

THE PATAREAL VOICE

THE east village NEED

VOL. I NO. 4

JANUARY

15 CENTS

Our Slums: 148 AVENUE C: NO HEAT AND A CHILD WITH PNEUMONIA

by Dan Rattiner

There's no hot water at 148 Avenue C. There's peeling paint in the hall, garbage on the stairs. The roof door and front door are unlocked. And there's no heat.

As of this writing, December 13th, a majority of the tenants have colds or hacking coughs and at least one person, a two year old child, has suffered a bout of pneumonia.

The child with pneumonia is Rosodo Vivian Caquias, who lives with her family in Number 7. Rosodo came down with pneumonia when it started getting cold in October and spent over a month in the Children's Ward F-5, at Bellevue Hospital. Both her mother Maria and her brother are currently suffering from colds.

"We've lived here two years and most of the time, no heat, no hot water," says Maria Rosodo. "My babies still sick. Sink broken. I go to Mobilization (for Youth) and they have me sign some forms and now the City send me this and say I only have to pay \$1 a month until the landlord fix things."

The form Mrs. Rosodo received is an "Order Adjusting Maximum Rent" from the City of New York. Dated Nov. 29, it reduces the rent from \$49.90 a month to \$1.00 a month and reads as follows:

"...the above change in maximum rent is based upon the decrease in services—no heat, no hot water, public areas need plaster and paint, yard door requires repair..."

Earlier in the month the landlord, William H. Ross, came to collect the rent, and Mrs. Rosodo showed him the form.

"Mr. Ross say I still have to pay the full amount. He say that if anyone in the building pay just a dollar he evict us all."

Mrs. Rosodo is waiting to see what will happen next.

There are others in the building who have taken action against the landlord. The people in Number 4 have gotten their rent reduced to \$1 and an application for same has been filed by two students living in Number 8.

Cont'd on page 11

Many Autos Burned in East Village



NEW TREND IN VANDALISM—There has been a trend to car burning as the newest sport of vandals who pervade the late night streets of the lower east side. In one week

several cars were burned for no apparent reason. The car shown above is a late model Hillman which was parked in front of 617 East 9th Street.

VILLAGER KNIFED AIDING BAR PATRON

by Ishmael Reed

Painter Pier Wright who moonlights as a bartender at Stanley's Bar, was knifed early Saturday Dec. 11. Wright was knifed while assisting a bar patron who had become involved in a brawl with fifteen neighborhood youths on the corner of Ave B and 12th St.

Wright suffered a ruptured spleen which was removed surgically at Bellevue Hospital, and a collapsed lung allegedly received as a result of repeated kicking by the youths as he lay sprawled on the pavement.

According to witnesses at the scene, the fight occurred after a spirited argument between the

bar patron and the youths who were seeking entry to the tavern shortly before closing at 4:00 a.m.

The dispute spilled into the street in front of the tavern where the patron and the youths struggled until Wright and another unidentified man intervened.

Wright was stabbed. Bleeding profusely and in a state of shock, he was rushed to the hospital by Stanley Tolkin, owner of the famous East Village bar.

Tolkin implied the trouble began when the patron provoked the young men.

"He (the patron) was glaring at those kids through the window....he seemed to be spoiling

Cont'd on page 10

POETS PAINTERS POETS

ASSEMBLE BENEATH FLAG-POLE IN TOMPKINSPARK AT 1 P.M. SUNDAY JANUARY 30, 1966 FOR HISTORIC EAST VILLAGE ARTISTS PHOTOGRAPH

THE east village OTHER

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CORRECTION

John Roswell who wrote to us in the last issue asking for help in his court battle over a marijuana possession charge, asks that contributions be sent to John Roswell, 235 E. Liberty Avenue, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The CON ED article in last month's issue was written by Neil Landry. EXPERIMENTAL CINEMA in the November issue was by Lew Arthur.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

January 1, 1966

Good Evening:

Well! It's been a month since I last had the opportunity to write you, and frankly I had not anticipated I would be doing so again. No one has been more surprised than I that this newspaper, being edited and written with such disgusting bad taste, continues to survive.

When you consider the evil, lust-filled material they have been publishing, well! The last issue contained an attack on President Johnson so harsh that it was all I could do to remain on speaking terms with him. It would seem that nothing short of my remaining constantly on vigil at the Tompkins Park office will prevent the continued publication of this trash.

Unfortunately, business commitments prevent my leaving Palm Beach for the Lower East Side, but you may be sure, dear readers, that if the publication of this filth continues, I, as publisher and financial backer of this venture, will be forced to take harsh, extreme measures that the editors will not soon forget.

K. Jason Rushton
 K. Jason Rushton IV

Other Editorial

THE WAR DRUM TECHNIQUE

The drums are being beaten. "Join the Army!" "You're not a MAN unless you're in uniform." And in the mid-west a headline recently read, "Economists Show The War In Viet Nam Is Good For The Economy."

War makes good copy and the coverage is lengthy and detailed. The Late Show is featuring an abundance of old war movies showing Marines killing oriental people in jungles that look much like those in Viet Nam. (Check your TV Guide for listings).

Recently a young man, with books under his arm engaged an older man in front of Grand Central Station on 42nd Street. He spoke of the immorality of the war in Viet Nam. The older man wearing a fine black suit, watch fob, and gray homberg, began to scream irrationally, illogically, uncontrollably, "SHUT UP—SHUT UP!" over and over into the young man's face. The youth tried to continue in a normal tone, but was finally nudged on by a policeman who was afraid that violence would ensue from several others who had joined in the screaming.

The policeman did not move the antagonists one of whom screamed, "My son is in Viet Nam, you bastard!" He moved the younger man who spoke for peace.

In these nineteen sixties, unlike before, a particular problem has arisen for the drum beaters. As a nation with 61 per cent of its population under 35, we are better educated than any generation in history and so are more able to think for ourselves, to see through the workings of the war machine.

So in this modern age it should seem to be the most difficult thing in the world to sell war. But emotionalism and hysteria still fall prey to well planned propaganda programs. And the irony lies in the fact that the more blood that is spilled in Viet Nam the less we as a nation are committed to our principles. God help us.

BAR BRIBERY

The grand jury has formally charged Republican State Chairman L. Judson Morhouse with conspiracy, bribery, and the collection of unlawful fees. It took the D.A.'s office three years to get the indictment.

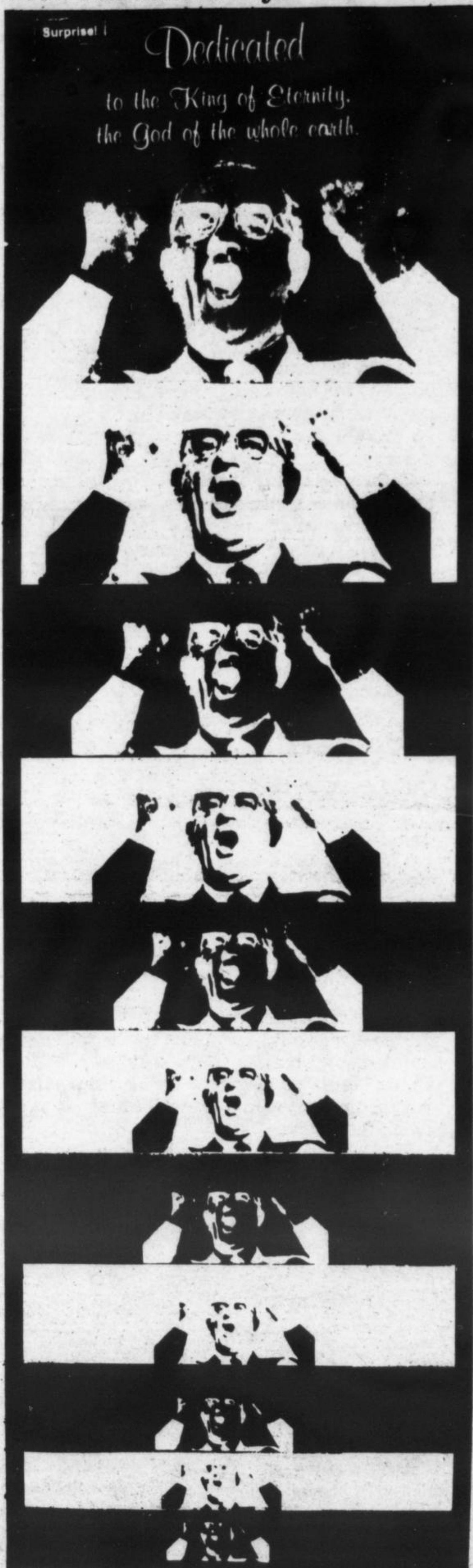
This situation reflects the corruption at the top level of the SLA, and every bar owner knows the inequities of laws that make the bar business an expensive and fearful trade. The State Liquor Authority has the power to impose severe penalties and revoke licenses. Owners are afraid to call police even if major trouble does arise, knowing that when a police officer makes out a report on a crime committed in a bar, the proprietorship is subject to scrutiny by the SLA and a mar on the record could mean the end of his business.

While our bars must be kept safe as public places, the present system of liquor control and law enforcement makes for enormous graft and unprotected bars. The days of Carrie Nation are over. She has been replaced by hypocritical laws and corrupt public servants that cannot be allowed to continue.

LBJ & THE HEADSHRINKER

Due to an excessive number of different public images, there has been an alarming decrease in size and general utility.

PROGNOSIS: The patient will soon vanish entirely.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

After reading two different issues of EVO, I could resist temptation no longer. Enclosed is a check; since I am addicted, I am subscribing.

I found your article on the "tattoo clubs" very interesting. Tattooing is still legal here in Texas, so there is no need for the organization of clandestine clubs for the purpose, but the ancient art is just now becoming the "in" thing here among the "hip" female set. Houston's Bill Sanders (whose skin studio graces the low number end of Washington Ave.) has begun to decorate the hides and posteriors of various and sundry females, both hip and square, in the Houston area.

My own recent bride (eight months) was among the very first. She has a neat, almost classical marking on her left thigh which is quite eye-catching on the Galveston beach: Her husband's name, a motto in Esperanto (Lia Edzino Por Ciam kaj Eterne), and the date of our marriage.

Witchcraft covens are in the process of being organized here in the Gulf coast area, and the traditional "witches' mark" of identification is tattooed into the skin. This is generally quite small, but always in a place which can be easily shown. The mark of each coven is different.

Edward F. Lacy III
 1516 Hawthorne, Apt. 1
 Houston, Texas 77006

3 December 1965
 London, England
 Brainless-in-Gaza Castle

Dear Editor,

I've given up poetry for poetry. It was tough switching but I just did it & everything is gonna be fine. I guess every once in a while one has to switch from poetry to poetry just to get to the poetry.

So I'll send you some poetry that I have gotten and see for yourself how its worked out. The other day the crew was all gathered around the campfire when the captain suddenly said let's write poetry, but I told him I'd given up poetry for poetry and was trying to get to poetry.

He had me locked up.

Love to you all,
 John Keys

ps—See if Dylan can sing something around this—I'll give you a cut.

Dear Miss Rotolo,

I saw the photos in THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER. Yours is an exquisitely beautiful face, and Walter Bredel, who took the pictures, must be a genius. This dark world is that much nearer the divine for having you in it.

Sincerely,
 Edward F. Lacy III
 1516 Hawthorne, Apt. 1
 Houston, Texas

MAN'S BEST FRIEND?

