

# Is there a greater war story than this?

# THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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## Artists Peace Tower

EVO EXCLUSIVE  
by John Wilcox

LOS ANGELES—A thirty-three foot sculptural tower was erected in Los Angeles February 26. A collage of the work of hundreds of artists, the tower stands as a twenty-four-hour-a-day protest against the war in Viet Nam.

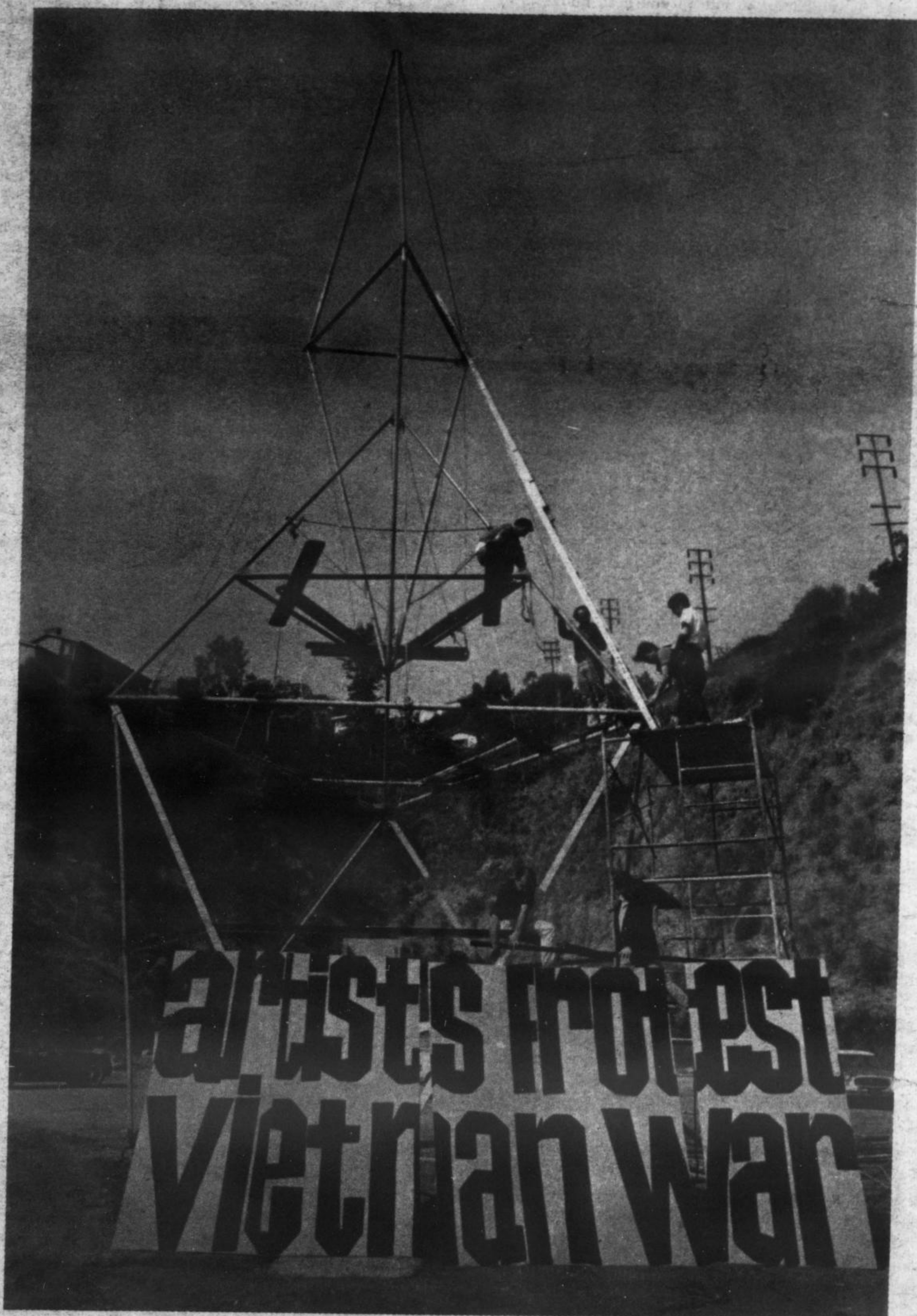
First dreamed up by UCLA art professor Irving Petlin, the project soon enlisted support from most of his fellow faculty members, a score of local artists and then painters and sculptors from all over the world who responded to an invitation to submit works. Among early promises were those from Alan D'Arcangelo, Elaine De Kooning, Matta, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Motherwell, George Segal, Frank O'Hara, Ad Reinhardt, Larry Rivers, James Rosenquist, Mark Rothko and Frank Stella. The overall director, red-bearded NY sculptor Mark di Suvero.

The project encountered opposition from the start. Owner of the unused site, last rented out to people selling Xmas trees, had second thoughts about the tower after signing the lease and vowed, in a local TV interview, that he'd tear it down as soon as the lease expired at the end of the month. Then the belligerent motorcycle Hells Angels' Type, who hang around at an outdoor cafe a few blocks down the Strip, started looking for trouble. They'd wander over, sometimes in ones and twos, occasionally in larger groups and shout jeers from the other side of the waist-high fence that separated the lot from the sidewalk. They rarely did anything more overt than heckle but for two or three nights in a row sections of the fence, and sometimes the sign: "Artists Protest Vietnam War" were torn down.

