

# THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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## CLERGY COPS POORBOX

“We accuse the anti-poverty program of being a hoax; that furthermore the elections held on June 5 were nothing more than a sellout of the poverty program and the poor.

We accuse the Church of defiling the meaning of hope, of breaking the laws of separation of church and state; of having no other thought in mind than of benefitting themselves in the guise of letting the poor handle their own affairs.

We accuse the steering committee of poor dissemination of information; of prejudice for organized voting blocks and disregard for informing the majority of poor people who are unorganized.

We accuse Sidney Gardiner, executive Director of the New York City council against poverty, of not heeding the demands of the artist's committee to postpone the June 5th election.

We accuse the whole poverty program, down from the Federal to the local level, of anathema, apathy, and unethical behavior toward the majority of poor people who so greatly need their help.

We accuse Father Hawes of alienating the majority of poor people and using his collar to influence votes.

We accuse Father Violenus of being an accessory before and after the fact; of standing by and watching a crime being perpetrated on the mass body of the poor.

And we accuse the majority of people on the Lower East Side of callousness toward their fate, of turning the other cheek, of aiding and abetting the forces of corruption, bureaucracy, and self-pity.”

east village  
neighborhood artists  
committee

### Poor Defeated in Anti-Poverty Election

by Irving Shushick

On Sunday, June 5, in eight voting areas, residents of the Lower East Side nominated and elected delegates to a neighborhood Anti-Poverty Committee. What the New York Times heralded as “the city's first direct election of the poor to control an area's anti-poverty program,” turned into what one East Village artist termed as a “travesty of justice.”

In practically all of the eight areas candidates organized by church groups and voting blocks were ushered into office. In Area #1, the Catholic Church formed its own slate from members of Immaculate Conception Church, Saint Geroge's Parish and Most Holy Redeemer Parish. All five candidates including Father Hawes of Immaculate Conception Church on 14th St. between Avenue A and First Avenue were elected to office.

In Area #2 the Church swept eleven out of eleven and in Area #4, seven out of seven, giving the Church a majority of the forty member committee that could possibly be elected.

The turnout at P.S. 19, 185 First Ave., for Area #1, which encompassed a radius of 40 square blocks from 3rd St. to 14th

continued on page 14



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**Other Other Other Editorial**

**IN GOD WE TRUST**

Money talks and Religion remains silent. This was the affairs of state on the Lower East Side before the Anti-Poverty elections. Those who were notified about the coming elections on June 5 had already belonged to organized poverty blocks such as the Church. But the majority of the poor, who are unorganized, were uninformed, silent. The conclusions were obvious, in almost every zone the church and their organized poverty

blocks were swept into office. The handwriting was already on the wall.

Judas sold out his master for only 30 pieces of silver but this time the Churches were gambling for higher stakes. They sold out the poor and with it the last vestige of their worth. "In God We Trust," this is what is written on all our money. But the Church was not reading this time, all they could see were the denominations.

**lettersseehowgreatweareletters**

**lettersletters**

Dear EVO:

After a great in-pouring of letters and contributions in answer to our pleas for help on "Psychedelicatessen" and "Garnisht Kigele" on Shimer College Radio, WRSB, along with a lot of questions about, "What are you people doing?" it struck me to write an article in answer to those many questions.

Our heavy schedule has made it impossible to send more than a note of thanks and a "Psychedelicatessen" certificate to those who sent help, so this letter should provide a lot of information which we just didn't have the time to send out before.

From the beginning of the season, until our final show, we of *Garnisht Kigele* have tried to make some breakthroughs in the area of radio broadcasting. Our prime emphases were regular programming and information on psychedelics, the avante-garde arts, anti-censorship, and Esperanto. We have made four separate advances, in that we have had the first regular program-series featuring any of these four areas.

Our show was rather controversial, to say the least, and included several weeks' suspension from broadcasting for reading the "naughty words" in some of the poetry we've used—such as Ginsberg's *HOWL*, D.A. Levy's *Visions* and *Cleveland Undercovers*. As well, our first and most controversial moments resulted from an uncensored description and re-creation of a FUGS performance and recording.

Due to the courtesies of the Los Angeles Free Press, the East Village Other, the East Side Review, Something Else Press, City Lights Books, and New Directions, we have been able to present reviews, readings, and latest news of the avante-garde movement in the arts, as well as the best of new poetry and literature. One comment

we received on our activities in this respect read: "It's really great to see some artistic honesty on the air. We need a little more interest and free investigation into the contemporary arts—and a lot less censorship and commercialistic pap. It was a daring program, and, no doubt, you've been getting a lot of harsh words from the Puritan element. Nonetheless, this is an important area of public information, and we have to break through the monopoly broadcasting blockades sooner or later!" This, we think, has been done . . . at least in a minor degree. Hopefully, we're going to try and set up agreements with some other stations around the country to start re-broadcasting the program.

Psychedelics have either been ignored or persecuted by most of the public information media. We have made it a policy to speak out clearly and rationally for the legalization and use of marijuana, and the careful use of LSD.

One show began with the admonition: "Take a toke, drop your ampules, blow your minds. We now take pleasure in presenting the psychedelic sounds of . . . 'Garnisht Kigele,' so fly away with us." A letter received several days later warned us, "Cool it, baby. Aside from legal persecution—you're liable to completely freak out your audiences."

As for censorship—it has been our belief and practice that there is no such thing as obscenity. If someone doesn't want to listen, let them find another program. Surely, there is enough of an avante-garde/psychedelic element in the population to deserve an hour and a half of broadcasting devoted to them each week.

Finally, our fourth major breakthrough was the regular use of Esperanto—the International Language—on an American radio program. Such programs exist in every major nation of the world, save America, and we thought it about time. International misunderstandings are greater than ever today, and before leaders can speak to leaders . . . peoples must be able to speak to peoples. An international language is clearly the thing needed. Esperanto—created according to the principles of regularity, beauty of sound, and maximum ease for rapid learning—has proven itself during the past eighty years to be a practical and useful language. We believe that the underground movements of the world might benefit from being able to contact each other, artistically and intellectually, without learning a new language for every other nation.

All in all, it was a good season. We thank those who helped us out. I'd like to specially thank my Assistant Director, Sebastopol James, and our Music Director, Charley Cook.

Planning will take place over the summer for next year's series. Please contact us at: "Garnisht Kigele", 6361 Elmhurst Dr., San Diego, California 92120. We'll also be available for speaking and freaking engagements, and have tapes available reproducing parts of our broadcasts. All of our services are non-profit, and all we ask are the costs of whatever travel we have to undertake, or the costs of materials used.

Ken Friedman

Dear Other:

Hey! Your current back page is about the nicest thing that's happened to us since last week, when a benefit by Paul Krassner brought in \$265. It's almost nice enough to make us wonder whether our current harassment by our beloved Michigan State University is really happening to us. But we know better; it's been happening for six months now and isn't about to stop because we have a weekly circulation of 3,000 and are about the best-read and best-liked publication in East Lansing. Thank you for your free plug, and let me explain;

The university has this thing called the Board of Student Publications, which supposedly has the authority to pre-empt and rule on the right of any student publication to sell on campus, to sell advertising, to use university facilities, etc., etc. It took us from November to March of this year—during which time we published eight issues, were allied with, later prosecuted by and again allied with the student government, made hundreds of friends and a couple of enemies all over the university—to finally win the authorization of this board.

Last week, we published quotes from Krassner's talk on our front page, including in perfectly innocuous contexts the words f\*\*k and f\*\*t (I hesitate to write them again) and published on page three an article discussing (not even advocating) general nudity. The publication board got frantic after a call from our puritan president, and rescinded our authorization.

We began protesting today, by calling for another meeting to retract their retraction, by selling our censored issue, presumably without legal authority to do so, and by preparing a full-scale campus-wide protest (our third or so in about six months) in case they're stupid enough to stick to their present position.

The present situation makes the fifth (count 'em, five) crisis of the year at MSU. To wit: 1) a graduate student sued in federal court for readmission to the university after he was kept out because of political protests. He would have won, if the university hadn't backed down and let him back in; 2) four students were arrested and later convicted in township and county courts for distributing anti-war literature in the student union—a protest on the lawn of the president's house made national news; 3) *The Paper* took six months to be authorized, through a run-around that amazed even the most sceptical observers; 4) the CIA was exposed to have been involved in MSU's "aid" project to Vietnam, and the university made itself look even stupider by playing Eisenhower after the U-2 expose; and now, we're number five.

Anyway, thank you again for your help. Two marijuana arrests (apparently a frame-up) a week ago make us both anxious and apprehensive about using your Leary articles. I've written to the L.A. Free Press and the Berkeley Barb.

I'll keep in touch.

