

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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Touch of EVIL

On April 17, Dr. Timothy Leary, Frederick Swain and his wife Nancy, and Barry Kaplan were arrested in a 2 a.m. raid on Castalia Foundation headquarters in Millbrook, N.Y. The raid was executed by 22 officers from the Dutchess County sheriff's office.

On May 11, in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., the Grand Jury indicted them for possession of marijuana.

There were 29 adults and 10 children asleep in the 64-room Victorian mansion on the morning of the raid. The guest list included many psychiatrists and psychologists who had come to Millbrook to plan Castalia Foundation's summer program of consciousness expansion through nondrug means. Several reporters were also guests including an EVO staff member.

The whole occurrence had a noticeable resemblance to the film "A Touch of Evil" with Sheriff Quinlan playing the role of Orson Welles and Dr. Leary as Charlton Heston. The sheriff's name in the movie was also Quinlan and, he wore a ten-gallon hat and double-breasted suit as did Sheriff Quinlan in the Millbrook incident.



The 64-room mansion headquarters of the Castalia Foundation in Millbrook, N.Y.

MILLBROOK RAID an eyewitness report

Sunday morning, April 17, 1966, approximately one forty-five. Six candles burning in the alcove in the third floor room where I am stretched out on a mattress reading the *I Ching*. Question: How do I avoid game behavior?

The door crashes open. A strong light is thrown in my face. A man in jeans, jacket and cap shouts, "Don't move! Stay where you are!" I know it is the police having thought of this possibility. A man's home is his castle, is it not? Were my Scotch-Irish grandfather an un-uniformed intruder would be shot instantly.

I shrug and ask for a cigarette. "You've got enough to smoke, don't you?" comes back the sarcastic reply.

Under such circumstances, one simply continues to read the *I Ching*.

Two or three other men come into the room and mill about for a few moments. One says belligerently, "What you got those candles burning for?" I shrug again. I don't explain that there is no electric outlet in this corner, no light source for reading other than flame.

A tall man in trench coat and cowboy hat comes into the room. "Get your pants on and

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QUINLAN'S CONFESSION

The following is a partial transcript of an interview with Sheriff Lawrence Quinlan of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. EVO sent reporter Bob Simmons disguised as a straight-man from Look magazine in hopes that the sheriff would talk more freely to someone that he would assume was on his side.

EVO—Now then Sheriff, can you tell us in your own words just exactly what led up to the arrest of Dr. Leary? Where did it all begin?
QUINLAN—It began when Timothy Leary, I don't like to call him Doctor, first moved into the Deidrich estate. We became immediately alarmed because of his background; his arrest in Texas and his trouble at Harvard. So we set up a surveillance, spasmodic at first then we gradually increased it. As his activity increased—so did ours. And our suspicions were of course increasing as time went by.

EVO—We have already talked to some people who were arrested that night and they seem to think that you had some inside information. Did you employ an informer?

QUINLAN—I can't say what our investigative aids were, but we did have them under surveillance and there came a time when we felt we should move, and that is what we did on that early morning.

EVO—You knew then, pretty much, what was going on there at all times?

QUINLAN—Yes, yes we did.

EVO—There have been statements that the phone lines were cut.

QUINLAN—This is not true. We had nothing to do with the phone. If anything happened to the phone it was from some other source. We had no reason to do so. As a matter of fact one of the people, Dr. Neider I believe, asked to make a phone call and I furnished the transportation so he could call his attorney. We had no intention or desire to prevent anyone from making calls or any other communication they desired.

EVO—Sheriff, it's obvious that you are not dealing with criminal types, so what are your feelings about the arrest of these people?

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Letters

AN ACCOLADE

Editors and All Contributors,

I have just completed my first copy of EVO (#10), and it is remarkable.

I have found that in my reading of various periodicals, or publications, that they predominately fall into two classes. They are either 1) "Newspaper-like" or, 2) not "of the present" (deal with events more abstract in nature).

Newspapers report current news, while the second group concentrates on generalizing from concrete events, that are reported in the papers. These are generally of a more philosophic nature, and consider the implications of "happen-of-the-moment." A good example of this second group is the *Psychodelic Review*.

Generally, for me anyway, the most significant reading material was found in the "abstract" journals. I am much more surprised to find meaningful work done in the daily papers, of which the newspaper industry was previously the only outlet.

After reading your publication, I am relieved to find a comprehensive grasp of what is happening, with an ample amount of fine generalization. (i.e., editorials, I Ching, Leary's articles, Katzman's article, etc.). As I see it, yours is a fascinating attempt at fusing the piles of current literature.

I am amazed at the ingenuity of the creators of this new art form (the integration of institutionalized forms, such as painting, film-making, music, light, etc., into a marvelous bead game with Msrs. Leary, Warhol, and others as magisters). We, in the Bay Area, have similar happenings, but not of the perfection which is seemingly being approached in New York.

As I say this, it seems as though EVO itself is doing a pretty good job of developing a new art form in newspaper reporting, by going beyond, or expanding the accepted order, form, and structure of the data. I would like to see more "outsiders" (from New York, of course!) turn on to this paper, since it is not very popular in Berkeley, as yet.

In love,
Dick Latvala

FROM PRISON

Dear Other:

I have been sentenced to prison for one to ten years, ostensibly for the possession of marihuana, but more really for writing a book about it.

I feel, like every other prisoner here, that my sentence is unjust. To prove that, I am trying desperately to file an appeal. But today is my sixth day here, and no word has come through. Despair is right around the corner.

Thank you, incidentally, for writing the probation department. Your letter had no effect, however, nor did any of the letters I wrote while the book was in progress. If you'd like to help me, and I need all the outside help I can gather, let me tell you what must be done—as far as I know.

First, the appeal bond must be set at a certain amount and a motion brought before the trial judge who sentenced me. I assume that's being done now, for I spoke with my attorney last Monday (May 9, 1966).

It is the next step that I'm concerned with. Specifically, what grounds do I have that qualify me for an appeal? Was the sentence unjust? Michigan law states that on the first offense a person can get up to ten years—for mere possession!

When first arrested, I wanted to take this case all the way to the Supreme Court. But without the sensationalism and money, it seemed like a pipe dream. Then when Leary got it, I felt he was more qualified to go all the way. On March 30, this year, I entered a plea of guilty.

The case is an interesting one. When arrested last September, the police also took by book—or at least the first copy of it. As you know, first writings are rough and mine was no exception. Immature, seditious, wordy and awkward, the police and prosecutor managed, I must believe, to convince the judge that my work was not writing or research, but that to know all the things I knew, certainly I must be a big-time dope peddler. Motions to retrieve the manuscript failed. In fact, immedi-

Other Other Other Editorial

Law and Disorder

There are three stages of history. When the stars rule men, this is religion. When men rule men, this is politics. When men rule machines, this is anarchy.

We are against the rules of man, art, nature—when they are applied to us; but we are for all rules, laws, lies, forms, formulas, generalizations when dealing with death.

The world of static steel, which science discovered, dies in our understanding. But man, the understander, will never be understood—will not stand still to be studied, will move on ever, warm, elusive, alive.

Rule the world, lovers—it is dead! It can be ruled—measured, studied, understood.

How can man know man? How can the ruler rule over his own heart, mind, spirit, flesh, blood?

Who can make laws? Who can set limits, walls, prisons to man. Man is the Law, the Lord, the lawyer and warder. And who would attempt to make rules for poets—for the makers, save the dead who try to rule the living in this world of war and order.

Leave the dead world, lovers. It has been used, abused, defiled. We must do something new.

There was a time when life and sun and air were new—to see, to breathe, to love as rare: Forget these verbs and predicates—infinities are infinite. Let new lusts, seas, skies tear the

tears from new eyes, or testicles—let us breathe fresh air!

Creators, look down on the stars . . . on the suns, cities, atoms in our hands. Let creatures look up to the vulgar divinity in life. Let the submen submit, stand under, understand. Overstand—stand over, as supermen, exercise that life on death. How can the eyes see the eyes, or the stander his stance? Let us see and stand as the sun. Let us move as monarchs move. Let us love as gods love. Let us take and make our will the forces of death in life and break up this idiot dance.

Break their laws, lies, prisms, prisons for the light to be! Smash down the barriers—and bonds—between man and man. Let the divine lust on other things than man beat free.

Live and let love. Find new lives, lines, mechanisms on which to breed. Let all present needs, as sunshine, air, be free—forgotten. And let us for the next harvest find soil and seed.

Life is anticipation, endlessly ahead: The flavour of each full mouth is that of the next. Each push to the orgasm is the next! And what is the orgasm but the sigh?

Do we, can we grasp anything at all but death? Well grasp it then, embrace it, seduce it—bring it to life! Lift the world, lovers—it is dead.

Editorial from a Poem by Harry Hooton

ately prior to sentencing the judge read to the court the worst parts of the first typescript, even though he had both the rough and the unfinished before him. "One to five," he said, then changed it to one to ten.

So here I sit, in a cell, in the largest walled prison in the world.

I need now to get some sharp legal aid. The only thing is, I still have no money.

It was quite a shock, this sentence, even though I knew, two weeks before being sentenced, that prison was recommended. I have no criminal record at all. Was in jail over night in Georgia in 1963 for refusing to pay a traffic ticket. Outside of that, I am quite clean. Others before the same judge, for the charge of selling it, were given probation. Feeling that probation was the worst of the evils I must live down, I kissed my wife goodbye, glanced at the child, and rode my bike down to the county building. That was the last I've seen of either of them, and these days have indeed been torture.

The book, by the way, has been accepted for publication by University Books, Inc. of New Hyde Park, New York. So that's what's new with me. What's new with you?

SPSM—(Institution)
116156 (No.)
May 12, 1966 (Date)
Friend (Relation)

Sincerely,
John Rosevear

To:
Kirby CONGDON
John WILCOCK
Tom McNAMARA
Doug BLAZEK
Dave CUNLIFFE

Listen. *Life* is an awful long goddamned time, when yr doing it in the Texas State Penitentiary at Huntsville. Especially for a chickenshit Narcotics Possession. Which is what's happened to Carl (*Not as a Faceless Number*) Robins. & Life in a Texas pen means just about that, a long long time between Nothings. I don't know whether Carl comes up for parole in 9 or in 15 years, but whatever, its not soon enough! And besides, The Board *always* denies you the first few times up, as if to show you, you Dirty Doper, what yr in for next time, if there is any time left to formulate a "next time." And Huntsville, Man, is just too too much! I mean, we had cats in San Quentin that'd done time in Huntsville, & diversified as their individual trips were, their stories all agreed along one important line—the utter depravity of the place—the sadistic brutality of guard & con alike, the idiot beatings administered to those cons who cant 'Make Task' (i.e., pick over 200 lbs. of cotton a day, each & every day, beneath the boiling freakish miserable Texas sun), the necessity to carry one's shank on one's person at all times to protect oneself from attack in the joint-wide aura of gross violent homosexuality (there is a difference between choosing & being chosen, the same difference between freedom & totalitarianism), the recurring necessity to fend off an attack from one's Brother whom the tension & brutality have brought to the breaking point so that what begins as a simple argument over baseball (or whatever) becomes a raging slaughter.

In other words, its a Bad Scene Man, & as a poet or writer you can *do* something about it. Like, I'm devoting the proceeds from the sale of my previous books (what's still on hand) to a *FUND* for Carl Robins, a fund to

get him a new trial. Any half-ass lawyer can find grounds for a new trial, but a sharp lawyer means an expensive lawyer & appeals run into 'bigtime bread, Baby, believe! BUT IT CAN BE DONE. I'm not asking you to donate from past or future book sales (Although 'Ahl, it would be nice) but if you cant afford a dollar you *can* afford, at least, as a mailer of mss., a few five-cent stamps—send them to Carl's publisher:

James D. Calahan
HORS COMMERCE PRESS
22526 Shadycroft Ave.
Torrance, California

A real good cat, Callahan, he *cares*, & mark the envelope 'ROBINS FUND' in the lower left-hand corner or somewhere. Hows a fewlousy stamps gonna help? I'll tell you Baby, this is like a CHAIN LETTER & you are hereby challenged to make 3 copies (at least) & send on to 3 friends or acquaintances whose names *don't* already appear on the top of this letter. As you send off your copies, add your 3 friends names to the bottom of the list to prevent duplication. Come on Baby, you must know at least 3 people who swing? Shoot this on to them . . . Snowball effect may bring in thousands of \$'s before 1966 is gone & Robins will then have a chance, which is all he needs, a fighting chance. The old story about this type of letter is that if you break the chain you'll suffer some sort of horrendous evil luck—I wont tell you that, but breaking the chain could sure cause Carl Robins some horrendously evil luck—it could leave him in Huntsville without hope, which is just exactly the way things stand now. Swing, kitties, please do it?

