

Civil Rightists -- Pacifists Merge, March for Peace

by Dan Rattiner

Persons from over a dozen civil rights groups and peace groups marched from Bryant Park to a meeting at St. Marks Church-in-the-Bouwerie February 12 in protest of the Government's policies.

It was the first time that groups from both movements joined together in common demonstration; a direct result, perhaps, of the removal of Julian Bond from the Georgia Legislature January 11 for his pacifist stand on Vietnam. Bond attended the march and spoke at the meeting at the Church which followed.

"People are beginning to understand that the work they do for Civil Rights is the same as they do for peace," Bond said to the crowd. "Negroes in my neighborhood in Georgia say to me: 'I fought in the Marines for twenty years but I'll never fight for this country again until they declare war on Mississippi.' They say: 'We're first class on the battlefield but second class citizens at home.'"

February 12 was a beautiful sunny day and the crowd of marchers was more than four blocks long by the time it reached the Church at Second Avenue and Tenth Street. The marchers carried signs reading WE DEMAND JOBS, NOT UNIFORMS and WAR ON POVERTY, NOT ON PEOPLE. There were an estimated 3000 marchers.

In front of the Church, a half dozen counter-pickets paraded between several policemen. One young man carried a sign reading BEAT THE VIET CONG.

Also in front of the Church were people peddling magazines and buttons, among the magazines THE BULLETIN OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM and THE VOICE FOR SURVIVAL (a voice for AUTHENTIC socialism) and among the buttons NO WIDER WAR, BROTHERHOOD, BEAT STATE and PEYOTE. The protest march arrived in orderly fashion however, and joined a meeting of the Tompkins Square Neighbors for Peace Action already in progress at the Church.

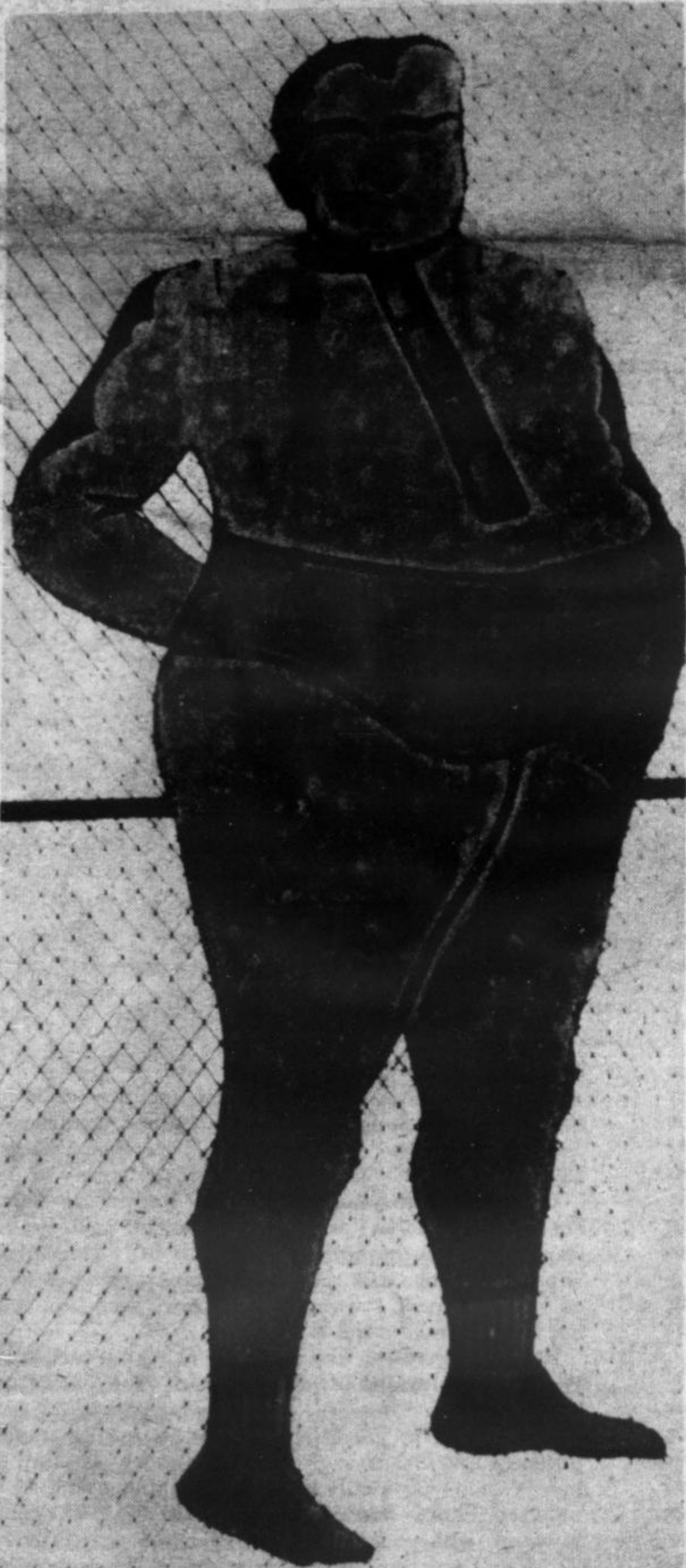
"The billions of dollars our country is spending for military oppression of the Vietnamese could be used here at home," said a representative of TSNPA, "right here on the Lower East Side to fight unemployment, to build decent housing, schools and hospitals."

The occasion for the march was Lincoln's Birthday. Similar marches were held all over the country simultaneously.

At the meeting a cameraman from one of the television networks turned a blinding strobe light on the audience, bringing responses of "turn that thing off," "hey cut that off," etc.

"Step outside," he answered, "and I'll beat your head in."

SIG. KLEIN



FAT MEN'S SHOP

IF EVERYBODY WERE FAT THERE WOULD BE NO WAR

FAT MAN STORY on Page 9

"Only one third of the people of the world are asleep at any given moment. The other two thirds are awake and probably stirring up mischief somewhere."

— Dean Rusk

Facing Jail Leary Lectures

by Walter Bowart

Dr. Timothy Leary, facing charges in Texas of illegally bringing marijuana from Mexico, spoke before a packed house at Central Plaza Hall, February 7th, and said he did not think the use of drugs was necessary for achieving consciousness expansion.

"During the last five years we have witnessed a psychedelic revolution," Dr. Leary said. "It is estimated that well over a hundred thousand Americans have taken the timeless voyage through their nervous systems—have had the veil of symbolic illusion lifted for a few hours. The next decade is going to be the most exciting period in human history."

"It started four thousand years ago with natives using Soma plants in the Himalayas of India. Today, here, we might consider ourselves to be engaged in First Grade exercises in molecular learning."

Turning to the controversial legal aspects of drug taking, Dr. Leary said, "There are many levels of consciousness. There are some people who say legalize only Pot, because it turns on the senses, and *don't* legalize LSD because it turns on molecular consciousness. Then there are other people who say *don't* legalize Pot because it *only* turns on the sense impressions, and legalize LSD because it *does* turn on the molecular, or cosmic consciousness. Then there are still other people who say *don't* turn on to anything because the normal consciousness is the only reality. But one reality is pretty much related to another."

"We have never tried to make the point that LSD is good for anything. LSD can be a very dangerous experience to some people because it can imprint fear and you can go on afterwards, living in fear, for many days after the drug has worn off. It's

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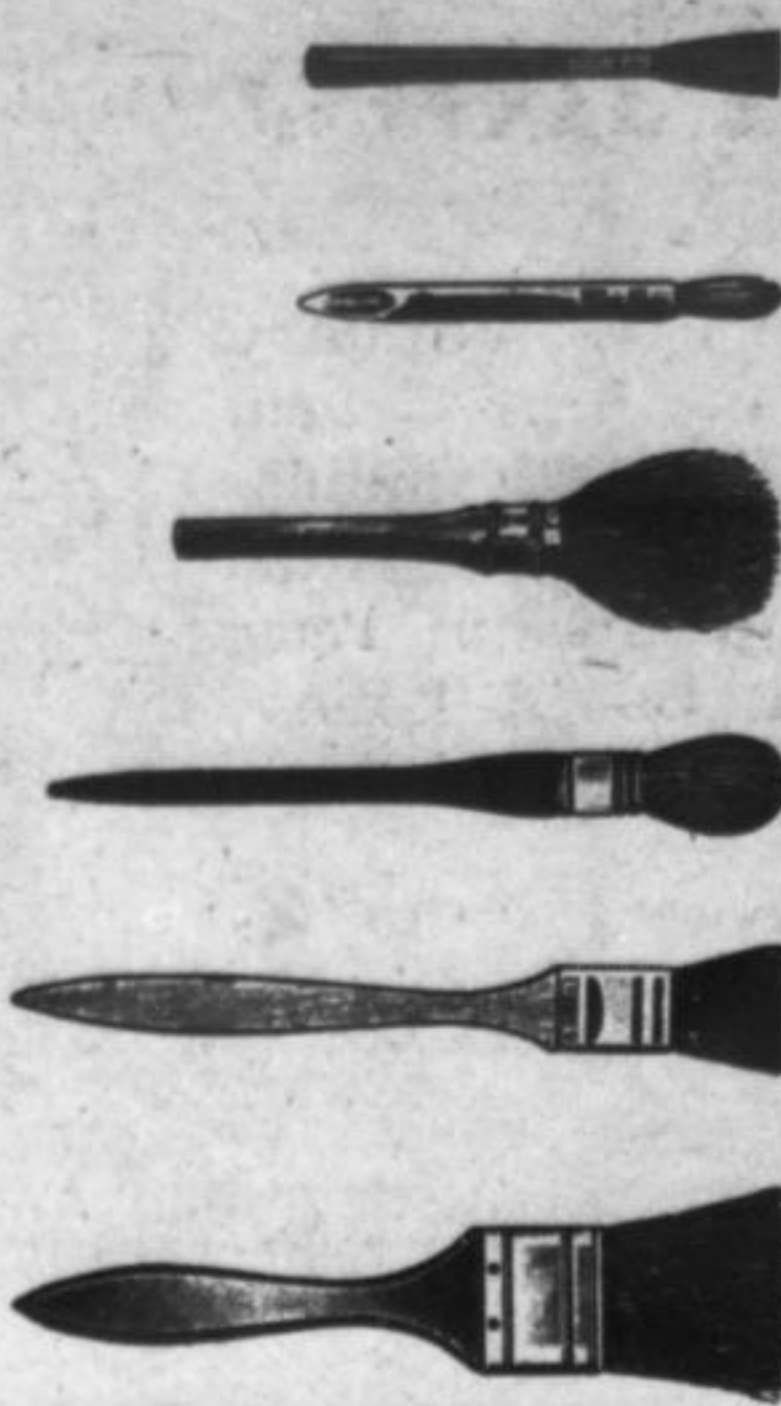
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Other Editorial

DOES AN EAST VILLAGE EXIST?