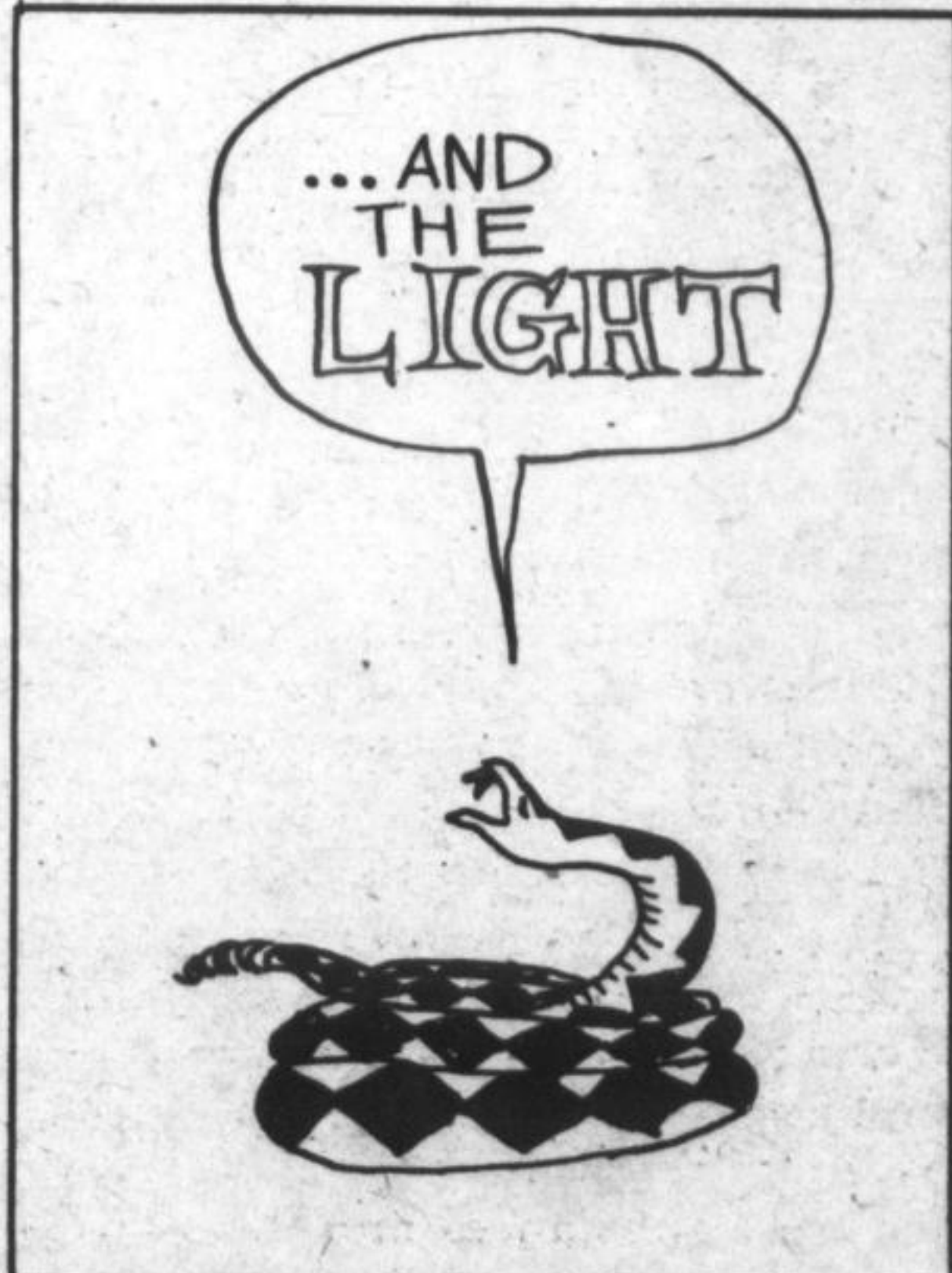
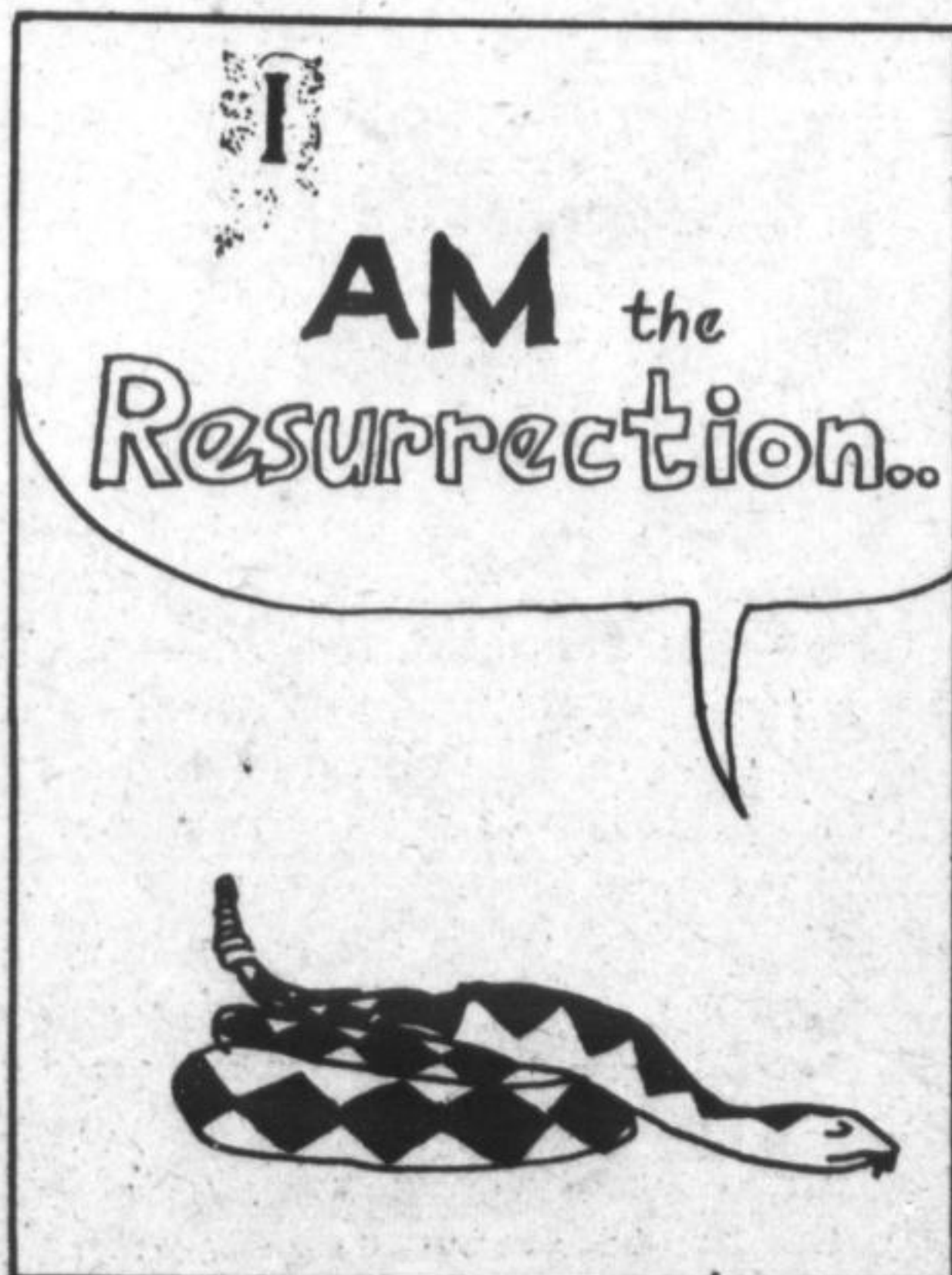
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Michael Kindman, Editor  
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# Neo American Church Gives 'em Hell

by Walter Bowart

On May 25, Arthur Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church faced the U. S. Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency and testified on the role of LSD as a religious sacrament.

Kleps told EVO of a letter received from Carlton Sharp of the Food and Drug Administration's Division of Industry Advice, Bureau of Education and Voluntary Compliance, stating that the Neo-American Church would not be allowed to administer psychedelic substances but that "based on the centuries of traditional use of peyote by Indian members of The Native-American Church and the intent of the Congress as evidenced by the legislative history, the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration has exempted this church and this church only from the registration and record-keeping requirements of the Act for peyote used for bona fide religious ceremonies. The letter said that peyote was not exempted from the requirements of the Act under any other circumstances. "We do not know of any similar justification for exempting LSD from the requirements of the law," Mr. Sharp wrote.

In answer to Mr. Sharp, Kleps posed the question of exactly what constitutional amendment it was that gives Congress the right to establish a religion on the basis of longevity?: "As I read the first amendment, it says Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

"If you seriously maintain you can make a legal distinction between one church and another on the idiotic basis that one is older than the other you are propounding a doctrine that would give Catholicism a higher standing than Protestantism, and Judaism a higher standing than Catholicism and Animism a higher standing than Judaism.

"If you maintain that religion has nothing to do with it, and your favoritism is merely a recognition of a cultural difference, then I would like to point out that I am an intellectual type with a bent towards mysticism, and that 'for thousands of years' members of my sub-culture have experimented with consciousness expanding substances for religious purposes—or is the distinction you make strictly racial?

"The fact of the matter is that you would not have made this exception in the Indian use was merely social, no matter how ancient the custom, and that you have made it because of court decisions favoring the Native American Church based on the first amendment.

"You also establish a religion in exempting what you refer to as 'ceremonial use,' while presumably not exempting the use of peyote by, say, some heretical Indian who prefers to take his peyote alone on a mountain top as an aid to meditation, who, indeed, may be obliged to do so because he is not permitted in the church, on account of his heretical opinions on theological matters."

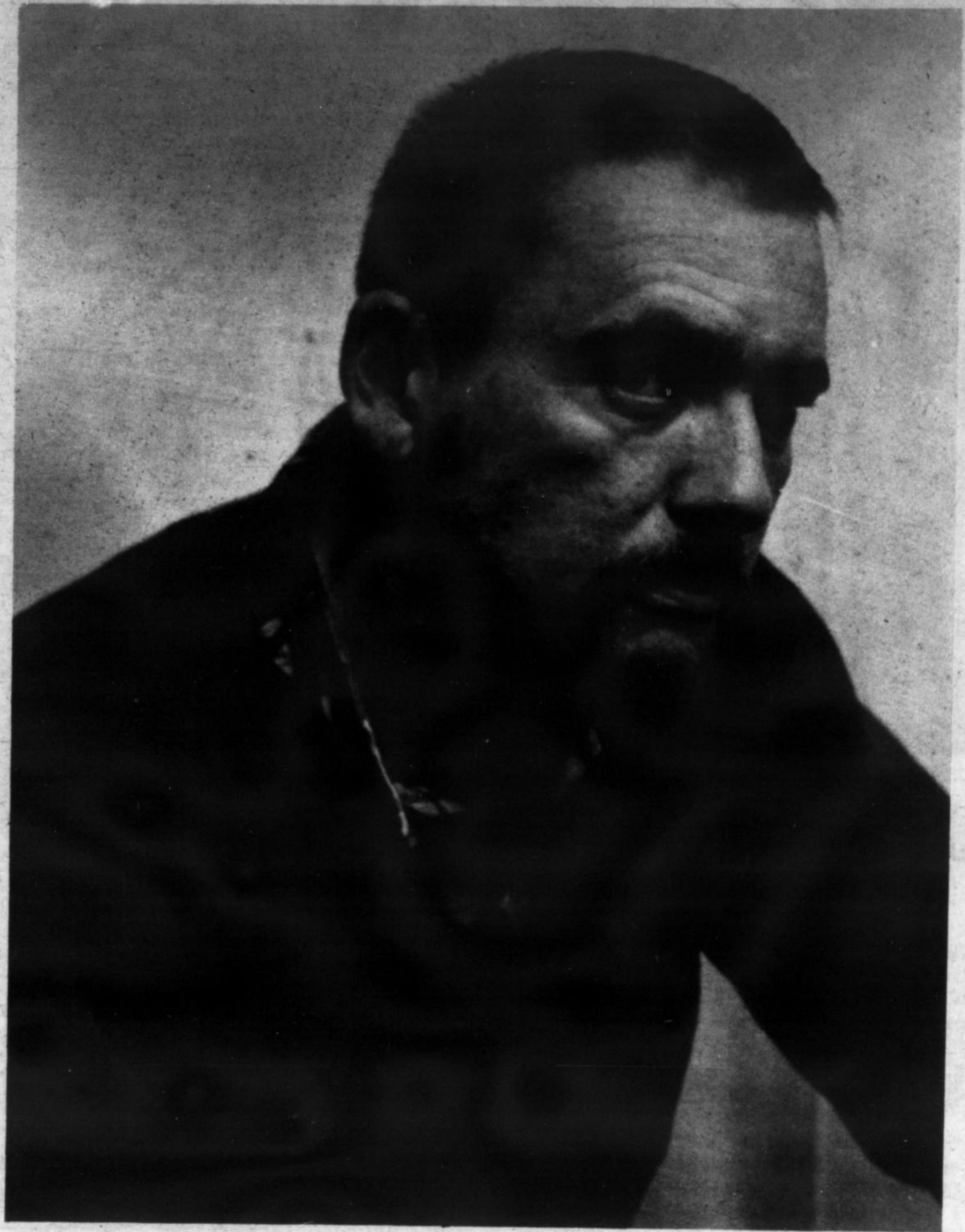
Kleps asked, "Exactly what do you intend to do about splinter groups from the Native American Church?

"I suppose the nonorthodox will be put in prison?

"If our church adopts the use of peyote instead of LSD, will we be granted an exception? What about mescaline? These distinctions, as you know, are all superficial—the effects are pretty much the same except that peyote makes many people sick.

"In the event that a clergyman of our non-established church is sent to prison for distributing the sacraments to his congregation, and he recants and embraces the doctrine of the established church and is accepted into the established communion, may his membership in the established church be made retroactive, thereby legalizing what was formerly a crime, on account of his heresy?"

Boo Hoo Kleps continued: "If these sub-



stances have nothing specially holy about them, then the state may prohibit them. But if they do have something specially holy about them, then the state may neither prohibit nor control them, nor even encourage nor discourage their use, for they are entirely outside the province of government and are under the protection of religion and conscience alone.

"It is not the business of legislatures to define what is holy and what is not, although the courts may rightfully inquire into the sincerity of religious assertions, if those assertions lead to a proper question of law.

"The discovery of LSD may be taken as the intervention of God in human history; if the government says that is not possible, then the government has in effect made a law respecting an establishment of religion, disallowing all that is present and future and permitting only what is past.

"To define these divine bio-chemicals as 'drugs' in statutes is to do nothing but render an opinion, very possibly wrong, and no one is obliged to act accordingly, for, in the same manner the wine of the Christian communion might be called an intoxicant and narcotic given to minors and the Jewish circumcision termed an assault on infants. If sane and orderly men say that a thing is religious, and the thing is no murder or robbery, then it is their natural right to have it, no matter what multitudes of believers in the holiness of other things, or in the holiness of nothing, may be arrayed against them.

We do not believe these substances may be taken from us, by whatever means, under any

circumstances, no matter what the courts may decide, for free men have a natural right to the exercise of their religion which transcends all ordinary law, should conflict arise, so long as the matter in dispute is integral and essential to the practice of the religion and involves no direct injury to the person or property of non-participants.

"This is the official position of the Neo-American Church on the question of government control and/or prohibition. It is not binding on the clergy or membership of the church, but I intend to steer by this course, and those who disagree should make their views known, so there will be a minimum of confusion."

Kleps took issue with Dr. Timothy Leary stating that he specifically rejects any "moratorium" on the use of LSD until its legal status is cleared up, or any acquiescence to government controls of any kind, however mild. "No court exists with jurisdiction," he said.

Kleps encourages all church leaders, called Boo Hoos, to defy the law and continue to celebrate holy communion as they have in the past, but said that, "Timothy Leary continues to be the single most respected spiritual guide of the church, and we will continue to do all that is in our power to save him from persecution and the torture of imprisonment."