Love is Wide, Wide
Wm. WANTLING
Peoria, Ill.

Dear Mr. Wilcock:

Your last column in the *Voice* mentioned that you were starting a paper of your own, *The East Village Other*—I believe that was the name you said you were going to give your paper. Enjoy reading your provocative items very much. Want to continue reading anything you write, whenever and where ever possible.

So, would you please give the necessary information for me to subscribe to your paper. The address and how much a yearly sub. would cost.

Keep up the good work. I don't know about other people but here at San Quentin your column is a god-send.

Peace Brother,
Donald Ray Miller
Box #A-34251
Tamal, California

SUBSCRIBE 1 year (\$3.00)
use this 2 years (\$5.00)
form 3 years (\$7.00)

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
BOX 871, PETER STUYVEBANT STATION,
NEW YORK

Name

Address

Muscle Art and Whiplash: Walter Gutman

by Al Hansen

Look, look, look! Miss Tatiana Deluxe! Biceps like watermelons, tawny breasts like B-17 nose turrets; purging down the runway of love through strength . . . flexing . . .

Vicious Vacuumah; muscles roling and loins roiling . . . a riot of desire—grabs a lover by the neck with each strong hand and pulls them inexorably to her. Her dark eyes flash and her mane snaps like a flag.

Sarah Sandwich wields a whip and sports her sharktoothed nuckledusters innocently.

Love me, love me, Love me—or else! purrs Leoparda LaStronge and leaves bruises on the arms of the young cuban boxer.

There are a few of the Gutman women . . . the paintings and the inner-peeled subject matter of Walter Gutman, affable guide to financiers, stock market analyst. He never touts love, he just makes it his business to be where he would prefer it to occur.

Tough sweet, soft, loving, incredibly strong and handsome gals painted with cruel reality and childlike awe . . . he energetically probes without a shred of hesitation or a moments remorse.

Cynthy hisses sexy lips and stands nude and gangly in nothing but mesh hose and metal gloves . . . Walter is the last of the idolatrous iconoclasts—the one man \$tag party.

Blue Movie: the phone rings (as supple colored girls wrestle silently in one of the barred cells). Hello, headquarters? This is Tracy. We've found another body in the lots, yup it's covered with big sting bumps . . ." (Muscles taut and darkeyed sullen the girls grapple and slap.) It's as if they were caused by some huge insect . . . but there are no claw marks . . ." (One girl chokes the other with a bronze forearm, they are fighting for China Red, the flunky gopher of the womens Cellblock.)

Walter Gutman chuckles sagely. He knows the cops are not looking in the right places. Were they to look in the rite place they would know its only good old Venomah . . . "She's a wonderfully big girl, very strong, you should see her arms. . ." Her father, a Slavic scientist, spent his life studying insects. Cruelly persecuted by both sides of the cold war fence, his natural slavic paranoia was enhanced and caused his early demise. Venomah cracked and slid into a deep psychotic crevasse. She introduced binding and discipline into her health ed classes at the university and was discharged.

Now, her father's hidden underground laboratory is converted to a gym dormitory from which Venomah and her crew of aggressive strapping giantesses sally forth at night on big Rolls Royce motorcycles. A secret hive of Juggernaut Jills! Woe betide any mere man-thing wandering the lonely streets late nights . . . hear the big purr of black Rolls Royce bikes?

"They don't understand her," Walter Gutman argues, "Within every big strong tough girl there is a little girl," he winks, "who is also tough and strong . . ."

Back when the twenties were turning into the thirties Walter Gutman was an art critic and wrote of the new talkies as if they were an art form. Many were shocked. He's logged a lot of time on the playing fields of hip. He has a wonderful photograph (taken in some thirties club) of himself and Maxine Sullivan (I'm coming, Virginia).

We must wonder . . . had Venomah not fallen heir to her father's notebooks . . . what path would her resentment and hostility have taken? We may safely assume it would be sexual. Walter and I feel she just loves too much, is all. Of course she's disturbed. What is it like to have the heart, loins and other equipment of a big 7'3-1/2" smasher and there are no men around your size?

Now look at Gutman's paintings again . . . lusty work. Here, and here in smashes and adjectival counter strokes is the limbs and full



ivory belly of Irisha Reilly limned . . .

Then there's the Gutman Foundation which has given sums to obscure artists in dark hours. To name a few . . . Claes Oldenburg, George Segal, Lucinda Childs, Roslyn Drexler . . .

Try to find an art gallery opening, vanguard dance performance or a happening that he doesn't show up at.

Feminine dilemmas drape him in mystery. No area of feminoxetique would fail to whet him. His one-man benefit show at the Great Jones Gallery is a benefit for Judson Performing Artists, the way out church. The work is a subtle discourse on the flip urging thrusty inner structure of women. And they are just paintings. Throughout this seine of two-dimensional surfaces the jut and thrust of breast and thigh is echoed by flexed biceps and fluxed supplexes in surges and walks and rushes of paint . . .

Now, Threatoma the Czech Thunderbelly Goddess with arms like Sonny Liston beats a primal tattoo on her big boobs and juggles men as if they were toys. Her nipples stand out like pistol snouts. Her bristly pubic hair stands straight out from her fistlike groin as she dons

her leopard skin. Sunlight glints from her wicked sword as she prepares to enter the arena.

These are just a few of the Gutman women. His shows at the Camino and Bridge Galleries were beginnings. He keeps getting better. These women will never let him down, they hold and will possess him forever. The exhibition was attended by throngs and be vies of muscle-butted, flexed lithe women. Legs like trees in crazy leg designs and net hose were stalking everywhere . . . cut bulge thighs, calf jut, breast thrust and proud necks, nipples poking delicate fabrics, it all left one too weak to operate the punch bowl dipper. Several carried wicked looking whips and there was an abundance of leather and thong garments and tight rubber accessories. A tall circassian amazon who tuns a love keep deep in the trees above Woodstock spoke only Ukranian. Natashe of Sade Glade. Two Bulgarian gymnasts tried to whisk him from the opening to their tents at the Circus ground. They were as attractive as they were tough. Walter Gutman is a very fortunate man.



Terry Schutte Photo

OLIVER JOHNSON

Newtopia Social Club
P. O. BOX E
Lenox Hill Station
New York City, N. Y. 10021

Dear Friend,

We're trying something BRAND NEW . . . and we think you'll like it!

Your name has come to us from a list of people looking to meet new friends. Enclosed you'll find a letter, WRITTEN TO YOU PERSONALLY, from a young lady who recently joined our Club!

We can't guarantee she's the "ideal girl" for you. But confidentially speaking, she is lovely, she is broad-minded . . . and she IS interested!! We think the two of you will have many things in common and lots of fun.

Please accept this Bonafide introduction with our compliments. It's simply OUR way of saying we have "just the type of girls you've been looking for!"

If you've been disappointed in the past—if you received PHONEY listings or delayed replies before—if you sent in money for "listings of beautiful girls" and NEVER received the names and addresses you paid for . . .

We're truly sorry. But we promise you THIS time you won't be disappointed! YOU SEND US NOTHING for this introduction . . . EVEN if you become a member! All we ask is a chance to prove that we're honest, unique, and *Strictly Confidential!*

GOOD LUCK with your new friend . . .

Cordially yours,
Steven B. Reynolds
(Social Director)

P. S. We have over 300 exciting and attractive young ladies in the N. Y.—N. J. area waiting to meet you. Many of them have photos and descriptions NEVER BEFORE published!

(If you're the "Casanova" we think you are . . . we should be hearing from you soon! Don't hesitate to write us for more information . . . we answer *all* your questions!)

Hi,

I've been sitting here for at least 15 minutes now, wondering what to say to you. It's hard to write to someone you know so little about. But—I guess the best place to begin is at the beginning. So here goes . . .

My given name is Sue, and my picture may reveal I am 21 years old, 5'5", with dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, a fair complexion, and some "well proportioned statistics."

I love music, art, sports, and anyone with a good sense of humor. I have no handicaps—other than my honesty! I feel that any relationship worth having is worth being sincere for . . . and I really mean it! I'm always disappointed with people who are dishonest with themselves as well as others.

By now you are probably wondering why, with all my so called virtues (?), I should have joined a Social Club to meet people? Well, the answer is simple. I just haven't met that special someone yet. I feel that you can ring a doorbell, dial a phone number (or even write a letter to a stranger) . . . and suddenly a new friend can come into your life and makes it more exciting! I don't know what you look like (I hope, of course, that you're attractive) but I feel that a person's character is far more important than his physical appearance. I'd like to meet someone who I can *really* talk to and enjoy myself with!

Anyhow, it's 3 A.M., and time to close this letter. I've tried to give you an honest picture of myself, and I hope you answer this only if you can do the same! If you feel we have some things in common, please write and let me know about your likes & dislikes, etc. so that I can get to know you better too. Okay? Hoping to hear from you soon, I'm

Sincerely yours,
Sue

P. S.—Please enclose a recent picture of yourself if possible. P. P. S. Club rules are: We can not give out our home address or phone number in the 1st letter. Write me in care of this club & I will answer with more details.

The "handwritten" letter that accompanied this salespitch was actually printed. And accompanied by this photograph:



Naturally, I replied to Sue immediately. Taking the precaution of adopting a pseudonym:

Dear Sue,

You're pretty and I'd like to meet you. Why don't you send me your home address so that we can get together? Enclosed is a picture of me. Hope you like it.

Sincerely
Oliver Johnson

And then I was out of town for a couple of weeks. When I returned there were two letters waiting:

Dear Oliver,

I received your very interesting letter, and am answering it now while I have a few moments to spare!

To be honest with you, although your letter sounded great, I'd like to hear from you again before I meet you in person! (I know we seem compatible, but it is so very hard to judge people from their first letter.) I think you'll understand a single girl's fears about meeting men in N. Y. C. ? (It would *really* help if I could hear from you again!?)

I will be going away this coming weekend. (It will be my first real vacation in almost a year!) So I probably won't be able to answer your letter until I return in a week.

Please try to understand why I am hesitating. It has little to do with your letter, and lots to do with some previous bad experiences I've had in N. Y.! I just need a little more time and courage!

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Sue

P. S. Please excuse delayed reply—I had my college exams.
P. S. I hope you can read this! I had to change pens!

Dear Olie,

I'd like to say that your last letter was a pleasant and interesting surprise. However, before I start rambling on, I'd like to be quite frank with you. (I hope you're the understanding young man your letter revealed you to be!?)

Since I wrote to you last, something *really unusual* happened to me! On the same day that I mailed *your* letter to you, I met a young man who also belongs to the same Club as I do. Instead of going away on my vacation, I have been seeing *him* steadily day and night. I know this all sounds pretty foolish since everything happened so fast. But it's gotten quite serious.

Anyhow, I wanted to write this letter to you *now* because I did not want you to think my not writing later had anything to do with *your* letter! It's just that I have met someone special who's close to my ideals, and I am not interested in dating anyone else right now.

Thanks again for writing me. You sound like a great guy with lots of determination. I hope you have the same luck in meeting someone *special* as I've had!