Recently EVO has gotten flak from neighborhood ex-patriots for designating the area as East Village. There is no doubt in the minds of the editorial staff that it is a slum occupied by divergent groups: Puerto Rican, Negro, Ukranian, Russian, Polish, Hassidim, Beatnik, Artist, Creep, Bar Fly, Bum and Policeman. Each of these groups is here with different reasons: Some can't help it; some won't help it; some don't help it; some are passing through; some take it seriously; and some find it sacred burial ground where they shed the last vestige of their worth.

The most ironic myth of the area is in its Art. It is true that the area is a siphon for the arts, but the majority of successful artists leave to live outside. What is left at the bottom of the siphon is mostly the sediment and dirt washed up from the eternal sea of Fame & Fortune.

The East Village has a face that traditionally has not changed since the influx of immigrants from the Old World who still maintain their European traditions. Yet it has a body that is constantly shifting; a melting pot where presently the majority of its immigrants are from the New World of broken lives, broken homes and broken myths. —A.K.

CHILD CARE CENTER NEEDED

Unwed mothers gave birth to 250,000 babies last year. Psychological dependency, easy victimization, and a tendency to repeat out of wedlock pregnancies are repetitive sociological facts of this group of young women.

In an area bounded by Fourteenth Street, Third Avenue, Houston Street and the East River there are 1,847 cases of children receiving welfare aid. Two thirds of this number are from lower income groups with the remaining third coming from middle income families.

At the present time, in this neighborhood, there are no programs for the care of children below age three. This forces many mothers to abandon their children to less than healthy environments.

A Lower East Side day care center must be established. A program is under way, but support is needed. Those interested in furthering this plan may write to the editorial offices of the East Village Other. Your name will be put on lists that will keep you informed of further developments.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gentlemen:

In a day and age when you can no longer be sure where you will stand financially at any given time, The Union Central is happy to announce two new services.

One is "The Family Money Manager," a systematic means of keeping track of your family money.

The other is PROJECT 7, an entirely new concept in estate planning.

"The Family Money Manager" is already in use in thousands of American families to assure more happiness and less worry in handling family money. Containing a unique family "balance sheet," it can give you a clear picture of your financial standing at any time during a twelve-month period.

PROJECT 7 utilizes a giant IBM 7070 computer to project your long range financial picture electronically. All you have to do is feed it financial information, and PROJECT 7 makes its analysis completely objectively, under the light of present Social Security benefits, tax laws, and cost of living.

To get your free copy of "The Family Money Manager" plus more information about how PROJECT 7 can help you financially, simply fill in the enclosed card and return it in the postage-free envelope.

Sincerely,
Daniel Witten
Vice President
The Union Central
Life Insurance Co.

Dear Editor:

I have participated in conducting a survey on the public attitude towards the war in Viet Nam. This project was taken up by a community peace group (Citizens of Conscience of Washington Heights and Inwood, POB 58, Inwood Station, N.Y.C. 10027) in great part because of our belief that the professional polls do not reflect the true breakdown of opinion on this question.

The most recent tabulation of the results of our survey indicates that among those polled 38% are strongly against the war, 15% are moderately opposed; on the other hand, 23% are moderately for the Administration's policy, and 23% are either strongly in favor of the Administration's policy or are further to the right.

We do not claim that these percentages would apply in all areas of the country or among all strata of the population. We have gathered a large enough sample over a long enough period of time to attest to the accuracy of our computations as a reflection of the opinions of lower-middle and middle class residents of a somewhat typical New York neighborhood, Washington Heights. There are, of course, innumerable neighborhoods of similar character all over the United States.

...The high percentage of antiwar sentiment has not been our only surprise. Many people who are opposed to the war when asked to choose from the suggested answers who the Viet Cong are, paradoxically reply, they are North Vietnamese, Chinese, even Russian. Whereas, the answer which would be logically consistent with an antiwar position would be the South Vietnamese peasants. When asked who should decide whether United States troops remain in South Viet Nam, many pro-war advocates reply, the American people; not as one might expect, the President or Congress.

Most of those who are in favor of the war shrink from what their opinions necessarily entail. Many who aver that the United States should continue fighting in Viet Nam respond negatively when asked are they willing to sacrifice to keep United States troops there. Of those who express their willingness to make sacrifices, a high percentage recoil from the suggested specific sacrifices, e.g. higher taxes; cutbacks in social services; wage and price controls; etc. Many who favor the war are opposed to escalation; many who favor escalation answer negatively to every specific suggested example of escalation, e.g.: the use of more United States troops; bombing of Hanoi; the use of gas; or, the use of atomic weapons.

The variance between the results of our poll and those of the professionals is the result of many factors, only some of which are clear to us. None of the questions in our survey would trigger the type of conditioned cold war responses which might be expected from a high percentage of the American people. For example, our lead-off question is, "Do you think there are sound reasons for the United States to be fighting in Viet Nam?" We suspect that the professional polls have questions worded such as, "Do you think the United States government should help her allies stop Communism in Viet Nam."

...The full breakdown of the results of the survey will be released at a later date. Anyone who is interested in helping us conduct this survey or who would like to receive a copy of our questionnaire need only write us.

Yours truly,
Gerard Meyer
530 Riverside Dr.
New York, N.Y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear EVO people,

I stopped reading newspapers shortly after Kennedy was killed.

Now and then I would buy the Village Voice and scan its calendar of events for something to do, look through the want ads, read the Wilcock column and then find myself hung up in trying to figure out why nothing else in it except an occasional photograph bore the vaguest relevance to my life.

Yesterday I found some reassurance. Found myself hunting down the latest issue of EVO. What is this, I said, you keep hunting down each issue of this rag of a newspaper and you don't even like to read newspapers. Can it be that you are falling back into the world of events or have events fallen this far out? I found myself at the Sheridan Square newsstand where I have bought EVO before and the man was very brusque, "No, I don't carry that paper. Next?"

Slogged across to United Cigar Store stand and got a lecture, "No, I don't sell that paper, would you want that in your home where some kid could get ahold of it?" Hmmm, I mused, skulduggery afoot. Back home on the east side I consult Captain High who directs me to the last paragraph of Wilcock column announcing his dismissal after 10 years with that ultra-conservative cream-puff of the illiterati, The Village Voice.

If I had any money I would subscribe instantly, but you make more from single issues anyhow. In conclusion: What a comfort to know that things really are what they seem to be. Congratulations for offering such a threat to such unassailable pretension. Do you think you could include a calendar of real events like where the good junk is to be found next Wednesday, a schedule of police raids, where one might next encounter some real solitude or a good fuck, and especially, when and where good jazz and movies might happen.

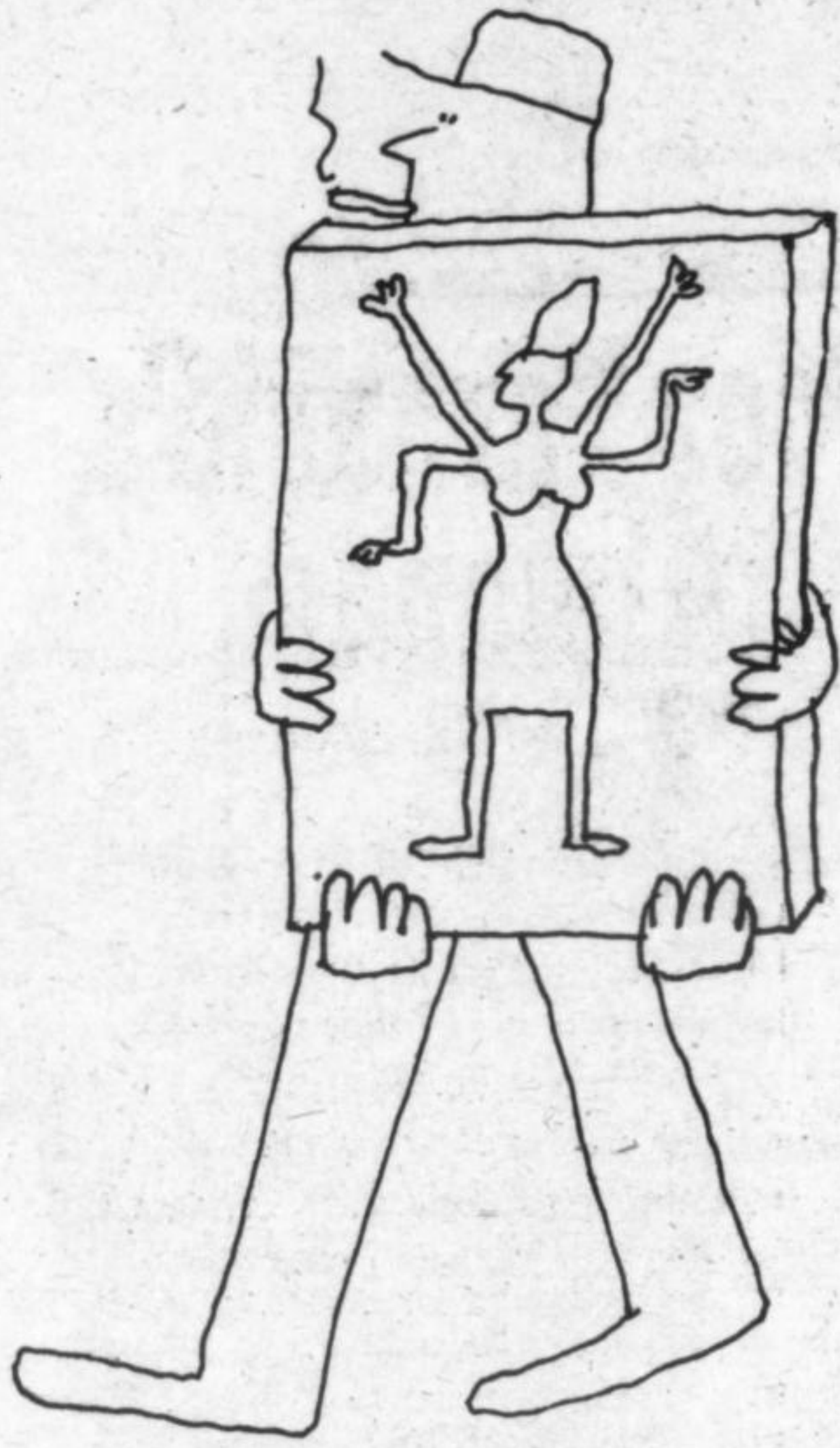
with high hopes for your continued
Jim McClelland

Dear East Village Other Inc.,

Have you overlooked payment of the deposit amount shown above required as security on your account?

