reason, this would be an ideal album for the rock-oriented listener with a budding interest in jazz to add to his collection. It demonstrates something that I have long believed (and frequently written): that jazz and rock are evolving toward many common ends, though not always via identical roads.

PHARAOH SANDERS, "TAUHID" (Impulse A-9138). Much of what was said of the previous album would apply as well to "Tauhid," Pharaoh Sanders' debut album on Impulse, the first recording from this major innovator in several years and the only one on a major label. Like Coltrane, who was once his mentor and still, I'm sure, continues to be a major source or inspiration, Pharaoh is intensely concerned with the musics of the non-white world; there is even a track on this album entitled "Aum," which is merely an alternate spelling for "Om." (Other selections include: "Upper and Lower Egypt"; "Japan"; "Venus"; "Capricorn Rising" — indicating that Pharaoh, like many rock performers, is into the astrological bag as well as the Oriental one.)

While the entire album is remarkable, the consensus among those I've talked to is that the most stunningly beautiful moments occur during the latter portions of "Upper and Lower Egypt," where



by Frank Kofsky

THE RHYTHM METHOD

Photo by Bob Parent

the rhythm instruments set up a fantastically moving riff, Pharaoh enters with his tenor wailing, as usual, two octaves above the "normal" range of that horn, and then takes it out with a lovely chant in some forsign (African, one presumes) tongue, revealing in the process that he has a delightful voice for singing. (My feeling is that Impulse should have issued this portion of the track as a single; it's more melodic than a lot of stuff that makes it onto the Top 40).

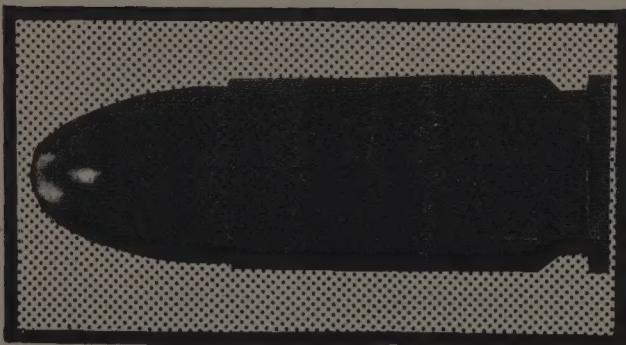
Apart from its Eastern orientation (excuse the pun, please), the album should be of more than passing interest to rock guitarists for the playing of the Canadian Sonny Sharrock, who demonstrates that it is eminently possible to play "free" on the guitar without resorting to fuzz-tone, wah-wah pedals, feedback, and grotesquely high volume levels. A major album.

MCCOY TYNER, "THE REAL MCCOY" (Blue Note 84264). As with Pharaoh Sanders' "Tauhid," this album, the first by pianist McCoy Tyner on the Blue Note label, is an extension of the musical legacy left us by John Coltrane following his tragic and unexpected death last year. From 1961 to 1966, McCoy was an integral part of Coltrane's quartet. Later, when Trane decided to introduce Rasheed Ali as a second drummer, McCoy and Elvin Jones, the original drummer with the band who has here been reunited with his former mate, chose to depart; the way in which Trane's music was evolving was apparently not much to their liking.

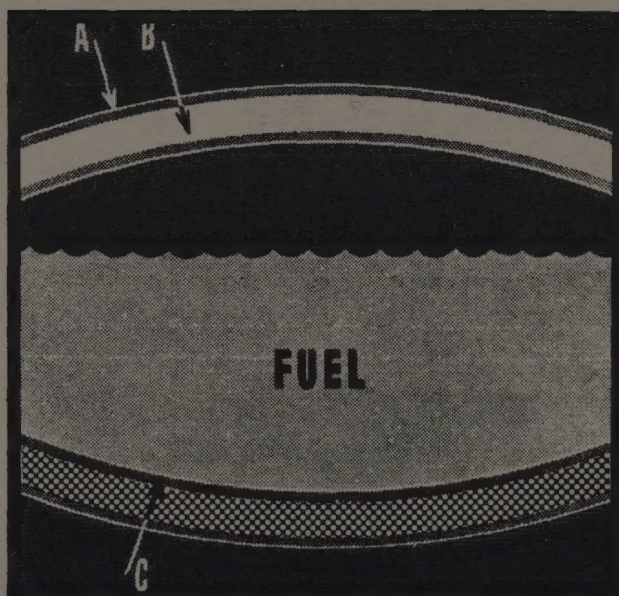
Despite that—or perhaps BECAUSE of it—McCoy and Elvin play a very important role in keeping alive the Coltrane heritage as it existed in the mid-'60s, around the time of Trane's "A Love Supreme" album. On this recording they are joined by tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson, who has assimilated much of the Coltrane musical language of that period without sacrificing his own individuality; and Ron Carter, normally found holding down the bass chair with trumpeter Miles Davis. During his own lifetime, Coltrane lacked the opportunity to develop all of his own ideas to their fullest. Fortunately, his art gave rise to a number of associates and disciples who, now that he is sadly gone, can work and re-work his innovations until all of their possibilities have been exhausted.

BOB THIELE AND HIS NEW HAPPY TIMES ORCHESTRA, FEATURING GABOR SZABO, "LIGHT MY FIRE" (Impulse A-9159). Heretofore, there have been efforts by rock musicians to incorporate jazz procedures in their jamming, efforts by jazz musicians to expand their audience by playing rock tunes, but no attempt of which I know to wed the rhythms and compositions of rock with the improvisational prowess of the jazz musician within the context of a big jazz band. This album, under the direction of Bob Thiele—as the A & R man for ABC and Impulse, he produced all of Coltrane's Impulse releases, as well as the subterranean LP by the Free Spirits—fills that gap.

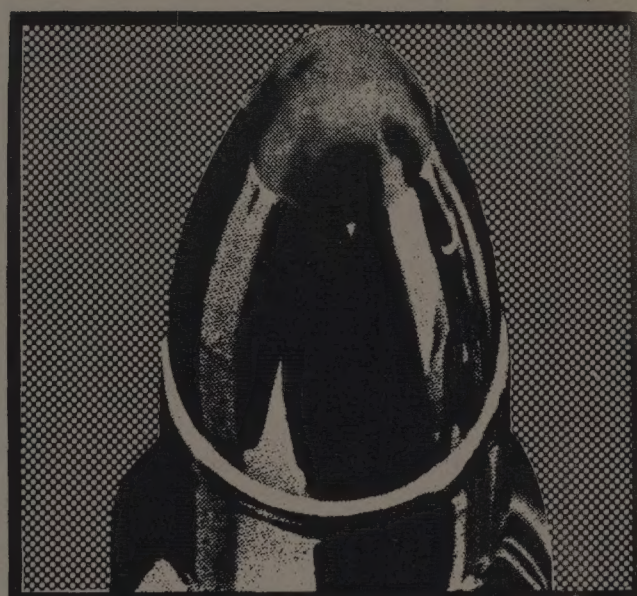
My intuition is that "Light My Fire" has been designed to demonstrate to followers of jazz and rock the virtues of "the other" music: for rock devotees, there are familiar compositions; for the jazz listener, the reassuring presence of a well-known soloist, guitarist Gabor Szabo, and the sound of a large jazz-ish band. The blend works with particular success on the Byrds' "Eight Miles High" and the title track, the Doors' "Light My Fire," both of which have almost as much forcefulness, if in a different way, as the originals. In addition to these and other rock "standards," which include as well Dylan's "Rainy Day Women #12 & 35" and Paul Simon's "Fakin' It," the album boasts a stirring guitar solo by Szabo on the guitarist's "Sophisticated Wheels," some fascinating interplay between Szabo and the sitar of Bill Plummer, and the sizeable talents of young (19) reedman Tom Scott. Though jazz may be moribund in the view of the underground sages, this album demonstrates that the distance between "dead" jazz and "live" rock is much less than they would have us believe.



This is a poem by an 11 year old boy who lives in LBJ's America unmindful of all the habitual lies; his vision un-tainted and his awareness serene and innocent in Blake's original sense. Peter Eric Putnam lives on Staten Island and this poem was discovered in a wastebasket by his mother, and brought in to the editors of EVO by his father, John Francis Putnam of the REALIST.