There is a distinct possibility that "anti-men" exist somewhere in the universe. According to Dr. Nikolai N. Semenov, famed Soviet chemist who won a Nobel Prize in 1956, "such beings most probably exist in galaxies outside our own. Imagine a meeting of a man and an anti-man somewhere in space. They could study and talk with one another, even become bosom friends. But they could never touch. Should they do so, they would explode with a force greater than that of a thermonuclear bomb."

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

"Something is happening here/ But you don't know what it is/ Do you Mr. Jones."

This column is not so much concerned with the "Bob Dylan Success Story," as it is with the fact—something is happening here. The resurgence of a supra-political youth in this country has caused shivers down the spine of the political establishment. What to do with young people who no longer believe in the myths of war and patriotism? Who base their belief and actions on morality and not on economy? Or even worse, what do you do when one of them who has become a symbol of such youth—enters the System itself?

Due to Dylan's success in his chosen field, most of his friends and some of his fans have claimed he has sold out his "idealistic protest bag" by entering the mass media field and watering down some of his musical integrity with the use of rock and roll or "folk rock." But in effect what Dylan has done is to have found a loophole in Existence by using the "System" to project his ideas (which are the ideas of a poet linked up with the underground) and subliminally readjust the learning processes of housewives and teenagers across the nation which have too long been geared to a war mentality.

This finger-snapping public which has for a long time kept the beat without any motivation for understanding the Word have been bombarded of late with both and in strong doses. After the finger-popping, the hand-clapping and the foot-stomping stop, the thinking processes take over.

Across the nation, millions of teenagers and housewives, even businessmen, are starting to think again contrary to a "System" which is geared to put them in a state of suspended animation due to its built-in instinct towards affluence: a motivated and produced need for peace without struggle, virtue through anaesthesia and health by disinfection.

Dylan is using the tools of the System to change its own course and direct it to one which encompasses Responsibility, Freedom and Morality. The best example I can give of Dylan's total assault on the sleeping mind of the public is in his own words the Ballad of the Thin Man from his latest album release Highway 61 Revisited:

Well, the sword-swallower he comes up to you and then he kneels.
He crosses himself and then he clicks his high heels
& without further notice he asks you how it feels
and he says "Here is your throat back thanks for the loan,"
And you KNOW that something is happening here
But you don't know what it is,
Do you Mr. Jones.



Orange Dog, p. 1512.

SCREAMING GIRLS ATTACK FUGS AT LOWER EAST SIDE CONCERT



Screaming girls attacked the Fugs, avant garde rock and roll group at the Bridge Theatre, as the Fugs gave their first New York performance since returning from their cross country tour. The girls leaped onto the stage during a rendition of the song "Nothing" and tore at the clothing of the performers. Leader Ed Sanders lost his shirt in the attack, but fought back ripping at the clothing of the girls in return. Drummer Ken Weaver was knocked down by several girls and in the melee lost his pants to the souvenir hunters. The girls dragged Weaver across the stage by his boot finally escaping with the pants through a side door.

At the beginning of the attack, the surprised Fugs momentarily lost the beat of the song, but courageously and good-humoredly, they picked it back up and continued to the best of their ability through the attack.

Monday nothing
Tuesday nothing
Wednesday and thursday, nothing.
Friday for a change a little more nothing,
Saturday once more nothing.

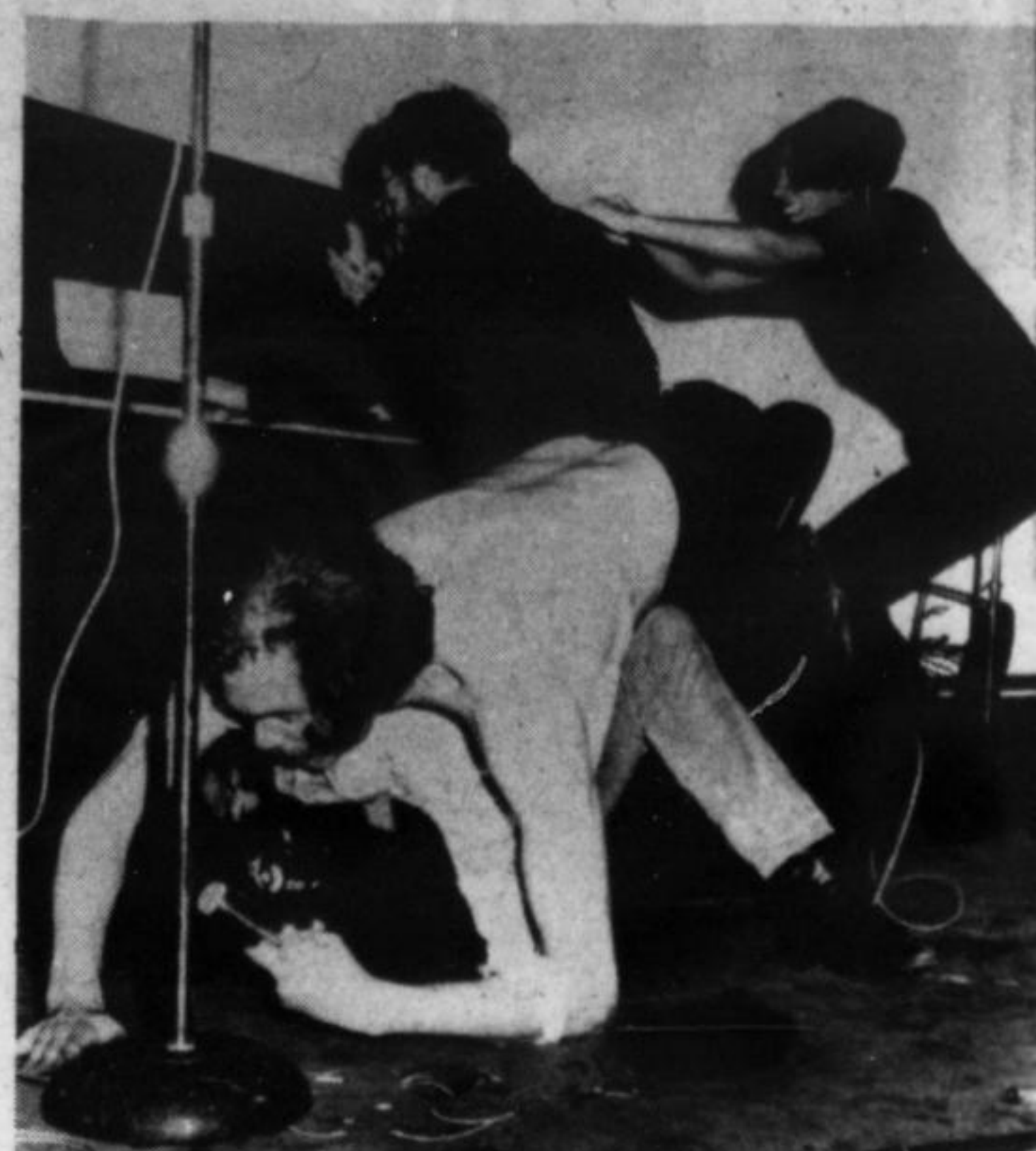
The audience seemed convinced that the attack was part of the show. After the song was over and the attackers had left, they simply applauded. Sanders regained his composure, covered himself and told the audience to go home.

"The show is over," he kept repeating, "Somebody kill the lights."

A search was instigated, and scraps of Fug clothing were found throughout the theatre, but no girls, and no Ken Weaver pants. Weaver finally borrowed a pair so he could get home for the night.

Before the attack occurred, the Fugs treated the packed house to many of the songs that made them famous. "Slum Goddess," "Kill for Peace," and "Supergirl" were featured parts of the program, with "The Gobble" bringing down the house.

The Fugs consist of Ed Sanders, Ken Weaver, Tuli Kufenberg who writes many of the songs along with Sanders, Lee Crabtree



and Steve Weber. They give a violent performance on stage, stomping heavily about, flailing and frothing, jumping up and down, largely it seems, to keep the beat and keep the group performing together.

The violence of the performance though, takes a heavy toll on the Fugs' instrumentation. Before the attack, a tambourine went from an overenthusiastic wallop from Ken Weaver, a castanet split in half and fell to the floor from the hand of Ed Sanders. Sanders dispatched it angrily with his boot and the crowd cheered. During the singing of "Dirty Old Man," one of the performers accidentally stepped on the Ong Klung, an Indonesian percussion instrument and smashed it. But other assorted rattles, maracas, drums, guitars and electric pianos survived the ordeal, at least until the time of the attack later in the program.

The Fugs write all their own material and to date have introduced over sixty songs. They introduced three the night of the attack. Most of the songs make liberal use of the language, some of it good, some of it bad, depending entirely on the point of view and the intensity of that point of view of the listener. All the songs are performed with a recklessness and violence that absolutely demands a response. But even the Fugs didn't anticipate the response they got that night.

There were indications something might be amiss even before the program began. At 9:30, a half hour before the doors opened, the large crowd milled restlessly in the lobby. As the Fugs could be heard behind the closed doors rehearsing their numbers, a considerable electricity filled the air. Was it true the Fugs had been arrested at Antioch? Had they really been asked to tour Vietnam for the USO? A male German Shepherd in the lobby who had earlier been quite docile, became sexually aroused and proceeded to try to impregnate anyone who gave him the slightest encouragement. He had to be taken away.

The Fugs are currently booked to appear regularly at the Cafe Au Go Go on Bleeker Street.

ENJOY THE MANY TRIPS AND PERIGRINATIONS PANELS OF COMICS PROVIDE... FREE!

HEAD SMACKING LINE-HARD HITTING & BOSS.

INTELLECTUAL VIOLENCE!

CAPTAIN HIGH!

CAPTAIN HIGH!

CAPTAIN HIGH, a hero among heroes, keeps his head tuned to police broadcasts, ready to intervene in a flash when evil Inspector Noddington threatens to bust America's mild pot smokers. SUBSEQUENTLY he never comes down! Read on, enjoy that deep sense of synthetic eminence!

SUDDENLY! (HOWELSE) BY DIAGONAL DIMENSION DIVE HIGH HITS THE CITY AND A FRIEND'S PAD!

ZAP! AP! AP!

GASP! YOU'RE BATHING!

HIGH! HIGH! THAT CATCHES!

I'M RAIDING YOUR STASH!

SPASH!

I'M ROLLING SUCH A BOMBER!

MY AMERICAN EXPRESS GRASS?

YOUR WHAT?

PUFF PUFF PUFF

IT'S CALLED THAT BECAUSE IT'S GOOD ANYWHERE!!

IT'S VERY GOOD HERE!!

WHERE AM I?

CONTINUED

STRIP WEEK AT THE GAYETY BURLESQUE



LOCAL LANDLORDS ACCUSED OF BRIBERY



by Don Newlove

Amateur Strip Week on the Lower East Side runs from December 27th through to a festival of G-Strings on New Year's Eve. Sponsored by the Gayety Theater at Second Avenue and 12th Street, the Strip Week features local talent over that ge of 18.

"We look the girls over, but it's hard to tell until they go onstage," said LeRoy Griffith, owner of the theater. "We don't try to judge, we let the audience do that. There's no rehearsal, they come on cold. But they can bring their own costume if they like. We supply them with one otherwise.

"Blaze Starr was discovered like this just ten years ago," says Griffith. "Customers will each get a ballot. The girl who wins the most votes over the week wins an expense-paid trip to Miami Beach. We also give her a \$250 a week two week contract to dance at our Miami Gayety. After that, we may offer her a feature contract and put her on our coast-to-coast circuit."

Prospective applicants can call Mr. Griffith at 586-0488 for a brief visual interview.

The clientele currently attending the Gayety's professional show is better dressed than the movie crowd, with excellently tailored wives and eager chicks in pancake base and eyes recently rinsed with martinis.