We are sorry, but our service will be turned off and your service agreement will be ended unless your remittance is received by February 4, 1966...

Con Edison.



Dear Sir:

I'm a Japanese girl of eighteen and an ardent fan of American Folk Song. Well, lately, I found an article written that you send us a copy of "The East Village" on January issue of "Sing Out!" I was really happy to find it.

But I feel uneasy about a fact that I'm not an American but a foreigner. As I'm living in Japan, I can't get American stamps or money easily. In this letter I enclosed few Japanese stamps and American stamps which are as many as I can get now. I'm very sorry I can't send you enough, but I'm anxious to get a copy.

Please forgive me with my nerve in asking such a favor. Would you please send me a copy of "The East Village," which contains some articles on my favorite composer Bob Dylan? I'm very much interested in his musics (especially poetries) and I'm trying to know as much as I can about him. Would you kindly excuse my troubling you? I should be very happy indeed if you would be kind enough to favor me with your answer. Thank you.

Sincerely Yours,
Akiko Watanabe

Dear Miss Watanabe,

We are willing to cooperate in the Americanization of Japan. I am glad to see that some of our finest products has penetrated our continental boundaries and is being appreciated abroad. Many in America think Bob Dylan is Anti-American.

The Editors

Historic Artists Photo

HISTORIC ARTISTS PHOTO, Tompkins Square Park, January 30 in a blizzard. Back row, left to right: Jane Wilson, John Gruen, John Wilcock, Seymour Krim, Sylvia Topp, Lonny Kenfield, unidentified, John Anderson, unidentified, Bill Dobkowski jr., Don Katzman, Allan Katzman (Patarealist), Carol Berge, John Thamm, Peter Berge, Tuli Kupferberg. Foreground, left to right: David Lacov, Walter Bowart (Patarealist), Dan Rattiner (Patarealist), Peter Kacalanos, Joe Forn.



Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

THE COMIC BOOK THEATER
A Manifesto for all the Arts
dedicated to Walter Bowart,
the discoverer of Ikonography

Part I

The Rise and Fall of Pop Art

The essential problem and crisis of the American Arts has always been one of form. The American artist has repeatedly told his audience where they were at—and why—but his primary tools have always had a European origin. His search for a way to present the American Sensitivity on stage, in paintings, poetry, or music has for too long suffered a case of farsightedness. One cannot make an American audience sensitive to the American Experience (which, let us not forget, *is them*) by re-enacting European rituals. The tools have always been there, uniquely American, all around, but no one recognized them.

The big breakthrough in American Culture has come with the ascension of Pop Art. Andy Warhol, for better or worse, has led us to a new plateau in American Form; to a new recognition of what is truly and uniquely American in ourselves. The eye of the artist is in the center of the universe watching himself and is a conductor to all the energy of the American Consciousness. No matter what we or others might say against Warhol, his shortcomings are those of the whole culture. Through Warhol's eyes—via his paintings, Brillo Boxes and Campbell Soup cans—we, as Americans, are taking a long look at ourselves. And

some of us do not like what we see; a supposedly Greco-Roman culture caught in the death throes of a barbaric mentality.

In a time when order is necessary to a growing bureaucracy, the creeping totalitarianism of the senses (brought on by an electro-magnetic webbed society in the United States) has spread a gospel of chrome and plastic with the high-speed transmission of accelerating obsolescence and out-of-date information. Facing this world of banal worship, the artist himself has been caught in its changes. He has become a frill, the lace or icing to the "functional." His role has become one of convincing the public that they are not crazy... that they are recognized in an order which idolizes commercial products and painted movie stars, and that this in actuality is "truth, beauty, and goodness." Pure Products in America have indeed gone crazy. We have been brought down from homo sapien to homo productos. We have become neon barbarians in a land of lit-upness. America has created Andy Warhol, and Andy Warhol has created America.

But the important question here and now is not: "Can we survive?" but rather, "How to survive?" Warhol has his own problems. I do not envy him. For I feel he will be destroyed by his own discovery. But I hope there are others around equal to the task, who will know what to do when it happens. For if Warhol can be destroyed by his own art, then America can be destroyed by her own products. It is said we are a democracy; we do not like war; and we are for the underdog. It is from this vantage point, the artist must build. We are a Culture and a Country which is hyping itself.

Part II

The Ikon Becomes of Age

Today, men have become aware of the arts as "anti-environments," providing us with the means of perceiving the environment itself. Because technologies and their

consequent environments succeed each other so rapidly, technologies themselves begin to perform the function of art. Art has become the precise advance knowledge of how to cope with the psychic and social consequences of the next technology. Why shouldn't the artist extend himself into the new art forms of social navigation?

"Art as anti-environment becomes more than ever a means of training perception and judgement. Art offered as a consumer commodity, rather than as a means of training perception, is as ludicrous and snobbish as always."— Marshal McLuhan

The new role of the artist in the technocratic society will be to write a detailed history of the future because he is the only person aware of the present. If Criticism is to do him any good, he must reflect on why human life is born, where it lives, and how well.

"THE PICTORIAL CONSUMER AGE IS DEAD. THE ICONIC AGE IS UPON US."— Marshall McLuhan

The sole purpose of the new artist as Ikonographer will be to turn the public back on himself into his spirit. Andy Warhol has become a very old man. The American Artist has started to come of age. It is at this point that we must stop and ask ourselves: "What truly, essentially contains the American Experience?"

The American sensitivity has always been more adaptable to the Cartoon Strip than to any other form. It is the only form we have whose major influence is not European; though essentially it does have a relationship to the Western Greek influence (e.g., Homer and his Epic tales of heroes and anti-heroes). What, for a long time, made most American Artists suspicious and contemptuous of this form, was its crudity. But no matter how crude it is, its refinement can come only in its continual use, or else like the country itself, it rusts and becomes not that essential experience but mere words

OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

David Susskind's office decided to investigate "Bohemia" in a one- or two-hour "Open End" television show. Called, Israel Young's Folklore Center for information. Poets Allan Katzman, an EVO editor, and Tuli Kupferberg of The Fugs were standing by. Next scene, Susskind's plushy office in Newsweek building on Mad Ave: Jean Kennedy, nice but playing dumb, interviews Tuli, Ed Sanders, drummer Ken Weaver, guitarist Pete Kearney. Attempts to orient herself: does Ed admire LBJ? (sneers) Bob Dylan? Mailer? the Village Voice? Do many villagers "use drugs?" Sanders remarks: "You know we might blow Susskind right off the air; not because of our foul-mouthedness or anything but because of our philosophical position." Well, asks Kennedy with a brave smile, what are some of your philosophical positions? Oh, says Ed deadpan, Legalize Marijuana, Cunnilingus Now, etc. etc....

One week later a bus labelled *Campus Coachlines* pulls up outside the Newsweek building to load up with a miscellaneous crowd of beards, beats, weirdos, freaks, all brave and beautiful, who have been creating consternation among the pinstriped Mad Ave. types on route to and from lunch. A final call at the 47th street factory to pick up the Warhol contingent and the bus sets off for Newark, two pretty Susskind chicks riding shotgun upfront, Susskind himself having gone ahead by chauffeured limousine without prior contact. From the haze of sweet-smelling Mexican grass and Indian incense at the back of the bus rises an occasional Texas drawl: "Kill more gooks!" Somebody is outlining foreign policy....

A cheerful, zonked-out mob of ruffians straggled into the Mosque Theatre, crammed into two elevators and spilled out onto the barren studio floor. Too formal a reception; the temperature fell 20 degrees. Susskind, gray-haired, benign, heavily made-up, welcomed the group, motioning them towards the sandwiches and coffee. And red wine.

Warhol, still the center of fascination almost everywhere he appears, is shielded from direct assault by the cohorts who travel everywhere with him. Movie cameras handled by Danny Williams and Barbara Rubin, and still photographer Nat Finklestein with Nikons strung around his neck, somebody with tape recorder and somebody else with strobe lights. A self-contained, self-packaged, self-communicating unit which creates excitement as well as recording it. And Andy, bland as always at its center but seemingly doing and saying nothing. The perfect catalyst.

Eighteen beats, beards, bohemians, form a circle on the floor around Susskind who sits two or three feet above them on a low stool. The group is corralled, penned-in by three television cameras. Andy, who has kept on his shades, chooses to be a spectator, is quickly fascinated to discover a television set to his right is transmitting the actual circle in front of him, switches his head from one to the other.

The enemy, a slick, spade director, natty dresser with triangle of red handkerchief sticking from breast pocket of his neat suit, soon identifies himself. Objects to use of cameras filming the whole scene, his whole scene, while his well-trained technicians go about recording the Susskind circle. He is ignored, filming of *Open End* proceeds, filming of filming of *Open End* also continues.

Ed and Tuli talked most of all, Sanders occasionally breaking into gleeful bursts about The Marijuana Society.

Susskind mildly questions his allegiance to his country. "I'd fight for it but I wouldn't die for it," replies Ed. An incongruous statement, says Susskind, what does it mean? Laughter from behind him in the circle. Paul Morrissey appreciates the whispered joke of the man next to him. "What's going on back there, you've got to be quiet," snaps a rattled Susskind. (How can you keep 18 happy kooks formal for long?)