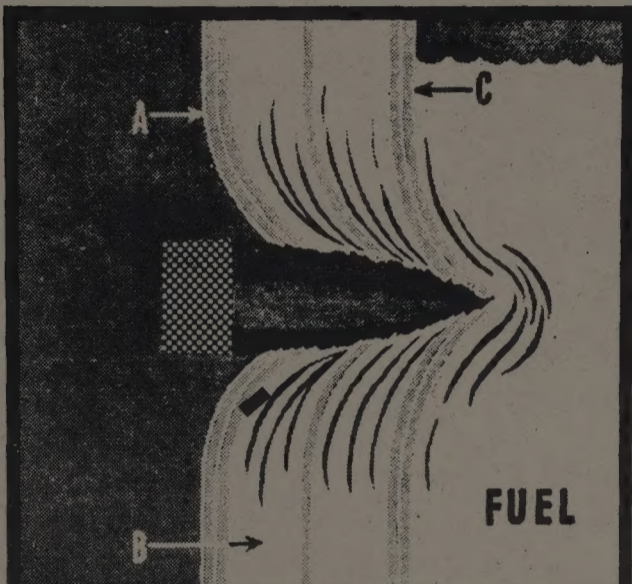


One pleasant evening while dying in bed,
I lifted my head up and only saw red
I racked at my brains for the answer I sought
While all was in vain,

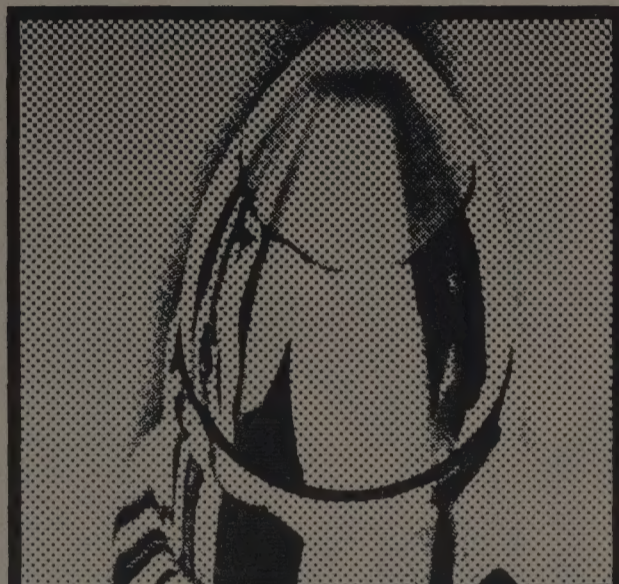


It started to rain, and under my feelings,
My mind full of fear,
I finally began to perceive the truth.
That my Imagination both vivid and bright

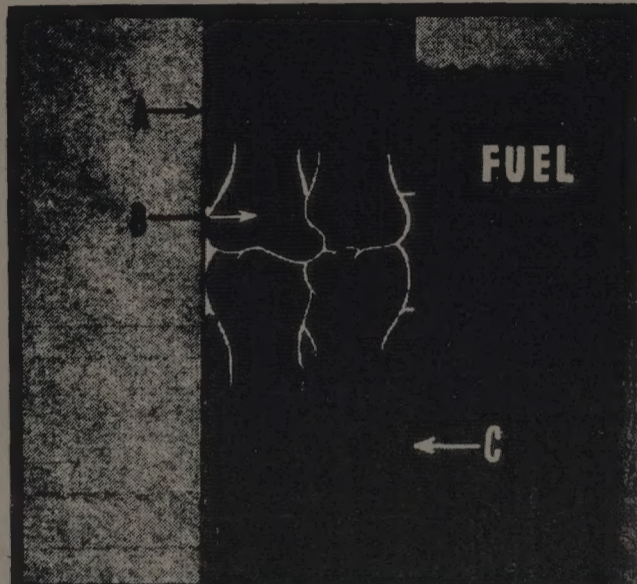
"MAN'S EMOTIONAL STATE OF IMAGINATION"



Had brought me to the psychedelic sight.
As psychedelic rainbow colors,
Flash across an imaginary screen,



As on an LSD trip.
You wander off into moonlight,
Not as hard as before



As dizziness engulfs thee,
You wander off into monlight,
Aglow with spirit.



LEGENDARY BEAST OF THE JUNGLE
By R. Davis

With keen awareness the jungle beast discovered an M-16 .
And even his primitive brain could tell he'd found a fine machine.
By aping those around him he learned quickly how to shoot and the general leaped with joy for he had found a new recruit.
They gave him all the ammo he could carry on his back and to the battle sent him fast to spearhead the attack.
Well the primate was delighted with his nihilistic toy and he soon became a marksman who fulfilled his task with joy.



He was the greatest green beret the free world ever saw; he killed hundreds more civilians than anyone before.
But alas he too was mortal and when the napalm dropped Egad! This mighty warrior was (accidentally) stopped.
They buried him with honors This democrat of fame but they could not mark his tombstone; the gorilla had no name!
"We must give him one posthumously" read the Chief's communique.
With honor and respect they carved "Here lies an L.B.J."

INTERVIEW WITH JACKIE KENNEDY

by

Lennox

Raphael

Tired of the blind sycophancy of the dailies, Mrs. Kennedy agreed to meet with someone from a paper being read by people with the power to keep Bobby out of the White House.

"She is available ten minutes," said the contact, a shrewd mover. He took me to the midtown apartment of a friend.

He kept expecting me to disbelieve him.

Furies ruled my mind as I waited for her. Perhaps I expected her presence to be stifling. I had spoken to astrologer Rod Chase who said she was Leo with Scorpio Rising like Napoleon, monster lion, Venus being ruler of her house of marriage in Gemini, very warm love nature, receptive mind, and just as ruthless & loving as Bobby.

I had been waiting no more than three minutes when she came in.

"Welcome," she said, extending a tight grip. "So difficult to be ontime these days."

She who enjoys the freak loves of dreaming was Marc Bohan's plus belle Berber: evening organdy, rimmed extravagantly with coral and gold embroidery, Moroccan belt of gold chains and medallions — so wide it enclosed the ribcage, white organdy dress, Le De Givenchy, the most unmistakable perfume in the world, turban and organdy and two chignons en boule, a touch of baraka on her forehead. The evening cool was reflected in her natural seethru lipstick. She was her willowy best.

"Beautiful day," I said, a weakening with famous people when they turn out to be in fact very natural, and glad to be able to let their minds down for a while.

"Spring weather excites me," she said.

"You shall miss this when you go to England," I said, more for lack of a smarter thing to say, or from fright, I couldn't go wrong.

"I'm not saying a crazy thing, dear," she said, I knew she was about to be very tolerant, leaving me some room to hit my head. "Don't take me very seriously," she added, helpfully. Which put me uptight for a minute. She was being very foxy.

"Do you plan to campaign for Bobby?" I asked.

"Of course. All my time. I am excited by Bobby's lunge after that beast."

She was very open, and bared her teeth. She had spent 15 minutes before the mirror after her last trip, and saw new wrinkles.

She blushed. "Your beauty is imperishable," I said, to reassure her. She smiled.

"The underground press is a gas," she laughed. "Is that what you say? Gas?"

"I love the EVO. Poor Paranoids Almanac is my favorite column, next to Walter Lippman's," she laughed.

"Doris Lilly annoys me," she said and whipped out a clipping from her gold lame pocketbook.

Party Line

THOSE RUMORS ABOUT JACKIE

Doris Lilly

The rumors are flying. If the second-guessers had anything to say about it, Jacqueline Kennedy and Lord Harlech would be married tomorrow in Bermuda, Saturday in Nassau, during a skiing trip, to Montreal or over the weekend in London. Take your choice. Even yesterday's denial by Mrs. Kennedy's office isn't stopping the talk. Our guess is that if the lady decides to take a husband she will make the announcement.

Even friends of Mrs. Kennedy can't get together. One says, "Jackie would never marry a man she doesn't love." Another confides, "I don't see how she could help but be in love with Harlech. He's a charmer.

He's witty, urbane, sexy, delicious, offers everything and could fit into any situation. If she were going to marry she would marry Lord Harlech."

The truth is, the people who love Mrs. Kennedy want her to get married and, like solicitous parents, are pushing things. They would like to see her settled with a husband.

"Don't be a party to this," she said. "Decadence is the soil of rumor."

She turned to gaze at the trees in Central Park. Hers is the age when the face starts to fall apart at the seams but she was in control, skin tight under glint of pale warring oyster tint and green. I knew there were those who felt (feel) that her rebellious wanting to rush from widowy forced Bobby to take on McCarthy & LBJ at the same time. She wanted to marry, to be free of the belt. Bobby wanted her to wait until he recaptured the White House.

"Sex is a cynical form of capitalism," she said after convincing me that Bobby's left profile approximated Jack's, and dropped a hint that she would do it in sixtynine. Marriage. Couldn't wait for seventy-two. "We are indeed in a sorry state if the fate of a major politician lies in a crotch."

The street is love and death where fate collides with question and answer, anger stalks the silence of her agony.

I was taken aback, distressed by the sudden hardness in her voice.

"These are trying times for widows," she said, as though hastening to assure me that she was being normal, not paranoid, "But death has her naked eyes seeing into future and past."

A little earlier she had reminded that, "Masks represent the inner faces of a person."

She had just returned from a long trip, and felt good. Her skin, what little was bared, was the refreshing charm of Mexican sun.

"I bought John-John a slingshot," she said, "I am delighted with the way I feel. No question about that. Mexico was beautiful. We saw the ruins of Uxmal and Palenque. Yes, fun. I walked among the Mayan ruins of Chichen-Itza and the sacred well once used for, imagine!, human sacrifice."

"We have come a long way — to forget our present barbarities for a moment."

Did she love Mexican rivers?

"Yes, I almost forgot. I enjoyed that dip in El Baño de la Reina near the Palenque ruins."

When exactly would she marry Lord Harlech?

"No comment," she said, gentle touch of strain on her widowed brow rebuked any attempt to abuse her privacy & grief.

I thought of we Americans. Expect her to gallivant about in black chastity belts, like a nunetity. But every public figure has an underground weakness: pot, publicity or paranoia.

"Shave Bobby!" she laughed at the idea for a sticker, the idea turned to the frolic of her starved wrinkles. "Shave Bobby! The best idea since fingerprints."

Her answers were straight, except where she thought one tended to distort illusion, at her expense. Very definite sense of power in her obliqueness. Queried about her distinctive taste in luggage, she said, "You don't look like everybody else. Why should your luggage?"

She wanted to marry Lord Harlech on Washington's Birthday. He was Ambassador to Washington during her husband's rule. His wife was killed in an automobile accident last May 31, and Mrs. Kennedy flew to London for the funeral. Partnership rumors started when he accompanied her to Cambodia, always the ruins to connect the mystery, and they were guests at John Hay (when the sun shines) Whitney plantation in Georgia last month.