Sincerely,
Sue

P. S. thanks for your photo. Thought you'd like it returned!

Dear Sue,

First you tell me that you've met some new boyfriend and you're very busy "night and day" and then you write and ask for a longer letter. Well, I'm still hoping to meet you. I work only part-time in the printing business so I am free most of the time and can get together at your convenience. We could do anything you want. I wish you'd send me a better photograph of yourself. You look very pretty but it's hard to see much of you in that pose. Tell me when we can meet and what you'd like to do.

sincerely
o johnson

Dear Olie,

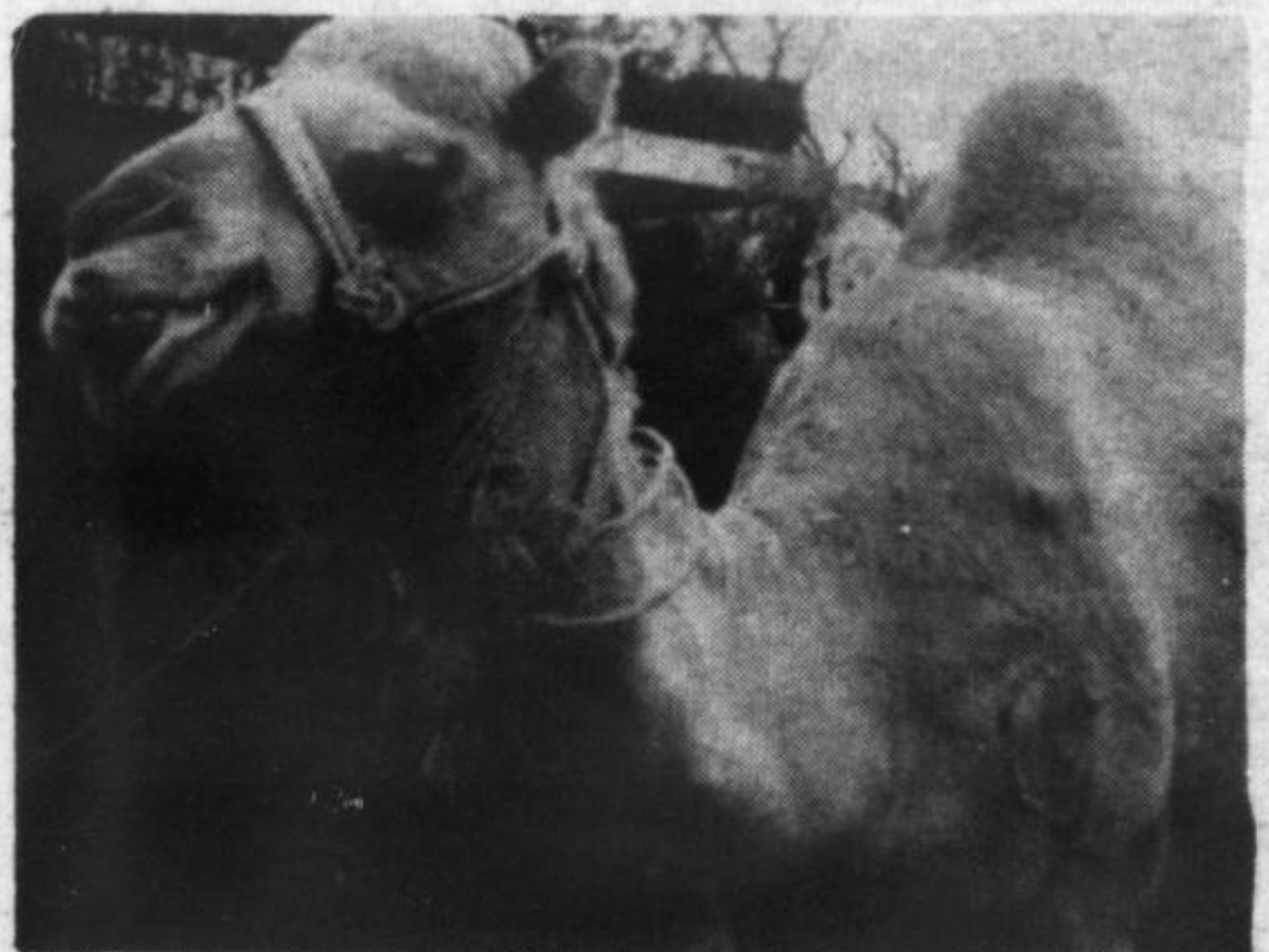
I'm really sorry for all the confusion. The truth is you received my letters in the wrong order. I was supposed to go away on my vacation but I met my present boyfriend instead. I had asked for a longer letter right before I met him.

Please accept my apologies for the unnecessary trouble I've caused you. You sound very interesting . . . but as I explained I'm not interested at present.

Thanks for writing and letting me know my error. I hope we're all straightened out now?

Sincerely,
Sue

P. S. Sorry about the typewriter—but it seems whenever I need a pen I can never find one!



CAPTAIN HIGH!
THE WEIRD OUTLANDISH WONDER!

BACK AGAIN AFTER FAR BUT CHANGES, STONED IN THE OUTER COSMOS...
SMOKE OF A DOPE COLLECTION STARTS TWO TRIPS!
OUR STORY UP TO NOW: CAPT. HIGH, HEMP HERO, HAS BEEN GOING UP.

WHERE OUT OF THIS WORLD HAVE I SEEN?
A BLIMP CRASHED & MY HEMP BURNED!

BURNING BLIMP

DUE TO THE OBVIOUS SHORTAGE, IT SEEMS TIME FOR A DEVIOUS TRIP! TO PANAMA!!

ZAP!
ZAP!
LONG DISTANCE VECTOR
BU!

ZING!
ZAP!
ZAP!

HEY AMIGO, WHERE'S THE POT? GRASS? BHU? MARTA??

THIS IS THE CANAL ZONE! I HAVE ONLY JOHNSON GRASS!

* SIGNIFIES "BOHEMIAN UNION" & (BU) DEUTERIUM IS A HEAVY ISOTOPE OF HYDROGEN.

CONTINUED ON PAGE LIKE THIS IN 2 WEEKS!!

Byrds and Dylan --



"Drug Songs" Banned

Derek Taylor

The Byrds' latest single "Eight Miles High," on the CBS label, has been labelled a "drug song" by the Gavin Report, a subscription sheet circulated weekly—and widely—to radio stations and other entities in the recording industry.

Compiled by record-expert Bill Gavin in San Francisco, the report substantially influences a thousand or more radio stations which, in the U. S., make or break discs. Also listed is Dylan's "Rainy Day Women" which repeatedly uses the phrase "Let's All Get Stoned."

Gavin says: "We have dropped 'Rainy Day Women' and 'Eight Miles High' from our 'Recommended Playlist.' In our opinion, these records imply encouragement and/or approval of the use of marijuana or LSD. We cannot conscientiously recommend such records for airplay, despite their acknowledged sales. We

reserve the future right to distinguish between records that simply mention such drugs and those that imply approval of their use."

The irony of it is that the Byrds and Dylan are, in their lyrical innocence, again linked in a drugs controversy. The first time this happened was in the middle of last year when pundits hazarded guesses that "Mr. Tambourine Man" referred to a drug peddler. As in the case of "Eight Miles High" and "Rainy Day Women," the implications failed to prevent "Mr. Tambourine Man" from reaching the top of the charts.

"Eight Miles High" was written largely by Byrd-member Gene Clark with help from fellow Byrd-members Jim McGuinn and David Crosby, and it refers specifically to London and the strange effect of the city on the Byrds when they arrived last autumn by jet from the U. S., having passed through various time zones.

The phrase "eight miles high" refers to the height of the aircraft in flight.

Commented Jim McGuinn: "We could have called the song 'Forty-Two Thousand Two Hundred and Forty Feet,' but somehow this

didn't seem to be a very commercial song title and it certainly wouldn't have scanned."

The song goes on to say, "And when you touch down, you will find it stranger than known. Signs in the streets. . . ."

This, says McGuinn, is probably part of most visitors experience in a strange country at dawn when, at home, it's still midnight.

In the second verse, the lyric says, "Nowhere is there warmth to be found among those afraid of losing their ground." This refers to the in-clubs of London where the Byrds felt certain hostilities from other performers who-up to that time—had been unchallenged at the top of the charts by American artists.

"Rain-gray town known for its sound," says another line which was a fit description of London, and later the lyric speaks of "squares, huddled in storms" which was in direct reference to a photographic session in rain-swept Trafalgar Square.

The song speaks of "sidewalk scenes and black limousines," experiences common to all pop stars.

Commented McGuinn: "It seems extraordinary that a very pretty lyric about an intriguing city should be condemned because the phrases are couched in some sort of poetry."

He added: "I dare say if we had sung 'We dig London and its big, big beat but we don't dig the rain, and our feet get sore waiting for the limousine,' we'd have been okay."

The First Lady-Bird at Riis Houses on Avenue D. The pickets asked, "Why not beautify Viet Nam?" One of the architects who designed the plaza picked his nose throughout the entire dedication ceremony.



Walter Bredel Photo

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QUINLAN'S CONFESSION Cont'd from page 1



The real Sheriff Quinlan of Dutchess County. Recently three prisoners escaped from his jail jail and one of his deputies drowned in a lake.



Orson Welles as Sheriff Quinlan in the film "A Touch of Evil." The movie Quinlan was more successful than the real life character.

QUINLAN—My personal feelings are that it's a criminal act. I think that the people involved here, not all of them, but some of them, are deeply enough involved to be the criminal type as far as I am concerned. I'm very much opposed to it, and I'm outraged by the goings on at this place, and especially the things advocated by Timothy Leary, and the things he has done in the past.

You see, the thing that annoys me, and the reason I'm so concerned is that Leary talks about LSD and the great things it does, and how he's experimenting with it and so forth. Of course Timothy Leary did not discover LSD, and I think the fact that in addition to using LSD he also admittedly used a narcotic drug, he has reasons other than those of experimenting.

EVO—What drug was that?

QUINLAN—Well, he admittedly uses marijuana. He was convicted of being involved with marijuana in Texas, so far as I am concerned marijuana is a narcotic and anybody who uses it does it for the kicks that it gives. And I think Tim Leary does the same thing, and therefore I put him in the same category with common users of narcotics, and this is the way I feel.

EVO—Dr. Leary claims that the Castalia Foundation is set up for religious purposes, among others. Was there anything that suggested religious activity to you?

QUINLAN—There was no evidence to me of religion. There were some weird things around of, you might say, an oriental nature, but there was nothing that indicated to me that there was any religion connected with this at all. It was just thrill seeking. That is my opinion, and I am not going to change it unless something drastic causes me to do so.

EVO—They've closed down the Castalia Foundation at Millbrook, but if they should open it back up do you plan to take any sort of action?

QUINLAN—If the same sort of thing continues I would be forced to, after all I'm in a position elected by the people to protect them and enforce the law. If such a thing is going on I would absolutely do the same as I had done in this case.

The thing that disturbs me is that the use of narcotics has grown and is growing to such a great extent that it is affecting the youth of

our country. This is very important to me, and I cannot sit by and allow things like this to go on where it affects the youth of our country. I can't let this thing go on because it only grows and grows. If it goes on, why naturally, young people are going to become involved, and I think that we have to protect them. It's a menace, it's a terrific menace.

The reason for it they say is that it is an escape from reality and to get out from under the pressures of life and so forth. But, I love to live, and if I escape from reality then I have nothing to live for. I live because I want to live in reality, and I think that anyone who says they want to escape from reality is really ill.

EVO—I see. Well, was any marijuana or narcotics found on Dr. Leary himself?

QUINLAN—I can't say what we found. I mean that is still a confidential matter as far as the evidence is concerned, and will be until such time as it can be released. It's still in the investigative stage.

EVO—How many officers made the arrest?

QUINLAN—We had 22. The reason there were 22 of us, is that we knew most of the rooms were occupied and we tried to plan on having an officer for each room.

EVO—How is the house done up? Is it a normal place?

QUINLAN—It's not a normal house. It's a tremendous place and has some very large, fine rooms in it. I forget how many rooms it has in it, but there are many, many rooms. It's a tremendous place.

EVO—Would you say it has a religious atmosphere?

