

THE east village OMMER

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NOVEMBER

15 CENTS

Lower East Sider Burns for the Nation

The nation would have been less outraged had Lower East Sider David Miller burned himself instead of his draft card. Had he poured gasoline over his head and with Buddhist dedication set a match to himself and quietly burned to death, the nation would have called him crazy, the President would have missed the point and called him a beatnik-zen-buddhist. Instead David Miller burned his draft card and the bureaucracy of the nation was up in arms. "Sowing the seeds of treason," said Sen. Kuchel (R.Calif.). Press Secretary Moyers said Johnson expressed surprise that any citizen "would feel toward his country in a way not consistent with the national interest and (Miller was) giving our adversaries a false picture of what the people actually feel in this country." Democratic leader Mansfield said, "These people are undermining what the President is trying to do to bring about a negotiated settlement in Viet Nam. They are furnishing fodder to Hanoi and Peking. They are

showing a sense of utter irresponsibility."

Twenty-two year old David Miller was arrested by six FBI agents. He became the first person charged with violation of a law signed by Johnson on Aug. 30, which carries maximum penalties of \$10,000 and five years in prison for destroying a Selective Service System card. Friday, October 15, while spectators hooted and hurled eggs, Miller took part in an antidraft rally at which he said, "Napalming of villages in Viet Nam is an immoral act." Then he set fire to his draft card. At 8:36 a.m., Monday, FBI agents asked him to produce the document that all American men are required to carry. He didn't, and he was arrested.

The arrest occurred as the Justice Dept. began an inquiry into antidraft agitation around the nation. Attorney General Katzenbach said, "There are some Communists" in the movement which is organized, he said, to encourage young men to "beat the draft." Did he

cratic Society, the group spearheading the drive?

"By and large, no," said Katzenbach.

The incidents of draft card burning are becoming more frequent. These young people are aware of those accusations of "Communists." They are also aware that in mass marches like Oct. 15's on Fifth Ave., when the brave patriots of the Catholic War Veteran's and the American Legion threatened to fracture skulls with pipes wrapped in The Tablet and the flag, the non-Communist left is in danger of being engulfed. "We just have to take that risk," said Jim Forest, co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship. "We have to do this now. The war in Viet Nam is a terrible thing. We think it is better to burn draft cards than people, and the reason for all the noise right now is that we are having the dialogue about Viet Nam which did not take place before we went in there."

Ike Up Tight Over Beatniks



On his 75th birthday, October 14, former President Dwight D. Eisenhower confessed of being appalled at the beatnik element among the younger generation of America. He said he was both saddened and angered at the low estate into which old fashioned words like "patriotism" appear to have fallen in the eyes of young people.

The General's comments on the state of the nation and the world in general were made to the Herald Tribune reporter Richard Dougherty as they flew to New York from Ike's farm at Gettysburg, Pa. Eisenhower said he hoped for a "renaissance" in American life, among the young and nihilistic, as he talked of phenomena which "make me feel that the American I have known has gone completely out from under my feet."

"All this long hair, this lack of decorum, and look at the way they dress. I've always thought that sloppy dress was indicative of sloppy thinking," said the General.

"Some people say to me: 'Well, all right but what can we do about it? How can you treat this thing?' And I say: Well, maybe one way is to have the girls just turn their backs on boys like that. That might bring them around. But then you have to remember that some of the girls are just as bad—hair stringing down over their faces so they look like baboons. Disgusting."

"Even a worse sign of this, this moral decay which to me has many symptoms of the dying days of the Roman Empire, is the feeling toward their country. Just a few nights ago I saw a television show on

Cont'd on page 5

Repeal of Marijuana Prohibition Due

In the December issue of EVO: Why Marijuana Should NOT Be Legalized.

By Stephen W. Dangerfield

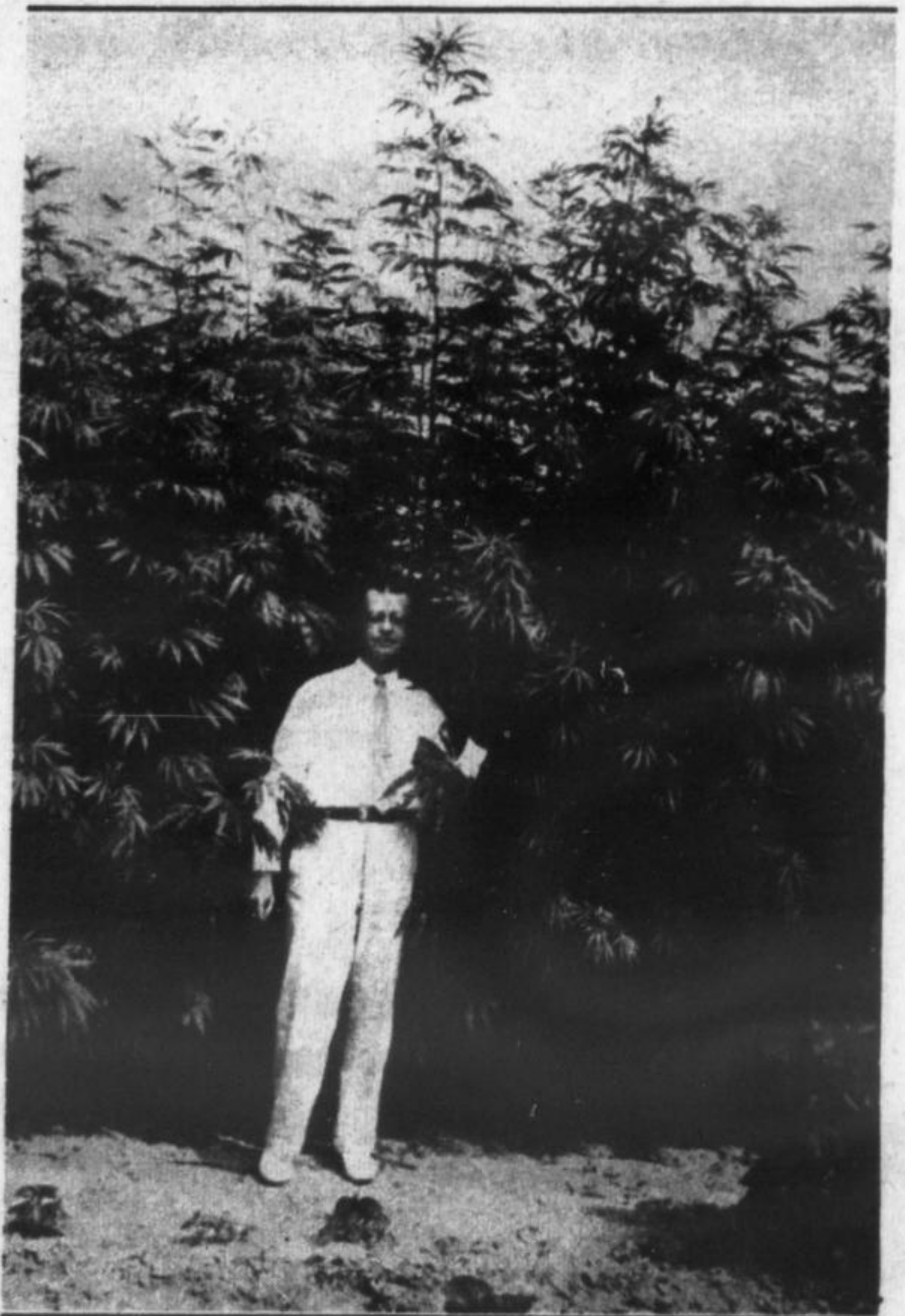
Public support for the legalizing of marijuana is growing. A dozen popular magazines and leading newspapers have carried pro-marijuana articles. There is an organization called LEMAR dedicated to organizing and instituting measures to institute through the courts and by public demonstrations a program toward hastening the legalization of marijuana. Government pressure is mounting, aimed at that organization and its members. But more and more people, especially the educated and successful, are turning from alcohol to marijuana, a less toxic form of inebriation which entails the breathing of smoke rather than the ingestion of a liquid and leaves no hangover or liver damage.