Suddenly time was up.

"You must come again," she said and walked out of the room looking back, I thought of the questions left unasked by my timidity.

I waved.





by Lennox Raphael

It has come to pass. Bobby climbed into bed last Saturday. The spermovie thickens. Lady Vagina moistures, Malboro doesn't deserve this. Bad politicians snort whipcream.

PART III

But, lest we forget, Johnson is a good politician; too good, too crafty, overgood, ripening, rotting, and people who once praised him for this are now clouding the issues (and hoping to win) by discussing his personality — something he was wise enough to predict when he said, in the State of the Union Message to Congress on January 8, 1964, that "in his (Kennedy's) memory today, I especially ask all members of my own political faith, in this election year, to put your country ahead of your party and to always debate principles: never debate personalities."

Spooed to death

He is Zorba without his Greekness, and television has destroyed him as a hero, in the very same way it made one of JFK and cut Nixon down to viewing size as though perhaps to let him know he was not beautiful enough to be made larger than life; meaning that compared to Kennedy he was without sex, incapable of orgasm suggestion. And what is this sex but an illusion of dreams, sex without a conscious and galloping arrival, backroom political sex, tvensored sex whose whispers are never overheard by the kids.

We know of the famous Nixon-Kennedy debates of 1960 which saw the maturing of the political role of television, where the candidates were forced to look good, or to so attempt, which convinced Americans that it would be more sophisticated to have a friend instead of a father in the house.

General Nixon General hoped to capitalize on his "appearance of experience," but he LOST; and many who had been prepared to support him ended up by feeling sorry for him, a compassion that then sought to deny him fulfillment.

"Everytime we get those two fellows on the screen side by side," J Leonard Reinsch, "Kennedy's TV Maestro" is quoted as saying in Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President 1960*, "every time we get those two fellows on the screen side by side we're going

to gain, and he's going to lose."

And he lost out on those debates because of deepset shadows in his face, incorrect jaw, jowls, his sweat-creased Lazy Shave power (and his left profile was damaging) and . . . you have to throw up your arms, for Chrissakes, he was sweating in everybody's bed.

One felt too that JFK was lonely; that among the hardened, the scimpy, the lobbyists of violence and death, that among the public dogooders of nothing he was the outsider weighed down by the role of man of his times, but far from conquered by this mantle of his auspicious loneliness.

Nixon walked with loneliness too, but his was one of nerves, preoccupation and fear (of wanting too much) while Kennedy's was spirit, animal silence claws greed, and you did not have to be told to keep your distance, you kept yourself hidden in your eyes; and one was lauded for being outcast from the mirror; and one enjoyed this, and did not begrudge him the privilege.

"Kennedy," White says, "evoked an excitement, a response to personality. Nixon held his crowd earnestly together in a sober, intent frowning mass."

And reflect now on Robert Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson: or Robert Kennedy vs anyone in this country — Humphrey, Rockefeller, Reagan, Lindsay, Percy, Brooke: substitutes destined to pale dimly in the presence of the King.

Robert K. vs anyone but J. K.

Lending collaboration to the aged and wise youthfulness of Frost, Carl Sandburg, in his foreword to *To Turn the Tide*, (a 1962 compilation of JFK's statements) swings with the "measured passion" of his words and vision. "If he says nothing, there are those of us who are sure he will speak in the future at the precise hour when his words will count while others are sure that either his silence is significant and connects with his ignorance and vacillation or he is holding back and keeping secret important matters he should be telling the country about." Complete trust in the public kiss.

And, "We could go on and on quoting from pages herein dealing with dark crossroads, pages sometimes having bursts of light and hope and always the composure that goes with true courage . . ."

For, "Plainly he has humility, scruples, care and anxiety about what he thinks, writes and says, hoping to mislead no one, hoping his words will stand up and make sense and perhaps wis-

doom for his own time and later times."

And, "When our generation has passed away, when the tongues of praise and comment now speaking have turned to a cold dumb dust, it will be written that John F. Kennedy walked with the American people in their vast diversity and gave them all he had toward their moving on into new phases of their great human adventure."

Now, Sandburg would not say such sweet political things about the Present King.

For it was Kennedy who made the old feel young and the young feel wanted; it was John Fitzgerald Kennedy who stepped on their heels so they could have his visions; he who replenished their adrenalin and warned them that they too were courageous and surely capable of finer greatness; and that even of their ugliness they must be proud because ugliness tempered with style, warmth and passion can also be used by men who would otherwise feel they are incapable of giving, and are not wanted by the people, or by the world community of ideas, a community really at large from itself. The Man led and they followed.

Kennedy was macho (vigorously masculine), with soul. Women wanted to go to bed with him; men wanted to argue with him, to question his mind, perhaps to see whether, behind the gloss, it was another Great American Put On, coming from the White House this time; and women did not try simply to shake his hands; they wanted to touch him, caress the inside of his hands, masturbate his life lines; fighting to bask in an imaginary breathing, this invisible breath hot on their necks, and thirsting for him uncontrollably when it became known that his back was not too strong; they didn't care now that he couldn't go more than one round; they still loved him, still cherished the promise of the flesh.

And, among other things, the flesh promised the dream of an essential lay of the demon gallop to the one most perfect realization of a personal god. Re the eternal search for vulnerable gods, the unenunciated flesh moulded in the insatiable energy (or perhaps image) of man. No twists. Man swings to safety on his mother's breasts, and is saved.

Kennedy! Kennedy! Kennedy — oh baby, baby, we are really talking 'bout Kennedy. The people and the idol. Two partners in bed, then out, then wanting

and not wanting, and hurting and hating and not wanting; but trapped and not knowing it, revelling in the fortune of the blind, so wanting, wanting, wanting, so wanting him to fill them up. Bringing-up Father with the holy staff.

Journalist Hugh Sidney (in *John F. Kennedy President*) speaks of the President elect.

"If Kennedy was not nervous, the country was. It knew him yet it did not know him. It wanted him, yet it did not want him."

Lover afraid or beloved; beloved flaunting promise of the flesh.

Today we have Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy (beloved) and the people (his lovers).

It knows him badly and wants him badly. Very very badly.

And now we have the lovers' anxiety. Feeling they do not deserve the continued presence of the ruling Substitute; they want what was closest to the King. It has always been, "The King is Dead, Long Live the King." But the successor must be an essential part of the deceased's magic.

The King must not diminish the King, must not seem envious of the King's magic.

Absence of penis-envy is demanded.

Everything is inferior to the orgasm. FEEL. Can you feel me, baby? Can you?

Yes, I can. But where are you at?

Let us review the "life and death" of the first affair, the one that caused passion to surface.

They were nervous; he was not; he could not be, would not allow himself to be; it would be alien to his pride, his style. And he was not about to delay his promise. He won, they won him; they grew new, waists encircled by his command to greatness.

He had them where he wanted them, and he knew what he had and what they wanted, and he knew he wasn't about to give it to them. For once they had it, this trigger, and they themselves would blow the dream, and leave him really lonely.

The passion became drowsy, eyes stumbling in the corrugated anguish of the flesh; rumors in the corridors of dreamful reality. They keep their distance, but only for a while; they try to gaze at him from a tightly curtained window while he pounds on the door; and, SUDDENLY, he is no more, no lover, no beloved, the gods play

(Continued on Page 19)

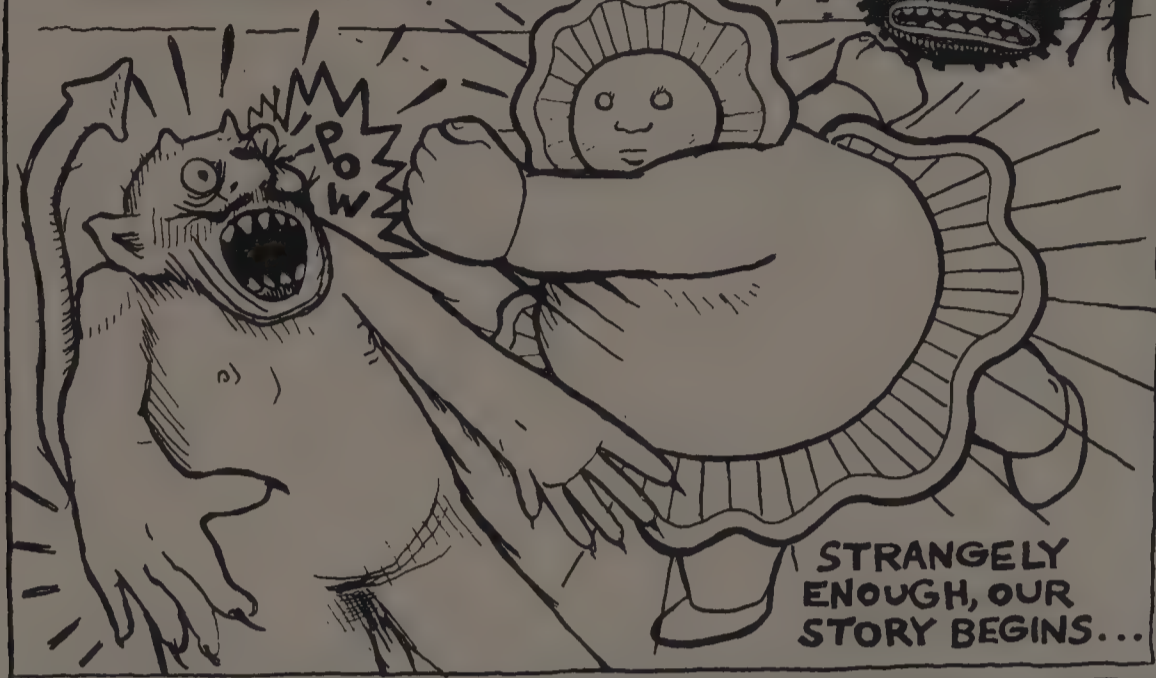
Sunshine Girl

BY KIM DEITCH

DAUGHTER OF GOD

SAVIOR OF MANKIND

WHAT'S THIS? SUNSHINE GIRL GIVING LUCIFER THE OLD ONE TWO? THE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION ALONG WITH OTHER AMAZING REVELATIONS, FOLLOW!