QUINLAN—No, it's not set up for any services, if that is what you mean. As a matter of fact the furniture is very sparse. There is very little furniture. Most of the sleeping is done on the floor on mattresses. I remember seeing only two beds in the place, and the children were in one of those.

EVO—Do you know anything about the arrangement Dr. Leary has for renting the place?

QUINLAN—Well, he rents this place from very wealthy people. And William Hitchcock, I read an article recently on William Hitchcock, who owns the estate, I read that he himself has experienced LSD so naturally he is in sympathy.

EVO—Naturally.

QUINLAN—From his remarks it was indicative to me that he was in sympathy with Leary and his ideas.

EVO—What about the people that were arrested that night? Did they seem to be under the influence of drugs?

QUINLAN—Yes, from my observation the people I encountered on that early morning were under the influence of some drug. They acted strangely.

EVO—Were there any overt acts that suggested this to you?

QUINLAN—I wouldn't say that, but they did act strange. They certainly weren't acting normal.

EVO—What sort of strata did they seem to come from?

QUINLAN—They were from all over. Some of them were beatniks, you know . . . long hair, whiskers, that type of person for the most part.

EVO—Did they offer any resistance?

QUINLAN—None at all. They were very polite.

EVO—Did they act as if they had done something wrong?

QUINLAN—Absolutely not. There was no indication that they felt any guilt at all. No outrage. They seemed to be perfectly at home. Of course they talked back and forth to one another among themselves without us knowing what they were talking about, but they were very quiet and passive.

EVO—Would you say that this was due to the drugs?

QUINLAN—I don't know. This could very well be. I know if it had been me I'd have been pretty excited, but they showed no excitement whatever.

EVO—May I take your picture?

QUINLAN—Of course, where do you want me to stand?

EVO—Oh, behind this flag.

QUINLAN—I'm very proud of that.

After the picture taking the deputy asked if they would get a free copy of Look. And Sheriff Quinlan confided to this reporter, "You know, I'm convinced that Timothy Leary is addicted to a narcotic drug."

—Bob Simmons

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JUDGE ORDERS "GRASS WIDOW" STERILIZED

In Santa Barbara, California, a county which is known to be a hotbed of Minutemen and John Birchers, a young Mexican mother was ordered to be sterilized by a California Judge.

Mrs. Nancy Hernandez, 21-year-old mother of two, was charged with "being in a place where marijuana was smoked." Judge Frank P. Kearney of Santa Barbara Municipal Court offered her the choice of six months in jail and the loss of her young baby or sterilization by tubal ligation. The court appointed lawyer, Louis Renga, said he will appeal the judges order.

On April 14, Mrs. Hernandez was arrested in a police raid on her apartment and charged with being in a place where marijuana was used. A man in the apartment was arrested on suspicion of using marijuana.

According to Attorney Renga, arrangements had been made, on behalf of Mrs. Hernandez, between himself and the court to grant her probation under the usual conditions. Ten minutes before sentencing, Mrs. Hernandez was ushered into Judge Frank P. Kearney's Chamber and told that the additional term of probation would be her sterilization by surgical means. She was told that if she did not accept these terms she would lose her child and be given six months in jail. The deal was made without her attorney's knowledge or presence.

Judge Kearney told EVO in an exclusive telephone interview: "There is some precedent for this action in this county. There are two cases; one of an adult male, and one of an adult female. The cases of Tapia and Palafox, I believe. One was a welfare fraud case. I don't like the word sterilization. I use the legal and medical term 'tubal ligation'."

"It was not just a case of marijuana use that was the question here," Judge Kearney said. "Her common-law husband is a heroin addict.

Millbrook Eyewitness

continued from page 1

come downstairs," he says. I get up. "Who are you? What kind of work do you do?" he asks. "I'm a teacher and writer," I reply, showing him an article of mine in Spanish, accompanied by my picture. This seems to calm him down. Perhaps he is afraid of offending someone with "credentials." "I would think a writer and teacher would want more luxurious surroundings," he says gesturing toward the sparsely furnished room. "Writers and teachers are simple people," I counter. "This is quite enough for my taste."

"The writers and teachers I know aren't simple people!" he intones ominously. He leaves the room. I feel sorry for him. I later find out he is Sheriff Quinlan.

I get dressed and go downstairs. I stand around on the second floor landing for some time, while the other guests are routed out of bed. A girl friend of mine, from out of town, visiting Castalia for the weekend, is taken into a bathroom by a kindly police matron, disrobed, and searched. I wonder why none of the men are stripped and searched.

Later she is sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall, when three policemen bully their way past and knock a huge framed picture off the wall. It smashes into my friend's face, cutting her lip badly. She bleeds and one of the guests, a medical doctor, comforts her and treats her lip. Later she has a headache and wants an aspirin. We go upstairs to get some bufferin she has in her purse. As she takes out the bottle, a policeman comes into the room and takes the tablets away from her for "analysis." We go downstairs again. The police matron looks at us and says, "I've got a headache, too. It must be a sympathy headache."

The District Attorney, well dressed, like The New Breed, tie clasped by a tiny silver six-gun, asks me to come into a room with him. Inside, he takes out a pad of paper and asks me my name, age and address. He wants to

He was convicted of possession which is a felony. In her probation report she said that she had been chipping with heroin."

Judge Kearney said that the *N. Y. Times* report of May 23, was incomplete, stating, "The girl wasn't bluntly told 'sterilization.'" She was granted probation if she would, like a law-abiding citizen, get herself sterilized. She already has two children. A narcotics agent said he saw her, when she was eight months pregnant, dealing heroin.

"Someone had mentioned that sterilization could make her more promiscuous, but it could act as a deterrent to having more children." Judge Kearney continued.

A California attorney consulted by EVO by telephone said that there was no precedent in California for such action except one which allows for sterilization of someone convicted of sexual intercourse with a person under the age of 10.

A spokesman for the A. C. L. U. said that there were statutes which provide for sterilization in a number of states in the south and that they are occasionally used against individuals from minority groups, but the practice is generally not pursued because of its unconstitutional nature.

Turning to American Jewish organizations for more background EVO found that the Federation for Jewish Philanthropy had no knowledge of sterilization practices in the U. S. A spokesman for the United Jewish Restitution said, "We are only concerned with the sterilization that occurred in Nazi Germany!"

While Judge Kearney in the *Times'* A. P. report says that there was "nothing novel—legally, medically or sociologically" about the case, Attorney Renga is making his appeal to the Superior Court on the grounds that the judge's order is "unreasonable, capricious, illegal and unconstitutional."

know why I am visiting Dr. Leary. I say I am interested in his theories. He asks what his theories are. I reply that they are all in published form and that I prefer not to help the D. A. get out of doing his homework. He seems taken aback and lets me go.

My friend is taken downstairs for interrogation. She is forced to sit at a table with a bright light shining in her face. Several policemen blast her belligerently with rapid-fire questions: "Who are you? Where did you come from? Who brought you here? Why did you come here? Did you have intercourse here? You may be guilty of violating the Mann Act, did you know that? Did you come here for immoral acts? Do you take dope?" My friend is insulted and says, "You are very rude!" When she comes back upstairs she is angry, indignant, upset. "The nerve! How can they get away with this violation!"

From time to time Sheriff Quinlan can be heard saying to guests. "What's a nice person like you doing at a dump like this." I go downstairs for coffee. The good Sheriff is thumbing through some books. I go up to him, put my hands on his shoulders, look deeply into his eyes and say, "What's a nice person like you doing at a place like this?" He avoids my eyes, stammers, mumbles, "I might ask you the same question." I smile and cock my head, "I'm here because I'm a nice person."

On my way back from the kitchen I see a huge policeman looking at some books, "Christ, this stuff scares me," he says as if to himself. Another officer says, "Well, why don't you go outside and find Joe?" The policeman, armed with club and gun, says, "Not me. I'm not going outside by myself. It's too scary." I feel sad and a wave of futility comes over me. The most gentle people I have ever encountered are guests at Castalia. A six-foot-three, two-hundred pound policeman armed with club and gun is afraid of them. God help him.



PREFERS JAIL TERM

Mrs. Nancy Hernandez, 21, mother of two, would rather go to jail than accept sterilization as a court-imposed condition of probation. Mrs. Hernandez, of 920 E. Ortega St., pleaded guilty to being in a place where marijuana was being used by others. Her daughter, Nancy, 2, resulted from a 1962 marriage, which she is ending by divorce to marry the father of her 3-months-old baby. Her attorney plans to fight the case. She is scheduled to begin a six-month jail term Monday.—News-Press photo

COUNTRIES I HAVE KNOWN

BELGIUM Tuli Kupferberg

Belgium stinks.


It lies between Holland & France & I mean lies, i.e., does not move.

Belgium has not produced one notable artist in the last 6000 years. It is a parasite on France which is a parasite on the U.S. which is a parasite. The part which is Walloon fights with the part which is French. They do not get along. Why should they?

Belgian autos on the way to Paris for a fast middle class weekend *never*, je repete, *never* pick up hitchhikers. They laugh at them instead.

Brussels is a sprout. It has idiot tough soldiers in eternal guard in front of its filthy palace where a king rains (bombs) over the Congolese. Belgium would like to be as obnoxious as France but is too little. There is an eternal gas flame in Brussels burning to their eternally unknown soldier. If you stop to admire it les flics ask you what you are doing there.

Belgium is pinched, industrial, old fashioned in the worst sense (Continental Victorian) petit-bourgeoisie, poor of spirit, tight-assed. Be sure to leave it out of your next European tour. VER DEN GEHARGET



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BERKELEY PARTY UNCOVERED

Sponsored sex in Berkeley has not yet caught up with the Kama Sutra or Caligula's Rome—but it's loosening up, if only a little.

At the most recent Sexual Freedom League party, a Berkeley Barb reporter saw a rather limited use of freed sexual imagination, though there were flashes of ingenuity.

Most of the guests were drawn upstairs to a room dimmed in blue light. A stereo blew jazz through the shadows. Couples danced rock but with more languid motions than usual.

The kitchen was cold, stark, and empty. In the livingroom, next to the silent Beatles records, a lone couple were silently screwing.

A voice from downstairs said, "Man, where's all the action?" No reply. No one left downstairs. "The action" the voice meant wasn't happening yet, but something was.

In the blue room, in the room opening from it, and it two other rooms, couples lounged on chairs, beds, and floors, quietly beginning to dig—something.

Then Herbie Mann's "Village Gate" began to play. People dancing, began to undress themselves, and each other. Some chicks weren't in the mood. Tones of annoyance crept into a few male voices. A new disc on the hi-fi sighed an interplay of brass dissonances.

The host appeared carrying little jars of watercolors. "All right, now we're going to paint each other. The paint'll wash right off in the shower." He dipped a finger in a jar. "Are there any volunteers? Preferably female."

"Sexual discrimination!" several guests shouted. There was laughter. No girl stepped forward. After a dead pause, the moustache who had greeted me at the door offered himself as a canvass. It worked, a little. About eight people got streaked, daubed and spotted. Four were girls.

By that time around forty people were upstairs. Most were nude.

The beds were beginning to be shared by pairs of murmurs, carresses, and quickenings of breath. On a couch, two couples were smoking, sipping Burgandy from paper cups, and watching three couples becoming increasingly mobile on the emperor-size bed.

In the blue room, the rock-style of dance had yielded to old-fashioned body contact. In the upstairs bath, the professor and his wife were taking a bubble bath in diluted red watercolor. The shower seemed rather crowded, but I didn't lift the curtain.

On all the beds, couples coupled. Sometimes they would arise and apologize to those waiting

their turn for taking so long. The apology was always accepted.

The projectionist arrived. "Revelations" somebody said. Small semicircles of bodies became a screen for stained-glass windows, moving lights, patterns of color.

The projector was small enough to be carried by hand. Couples in shadow suddenly found themselves wildly illuminated. The projectionist was polite, if they objected, the beam of light moved on.

Two willing chicks helped invent a new cinematic form: pubirama.

Some chicks still weren't in the mood.

Meanwhile, the party went on. The pattern was strikingly "normal". One man, one woman. Some swapping of partners, but not much. An occasional use of a non-standard position, but not much.