It is not a question of whether self-abuse is to be allowed, for we have self-abuse as a nationally established pastime: drinking liquor, smoking tobacco, driving fast cars and wrecking them, and a growing rate of suicide. There is simply the question of inebriate monopoly supported by the liquor industry and legislative stupidity, we have to deal with.

"Opiate addiction is a relatively small problem in the United States compared with tuberculosis, alcoholism and schizophrenia," said Dr. Harris Isbell, Director of Addiction Research Center, U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky. We may assume be-

marijuana "adicts" and Dr. Isbell's failure to mention it, that marijuana is not a problem at all. Why then are people going to jail for using it?

Ramon Pane, who sailed with Columbus, noticed that in Cuba the Indians used two types of snuff, one of which was tobacco snuff, and the other cohoba. It appears that it was not merely an accident that tobacco instead of cohoba was introduced to the West. One suspects that when the Indians came across the predatory white man, they came to the conclusion that they would give him the less potent of the two snuffs. This decision was a fortunate one for them because, later in South and Central America where the Indians introduced the white man to their own inebriate—peyoti—the white man's immediate response was to forbid it. It is characteristic that those activities in other cultures of which he does not approve, the white man bans as vices; but his own he spreads determinedly. So, in Latin America we saw the disappearance of the home-grown methods of altering psychic experience, and the imposition of the white man's method—alcohol, although there is not the slightest evidence that his own is either better, safer,



FULL-GROWN MARIJUANA SHOWING EXTREME HEIGHT OF THE PLANT

or more desirable than the Indian's method; rather the contrary seems to be the case.

The evidence before the Commission of Indian Hemp held by the British in the 1890's, in India, seemed to show that, on the whole, Indian hemp is less objectionable than alcohol. However, today in America there are more than 339,250,050 gallons of liquor and 97,961,000 barrels of beer produced while we consume

Cont'd on page 3

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed:

God damn it, what is this "East Village" Shit? Man, this is the Lower East Side. Get out of the Voice bag. Yours, a Lower East Side cat, Joe Forn

"Lower East Side" refers to the old time immigrants from Europe. "East Village" refers to the immigrants from the West Village. That doesn't mean we're in bags with voices.—ed.

Oct Something 65

Dear Ed:

Israel Young seems to be personifying his own ideals, hopes and dreams, and illusions, and finally disillusion, into a fictitious character he has mistaken for Bob Dylan. Dylan characterizes himself as a poet/singer (in print). He writes poem/songs; he sings them. This seems to me fairly straightforward and a good idea. Mr. Israel Young seems to feel that the word "Poet" includes in its vast definition "Moralist & Political Activist." Perhaps Dylan defines the word differently, and perhaps he even defines the phrase "Political Activist" differently, if he bothers to define phrases at all. In any case, Mr. Israel Young's hysterical finger-shaking admonitory and head-shaking cantorial rantings over Dylan's lost or sold-out soul would make an interesting chapter in "The God That Failed" but would seem to have little relevance to whatever he is talking about. Dylan is a singer, and a singer's occupation is singing. Get off his back.

Young says: "His voice now tells the true story of Bob Dylan. He screams from the bottomless pit and it is truly heart-rending. But it is like sharing something dirty. It is no longer in the open arena of life's possibilities and we mourn for it."

Those first two sentences seem to be describing exactly what a poet/singer would aspire to do, the third sentence is unbelievable, and the last sentence is wonderful, no doubt it was plagiarized from one of Bosley Crowther's denunciations of Godard, Resnais, Fellini or, etc.

Up the Revolution!
Ted Berrigan

Dear Ed:

We here at ABS greet with enthusiasm your witty, clever and graceful publication. We think it fills a need for the type of independent, community journalism long missing from American Life. We wish you much success and hope you will not be dismayed by the sometimes foolish pressures of those forces in the Establishment to whom an independent spirit is anathema.

Incidentally, we will provide to you on request much useful, informative information on our work and the Good News of the Word. WE supply to periodicals such features as a Bible Name Game, a How's your B.R.Q. and monthly releases on the work of the ABS at home and abroad. Please feel free to call on us if we can be of assistance.

Yours in Christ,
L. C. Schoenbuch
Publicity director

The American Bible Society

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Palm Beach
November 1, 1965

Good Evening:

As publisher of this newspaper, allow me to extend a hardy warm welcome to you up there of the Lower East Side from down here at Palm Beach. It is readers such as yourself that make the newspaper possible, and I am going to see to it that you are given a publication to be proud of.

Needless to say, I was absolutely shocked at the contents of the first issue, which arrived here by mail last Thursday. The article on pornography was in the poorest of taste, and some of the pictures were absolutely scandalous. I immediately chartered a plane and flew directly to New York that very day. Arriving at the Tompkins Park office by helicopter, I was further astonished to find the editors planning an article about narcotics in this, the very next issue. Of course I fired all the editors on the spot, ordered the article removed and in fact had it burned before I returned again to Palm Beach.

I trust you will enjoy the lovely article on poodle grooming that replaces it.

K. Jason Rushton IV

Other Editorial



East Villager Manages Jersey Newspaper

Ishmael Reed, East Village poet and writer, has for the past two months been the founder and managing editor of a New Jersey weekly, The Advance. On the front page of the first issue Mr. Reed published a photo of Mrs. Joyce Wells, and two of her three children with the headline "Mother Wages Lone Rent Battle," and a story telling how Mrs. Wells waged a rent strike against her landlord. To everyone's surprise Mrs. Wells was descended upon by numerous offers of assistance for clothing and better housing.

The Advance has been described by its critics as an "angry" newspaper and accused of shouting its emphatic message high over the heads of its readership which is predominately lower class Negro. We commend Mr. Reed for his fortitude and high standard of intrepid journalism. —The Editors

CITY GOVERNMENT: FRIEND OR FOE?

Most of the city's neighborhoods receive adequate enforcement of the building and housing codes. Ours does not.

Most of the city's streets are kept reasonably clean: the richer neighborhoods are kept very clean indeed. Ours are filthy.

Most of the city's voter registration places are run with a measure of efficiency. Ours are not. We witnessed a deliberate slowdown by the regular Democratic appointees in the firehouse campaign meant to enlist nonvoters in the most basic of political activities.

Our untended streets and buildings are a breeding place for crime, for disease, for giant rodents and for quick moving tenement fires.

There seems only one possible explanation: ours is a sloppy and corrupt city government. Collusion with individual landlords is certainly corrupt: and so is the buddy system with real estate lobbies. So is not enforcing the laws or neglecting to supply adequate police protection or sanitation services. It is a sloppy underestimation of the intelligence of the residents of this neighborhood to expect them to believe that the occasional policeman or inspector fired after one of those shoddy "cleanups" is the complete cause of all this huge mess.

And it seems the only way a person can be taken seriously around here is to claim he is a Communist or a Fascist.

EVERYONE INTERESTED IN THE FORMATION OF A LOWER EAST SIDE COUNCIL and/or CITIZENS COUNCIL CONTACT

The East Village Other
P.O. Box 571
Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y., N.Y.