But when the two-beat sock and tramped cymbals of the band set the spell for the first stripper, the men visibly divide from the girl. The stripper's first straight brings an embarrassment of faint applause. (The first straight is notoriously slow and milking.) The second straight she shows her business and is better than expected. But the third straight shows a tremendously overtrained filly running too hard after the weekly retainer.

Griffith's regulars are all seemingly taught by the same dance instructor and have the strict classicism of Vic Tanney doing Swan

Lake with his chest in a halter. They repeat performances, step by step, as if their Bolshoi instructor might slap their wrists. However, the girls do change costumes, and they do vary their three routines so that only two appear nightly.

Julie Taylor, called "The Educated Derrier," can, in fact make her buttock muscles jump and swivel like live rabbits in a flour sack. Women are 75 per cent water, and Julie shows it.

A garland of Gayety humor:

Bert Carr: (rubber-mugging without dental plates) I went to this hotel with my wife. I heard a noise and looked over the next guy's transom. She was ringing him with doughnuts.

Woman: What...what's she doing?

Bert Carr: Get some peppermints and I'll show you. (Laughter.) Did you hear about the queer termite?

Woman: What about him?

Bert Carr: All he wanted to do was eat mailboxes. (Laughter.) Do you know the Norfolk Girls College cry? "We don't smoke! We don't drink! Norfolk! Norfolk!"

Whither Burlesque? Until it advances from its absorption in 2/4 time to the mysteries of 4/4 and even 6/8, Burlesque seems mired in present modes. Perhaps someday there will come a Total Burlesque. When Crystal Pelvis will strip, in "Pasties in Wasteland," to the counterpoint of Gunther Schuller, choreographed by Balanchine, book by Albee, after the poem by Eliot. Performed at Lincoln Center by Leonard Bernstein of course. Where else should this indigenous art form find its apotheosis?

LOWER EAST SIDE FUNK

THE OPENING OF AN EXHIBITION OF THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY.

by John Graffiti

KEN WEAVER, dirty, long haired, combat booted, bearded drummer of the FUGS, said that he met some of the Hells Angels, bearded punk, motorcycle stars of a recent Look magazine. Giving his reaction to these west coast rockers Weaver said, "They're the skuzziest, filthiest creeps lever saw. And they don't like poetry!"

RICHIE VELEZ, actor, co-owner of the Annex bar, recently took ownership of Gregory's Waffle Shop.

TOM McNAMARA, writer for Clyde Magazine, and Nexus, sent a first class letter to Doug Blazek, editor of OLE, in Bensonville Ill, with the words, "Postmaster Please Do Not Open This Letter. It Contains Obscene Material." Blazek wrote Tom telling him that it had "been ripped wide open" by the inspired postmaster.

HARRY SMITH, brilliant young filmmaker, is drying out in the Florida Evergaldes, film ing and recording the Seminole Indians. He needs financial assistance. So send negotiable encourgaement to Harry Smith, 4201 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Florida.

THE FUGS are rumored to have signed with MGM records. Their forthcoming record will be released by Folkways Recordings in the near future.

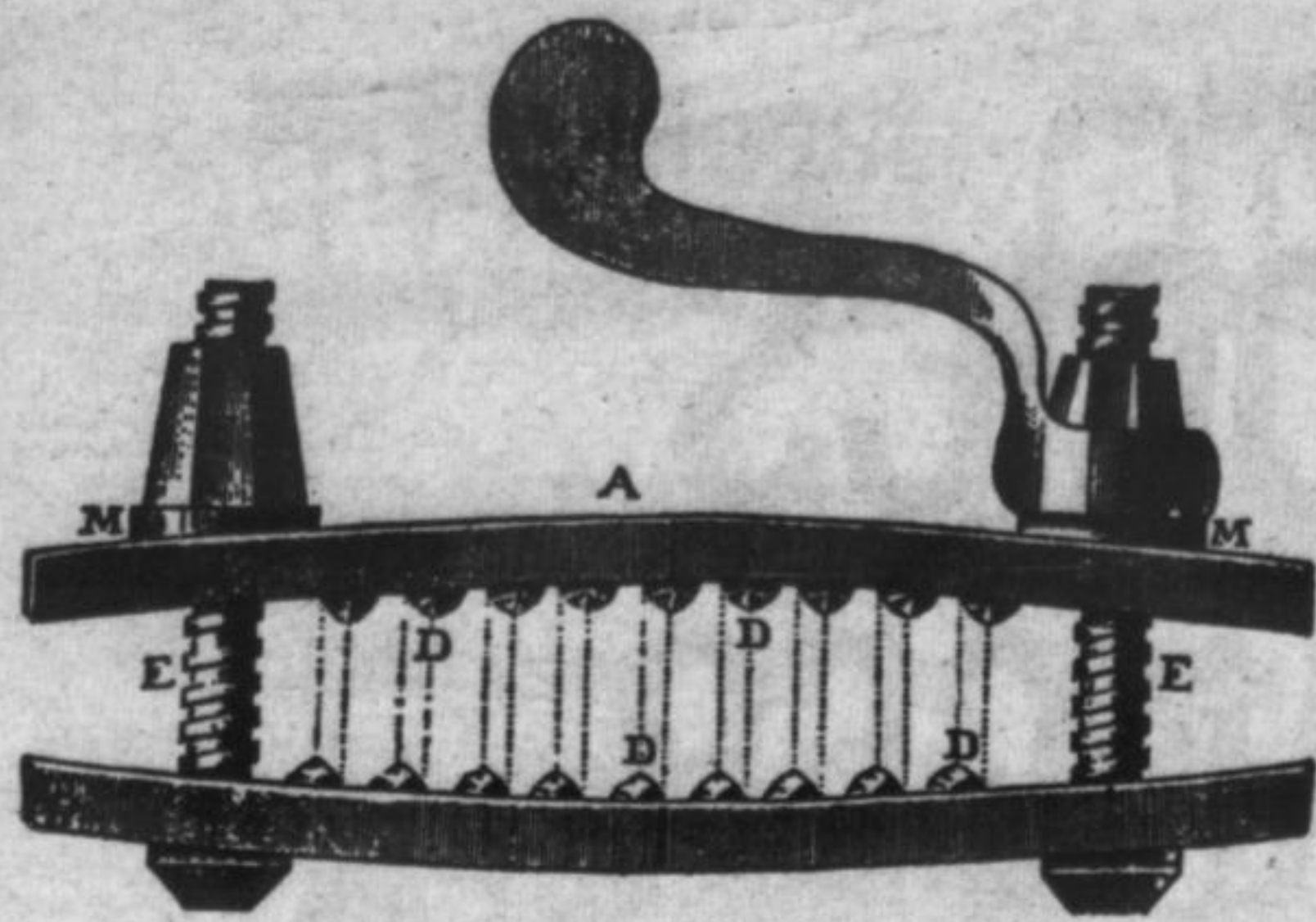
JOHN WILCOCK has become a member of the editorial board of The East Village Other.

Following rumors that ALLEN GINSBERG and the ORLOVSKY brothers were going to reside in Los Angeles after their long stay in San Francisco, this writer believes that they will actually be back in New York this month.

Danl

STOP AIR POLLUTION

MYTH AND GUILT



THE THUMBSCREW OF MARIA THERESA

This figure and the three following are taken from the legal code prepared for Maria Theresa of Austria in 1768. In order that her judges, some of whom were illiterate, might carry out the approved methods of torture, the procedures were represented pictorially. In using the thumbscrew, the tips of the victim's thumbs were inserted into the space marked D; the nuts F and F were then adjusted to hold the pointed studs across the base of the thumb nail; and finally the executioner turned the lever K.

KARATE BOMBING, TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS

The existence of a fully developed school of sabotage was revealed in testimony this week in Washington. It existed with the knowledge of leader Calvin F. Craig; and of his staff chief, Robert M. (Bobby) Shelton who was shown to have been present.

Students assembled M-1 rifles, and got up-to-date instructions on bombing cars and department stores. Guerrilla raids on power plants and how a quick, hidden action could cause a vast, appalling blackout were explained.

Racists held six secret meetings in October, 1961, at a Macon, Ga. farm. Further meetings are known for as late as Oct. 17th, 1964., in Henry Country, Ga.

Lessons taught included:

Booby Traps: Made with mercury switches from old appliances.

Dynamite Fuses: Triggered by a spark from a flashlight battery.

Fire Bombs: Mixing powdered sugar and potassium chloride.

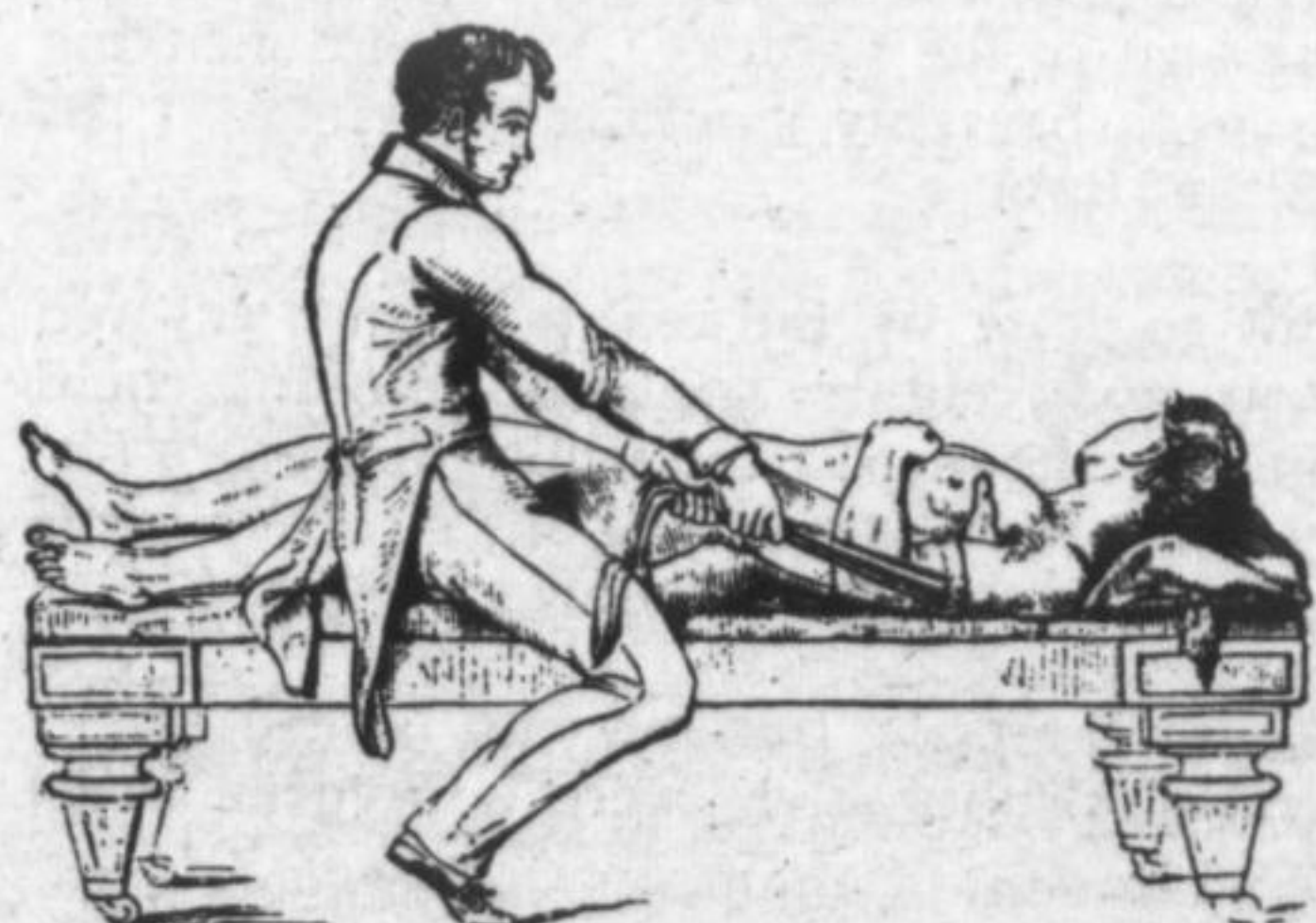
Auto Bombs (Molotov Cocktails): Glass jar half filled with gasoline plus wick or fire-cracker.