One object of much attention was a girl clad, all the while, in red. She became an object of intended conquest by a half-dozen different men during the evening, and morning. No success.

I asked her why. She explained that it was her first such party, and that, although she didn't feel especially inhibited, "Like good wine, it takes time."

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

Written by Jim Brodey

Drawn by Steppen Wolfe Dangerfield



BORN TO DIE The Saga of the Latin Crowns (Part 2)

When the "JDs" Bopped with the Cops

by Tom McNamara

It's tough to be a Spic kid in this town. Not only are you taught to hate yourself by just about everything you see or hear, but nobody cares . . . not the teachers, not the social workers, nobody. Most of the gang kids in New York have fallen out of a disintegrated family. Puerto Ricans, just like the Negroes, find it difficult to keep the family together. Only now is there some hope for finding decent and dignified work. But the Espano-Americans here are the heirs to centuries of poverty, ignorance, and exploitation. And, it's not their fault. You can't blame the kids for banding together into gangs. You can't blame them for bopping. There sometimes seems to be no way out but slashing someone with a switchblade or wrapping on some cat with a bicycle chain. Sometimes you've just got to lash out.

A great change had come over the New York gang scene by the time I met the guys in the Latin Crowns. There was a new factor on the streets . . . heroin. A number of things had lead the kids to it: pressure from organized society; subversion of their group power structure by social workers; and then, once they were beaten and wheeled into staying off the streets and out of the doorways, once society had effectively crushed them one by one and outcast them for good . . . what else? There was only the pushers with their bags of dream-dust.

The Crowns were sneaky junkies. They were pushers, too. And, of course they had to hustle and break into apartments to support their habit. Samson, the front-man for the gang's real leadership made a pronouncement once the gang came into Larry Cole's storefront project.

"There ain't gonna be nobody in this club on the needle."

Everybody agreed to this. The guys dug Cole's set-up and Cole made arrangements with another freelance savior, an M. D. named Baird who runs something called The Haven Clinic, and a number of the hooked kids began to withdraw. Cole entertained them with judo, and the rest of us took the kids to movies, Broadway shows, did what we could to raise some dough from the richniks uptown. Cole's project, LEAP (Lower Eastside Action Project) began to get some good publicity and pretty soon we were invited to join the local youth council. It was quite a sight to see these kids sit across the table from the aspiring middle-class representatives of the organizations that were collecting thousands of bucks and, tell them off. There they sat, those fine upstanding local fund-raising entrepreneurs, and here were those kids they'd always been afraid to face, sitting at the same conferences telling them how funny and phoney they were. Things were looking up.

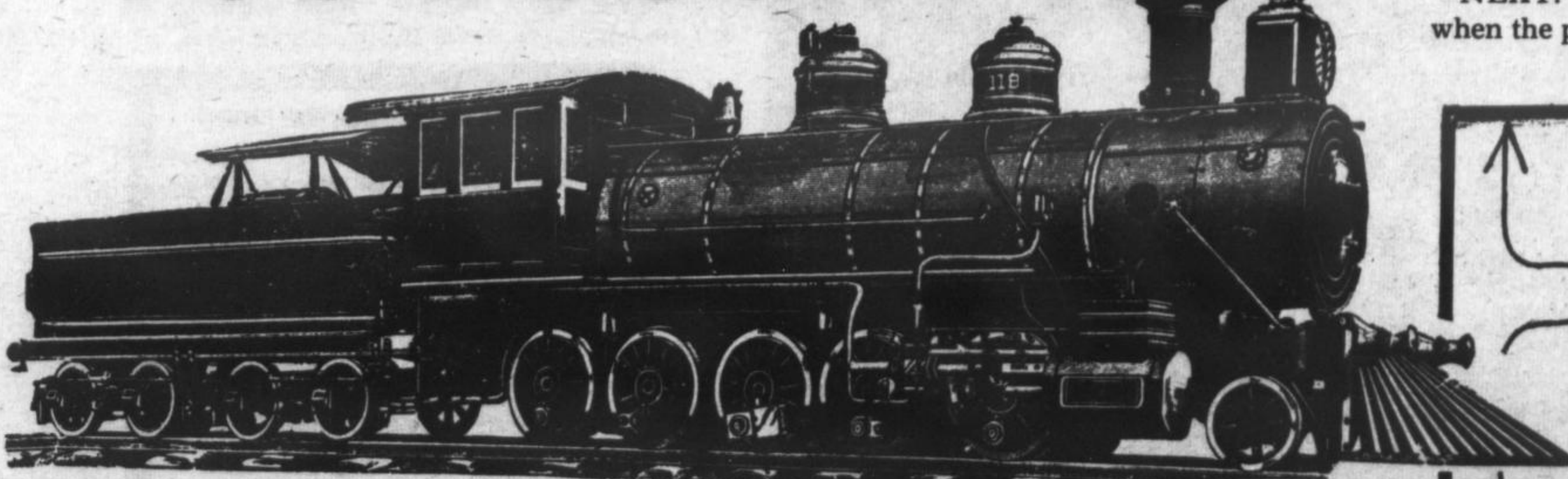
The kids still weren't straight, of course. They claimed they had withdrawn from the heavy stuff but the staff knew they were still smoking pot. But we figured that was a better scene. A couple of the guys were caught shooting up by the other guys and were threatened with expulsion from the club. They were still looting apartments, too. Many nights in the storefront on 4th Street we were offered radios, records, clothing by some of the guys. But, of course, this didn't mean they were on the stuff, necessarily. It just meant they were trying to survive in a society that didn't care whether they lived or died.

Cole did his best to help them. He got one kid a job with a Jewish butcher uptown. It was really funny, because this kid was Jewish, too, as it turned out. But of course the butcher never knew it. Who ever heard of a Puerto Rican Jew?

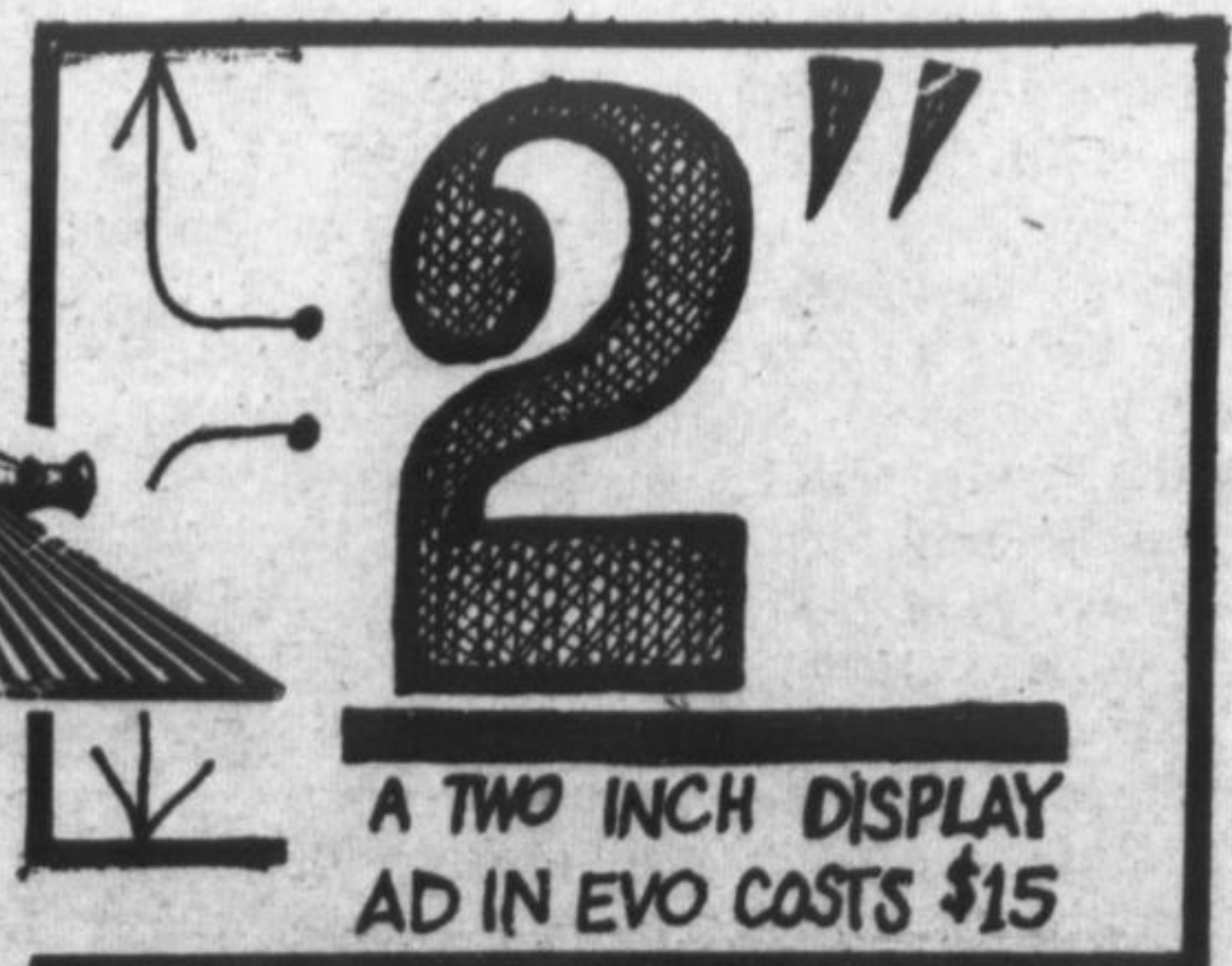
Things were moving along fine. The kids were remodeling the broken down storefront and Cole was talking about expansion. The cops were afraid to bother The Crown, now. Cole had high political connections and plenty of freelance lawyers. Even when one of the guys was picked up with 40—yes f-o-r-t-y—bags of heroin on him, he was sprung. The cops used to try to find excuses to barge into the door, but all the guys had been informed of their rights and the right of the group to private property, and it seems that none of the cops wanted to bother to get a search warrant since it was evident that nothing was going on inside.

NEXT: ALL FALL DOWN—What happened when the project fell apart.

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VOYEU

by Lil Picard



RAMA

USCO (Us Company) represents "Art Anonymous." It is the wish of the thirteen artist members that their individual identities not be known but many of them are, by now, well-known through publicity.

One of the USCO members, Steve Durkee, remembered from the old Tenth Street days, bought an old church in Garnersville, N. Y. and set it up as USCO headquarters where the group lives and works in a communal spirit.

A few months ago they showed a multimedia film in the Cinemateque on 41st St., with numerous projectors, tape recordings, TV sets and amplified noisemakers all going simultaneously enveloping the audience in a psychedelic "Hub Bub." This performance was extended and worked out into a popular environment which became a teenage sensation at Murry the K's World, a discoteque in Garden City, Long Island.

Recently USCO invited us to a kind of mystical ritual named: "Down by the Riverside," on 103rd St. and Riverside Drive at the Riverside Museum—a "we-are-all-one" event.

Marshall McLuhan has had a great deal of influence on the USCO group. He worked with the group in 1964 at British Vancouver Arts Festival, and in 1965 at the University of Rochester.

Recently USCO invited us to a kind of mystical ritual named: "Down by the Riverside," on 103rd St. and Riverside Drive at the Riverside Museum—a "we-are-all-one" event. What McLuhan calls "Messages" are what the viewer

receives in the Riverside show of electronic and electrical media.

We wander through four rooms. The entrance to the first room has the words "Peace and Love" written over it. The room is dominated by a fountain surrounded by low seats (as in a harem) which produces trickling water noises and reflects colored lights. We look at mandalas, buddha-heads, spheres, diffraction-mosaics, and colorful abstract paintings.

Passing through a batik curtain, we enter a cave, and are carried in a circle on a low motorized seat to admire collages in the round. The next room is a wooden garden with exotic plants flashing multi-colored lights.