Stating the acceptance of the possibility of a religious civil war Kleps told the Dodd Committee: "If our persecution by the majority religionists in positions of temporal power continues, our first objective will be the destruction of the prison system as a functioning instrument of the state."

# Leary - Kennedy Clash on LSD

by Don McNeill



Kennedy: "You're suggesting that anyone who is going to administer LSD ought to be carefully trained?"

Leary: "Absolutely."

Kennedy: "And there shouldn't be indiscriminate use of LSD?"

Leary: "No sir, there shouldn't."

Kennedy: "And that's why you want to give college courses in LSD?"

Leary: "Yes sir."

Kennedy: "And what's going to happen to the boy who doesn't get to college?"

Leary: "Well, we'll have special training institutes for him."

Kennedy: "So we're going to train high school students. Are we going to have high school courses as well?"

Leary: "I would let research answer the question at what age the nervous system is ready to use these instruments."

"I'm facing, as I urge all of us to do, to face the reality of the situation that millions of Americans are using these drugs indiscriminately in their own pursuits. Now I'm not in favor of this..."

Kennedy: "That's sufficient..."

Leary: "...but I'm not in favor of laws putting university students..."

Kennedy: "Well, you're not in favor of this, you're not in favor of it. Let's go that far."

Leary: "But I feel that there should be no law against possession of any substance the main function of which is to alter consciousness."

Kennedy: "Well, you're not in favor of indiscriminate possession of this drug."

Leary: "No sir, but I'm against laws putting people in prison."

Kennedy: "Well, that's a decision... that's a matter for legislators to decide."

The testimony moved to the question of the safety of LSD. Dr. Leary felt that "the commercial activities involving manufacture, sale and distribution of these substances definitely should be controlled because you don't know about quality, you don't know about safety..."

Kennedy: "Now just a minute. You said that you don't know about quality. What is it about the quality that you're frightened about?"

CHORUS: (leary) "We don't want amateur or black market distribution... the amphetamines... the barbituates... because you don't know what you're getting." (Kennedy) "Why not, why not, why not... why not, why don't you want it... on LSD why don't you want the indiscriminate manufacture and distribution. Is it because it's dangerous? Are you interested only in the consumer, like truth in packaging or there's too many strawberries or not enough strawberries. Or is it something more dangerous?"

Leary: "No sir. LSD is not a dangerous drug. I have said that of all the forms of energy available to the modern American, LSD is the least dangerous that I can see."

Kennedy: "Well, even excepting that, Churchill said that democracy was the worst form of government except for all the others tried. I mean, just excepting that it's the least dangerous, it's still dangerous, is it not?"

Leary: "Any form of energy is dangerous if misused or used unwisely, yes?"

The United States Senate recently turned on to Timothy Leary. The guides for the session were Senators Thomas J. Dodd (D. Conn.) and Edward M. Kennedy (D. Mass.).

## MACROBIOTIC RAID

On June 1, the Federal Food and Drug Administration, raided the Osawa Foundation, Inc., 327 Second Avenue and seized all foodstuffs and books that were on the premises. The raid was touched off by what the FDA claimed as "misbranded" foodstuffs allegedly used in "Zen macrobiotic" diets.

Miss Irma Paule, director of the foundation, was ordered by the FDA not to touch anything or sell anything. "They even refused to let me take my 5 lbs. of rice which I live off of or take tea from my teapot," claimed Miss Paule.

The FDA catalogued all foodstuffs and books. Some of the books which were indiscriminately seized were the I Ching, Lao Tzu, Horror, the Nobel Prize winning book "Man the Unknown" by Dr. Alexis Carrel and "The Spiral" a small magazine which Miss Paule publishes. The book which the FDA was most interested in was "Zen Macrobiotics" by George Ohsawa, which as Miss Paule stated "was one of 300 books he wrote and classified under the Philosophy of Medicine and one of many books we sell."

Miss Paule seems to think that the raid has to do with Beth and Charles Simon who often visited her establishment to sit in on her weekly lectures. One of the Simons recently died of malnutrition due to a Zen macrobiotic diet.

"It was a well known fact that the Simons were heavy drug users. They misused the principles of Zen macrobiotics."

"We do not tell a person what to eat. We teach a principle which is derived from the most traditional oriental philosophy; the principle of non-violence, of understanding, the polarity which is life itself. There is a beat to life which must be observed for better living. Nutrition is only one part of living."

Miss Paule was recently advised by a lawyer that if she did not contest the raid and seizure on her property the FDA would burn the books along with the foodstuffs.

She is now in the process of trying to raise money for legal expenses.

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# HIM, Jan Cremer

by Gretchen Berg

GB: How do you like it here in America?

JC: I'm better understood here than in Europe. There's too much tradition in Europe; here, everything's new. New York is a young town. London is even better than New York. But Paris is like a piece of old chewing-gum on the bottom of your shoe. In Holland, everything is hidden and sneaky; the national sign, the sort of Holy Cross in America is the dollar-sign. That's clear, nobody will lie about it. And why not? The whole world's like that, especially in Holland, where they're money-sick. The national sign there is also the dollar sign, but it's hidden behind the Holy Cross! Holland's not my home country, for the last ten years I've been, altogether, three years in Holland. I lived in Paris, Spain and London. But I like Holland physically, the flat landscape and the tulips, because that's the thing the Dutch are proud of. That's the only thing I miss there, the flat horizon, but, after all, you can see the same thing in East Hampton, Long Island. Americans have a very funny impression about the Dutch, they think everyone walks on wooden shoes with caps, wide flannel pants, with a tulip in one hand, a cheese in the other. There's that story about Hans Brinkdyke; right. I tell you: you know why he became a national hero? Because they shot him; it is forbidden in Holland to stick your thumbs in dykes. Besides that, he walked on the grass, and that's state property. By the way, I think I'm the only Dutchman who can't skate. In Holland, the people are crazy, anyway. They have an eleven-towns tour on skates in the middle of winter. It takes eighteen hours without a break, skating and skating in the dark without food, drinks or warmth. If they make it, they get a medle. There are lots of people without fingers, toes, hands, or even legs, it's all frozen off, even their eyes are frozen out, but they get the medal, hanging on the wall, next to grandma's portrait. That's hard-headed Holland for you. They're stupid, you know, because you can buy the medal for \$2.00 on the Black Market.

GB: Are you a genius?

JC: Genius. Well, that's kind of a big word. That's what they called me. Maybe I am a kind of genius. I'm a cult in Europe, I believe in myself; I believe in something else, too, but I don't know what I believe in. I'm not religious. I think the idea of some kind of reigning power is a good one. If I need to have belief in something, then I use this nebulous belief of mine. You can call it God, if you like. I believe in myself, mostly. What would happen to me if I didn't? I believe also that I'm a very very good human being. I'm a very very simple guy; I went from 30 cents to \$11,000 in two months, I didn't change. I spend everything. Money is to spend. I have no sense of sin. Well, I do, but the most sinful thing I ever did in my life is to kill a fly.

GB: What makes Jan Cremer run? What makes him tick? What motivates him?

JC: Hate. Rancour. And love, for people and for the world. For life. Not for fame. I don't care about it. I like it twelve hours a day; the other twelve, I like to be myself. That's why I had to leave Europe - I was like the Beatles: I couldn't go out in the street without being mobbed. I don't think the world's not ready for me yet. I think I came just in time, like Bob Dylan; if he had come just now or four years ago he wouldn't have been anything. But when I came, there was a whole, a new climate, the world was changing, there's a need for some-



thing new, new air. I came just in time. I fitted in. In Holland you'd get everything you want, if you want what's there but the people there are too scared to ask. The really good Dutch artists can't work there, it's too cozy, I can't work or live there steadily; the government will pay you a grant, once a month, if you're a painter, to live on, if you give them a painting once a month; it's too cozy.

GB: What do you think of the Royal Family of Holland?

JC: I don't give a shit about the Royal Family of Holland.

GB: What American writers do you admire, other than Miller and Steinbeck?

JC: Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams. I don't like Jack Kerouac, with whom I'm sometimes compared or his book: *On the Road*. The profanity of which my book's been accused here, for instance; that's nothing. The four letter words used in America, compared to Dutch, have as much power as a little kid writing dirty words on the walls. Besides, when they call my book obscene and vulgar, it makes good publicity blurbs. I only care what people think: I wrote the book for them. I am of the people, from the people and for the people! This book is now read by people who never in their lives read a book. Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg bore me; they compare me to Henry Miller. In my whole life, I've read four pages of him. I sent him the book, by the way, for a blurb on the dust jacket, he never even answered me; the same for Norman Mailer. Maybe they're afraid of something: competition. I like Mickey Spillane! When I read, I read every newspaper, every magazine. I'm interested in the world around me, I'm a Pop writer, it was called by the *New York Times* "a new comic book." That's good; I wanted to be a picture of our times. It's a human document.

GB: How does it feel to have the world on a string?

JC: My philosophy of life is: live and let live. Maybe I don't look like it, but I'm a big thinker. I'm a child of the century. There's a new realism coming, not only in art but everything, not pop-art or flop-art, not pop-music not just Bob Dylan, who I think is the greatest poet in America. I once read about him: "Dylan is the biggest

poet or the biggest put-on." Who cares if he is the biggest put-on? I'm a put-on, too and the same with all the other successful young kids: the Beatles, moviemakers, writers, everybody! This time, there is a new wind blowing, a new realism growing, so I say: we're artists but we're money makers, too, what's wrong with that? People who think that real art only comes with hunger, are nuts. I think money and art go very well together but we have to have half and half. Look, here I am, Jan Cremer: I have houses, cars, a Rolls-Royce, an E-type car, in London, a silver Mercedes in Amsterdam with a telephone, three telephones in my office in New York, people working for me - I like it. Two years ago I lived on \$11 a day. To the Dutch Government I want an artist because I was beardless, smoked no pipe and wore no sandals. So I was refused financial help till I won again with my book which made me almost a millionaire. I don't care if I lose again, I'm a good loser and after all - I'm only twenty-five.

You know, if I look in the mirror I say to myself: "Jan Cremer, you're a good and clever guy, I like you, I think you're the most beautiful man in the world."

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# Kreplach to Invade London



## The Saga of the Latin Crowns Cheo Goes to Jail part 3

by Tom McNamara

Cheo was going to jail. He had just gotten out of Manhattan State where he had been sent by the judge to withdraw from his heroin habit. He missed one appointment at the after-care clinic and he was summoned to appear downtown at Criminal Court on Centre Street. He wasn't going to go. He stood in my kitchen and drank some coffee and I could tell he was dying inside, there was just no way out he could see. Hell! There was this kid from some balmy island in the Caribbean; what was he doing in New York anyway? He asked me what to do. Go down to court, I told him. If you don't they'll come and get you. I'll go with you. I explained the whole procedure to him, told him he'd get off easier if he went down and if he didn't they'd arrest him and then he'd be in more trouble.

Cheo arrived late at my place the day of his trial. So we ran down to Houston Street and grabbed a taxi. He was dressed like a Spanish Grandee and I guess the taxi driver thought I was his lawyer from our conversation in the cab. I was dressed in an old sweater and some well-creased pants. New York was awake as we drove downtown and you'd never have known that Cheo was going inside and didn't know for how long. When the cab arrived at the monstrous, skyscraper of a courthouse, those floors and floors of courts in that monolith that adjoins The Tombs, the city was bustling. We walked inside under the carved words about "JUSTICE", under the statues with the blinded eyes and hanging balances.

When we arrived in the courtroom, after the ride in the dingy, functional elevators, after the walk through the restroom lobby strewn with those seedy lobby loungers that all court-houses cater to—when we walked into that courtroom twelve floors above the street, past the lawyers, cops, and court guards standing outside the heavy-wooded doors where they smoked their butts and talked of The Mets, The War, and lawns, when we walked into

that courtroom, with the judge high above it all, high on his aristocratic platform, my heart dropped. They were sentencing guys from The Tombs as we found seats. These guys had already had their trial. Now they were there to be sentenced. One! two! three! The guy came in a chute from a sidedoor, a guard on every side of him, almost bellying him in. And the judge sentenced him. Every time the judge opened his mouth it was "three years" or "five years." He didn't speak words. He spoke years off a man's life. Cheo's trial was quick. I was standing in the hall with him; we were smoking cigarettes when the court guard came outside looking for him: Hey you, is your name Ruiz? Cheo said it was. Get inside. What do you think this is? There was that special quality about the guard that that type of man always has. It comes from carrying a badge too long.