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

THE POLITICS OF VISION

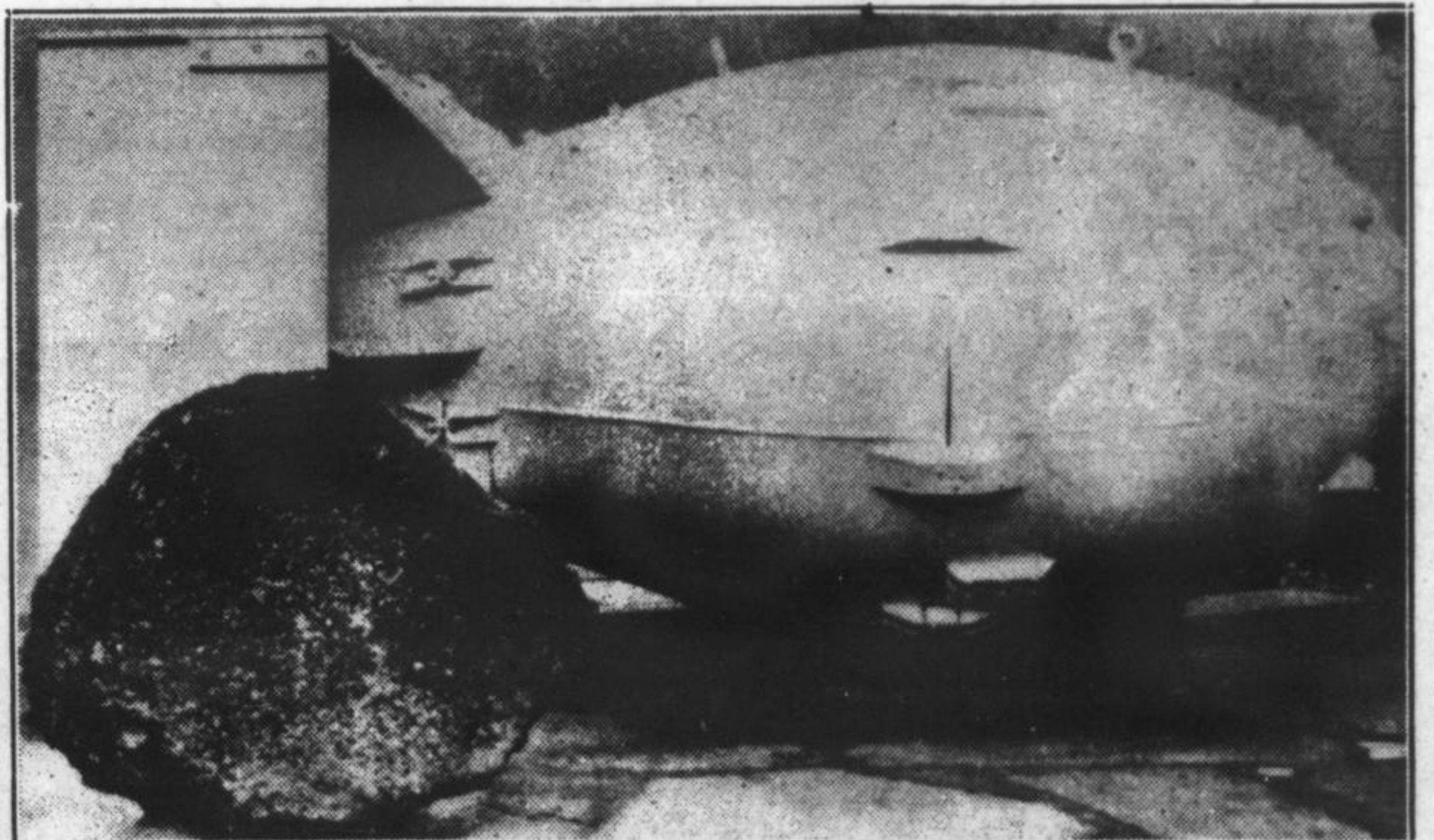
What happens when the truth collides head-on with reality? What happens, for example, when people, of whom the majority are not politically connected with any particular group, who are neither Communist or Birchite or any ism, who believe no system is worth fighting for which bases its survival on the destruction of others and who believe in an ultimate truth of "Thou shalt not kill", collides head on into a political system which is faced with the ultimate reality that in order to survive, to maintain and preserve itself, it must first destroy its enemies or be destroyed first, economically and eventually physically? What happens indeed? It is a question which is now partially being answered by the ghost of history present.

The present demonstrations, by Americans, against the war in Viet Nam coupled with the Antidraft demonstrations and the Government's concern over the rise in draft dodging (the largest in the history of the country) has caused the Government to pause and deliberate a choice. It may choose to ignore these handful of Americans, (two million perhaps) this minority of "imbeciles," or "Pests" who, to quote Senate Democratic Leader Mansfield, "are showing a sense of utter irresponsibility," or it may choose to eliminate them. (There are internment camps provided for by the second half of the McCarran Act and for which, as ex FBI agent Jack Levine has stated, "the extensive FBI investigations of hundreds of thousands of liberals and progressive people is in preparation for such a time of internment.")

The recent drive of the FBI and the House Un-American Activities Committee to search out the Communists in and behind the Peace Movement, has led to embarrassment. HUAC learned this expensive lesson when it tangled with the Women's Strike for Peace. They attacked the next largest institution to Sex and Money in this country: the American Housewife. HUAC's own Pop Art creation of American reality turned against it like some sort of monster, exposing it for the organization it is; incompetent, stupid and an anachronism of superstition. And these are the majority of people they will have to face again. On the other hand, President Johnson chose to ignore these people, as he did in August of this year when the Committee of Unrepresented People marched on Washington. And he chided them like little children as he did recently when he said that, "Even well-meaning demonstrators can become the victims of Communist exploitation."

But, "truth exists only as the individual produces it in action." For when a culture such as ours is caught in the profound convulsions of a transitional period, the individuals in that society understandably suffer spiritual and emotional upheavals; and finding that the accepted mores and ways of thought no longer yield security, they tend either to sink into dogmatism and conformity, giving up awareness, or are forced to strive for a heightened self-consciousness by which to become aware of their existence with new convictions and on a new basis.

It is the ghost of history past that speaks to us. "We live in a period of atoms, of atomic chaos, and out of this chaos shall arise with terrible apparition...the Nation State... and the hunt for happiness will never be greater than when it must be caught between today and tomorrow; because the day after tomorrow all hunting time may have come to an end altogether." We must choose, as the Government must choose, Truth or Reality. For in that choice lies the ghost of history to come. But we must remember Death has always been older than being born. For here we find set into motion the complicated mechanisms of perversion, self punishment of a torn conscience, and desire to destroy oneself at last, to destroy in order to make oneself innocent—in order still to escape the consequences of the evil one has done. It is the mystery of Suicide and the logic of Judas: It is the last temptation, the supreme Utopia.



First Nuclear Bomb

THE east village OTHER PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE JOINT PATAREALISM COLLEGE BOX 571, PETER STUYVESANT STATION

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Marihuana— Cont'd from page 1

on the average of one and one third quarts of intoxicating drink per person per week and the figures show a trend for even larger consumption of alcohol due largely to the more than \$247 million spent by the liquor industry on advertising each year.

In the Journal of the American Medical Association of April, 1959, we find, "Records of motor vehicle accidents occurring over an eight-year period were used for the identification of all drivers killed in accidents involving neither other vehicles nor pedestrians. Of 83, forty-one were found to have had blood alcohol levels of 0.15 per cent or more at death... It is therefore concluded that the use of alcohol was probably a causal in one half or more of the deaths which resulted from accidents of this type."