Time Bombs (3 minutes to get away): Stack of matches, cotton, etc., in lighter fluid.

Students learned that fertilizers such as sodium phosphate can be used in explosives; that judo and karate could spread personal terror.

The documentation, including names of instructors and time and place of meetings, have been put into the record by Philip Manuel, staff investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

The officers of the United Klans of America, however, answered all questions by stating the Fifth Amendment. Hearings have been adjourned.



Reduction by the heel in the axilla. (Cooper's Dislocations.)

Two separate articles appeared recently in the Nov. 9 issue of the Herald Tribune. The first news article headlined, MAN CLEARED OF MURDER—YEAR IN JAIL; the second, FOR REALTOR, NOJAIL, BUT RESTITUTION.

Santo Sanchez walked out of Rikers Island prison a free man after spending almost a year behind bars awaiting trial for a murder he did not commit. Mr. Sanchez, a 40-year old factory worker with six children, "confessed" only because of "brutal beatings" by police. He was released only after he made a deal with Bronx Assistant D.A. Fred Baroni that if intensive lie detector tests proved he was lying, it could be used against him, and if he was telling the truth, he would be freed.

In the second article, I. Jerome Riker, formerly one of the city's top real estate managers, was given a suspended sentence in Supreme Court for stealing \$524,584 from the funds he had collected from wealthy East Side co-operative apartment owners. Justice Gerald P. Culkin noted that "the people are not going to be better off if we insist on our pound of flesh" by sending Riker to prison. Justice Culkin observed that Riker did not "line his pockets" with the money he took but had illegally transferred it to unprofitable business ventures. The 68-year-old real estate operator was placed on parole after he had agreed to make restitution to the best of his financial ability.

Arthur J. Goldberg, prefacing the new book Ransom by Goldfarb, has called the American bail system "a highly commercialized racket" that "can no longer be tolerated," and "operates to discriminate on account of poverty."

The book was written while Ambassador Goldberg was still a member of the Supreme Court and it attacks the entire American penal system from beginning to end. The argument against bail is that it seldom prevents the defendant intent on fleeing from a trial from doing so and only inflicts an unnecessary financial burden on the poor or unpopular defendant, as in several civil rights cases in the south.

It is further pointed out that many civil-rights groups without suitably large "bail war chests" are prevented from demonstrating in many Southern communities. Mr. Goldberg continues to remind us "of the appalling and needless waste to the government, the family and the community, every time a responsible person presumed by law to be innocent is kept in jail awaiting trial solely because he is unable to raise bail money."

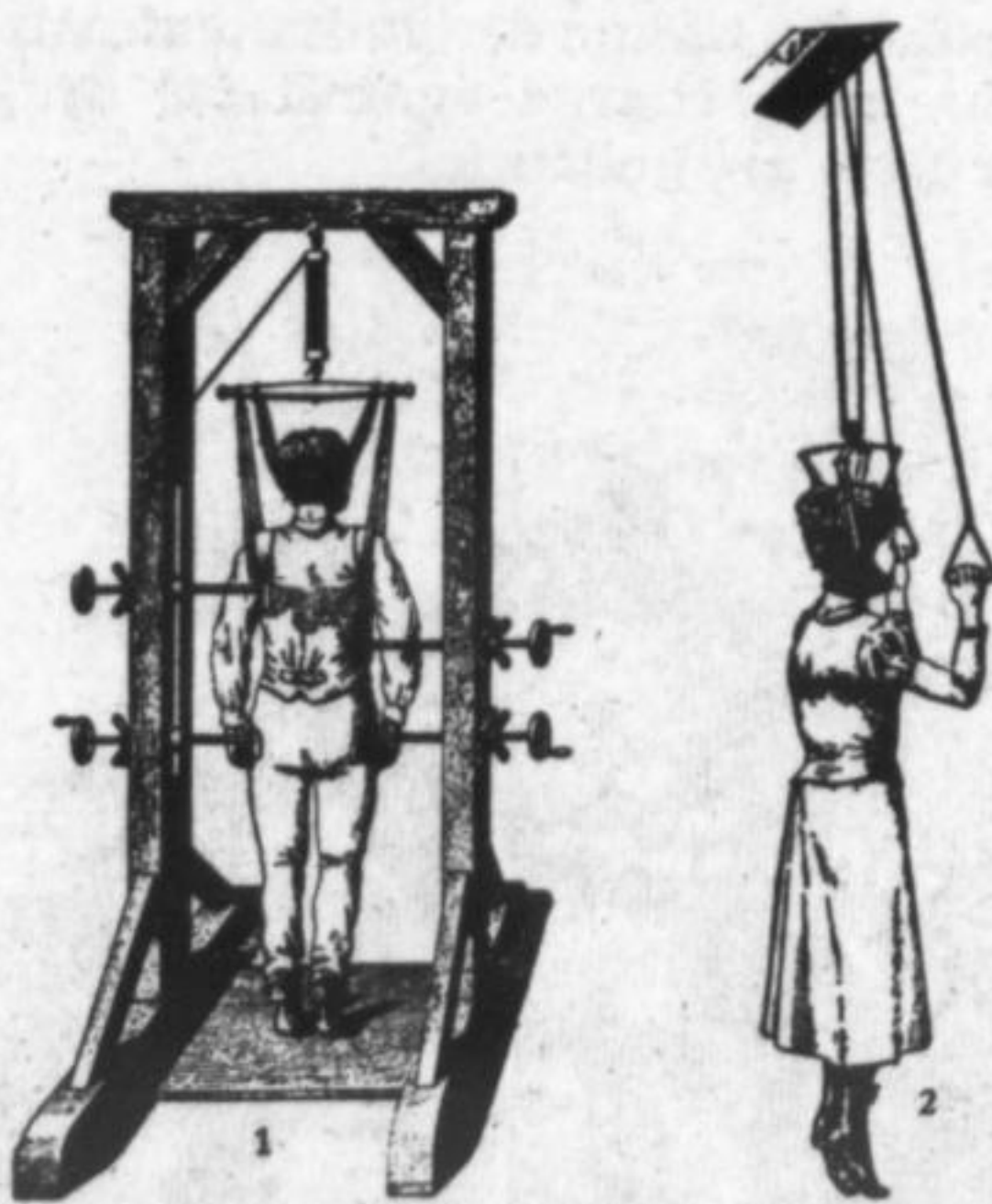


FIG. 2081. — Modes de suspension.
1. Avec compression laterale. 2. Sans compression laterale.

A Federal District Court in San Francisco has awarded \$110,000 to a ship's steward who became locked in a meat freezer for two and a half hours.

Medical witnesses testified that he became impotent as a result of the experience. He had previously fathered eleven children.

The steward, Ortus Behschoop of Oakland, testified that a hook holding the freezer door open became loose from the ship's vibration and the door slammed behind him. He said the release device on the inside was broken and the alarm was shorted out.

THE FOOD OF Revolution



by D. B. Rice

The American homemaker searching for nutrition in space-age supermarkets, collecting the attractive boxes and cans with colorful and easy-to-prepare contents may well be charting her family closer to disease or death than to any life-giving properties of nourishment. Lewis Herber in his book 'Our Synthetic Environment,' published by Knopf in 1963, tells us that the homemaker's judgement is hampered "by the fact that many processors color the food she sees and use chemicals to soften the refined products she touches. Preservatives are often added to foods to permit longer storage, and synthetic flavoring matter is put into many processed foods to enhance their taste."

There are over forty thousand food processing plants in the fifty states. Dr. E. B. Cole, head of the Home Economics Department at the University of California, has said that the preparation of foods is out of the hands of the consumer, with the giant food-processing plants now commanding control of the diet of most Americans.

Implicit in the middleman position of "processor, refiner, manufacturer, or distributor is the detachment from the soil, the earth, and the crops urged by the cry for more production, faster marketing, movie-star fruits, and plastic packaging. The farmer only grows the crops, shipping them off to canner and processor. They go from hand-to-hand down the line of chemical treatment finally reaching in "glorified" form, the consumer.

In the land of supermarkets, television commercials and technicolor magazine ads, present day foods are shown in their best light. Degerminated grain products are praised for their sterility, white rice with all the nutrients polished out is called 'fluffy' and shown in ads falling like snow in slow motion. Bleached white bread is proclaimed healthy and we are advised to picnic with luncheon meat containing toxinogenic chemicals to make it look a nourishing pink and fit for the hale outdoors.

Toxins from preservatives, emulsifiers, colorings, and softeners present as serious a threat to the human organism as air-pollution. Often chemical additives are used by the middlemen that have not been properly tested, and even those that are certified as safe may show a high toxin rate, if the middleman agrees to keep the chemical far below the danger point. But then no two human organisms are the same. Some people can take poisons better than others. Toxins accumulate in our bodies resulting in a slow poisoning with treacherous aftereffects.

Even baby foods contain harmful additives. This highly processed line of foodstuffs has recently been the object of extensive public scrutiny. Dr. Carlton Fredericks, a twenty-year radio commentator and noted nutritionist, stated that the baby food people have been making quiet use of a chemical reservoir of non-foods due to their exemption from control which resulted from a mistake made by the Food and Drug Administration nearly thirty years ago. Dr. Fredericks has kept his listeners up to date with a daily report of a mothers group actively lobbying against a cand bill which allows candy manufacturers to abandon their present practice of putting real food in their candy bars. The candy-makers want the same privileges that the baby-food makers enjoy; the facility to use some of the thousand non-nutritive additives. It would make the candy industry thousands of dollars if they were allowed to use synthetic chocolate with labeling.

In American there is often talk of a consumers union, fair labeling legislation and the like. Most of it is just talk. In New York City there are small groups of people—publicly naught—who band together to do what they can to aid themselves, and help alter the country's point of view toward food, nutrition and the vital act of nourishment which is mightily important to the well-being of this nation. Two of these groups are the Zen Macrobiotics and Yoga diet people, whom we shall take a closer look at in the next column.