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IN AN EAST SIDE TENEMENT ON TENTH STREET, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN AVENUES B, AND C.



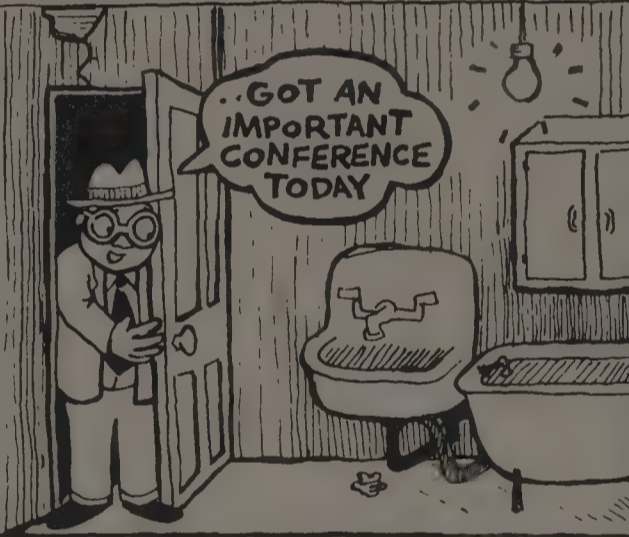
HERE IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF A LITTLE KNOWN OUTFIT CALLED, "THE SUNSHINE SENTINALS OF AMERICA."



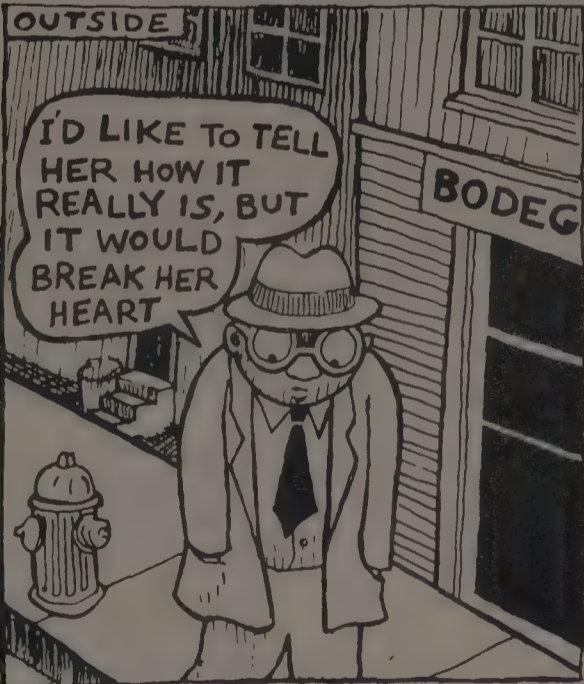
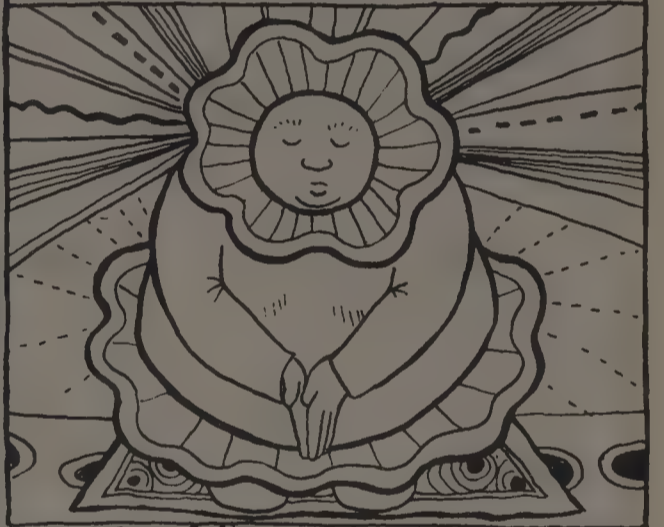
ACTUALLY, THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE. WE OPEN OUR TALE ON A TYPICAL MORNING. BILLY BUTTON,....



GRAND IMPERATOR OF THE SENTINALS, LEAVES FOR "WORK." BUT IT IS THE ORGANIZATION'S OTHER MEMBER,.....



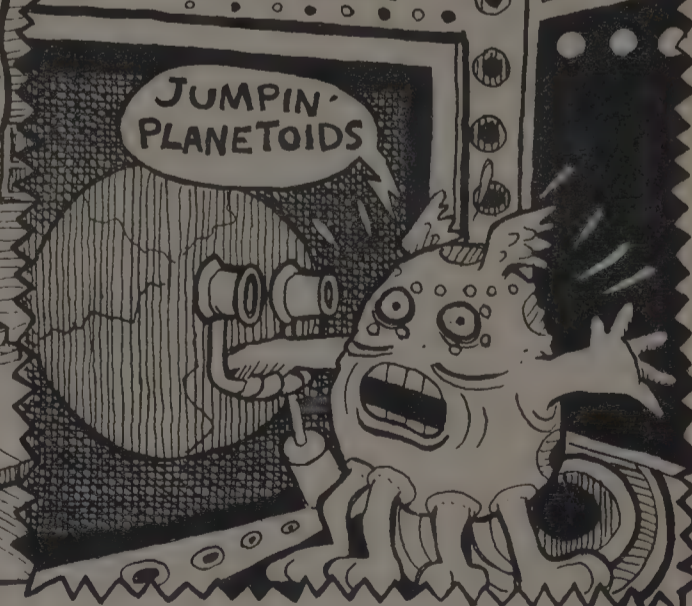
SUNSHINE GIRL, GOD'S OWN DAUGHTER, WHOSE VERY BEING IS THE TRUE ESSENCE OF THE SENTINAL'S MIGHT.



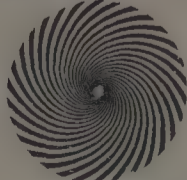
I TRIED TELLING FOLKS ABOUT SUNSHINE, BUT NOBODY WOULD ACCEPT IT. "TOO INCREDIBLE" THEY SAID, "TOO FANTASTIC." THE ONLY ONE WHO BELIEVES ME IS OLD MAN GRIMES, THE JANITOR, AT P.S. 403



BUT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, GALAXIES AWAY



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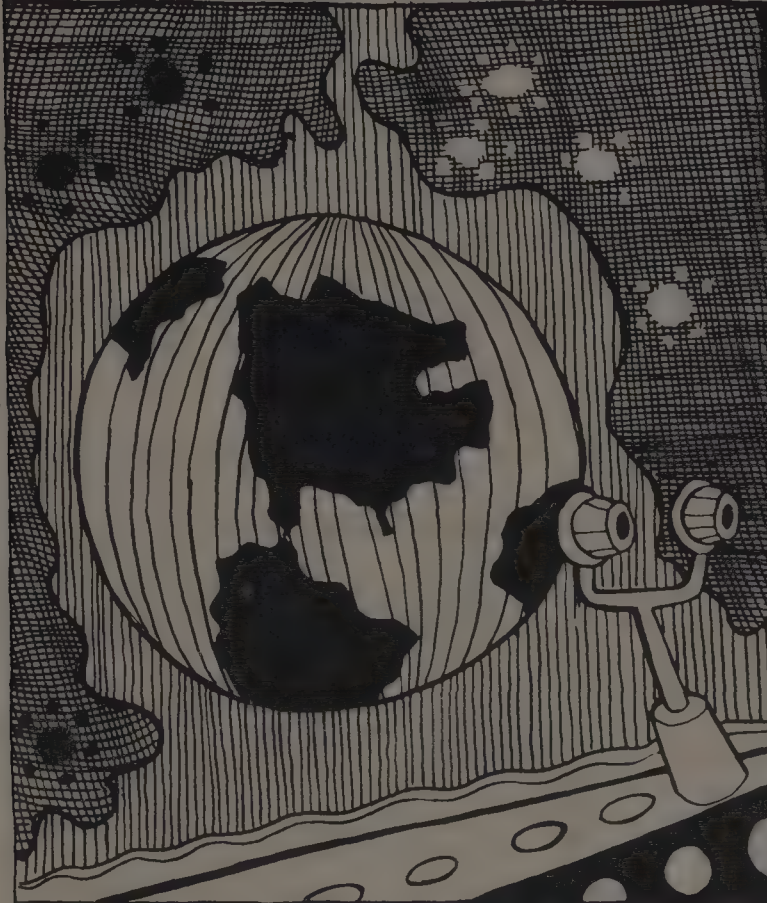


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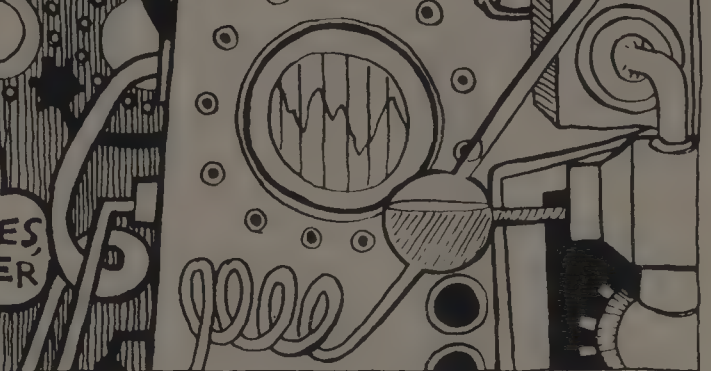
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IF THEY COLLIDE, ALL BUT THE TINIEST FORMS OF LIFE ON THAT PLANET, FACE CERTAIN DEATH!... BUT, DARE I TELL GOD?