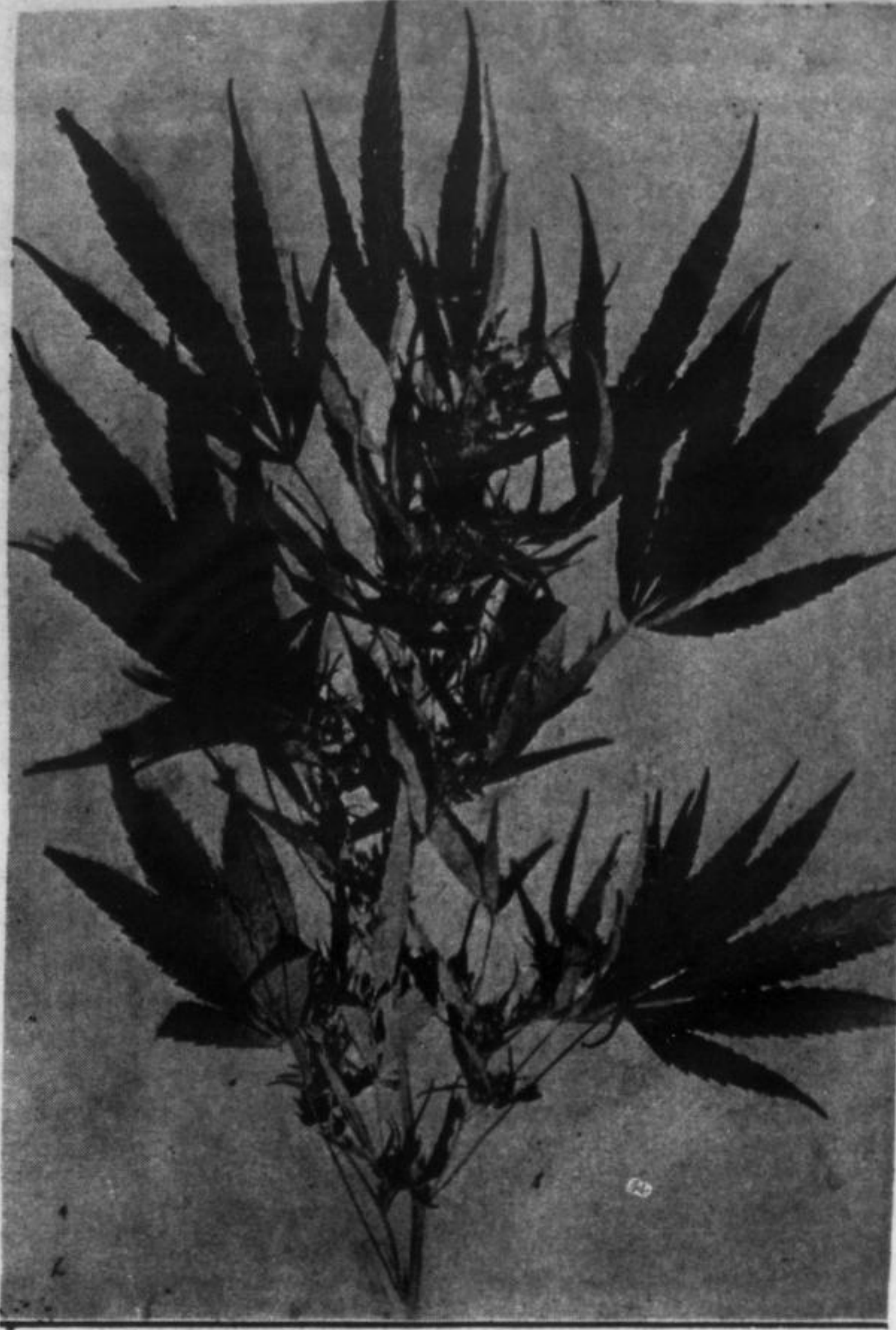
On Dec. 5, 1933, Prohibition was repealed. In 1936, almost four hundred tons of marijuana in one form or another were seized in illicit traffic in the United States, then on October 1, 1937 a new Federal law, the Marijuana Tax Act went into effect, imposing certain taxes with respect to the production, manufacture, sale and transfer of marijuana.



FIG. 407.—Chanvre (*Cannabis indica*).

Marijuana (*cannabis sativa*, *cannabis indica*) is an herbaceous annual, that varies in height from four to sixteen feet, growing rapidly to maturity within three months from the time of sowing the seed. The stalk is fibrous. The flowers, not very prominent, give off a characteristic odor. The fruit, which is the hemp seed from which oil is extracted, is smooth and globular. On the tip ends of the leaves, and the tops of the mature plant are certain pluricellular hairs which secrete the amber colored resin which, as the plant matures, encases the tops in a glutinous mass of "protective varnish." The resin contains a substance called cannabin or cannabinol which is the chemical which, when taken internally by ingestion or inhalation provokes intoxication. The medical profession has been unable to reach any agreed conclusion regarding many phases of the physiological action of marijuana on the human system. All that is known is that marijuana can produce a certain amount of craving making it as habit forming as tobacco.

Government supported publicity repeatedly states that marijuana is habit forming, harmful, a social menace, and even produces insanity. Typical of the propaganda published against the use of marijuana is an official pamphlet entitled, "Marijuana, The New Dangerous Drug," published in 1941, by the Opium Research Committee in collaboration with the League of Nations, the U.S. Government and International Conventions on Narcotics. It states in part: "The relationship between marijuana and insanity was thoroughly investigated in India by the British Indian Hemp Drugs Commission of 1893-94. The Commission concluded that, although no brain lesions were directly caused by the abuse of the hemp drugs, their use in excess did cause insanity.



MARIHUANA LEAF AND FLOWER

The mental symptoms of hemp intoxication were observed to be similar to those of insanity."

After stating clearly that "marihuana" causes insanity, the book goes on to note that the symptoms only are similar. It then goes on to show that the law does not in effect recognize this insanity, however permanent or temporary, to have any bearing in a court of law effecting the finding of the court or sentence.

"Columbus, Ohio. October 1936. A young man was sentenced to the electric chair for the robbing and unprovoked killing of a hotel clerk. He maintained that he was a marihuana addict and was under the influence of the drug when he committed these crimes. The judge of the court in which he was tried refused to accept this plea as an extenuating circumstance and served notice on smokers of marijuana cigarettes that they cannot escape punishment for crimes committed while under the influence of this narcotic."

To compound absurdity with racism this official tome continues on the next page with, "It has been estimated that as many as one half the violent crimes committed in certain districts inhabited by Mexicans, Filipinos, Latin Americans, Spaniards, and Negroes are attributed to marihuana abuse. The emotional temperament of these races appears to become completely unbalanced by the use of this drug."

Sooner or later the truth will come out. In last August's Mademoiselle magazine an article by Michael Herr entitled "The Drug Puzzle" stated, "There is a politics of pot: This country encourages the use of all the mind-deadeners. William S. Burroughs called whiskey our national drug, and barbituates are as acceptable as aspirin. Ours is an increasingly total society, and anything which may serve to widen perception or increase sensibility is a threat."

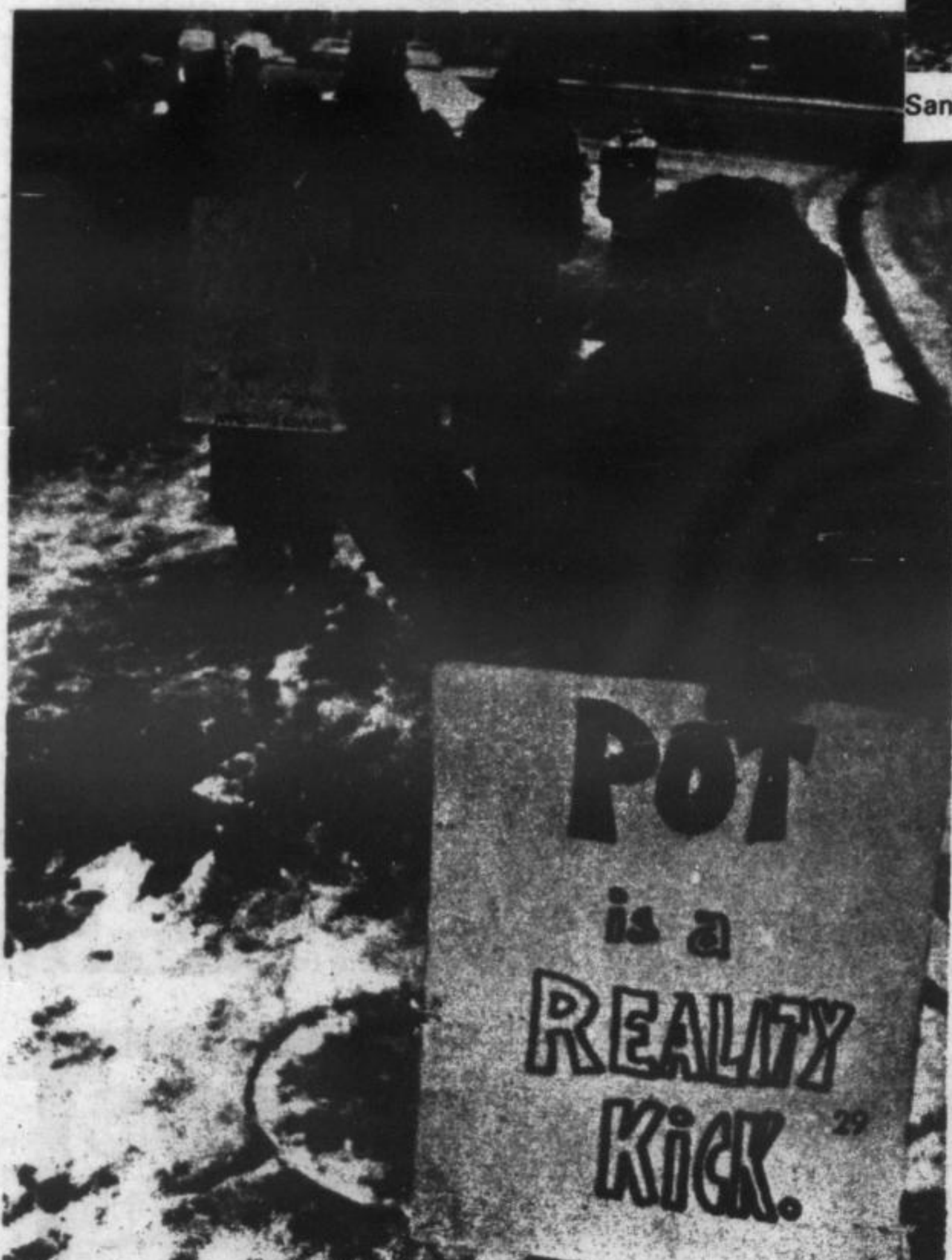
The marketability of marijuana has been researched by a leading cigarette firm and found to be feasible. We could help support our growing national debt by taxes on legalized marijuana, instead of wasting funds in pursuit of a harmless pastime indulged in by millions. There is now a federal tax on the sale and transfer of marijuana which if paid will lead to local arrest for federal income tax evasion.