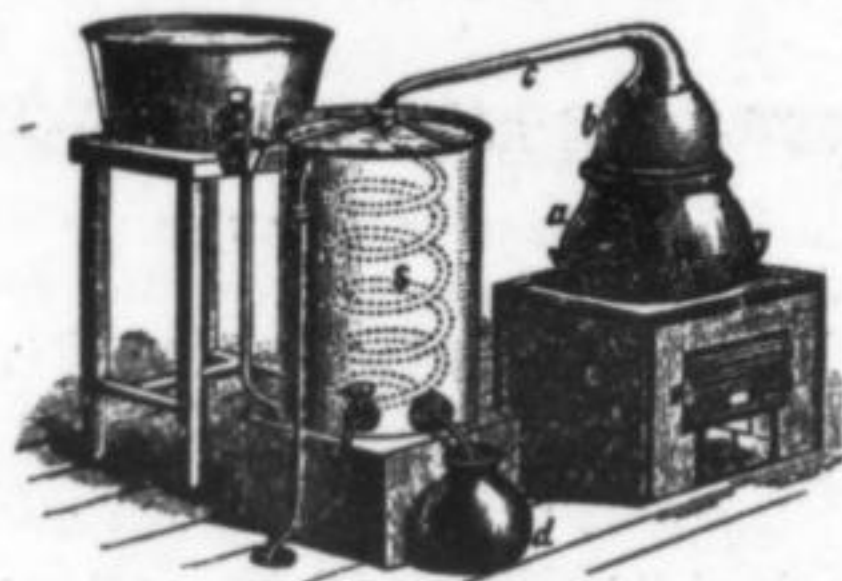
SOCIABLE EUPHORICS AND SUNDRY DANGER

by Bert Herman

PART I

Until 1945, the United States was basically a beer and whiskey country, and went pretty heavy for those vices of the 17th Century, coffee and tobacco. Since the 2nd World War, after a two-hundred year lapse, tea is making a moderate come-back; wine, which never left the better tables, made the College scene in the '50's, the pop scene now. These are variations—less important than the interest in and extensive use of marijuana and heroin (which are illegal) and tranquilizers and energizers (which are on prescription, but generally available.)

If it is smoked, drunk or gobbled up for energy and relaxation, rather than as food per se, it excites the moral sentiment of blue-noses and provokes the intervention of authority. Such resistance to a new fashion is likely to fail, if the population wants the change. James I railed ineffectively against the tobacco evil (1641). Over in China, the Manchus were trying to abolish the wine shop! Tobacco, chocolate, coffee, rum, gin and opium swept through opposition to take their place among life's divertissements. Usage varies: chocolate is now eaten as well as drunk; we take our gin in martinis. Hot rum, a Colonial staple, has been outpaced by other mixes and whiskies and rum & coke. The opium user of Civil War days is long gone, but the alcohol and opium "remedy" has



Still, p. 2045.

long outlasted the Medicine Show. We use codein by prescription and in over-the-counter cough syrup...

Yet historic stabilities are remarkable: the wine areas of Southern Europe; the beer areas of Northern Europe, constant for several thousand years. Mohammed rather cagily banned liquor for his coffee and hashish-using followers—who remained relatively sober until the postwar years.

EUPHORICS ON THE MARCH

Salt is a universal "taste" need, and the trek for and trade in salt antedates flags. But trade in geographically anchored euphorics has followed the Flag in modern explorations and conquests. The introduction of hashish into metropolitan France was a major trophy of French imperialism in the 19th Century. French traders and adventurers and officers and men took to hashish and dancing girls in Algiers, Beirut, Dakar, and lonely inland posts. The hashish was brought home.

Both Yankees and European imperialists traded for opium in the Far East; and in the Opium War the British forced the government of China into continuing unregulated production. But the Western vogue for opium has been sporadic. It doesn't touch hashish and marijuana, which are a more consistent

success, and now, firmly entrenched in the cosmopolitan centers and Bohemian areas. In the United States, the political fact of prohibitionism now centers on marijuana. After all, the bluenose attack on liquor is now fairly abated, and the storm over tobacco is past (except for the link with cancer). And no one is about to raise the old argument that the consumption of chocolate is linked to the heightening of erotic need.

Moreover, the historic homelands of opium and hashish have become severe in their attitudes. Even in Mexico, marijuana is a criminal offense. Pancho Villa's army fought to the choruses of "La Cucaracha, marijuana que fumar," but their children can go to jail for smoking it. In Mexico, as in other places, it is a still deeprooted rural (and barrio) habit.

For some forty years now, Westernizing classes, bourgeois or nationalist, have taken to whiskey, wine, American cigarettes, etc., and at least in public, disdained the old-fashioned indulgences, such as hashish.

This doesn't apply to such a fancy energizer as cocaine, a staple of La Dolce Vita. (It's much too expensive and momentary in its effects for riff-raff use.) An exception is its use in its Andes home (coca bean), where the authorities dare not deprive the undernourished and over-worked Indian of his native energizer. The new mass energizers (along with barbiturates and tranquilizers) have, of course, taken the more advanced countries by storm.

It is difficult to see this as a new Western habit, rather than a variation. The 50 million or so American users are the spiritual descendants of generations of hypochondriac and neuresthetic devotees of the medical magic bag of powders, potions, and pink sugar pills.

Pills and whiskey are, however, a bad speed trap for nervous people. They heighten each other's action and are a prime cause of accidents and highway casualties.

By way of contrast, perhaps 100,000 people use heroin (an opium derivative) extensively, and the main charge against the drug is that its users are antisocial.



Santa scores on the phone.

II.

Why a marijuana smoking revolutionary, e.g. Castro, should shift to its prohibition, upon taking power, is superficially puzzling. But, in fact, most governing groups, so long as they can afford whiskey and cigars, tend to oppose it.

The international opposition to marijuana/hashish takes in almost all of the Western countries and former colonial areas. (Modern China, both Nationalist and Communist, is firmly against opium—except for export.)

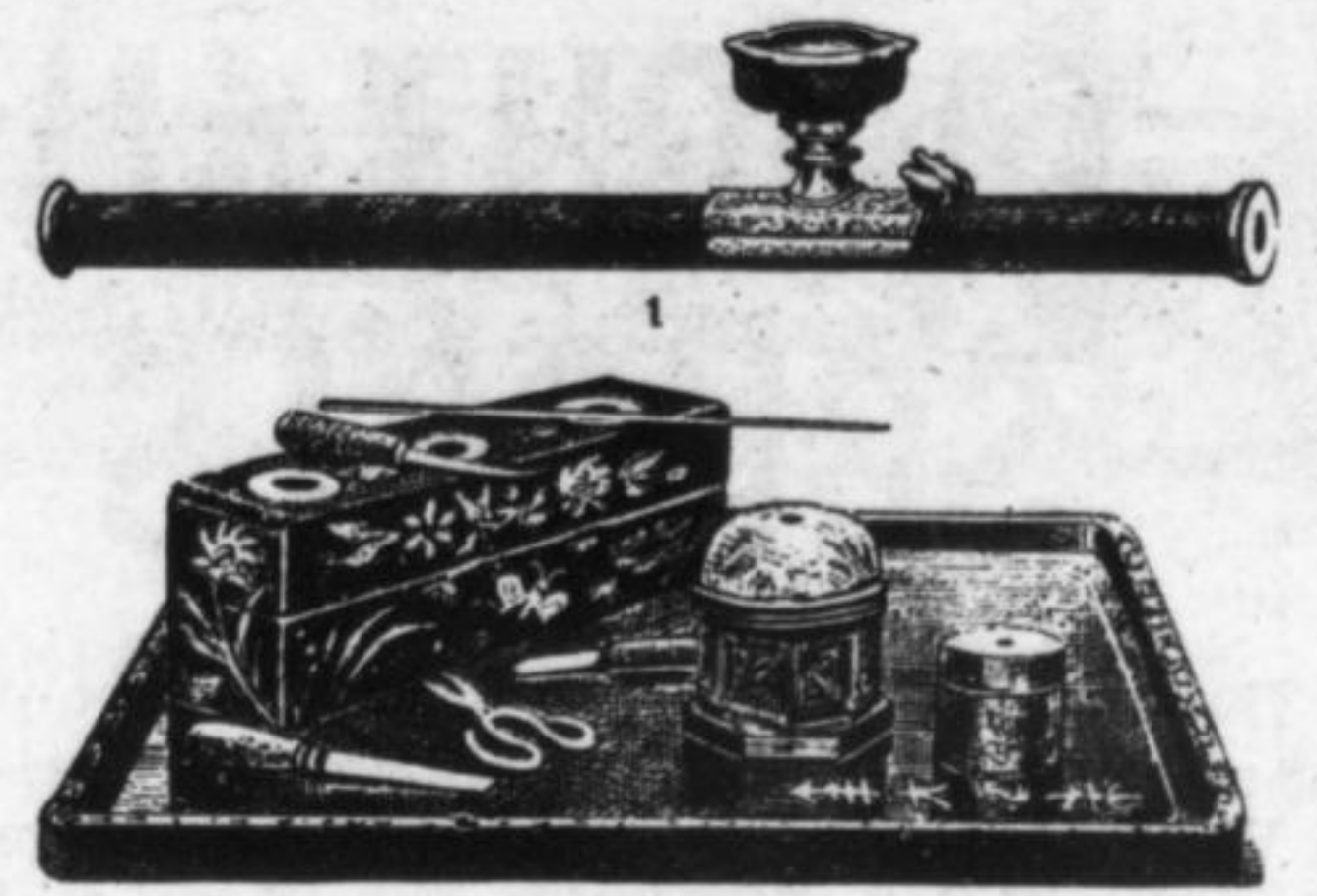


FIG. 1544. — Pipe à opium (1); Accessoires de fumeur (2).

Marijuana is illegally available in major cities of the USSR (there was a recent scandal in Omsk); and among the USSR's 40 million Moslems. Basically, though, the USSR, Poland and the Scandinavians are fighting the old fashioned battle against mass drunkenness. If only the lazy poor and lonely bums would stop drinking all that homebrew and lousy rotgut.

This was, of course, the attitude of the American governing classes until we experimented with Prohibition. We were not seriously worried about such items as drugs and marijuana until we passed the Harrison Tax Act, just before the 1st World War. We neglected to set a tax figure, and so possession of marijuana made one liable to arrest for tax avoidance. We also subscribed to international conventions that licensed the transport of drugs, and made transporting unlicensed drugs a crime.

But the major issue in America was drink. The lower classes (of course) drank too much. A workingman's wife—even one of the stranger immigrant types—had to be entitled to get her husband's weekly paycheck, to keep up the rent and feed the children. Anti-Saloon agitation and legislation was very much the order of the day and 3.2 beer lurked dead ahead.