HE IS SO CHANGED OF LATE, SO STRANGELY CYNICAL.

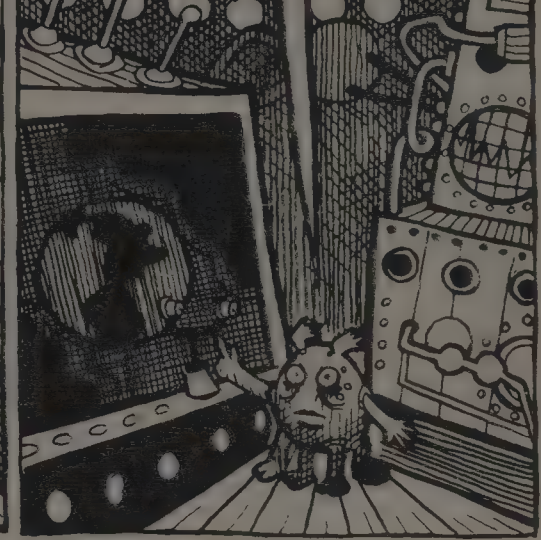
HA CRISPIAN
DO YOU NOT LIKE THE PRETTY DEATH FLOWERS THOSE FOOLS MAKE?



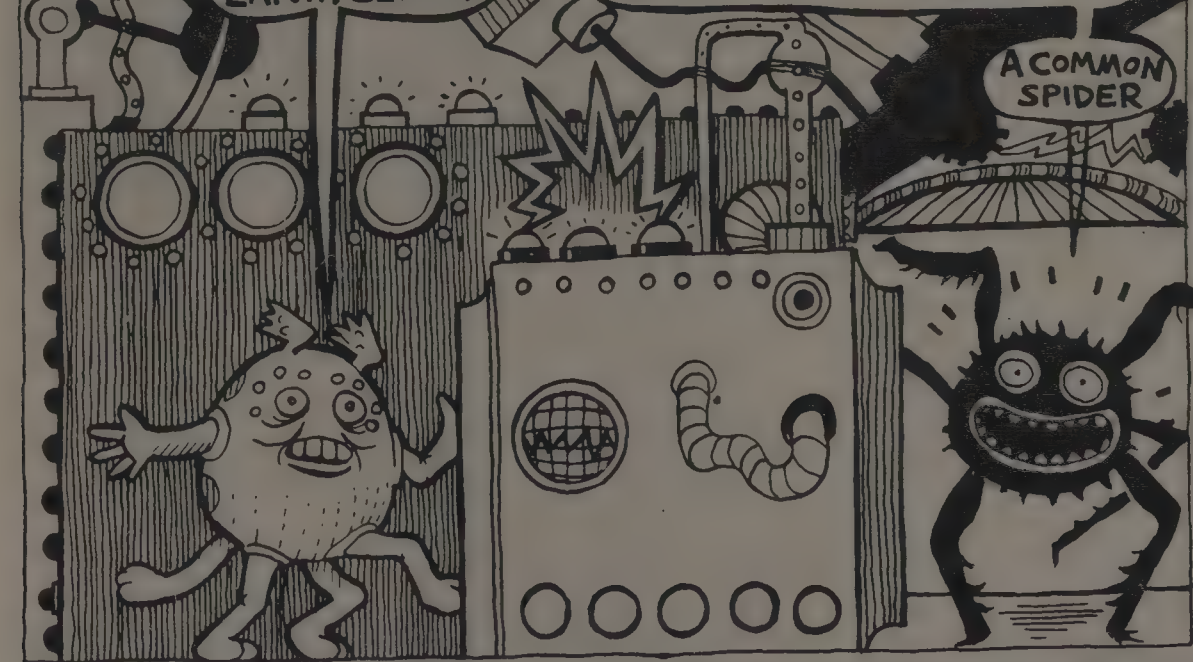
WERE IT NOT FOR EARTH'S PROTECTOR, SUNSHINE GIRL, I WOULD HOLD LITTLE HOPE FOR THAT SORRY WORLD.



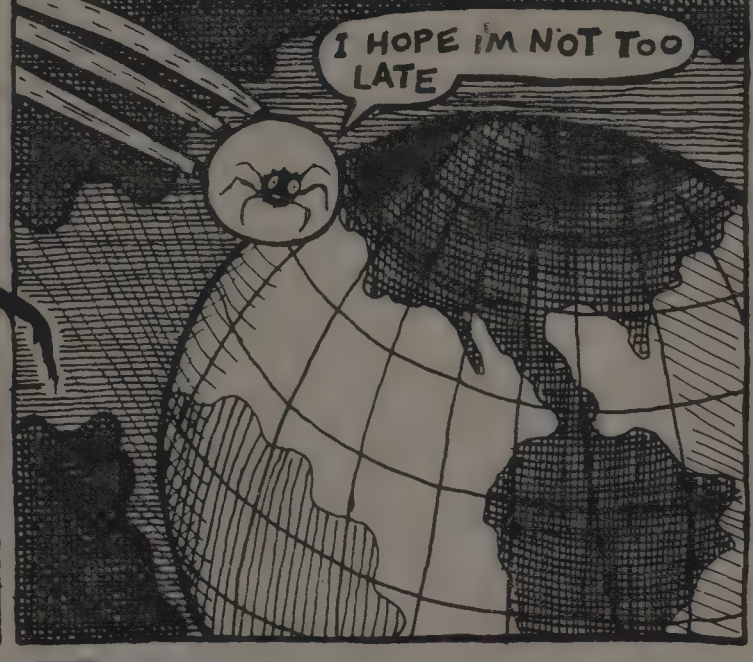
AND IT IS HER I SHALL TELL. SHE ALONE HAS COMPASSION ENOUGH FOR THE HAPLESS FOOLS SHE PROTECTS.



FOR YEARS I HAVE STUDIED EARTH BEINGS NOW MY BEING MOLECULAR CHANGING DEVICE WILL COSMICALLY ARRANGE ME INTO THE FORM OF AN EARTH BEING



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letters

(Continued from Page 2)

The only thing that puzzles me is why the fact wasn't brought out that all pot-heads must be Communists, since, as we all know instinctively, the subversive rats don't have the proper blind love for Mom, Apple Pie, God, President Johnson, The Vietnamese War, or (perish the thought) OUR SACRED FLAG!

We request that our names not be used in the event that you publish this letter, since we have all already been busted by the military, are awaiting discharge, and wish no further harassment by the Navy's Secret Police (ONI).

Dear EVO:

Fully aware of the psycho-sexual distortions fathered by Judeo-Christian "culture", I was, nevertheless, quite surprised to learn in the pages of your newspaper that males have been menstruating. I'd really appreciate it if you would interview some of them re: advantages and/or disadvantages of all them monthly changes. Maybe they could give us (non-males) some helpful hints.

When I read (Vol. 3, No. 12) the interview with Leary containing the phrase "menopausal" etc. "minds" (a reference to men) I chalked it up to Leary's reinforced, inherent ignorance. Anyone whose formative years were spent under the domination of; the Vatican's whores isn't usually able to think clearly in later life.

However, when I came across a similar statement (Vol. 3, No. 13) by Dick Gregory: "... menopausal old men" I realized this is a bit deeper than plain old Irish ignorance — some really big changes must be going on over there on your side of the street if two males from such different backgrounds could have used "menopausal" as an adjective in explicit references to men.

If such is the case, why not tell us all about it? If not, there are more than enough explicitly male adjectives: moronic, parasitic syphilitic, parietic, degenerate, just for openers, that are readily available for use in correctly characterizing puke old men.

Joan Caldwell,
New York, New York

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money

Happening." "But I can't, Walter," says Lucy, "I'll be pregnant in November." So what is this — wealth or a liability — a shrewd long term investment or just bills? In a primitive, non-monetized society a new child is a blessed event. He or she is a valued addition to the working force — a new hand to be used by the family — and insurance against old age. The value is very high. Primitive people could easily understand that a child is worth a lot of money. But they have never heard of money. In our society in the upper income groups a child represents one of those *recherches du temps perdu*. Yeah, everyone agrees that a child should be worth money but they think that's just pretty talk. Though our society is going primitive in a way. Ladies on relief have children to boost their incomes. For them a new child really does have cash value. But of course the Taxpayers Protective League complains. Still kids are needed for war—and despite automation for industry. So it's not just poetic to say that a new child could be a damn good investment. Or it could be a lousy investment—but for the most part, experience proves, a new kid is worth something.

But still it is a mystery why Lucy wants to be pregnant by November. Suppose it had been Stella—Stella would have wanted to be in the Happening, pregnancy has no immediate appeal for her—but then she wouldn't be like Lucy in a Happening. After all, a Happening is itself a mystery.