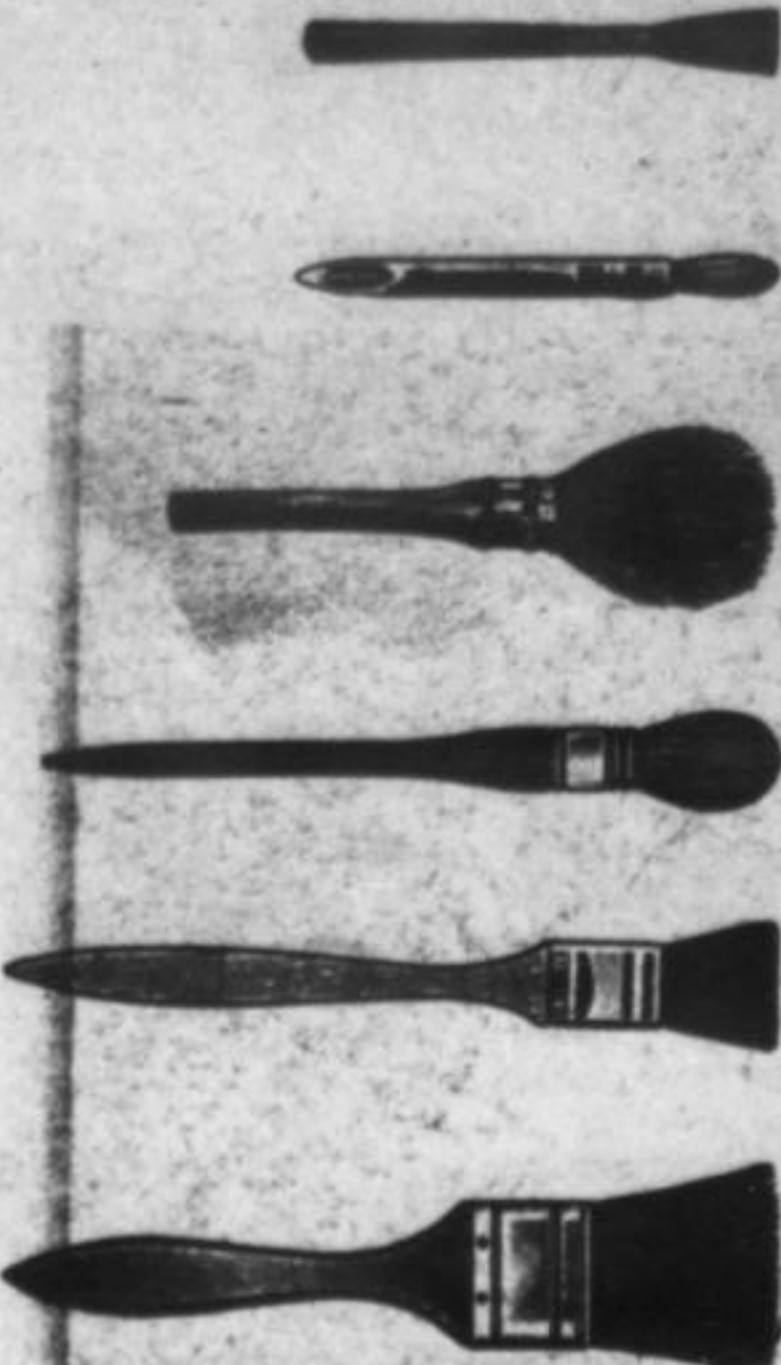
In the early stages the artists were content to extract all the publicity possible by allowing the sign to be demolished and painstakingly rebuilding it every morning, but in the final week, after a lesson in non-violent resistance from the local CNVA chapter, the group devised a plan to counter any attack. Twenty-four hours a day a truck parked beside the tower was in touch with committee headquarters—a furnished apartment whose bathroom window overlooked the site—via citizens' band radio. A telephone call from this apartment could bring a police squad car to the scene in six minutes—during which time the intruders, hopefully, could be reasoned with.

Exactly one week before opening day, on Saturday Feb. 20, the artists group held a benefit party in the studio of one of the sculptors: \$2 a head, live rock and roll, pretty chicks and plenty of booze. If the hecklers had known what a blast it was they'd have been there, ideological differences or not. At any rate, just as the party was ending a call

Cont'd. page 13



The 33 foot skeleton of L.A. Peace Tower which finally reached the height of 65 feet. Hundreds of art works, submitted by artists all over the world, were later hung across the finished structure. N.Y. artists such as Larry Rivers, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Motherwell, George Segal and Mark DiSuvero contributed their work.