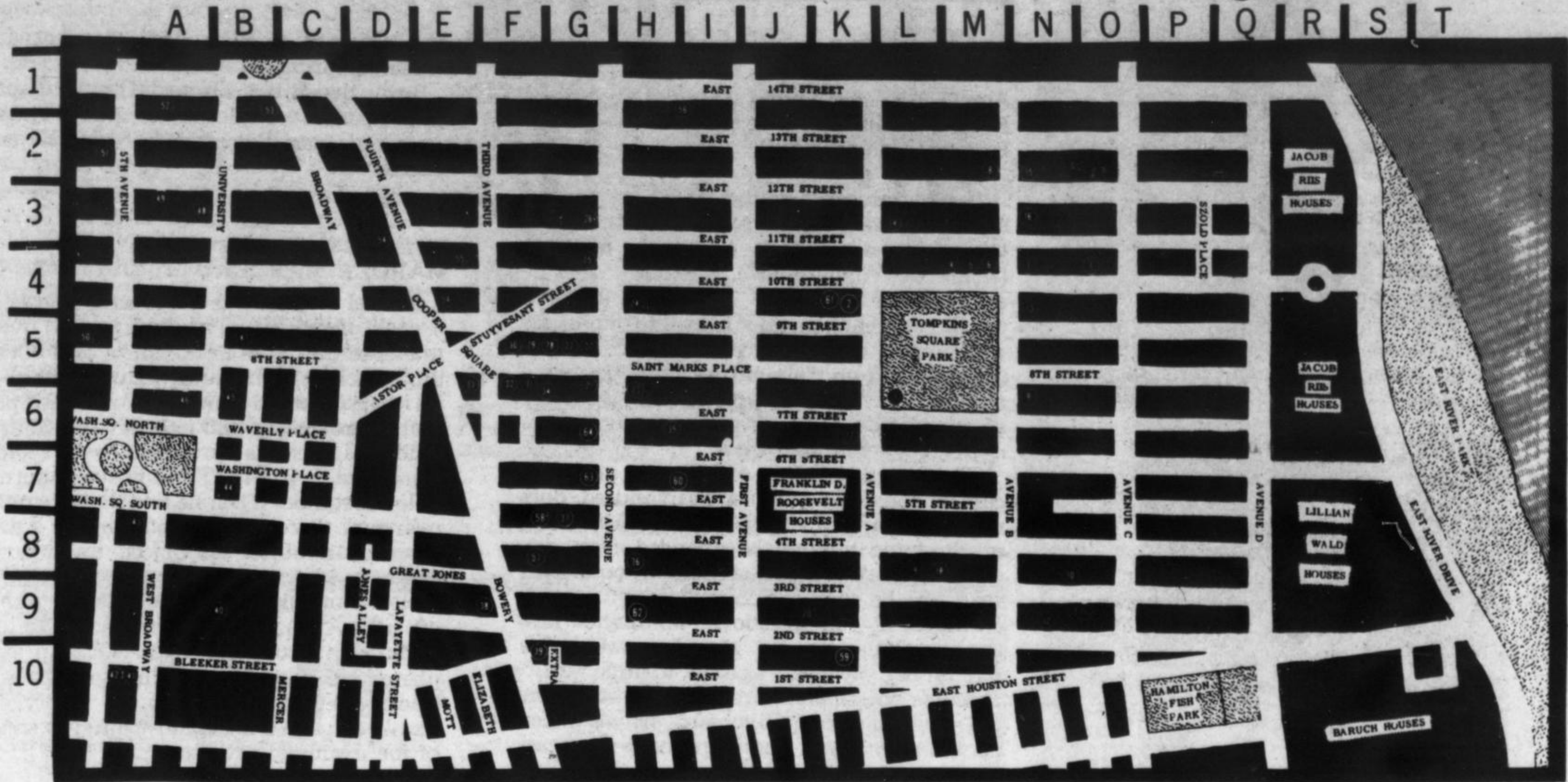
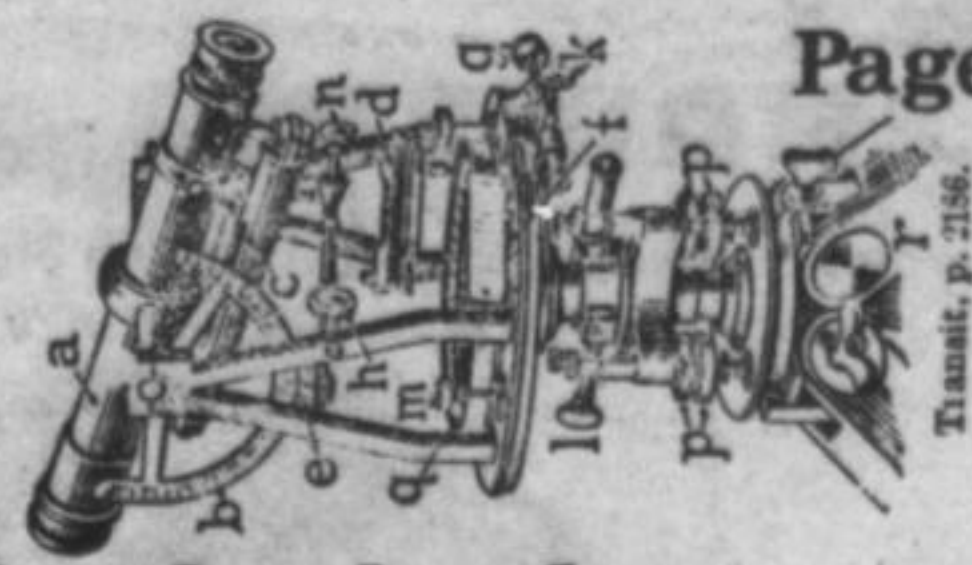
A simultaneous crusade against tobacco was somewhat touch-and-go. The Civil War vets had died out or got their opium on prescription. It was the young hellraisers (around the turn of the Century) who were sneaking or even brazenly smoking cigarettes. (The "filthy" habit.)

But so long as the real gentlemen enjoyed their good cigars, cogarette smoking could only be deplored. And while snuff was a dirty habit, it was something one's grandparents took—and you can't outlaw grandpa.

As for the poor Indians who "rotted away" under alcohol—they were a favorite racist

Cont'd on page 7.

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) Sids Newsstand
7. (O4) Peace Eye Bookstore
8. (M2) Stanley's Bar
9. (N6) St. Brigids Catholic Church
10. (N8) Old Reliable Bar
11. (O9) 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 Bowerie
26. (G3) The Place, antiques
27. (G5) Dom
28. (F5) Board and Bow; 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) Paradox Zen Restaurant
36. (H8) Koh I Nor, indian food
37. (G7) Al Sirat
38. (E9) Bowery Lane Theatre
39. (F10) Amalio 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. Booksellers
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

SOCIABLE EUPHORICS continued

topic and prohibitionist target. The other surviving side of Indian culture was concerned with peyote and other substances which we would now class as psychedelics. THESE were the "backward" Indians who used psychedelics to evoke their religious and cultural natures,



Tea Plant, p. 2119.



Euphorbia, p. 756.

Equally unknown to the governing classes, was the cultural nature of the American minorities, who lived and worked and bred at the bottom of society. Paying rent was still a white man's privilege; because, except for the pit of the dirtiest industrial places, black men didn't need jobs—they served. Black, brown or Mexican, they lived on the other side of the conventional moral, as well as business and railroad tracks. The porter can do whatever he wants with his tip.

He was supposed to sing and drink and carry on like a nut, and "get happy." In fact he developed the culture; he invented the Blues; he made mention of marijuana. Whether Negroes cultivated marijuana in the ante-bellum South is not clear; but that they smoked the

wild plant is very probable. They brought over a familiarity with similar African plants.

Gunja, an African variety of marijuana, is smoked throughout West Africa (and the West Africans were in contact with the Arabic world's hashish for centuries prior to contact with the West).



Hemp, p. 1004.

The Caribbean area has a long history of smoking marijuana and other plants and both Africa and the Caribbean sent slaves to the South.

Sailors, as a group, have smoked and traded in opium and other drugs and exotics since the 15th Century—for instance (as he notes) supplying De Quincy. Therefore, waterfront towns—New Orleans, New York, Boston, etc., had an extensive traffic in such items. And it was often with gentlemen who had the time for the experience, or who had some inkling of the way of life of foreign pashas and mandarins.

There is a fine early 18th Century memoir of a "hashish eater"; a gentleman who lived next to the unspoiled waters of the Hudson River—up near West Point. (Reissued recent-

ly as part of the Hasty Papers.) But the drugs that the apothecary or sailor supplied did not, on the whole, compete with Barbados rum!

Drugs got to have a very bad name as vices, and for being decadent. Of course, a gentleman might discreetly smoke a pipe or two of an evening. There are even respectable gentlemen in Boston today who smoke a discreet pipe in the quiet of their panelled libraries.




Sliding Machine, p. 918.



Parachute, p. 1562.

THE East Side Bar



THE ANNEX

163 Avenue B
New York, N. Y.

Question: (Asked at the corner of 9th Street and Avenue B): How do you feel about the war in Vietnam?



Aldo Grotchronni, 147 Avenue A, Student
 A: "I ain't yet eighteen yet, but I'd sure like to go over there and get me some Gooks!"



Sampaku Bliss, 696 East 9th St., Yoga Instructor
 A: "Osawa don't like it. And if Osawa don't like it, I don't like it."



Charles Neytyet, Address not given, Retired
 A: "I wish they'd stop fighting there and put the slats back on the benches in Tompkins Park."



Selma Seer, 373 East 9th St., Medium
 A: "Hear them? Hear them screaming?"

REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEW

Ample Food for Stupid Thought by Robert Filliou. Something Else Press. Book \$5.00. Postcard Edition \$9.00.

The literature of games is what's utmost in Filliou's mind as an author. Unlike Lewis Carroll, he significantly avoids the fairytale ("Alice in Wonderland"). His book is made up of about 60 pages, with only a single question on each page: a horror to publishers who abhor wasted space. The questions run the gamut from, "should you live the life of a snake?" or "why did you do that?" to "why shouldn't you lie?" or "what time does wisdom cry out in the streets?"

The fact that many of Filliou's questions can be construed very seriously indeed, does not necessarily prove the title ironical, since much stupid thought is expended every day on terribly serious questions. (When Filliou read this he said, "Of course, irony. Because whenever I ask questions—no matter how serious—I usually get stupid answers. It's like hitting my head against a stone wall.") Filliou's book calls for audience participation; the revealing of public and private faces. As the poet says—The title is not to be read. The title is to be swallowed and eaten alive.

The Marquis de Sade; including the complete Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom, and other writings. Compiled and translated by Richard Seaver and Austryn Wainhouse. Grove Press. \$15.00.

We who know so little about love must bow before this man. For, he is the Master. And although the readers of EVO may very well number among those of the Earth least able to pay \$15.00 for a book, this selection of de Sade's works deserves special attention.

It is the first unexpurgated translation into English of its two major inclusions, the novels *Justine* and *Philosophy in the Bedroom* appearing under the label of a legitimate, operating-in-the-open publisher to be sold in bookstores all across the nation where "anybody can buy a copy."

It is an event which hopefully foreshadows better things to come; like breaking all this bulk into its natural subdivisions in cheap paperback editions. We might even hope to see the other major works of de Sade in similarly legitimate translation.

And while we are hoping (it costs nothing) we might even go the one step further to where we can foresee some of that vast ignorance, within which all Americans vegetate, being just ever so slightly parted with upon contact with this writer who, perhaps unique among all, presents us with a "permanent exaltation of the freedom of man" (quoting Gilbert Lely); this writer whose work throws the silly scribbles of 300 years of Western fiction into a light of puerility from which they may very well never emerge; this writer whose very name is love, for whom love is sex, and for whom sex is a word, so large as to escape human definition.

"The Divine Marquis" he was called. Immoral, sadistic, atheistic sensualist — who more deserving to be called "divine"? Criminal madman in his prison cell spewing out three, four and six volume literary works to demonstrate the tiniest details of his corrupt philosophy; diabolic rationalist twisting the minds of his readers with monstrous arguments, with a proliferation of graphic descriptions of all the most "unnatural" acts, with every sort of perversion of the "truth," with deceptions, deviations, distortions.

Divine, indeed he was, and uniquely qualified to speak to us of love. Just as his life was a complete life, one in which no arbitrary taboo was permitted to stifle imperious Desire; so, what he left us in his surviving writings, reflects a complete thought, one which touches every aspect of life. He was one of those

who returned to the source, the roots from which we spring.

Burn the Bible, discard Dante, dispatch Shakespeare to a footnote, study Plato in your old age. But read de Sade. He is the Beginning.

THEATRE The Sorcerer's Night MARCEL MARCEAU AT CITY CENTER

Marcel Marceau is a sorcerer. He weaves a spell of movement and suggestion over an audience that is both complete and devastating. Flickers of the hand, gestures of the body, an expression, all contribute to a magic power that is convincing and unbelievable in its precision. Marceau is movement itself. Fluid, intransigent, a QUALITY almost without definable substance. When he establishes a point of reference, there is no questioning it: a wall is a wall, an object an object, an action an action.

He accomplishes all this with the simplest of sets. A bare stage, some lighting, and perhaps a prop. He CREATES an atmosphere, and, with the sometimes-use of a sound track, a history, mystique, or reality. Marceau's art is a perfect illustration to students of the dramatic arts that NOT MUCH is required to create an atmosphere on the stage. In a sense, he is a living chiding finger for Broadway to stand up to and take note of. VERY LITTLE is required to create a stage reality. A light, a sound, a suggestion, and VOILA! the magic is completed!