We pass 49 lights dangling from the ceiling of a small room and watch a light turning on behind a shower of water, enclosed in a glass box. We receive nature messages of projected photos on a plastic curtain, and are stopped by a kind of electronic room divider; an octagonal highway sign, which spells out: "Yield, Go, On, Merge, Enter with Caution and Contact is the Only Love."

USCO's thirteen artists are in a sense, honest messengers of Art. But there is, in all this spelling out of words and giving of information, a very naive quality. And sometimes, the art work illustrating new-media messages is a bit home-made and therefore occasionally lacks completeness. But USCO is exploring new fields, doing what McLuhan sees as the Artist's new task: "probe, investigate, discover."

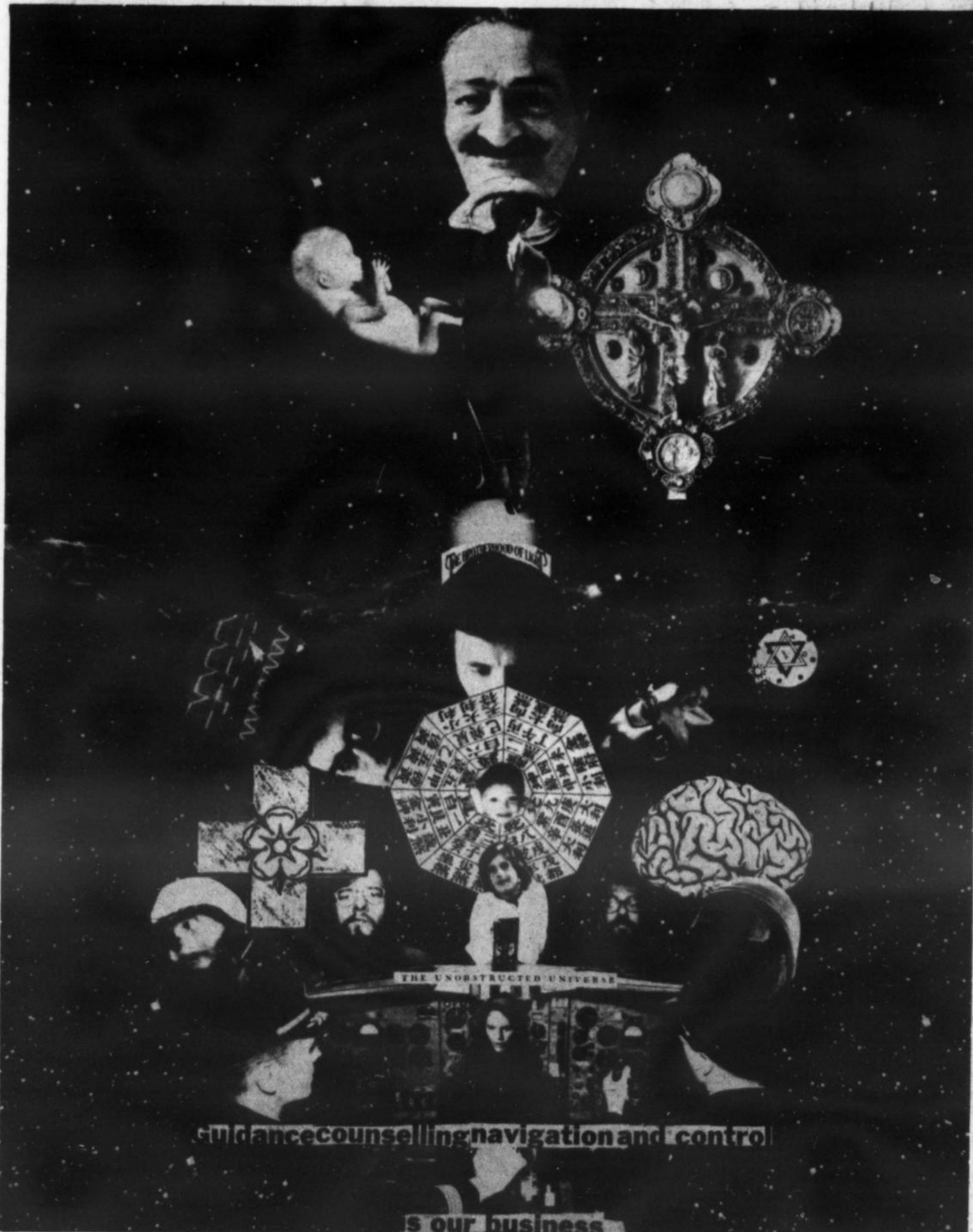
Dogs and Chinese not allowed. A de-coll/age-Happening by Wolf Vostell

Wolf Vostell arrived a couple of months ago from Cologne, Germany and decided to conquer New York's Happenings with a real Vostell hit. But it seems to us he failed. His idea to force the public to a nightly participation by riding to endstations on the subway in order to obtain the necessary permission to watch the Happening Finale, didn't work. It was all very boring.

Vostell acted like a man who wanted to prove something to himself, to prove at least his influence and power over his fellow artists. With a kind of madness, he insisted that everybody had to get his "passport" stamped three times in order to attend the happening. To the diehards who achieved their three signatures and stamps, the name of the secret place was finally revealed: "Dogs and Chinese not allowed" took place at "Bide-a-Wee" a dog kennel next to an animal cemetery in Wantagh, L. I.

The six or seven people who had observed the strict and rigid rules by Happening Dictator, General Vostell, showed their identification and were let into the secret enclosure of the kennel. As a protection against damage to clothing, the participants were dressed in plastic coverings restraining their movements. Each received a mimeographed instruction paper which told them to walk in a circle and shout into a microphone.

This game with its strict rules reached its climax with Vostell getting madly and spiritually involved with himself, pouring honey over his body and his head, adding nails, crucifying himself in an onanistic way, orgastically decollating himself and pouring honey into the faces of the participants. The game-players in the ritual were then ordered to iron two pieces of meat with an electric iron, thus adding the sensation of smell to the performance. Live crabs in plastic bags adorned the bodies of the plastic clad Happeners. Electric megaphones shouted out messages which seemed to be very autobiographical statements of Vostell's own experiences. The marchers nailed the burning meat to the grass ground. The dogs barked. The rotating warning signals flashed red. The white flashlights flickered. The marchers shouted their mad messages, and nobody knew exactly what it was all about, all except Vostell, the leader with fluorescent arrow painted on his sweatshirt, filming the cave of his mouth with a small portable movie camera, sweating it out, honey covered, mad, mad, mad. . . . They all disappeared after 90 minutes into the foggy night air, electronics, lights, tape recorders and all—a nightmare finished. It had been Vostell's Happening for Vostell's sake . . . and only a very few, because he wanted it this way, could watch it.



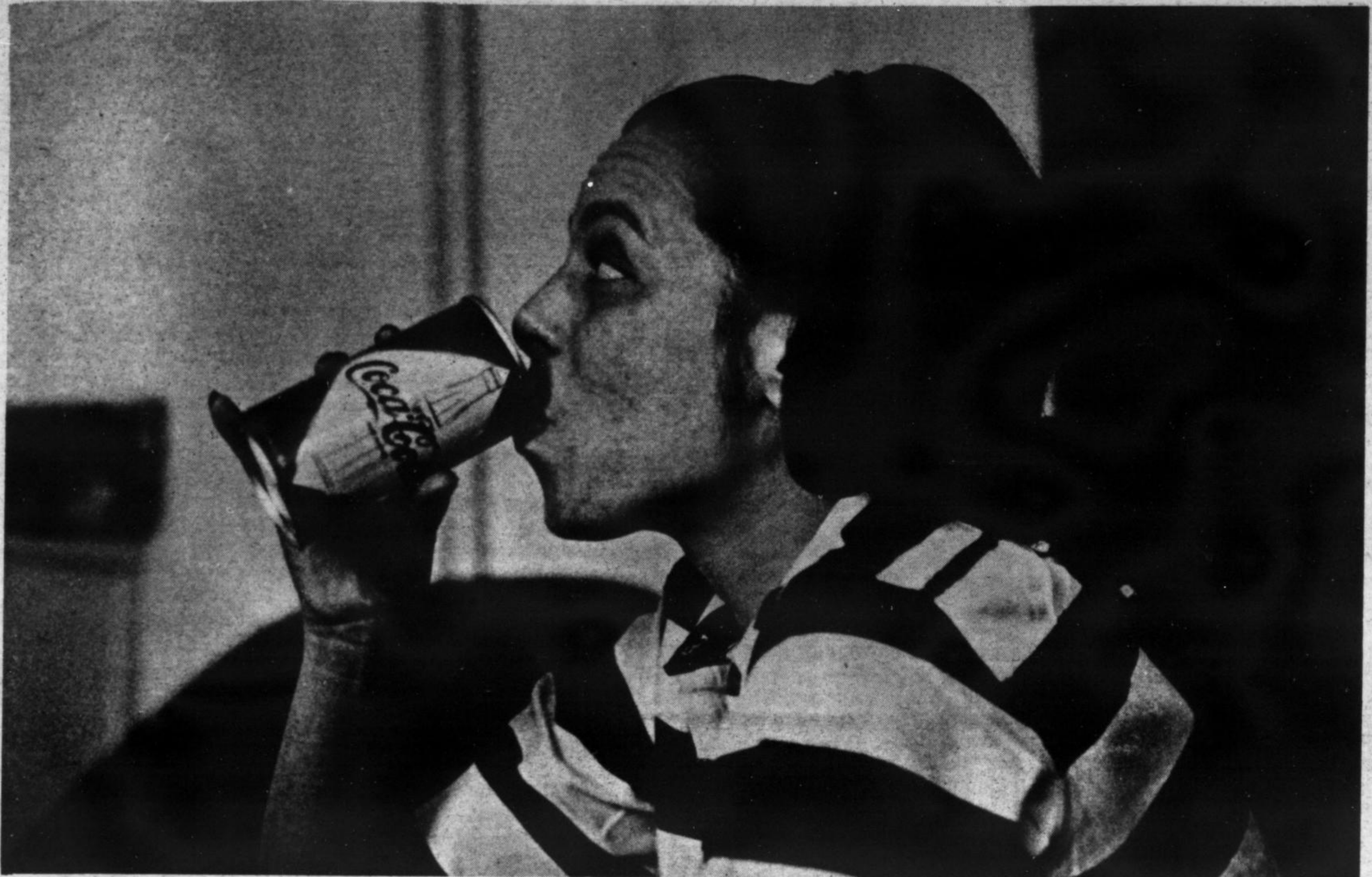
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SHIRLEY PAYS HER DUES



Preston Photo

The feature film industry is a machine. It is designed by mammon to function in the interests of mammon. It is a sealed unit . . . any tampering with its parts will throw the whole movement into chaos, (and if there's anything mammon hates, its chaos.) The machine is operated by technicians, each a specialist in a limited area. A director, directs . . . a cameraman, photographs . . . an editor, edits. The industry seduces the most romantic and talented spirits of each generation and after a few short years changes them into money mad addicts who thirst only for the Friday fix. The device of the industry is a stopwatch mounted in the centre of a broken heart and surrounded by rampant dollar signs.

A film-maker is one who is creatively involved in every aspect of film making. The industry regards film-makers as a menace to its own interests.

Shirley Clarke is a film-maker. No American producer has made her an offer which she could even contemplate since she finished the "Cool World" two years ago.

ARTISTS GET OUT AND VOTE!!!!

Representatives for the East Village Neighborhood Anti-Poverty Committee will be elected Sunday, June 5th from 4 to 6 P.M. at P. S. 19 located at 11th St. and First Ave.

Everyone over 18 years of age living in the area from 1st St. to 14th St. and Broadway to Ave. B. is eligible to vote.

Painter, David Lacov, a long time member of the Artists Tenants Association will be one of the candidates from this area. Lacov believes that due to the large artist population in this area it is important that there be an artist on the committee. Lower East Side poet Paul Plummer will also be seeking election.

VOTE JUNE 5

AT P. S. 19 AT 11TH ST. AND FIRST AVE.