I went back inside and watched him as he walked into the judge's chambers along with three or four other guys. The door closed behind them, there in the enormous courtroom under the American eagle in a room big enough to dwarf Kafka's ghost for all time.

I waited in the courtroom for about a half-hour. The court attendants were making small talk, it was almost lunchtime, flies buzzed in the air, an old retired lawyer, a beefy-faced Irish type in a pressed tweed suit walked past the wooden railing and went around shaking hands with the Legal Aid Society types who were sitting at the table over on the side. People in the benches with me were reading *The Daily News*. Finally I went up to one of the court attendants. What happened with the case of Jose Ruiz, I asked him. He shrugged, looked through some papers. Rikers Island, he said, six months.

I saw Cheo after he got out. The six months hadn't served him too bad. Like most of the other guys who had served time on Riker's he said that the teachers there were better than the ones who caused him to drop out of high

June 7, the Kreeping Kreplach Non-Profit Cultural International Foundation of Purple People Art Combine held its first press conference at the Village Gate.

The Combine composed of Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, Jonas Mekas, Barbara Rubin, Ed Sanders, and Tuli Kupferberg talked with reporters from A.B.C., The Village Voice, W.I.N.S., and an Italian film company, explaining the function of the Kreeping Kreplachs.

Ginsberg did most of the talking, but kept trying to pass the buck to Andy Warhol who smiled shyly. Ginsberg explained that the purpose for the Combine was to expedite matters of international cultural exchange. He said that money and union problems existed in the artistic and entertainment fields which could be circumvented by international coordination.

The K.K.N.P.C.I.F.P.P.A.C. will work by paying the expenses of visiting artists in America and England. The money after expenses, from poetry readings, concerts, or exhibitions, will be put into a fund in the country where the performance is held and applied to the expenses of the next performance.

"The culture has changed," Ginsberg said. "A new generation has grown up. Everybody's hip now, and we're going to put on a giant festival and prove it."

The first activity of the Combine will be to stage a rock and roll, - film festival at Royal Albert Hall in London on June 17th and 18th. The festival will exhibit the talents of filmmakers Jonas Mekas, and Andy Warhol and the musical talents of The Fugs, The Velvet Underground, The Flowers, The Chambers Brothers, and Donovan.

Radio Caroline, an avant garde station off shore from London, will fit the bill for the transportation and publicity expenses of the first performance.

Ginsberg told the press, "We'll stage a teeny bopper concert at Lewiston Stadium next. Jim Marcus said he would try to help. Maybe we can arrange an intercity tour of the U.S. also."

"We're planning to bring to the U.S. some poets from Liverpool and one of the Beatles who'll play his secret electronic tapes and show home movies."

Barbara Rubin, the prime mover and organizer of the Combine told of last year's poetry reading at Royal Albert Hall and hinted at problems that have been surmounted to present this year's festival. "Last year the poets filled the hall. It holds about 7,000 people and we had to turn away a lot more. This year we should be able to fill it for the two days. We have the hall leased for the 17th and 18th of June but we had to promise them that Allen Ginsberg wouldn't read. Last year he offended the English sensibilities somehow."

This year Peter Orlovsky, Ginsberg's sidekick and a poet in his own right will go to the festival. Orlovsky has been known to behave himself.

Someone explained that Kreplach is a word that some Jewish mothers use for their sons who don't become doctors or lawyers and make a lot of money. Ginsberg said that maybe they'd have to change the name of the organization.

The Royal Albert Hall has been leased and the airplane roster shows 76 names on it, 76 members of the underground. London will never be the same.

school. Then, with some of the other guys, he got in Mobilization for Youth's high-touted training program. He's upstate.

NEXT: *Mobilization for Youth*—JFK's Dream/LBJ's Dilemma—the 14-Million-Dollar Misunderstanding.

# The Adventures of SLUMGOD

STARRING SLUMGODDESS MARY MOORE IN TOMPKINS SQUARE

I'M **FOND** OF INTELLECTUAL MEN....



I **ADMIRE** MEN WHO ARE IN BUSINESS FOR THEMSELVES.....



...BUT MY **SLUMGOD** IS HAIRY AND IS KING OF THE JUNGLE JIM!!



## Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan and Don Katzman



From their vantage point of middle class upbringing, they can choose poverty or wealth, poetry or promiscuity. If one is going to work for a living, the stakes must be high. There is no other way one can avoid the tax. The middle class as individuals can only be economically preoccupied with death, but corporations only have to be occupied with depreciation.

The younger middle class must drop out and organize. The idea of a Consumer's Union can bring political and economic pressures to bear. Economics has forced the younger generation to light its lamps, not so much in search of truth, but in search of an honest man. If taxes must be paid to keep a country such as the United States well oiled and running then those who are going to foot the bill must have more of a direct say in the allocation of its money than can be found in just electing representatives.

In the next column, we will explore the wider implications of a Consumers Union and its function as a Guru to a Civilization which is now taxing itself out of existence.

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Taxes like death keeps the Middle Class gasping for breath. This class which makes up the foundations of democracy and the free enterprise system is the economic and moral fuel that keeps the infernal machine of beauracracy lit and running. But, as can happen to any machine, it is being overused, overtaxed, and is becoming obsolete due to a lack of other machines to take its place. The young have become unenamored with its mystery. They have, so to speak, cut out to another part of town. Their explanation is simple: Honesty does not pay. It breeds mediocrity, and one might as well be anonymous as be mediocre. The value system, the reason for middleclass existence, has perverted our normal perception of the world. Political action as moral action no longer exists. The ethic no longer rests on the responsibility, but on the loop hole.

Between the layers of the poor and the rich, lies limbo, that place in hell where souls are neither virtuous or evil, and whose only punishment is taxation with all of the burden and none of the benefits. It is a plight that is handed down to a civilization whose only awareness is neither to be poor or rich but to be in the middle. The poor do not pay for poverty and the rich do not pay for wealth.

Taxation, as a philosophy, and as understood by the Internal Revenue is a responsibility that rests mainly on the middle class.

The poor have no responsibility because they have no assets. The rich have no burden because they can pay for their loop hole. L.B. Mayer made \$18 million dollars in one year and payed no tax. Remington Rand organized a charitable foundation and bought one of the Rands an estate worth \$250,000 and payed no tax. No matter how much a rich man profits, he can always incorporate. The middle class is not rich enough to incorporate, they are unorganized. They can only complain. Their only loophole is to die.

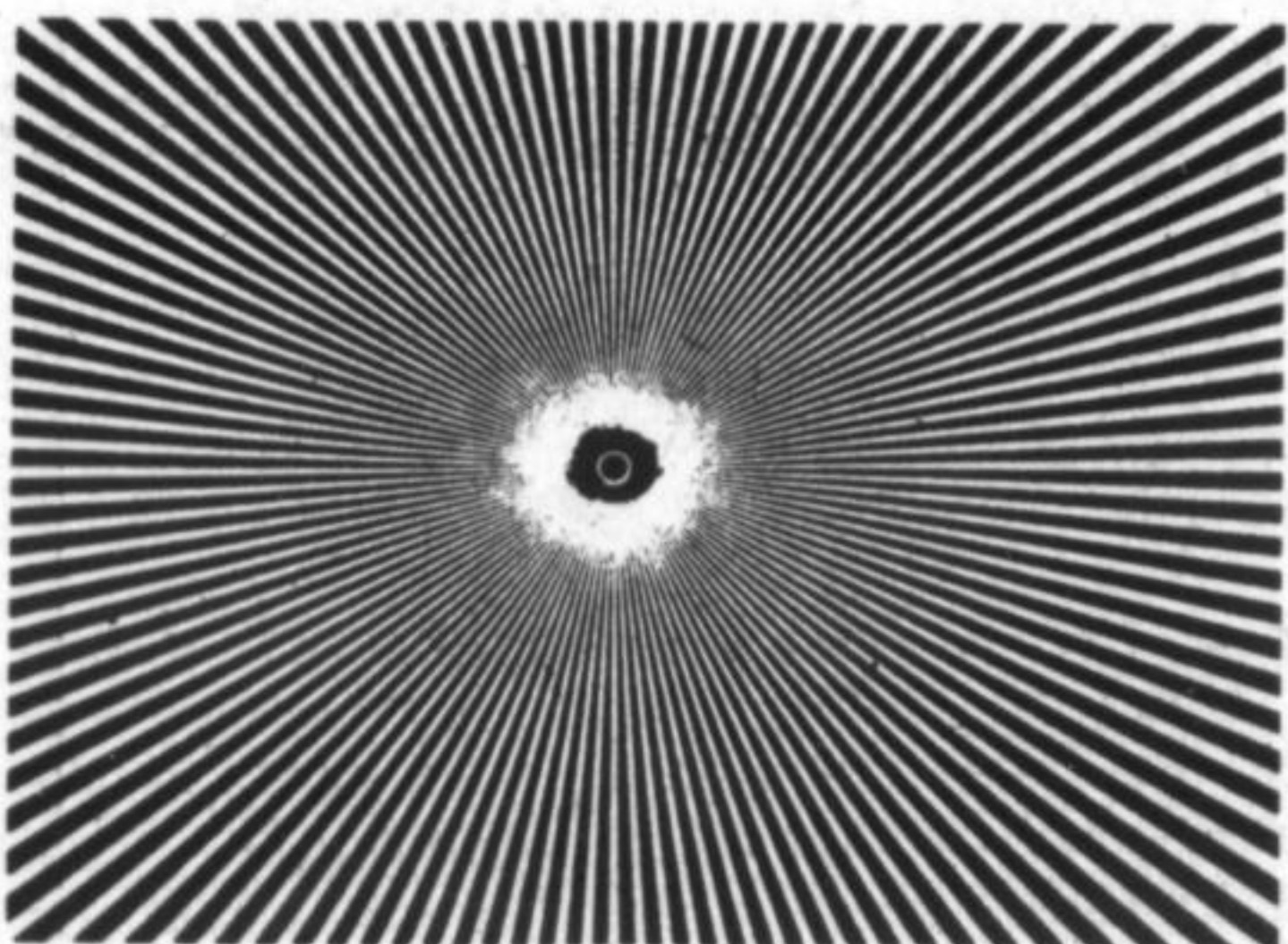
Estate planning is the only middle class loop hole against taxation. It works on the premise that one is less taxable dead than alive. If one cannot afford the monetary expenses of incorporation during his own life time, but can afford to stay alive, then death become tax deductible. Estate planning, as a loop hole, was founded for the middle class, of the middle class, by one of America's greatest composers and one of America's greatest poets. Charles Ives and Wallace Stevens, of the Hartford Insurance Co. wrote its libretto and composed the score. How ironic that these artists understood too well that the middle class must die.

The middle class is dying not only for lack of money, but also because of a lack of blood. The younger generation no longer feels that death is a necessary loop hole.