His secrecy is beautiful, but one finds after the first hour or so that it palls. Boredom sets in, and restlessness crowds it. The selections, though beautiful, are simply over-long, and not captivating enough. The only fault with the program is to be found there. And nothing more.



ANSWER TO HIPPUZZLE

1	U	2	P	3	T	4	I	5	G	6	H	7	T	8	B	9	A	10	L	11	L
12	M	13	E	14		15	E	16	U	17	R	18	O	19	P	20	E	21	O	22	O
23	W	24	E	25	B	26	A	27	R	28	E	29	A	30	D	31	A	32	G	33	E
34	L	35	L	36	A	37	S	38	E	39	D	40	G	41	E	42		43	I	44	S
45	L	46	E	47	A	48	R	49	E	50	D	51	S	52	E	53	L	54		55	C
56	T	57	R	58	O	59	P	60	S	61		62	S	63	M	64	A	65	N	66	
67	S	68	N	69	A	70	T	71	C	72	H	73	O	74	S	75	A	76	L	77	E
78	T	79	O	80		81	T	82	E	83	A	84		85	O	86	P	87		88	W
89	U	90	R	91	N	92		93	A	94	R	95	T	96	F	97	R	98	E	99	A
100	R	101	E	102	O	103		104	R	105		106		107		108	A	109	N	110	P
111	N	112	O	113	W	114	H	115	E	116	O	117	R	118		119	S	120	K	121	A
122		123		124		125		126	A	127	T	128		129	P	130	O	131	E	132	S
133		134		135		136	P	137	L	138	E	139	A	140		141	T	142	R	143	A
144		145		146		147		148		149		150		151		152		153		154	

SLUM GODDESS

Ann Miyamoto, 25, fled her home in Hawaii and moved to the Lower East Side three years ago to "get away from the artificial, commercial paradise."

"Here the people are real and the atmosphere is relaxed. And when people are creeps, you can tell they're creeps. But the real reason I moved to the East Village was that the rents were in my price range."

Ann teaches school in the Village for a living, but her real interests lie in folk songs and acting. She recently appeared on Bob Fass' regular Monday thru Friday program "Radio Unnamable" on WBAL.

Commenting on the opposite sex Ann says, "I want a man to be strong and dominating. He must assert his masculinity, but be kind and gentle too. The family scene is secondary to being cool and happy. People get hung up with planning."



JANUARY SLUM GODDESS

TRUTH

Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

It is in the little little magazines, with names like C, Mother, Fuck You, Nexus, Ole (short for Hole), dust, Magazine, Kauri and onward and onward that the real new, real current writing is appearing. Here is where the "ferment" that Will Inman always talks about in his Kauri is happening, here is where the big blasters of tomorrow (as far as the general public will be concerned) can be read now. And as any EVO reader knows: now is always the time.

For instance, the current issue of Dust (\$1 from Bx 123, El Cerrito, Calif.) has a fine interview with Westcoast poet Gene Fowler that is well worth the price. He talks about critics, poems, anti-poems, the new audience, etc.

"When the critic writes knowingly about a poet's rhythms, tones and such, the reader should stay pretty suspicious." And, "If you decide a critic's ear is enough like your ear that you let him hear the poem for you, you'll never hear anything he can't. And there's no telling what you'll miss."... Yeah! He also takes a poke at pop art that I think is rather sour grapes and I disagree with his condemnation of "plotlessness" in current poetry and prose. But get it, read it, agree or disagree, with Fowler, with me... Will Inman's Kauri (\$1 a year from 362 E 10, NYC 10009) features a lot of war protest stuff in the Nov-Dec issue, much of which tends to be more polemics than poetry (but good as propaganda, maybe). There is always a great deal of, if not great stuff in each issue, at least good stuff in the process of becoming... Crank Books (Bx 35, Village Station, NYC 10014) is worth knowing about and The London Times highly praised Kirby Congdon's good works. Crank Books and Interim Books (same address) publish a number of good things including Jim Burn's excellent "Some Poems" for a buck and Roberts Blossom's "Excusology Of The Ocean" for the same price. KC also gets out "Magazine" once a year (it always sells out) and will send it to you for a one. Or write for a list of many fine items... Jim Burns edits Move magazine (37 Ryelands Crescent, Preston, Lancs, England at about \$1). Also on the English scene is Poetmeat (45c from 11 Clematis Street, Blackburn, Lancs, Eng) and Tzarad (from Lee Harwood, 37 Wellclose Square, London, E. 1 at 35c) and Eleventh Finger (from Paul Evans, 4 The Corner, Grange Park, Ealins, London W. 5.) All unreservedly recommended. Poetmeat is so tuff it was raided by the fuzz and may be temporarily and involuntarily suspended. A compendium

of erotica they did probably is what got the bobbies on them and maybe soon we can all see this sordid work called "The Golden Convolutus" by Arthur Moyses a wildass type usually featured in PM" The first issue of Tzarad (named in honor of Tristan Tzara—Lee Harwood has translated much of his poetry) is of the highest quality page after page, and alive/aliveo, too! Work by Tzara, John Ashbery, Michael Couturier, Max Jacob, Dom Houedad, Harwood, Cunliffe, Evans, Ken Weaver's "Resolutions from a Madder Year" (Yeah!) and an essay by Miles of London's Better Books called "Character armoring is the enemy of art" which, if you dig it, makes beautiful sense. (If you don't you should read Wilhelm Reich's "Character Analysis," posthaste.) Other goodies by others too numerous to mention... Eleventh Finger hasn't arrived yet, but it is well-recommended... and from a place called Bensonville, Illinois, comes a thing called Ole (449 So Center, Bens. Ill. at 75c) a magazine in which you can usually find stuff by Charles Bukowski, Harold Norse, William Wantling, and others as good. The current issue has good poems by Norse, Climenhaga, Pennington, Shapiro, Lowenfels and "He Who Comes & Goes & Never Knows Why" by Richard Jaworski, an account of the tragic death of poet Ray Newton from the effects of drugs. Also there is a perceptive essay by Kirby Congdon on the new audience for poetry and Gil Orlovitz's poem "Balls" which is bound to tickle your testicles...

The next COLUMN will focus on the East-side mags. Meantime, mail all things for review to COLUMN c/o of the EVO, box 571, Stuyvesant Station, New York, 10009 or deliver stuff in person to the EVO office, 147 Ave. A. Seya.



• 339 east 10th st. •

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



ART OPENING: MARGITTE

Possibly the most important exhibition of the decade is the Rene Magritte show, which opened at the Museum of Modern Art Dec 13 and will run until Feb. 27. Magritte, living in middle class Belgium anonymity, paints nerve-twisting surreal, poetic images which, with art establishment ballyhoo, will be catalogued as fathering pop art and a new American School.

Magritte has been painting since the turn of the century, and the farthest thing from his mind could have been an art movement. He does have his influences, reflecting his condition as humanoid, DeChirico being the most noticeable, but Rene is Magritte. As Salvador Dali remarked at the opening, "I wonder what he's on."

"I do smoke, but it is not a pipe," said Magritte commenting on his own condition.

A painting, dated 1950, entitled "The Survivor," contains an M-1 rifle spilling blood. "The Tomb of the Wrestlers," dated 1960, is a giant alizarin red rose, onepetal melting into a droplet, crammed into a small room.

This exhibition reflects one artist's individual genius. Magritte walks his dog on a leash. The museum, and films on Rene Magritte, connect him by a leash tied to the wrist of the art lickers in pursuit of a new myth. Until now no books have been published on Magritte. Now he has been taken to the bosom, stamped made-in-America and fondled by Warhol lovers.

Those who know Magritte, however, can smell him farting.

O T H E R S C E N E S

By John Wilcock

About 19 miles south of Tokyo, in the port city of Yokohama, the tiny Akafune Sex Drug Store sits quietly on a side street, a few steps from the Bashamichi streetcar stop. Nobody could describe it as "unobtrusive" because a poster on the corner advertises "Spanish Fly"



(a come-on for the unwary) and the store itself is topped with a sign, at least three feet high, reading SEX DRUGS HERE.

The little, old man who runs the Akafune store doesn't speak much English but his vocabulary includes a higher percentage of sexual terms (e.g. "hard-on", "make virgin again", "fooky, fooky") than any other Japanese I ever met. His style, in fact, is unique, and his only published work, "Catalog & Itemized Explanations for Sex Drugs", is a sociological and literary masterpiece.

Lest there be any misunderstandings, let me say quite categorically that not a word nor a letter has been changed from the original version. The catalog that follows this brief introduction is exactly the same one that thousands of delighted visitors to the store have taken home with them. Whether or not the drugs and devices mentioned live up to their enthusiastic claims is beside the point: what we are solely concerned with is the merits of the catalog as a literary curiosity.

CATALOG & ITEMIZED EXPLANATIONS
FOR SEX DRUGS
AKAFUNE DRUG CO. YOKOHAMA
JAPAN

SEX
INSTRUMENTS, ADVICE MEDICINE
"AND SEX PROBLEMS"
—OUR BUSINESS MOTTO—
* SAFETY & PLEASURE FIRST *

We strongly urge both ladies and gentleman to try our various scientific preparations for the sex. Sexual dissatisfaction will bring sorrow to you and possibly your home, while its satisfaction will make you and your home happy and delightful. What is the secret of success in one's married life? We have all sorts of medicines and instruments to bring happiness and enable you to enjoy a thrilling sex life. Who can answer the question except us? Our store has been engaging in this business for more than 30 years, handling such articles as mentioned on the following pages

in the world-wide reputation.

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(I-A1) PLUSPIN TABLET (FOR WOMEN)

Only for women, 6 tablets in a bottle. One tablet every time. To be put in coffee or drink in wine is much better. To be taken one hour before bedtime, Just like almost same effect with the "SPANISH FLY".

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(L-A2) PLUSPIN CHOCOLATE (MAKE
HOT FOR WOMEN)

Chocolate-form. One tablet for once. The highest efficacy. You shall, by using this medicine, drain the cup of pleasure to the dregs. 5 tablets.

Price.....500 Yen

—NOVELTIES—

(2) SURPRISE BOX (SEX KIT)

A complete assortment with all kinds of articles and medicines, large and small in size. Try it !! Very suitable for your souvenir or your surprising present to party-show or your love!!

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Pour tepid water inside this. A woman, who has the "Sex urge", should use this and get satisfaction enough to please yourself to the utmost degree. The common use of this can make you free from any V.D.