The problem of understanding money is associated with the problem of understanding mystery. Money can be conjured up the way they used to conjure ghosts and witches. Ghosts and witches existed when people believed in them. There are people now who are almost switches. People in whom one can see something strange and to this strangeness the name witch belongs.

No one now believes literally in witches though the witchlike quality is clearly evident. But people really do believe in money—more than they ever did.

People in modern societies wouldn't know what to do with gold except sell it and turn it into money. But nations aren't quite ready to go along as willingly with the fantasy as people are. There still is this haunting feeling that for a fantasy to be real it must somehow, now and then, turn into a reality that is touchable. Someone had to see the witch really riding the broomstick. If this can't really be done, then witchlike as she may be she can't be burned at the stake. She can be sent to Bellevue—go in a witch and come out a woman (we hope). People can believe in idle fantasies, in children's stories, but they can't believe in fantasies for themselves unless the fantasy can also be called real. The dollar makes a fantasy real in Hollywood. If people really thought that money was a fantasy they wouldn't believe in it any more than they now do in witches—but money can buy things and so it never occurs to them that it is. The well known financial experts, those who unlike Walter K. Gutman have written books and given speeches and who on an international scale participate in the creation of money, know this but they manage to shield themselves from their knowledge.

W.K.G. realized clearly back in 1933, when he spent a little time studying the matter and hoarded gold, that the essence of money is an expression of the human mystery—and also the mystery of the universe—the Einstein theory which says $E = MC^2$ — the combined capability of man and the universe and yet it is all a mystery: — the universe and man's capability of prying into it. Every time he lifts the lid of Pandora's box there is more money and more confusion.

Currency represents a nation—more than its flags. What is a nation? What makes 200 million people into a na-

tion? What unmakes a nation—well, what makes it sick? How sick? There's never a nation that is completely well—there's always an ache somewhere. It's over 100 years since this country was very, very sick. That was a very bad time for its currency. Some of its states formed a new nation and a new currency. They had damn little gold but they did have cotton. If the Confederacy had survived, the Confederate dollar with Texas in back of it might be a lot stronger than the U. S. dollar. But if the Confederacy had survived, it would have gone on the gold standard. Its leaders would have forgotten that the first solid, simple thing behind its currency was cotton. But was this really what was behind the Confederate money? Or was it Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, the Texas Brigade led by young J. B. Hood crashing through the Union line at Manassas Junction? When Pickett's charge failed at Gettysburg, there wasn't anything solid that could be put behind that currency. The cotton still grew, the people were there, but the nation and the money disappeared.

But people don't want money to disappear—not their money. Right now the U.S.A. is again faced with a monetary crisis. Never mind why—it's another historic moment in the history of our money and our nation. There are a lot of people who think our nation is pretty sick again. It certainly has some aches. But regardless there isn't the trust in the dollar that there was a few years back. Good old Charlie de Gaulle has aided the growth of mistrust. He has been exercising his legal right to prefer the reality of gold to the mystery of the dollar. Obviously there isn't nearly enough gold to satisfy everyone who may have the same feelings as Charlie. There's no reason why there should be. Gold is only one of the 92 elements. In many of our most prized industrial products quite a few elements are combined to make very large molecules. In ancient times gold

was one of the few elements which could be purified and manipulated industrially in a direct way. But those were the ancient days. There is really no good reason why the verification of the mystery of money—any nation's money—should depend on its conversion, when you have your doubts, into gold. But how are you going to verify it? What about nations which spend too much—or overextended themselves in some other way? Well, these are interesting days—the gold standard may be not far from its historic end. Silver was once a monetary standard—throughout history up to less than a hundred years ago. Silver is worth more now than then but it has nothing to do with money, any more than neon has. Congress has or will soon entirely end any statutory requirement for any gold backing for the dollar. Unless we chicken, the entire gold stock of the U.S.A. will be available for any nation that doesn't like the dollar. So the day may not be very far away when we'll have to think of money as what it really is without ever knowing precisely what it is. Playing with money, its manipulation by banking authorities, is like a poker game. It can be extraordinarily skillful, or just the opposite, or in between—but this doesn't mean that there have to be more than five cards. Still the mystery of poker is just the mystery of five cards. If you are interested in money, these are interesting times to take an interest in it.

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ARTHUR'S MANIFESTO

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

My name is Arthur Clokey; I am your Candid Candidate.

My Party is the Valentine Party; anyone with an open heart is invited to come to my Party. I will start the Party by opening my heart to you. First, many things have been bugging me for a long time. I can keep silent no longer....

I see my friends being put in jail for being honest and beautiful like Mohammed Ali, Dr. Spock, Huey Newton, Gridley Wright, etc....

I see my so-called representatives in government lying and dealing.

I see my Chief Executive prostituting that office with cunning pride.

I see the Peace Corps being distorted into a power tool.

I see the owners of industry manipulate our communications and news media so that Truth must resort to the Underground Press.

I see an unholy alliance between money and government diplomacy that is arousing the wrath of every nation on this globe.

I see all kinds of beautiful Americans labeled UnAmerican by Senile Delinquents sheltered by their position as members of Congress.

I see our President dealing with every crucial issue and preparing for every important decision behind "closed doors" in secrecy when the outcome involves my friends and is taking our lives.

I see millions of my brothers and sisters living in frustration and poverty because property values, investments, and profits must be undisturbed.

I see many of our large Christian Churches still actively and tacitly censoring the expressions of God's free people, in literature, news, drama, and government.

I see our children permitted to starve, get sick, see garbage on TV, go uneducated, and unloved in order to save dollars that can be spent on gas-eating, smog-making monster cars, guns, missiles, napalm, jets, and nuclear carriers.

I see my government sheltering the worst criminals of this century—the men who plotted the assassination of the best loved leader of this century.

I see many of my friends confused and afraid of the wrong things because their brothers who are responsible for broadcasting the facts fully are still thinking more of money than of human beings.

I see too many Americans still think and live and die as though money were more fun than people.

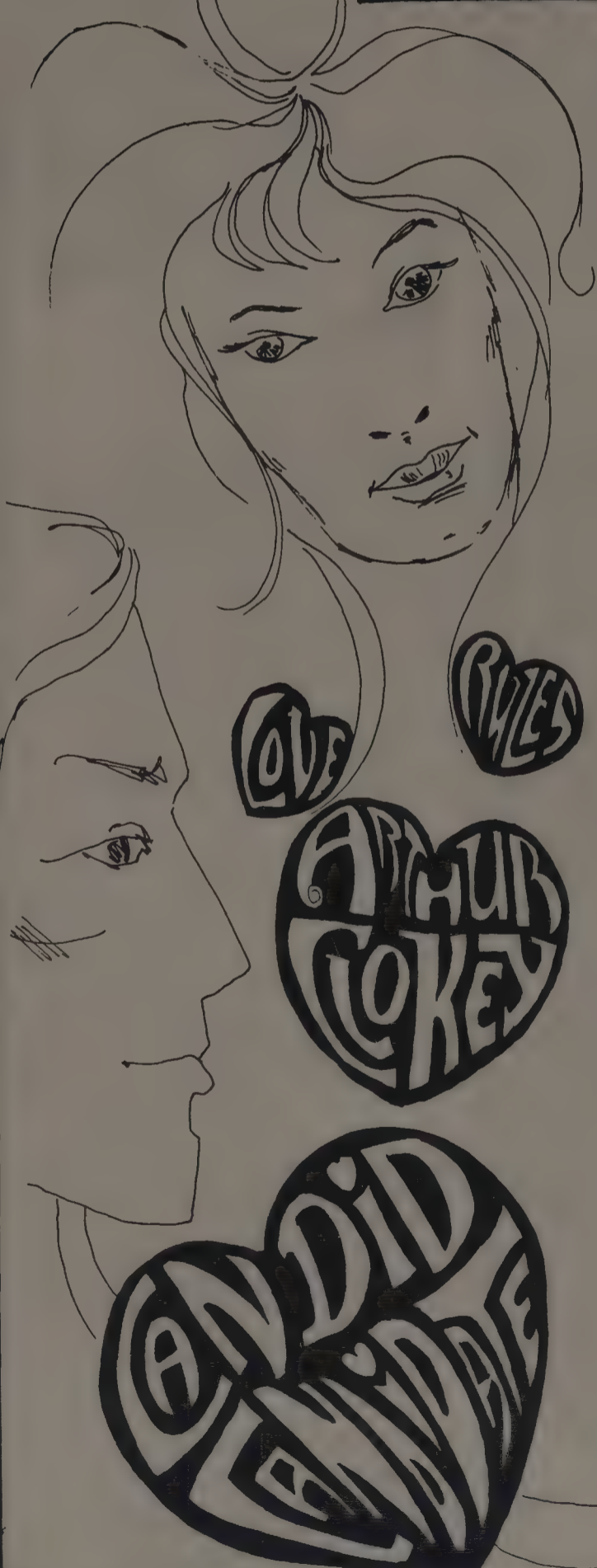
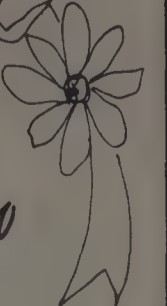
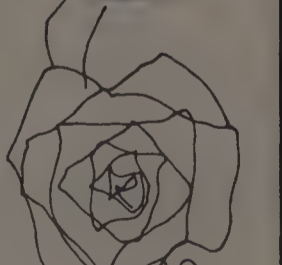
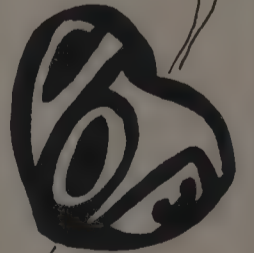
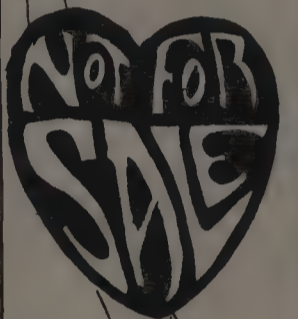
People are more fun than anything. I know that a majority of my fellow citizens feel this way. But they have been so misinformed and intimidated with lies they are frightened and disunited. Thanks to the manipulations of Government, Merchants, and Churches the true majority of our citizens hardly ever have a voice in the vital issues that involve real changes for the improvement of our lives.