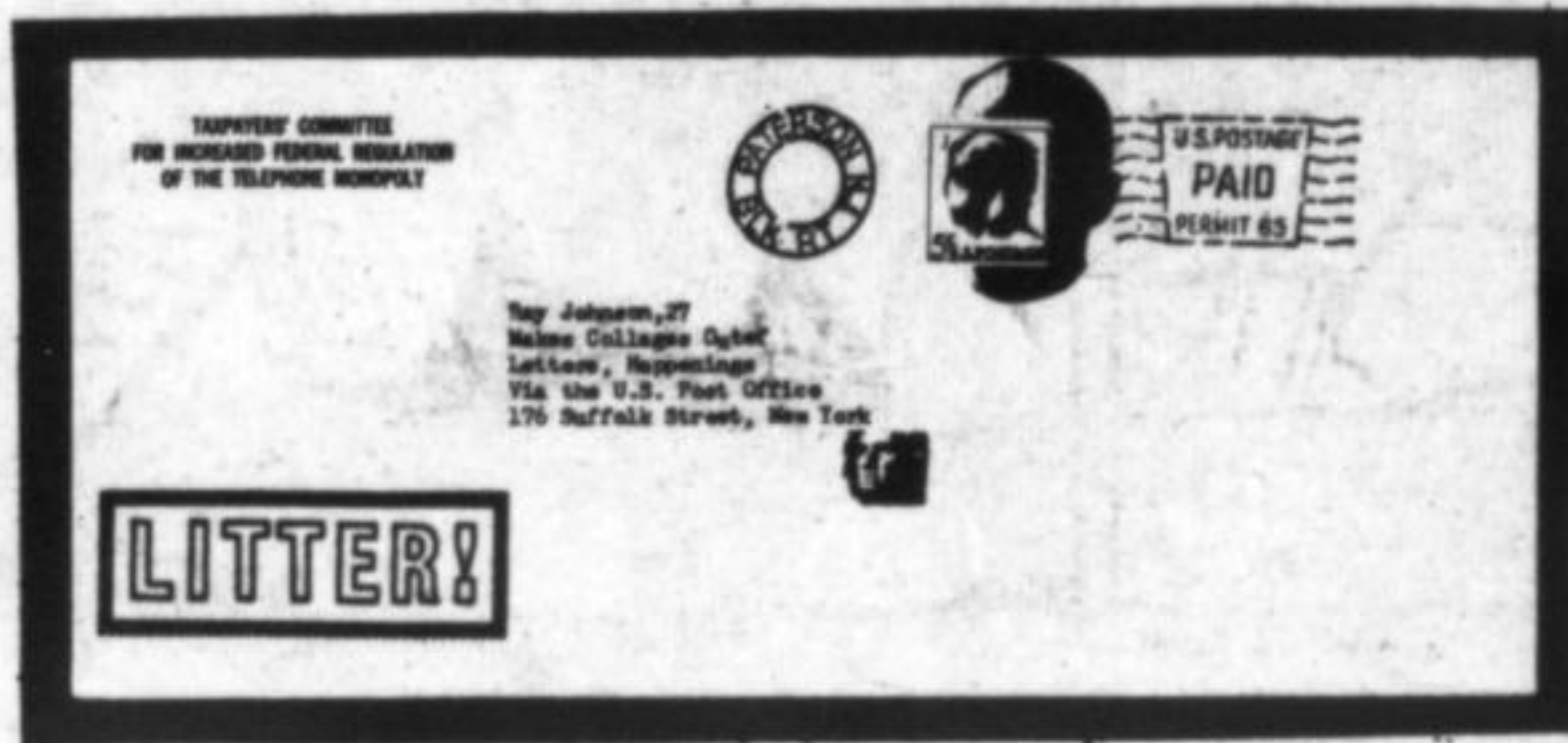
Wilcock

Roni Reagan and Sami Yorty are among strippers at LA's Body Shop on Sunset Strip . . . . Seven-year-old twin sisters in Northumberland, England, have such a clear recollection of the death of their sisters (at least one year before they were born) that there's increasing belief in reincarnation by everybody who meets them. Now an Indian professor, Dr. Hemendar Bannerjee, director of the state-sponsored Parapsychology Department of Rajasthan University, has taken an interest in the case by taping an interview with the twins. The doctor suggests that telepathy "might be the long-term means of space communication" and his researches could lead to a way of communicating with astronauts when they are "millions of light years away from earth". . . . Best-seller in China—30 million copies sold—is Wang Chieh's diary, the autobiography of a 23-year-old militiaman killed last year while training the people of a rural commune how to lay mines. "Wang Chieh's diary," says *China Reconstructs*, "reveals demands he made on himself and the struggle he had with himself to put into practice what he read in Chairman Mao's works". . . . Rudolph Hess, 72, dumped into Berlin's Spandau prison after the Nuremberg trials 20 years ago, is still there. And when his two companions—Speer and von Schirach—are freed in the fall, Hess will remain there, alone. Proving once again that justice isn't necessarily related to mercy . . . . Now that TV's going to bring Britain's House of Commons to viewers, how long before we see the inanities of Congress in full cholera and color? . . . "It's requested that visitors observe, at leisure, the life of the monkeys and call to mind the life our ancestors must have led many centuries ago" (extract from brochures given to visitors on Miyajima Island, Japan, where monkeys run loose under the supervision of Japan's Institute of Primatology) . . . . Britain's biggest sugar company, Tate & Lyle, is spending \$600,000 on advertising this year to woo customers back to lump sugar because except for "housewives over 40" almost everybody buys it granulated these days . . . .



McLuhan has finally found his (much-needed) translator in Howard Gossard, an offbeat SF adman, whose piece in *Ramparts* (April) is subtitled "Understanding Understanding Media." Gossage lists the two groups who find it hardest to appreciate MMc as "the compulsively literal" and "the compulsively academic" adding that a third group are those who "are bright and flexible enough but they long ago made their commitments elsewhere." And, remembering that one of MMc's main theses is that we're all trapped in a series of boxes within boxes and can't see the ones outside us until we've stepped outside the one's we're in, the people who can't follow the prophet's reasoning are presumably the ones who most need it. Most of McLuhan's prose bears the

same relation to this society as Dylan's lyrics: ambiguous enough to offer a wide range of interpretations . . . . "I'm the kind of person who has to see something—even in my own imagination—before I understand it. I started as a painter and I still think like one. That is why the camera is so important to me." (Kon Ichikawa, producer of "Tokyo Olympiad") . . . . Two inventions waiting to be invented: a searchlight without a visible beam (except at the point where it meets the object); a portable voice box computerized with 480-word basic English plus any other language—you talk simple sentences into it ("Which way to station?") and they come out transmuted into French/Italian/Japanese/Spanish . . . . "Knee make-up and exposure will be followed by nipple make-up; nipple make-up and costume jewelry would create great business volume," writes an anonymous correspondent . . . . Four projectors high above the stage of London's Saville Theatre have dispensed with the need for scenery, two pairs working smoothly to change backdrops and sets as often as every six seconds if necessary . . . . In the larger perspective of history, will the sudden deaths of JFK and Adlai seem like part of the same plot?



**NIPPONDERINGS:** Tokyo's American Drugstore is selling (\$10) a telephone-sized unit called "Message Minder" which contains a constantly reusable plastic tape capable of holding 30 seconds of conversation. Idea (from drugstore owner G. C. Oyama) is that you record a message for your chick and she comes home, plays it back and erases by leaving a message for you ("Where's the stash?") Since going on sale at Christmas, 130 Message Minders have been sold and they're now being exported to the U.S. where they'll be available, late summer. . . . In some Tokyo taxis, 10 yen (about 3 cents) in the slot of a midget TV set will bring you eight minutes of bumpy viewing . . . . Dr. Eric Terzaghi, an American working in Japan under a U.S. Public Health Service grant, opposes the war in Vietnam—and has said so. Recently his home was visited by two Japanese immigration officials who, in his absence, grilled his mother for "at least an hour" on the family's political beliefs. Incident made a three-column story in Japan's Mainichi Daily News . . . . Moviestar Toshiro Mifune (who apparently makes an extra 70 million yen (\$200,000) annually by endorsing commercials) will play Rhett Butler in the forthcoming Japanese stage version of "Gone With the Wind" . . . . Yukio Mishima's 28-minute movie, "Yukoku" (Patriotism), depicting the gory, guts-spilling suicide of a man and his wife, broke so many records at the two small Tokyo theatres it played that it's now gone into general release in Japan. Novelist Mishima, an articulate spokesman for Japan's young Japanese, appears nude in his own movie, did it more or less for his own entertainment and says he didn't expect it to earn back his investment . . . . So many requests for tickets for the three Beatles con-

# otherseens

certs in early July (cheapest seats: \$3.50) that you have to win a lottery for the right to buy a pair.



**DUTIES OF A LADY FEMALE:** Put into your lover's mind a picture of the kind of person you feel he secretly thinks he is. Make him love himself and be dependent on you for it. Never arouse jealousy. Feed him. Don't use rich meats or gravies. They clog his bowels. A man with clogged bowels will take to drink. No high or harsh tones of voice. He is more sensitive than you to them. He's got a better sense of hearing and smell. Don't cry for yourself except by yourself. It acts on his nerves like a rock drill. If you GOT to cry, do it for him. Don't offer him a monotonous diet of movement or caresses. If you kiss him Friday, make him wait until Sunday for another. Don't scorn any way to make love. This is not the century for prejudice at any degree of life. Love him as if his ancestors were watching. Alternate WITH MODERATION between excessive attention and affection to friendly chill indifference & languid movements. If you have put the right picture in his mind, of his own powerful maleness, you won't need anything else to keep his attention. Never, never tell him anything that puts a picture in his mind that you don't want to happen; because it will. Example: DON'T say: 'I bet you looked at all the girls on the bus today'. Say: 'I'll bet every chick on that bus looked at my pretty baby'. Keep his mind on him.

Incense for love. A formula: A container which allows a small, "long-burning candle to burn under it for hours. In this order, put into the container: bits of dried orange, tangerine and/or lemon peel about the size of postage stamps. Cloves. Whole nutmeg. Chinese or Japanese or East Indian incense. Frankincense, called olibanum. The peels heat up the rest slowly & releasing their oils give to the other odors a living quality.

Making love in a room kept perfumed, is like being inside a flower. For the purpose of love, sheets and coverings that touch the skin, ought to be silk. Lacking it, fine linen. Last, cotton.

With incense burning the house will smell so exotic that your skin by contrast must smell like a piece of ripe fruit. Boil cucumbers with apple skins as fragrance for bath water. Perfumed soaps irritate the sensitive noses of the males. Rub orange or lemon oils into your skin. Against the heavy perfumed air or your bed chamber you'll smell like something good to eat.—Sheri Martinelli, *The Floating Bear* (to be continued).



# MEMORIES OF A CATHOLIC GIRLHOOD

THE COMMON NOTION THAT THEY SHAVED THEIR HEADS WAS FALSE.

THAT'S ONLY A SCRATCH, DEAR. HAVE YOU ANY PAIN?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I UNDERSTAND, AND YOU WILL TOO.

A LITTLE CUT ON MY LEG.

4.

PLEASE LISTEN—I JUST CUT MY LEG.

6.

BY KENWARD ELMSLIE  
DRAWN BY BRAINARD

YOU HAVE BECOME A WOMAN.

5.

THE END

# WAFFLES

BY KENWARD ELMSLIE

APESHIT OVER WAFFLES, HUH?

WE ATE EACH OTHER, HONEST!

U.S. ARMY APPLICATION  
**REJECT**

THE END

# RUDI'S GARDEN

BY LEE HARWOOD  
DRAWN BY BRAINARD

WALKING THRU A STRANGE CITY AT NIGHT

OUR BODIES WERE LANDSCAPES

WHICH WE LOVED

AND TENDED WITH CARE

EVEN

AND NOW, SHALL I KISS IN THE DARKNESS OR LIGHT

WHAT HE'D SAID IN THE BOOKS WAS TRUE

KEANE-66

THE TRACTORS WERE LINED UP IN THE BARN, THEIR ENGINES RUNNING

THE END

# VOYEU

by Lil Picard



# RAMA

Christo was born in June 1935 in Gabrovo, Bulgaria, studied at the Fine art Academy in Sofia and went to Prague to study theatre design. He lived for short times in Vienna and Geneva and in 1956 went to Paris. In 1964 he moved to New York, took a studio on the Lower East Side, where he now lives and works. His training was traditional academic. Freeing himself from this restriction, in Paris he engaged in the rebellious new realist movement and gained publicity with an "angry young man" kind of Happening—piling up empty gasoline cans as a wall-like structure in the rue Visconti, a small alley street. He did all kinds of outdoor-environments in Paris and in Germany, and always he chose "containers" or "packages," dreaming about the packaging of whole apartmenthouses, perhaps cities, the whole world. With an uncanny and obsessive force this very gentle and extremely intelligent young man started to invent a new reality, the reality of hiding things, encasing things, making cocoons of stained paper and plastic-materials, knotting cords and strings together suggesting cruelty, sado-maxochistic inclinations of restricting actions. He also tied up packaged women; and made a movie with these tied up female figures, shrouded in veils of white plastic, tied up limbs, covered up heads, bodies, legs, faces. It is as though Christo's early work done in his first years in Paris expresses a Kafkasque experience from his study-years in Bulgaria and Prague. In Paris in 1963 he started to free himself from the haunting memories of the past, and

he stopped using old brownish, blackish, gray wrappings and began using glass, metal, and plastics in his new works.