The physical organization of the show was constantly being upset by the Warhol film team, and the staff was beginning to resent it. Three anonymous Susskind staffers standing behind the debris of the sandwiches and coffee asked why they were being filmed. The spade director abruptly shouted at Susskind's brunette assistant who was handing him a cup of coffee. "Are you in this scene? No? Well, you'll have to get off then."

Onstage, Susskind is playing interrogator, or Devil's Advocate as he prefers the u/ground to think. "Do you find you can't wander from Greenwich Village without scorn and violence because of the way you look?" he asks Susanna, the golden girl, just back from a summer in Greece where she wandered barefoot with flowers in her hair and a bell around her neck. "How do your families feel? Do they get upset when you act this way?" At the other side of the circle, long-haired John Cale of the Velvet Underground, a rhinestone collar around his neck, languidly caresses poet Gerard Malanga with a leather cattle whip.

Everyone is passing around cigarettes and occasional happy giggles can be heard. Somebody offers Susskind a joint; he frowns and waves it away. Tuli is talking about drugs and about sex and has already slid the phrase "oral-genital relations" into his conversation. "It infuriates some people that other people are having fun," says Tuli blandly. Susskind shakes his head in disbelief: "Do you mean to tell me that drug addiction is based on sexual envy?" he asks incredulously. Somebody throws in a comment about the "cruel" abortion laws. Says Tuli: "Laws are always the result of failure. The philosophy if we only had more laws things would be better is wrong."

Susskind is getting rattled. The roving cameramen, the disorderly group, the smell of pot, the occasional clicks, shrieks and catcalls from Barbara are apparently so much more than he expected. "Could you control your little tinkle bell?" he asks Susanna. "You realize that what you are saying is arrogant and absurd," he says in answer to another panelist's comment. He makes a manful effort to sum everything up: "Are you engaged in the civil rights movement?" he asks Sanders.

"Maybe, maybe not," replies Ed. "You don't have a homogenous group here—many hadn't even met until today—but they're all agreed on the human side of life. We've turned our backs to the heckling creeps and we're going forward."

"Well then," Susskind continues, "when sexual restrictions are eased and marijuana will be legal we'll still have America...?"

"America the beautiful, America the brave," says Ed.

A few minutes later the circle broke up. It had been decided not to proceed for a second hour. The natty director, heard muttering that they'd "never do this again," clapped his hands and asked everybody to leave because "we have another show on this set in ten minutes." Grips began to tidy up the set for the shooting of the Cha Cha Cha Senorita Television Rose Show.



Barbara Rubin, The Uptight Series



THEATRE

The story of Don Quixote de la Mancha, Defender of the Right, Persuer of Lofty Undertakings, is as familiar as a folk tale, and in the musical version at the ANTA-Washington Square Theater, TV writer Dale Wasserman has had the clever idea of letting Cervantes himself enact the role of Quixote. He is supported by the prisoners of a dungeon in Seville wherein the author awaits the judgement of the Inquisition.

Miguel de Cervantes, like his hero, was never far from trouble. Born, we read, in 1547 of a poor but proud hidalgo family, he was a soldier, suffered serious battle wounds, and was taken captive and enslaved for five years in Algeria. Like Shakespeare, his contemporary, Cervantes wrote many plays, but none of the forty were produced with any success. Probably only Henry James, as playwright, could match that record.

At fifty, Cervantes, the veteran man of action, might be expected some peace and a pension from a grateful crown. Instead he found himself excommunicated for "offenses against His Majesty's Most Catholic Church." Luckily he escaped more drastic punishment, though it was neither the first nor last time he graced the inside of a jail. Aging, infirm, a failure by worldly standards, Cervantes undertook the writing of Don Quixote to make money. Volume I, published in 1605, brought him fame but little money. Spurred by imitators, he finally completed Volume II ten years later. He died in 1616 at sixty-nine, broken in body if not in spirit, having written one of the world's great novels.

In Man of La Mancha, the musical at the ANTA, Quixote accompanied by the credulous but good-hearted Sancho Panza, sallies forth into the world like a true knight errant, ready to defend the oppressed, undo wrongs and slay giants. He chooses as the lady of his thoughts one Aldonza, a whore whom he euphemistically dubs Dulcinea. When informed that knighthood has long since expired and "that is a fact," Quixote replies, "Facts are the enemies of truth"—thus shrewdly summing up the high halftruths in which he deals. Under the circumstances none can restrain the Don from lifting a barber's shaving collar and saluting it as the "Golden Helmet of Mambrino," a long lost holy relic.

The plot is advanced comic-happily by such musical numbers as Man of La Mancha, I'm Only Thinking of Him, Dulcinea, Barber's Song, Golden Helmet, The Quest, The Combat, The Dubbing and an interestingly erotic Moorish dance, The Abduction.

The next-last episode comes as a most shattering denouement, for in accepting the challenge of the "Knight of the Mirrors", Quixote finds himself face to face with his own most cherished illusions: those of the pure idealist in a none too pure or idealistic world, and he's forcibly made to see them for the tarnished, distorted fantasies they are. Few souls can survive the unmasking of their follies and fantasies and Don Quixote is never again the same brave fool.

Quixote is not stupid. Romantic, yes; maybe a bit demented; but not stupid. Brought home crushed in body and spirit and told by his niece to get well, he has gained the sense for this retort: "Why should a man get well when he's dying? It's such a waste of good health."

The large cast does admirably well with the music of Mitch Leigh and lyrics of Joe

Darion and the choreography by Jack Cole. There's one winning song after another, rousingly sung by Richard Kiley as Cervantes-Quixote; Irving Jacobson, a recruit from the Yiddish stage as Sancho; Joan Diener as Aldonza-Dulcinea; Robert Rounseville as a padre; and Ray Middleton as the innkeeper—or in Don's mind, the castellano who knights him. The ANTA's roofed-over deep-sunk amphitheater at Washington Square is a perfect stage for this marvelous musical—the best of the season we'd say. —Lew Arthur

CHANGES. The Film Makers Cooperative have voted in a new set of Directors. They are, Robert Breer, David Brooks, Ed Emshwiller, Ken Jacobs, Gregory Markopoulos, Jonas Mekas and Stanley Vanderbeek.

BIG BETTER AND BEST DEPT. Not to be outdone, The Other gives you its selection of the two best films of 1965 . . . Antonioni's "Red Desert" and the animated films of Harry Smith.

EVO SPOTLIGHT. They say a prophet is without honor on his own turf. Not necessarily so. Playwrights, theater buffs and the "mass media" have recognized in Ellen Stewart of Club La Mama a woman of great skill and simpatico who has helped new playwrights in Europe and the USA see their works produced, if only for a weekend on the boards. Her record to date: a couple of hundred one act and full-length dramas and musicals performed in various East Village lofts. —Lew Arthur

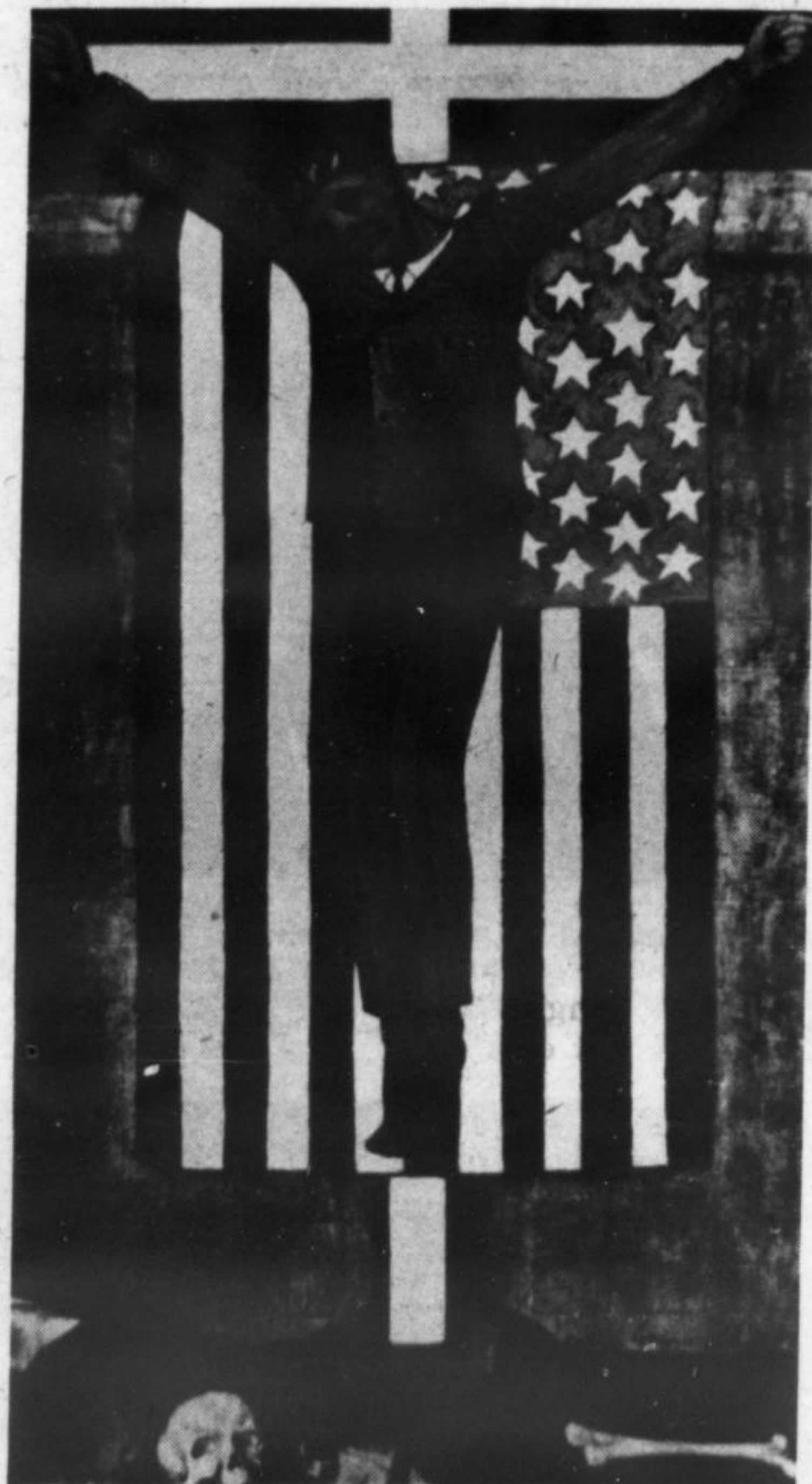


Photo Montage by Anita Steckel

HOW TO MAKE HIGH PRESSURE WORK

For Love of Christ and Country

I pledge myself never to use intoxicating liquor as a drink, and I promise to do all I can to end the DRINK HABIT and the LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Signed _____
Place _____
Date _____ 1910