I now resolve that the voice of reason will be heard throughout this land. I wear this helmet as an expression of my determination that the Manipulators shall not frighten, or deter, me with their bullying and brutality. I am drawing the battle lines here on the home front knowing that Vietnam is merely a diversion. I am not for sale, Truth is not for sale, the United States of America is not for sale, and the world is not for sale.

I now call on all fellow citizens whose hearts are open and not for sale to be my Valentine and join with me to give this failing nation of ours a gigantic New Heart, not just another transplant! Let us start by getting acquainted next week.

AU REVOIR!

Arthur



malboro

their games too, he is gone, black arm-bands and sad memories in the flourishing wilderness; and they thought they had the killer, and before they could kill this thought the supposed killer was dead, and there was finally no one to bear their guilt up calvary; but they were cleansed, happy, blood screens over their dreams, wet nightmares.

The nonhero avenges the hero, and millions realize they have pulled a trigger too, and there was at last more than one Ruby at the head of the cross; and there was mourning across the land, and the beloved was partly revenged; but they knew they were guilty, that anyone of them could have pulled the trigger to absolute enduring orgasm, and they were ready to repress the gift outright and allow Big Daddy to tend the house while they straddled their guilt in private comments of the flesh.

And President Johnson said (at a Joint Session of Congress, Nov. 27, 63) that "Kennedy's death commands what his live conveyed — that America move forward."

But they were soon to ask themselves who was better shaped to stimulate this "move forward."

Move forward as opposed to move over. Or under.

But they were silent then, largely silent still, and they promised to stay away from any marriage until they could be sure of their own magic. Of their dominant role.

Big Daddy was placed there to secure the house, to guard Augustan spoils, and, more important, to be Father Good, but the pulse beat changed once they, the very architects of his ascension and reign, started seeing him as willing father, which completely destroyed his chances of being any sort of sexual hero, and with a jarring suddenness, he was OUT.

Ritual of the compulsive madness to be daring when nobody wins.

Positive aspects of his personality and program diminished by the new and insurgent need to expiate their guilt at his political expense: everyone's sexual hangup worked out at his historical expense; and people refuse to be pleased; he is blamed for trying to please them; no trust in him; no position satisfies, every caress collides with loathing; they think he is using them, instead of, like the departed King, swinging in advance tune to their madness; and they can convince themselves that JFK brought more of substance than stance into their bedrooms, moved them with the charm and rawness of his drive, caused them to cry out for joy, screaming come.

And the Father is drawn to the Dragon that spits fire at his effort to be alluring in a bathrobe.

They will not let him win.

They want to crown Robert their King.

They want someone who looks good with scepter in hand.

They are watering for the thrill. And they are nervous.

They would like to see the dance of the ego. NOW. In 68.

Hungry, they will not be filled, and filled they will have hunger.

They want Robert Kennedy to do things for them, to accommodate their outlandish dreams. But they do not want him to be nervous; they want him as he is, a man of unruffled arrogance, as leading man, the shadow that acts; they want him with their Trading Stamps; and he knows they want him now, but he will wait.

And they ask, Is he ready to live so we may have our love again?

Will he, Lord?

Truman and Eisenhower (like Khrushchev and Johnson) were men filled with proletarian excellence, good wine, but they were not leading men (and I wanted to write men) and could not be Grants and Brandos; and their real excellence was to know the limitations of their visual comedy.

But Johnson has not been as lucky as Truman and Eisenhower. They did not have to contend with TV, and were not in purposeful love with the medium.

His style is alien to the new feeling, the new thrust.

He is too slow on the draw. And his detractors would not even be satisfied if he were to appear nature bald on national television at prime time.

They would hate him more.

The son recoils from the sagging flesh and hates having to do this, but finds himself loving to do it.

Truman and Eisenhower knew they could never win Oscars while Johnson continues to bludgeon for one.

But then perhaps his main crime is that he was not made for charming scandal, and his only mistake was when he missed out on grabbing Robert Kennedy for VP in 64; that he did not confront his mirror properly; was not hip to using him as a tail that would, by policy, be forced to applaud his ungainly moods or stay silent and rot.

The President is macho, but not the macho the country needs, looks for, demands; not the macho of gallant destruction, love distant and warm; his is the macho of power, but power stripped of the foreskin that makes it pleasant, power that does not titillate the powerless, power that is cut off from their reveries; power that summons the real King from a not too distant land of memories.

He's okay. But the people want their President to look good on a sweatshirt.

FEEL?

Centuries of circumcision have subverted Jewish pricks.

(Written
October '66,
Tetuan, Morocco)

END

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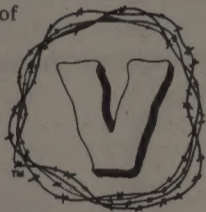
—America's first real hate group. Our hate list is a mile long. We hate bosses, workers, mothers, fathers, wives, husbands, friends, enemies, jobs, hippies, squares, Russia, Afghanistan, jazz, war, peace, and even ourselves.

Naturally, we hate to have you join our select circle. But you'll probably want to, anyway. Since we also hate to give anything away, membership benefits are minimal. Nevertheless, you'll be entitled to write us all the hate letters you wish—no limit. Instead of bottling up your hostility, you can pour out your venom fully and freely. You may even feel better for it. And it's cheaper than a head-shrinker.

Worse yet, there's the unlikely possibility that your letters may be reprinted in our sporadically-published magazine, circulated privately to members. You'll receive a membership card that announces your dubious affiliation. Plus a lapel pin that proclaims it.

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mc carthy

(Continued from Page 3)

something.

SUNDAY — The Wayfarer has become a desert to frenzied people. Now the entire wing is full of McCarthy people bumping into one another. The press secretary yells. His assistant yells. I still want to go home. It's like a bad trip at summer camp. But fascination keeps me there. We watch a report of the campaign on the television act. It's a mixed report, gobbling facts and saying nothing of import. Then we get 10 minutes of BBC TV's coverage of the campaign. It begins with footage of a soldier killed in Vietnam. He's being buried in the snow, in Exeter, New Hampshire (we were there the other day). His seventeen year old wife and 10 month old son survive him. The British intercut statements by Lyndon Johnson with the soundtrack as the coffin is lowered. They make it as unreal as it really is. Bravo, hallucination!

MONDAY — Lost to memory and lab work.

TUESDAY — A special press room has been set up for the returns. Wire services have teletype machines, rows of tables with phones are put in for reporters to work with. The madness takes on a holiday aspect. You still haven't had any sleep, but it doesn't matter any more. They set up a speaking platform, charts, tables and phones in another room where the returns will be coming in. TV cameras. Lights.

Knots of young people and the press. I sneak time for dinner hoping I won't miss the action. At nine o'clock the percentages are good. The Senator makes a short speech and retires. Waiting. Television crews bumping into one another. But the media people are generally friendly and good to work with. The word is whispered that the Senator is coming at 11:45. Suddenly the room is crawling with photographers and camera men. The Senator makes his victory speech. The kids go wild. I can't believe it. 42 percent. God, I'm tired. It's over. I'm fantastically happy, but I can't feel a thing. Blue eyes knocks them over. His obvious sincerity reaches them. He talks about Vietnam, the credibility gap. He is a real plus to the campaign, Hud, Cool Hand Luke, straight, like it is. His composure through all the changes isn't quite as good as Mary McCarthy's, perhaps because his nature is more emotional.

SATURDAY — An airplane ride. Claremont. Lebanon. Rochester and Dover I'm riding with Paul Newman and several other people in a private six-seater. Again with no sleep I fumble through a day I wished had never dawned. Button pinning and handshaking in supermarkets and Woolworths, soap box speeches, great walks down the center of Main Street escorted by a friendly cop a la James Stewart. I'm so tired I'm occasionally shooting without film in my one remaining camera. The day fuzzes along to a close with the news that Tony Randall was "advised" to leave town. A fight or

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chicago

(Continued from Page 9)

thanks and apologies. He went all the way with me on it, even though when it didn't come off, he couldn't explain why. I hope Tim Leary has better luck this summer. Ebert, as film critic for the Tribune, has also helped attendance at Aardvark and the Second City Film Center.

Station WSDM has now become the hippest jazz radio noise in town. THE MOLEHOLE lives and is growing. The 3 act comedy Continued From Page Four still hasn't found a producer, anywhere. Adlai Stevenson III now knows that the Democratic Chicago machine doesn't want a man of integrity and honesty, merely yes men. Their loss. And we'll be watching for our favorite boy, Don Stroup, after they have finished shooting "The Monitors" here. Resist, the film-makers' newsletter, continues to come out of the Hyde Park Art Center every month or so. Aaron Russo's Electric Theater is completely out of sight. And yes, mother, The Sexual Freedom League now has a chapter here.