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Straight Style....1,000 Yen

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Jumping Head Style....1,500 Yen

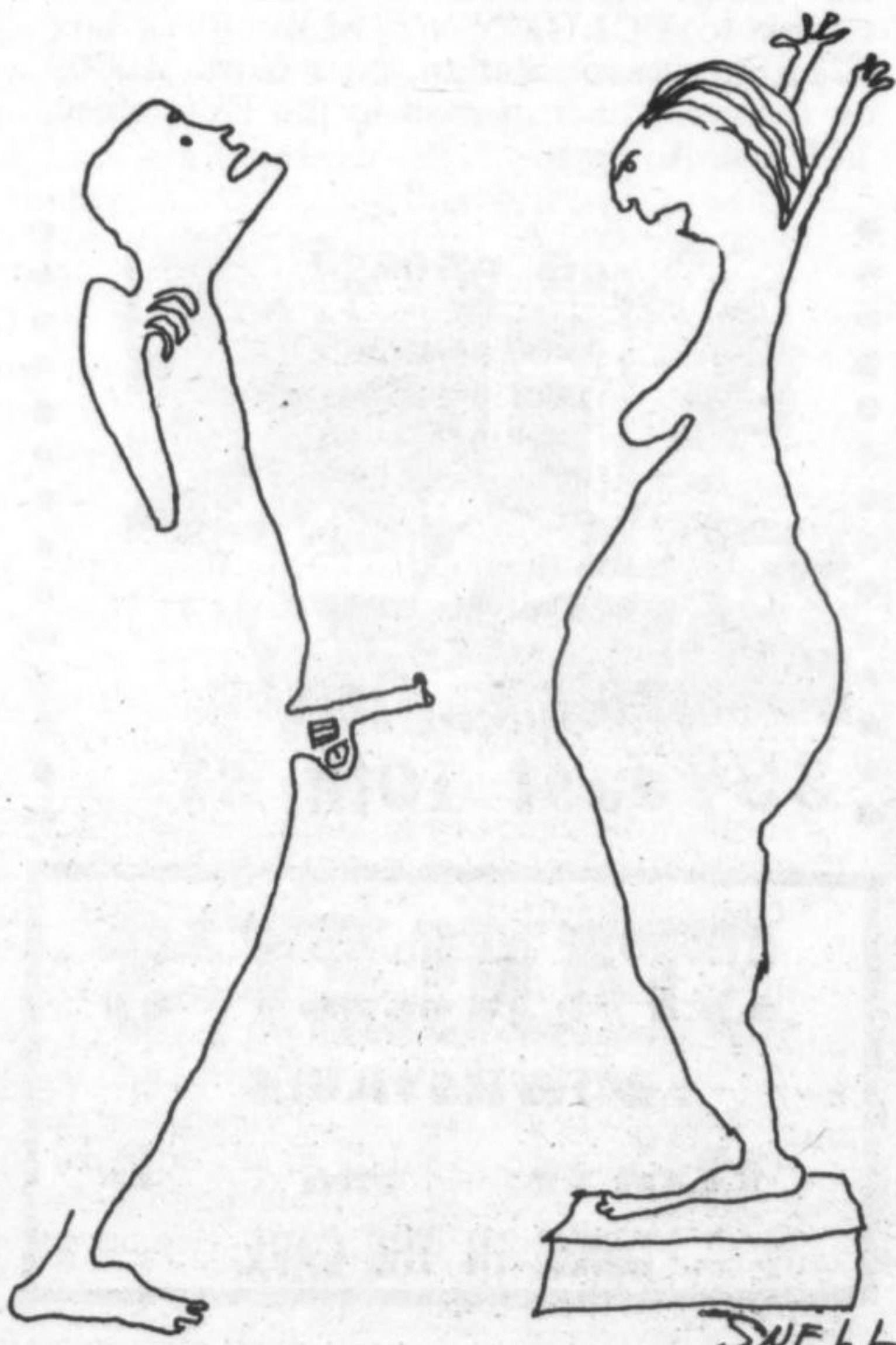
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A little cream of the following medicines can make you pleasing throughout your sexual performance.

(6) TRADINOL

For your cupid! Sex hormone preparation for external use only. Makes you obtain a best efficient absorption. Apply 1-2 times a day. Better at bed time or after bath. You are sure to be loved by "HIM".

Price.....500 Yen



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We assuredly recommend this to gentlemen. Only a little of this kind of medicine may double the time of ecstasy.

(9) MOVIAN (LIQUID)

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Young man, who generally emits in short time, control his emission and enjoy for a long time.

Old man, over 40 years, can moderate your energy without abusing emission and enjoy a lot times more.

This is not a chemical product, but a traditional one produced from an old SHANGRI-LA of the interior of China.

Price.....500 Yen

—NOVELTIES (2)—

(12) BLESSER (FOR GRAND-PA)

This is a "Blessing" to the case of impotence. You are sure to regain your youthful days by using this wonderful instrument. We particularly recommend this to elderly men.

Price.....400 Yen

(13) HAPPY RING

If a woman requires stimulating influence, you can help her with ring. "Feeling Youth" is ensured.

Try it immediately!!

Price.....500 Yen

350 Yen

250 Yen

100 Yen

(15) GOLD MUSIC-BALL

This ball automatically plays music, which can be enjoyed by both sexes. Trying is believing. This is to be inserted into the female organ with your fingers. With every movement of it, a very exciting sound will be heard to your excitement.

Price.....800 Yen (GOLD FIELD)

NOBODY MEDICINE

(17) BARREN (TO PREVENT BIRTH)

This medicine is designed for a contraceptive 15 tablets in a bottle. To be applied few minutes before sexual intercourse.

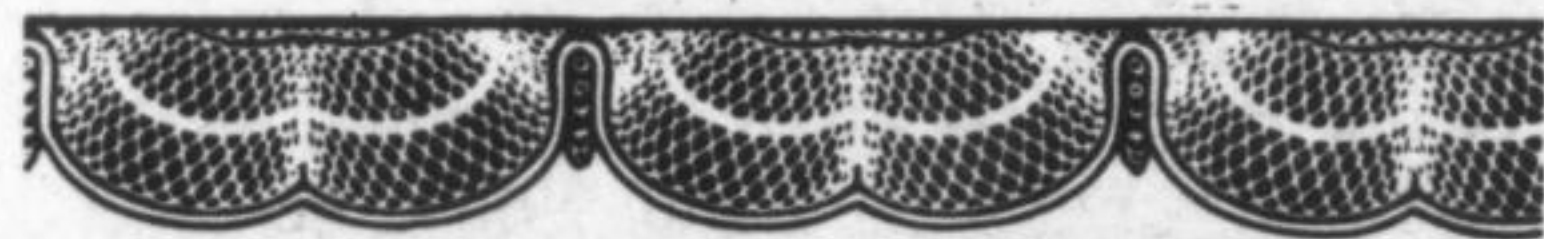
Absolutely harmless and the surest way to prevent birth.

Price.....150 Yen

—PS—

Besides the above-mentioned, we have provided you with many other medicines and instruments prophylactics.

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AKAFUNE DRUG CO. STORE



VILLAGER KNIFED

Cont'd from page 1

for a fight," Tolkin said.

Later, when the patron returned to the bar to gather information about the incident, Tolkin refused to let him in. "You almost got a man killed," he told the patron.

Tolkin also said that when the fight occurred Wright and the other unidentified man were the only people in the bar willing to assist the patron.

Wright a soft spoken, sandy haired painter came to New York 2 years ago to pursue a career in art.

At this writing Wright's condition was listed as critical by Bellevue Hospital.

His ordeal has further been complicated by the onset of Pneumonia.

OUR SLUMS Cont'd from page 1

In turn, the students, Phil Silver and Dan Wilcox, have received an eviction notice.

"We stopped paying our rent," Mr. Silver said, "because conditions were so bad. Thieves ransacked our apartment in the beginning of November because the front door and roof doors are wide open. Nothing has been done about it. We took a Post Office Box at 14th Street Post Office because of mail box thieves. You can see for yourself that the place is filthy. We are trying to have the landlord arrested."

148 Avenue C is indeed filthy. Because the front door is open drunks use the lobby as a urinal and it smells it. Garbage, fruit and gum wrappers litter the stairway and it seems impossible that the place could have been cleaned within a year. The roof door is wide open to the sky.

Some tenants live in the building without complaints for fear of eviction.

"Go away," one woman told us, who did not want to be identified. "We've been living here for many years without trouble. Go away. Who asked you to stir up trouble?"

Mrs. Blanca Soto in Number 2 had other complaints.

"People come in all the time and bang on our door," she said.

Had she complained to the landlord?

"No. We just try to move out. But no place to go."

The landlord has been fighting for some time to keep his tenants paying rent. Officially known as Roland Operating Inc., the landlord's stationery shows the name Rand Associates, Inc. and Ross and Suchoff, Esqs., as well. All the names have the address of 261 Broadway.

On several occasions the landlord has announced that he will repair the building. Once he wrote a note to all his tenants asking that they all be home on a certain day and at a certain hour or that they leave their key with the person next door. It was an inconvenience but the landlord had promised that he would fix the heating system and the radiators: No one showed up that day.

Another time the landlord put off City action by writing that certain work had actually been done. On October 28 he wrote:

- "The following work has been completed.
1. Hot water pressure has been increased, and water is adequately hot.
 2. Steam boiler repaired and adequate heat being given.
 3. Door to rear from public hall repaired.
 4. Public area wall and ceiling on the ground floor rear repaired and painted..."

The City took no action that time. But then, a month later, it did take action precisely because many of the items the landlord wrote about were in disrepair.

However, the landlord has indeed made some repairs.

"It's an old building," Mr. Ross said. "You fix it one day, and it breaks down the next. Also, the tenants don't take care of the building. Twenty-four hours after the building is cleaned it is filthy again."

Mr. Ross bought 148 Avenue C seven years ago, at a time when it seemed like a good financial investment. Since then though, taxes have gone up, fuel prices have gone up, yet rent has remained firmly the same, kept there by rent control.

"The building operated at \$3000 loss last year," Mr. Ross said. "We paid \$2,200 in taxes \$3000 in fuel and \$1,400 in interest alone. We also have water and sewer expenses, gas and electric, exterminator expenses and all sorts of repair costs that would not be in a newer building."

"Believe me, I'd like to do a complete renovation of the building, but I don't know where to turn. The banks won't lend me money because there is not enough rent to pay back the loan, the FHA won't lend me money because there is not enough rent, and, unless the building is at least partially vacant, I can't get help from the City agencies."

Mr. Ross would gladly sell the building but there is no market. And although he hopes the City might condemn the building and take it over, he doesn't think this is the solution to the problem.

SOCIAL NOTE



The Baroness Rothchild reading EVO

The International Student Hospice on 6th St between C and D, held a birthday party for Baroness Nica Rothchild on Dec. 10th. Many notables attended the fete including Baroness Fanda Asti, star of Felinni's Juliet of the Spirits, Art Blakey jr., Beverly Pabst, Mrs. Thelonious Monk, and Ahmed Yacoubi.

Baroness Rothchild better known for her aid and friendship with the late Charlie Parker, than for her fight in the French underground, came several hours late, showing up the morning after the party. Art Stabile commented, "She wasn't late twenty years ago when she fought with the French. She flew a Maurader bomber, only one, but it was her best bomber."

Asked to comment on her birthday the Baroness quipped, "I have to think of the career of my former husband the ambassador to Peru. I have been messing up his career for a long time. I'm terribly sorry I was late to Art's party, but I was galloping to and from Philadelphia last night."

"It was my 21st birthday, of course. I received a telegram from my hairdresser saying Happy 21st Birthday, and I believe him...because he has been doing my hair for 55 years."

When asked to comment on the current jazz scene with which she is very familiar Baroness Rothchild said, "Lord Rothchild, my brother, doesn't like Thelonious Monk's music." Lord Rothchild is an Intelligence expert who worked with the British during world war II and helped found the CIA.

"Coltrane doesn't need bagpipes because it sounds like he's using them already."

The baroness picking up a copy of EVO and noting an article on Roger Laporte replied, "I think this pacifist think is pretty wierd. But I do have the greatest admiration for Bertrand Russell."



"The City will go bankrupt running these houses. In my opinion the answer lies in higher rents and rent subsidies for the tenants, if they need it. The people living in the building should pay for the costs of operating that building. Its economics."

All that people at 148 Avenue C know today is that there is no heat.

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To list items, call: 533-7550 or write:
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"Frankly", Mr. Seltzer said, "Of what I've seen of your newspaper I don't think I'd want it to appear THERE!"

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