She is a woman with a reputation for wanting to do things her way, for wanting to be directly involved in every aspect of the film she works on. Producers are suspicious of people like this . . . they make waves, you know. Sometimes they even rock the boat. Neither of her feature films ("The Connection" & "The Cool World") made it to Radio City Music Hall. Of course they weren't made to an establishment recipe. They were *her* films, made as close as she could to the vision of the blueprint of her imagination.

She admits mistakes, the greatest of which was her involvement, during the editing of the "Cool World", in the mystic of the film festival. The producer felt it essential for the future financial health of the movie that it be promanaged at Cannes. A deadline appeared. Shirley worked 18 hours a day for 3 months . . . her assistants wilted and withered . . . Shirley kept going . . . the impossible was achieved . . . the film opened at Cannes. For all the effect it had on the American Market it might just as well have opened in the deserted

cinema on Avenue B.

Shirley lays the lack of financial success on the shoulders of her distributors. Disgusted with current methods of distribution she is now involved with the Distribution Centre of the Film Makers Coop in an effort to break new ground for "undistributable" films.

Before making "The Connection" she made a film at the U.N. for U.N.I.C.E.F., called "Scary Time". It's about Halloween in America but intercut with the American scenes of tricking and treating are shots of children in the poverty stricken areas of the world. *They're* not very cute. As a result, whilst the film is available from the U.N. film library it is *not* listed in their catalogue. A nice example of democracy in action. Oddly enough it *is* listed in the European catalogue.

Reminiscing on the early days of the experimental movement, 10 years ago, she recalls meetings where Maya Deren would lord it over a group including the enthusiastic but at that time inexperienced Mekas brothers, Lewis Jacobs and herself. "The criticism was hard, direct and honest," she said, "We could do with a little more of that sort of thing now."

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RAMA

Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

Now that the Happening has ripped the proscenium from the stage and the Theatre is in a dither, it is time that Shakespeare's words were made true: now, more than ever, the whole word *is* a stage. And never before was the time so ripe for living poetry.

The reading of poetry aloud and in public has always presented problems. There are the poets and their personalities to consider. Poets don't necessarily make the best performers. Maybe it's that they're too close to it . . . it chokes in their throats. Maybe it's the visions of somebody in the audience with a machine-gun, who'll stand up and censor them straight-out that causes the clutching. Anyway, when the westcoast poets recorded for labels like *Fantasy* and *World-Pacific* and *Hanover*, it was only a rare guy like Ferlinghetti who could really pull off a happening-type reading and come on with spontaneity and verve. To my ear, some of the best poetry on record is *World-Pacific's* "Poetry and Jazz" which grew out of a long time collaboration between poets and musicians in which it was found that the best readers are not necessarily poets or even actors, but sometimes disc jockeys and songwriters. Dig (even) oldtime songwriter Hoagy Carmichael reading WCW's "Tree" on that disc or singer Bob Dorough on the three or four things he does on it to see what reading, or better *spontaneous performance* can be like. The reading, not only the writing of poetry (and prose, too, for that matter) should be

like an intricate chain of chinese firecrackers going off, like the spontaneity that the avant-garde painters have learned from jazz, like the montage of the cinematicians. It should swing. Yeah.

Sone books—Grove Press, still the only consistent "new thing" publisher, has issued William Burrough's "The Soft Machine" which is Part 3 of an interstellar journey into paradox and paranoia that started with "Naked Lunch" and continued through "Nova Express." It is more adventures with Old Bill Gains, Dr. Benway (the funniest surgeon since the death-camps), and the usual gala cast of hipsters, flipsters, sexunauts, creeps, and other figments of Burrough's wide imagination.

Little magazines and such—Contrary to popular rumor, Sheppard Sherbell assures us that the next issue of *East Side Review* is in progress and will be out soon . . . Current issue (#4) of *Exit* (50 cents from Box 1812, NYC 10001) features another essay on "Sex and Forbidden Drugs" and a number of short stories including one by yrs truly . . . From out of Milwaukee comes—what's this?—a mag called *The Other* (call our lawyers!) that features poetry and drawings and is 50 cents from 733 East Clarke Street, Milwaukee. Current issue is #3 and features Dennis Schmitz, Morgan Gibson, Felix Pollak, and Peter Sinclair . . . the recent mail brought a very fine book of poetry by a 25-year-old guy named Bernard Weiner who teaches poli sci out on the coast . . . and if you're feeling depressed with the way things are going send 35 cents to 239 East 2nd Street for *Good News*, a collage of truly inspirational news articles that will help you keep your faith in the species *sapiens*.

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AMSTERDAM

Simon Vinkenoog

The Living Theatre, based in the Lowlands last spring (and still on its heroic journey through Europe and the Middle East), left in its wake germs of a great theatrical revolution, happenings, and revelations. Composer Peter Schat, 32, offered to the Concertgebouw-visitors this weekend his "Artaudophone," a musical instrument which aims to reproduce according to "anarchistic principles" the most cruel sounds; the instrument is to be integrated into a piece of his called "Electrocution." *Wonderland* is the name of a little magazine the Amsterdam-based American poet Pete Stevens is going to edit. Collaborators include other American expatriates who published in *Gnaoua* (Tangiers), and *Residu* (Athens, second issue to come from London soon), or *Mama*, *Zaaz*, etc. George Andrews, with whom I worked last winter on the *Book of Grass* is in London now, where the book will appear next June from Peter Owen's. I hear there is a book called *The Marijuana Papers* coming soon. Sidney Cohen's book *The Beyond Within* is called *Buitenste Binnen* (Outside In) in Dutch . . . You know that the most ancient mystic Dutch poet is a woman who wrote three lines in the 11th century, kept intact during the ages?

Alle dinghe
Sijn mi te inghe;
Ic ben so wijt!

Remember the fire-red *i's* and bellowing *ij*—one sound, nonexistent in English, like the *ui*-sound. Ask any Dutchman: Willem de Kooning, Jan Cremer, or Karel Appel.

All things
Are too narrow for me;
I am so wide!

Allen Zion's film "Who is Crazy" done with the Living Theatre crew during last winter, is a must for every admirer of living art. Every actor played a solo in a improvised performance of 12 days of continuous shooting, whereby the technicians and camera-men plus director and onlookers kept looking on for the sake of wonder and enjoyment long after the film had run out, and the actors still moving, moving, moving...

Arendsen Hein, mentioned in Unger's *Psychotherapy-LSD-Bibliography* ("Treatment of the neurotic patient, resistant to the usual techniques of psychotherapy, with special reference to LSD" 1963), was a founder-member of the International Association of Psycholythical Medicine, from London, 1965—Sandoz customers all.

Artaud's "Pour en Finer Avec le Jugement de Dieu," will be the subject of a Dutch radio-programme; the piece was refused a French broadcast a few months prior to the author's death in 1948.

To be continued:

Bart Hugues, The Man Who Trepanated Himself.

Melvin Clay, and the theatrical experiments of Europe now.

Jean-Jacques Lebel's yearly *Festivals de la libre expression* in Paris, editor of a Beat-anthology in French and an essay-manifesto called *Le Happening*.

Alexander Trocchi, England's foremost tactician.

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VOYEU

IN LITERARY CIRCLES

RAMA

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES

HOME: SOCIAL ESSAYS, by LeRoi Jones, William Morrow & Co., \$4.00, 252 pp.

This is the book which all those missionaries of cool sensitivity and literal passion (who crowded into nightclubs, crouched before televisions, and piled into hotel basements) should have known was coming. The reaction to it should reveal just what charlatans they have been—and ARE.

When Jones' play, "Dutchman," appeared, quite a few "village friends" of the poet began their conversations on it with the incredible line: "The best thing about Roi's play is that it has nothing to do with his white artist-friends." Thus, freeing them to discuss the "imagery," in the complete safety of the Poetic Realm.

It cannot be said of Roi, that he always sat back and watched the literary and political traffic pass. He was, for quite some time, editor of *Yugen* an experimental magazine which, at that time, carried his fight against the very heart and core of the American Literary Establishment. He was one of the founders of and first signers of manifestoes for the "Fair-Play for Cuba Committee" which, among other things, netted him the fear of being spied on by the FBI. (A rather common fear though nevertheless warranted.)

This collection of essays runs the gamut of the evolution of Jones' political viewpoint and conscious activity. The 1960 piece concerns Cuba, where he was sent by *Evergreen Review* to report on general happenings and one particular celebration in the foothills. His stance (if you can call it that!) is very open, only reflecting political attitudes in a very swinging, "hip," dark glasses and sloping walk fashion. He "reports" of being attacked, verbally, by some young militia troops, for being a "cowardly bourgeois individualist." It is possibly his first awakening that not everyone in

the world thinks of revolutionary ideas as just thoughts to be kicked around between people sitting at a table. In short, he has his first-hand looksee at in-the-flesh application of only (for him) book-read political ideas. This realization grows in him, breaking into a part of his mind and thoughts that he had covered with hipsterisms.

In 1963, there are several more militant attempts (though still quite scholarly) to educate and even REASON with facts, published for the most part in *Kulchur* magazine. Poet begins to move over for Politician. Jones hacks away at an idea for American Negroes to fight more economically against suppression. He balks at Baldwin's favorite word, "individual" which has also become his own launching-departure-pad against all facets and phrases of screwing black.

One quote: "A writer is committed to what is real and not to the sanctity of his FEELINGS." Several years before, Jones had written, "feelings predict intelligence."

1963, probably Jones' best period, offers a very wide assortment and continually more powerful series of writings. In "Expressive Language" he writes: "Fate is a luxury available only to those fortunate citizens with alternatives" "Looking down usually eliminates the possibility of understanding what it must be to look up. Or try to imagine yourself as not existing. It is difficult, but poets and politicians try everyday."

It is not until, "LeRoi Jones Talking", in this 1963 section, that he begins to step from steadily increasing compliments to clear militant action: "I write now, full of trepidation because I know the death this society intends for me. I see Jimmy Baldwin almost unable to write about himself anymore. I've seen DuBois, Wright, Chester Himes, driven away. . . . Ellison silenced and fidgeting in some college. I think I almost feel the same forces

massing against me, almost before I've begun. But let them understand that this is a fight without quarter, and I am very fast."

From this point on to the end of the book, Jones lunges into his theoretical tactics, which it is not my intention to cover. The corroboration or denial of his principles, I will leave up to others to fight over or select. Take this "review" as simple information.

Jones has moved out of the sphere in which any white man can touch him!

Yet, this book is, with its multiplicity of gifts, one of the most important to be published this or any other year, especially in America!

—Jim Brodey

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DESOLATION ROW

by Alan Jules Weberman

"There are no winners in that racial group they call beginners," sang the fat credit manager opposite me in the office of a Times Square skyscraper. "Beginner," is employment agency vernacular for Negro or Puerto Rican and reflects the hiring practices of the L Employment Agency on West 42nd Street.

The agency advertises each Sunday on the front page of the New York Times Help-Wanted Section. It also fills the "Help Wanted, Male-Boys" columns with ads like the following: "Boys - No Exp. Nec. \$60 to \$80 per wk. AIR-LINE TICKET CLERK NYC vicinity." During the nine months I was employed by them as assistant credit manager the L Employment Agency never, to my knowledge, placed a boy with an air lines company in any capacity.

When a "BEGINNER" arrived and inquired about the air line ticket clerk job, I would tell were the initial applicant, that his draft status made him ineligible. I would then add that there were many other jobs available and if he cared to fill out an application, he would be interviewed. I would then refer him to the man who maintained a listing of all jobs open to "beginners." These were invariably jobs so menial in nature and low in salary, offering only the worst hours and no chance for advancement, that the employer had specified a "beginner" because no Caucasian would accept the terms.

The strategy of the employment manager was to convince the applicant that the job market had allegedly declined to its worst condition in several years, it would be expedient for him to accept a job at a subsistence salary since those were the best wages he could hope to obtain. If an applicant questioned the interviewer's sincerity, he would be told, "Look, I want to get the highest commission, right?" This was a superficial falsehood masking the manager's real purpose which was to accomodate the employer by sending him the highest quality labor at the lowest possible cost.