NOY

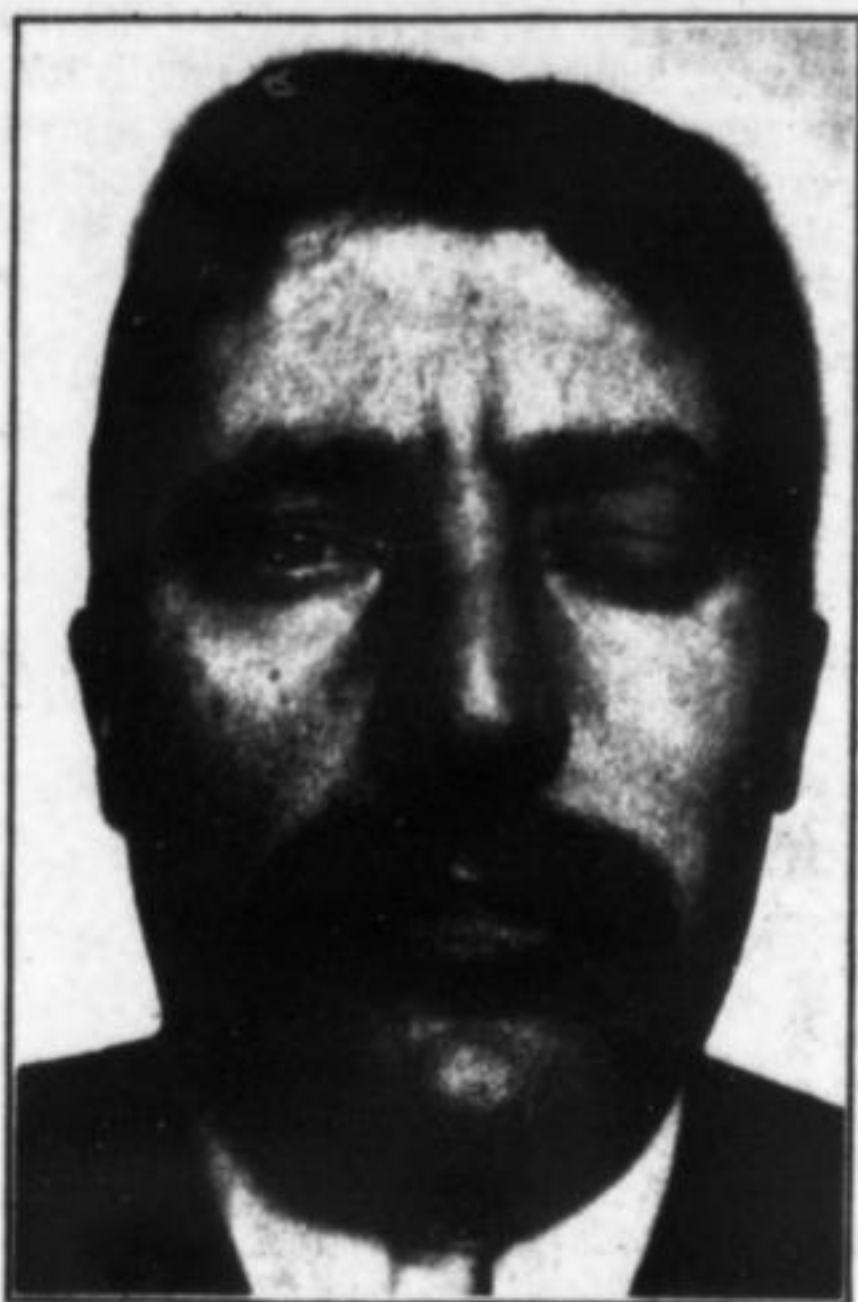


ENQUIRING OTHER

QUESTION: What is your reaction to President Johnson's State Of The Union message?



Pauline Persimmons, 147 Ave. A, Editor of Challenge
A: "In the light of the current situation in Vietnam I think your asking that question is both immoral and improper, and I'm going to call a cop and have you arrested for molesting an American citizen of the Communist Party."



Jose Juan Gonzalez Gomez, 145 Ave. D., Tourist
A: "I think he should be shot so's the army can take over. Then we should go through the streets throwing the garbage over."



Elmer Zodgoffka, 163 Ave. B, Air Pollution expert
A: "I watched the President deliver The State Of The Union message on television. When he said "One point eight billion dollars", I got a big piece of soot in my eye!"



Aldo Grotchronni, 147 Ave A, Student
A: "We discussed it in my class. My mother's a Communist. She said that if we lived in Russia the problem wouldn't have come up. I stood up in class and told them what my mother had said. The teacher made me say the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag a hundred times. Then some Republican kids beat me up after school."

CON ED WILL NOT RETIRE 14ST. PLANT

by Dan Rattiner

About one day in four, the entire Lower East Side is enveloped in massive downpour of soot. The soot comes, as anyone can see by looking up, from the giant 200 foot smokestacks on 14th Street that belch great quantities of blue, black and brown smoke into the sky over the area.

Visitors are alarmed at the situation when they first encounter it.

"It's exactly like standing in the exhaust of a bus," one said.

But residents of the area have long been accustomed to it. The stacks have been part of the Lower East Side scene for the past thirty years, as part of Con Edison's East Side power plant complex.

The stacks dump smoke on the area exactly one day in four. According to Meteorologist Abe Kussman of the United States Weather Bureau, the wind in Manhattan comes from the North or Northwest 24.2 per cent of the time during the year. It varies somewhat from month to month, but never more than 7 per cent. And on those days that the wind comes from the North or Northwest, the area is subjected to the full fallout from the stacks.

"Con Ed has no plans to discontinue use of the 14th Street plant," a spokesman for Con Ed said.

"The plant was completely remodelled in 1952-53 and is no longer considered as one of our older facilities."

No one knows precisely how much the 14th

Street stacks contribute to the air pollution on the Lower East Side, but Con Ed in its entirety is the largest single company creating air pollution in the city.

"Our research shows that one third of air pollution in the City results from the burning of fuel," a spokesman for the New York Public Service Commission said. "And of this one third, Con Ed accounts for 25 per cent of the fuel burned in the winter, and nearly all of it in the summer."

In other words, Con Ed produces 8 per cent of all the City's air pollution in the winter, and about 33 per cent of it in the summer.

Con Ed is currently building a nuclear plant in Upstate New York that will produce 883,000 kilowatts. This plant won't enable them to retire any of their older plants, but will simply meet the growing demands for more electricity in the city.

The nuclear plant, called Indian Point II is being constructed at a cost of approximately \$108,000,000 and will create no air pollution. The plant has a capacity almost exactly equal to that of the 14th Street plant.

Another Con Ed project upstate only in the planning stage is called Cornwall. It would produce 2,000,000 kilowatts when completed and would enable Con Ed to retire or put on standby a number of their older facilities.

"But the 14th Street station would most probably not be retired," the Con Ed spokesman said. "There are older, less economical facilities we would retire first."

THE CHARLES THEATRE, as it were

by Ronald Sperga

The Charles Theater has a long and intriguing history. Before the advent of television it was the center of social activity on the Lower East Side. Rumor has it that a gangland czar on his deathbed willed most of his ill-gotten gains to its construction because his wife had once said that the presence of just one theater in the neighborhood would drive her mad. Out of that simple act of charity sprang the Charles.

I remember going to the Charles as a kid on Saturdays. The trick was to get a seat in the balcony of the theater. In the course of a week at school we had all made new friends and enemies in class around the corner at P.S. 61. Hopefully, our enemies would be sitting in the mezzanine below presenting us the perfect opportunity to see whether our sandwiches were made with last month's or last year's bread. Needless to say, everyone had the same idea, and the manager of the theater who I think doubled as principal of P.S. 61, closed the balcony and bid us do battle at closer quarters. These weekly battles finally proved too much for the manager and the theater matron, who I think doubled as a third grade teacher at P.S. 61, and the manager's wife, and they sold the theater.

The new owners of the theater decided to start fresh. They closed the Charles and began a renovation that lasted 16 years. There was plenty of speculation about what was going on inside during this period of time. Some surmised that a goodly number of Sa-

turday warriors lay stunned inside the theater,

I went along with this calculation up to a point. I felt the crates were being shipped to Hollywood to give producers there an indication of whether their pictures were hitting or missing a select group of discriminating viewers. The truth of the matter was that the crates were shipped to Sheepshead Bay where the former manager of the theater and his wife were now doubling as charter boat pilots and needed the boys as deck hands.

At last, the Charles Theater was re-opened. But the new managers were not going to fall prey to ancient history. They decided that the Charles had failed in the past because there were too many patrons. So they devised a system to keep the viewing public out. They ran Mexican-produced films with subtitles in Mandarin Chinese. They showed Shirley Clarke's *The Connection* in reverse. They even hired drunks to wander in and out of the theater disturbing the patrons. But nothing helped. The viewers kept coming. In despair, the new owners applied to Washington for help and received a packet of morning glory seeds from Lady Bird Johnson as part of her beautification program for the Lower East Side...

The Charles Theater is still a going concern today. No one knows who the real owners are any more; no one even knows if the projectionist has eaten in 16 years. All the patrons are concerned with is whether or not Joseph E. Levine is really Federico Fellini or Federico Fellini is really Joseph E. Levine.

Handwritten scribbles and symbols at the bottom of the page, including a signature and various abstract shapes.

SLUM GODDESS



Haydee Rosado, 20, is a native of the Lower East Side—her parents having migrated here from Puerto Rico.

"It seems to me that in the last few years more Puertoriquenos have moved into the neighborhood. I like that because I've never been to Puerto Rico. Today young Puerto Ricans seem to be more interested in going to school than hanging out on street corners. They're interested in improving themselves.

"If I had my choice I'd like to live in Spain or France, but until that time the Lower East Side is still home."