Presently our tax money goes to support a growing bureaucracy which needs ever constant new areas of jurisdiction to sustain its growth. At the same time the user of marijuana is financially exploited by illegal pushers and harrassed by police. The time and money spent curbing the use of marijuana is disproportionate to the danger of the drug, the only immorality of which is its illegality, putting it in a class of outlaws which associates it with harmful drugs.

The legalization of marijuana will not only lead to new taxable markets, it will support the sagging cigarette industry and possibly make some farm subsidy unnecessary by providing a new cash crop.



Sanitation Department workers in New York City clean out a patch of marijuana. It was not cultivated but growing wild in a vacant lot.



Port Allen Ginsberg led demonstrators last January in New York protesting the laws against marijuana

Suicide Rate Rises

At least 20,500 Americans will commit suicide this year, making elected death the nation's 10th leading killer. With the exception of accidents, suicide has recently become the leading cause of death among college students; on the campus, it accounts for more deaths than all diseases put together, said Dr. Frank Berger at a day-long symposium sponsored by the George Washington University School of Medicine.

Religious taboos do not necessarily control a nation's suicide rate, said Dr. Berger. Catholic Ireland and Italy have markedly low rates, while Catholic Austria has the highest rate in the world. Nor does the welfare state wield controlling influence. The suicide rate in Denmark and Sweden is far above the world average; the rates in Norway and Great Britain are well below it.



WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?

Ave B Theatre

In the early part of his career, Marcus Loew just rented halls for silent films. He'd get a projector, hire a projectionist, print up fliers and handbills and show the film to the public in the rented halls. Sometimes he'd add Vaudeville to the program, increasing the attraction. After a while, Loew grew prosperous enough to rent buildings and convert them to theatres. Then in 1913, he determined to build his own theatre, an entire building from the ground up that might be the fulfillment of his accomplishments.

For the site, he chose a plot of land on Avenue B at the corner of 5th Street. A sentimental corner for Marcus Loew because it was then occupied by a tenement in which Loew had been born 43 years earlier in 1870. Loew ripped down the tenement and built in its place the magnificent "Avenue B," a stunning monolithic theatre building sheathed in marble sixty feet high, with hand carved gargoyles, lions, Greek columns and cornices. Inside were Persian gardens, a simulated open air ceiling with silver stars painted against a blue sky, magnificent brocaded wall paper on nonsymmetrical walls. The building cost the incredible sum of two million dollars and Marcus Loew had it lit up at night with colored lights. The "Avenue B" was as much an attraction as the shows themselves and for years it remained the "Flagship" of the expanding Loew's Theatre Chain.

But as Vaudeville died and the theatres established themselves by and large uptown, the "Avenue B" began operating at a loss. Loew died and his heirs continued running the theatre through the 1940's and on into the '50's when, in December of 1954, they closed it down and sold it.

Today, the "Avenue B" stands vacant. But even boarded up and shabby, it's a most impressive sight along Avenue B. Every curve, ornament, and column of the marvelous marble exterior betray the excitement of the era, the exuberance of the architect.

Real Estate people who have owned the "Avenue B" since 1954 have treated it like any other piece of real estate. They've considered ripping it down for a supermarket, ("no takers,") ripping it down for a bowling alley, ("won't go") and ripping it down for a Mitchell-Lama housing project, ("badly zoned,")

Current plans call for leaving the building stand and making it into a nursing home. Could the facade be retained? Maybe. Maybe not.



youths shoot at marquee on abandoned Avenue B



Abandoned and boarded up, but still magnificent, with its marble front shining in the sun, the old Loew's flagship is destined for destruction.



The broken signboard of the Avenue B Theatre still hangs over the heads of passers-by without meaning.



The Gargoyles of the Theatre look out in horror over Ave. B at what is past, passing and to come.



Are you man enough to use a deodorant?

Other Scenes

THE ARTIST AS FORGER

by John Wilcock

Forgery has always been in the twilight zone between crime and antisocial behavior. And if we presume—correctly—that antisocial behavior can sometimes be the most pro-social behavior (in that it reasserts the right of the individual) it's easier to regard a forger as a hero than as a heretic.

Of course the forger that society likes best is the loveable old rogue who chooses to reproduce one-dollar bills, rather than twenties. Art (almost) for art's sake, you might say. And, besides, nobody likes to get stuck with a dud twenty. Although, crime or not, I wouldn't hesitate to pass one on if I thought I could get away with it.

Some people will reproduce anything—engraved invitations to cocktail parties, green parking tickets (for other people's cars), Social Security documents (there's a ready market), Dior dresses. In the last century, Connecticut showman P. T. Barnum even copied a fake—an aged, mummified "giant" which a farmer said he had dug up on his farm and which was actually plaster that had been treated to look as though it had survived petrified for thousands of years. (Naturally, even when Barnum advertised his "giant" as a copy the paying customers still poured in to see it.)

Every Government, despite its hypocritical posturing, is in the forgery business: copying currency, passports, other fake identification for its spies. In World War II, the Germans planned to flood Britain with millions of fake ration books in the hope of screwing up the system; the British were paying off suspected double agents with phony money; and in prison camps in every country there were no scruples about reproducing "legal" documents so long as they'd help an escape.

But let some of those former prisoners apply their copying skills back home and listen to the outraged official screams! All of a sudden it becomes immoral and criminal to make yourself a document that nobody will issue; or to trade with your own money; or put Mexican pesos in subway turnstiles; or slugs in parking meters and telephones; or even S & H Green Stamps on letters. The System, you understand, must look after its own and the people who have got the money—from the miserly custodians at Fort Knox, to the friendliest neighborhood bank—aren't planning to let go of any of it.

Because of their importance as Establishment symbols such things as banknotes, stamps, flags, etc. have always been a target for artists, but here the "forgeries" are more subtle—to make a point rather than to make a profit. Painter Lee Savage's film "Flag," in which naked Jan Tice dances wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, shocks because we are used to regarding the flag as a sacred object. It is one of the continuing functions of art to teach us that nothing is sacred. Jasper Johns' transmuted flags make the same point as does Larry Rivers with his 100-franc note and Californian Philip Hefferton with his larger-than-life U.S. currency. Bob Watts is but one of many artists who have designed their own stamps, some with nudes. It's true the nudes thereon don't look much like George Washington, but the stamps usually get past the disinterested scrutiny of postal officials without any trouble.

There is another aspect to the artist as a forger, though, and that is the copying of another painter's work either in style or content. Madrid's Del Prado museum swarms with young artists "practicing" their art by faithfully reproducing some old master. Surely it is reasonable to assume that a few of them go into business providing saleable fakes good enough to fool gullible investor-collectors and the self-styled "experts" who exist solely to maintain market values.

The most famous of the art forgers Van Meegeren (sp.?) created at least a dozen "originals" in the style of Dutch masters which, happily, created near panic in art business circles. And Picasso, asked how he could remember his voluminous output, is said to have replied: "If I like it I say it's mine; if not I say it's a fake."

Certainly there are plenty of fakes, Joseph Chapman, formerly the FBI's art forgery expert, estimates that half of the modern paintings sold in the United States each year were not painted by the artists whose names they bear. And as for Europe, he claims that faking Utrillo is France's fourth largest export industry.