Now one can see Christo's newest work, monumental in size, in his first show in New York, at Castelli. It is an architectural storefront, a 3D mondrianesque triangular construction, consisting of galvanized metal girders, glass windows, marbled contactpaper, plywood sheets, pegboards, paper and fabric curtains, concealed lighting fixtures and primary colored inserts, reminding of Mondrian's color scheme: red, blue, yellow plus white-gray and black.

The work, packed with mystery hiding reality by showing a surface which shrouds the underlying truth of a world we only sense, is best described by words, which come to mind like a dream:

Where hides the truth behind those covered walls of falsy fronts?

Where lies the very reason of questions asked in vain?

Why are the sights of urban messages impenetrable?

All those questions are not solved by asking. We must hammer down nail by nail in everydays effort unending tasks, minutely, painstakingly.

Builders of long, endless Marienbad-rooms of glass and steel.

The forlornness, the sadness, the roads, tunnels, caves, grids, squares, rectangles, chiseled straight edges—

Are they our only salvation, our only hope to

secure us in mathematical speculations? The answer fails us.

Behind the clear and immaculate front of Christos rectilinear castle waits the vastness of our own imagination.

Our fantasy can travel long distances Into the space of ideas.

"organic styles in primitive fabrics for savage living"

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# VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA



The free-est radical

"Art is replacing religion," said Len Lye sounding as sure of himself as no doubt Galileo did when he said, "But of course the earth goes round the sun." And when Len Lye looks into the crystal ball of his fabulously inventive mind, I'm quite prepared to believe him.

At 60, Len Lye is one of the youngest and most creative members of the Avant Garde. While most of us spend our time working on thematic variations of established themes and techniques, Len has made 2 dynamic discoveries which have revolutionized both film and sculpture.

The first was in the late 20's when, after taking a hard and intelligent look at the basic nature of film, he found that its photographic images were quite expendable. (All film really is a piece of celluloid running through a projector. One can just as well paint on it as photograph and image.)

Len Lye did just that - and opened a door.

Most of his handpainted films were made for the British Post Office and shepherded through the bureaucratic channels by John Grierson. This aesthetic breakthrough cannot be under-emphasized and his film in this genre remain classics to this day. Years later in 1956 he won the Brussels prize with a film called "Free Radicals." "Free Radicals" was made by scratching on black film and in my opinion it comes as close to perfection as any film I've seen. Dig. Everytime I see it, one of my eyes searches for one wee flaw...I've never found it.

Apart from the British Post Office and one abortive attempt by Madison Ave. to use his skills, no one has ever commissioned him to make a film.

In the late 1950's when most sculptors were either welding or crushing steel Len Lye took a look at its tensile qualities and discovered its elastic potential. What he did (in brief) was to place a thin shaft of steel in a variable speed electric motor. The motor revolved the shaft and its variable speed transformed the shaft into multitudinous variations of verticle ellipses.

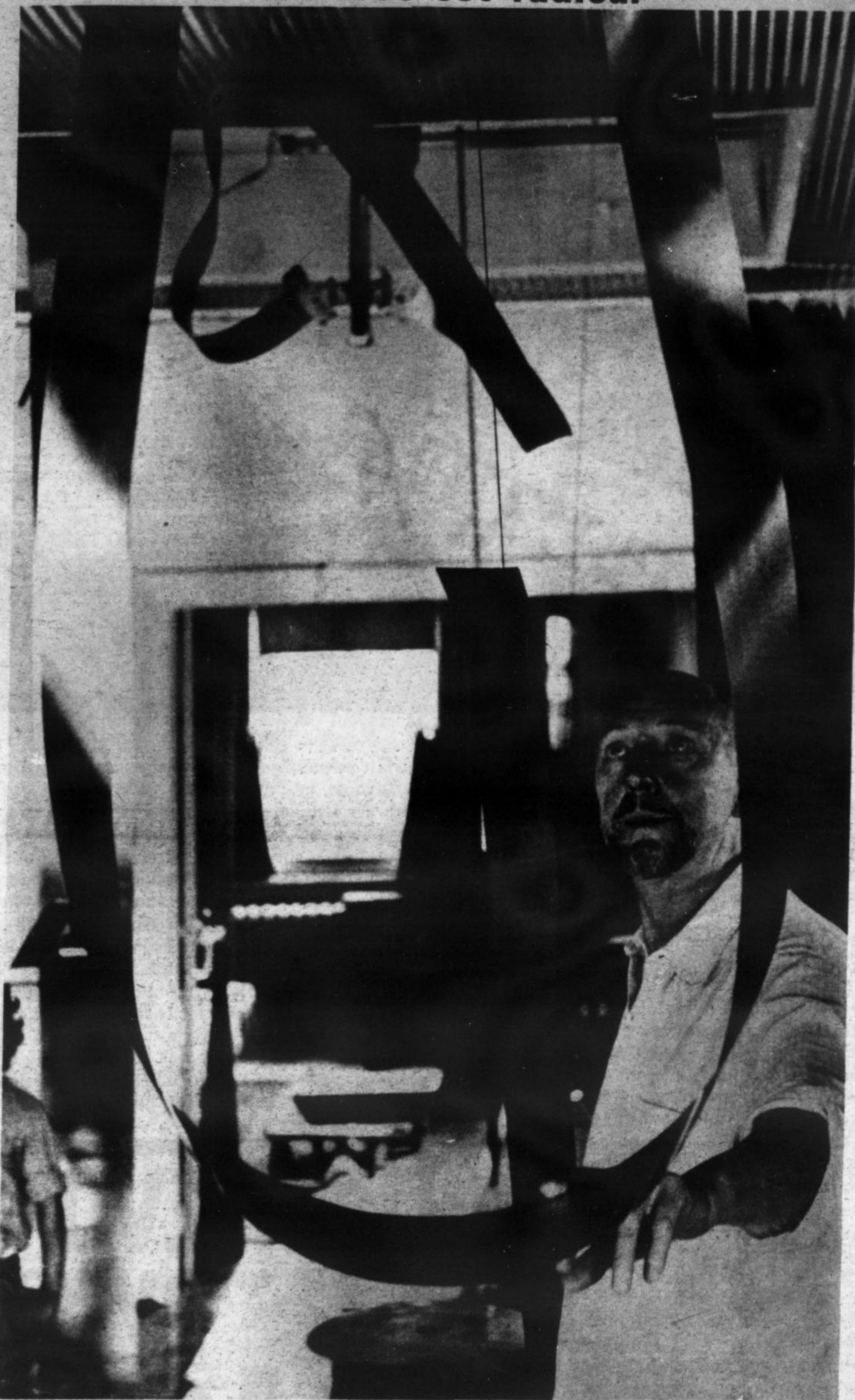
Last year Howard Wise invested \$15,000 in Len. Every cent of it went into steel, motors and various electrical necessities... nothing was spent on hamburgers or rent. The exhibition it produced was even more fabulous than the previous one at MOMA, but there were no commissions.

I find it hard to believe that our society is so blind as to not see the worth of Len Lye's work. However, the sad fact is that America is a death oriented country. If it were interested in life it would offer Len the only reward it knows...the only one its poverty stricken imagination has been able to dream up...namely that of money. And with the money he could make things of joy and light which would trigger Love in the hearts and souls of all who saw his works.

Light or bombs...love or napalm...creativity or stagnation...Freedom or Facism.

Our society has had the opportunity to choose and it has chosen death.

"Art is replacing religion," he said, and as if to prove his point (and as I see it too, thumbing his nose at the hideous irrationality of the system) he went on to elaborate...talked about the Indian raising his arms to the sun each morning in recognition of



the source of light and life...of the T.V.A. turbines and generators, of their power to produce and their lack of ability to inspire... about electricity being to us what the sun is to the Indian...about the necessity for us to be awed by this energy...about the blueprint he's working on now for a Temple of Lightning. This Temple is to cost 50 million dollars and will cover three city blocks. The main exhibition is to be called "Sun, Land and Sea." Here the pilgrims will watch seven great metallic serpents, each 150 feet long, shake themselves in a bed of grey and black polished granite. Gradually the center serpent will rise above the rest and spit a bolt of lightning (between one and three million volts), right through the mouth of the Cave Goddess to a Sun Ball that is suspended directly behind her. A great crash of thunder follows. Sexuality and Science. After witnessing this ceremony the seats on which the pilgrims are seated take them down

to the main hall where dancing and rejoicing goes on amidst a super multi-media environment. Actually this is much more than in the blueprint stage. Working prototypes already exist. (Some of these were on exhibition at the Wise Gallery.) Stretched the length of his studio is a 30 ft. serpent, a nine ft. serpent and 2 cave goddesses, one 5 ft. and one 3 1/2 ft. And they all work beautifully.

Len Lye also describes himself as the only western man who can create and work with primitive imagery. Again, I believe him. His advice to students is that they get a theory of their own and stick with it. "It's better to have a bad theory that's your own than a good one that belongs to someone else."

When will the Temple open?

Len's estimate is in about 50 years. I hope I live that long.



# FRENCH

# LETTER

From Paris, by Jean-Jacques Lebel

The problem, with happenings, is how to go beyond habits of perception and achieve openness. Private rituals where all realities are allowed to intrude. Here and now. I have just spent 3 weeks of my life in no man's land spinning, hallucinating, holding my breath in what the Bardo Thodol calls the Intermediate State.

It was the 3rd Festival of Free Expression: happenings, events, total theatre, a Fluxus Concert, movies, fights, exhaustion, standing sex under blue bulb in flooded dressing room, performance interrupted by fire department for security check, theatre closed after mafia manager disappeared with all the money, woman from audience climbing stage area to faint in our arms, mob awarded peyotl stars of David at entrance, stroboscopic injection of yellow and green into the mentality of let's-have-a-good-time art lover, Ben painting with his head on the floor, all sneezing in Kudo's pepper, faces bumping into meat in corridor, finger printing and cutting of pubic hair to be sent to Prefet de Police, reading of manifesto protesting police presence and odor signed by Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Breton (who lives upstairs), etc. . . , management of theatre turning out lights while Cynthia delicately inserts cucumber in her anus on mechanical bed, beautiful screeching, Egyptian Cynthia hermaphrodite nun scared by insults of mob but remote incarnation of alchemists' androgyn, Fred sucking her flash light while Jean-Claude and I bleed pailfuls of sugar cubes onto her shoulders and throne, LSD light waves burning all contours and frontiers, Gerard glueing florescent memories on woman's magazine (enigma: si elle lit, elle lit ELLE), Rene directing physical concert, guests eating diner on stage, Taylor Mead's masterpiece (film trip across Greece, Italy, France) dynamiting all realism, Denise (La Religieuse) and peace marcher being shot as hostages, one shoe being asked of every incoming zombie, Billy's machine not working but artist's pipi nevertheless distributed to audience, Zion shooting instantaneous word into one of the movie colliages, police on sidewalk beating up girl who was just watching, letter from man who wasn't able to retrieve his orghopedic shoe asking us to pay him back, New Guinea

burial ceremony, de Gaulle meets Kennedy at airport, milking sacred cow, Jackie and Mrs. de Gaulle stoop, Berlin riots in 1953, Stalin waves, fat Queen Elisabeth crawls to Westminster coronation, cardinals kiss floor in front of Pope, riots in Bogota, Gemini space walk ends with underwater shark hunt, blood covers screen, express letter from Simon Vinkenoog saying O. K., marxist professor Goldmann doesn't notice Cynthia is not a "real woman" and complains he and Clouzot were uncomfortably pressed in corner from where it was hard to see (why is it Mr. Magoo always has an excuse for not seeing, feeling?), Spoerri gets 3 heads during flashes, wire to Higgins in N. Y. not to do Fillion's transatlan-

tic telephone piece because of technical difficulty, Marianne and Barbara dive into audience, naked Sophie becomes cake iced with creme chantilly and is eaten, she then wears de Gaulle's face and becomes image of France ready for exportation (this motivated police repression and press hatred), Barry witnesses slapping of Barbara by cop, we stage silent protest around Charles Fourier statue Place Clichy, last evening in psychodrama involving volunteers who embody Prefet de Police, Andre Breton (who lives upstairs), partisans and enemies of happenings, Bob and I do Marseillaise spanking piece while elated audience sing along to hymn. What happened? Where are we?