Haydee's hobbies are motorcycle riding, week end skiing and skydiving. She says, "While I'm young I'd like to experience a lot of things."

Haydee models in her spare time for a painter and plans to write a Great American novel then "get it done as a movie."

"The interracial scene is cool here on the Lower East Side. I dig a Fey cat and nobody bugs us. That's what I like best about the neighborhood.

"I don't care how old a guy is as long as he's good looking, intelligent, talented, lovable and sweet."

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dō's (dō'dō), n.; pl. *dōnos* or *nodos* (-dōs). [Fr. *doude* silly, foolish (cf. *boor*).] A large, heavy, flightless bird (*Diculus ineptus*), now extinct, related to the pigeons, but larger than a turkey, which was found in great numbers on the island of Mauritius, but was exterminated by the European settlers. It had dark ash-colored plumage with the breast and tail whitish; the wings were yellowish white with black-tipped coverts. The bill was blackish and the legs yellow. The dodo inhabited forests and laid a single large white egg in a nest of grass. Its existence is recorded as late as the year 1681. A related bird, believed to belong to the same genus, inhabited the neighboring island of Réunion.



Dodo.

IS HE MAD?

Yes!
SIR GILBERT PARKER

No!
HERMAN RIDDER



The Kaiser—Right or Wrong?

[1914]

Tribute to a Great Editor-Patriot:
W. R. Hearst Jr.'s Salute to His Dad

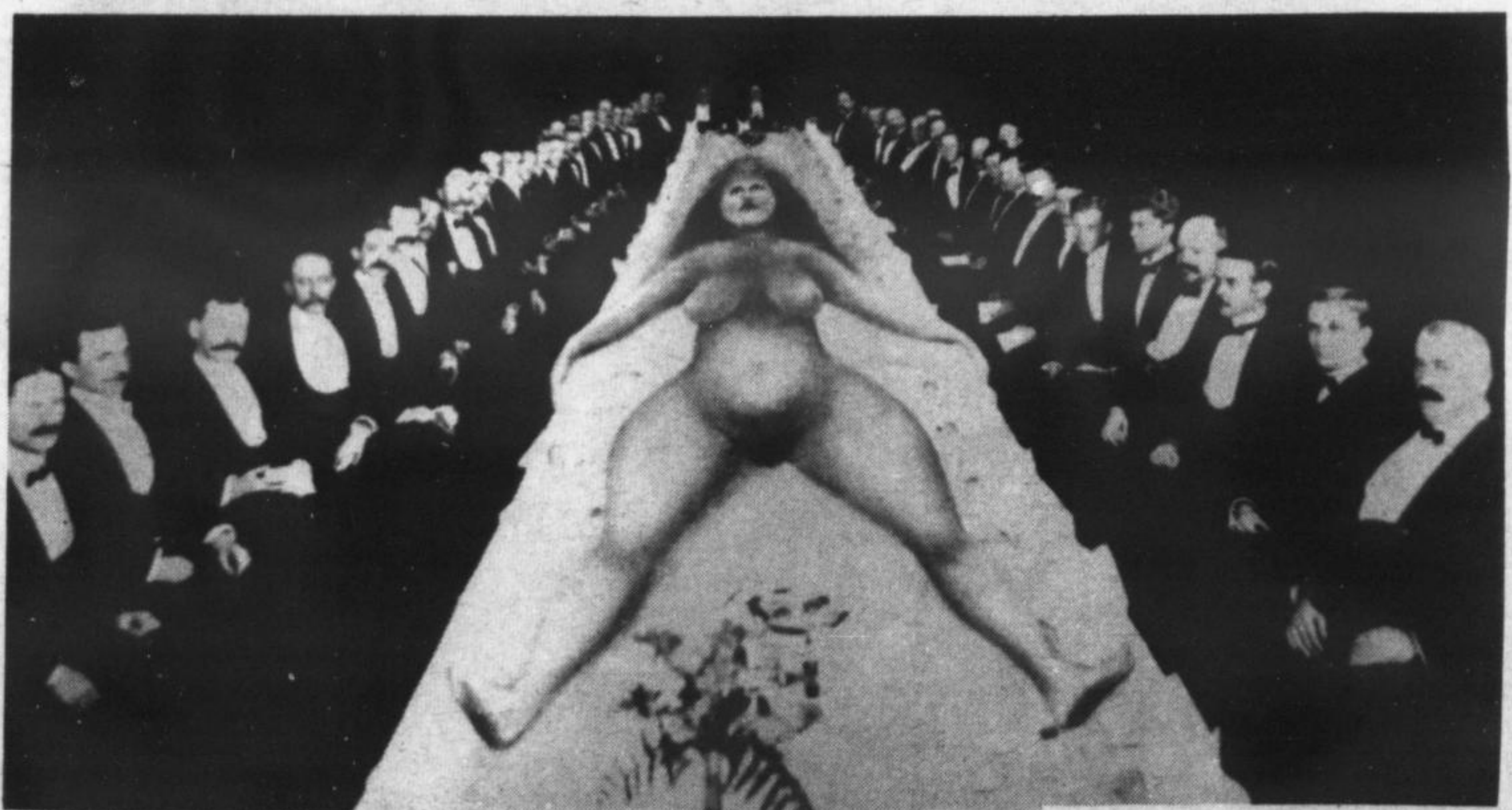
LIGHT-YEARS

Emanuel Dworman, an owner of the Feenjon Coffeehouse, has obtained a court order forcing the Con Edison Company to turn the lights back on in his apartment.

Con Edison had previously turned the lights off because of a bill Dworman owes the company from another business he owned several years ago.

In ruling on the case, State Supreme Court Justice Jacob Markowitz declared Con Ed's methods to force payment an "evident abuse of power." He described Con Edison as a "monopolistic power run rampant" in this case and declared the methods employed "repugnant to the basic tenets of our society."

A spokesman for Con Ed denied that the case would set a precedent for future Con Ed billing procedures. The case dealt specifically with only one incident, he said.



THE LAST SUPPER Photo Montage by Anita Steckel

BOOK REVIEWS

Antonin Artaud Anthology edited by Jack Hirschman. City Lights Books. \$3.00.

Artaud's generation is that of the first generation surrealists. In fact, during the first two years of that movement, he headed the Bureau de recherches surréalistes — the surrealist "front office," a laboratory for the invention of a new life, described by Aragon as "a Romanesque Inn for unclassifiable ideas and continuing revolts." The bureau issued communiques to the press and received visits of any type from all who wished to participate.

1926, however, was a year in which Communism was an issue, a year in which surrealism tried to ally itself with the French Communist Party. Artaud, who felt the surrealists were in error to look to political action, or in fact any action which took place in the immediate domain of facts and matter, refused to adhere to Communism and was excluded from the surrealist movement.

"I despise life too much," he wrote, "to think that some change, whatever it might be, developing within the limits of appearances, can change anything of my detestable condition."

After his break with surrealist officialdom, Artaud looked elsewhere for new forms of magic, always "in constant pursuit of (his) intellectual being" — a purpose which is announced on the very first page of the present Anthology and which can be traced throughout the text — as Artaud seeks to recreate himself in that being which constitutes man's only reality.

Artaud's heroes were Gerard de Nerval who hanged himself from a streetlamp, Van Gogh who was suicided by society, Nietzsche who was declared insane, Baudelaire, Poe and Lautreamont who died of a fury at the absolute lack of belief attached to the incredible discoveries they had made.

Artaud was not given to great orderliness or much respect for the written word and what remains of his work comes to us scattered and uncertain like the fragments of some monstrous shipwreck. Thanks are due to Jack Hirschman for picking up these stray pieces. —W.G.

Barney & Jane Crile **MORE THAN BOOTY** McGraw-Hill, January, \$4.95

Next to the Capote, we recommend this as valuable. Dr. Crile is a cancer surgeon who couldn't save his wife (part author of this book) from cancer. They world-traveled. The backgrounds are Canada, the Red Sea and Troy. The imminent death of one of the authors lends this book a glamorous spirituality which is gorgeously justified. —D.N.

Shazam by Auguste Plinth. Scope Press. \$1.00

In Plinth's novel, Popeye, Olive, Wimpy, Bruto and Sweetpea are not only cartoons, but awkward representations of History, Geography and Humanity bundled up together to keep from freezing to death.

Popeye wants Olive, but needs love. Bruto has developed a beautiful physique, but he longs for manliness beyond the dimensions of his body. Sweetpea entertains the thought and protection of childhood, but envies Popeye's maturity. Olive wants Popeye's love, but craves his understanding.

The characters have all the failings of real people. Popeye the sailorman, the undaunted spirit of Plinth's novel, can eat his spinach, but his ability to communicate grows weak at the knees. —D.K.



DRUNKARDS BEWARE!

Farley Mowat **WESTVIKING** Little-Brown, \$8.95

Count Eric Oxenstierna **THE NORSEMEN** NY Graphic Society, \$8.95

Equally priced, equally big, these studies of Norse expansion cover the same ground. Where Mowat is waspish and subjective about vikings in Vinland and Greenland, Count O. also follows their ventures into Africa, Gaul, France and England. Our money, though, is with Mowat, who is a cranky, far-out historian's historian, with a pen full of bloody impressionism. The vikings, it happens, were not tall, blond, blue-eyed Aryans; physically, they were diminutive, dark-haired and given to long depressions and suicidal catatonia. They also held anti-death sex binges, not seen again in North America. Favorite activity was murdering neighbors and brothers, and being murdered by their wives... A red dream on red water.

Truman Capote **IN COLD BLOOD** Random House, January

The fey author of many deft little beautiful novels and colorful travelogues has backflipped like Rudi Nureyev, or tomato juice into V8, wow this doesn't taste like Capote, and produced a major work of art.

Capote's nonfiction novel describes the murder of four members of a Kansas family. Each victim is rendered with excellent documentation and added pastels. The two murderers are followed from birth to hangman's noose. The novel-true story falls into four parts. A description of those about to be murdered, and a dossier on the murderers. The beginning police investigation and backgrounds of the killers. Deeper details on the crime itself and interrogation of the killers. The last days in the death cell.

This bald recounting gives no sense of the magnificent sensibility Capote brings to his subject. Each of the four parts ends on an emotive note that leaves the reader desperate. For once, critical comment is frivolous—the book is that seriously lovely. Every word is in place and effective.