The occasion for his comments was the recent announcement that William Wyler has acquired three Cezannes, six Degas, three Picassos, two Monets, and three Van Goghs for display in his movie, "How to Steal a Million Dollars." Of course it was too expensive to buy originals so Wyler commissioned a group of artists to paint them specially. The French Government is reported to be so worried by their quality that they have insisted on authenticating them all as forgeries before they'll allow shipment back to the United States.

LEATHERLAND

73 SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH • GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.

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YU 9-6175

NOVEMBER SLUM GODDESS

Cops Protect Jews

On the Lower East Side, it is not unusual to see an eight year old Jewish boy with sideburn curls, pursued by a group of Puerto Rican youth. The young Jew cannot know why he is hated and being chased. He does not know he looks funny in his baggy suit, hat and side curls to the young Puerto Ricans. It is an old story. He is an innocent victim of two cultures that will not be assimilated.

On October 20, a group of 200 Lower East Side persecuted citizens met to consider their plight and seek a remedy. Most of them were old men, all were members of the Jewish faith and all had reached the limit of their endurance. They were the leaders of their community.

In a letter to Police Commissioner Vincent Broderick, signed by 22 rabbis, the citizens have demanded relief from the virtual reign

of terror under which they now live. They protested that young hoodlums regularly beat up their children on the way home from Jewish schools; that bottles are thrown at worshippers leaving Synagogues; that physical assaults and muggings of older residents are common, that desecration of religious institutions is routine. At their October meeting, the elders talked of possible vigilante groups if the police do not act.

Police of the Clinton Street station responded by recruiting reinforcements from other police sources to supply increased protection requested by Jewish religious and community leaders. The police stated that the added protection would last "indefinitely," aided from squads drawn from the Tactical Patrol Force, which is so often called upon to beef up the regular force in our community.



Susan Lee Pelland, 21, model and dancer came to the Lower East Side one year ago from Springfield Mass. because, "I like the Kolbasy Polish sausages. Also, West Village rents were too high."

Susan works free lance as a showroom model for fashion sketches and plans to continue to live on the Lower East Side until she "makes it." "I've met a lot of groovy cats here. Of course I suppose I want the same things that every girl wants; to settle down and get married some day. You know, the white picket fence, green groves of apple trees bit. And my old man has got to come across with five daughters and lots of money."

IKE GETS UP TIGHT OVER BEATNIKS

Cont'd from page 1

attitude toward the draft, and there were scenes of classes where some subversive fellow was giving instructions on ways and means of getting out of the service—one of them was to plead homosexuality. I call this distressing and alarming." (Would Walter Jenkins have used that excuse to beat the draft?—ed.)

"You just wonder what we're coming to when they take something as sacred as free speech and mock it by calling it the Filthy Speech Movement, as those students did out in Berkeley. It makes you think we are having some kind of deterioration that ought to be fought tooth and nail. It all seems to be involved with the way so many young people are so loath these days to respond to words like patriotism—to "The Star Spangled Banner"—or the flag.

"And these demonstrations about Viet Nam: I think they're terrible. The President is responsible for foreign policy. Now I don't say these people don't have a right to disagree, but they should do it with logical argument and in a proper way. They should not try to divide people.

"I believe that in things like this we are going too far away from the old virtues and rules of life, rules that have been thousands of years in the making and now they are being flouted. There are certain values we should keep. Values like decency in our conduct and dealings with others, pride in ourselves, self-reliance, dedication to our country, respect for law and order.

"These young people should begin to see that we can have maximum liberty for all. And hopefully they should begin to appreciate that a nation is only as great as the character of its citizens."

When asked what gives him hope that such realizations will begin to dawn on today's young Bohemians, he answered unhesitatingly: "Education. Our young people are getting much better educations than any of us did in my day. Ultimately, I think that under such education young people will naturally mature, and then they'll begin to shake off all these show-off habits and this nonsense of thinking that patriotism is somehow a little bit square."

Schism threatened at College of Patarealism

At a recent council of the College of Patarealism, rifts developed that may well be insurmountable. Many bystanders were alarmed at the ferocity with which the various schools of thought disagreed, and, it was feared, the warring factions seemed to have drifted too far apart on philosophical points to ever be able to mend their differences.

Amongst Patarealists there are now three separate schools of thought; and in fact, dissension has risen between the schools regarding the Ultimate Purpose of their Founder, Samuel S. Cox. As all East Siders must know, there is a monument to Cox on the 7th St. side of the Tompkins Square park, where the famous orator, statesman and Founder of Patarealism stands with the right hand upraised, and the index finger pointing skyward. While it is easy to confuse this gesture as a gauging of the wind's velocity by the Founder, Patarealists completely discount the possibility. All three factions agree that their Founder is neither gauging the wind's velocity NOR pointing to the heavens.

The first of the dissenting groups is proud to name itself the "FUNCTIONALISTS." This group believes the Founder is breaking wind, after a sustained drought. They account for the single tear flowing from his left eye by interpreting it as a clear sign of relief.

The second school of thought, the Symbolists, maintain that the Founder is balancing a bubble of broken wind on the tip of his finger, much as Atlas sustained the world on his shoulders. The tear flowing from his eye is accounted as proof of the terrific strain to which he was subjected due to the enormous effort of balancing the bubble. The Symbolists also claim that the tear is the symbol of the sufferings he took upon himself, and that, on a clear, sunny day, it is possible to see a faint trace of the bubble's arc balanced on the very minute of his finger.

Those ascribing to the third school of thought call themselves Supra-Patrealists. Their philosophy is that the Founder is pricking the bubble with his finger, and that the tear is a sign of his compassionate nature; he is saddened, they say, by the Patareality of his action, and hurt at the realization that his decision to burst the bubble is perhaps beyond the understanding of his contemporaries.

Dissension arose at the College as to WHICH viewpoint is to represent them to the world at large.



Samuel S. Cox—Time and the Elements cannot wither his one finger.



Johnson Gall Bladder to be Sold?

Bethesda Hospital officials in Washington have received phone calls from collectors interested in purchasing President Johnson's recently removed gall bladder.

"Most of the calls came from the same people who bid for Lee Harvey Oswald's effects last month," a hospital official said. "But they're really wasting their time. The gall bladder was disposed (of) in the garbage directly

after the operation and is no longer available."

Some observers think differently. According to one report, a New York auctioneer secured not only the gall bladder, but Presidential kidney stone, which was removed at the time of the gall bladder operation. The auctioneer reportedly paid a Bethesda garbage official a considerable sum to get access to the hospital garbage dump.

CHUCK BERRY AT VILLAGE THEATRE

Chuck Berry will give his first full length concert at the Village Theatre on 2nd Ave. at 6th Street, Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 24. Pioneer of rock and roll, Berry has influenced Bill Haley, Little Richard, The Rolling Stones, The Animals, and various rock and rollers for three generations. Backing up Berry on Thanksgiving eve will be an exciting group; The Blues Project featuring Danny Kalb, Al Kooper, Roy Blumenfeld, Andy Kulberg and Steve Katz.

In describing Berry, Tom Flanders, The Blues Project's singer, said, "I believe every musician's style can be traced back to Chuck's powerful influence. And I don't mean in the sense of derivative or imitative, either. Berry is one of the few pillars of modern music against which others are measured. He's like a point of reference. Know where Chuck's at, and you'll know where you're at."

Superimpose the sounds of "Two Much Monkey Business," "Maybelline," "Thirty Days," and "Sweet Little Sixteen," (all original Berry numbers) over folk, funk, jazz, country and bluegrass, and you'll come up with a variety of idiomantic entities which pretty well takes care of the entire spectrum of modern music. Berry's sound distinguishes him as the main support of today's music, turning up whenever amplifiers are turned on.

Berry's last performance in New York was a short bit in Manny Fox's New York Folk Festival last summer at Carnegie Hall. Now Manny Fox has joined Bob Rubin in bringing the giant of rock and roll back to his enthusiastic audience for this solo performance that promises to be a smash.

Experimental Cinema

New York has lived through a long summer of heat wave and water shortage—and an upsurge in underground film presentation that continues through the fall. As we lived through the former, I think we can stand the latter. One thing you can bet on: Many new film-makers are coming on, resolved to do better work than most of what is seen.