Once an applicant had been placed on a job, agency would set about collecting its fee. The rates of commission had been determined by the State Employment Act, but the agency's classification of jobs served to defeat the intent of the Act. If a job required the most minimal amount of reading, it was classified as a job requiring skilled labor. If, for example, a stock boy had to match a number given him by his employer with a number on a shelf in the stock room, this was considered an adequate basis for placing a boy in a category that would allow the agency legally to extract the highest percentage of commission from his pay. The fee on a \$60 a week job was \$91, or roughly 35% of the total monthly income. This amounted to approximately two weeks' take-home pay after taxes had been deducted. However, if an applicant ever complained that his job had been misclassified, the agency would settle on his terms rather than risk a hearing before the License Bureau.

It was my primary job to call the outstanding accounts and threaten them with everything from loss of job to a breach of contract charge in Civil Court. Nevertheless, we rarely took anyone to court since most judges would be outraged at the fees we charged and would probably rule that only fair compensation be paid the agency. The L Employment Agency has been operating in relative immunity for two decades. It is a member of the Better Business Bureau and the Association of Public Employment Agencies of New York State. Though it is larger than the average employment agency, its practices are probably representative. I believe the remedy for such racially centered exploitation is the establishment of a regulatory body with the power to scrutinize the operations of employment agencies and punish them for such practices as I have outlined. For ten months I was part of this criminal conspiracy. I hope that the foregoing account can be accepted as partial expiation for my guilt.



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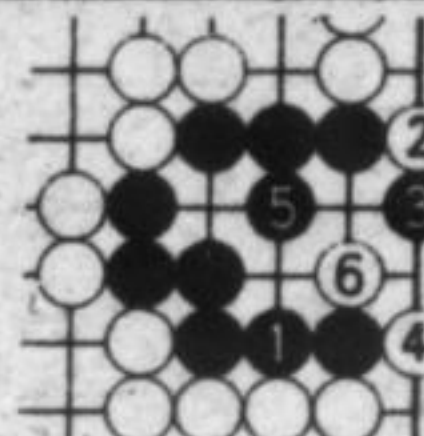


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June IX "Two Worlds" Festival. Spoleto (Perugia), Italy.

June 1st & 2nd "Takigi Noh" Performance at Heian Shrine, Kyoto. Plays by the various Noh schools are presented after dark under the light of blazing torches on a special open-air stage set in the shrine precincts.

June 2 Cricket: First Test Match—England vs. West Indies. Manchester, Lancashire

June 4 "Cleansing Fires" presented by Ray Crabtree's Festival Show-Case. Adam and Eve Afro-American Style. 5:15 o'clock at Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., NYC.

till June 5th Bolsho Ballet. Boston-Music Hall

June 5 The Bridge Game—Revival of game played in the XIII century with about 800 participants in costume. Pisa, Italia

June 5-7 Annual Cobra Races, Colombo, Ceylon

June 6—Oct. 2 New Westbury Music Fair. Westbury, L.I.

June 8 Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition (to 23rd), Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London.

June 9 Procession of the Caparisoned Horse. (The Archbishop of Brindisi passes under tunnels of silk drapes and under a rain of flowers; he bears with gold caparisons in memory of an event dating from the Crusades). Brindisi, Italy.

June 10 York Mystery Plays and Festival of the Arts (to July 3rd), York

June 10 SOUND-BLAST! '66. Beach Boys, Ray Charles, The McCays, Stevie Wonder plus Sixty Taj Go-Go Dancers. (Extra added attraction—The Byrds!) At Yankee Stadium, 7:30 PM. For further info: (212) 249-6522

June 11 The Films of Peter Weiss (Author of 'Marat/De Sade') Plus: New Serial—Dick Tracy vs Crime Inc.—Chapter 1. Midnight, Cinema Theatre, Hollywood, Calif.

June 11 Happening at Harout's Restaurant. Waverly Place, NYC. Evening. Harvey Kramer Prod.

June 11 Thames Barge Race. Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

to June 12 Treasures of Peruvian Gold. Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle

June 12 36th Annual American Folk Song Festival, produced by Jean Thomas, the Traipsin' Woman. Carter Caves State Park, Kentucky

June 13 International T.T. Motor Cycle Races (and 15th, 17th), Isle of Man

June 13—Aug. 29 Jazz Concerts at St. John Terrell's Music Center N.J.

June—October XXXIII "Biennale" International Art Exhibition. Regatta of the ancient Italian Marine Republics. Venice, Italia

June 14 Flat Racing: Royal Ascot (to 17th). Ascot, Berkshire, England

June 14 Rice-Planting Festival at Sumiyoshi, Osaka. Twelve selected beauties ceremoniously transplant rice-seedlings in the shrine's paddy-field to the accompaniment of music and rice-planting folk songs.

May 4—June 10 Festival de Puebla. Concerts in Cathedral, Santo Domingo Church and various other places around Mexico City.

to June 12 Primary Structures: Younger British and American Sculptors. Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave.

to June 19 70000 Years of Iranian Art. Asia House, 112 East 64th St

to June 19 USCO; Group show of kinetic art. Total environment scene. Riverside Museum, 210 Riverside Drive.

to Sept 11 Highlights of Dali. Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle

Every Wednesday Lecture series on 'The Negro in Theatre'. Wilmar Lucas and Lofton Mitchell—lecturers. 5:30 PM. The Gassett Academy of Dramatic Arts, 11 E. 17th St. \$1.00 per lecture.

Continuing Events The Revolutionary War Gallery; Early American Toys and Dolls & John James Audubon and the Birds of America. New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West.

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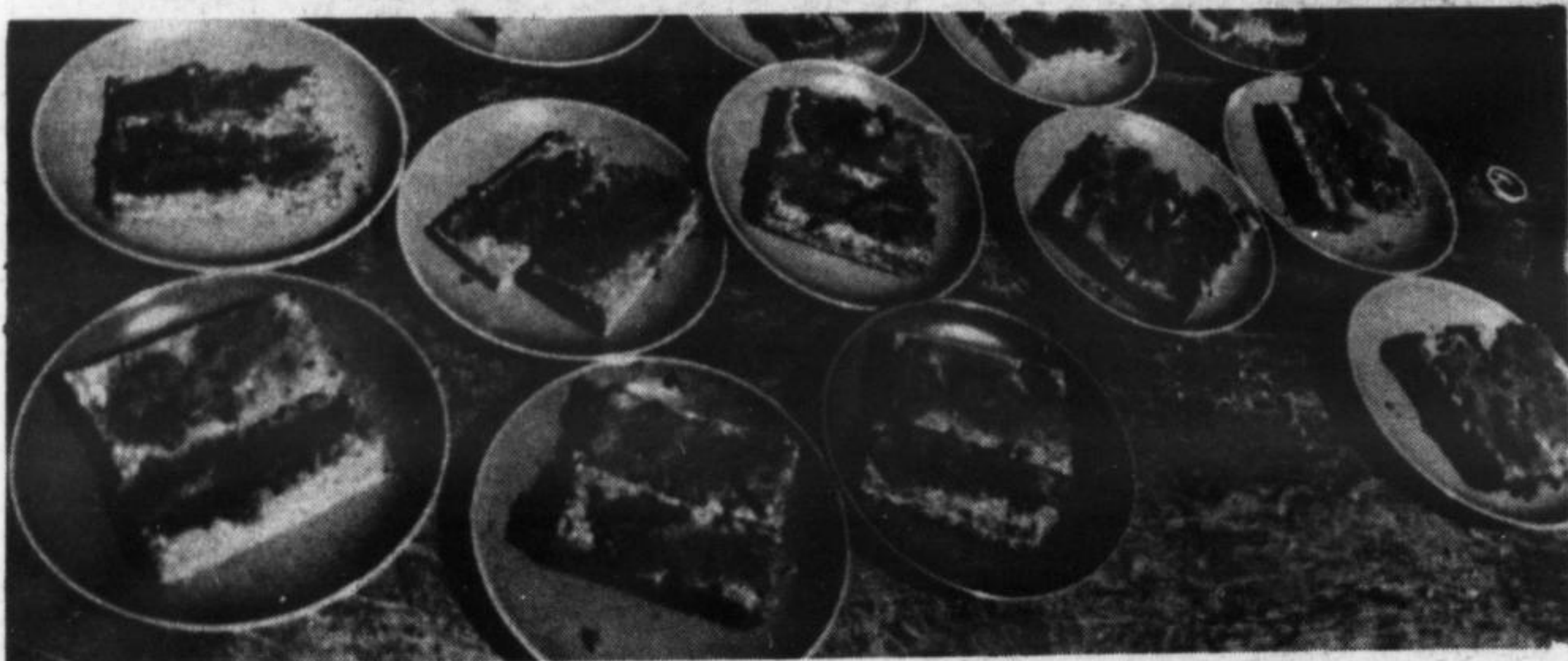
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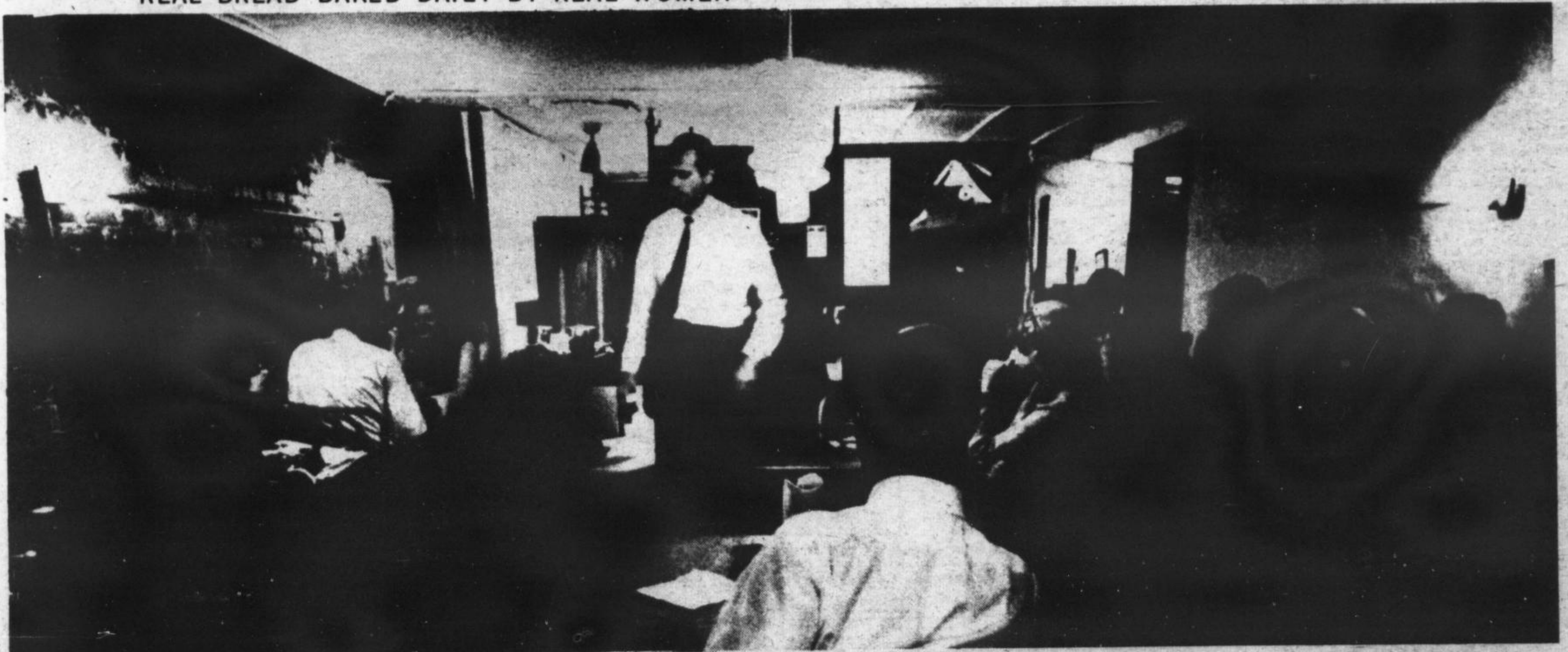
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