What we admire most is that the people who died are living people on the page, and the murderers are equally alive. Living people kill living people. And they do it in small enough compass that we are moved both by the terror of those murdered as much as by the business-like abandon of the murderers.

The climax is a Kansas catalogue of grotesques, multiple murderers about to be executed. These extra killers, like Wagnerian spearholders, give a marvelous background to the killers we know in the body of the book. They reflect the traditional Southern novelist's concern for unsprung minds; but Capote makes Hamlets out of moral pinheads.

We do not have space to spell out our praise for Capote's thick characterization of his six major figures. When you know that these people are going to die, or going to kill, your heart drops into your bowels. —D.N.



FIG. 86.—Irrigation of the Bowels. First step.

Thomas Winner, **CHEKOV AND HIS PROSE** Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Jan. 17, \$5.00

Magical but prosaic. Chekov is shown superior to Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Where superior? Superior in elevating the banal, in creating a story structure based on impressions rather than fact, and in developing the mellifluous, meticulous and sympathetic story of the absurd. Impressionistically, compare Joyce's "The Dead" with Chekov's "Heartbreak"; compare Kafka's "The Hunger Artist" with "Gusev". This is a brilliant investigation although academic in tone. —D.N.

groove like a cat!

Alexander Cordell **THE SINEWS OF LOVE** Doubleday, Jan. 21, \$4.95

An expert and beautiful novel, **SINEWS OF LOVE** deals with white slavery in Hong Kong. Communism isn't mentioned once but there are warehouses aplenty. We recommend the writing, which boils along like Dylan Thomas in Chinatown.

WHAT DO CROWS DO?



A DAY AT THE OFFICE

Photo Montage by Anita Steckel

THE SIGN OF THE FAT MEN'S SHOP

by Dan Rattiner

Reverend Pike leaned forward in his Grace Church pulpit at Broadway and 10th Street and closed his sermon.

"So if everybody were fat there would be no war."

It was 1917, the middle of the Great War. Sig Klein, who owned a clothing store a few blocks away heard the Reverend's statement and had it printed on his sign hanging in front of his store.

SIG. KLEIN'S FAT MEN'S SHOP

If everybody were fat there would be no war.

"We had to have the door widened," says William Greenberger, current owner of the Fat Men's Shop. "Some of our customers couldn't get through. But now they can all get in, sideways if no way else."

Greenberger is the son-in-law of Sig Klein. He took over in 1934. Klein had founded the store in 1865.

"Klein originally founded the store to fill a need. This used to be a German and Irish neighborhood and there was a great demand for oversize clothes."

Oversize clothes generally cost a little more than the same clothes in regular size—by 10 to 20 percent—because there is more fabric and more labor involved in cutting the clothing together.

Since the neighborhood has changed from its older ethnic composition, the Fat

Men's Shop has maintained itself on its reputation. By word of mouth and by advertising, the shop has become known around the world for its quality and service. In a single month, mail order business will arrive from a dozen foreign countries or more.

"You learn a lot of geography working this shop," says Greenberger. "I suppose it's one of my greatest pleasures in this business."

Greenberger doesn't have all that much in common with his customers. He's skinny as a rail.

"Klein was too," he says.

Amongst the top coats, work clothes, suits, sweaters and underwear displayed about the store are framed photographs and letters from satisfied customers. Jackie Leonard (before his diet) autographed a thank you on one of his photos, as did Phil Carter and Stubby Kaye. Amongst the letters is one from the Mickey Mouse Club.

The Fat Men's Shop (52 Third Avenue) is the only such shop in the City. There are large men's shops and big men's shops and other such that beat around the bush, but no where else do they call fat by its rightful name.

"Actually, it's never been a problem," says Greenberger. "When a man gets to be above size 52 he comes to agree that he is indeed fat."

The shop can handle a man with a waist measuring six feet around. Above that he gets hand made clothes.

LOWER EAST SIDE FUNK

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

by John Graffiti

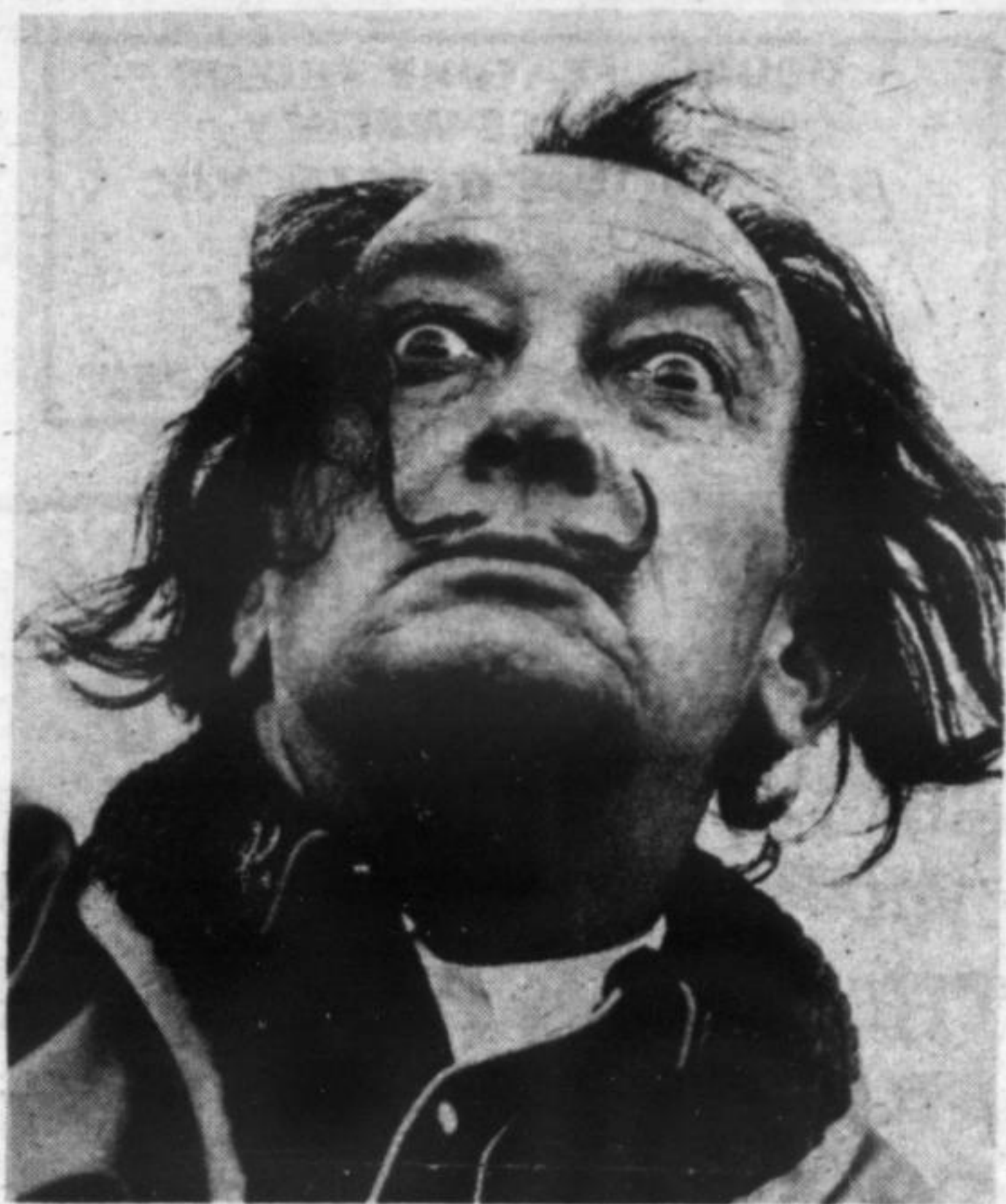
Ann Rothman of East 10th Street, photographers' model and knick-knacker, just returned to NYU after two groovy months in Miami. Ann was featured in the now defunct EROS magazine, the beautiful, but alas, controversial photo presentation, "BLACK & WHITE IN COLOR." Miss Rothman also designs and sells her own dresses. Buy one—she needs to pay for the tan.

THE FUGS smashed exec brains to secure (it is murmured) a HUGE long-term contract with ESP Records. Their new show at the Astor Place Playhouse is BOSS. 78 (approx.) speakers stone the audience. Wild set by William Beckman.

After 2-1/2 years of anticipation, during which the fine art of skepticism was raised to hitherto unknown heights, Shep Sherbell's "East Side Review" is now out and it's a delight, both typographically and in content. In fact Grove Press' "Evergreen Review," which it most closely resembles, might well take warning.

EVO contributor, Harvey Matusow will be interviewed on the Richard Lamparski show on WBAI-FM, on Wednesday, February 23rd at 9 P.M., for a discussion of reflections of the McCarthy era.

Coming up a Cinematheque: Tony Fox's color short consisting of 15-second shots of "beautiful" bare asses.



Dali

Strippers are being flown over from the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris to perform. Cameramen will photograph the Happening with Polaroid cameras, then flash them on a stage screen five minutes later for an immediate repeat. Jeff Glick will create light sculpture. The "Lovelinks" will bash out Rock and Roll.

Thus on Wednesday evening, February 23 at 8:30 P.M. begins the first "Happening" to be presented at Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center. The Big Time.

"This is a super gellatinous melting silly putty Happening," says Dali. "It is intended to synthesize the important elements of our time."

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BODY TRUNKED

by Tom McNamara

The body of Celeste Crenshaw, 19, was found in the trunk of a rented car in the East Village.

The car, rented by 25 year old Robert Friede, heir to the multimillion dollar Annenberg publishing empire, was found Feb. 8, parked on East Second Street with the motor running and young Friede sitting dazed in the back seat, when police investigated.

Friede was arrested after the discovery of the body in the trunk and charged with: possession of narcotics, illegal transportation of a body, and failure to notify the authorities about the dead body. Friede is heir to holdings which include TV Guide, The Philadelphia Inquirer, The Philadelphia Daily News, The Daily Racing Form, Seventeen Magazine, and The Morning Telegraph along with at least seven TV stations throughout the country.

The New York Press carried the report that Celeste Crenshaw had been dead three days at the time of the discovery of her body in the trunk of Friede's car.