Centers for the filmings include The Bridge, a cooperative play-art-cinema gallery on St. Marks Place; and Film-Maker's Cinematique on Lafayette Street. Most recent entries for the avant films are Players Cinema on Macdougall Street and Maurice Amar's Movie Subscription group.

Among interesting works we've seen to date: Harry Smith's "Early Abstractions & Late Superimposition," batiked abstractions made directly on film between 1939 and 1946, with a Beatles score that merges perfectly with these early intimations of bouncing color images that's part Pop art; "Claes Oldenborg Happenings," filmed by Ray Saroff in '62, a mad wonderful chancierama to which you can add your own transistor radio accompaniment; and Mike Sullivan's "Tarzan," realistically filmed in Central Park.

There, are also seen all the fine imaginative works of Stan Vanderbeek; all the batty wacky funny works of the Kuchar brothers; all the sick imaginative works of Kenneth Anger; all the dealy boring works of Andy Warhol.

EVO GETS THE EYE

The East Village OTHER has been out only one issue and already it's been investigated. A patrolman picked up a copy of EVO off Sid's Newsstand at 10th Street and Ave. B. and showed it to Sid asking him if he thought it was pornography, referring to the Ed Sanders quote in the Porny raid article on page 2. Sid replied, "Why don't you go to the library your kid goes to and read 'Candy!'"

STANLEY'S
DOWNSTAIRS
12th st and B
DINING IN THE CAVE



OTHER Horoscope

AQUARIUS January 21 to February 19: It is very important that you get up early this morning. If you oversleep and get up too late, forget it and go back to sleep. You missed it.

PISCES February 20 to March 20: I wouldn't worry at all about Harriet. The police may get a few things from her, but it won't be nearly enough to convict you.

ARIES March 21 to April 20: Today has been in the planning stages for almost a year. No wonder you're excited.

TAURUS April 21 to May 20: A well known publishing house is going to call you about the novel you're planning on writing. But you won't be home.

GEMINI May 21 to June 21: I hadn't realized things were quite so serious. Give me a call and I think I can find you a doctor.

CANCER June 22 to July 23: If you own a green and white, 65 Plymouth Fury, license number KJ 37445 and park on St. Marks Place between Avenue B and Avenue C next tuesday night, someone will remove your hubcaps.

LEO July 23 to August 23: Considerable diarrhea, gas and hernia discomfort should keep you out of trouble.

VIRGO August 24 to September 23: A lot of bad news I'm afraid. First someone will steal your wallet containing \$6 and your draft card. Then the F.B.I. will stop you on a routine check and when you can't produce your draft card, accuse you of having burnt it. You'll be thrown into prison and later, hanged.

LIBRA September 24 to October 23: Beware of Pick-pockets, molesters, voyeurs and loiterers in green trenchcoats.

SCORPIO October 24 to November 22: Much remains to be done. Meet Boris in front of the laundry at 8:30 and take a note on yellow paper from him.

SAGITTARIUS November 23 to December 21: Tonight should be the night.

CAPRICORN December 22 to January 20: Attending an opening at an uptown pop art gallery, you will have a good deal to drink and fall asleep in a chair. When you awake, you will find you've been sold.

2 - Calliphora vomitoria



Battle Scarred

M.F.Y.

Mobilization For Youth, a pioneer among poverty programs, has emerged scarred but still firm in its principles from the attack that nearly killed it last year when both private charitable groups and politicians realized that there were millions of dollars in Federal money in the new poverty program. New, inexperienced and over-exuberant MFY was caught in a struggle for control of the purse strings which led to charges of Communist infiltration, loose spending and shoddy administration.

MFY was investigated by Federal, state and city authorities for about six months. The executive director, James E. McCarthy, resigned abruptly. Then last August, City Council President Paul Screvane, who had earlier talked of "phasing out" MFY as city-controlled poverty programs got rolling, signed a year's contract with MFY for \$1.5 million. He said the things that had been wrong with the group had been righted.

A shift away from certain action techniques was made by MFY, partly because these techniques did not turn out to be as effective as it had hoped. Until the passage of the state rent law, rent strikes had been abandoned.

"Rent strikes are of limited value," explained executive director Bertram M. Beck. "You'll have to keep the rent coming and get it to the bank." Besides, in one building MFY helped to organize, a strike had gone on for a full year without bring repairs from the landlord. Therefore the battle for better housing has shifted to some new fronts.

Mobilization For Youth runs a luncheonette, as a school for misfit children, at Second Street and Avenue B. Many of the children employed there cannot add the checks nor cook edible food. The public is met with rudeness and confusion mixed with flaring tempers behind the counter. One professional cook is employed to teach the culinary art. An old retarded man, pleasantly acts as a cashier and overseer adding up checks on his fingers and toes. The business is run nonprofit, as it would be impossible to make it pay for the waste alone. This single act of MFY stands as a prime example of social worker thinking by the fact that they are training these kids for the public service industry, one of the most emotionally demanding occupations imaginable—dealing directly with the public. It would better serve them to teach these children how to fit a nut on a bolt.

OTHER CLASSIFIED OTHER

LAST PUBLIC OFFER Soon to be out of print. The infamous confiscated book Pot Art No. 2. A tiny literary curiosity released this year, entitled The Mechanism of the Hip Joint. Send \$1.00 to: Bill Beckman, Tax Free Enterprises, 28 E. 9th St., N.Y., 10009.

EXPERT PICTURE FRAMING, John Thamm. 221 E. 10th St. Phone 228-1779 or JU 6-6300.

HAND THROWN POTTERY. The Potters Wheel. 321 E. 10th St. Phone OR 4-3243.

LITERARY CURIOSITIES. Peace Eye Bookstore, 383 E. 10th St. Open odd hours.

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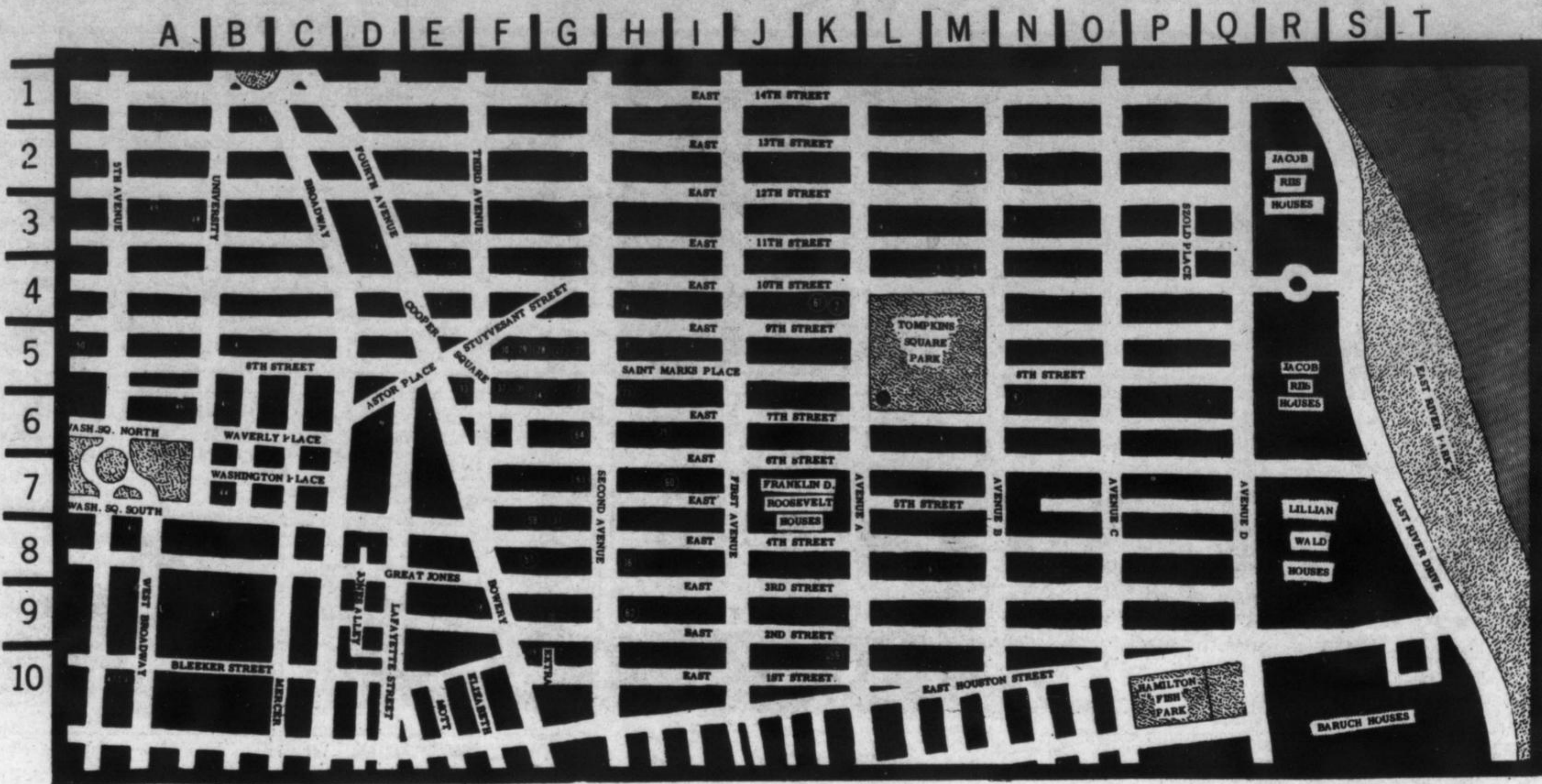
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OTHER CLASSIFIED OTHER