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# VOYEU

Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

Ever since the famous legal case of the 30's, when a U. S. District Court decided that Joyce's *Ulysses* was not an "indecent" book, literary freedom has been a pretty well established fact in this country. This has not been so in Europe, where Henry Miller's work, as well as works by Kerouac, Burroughs, and Moravia (to name just a few writers) has been declared "obscene," "indecent," and/or "pornographic," on occasion. Now, word of new suppression comes from India, a country that absorbed Victorianism as a by-product of its long occupation by the British. A poet by the name of Malay Roy Choudhury has been fined the equivalent of about \$1000 for a poem called "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar" ("Stark Electric Jesus") a poem the Indian court calls "obscene."

Choudhury is one of the pioneers of a group called "The Hungry Generation" and was one of the poets who Allen Ginsberg turned on during his visit to India a few years ago. The poem itself, must be a real humdinger in the eyes of Indian officials. According to a court transcript "it starts with restless impatience of sensuous man for a woman obsessed with uncontrollable urge for sexual intercourse followed by a description of vagina, uterus, clitoris, seminal fluid, and other parts of the female body and organ, boasting of the man's innate impulse and conscious kill as to how to enjoy a woman, blaspheming God and profaning parents accusing them of homosexuality and masturbation, debasing all that is noble and beautiful in human love and relationship." It goes on to call it "hard-core pornography" and saying that it may give rise to "stinking (sic) wearisome and suffocating thoughts of a most impure and libidinous character." If censorship wasn't such a serious matter, this would be funny, but the idea of any writer being fined for his thoughts in any country of the world is too tragic and India looks absurd and stupid in the eyes of the modern world as a result of such suppression.

*Miscellaneous Masterpieces:* Carl Larsen's "The Popular Mechanics Book of Poetry" is something off the beaten path and is good for more than a few wry laughs (\$1 from Mimeo Press, 449 South Center, Bensenville, Illinois) . . . Fluxus has announced the opening of a "Fluxship" in September featuring a number of items (hundreds) by the Fluxgroup including a tactile human body (\$500), games, a partitioned suitcase full of their publications (\$150), banners, fluxshirts, a lightswitch plate complete with fingerprint. A complete catalog is available from Box 180, Canal Street Station, NYC 10013 . . . If you dig manifesti, the latest issue of *The Stolen Paper Review* is full of them, including declarations of intent and non-intent by Ginsberg, Maurice Girodias, Burroughs, Creeley, and Marshall McLuhan. The special issue is called "Astronauts of Inner Space" and is \$1.50 from 4411-17th Street, San Francisco . . . *Things*, a local little-mag, announces that the current issue is the last of the series and that they'll be publishing a new mimeo folder to be called "Hanging Loose" which will contain poems, short stories, prints, serigraphs, etc. It'll be 50 cents per issue or \$2.00 for 4 per year from R. Lourie, 80 Avenue C . . . Sheppard Sherbell assures all and sundry that the next issue of *East Side Review* will be out presently and will feature photos of glamorpusses and a special section spoofing fashion ads . . . if you want to keep up on the world poetry scene, there's a new English publication called *Modern Poetry in Translation* that ranges here/there/everywhere. The first issue features Yehuda Amichai (Israel), Mirsoslav Helub (Czechoslovakia), and Andrei Voznesensky (Russia) among



## THEATRE

by Jerry Benjamin

**VIET ROCK** by MEGAN TERRY presented by THE OPEN THEATRE AT LA MAMA E. T. C. directed by PETER FELDMAN, JOSEPH CHAIKIN, & MEGAN TERRY

Plays open for limited runs off-off-Bway, They close b/4 y can get to see them sometimes. Two of the plays I'm talking about have already closed. That's one of the disadvantages that confronts a bi-weekly like EVO, the play may have closed b/4 its comment appears. It's doubly difficult when a play like Viet Rock appears. I want to urge y to see it.

The Open Theatre has been in existence fr over two years. This play indicates how much they've achieved. A well-knit ensemble of actors working closely w/new writers towards a unified new/kinda concept of theatre. W/no set/no costumes (well all the men wore workmanblue)/no props: a company of sixteen actors/a pianist/a sountape gave us theatre magic! The play isn't in the dialogue, it's ONTHESTAGE in the occurrence of the ensemble's vivid images. There isn't much in the United States' involvement in Viet Nam that this spectator wishes to laugh at. I approached the evening's fare w/some trepidation. I remained to find myself laughing at times, more often appalled. The hypocrisy of the United States position was brilliantly underscored. The production cld be described as kinetic-quick scenes/simultaneous occurrences/precise vivid movements. Beginning & ending w/a folk-rock song, the play traces the induction training & shipment to Viet Nam of a group (all) of soldiers. Congressional committees/the bars & girls of Viet Nam/training South Vietnamese troops who turn outto be Viet-Cong & kill their teachers/a delightful Hanoi Hannah & more! My compliments to the directors & THE OPEN THEATRE ensemble. It's impossible to single out any of the individuals in my comments. I don't know who played what; the program didn't tell. Suffice it to say, well done! It's good to see a group of actors dealing w/the play. In New York, one too often sees actors re-enforcing their egos at the sacrifice of the play. I'm so tired of the emotional diarrhea which is so often presented in the name of freedom. Inspecting ones navel is not acting freedom. It's the worst rigidity of all. The theatre has been stifled fr too long w/one style—the Stanislavski canon. After all, he was only trying to clarify his own acting problems. If THE OPEN THEATRE did not achieve a break-thru, it certainly indicated that work is finally being done fr the theatre & the playwright, rather than fr personal ego aggrandizement.

others. I get a laugh out of Voznesensky's poem "Strip Tease" (. . . The saxophone blows in Apocalyptic gusts./ I curse the scale of you, O Universe, Martian radiance on the bridges, Worshipping and wondering, I curse,/ The woman ripples to the jazz dance./ 'Are you American?' I'll ask her like an idiot . . . Oy vey, why do all our visitors end up in strip-joints and Automats . . . anyway, this is National Stamp Out Shades Week, please give your old sunshades to a friendly neighborhood painter so he can rest his eyes. Seeya.

**DAMES AT SEA OR GOLDDIGGERS A-FLOAT** by GEORGE HAIMSOHN & ROBIN MILLER, music by JAMES WISE, presented at the CAFFE CINO MAY 24-29, direction by ROBERT DAHDAH, choreography by DON PRICE

Busby Berkeley's GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 was recently revived, & now this tepid parody. DAMES AT SEA wasn't much fun, GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1933 was. At the CINO, everybody broke into song at the slightest opportunity, true to the Hollywood tradition. None of the songs tried to hide or add to their original inspiration, but merely rewrote lyrics so THE MAN I LOVE became THAT MISTER OF MINE, etc. The cast of six were moved about the playing area capably enough—they didn't bump into each other or congeal into awkward groupings. So what? Somebody must've heard that black & white are in this year; because this gay parody was costumed solely that way. David Christmas, the leading man, acted capably. J.P. Dodd's lighting helped, but all the rest seemed strained. While watching it, I kept wondering what there was to say about it, & thought of Albert Fine and a happening he performed in the Automat some years ago. Y can all try it, if y're desparate fr entertainment. Stand at the coffee dispenser; deposit the necessary coins, w/out placing a cup under the spout; turn the handle, & watch. Albert recently reported to me, it's lots more fun w/popcorn machines.

Oh yeah, THE FUGS are now previewing at the Players Theatre. Catch a preview. Town Hall coming up. More later.

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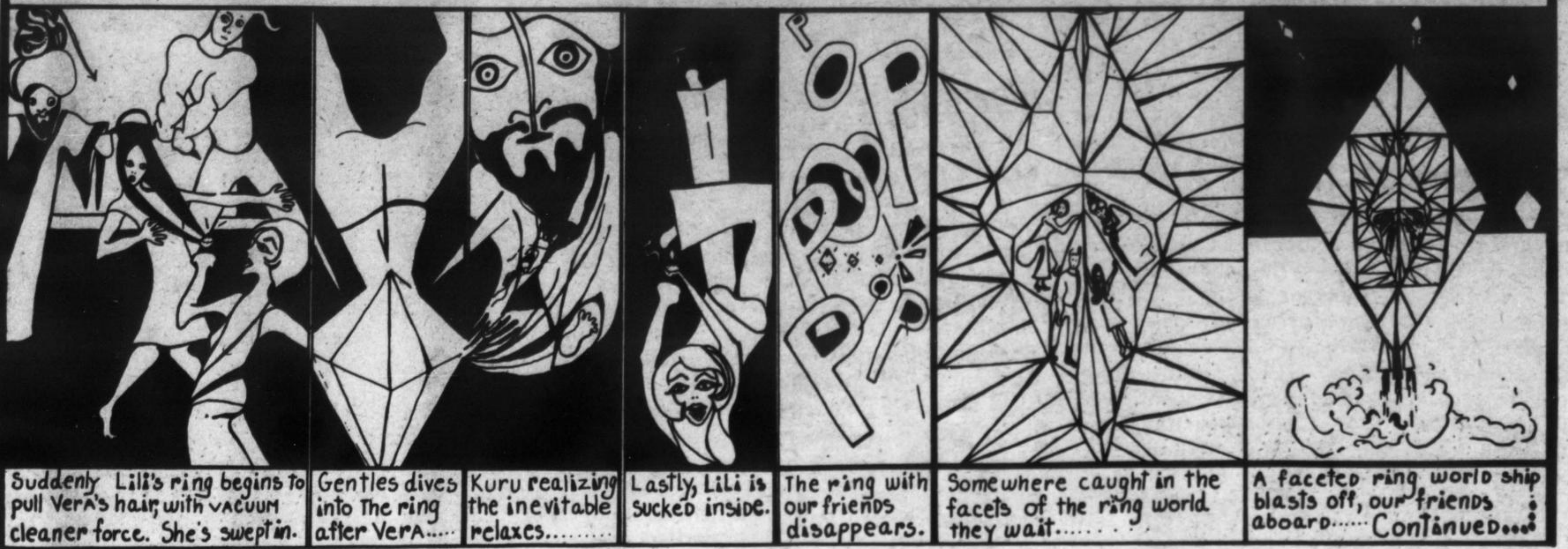
WED. & THURS.

7:30 P.M.

**BATMAN**

at the ANNEX

# Gentles Trip Out



Suddenly Lili's ring begins to pull Vera's hair, with vacuum cleaner force. She's swept in. Gentles dives into the ring after Vera... Kuru realizing the inevitable relaxs..... Lastly, Lili is sucked inside. The ring with our friends disappears. Somewhere caught in the facets of the ring world they wait..... A faceted ring world ship blasts off, our friends aboard..... **Continued...**

## POOR DEFEATED IN ELECTIONS

continued from page 1

St. and from Broadway to Avenue B, was minimal. Less than 400 residents out of an eligible 10,000 people turned out to vote. The voting turnout in all other Areas ran in about the same pattern as Area #1.

Registration began at 3 P.M. and lasted till 4. Voting was open to all residents of the area over 18 regardless of income. However, candidates for nomination had to be residents of the voting area, at least 20 and had to have a combined family income of not more than \$6000 a year. The number of nominations were limited only by time and nomination speeches were not allowed.

At 4:15 Louis Young of the American Arbitration Association opened the floor for nominations. John K. Hawes, one of the nominated was identified as Reverend, after it was forbidden that occupations should be named.

At 6 P.M., all registration and nominations ceased. Voting began at six and ended at eight.

David Lacov, one of the candidates on the East Village Neighborhood Artists Committee expressed disappointment at the results. "The small turnout was due to a lack of information about the election. Many didn't know it took place. We were strapped by a lack of time and a lack of funds to organize participation." Paul Plummer, another member of the committee, added that, "two weeks before the election Mr. Lacov and myself attended an open meeting of the steering committee for Zone 1 and found that the election was a week away. Since the community would obviously not have time to organize a platform of candidates to oppose groups with more immediate access to information, we protested and formed with John Jackson, Allan Katzman and Bart Gerald the East Village Neighborhood Artists Committee, whose first purpose was to stop the elections until the unorganized poor of the neighborhood had the opportunity to organize."

John Jackson further added that, "knowing the effort to enjoin the election before it was held might fail, we also ran as candidates, feeling that the artist could represent Village as well as all the silently impoverished as well as all the silently impoverished poor, stressing the unity of the community instead of its ethnic and religious divisions."

The artists slate came in 70 votes behind the Catholic slate. The other candidates for election received twenty to thirty votes in an electorate of less than four hundred. "The poor were not truly represented on their own," stated Bart Gerald, fourth mem-

ber of the artist's committee, "and in as much as their interests were represented they found no voice at all."