Friede, who referred to himself as a writer, was said to be extremely talkative during his interrogation by police. He told the story of how he cooled the body in his apartment by turning on the air conditioner, then took amphetimine to "give himself more courage," then how he decided to dump the girl's corpse on a local street.

Arrested with Friede was Dudley Watson, 37, a musician who was also charged with narcotics violations, including possession of a hypodermic syringe, as well as illegal transportation of a body.

A swift booking took place at the 5th Street station and an arraignment followed at 100 Centre Street.

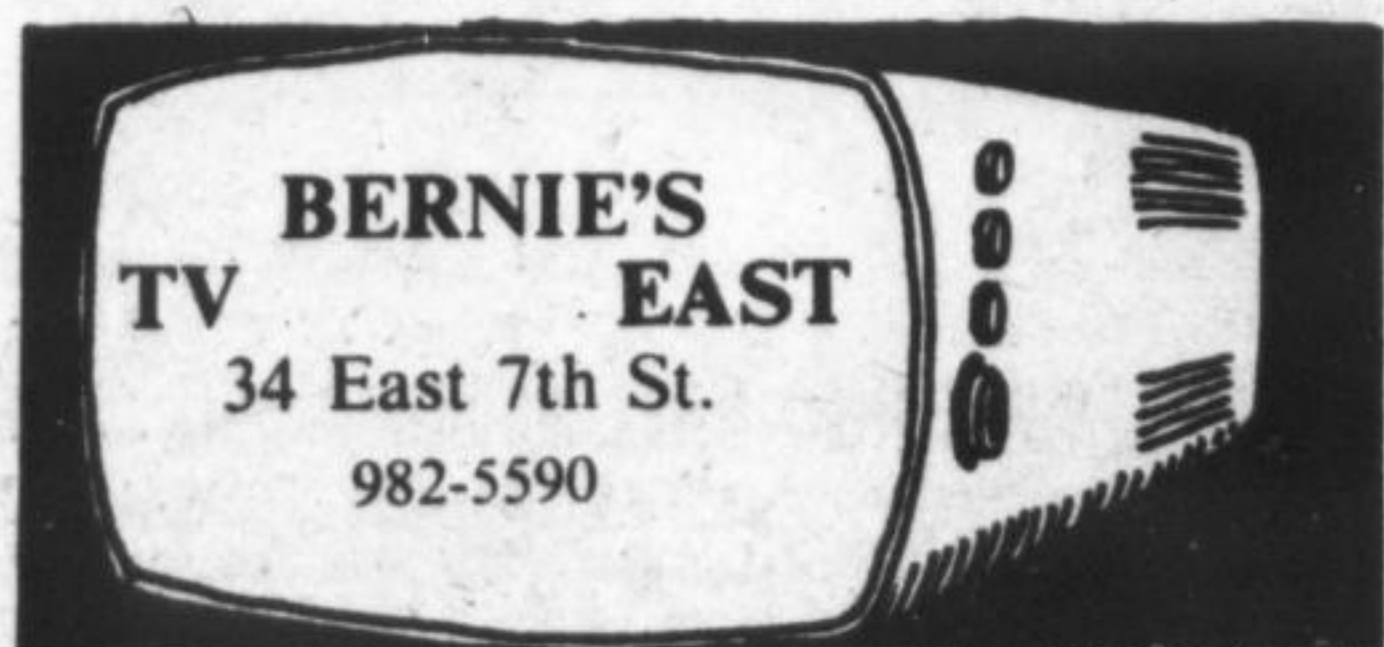
Both Friede and Miss Crenshaw had previous narcotics records.

Horse died. Gregory will ride again!

gregory's

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SLUMLORDS ON THE RUN



Emergency Repair Project trailer at Second Street and Avenue B, stands poised for action.

The City is putting the screws on slumlords who leave their buildings in disrepair. Establishing an Emergency Repair Service in a trailer on Second Street and Avenue B, the City has created an office where a single tenant's phone call can bring immediate action against a delinquent building owner.

Within minutes after calls are received at the office, a verifier is sent to the building issuing the complaint. If the complaint is found to be valid, the verifier immediately calls in a city inspector and real estate estimator who perform a detailed inspection of the building listing any violations they find.

After a detailed report is written and the violations issued, the landlord is called and asked to institute repairs within three hours. If he refuses, or hesitates, the inspector phones the Department of Health which relays the report to the Department of Real Estate who in turn calls a contractor to make the repairs then and there.

The contractor fixes the building and gets paid by the city who then bills the landlord. If the landlord declines to pay, he runs the risk of losing his building, having the rent collected by the city, or being summoned to court on one of many charges.

There are five branches of the Emergency Repair Project, each located in a trailer parked in areas having high building violation ratings: Harlem; East Harlem; Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn; the Southeast Bronx; and the Lower East Side.

In May, the Emergency Project Plan will be reviewed by the city and the decision will be made whether to abandon or continue the project.

More than a dozen calls a day are received by the trailer which is completely staffed with typists, verifiers, inspectors, and a coordinator.

"Landlords call us up all the time," said Katherine Rodriguez a telephone operator at the office. "We are frequently phoned by three local landlords—Kassner, Danker and Shipolski—who own a great many buildings on the Lower East Side. They say they will do repairs, but generally don't. Most landlords though are pretty cooperative once they find out the building will be repaired at their expense no matter what happens. When the City has to hire the contractor to do the work, it winds up costing them twice as much."

Many of the complaints phoned into the office result from the fact that the super has merely failed to do his job. Often, the super sees the inspector coming and will run downstairs to put up the heat. Further action then is unnecessary.

The Office is on a full time operation—24 hours a day, 7 days a week—for immediate action. The Lower East Side number is 475-0903.

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 Director by the 3-Color Method" (McGraw Hill)



High for \$1.50.
by Dick Preston

"Hubbub" is the Cinematheque's selection of the best show from their multi-media festival. It utilizes movies, slides, stroboscopes, oscilloscopes, people and stereo sound to produce what is, at times, an hallucinatory experience. Its object is to try and give the viewer a total visual and auditory voyage into regions that are barely chartered, much less explored.

After the lights dim and the multi-images begin to appear, one slowly slides into a new world... sounds are projected from every corner of the theatre... lights twinkle and an oscilloscope begins to dance... A circular design blooms on the screen... slides are superimposed and just when one thinks the screen will overflow, more images appear. Sometimes the films are side by side, sometimes one film is projected on top of another. Some images are from the fabric of our daily lives, some are sexual, some esoteric. At one point in the show the screen is framed by a violet vibrating light.

However (and there's a big "however" clause in it) it's a long way from perfect. Part of the reason is, I think, that "Hubbub" is made sectionally by people working in different parts of the country. The material is then assembled by a group of anonymous USCO artists. Now in theory there's nothing wrong with this, even if it does have a mixed odour of Dada and the Surrealism of the '20's. Unfortunately the artists in the USCO assembly line don't know which images should be thrown out of the window and those which should be thrown onto a screen. For this method to work all the artists would have to be geniuses. They aren't... at least, not all of them. A great deal of the material used was quite irrelevant to the experience and thus kept bringing one down. Forgotten was one of the canons of film making—this being that the material must *first* be evocative. Indeed, evocativeness is the major ingredient in this type of show. Since there is no story and no plot, every slide, every foot of film, every sound, every light must keep implying and adding to the total experience. This type of cinema has the potential of an erupting volcano whose lava should run into and sear the very soul of its audience. Slap dash methods of assembly won't work here, or for that matter, anywhere else in film.

Seeing the "Hubbub" show also made me think about another aspect of film that I consider to be of some importance, especially in relation to the multi-media cinema. This is the physical nature of the cinema.

The traditional type of cinema, with its relatively diminutive screen set clunk in the place where they've had the stage for the past Christ only knows how many hundred years, has got to go. So has its multitude of tiny uncomfortable seats. A Film Theatre should have a warm, homey, womblike feeling. The seats low, well padded and comfortable. All projection should be rear screen projection. The screen should take up the whole of one wall and there should not be more than 50 seats. Going to a movie should be one hell of an experience, not just an entertainment.

Forthcoming Attractions

Some people make home movies... some work on the streets of N.Y. Sheldon and Diane Rochlin went to Italy for 6 months to make a film on an Australian witch named Valli. Colour her Red. Now back in their loft on Grand St. they showed me some of their rushes. It was as if they had taken their camera back with them to the 17th century and returned with footage which is sometimes barbaric but always beautiful.

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FACING JAIL LEARY LECTURES

Cont'd from page 1

nothing to rush into ill prepared."

The lecture, the second of a three part series was sponsored by the Castalia Foundation, headed by Dr. Leary and Dr. Richard Alpert.

The Castalia Foundation plans to institute methods of running psychedelic sessions without the use of drugs by means of meditation and training. Leary and Alpert were two of the researchers expelled from the Harvard faculty in 1961 for conducting experiments involving students. Since that time they have published the Psychedelic Review and related writings, conducted a research group in Mexico and regular sessions at the Castalia Foundation in Millbrook, New York.

While Leary and Alpert pursue a policy of nondrug psychedelic expansion, Arthur Kleps heads up the Neo-American Church which is striving to have LSD accepted as the True Host along the lines of the Native American Indian Church which uses peyote as a sacrament under the law. When questioned, Dr. Alpert said that he did know Arthur Kleps and denied any affiliation between the Castalia Foundation and the Neo-American Church.

Representing the Native American Indian Church, Mana Pardeahtan spoke at the Castalia Lecture saying, "There is not a Justice in the Supreme Court that wants to tackle the psychedelic issue on religious grounds. Society permits the Native American Church to take peyote because we demand it. But here the best thing adapted to your society is the Castalia Foundation."

Mr. Pardeahtan went on to say, "Many people drive cars. Most people drive them in the street. Some people drive them on the sidewalk. That's what people in this city are doing when they take LSD. They are driving on the sidewalk. We of the Native American Church take psychedelics in a supportive environment, in the country where there's beauty, not in a concrete city."

The lecture was part of a recruiting drive for the Castalia Foundation's summer training course which is open to all followers of mind expansion for \$200 per week with two weeks being the minimum enrollment.

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Almanac

Cont'd from page 3

and actions in front of footlights and across a wooden stage. There is no wisdom in walking around in circles while the secret sits in the center and smiles.

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