Ikeya-Seki the comet discovered by Japanese astronomers has long been foretold by the Indian Parsees, a surviving remnant of the ancient Persian Zoastrians. Western astrologers recently made a parallel prediction with both groups proclaiming a messiah to be born of the star near the Chinese-Tibetan border, a traditional birthplace of reincarnate Lamas.

THE east village OTHER MAP



1. (L6) Samuel S. Cox
2. (K4) Office of the East Village Other
3. (N4) Annex Bar
4. (M4) Tompkins Park Library
5. (M4) Engage Coffee house
6. (M4) Side Newsstand
7. (O4) Peace Eye Bookstore
8. (M2) Stanley's Bar
9. (N6) St. Brigids Catholic Church
10. (N8) Old Reliable Bar
11. (O6) Slugs Saloon
12. (N9) Mobilization For Youth
13. (N4) Welfare Building
14. (L3) Villa Boutique
15. (N2) Elks Trading Post
16. (N3) Charles Theatre
17. (K6) East Side Tavern
18. (M8) Third Street Music School Settlement
19. (N8) Most Holy Redeemer Church
20. (J9) Village View
21. (G5) Gems Spa Newsstand
22. (G5) St. Marks Playhouse

23. (H6) Orpheum Theatre
24. (H4) Cricket Theatre
25. (G4) St. Marks on the Bowlerie
26. (G3) The Place, antiques
27. (G5) Dom
28. (F5) Board and Bowl; Khadejha Fashion Inc.
29. (F5) Gregory's Restaurant
30. (F5) Sindoori Imports
31. (F5) Bridge Theatre
32. (F5) Five Spot
33. (E6) Cooper Union
34. (F6) McSorley's Old Ale House
35. (H6) Pseudox Zen Restaurant
36. (H8) Koh i Nor, Indian food
37. (G7) Al Sirat
38. (E9) Bowery Lane Theatre
39. (F10) Amato Opera House
40. (B9) Washington Square Village
41. (A10) Bleeker St. Cinema
42. (A10) Garrick Cinema
43. (A8) Loeb Student Center
44. (B7) N.Y.U.

45. (B6) Joe Weinstein Residence Hall of N.Y.U.
46. (A6) Washington Mews
47. (B5) Art Cinema
48. (A3) Cedar Bar
49. (A3) Cinema Village
50. (A5) 8th Street Bookstore
51. (A2) 5th Ave. Cinema
52. (A1) Free University
53. (B1) Weiser's Bookstore
54. (D3) 4th Ave. Bookellers
55. (E4) 10th St. Galleries
56. (I1) Turk Real Estate Rental agents for the entire East Village
57. (F8) Theatre 62
58. (F8) East End Theatre
59. (K10) Cardinal Spellman Youth Center
60. (I7) 9th Precinct Station
61. (K4) St. Nicholas, Russian Orthodox Church
62. (H9) Moskowitz & Lupowitz
63. (G7) Rapoport
64. (G6) Ratners

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THE East Side Bar
THE ANNEX
163 Avenue B
New York, N. Y.

David Henry Britton, 22 years old, an actor from Toronto, and Frederick Klein, 25, of 8 West Fourth Street were indicted October 15 by a Federal grand jury on charges of smuggling from Canada a quantity of LSD. The drug may not be sold to the public legally either here or in Canada. But its manufacture is not difficult, the Government said, because the formula is known and the chemicals are available.

The number of users of LSD has been increasing, the Government said, especially among persons in the theatre and with persons of financial means. Many of these have switched from smoking marijuana to LSD. Stiff Federal penalties against the illicit sale and manufacture of LSD will go into effect after February 1, when the Drug Abuse Control Amendment Act of 1965 becomes effective.



Dom Invaded

East Villagers were shut out in the cold last month when 400 society and fashion people descended on the Dom, on St. Marks Place, in rented school buses to celebrate the opening of Paraphenalia, a Madison Avenue dress shop. The Skunks, youths in grey wigs, and the Unnameables, both five-piece rock n' beatlers, played till the wee small hours of the morning for dancers in lame lounge suits, black boots, mideavel tunics and super short skirts, sporting heads of space helmets and beetle haircuts on both genders.

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CAPTAIN HIGH!

BY WILLIAM BECKMAN

YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS, UNLIKE THE PERSON BELOW, THE STRANGE CHANGES HAPPEN AS OUR HERO CAPTAIN HIGH COMES DOWN!

I CAN'T MAKE IT FOCUS!

ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE, HIGHER THAN EDGAR ALLEN POE, CAPTAIN HIGH SEARCHES FOR NEW MEANING.

SUDDENLY!...

AN ORDINARY MAN PASSES BY, WHISTLING.

EITHER I'M HIGH AS E.A. POE OR THAT WAS EVIL INSPECTOR NODDING-ACT!

DRIVEN UP TO THE ROOF & INTO DISGUISE CAPTAIN HIGH SNIFFS THE AIR.

HIS MISSION IN THIS CASE, CRIMESTOPPERS IS TO LOCATE A FAMOUS WEIGHTMAN MR. BALAST.

A WEIRD SMELL FROM THE DIRECTION OF AVENUE B & 103!

SNIFF? SNIFF!

LATER, LOWER, CAP. HIGH ESCAPES DEATH AS A CHILD LOOSES CONTROL.

WHEE!

CAPTAIN HIGH IN DRAG!

STARTLING SIGHTS INTRIGUE OUR VISITOR.

PUT A TIGER IN YOUR JUNGLE

WHAT IS THIS WRITTEN ON THE SIDEWALK?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SNIFFING?

WE, DEAR READER, SHALL SEE AVE. C.

HIGH ABOVE A JUNK GARDEN WANTS MR. BALAST IN A CONDEMNED BUILDING.

BURN BABY, BURN!

I'M DEVELOPING A PATAREAL FEEL.

HOOKAH!

MEANWHILE TWO "WAISTERS TALK WAITING BY A PAY PHONE...

AND THERE SHE WAS WITH HIM IN THE ACT OF 86!

?? YOU MEAN SIXTY-NINE.

NO, NO! 86! YOU KNOW, LIKE IN SCHOOL WHEN...

WHEN?

YOU RAISE YOUR HAND TO GO NUMBER 5?

WOW!

UP ABOVE, MR. BALAST SPEAKS!

METAPHYSICAL FLASH TELLS ME CAPTAIN HIGH NEARBY.

ZAPI! API! API! API!

BY DIAGONAL DIMENSION DIVE...

WOW! CAPTAIN HIGH!

HI!

OK, WHERE IS SHE? YOU KNOW I READ MINDS!

YE GODS! I FORGOT!


PSYCHEDELIC VISION

MEET MY CLOSET QUEEN!

SMACK!

TO BE CONTINUED!

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