We're wondering, after a fashion, which of our town's underground film-makers will be the first one to put Michael McClure's THE BEARD on film. It's got to happen sooner or later. The play can't stay in California forever. On May 29th Chicago City Players ends its 67-68 season with Landford Wilson's The Rimers of Eldritch at Baird Hall Theatre. Personally, I rather it ended with an all Judy Jonassen night.

With thousands of tribe members zooming into town to make preparation for August, nobody, including me, has come up with an answer to THE question: Where the hell will the crash pads be? A farm won't be large enough.

To everyone's surprise, Jay Lynch actually did come out with a second edition of his underground Chicago Mirror magazine. Along with a rejection slip, which accompanied my South Shore and The Green Beret, he informed me that Mirror would now print only satire. And, believe it or not, he's done it!

Yipee! The novel Underground Zero, based on the hippy and velvet undergrounds of Chicago, will be in print-somewhere around next February. But what year, nobody knows. Next February of '70? The Hyde Park Herald

berlin

(Continued from Page 9)

number of reporters who could attend . . . It was at first maintained that only twelve reporters could be present and that these must be all West Berliners who were regularly accredited as court reporters. This was then broadened to allow another six reporters from West Germany. On the first day of the trial the reporter for the Underground press was told that there was no chance of his getting in. Then panic set in, as a secretary from the Court Press Office was sent scouring the building to find this same reporter and offer him a press pass. This possibly happened due to a confusion of names between International Times (Underground) and The Times, both of London. No other foreign correspondent has thusfar been present at this trial. More will be reported later.

Concerning the explosion of the molotov cocktail within the halls of justice, there is thusfar no evidence to show that it was or was not connected with the trial or with other student grievances. But this has not stopped the major sector of the German press from inferring that there is a connection. Time will tell.

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is still being published, although I don't know why. Its text says nothing. How can this actually be a Hyde Park paper? Maybe it's for this reason that VOICES, the other Hyde Park sheet, is making it.
 Spring is here, therefore sock it to me.

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(Continued from Page 8)

The Boston OM Theatre Workshop's documentary-environmental production "Riot" will be presented by the Radical Booking Agency in New York City late in April, following the group's current New England tour. The agency is also planning other New York productions in the U. S. this Summer and Fall.

The agency is now preparing a brochure giving detailed information about each group and its offerings. They need \$750 more to print and mail the brochure which will be mailed to 5000 organizations and individuals in the U. S.

They also need \$1000 to move ahead. At this writing, some of the participating groups have pledged cash advances, amounting to \$250, despite their relative poverty. The Drama Review has generously provided them with free office space.

Send as much as you can. Make checks payable to: RADICAL BOOKING AGENCY, and mail in c/o The Drama Review, 32 Washington Place, New York 10003, N. Y.

* * *

Come April 3 and L.I.U. Brooklyn Center (385 Flatbush Ave. Extension) will play host to one especially odd-ball construction in its show of Eleanor Antin's constructions and collages (FLOWER POWER). It's a "Blood of a Poet. Box" — a battered green slide box containing blood specimens of almost every poet who passed through the New York scene from Allen Ginsberg and Edwin Denby to myself and Ishmael Reed.

The "construction" took 3 years to complete — the box has room for 100 slides — and consists of the box along with the homemade extracting equipment — a Sewing Susan (the needles), absorbent cotton and alcohol (for disinfection) etc. Most of the poets went along with it amiably enough though there were exceptions. Tuli Kupferberg objected to disinfection. "Whattya got against germs? They gotta make a living." (A dirty needle was found). The magico-alchemical school was not only nervous but offended. Gerritt Lansing: "You don't believe in my blood." Others were simply chicken. Gerard Malanga: "Make it quick. I can't stand pain." Frank O'Hara, doubtlessly confusing it with Ed Sanders' pubic hair collection, offered sperm instead. Myths developed. "It's harder to get blood out of a junky than a stone." So some schools are better represented than others.

Biggest prize that got away — Pablo Neruda. The artist unprepared for his willingness met him over a dinner table, where he offered her a piece of celery as a consolation. The collection was completed with the revolutionary poet Howard Schulman Baboof who, according to Eleanor's count, should have been number 100. When she got home she found she had 101. She will not start a new box. "It's over and I'm glad," she said. "I've got other work too." Called (by her husband, poet and art critic, David Antin) "the gentle pornographer," some of the other works to be shown include Dream of Pauline Reage, Virgin Frieze, Groovy's Ghost etc. (The show runs from April 3-30 in LIU's 10th floor gallery.)

* * *

The police on the Lower East Side are doing their spring cleaning early this year. In the last two weeks 20 to 35 crash pads have been busted into and approximately 200 to 300 people have been arrested for draft violations, housing runaways, skipping probation or payroll, and possession of drugs.

Each of the arrests seem to bear the same procedure: There are no search warrants shown; the police walk into an apartment without identifying themselves (in these cases the doors are left open so the police walk right in). In any case the police are arresting people for any violations they can find.

The arrests have left bitter feelings among many of the different groups down here. Last Friday, March 15th, a demonstration to protest the harassment by the 9th Precinct was held at the 5th Street station house. Two hundred people, black, white and Puerto Rican, milled around and blocked off traffic. A bomb or large firecracker exploded on a 1st floor window and the crowd surged up Second Avenue, invaded the Electric Circus and St. Marks' stores chanting, garbaging, singing and screaming, "Long Hot Summer! Long Hot Summer! Move on over or we'll move on over you! Vida Junta O Muerto Junto!"

This past Tuesday, March 19th, at 7:00 p.m., the police again busted a communal pad at 248 East 5th on the 5th floor. Ten people were arrested for possession of narcotics. Three of them were minors; two fourteen year olds who were sent to Youth House and one twelve year old who was sent to Family Children's Court. The apartment, which was registered in the name of Kaplan, was a mess, everything thrown about and broken from the search that had been conducted. Again witnesses claimed no warrant was shown and the police walked in without identifying themselves.

In another case on the same day, the police arrested people at 297 E. 7th Street for illegal possession of weapons. A gun was found on the premises. The police were acting on information.

On St. Marks Place the police stopped an automobile filled with young people and found hypodermic needles.

Deputy Inspector Fink of the 9th Precinct stated that "There is no official drive by the police to clean up crash pads. In most cases policemen are acting on information about runaways and stroll in on an open apartment where people are shooting up."

When asked about the legality of entering apartments without search warrants, the Deputy Inspector replied, "No warrants were necessary under the search and seizure laws where the police have reason to believe a crime is being committed. Also sections of the Family Court laws require no warrant when a person is suspected of housing a runaway. In cases concerning narcotics on the premises, a search warrant has to be issued. In the past few days people were being arrested indirectly due to the fact that the police were trying to find associates of a Sherryl Wingate who had contracted Spinal Meningitis. In their search they have come across other illegal acts."

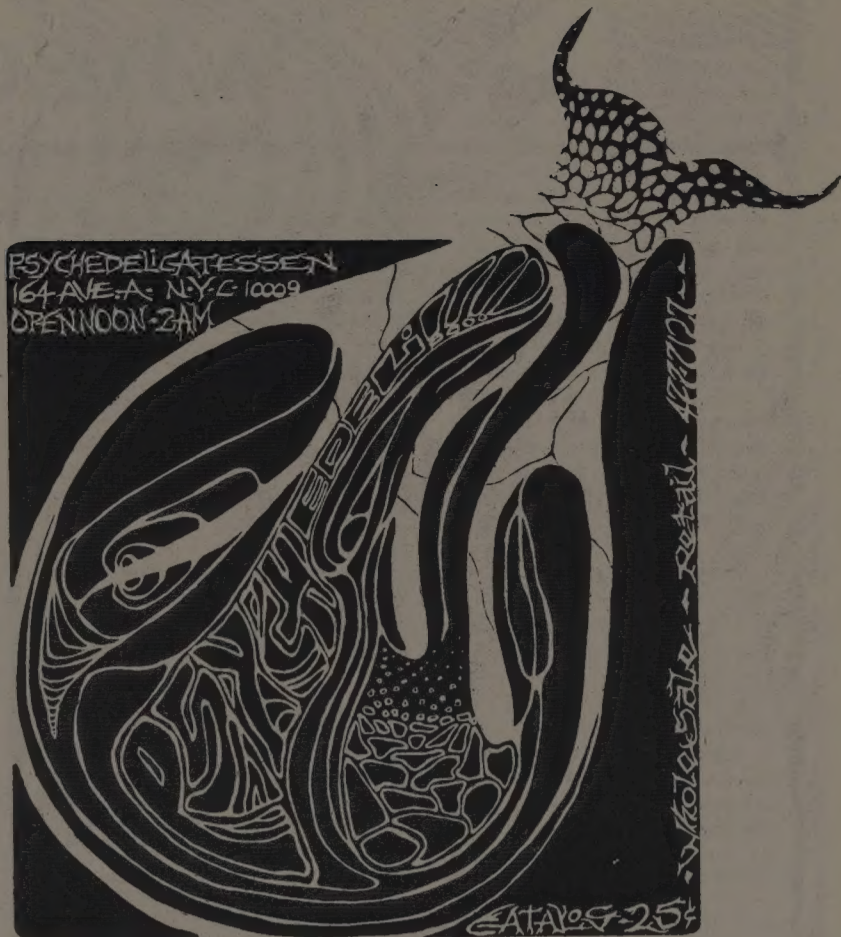
In any case, the busts go on, the tension builds and different groups are beginning to get uptight over it. In most incidents when the police enter the premises they are never asked by the occupants for a search warrant which must be produced upon request. If there is going to be a Long Hot Summer this year, it will be produced by ignorance of the Law on both sides.



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