Floyd Feldman, lawyer for the Artist's Committee expressed dismay at his failure to get an injunction before the election took place. "We tried everything but the weekend interfered with our getting a Supreme Court judge to sign the injunction. By the time I got down to City Hall all the judges had fled for the weekend."

"We did finally pressure Sidney Gardiner though, the executive director of the New York City Council Against Poverty, to call a special meeting of this committee to postpone the elections on Sunday but because of the weekend he couldn't get a quorum."

The results of the election spurred the newly organized Artists Committee to push for an injunction. In other areas such as Zone #2 Ed Bedford, editor of the newspaper What's Happening and Sam Peskin of LEAP, have formed a committee to fight the results of the election in their area. Ezra Birbaum of Mobilization for Youth, the organization which acts as public relations for the anti-poverty elections, stated that: "some people at Mobilization were upset over the election results and are planning to protest."

On June 7 the artists committee served an injunction on Father Violenus, head of the eight zone steering committee, ordering him to show cause why the anti-poverty elections shouldn't be nullified. Paul Plummer who is the originator of the injunction explained it this way, "It orders Father Violenus to explain why the majority of poor people were not informed of the anti-poverty elections. Why in an area such as Zone #1 where there were an estimated 10,000 eligible voters, there was only one polling place which could accommodate 500 people and only one hour allotted to register all of them? Why, if this is an election of the poor, there was no income ceiling on the people who can vote? Why, if the purpose of the election is supposed to be the chance for the poor to get themselves represented, the family income for the candidates is set at \$6000 regardless of the number of children when the federal guide lines say the poverty line is \$4000 for a family of four? Why a priest was allowed to run for political election, yes political election because any election which concerns the power of the purse is political, when in this country he should know there election because any election which concerns the power of the purse is political, when in this country he should know there has always been a definite separation between Church and State?"

Allan Katzman, the last member of the artists committee summed up the election this way - "It is not so much that there was deception or fraud on the part of the steering committee or the Church but rather that the anti-poverty program was meant for the hidden, the silent poor. The real poor are smug in their decay. They are the majority of poor people who are unorganized. They are not the respectable poor like the Church who are caught up in the establishment. They have no sanctuary. They are not only poor through inheritance, incident or accident but also through accusation. They are the poor who can not implement change because they are too busy being poor. The Church is too immersed in the bureaucracy to help them. This incident between the Church and the Artist has helped to organize the majority of artists in this community. We are no longer loners. We should be given the chance to help the poor because we are not bound to an established order strangled by its own red tape but rather to our conscience. I really believe that the artist can help the majority of poor people break the bureaucratic chains which bind them to their poverty."

GARRICK

June 16th - 19th  
"Mr Hulet's Holiday" &  
"Mon Uncle"

June 20 - 21st  
"The White Sheik" &  
"The Lavendar Hill Mob"

June 22  
"The Marriage of Figaro" &  
"The Would Be Gentleman"

June 23-25  
"Tom Jones" &  
"The Inspector General"

June 26 - 28  
"Breakfast at Tiffany's" &  
"Roman Holiday"

June 29 - 30  
"A Woman is a Woman" &  
"Sweet & Sour"

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## STUFF

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## PADS

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## DEALS

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Young businessman (kind of square, but not as bad as most), 28, desires attractive, bright girl to share his apartment on East 57th St. I'll pay all expenses—which is only fair considering sacrifice inherent in re-locating uptown. Write Box HLS, c/o EVO

ATTENTION PARENTS—free bus trip to Boys Club Camp. Harriman. Wednesday, June 22 at 8:30 AM. Call George Games director at GR7-8177 and make reservations

Need ride to San Francisco (or thereabouts). Will share all expenses. Call Jim, 673-2193. Want to leave late June/early July.



Arms of New York.

## LEARN

School of the Great Fear: Classes in the history of the collisions of the planets and the problem of preventing collisions in the future. Write: Earth Company, 237 E. 5th St., NYC, NY

## WEIRD

A rhyme lord seeks the sacred whereabouts of erato to divide a domicile divinity—A resume revealing capacity for celestial cradles or a digital link are both functional. One prerequisite appetite for immortal Ludwig—Carl Pollack, 513 E. 5th St. YU2-4471

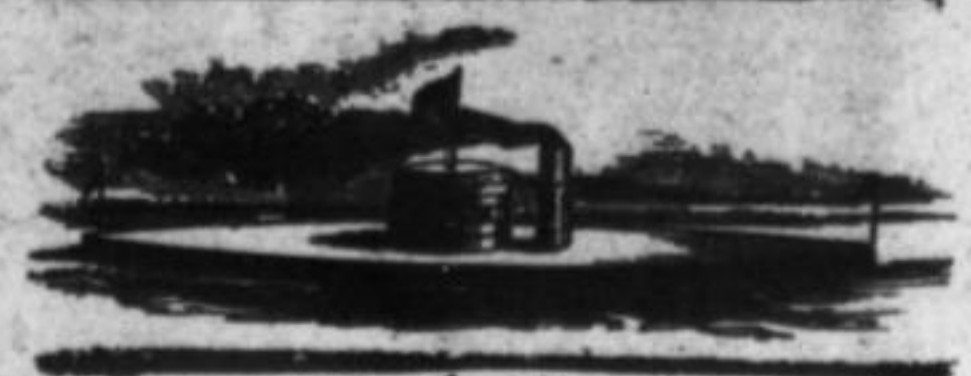


Punches.

"If you want to live high—get high." Neal Cassidy.

## BOOKS

Record reviewer needs old 45's from Chess, Checker, Argo, etc. Need John Lee Hooker, Buddy Guy, Lowell Fulson, Little Walter, Little Willie John, & Bell Barth. Thank you. Jim Brody, c/o EVO. If beautiful, young, trembling thing—come in person.

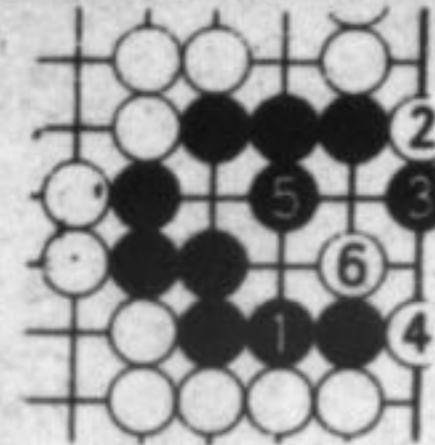


CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS.

WILL YOU BE IN PARIS JULY 4? American residents and students in Paris will demonstrate for peace in Vietnam at the American Embassy on Independence Day. Volunteer help needed. Call FON 97-46 or write ADICKES, 79 Avenue de Segur, Paris 7e

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# WHERE IT'S AT



THIS CALENDAR WAS COMPILED BY THE EAST SIDE BOOKSTORE AND SLUG-GODDESS, E. BABITZ. PLEASE SEND ALL NOTICES TO EVO, 147 Avenue A, NYC, 10009 or to EASTSIDE BOOKSTORE, 17 St. Marks Pl., NYC.

June International Parachute-jumping Contest. Mlada Boleslav, Czechoslovakia.

June 19th federal and international competition for hunting horns (true), and presentation of packs of hounds (also true).

June to October 15 Redin Museum: third international exhibition of works by contemporary sculptors.

Continuing Event "The Kitchen" a play by Arnold Wesker at new 81st St. Theatre. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., & Sun. Performances 8:30.

June 10-26 Strasbourg Music Festival, Strasbourg, France

June 15 3 PM. Happening. Dimension Gallery. 95 St. Marks Pl.

June 15 & 16 A Bridge Benefit. 8:30 \$2.50 Beverly Schmidt, Aldo Tambellini, Lawrence Cook, Yvonne Rainer, Sally Gross, Garry Gross, Gretchen MacLone. Call: 67314600 for information.

June 15-21 "Vacuous Vicinity" by George Kling; "Fleming Faloon" by George Landow; "Interwoven" by Mark Sadan; & "Adams Film" by Lawrence Janiak. The Bridge Theater 673-4600 for information

June 16-19 17th Annual West. Va. Stage Fold Festival, folk music, drama, square and folk dancing. Old time fiddler's contest. Fri. Glenville, W. Virginia.

June 17 Outdoor Water Festival, Phom The, Cambodia. Knowledgeable tourists wear plastic raincoats as protection against exhibitionistic urinators.

June 17-18 Dick Gregory at Village Gate.

June 17-23 James Brown. Regal Theater, Chicago, Ill.

June 18 & 19 Le Mans 24-hour international automobile race. Le Mans, France.

June 18 to July 9 Festival of chamber music & horse show. Divonne-Lesbains. France

June 19th 12th Annual Picnic, Camp Midvale, Wanaque, N.J. Amer. Comm. for Protection of Foreign Born. Delicious National Foods, relaxing under the trees, swimming, singing, dancing, sports, games, entertainment. Enjoyment for young & old alike. Admission: \$1.00 (children under 12 free) Further info: OR 4-5058

June 20 Hullabaloo, NBC-TV. Leslie Uggams, the McCoy's, Barry McGuire, the Shangri-Las, Peter & Gordon.

June 21 10th Annual Foam Rubber Sculpture Exhibition, Akron, Ohio.

June 21-22 A concert of dances by Toby Armour and Marian Sarak in Meeting Room, Judson Dance Theater. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. So.

June 21-28 THE PLATTERS. Ferring Lounge, Baltimore, Md.

June 21-29 Third International Television Festival. Prague, Czechoslovakia.

June 22 Festival of Lillies. Picturesque procession through the streets of eight "machines", 80-100 ft high and weighing about five tons. They are decorated with painting and there are niches for statues of saints. Nola, Napoli, Italia

June 22-28 "Mint Tea" by Pierre Kafian; "Rinon" by Jose Rodriguez-Soltero; "Peche de Nuit" by Luc Piere, Tjerk Wickey & Henri Chopin. Bridge Theater. Call: 673-4600 for information

June 22—Aug 15 Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. Goldman Band in Central, Prospect, & East River Park.

June 22—Sept 5 NAKIAN. A major retrospective of almost 150 works by a leading American abstract sculptor. Museum of Modern Art.

June 23 John Wilcock arrives in Bulgaria for 2 weeks (c/o K.L.M. office, Sofia)

June 23 The Temptations. White Plains.

June 23 Jazz in the Garden at Museum of Modern Art. 10 Promenade Concerts, Thursday evenings from 8:30 to 9:30.

June 24 Dave Clark 5. Honolulu, Hawaii

June 24 THE YOUNG RASCALS. Huntington, L.I., NY

June 25 "The Devil is a Woman" Directed by Joseph von Sternberg. Stars: Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill & Cesar Romero. Adapted for screen by John Dos Passos. Plus "Sublimatio" by Dennis Morgan Plus: Dick Tracy—Chapt. 2. Cinema theater, Hollywood, Calif.

June 25 Greyhound Derby, White City, London.

June 26 "Singing on the Mountain," Grandfather Mountain, N.C.

June 25-26 Internation Folklore Festival of Straznic. Straznic, Czechoslovakia.

June 26 Lee Harwood, Editor of Tzarad, England's Surreal Poetry Magazine, reads at Folklore Center in West Village.

June 27 STAN GETZ. Lambertville, N.J.

June 28—Aug. 21 THE OBJECT TRANSFORMED. Utilitarian objects stripped of their usefulness through a transformation are rediscovered by the designer as a work of art. Museum of Modern Art.

June 29—July 4 International Freedom Festival, Detroit, Mich.

June 29—Sept 5 Abrams Family Collection, at the Jewish Museum, 1109 5th Ave. Chagall, Picasso, Monet, Tinguely, Rivers, Segal, Marison, Warhol, Stella, Lukin, Oldenberg, Lichtenstein, and many more.

June 3—July 4 9th Annual Berkeley Folk Music Festival. Artists include Seeger, Hinton, Ochs, others. Festival includes concerts, panels, workshops, films, cabarets, campfire sings, children's programs, etc. Information: A.S.U.C.

June 30—July 10 ENGLISH BACH FESTIVAL, Oxford, England

June 30—July 23 "A Festival of Stravinsky—His Heritage and His Legacy." N.Y. Philharmonic at Philharmonic Hall.

July 22 Cheyenne, Wyoming Shakespeare Festival. "Hamlet" on horseback.

July 30 Running of the bulls in Pampalona Running of the flags in Sienna Running of the rats in Harlem

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