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# Other Editorial

## "The Media Is The Message"

In many cities, newspapers, radio and tv stations are owned by the same management. More and more the control of public media has been centralized. In Norfolk Va., the morning paper, the evening paper, a leading radio and tv station are in the hands of the same interest. In a city like San Francisco, a number of newspapers have been sold to monopolistic holdings. The federal government, a very wealthy organization, spends millions each year through its American Advertising Council, an official government propaganda machine, to bring the word to the public. The Johnsons themselves own several public communication companies and the F. C. C. requires all radio and tv to donate free time to public service messages such as "Join the Army" and "Buy U.S. Saving Bonds."

"The media is the message," is an apt summation of: whoever controls the communications system in this country, controls the American consciousness. The oligarchic squeeze is on. Information passed through the hands of I. B. M. executives and corporate structures is distilled news devoid of morality. The need for the passing of spiritual information is a must. Hence EVO, the Ikonik newspaper with built-in realization of the absurd.

A.K.

## "Get Thee Behind Me Satin"

### SATAN

The Church's recent interference with the power of the State concerning the change of divorce laws in New York State, has once more revealed her as a medieval institution. Even EVO has felt her whiplash when one of our advertisers was recently forced to withdraw an ad because a representative of the church felt we used objectionable language in our last issue. (See Letters to the Editor.)

EVO can only remind Mother Church that she has been condemned as the Devil by her own Creator. Christ's death was one of Scandal and Tregedy which rocked the moral foundations of the world. His teachings beheld the fact that man must change, take the sins of the world upon him, die for those sins, and be resurrected in purity, a Doctrine of upheaval and revolution which in practice the Church has flouted in many of her dealings with mankind. We can only answer as Christ answered Peter whom he had just established as the Church and revealed to him His Father's plan of death and resurrection. Peter implored "No Lord, do not think it so." EVO answers, "Get thee behind me Satan, thou art an offense to me, for you do not want the things that are of God but those that are of men."

-A.K.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear and Most Esteemed Mr. Bowart  
and Members of The Board.

Greetings:  
Prince Robert de Rohan Courtenay has asked me to thank "The East Village Other" for its noble and courageous decision to endorse His Serene Highness' Upcoming Patorealistic Coronation as "First American Emperor of The Byzantine Eastern Roman Empire." Hail! To all of you of the Upbeat Press. Thanks to "The East Village Other" more and more of today's youth are turning away from *The Times*, "All Schmalz that it is fit to Print."

As to journalistic integrity and the revered American money credo upon which the "Payola Culture" was founded I am happy to inform you that, unlike most of our loyal tax-evading, self-endowing philanthropists, the Prince gives until it hurts. And believe me it seldom hurts.

Since we are on financial matters, I may as well tell you that H.L.H. is directly related to one of the first Imperial clans ever to engage in the business of exporting a priceless commodity trade named "Christian Freedom." In those days "Freedom" was exported and sold through "Religious, Soul-saving, and Skull-cracking Great Societies." This took place way back, long before we started to import slaves to our own brand of "Freedom." Our freedom, as everybody is told, comes wrapped in gold and it is a superior product tailored to fit our "cosmic asininity." An American Prince with such ancestral background could pitch our freedom even among the old-fashioned Bolsheviks.

Yes, I know. If you dare to publish this confidential note your readers will say, "Who the Hell is Prince Robert?... and who gives a damn?" To assure them that Prince Robert is real as a Prince or anything else can be real I here enclose his bio taken from "Who Was Who in Byzantium."

"Prince Robert de Rohan Courtenay, the only first child of Prince Childe-Robert de Rohan Courtenay. Mother: Princess Ethel D' Hartcourt. This princely child was born to the royal couple in an animal-ridden, insect-free, white-washed stable situated on the lower banks of the Cimarron River, Logan County, Oklahoma, in the year 1886. Historians report that while the newly born imperial sibling was being bathed a fifty-foot-longtailed *Ho OO* cock (Le Coq Phenix Argente) flew into the stable, perched himself on a rafter and started to crow: "Ho say can you see through the dawns early lights..."

Tracing Prince Robert's ancestors through thousands of years of ruling Trivia we meet Michael II, Emperor of the Byzantines, founder of the Amorican Dynasty, and grandfather of Michael III, better known as "Mike the Drunkard." It is from Mike's side that Prince Robert emerges as the "Sole Legitimate Heir to the Byzantine Eastern Roman Empire." Amen. As a warning to cynics and other upbeaters let me add these words:

Let no man mistakenly seek to minimize the true importance of these most unusual facts... for of such strange factors as these history is not infrequently wrought!

Signed  
Gilda Byzantine Titular  
Grand Duchess of Alexandria.

In fairness to my Prince let me assure the "powers to be" that, like all loyal Americans, Prince Robert loves the "Gadgetorial" way of life. And calmly hopes for the day when the nation shall be turned into a chromium-plated "Gadgetorium" with 300 millions of loyal robots rock-rolling all over the place.

To hasten this glorious day Prince Robert's Imperial platform embodies these three major propositions:

- A) The erecting of a "Federal Freedom Computer" capable to give to the people a categorical, imperative, clear and impartial interpretation of our Constitution.
- B) An all-night Stock Market with a "Monte Carlo dig," and free Can-Can shows for bad losers.
- C) An Electronified Supreme Court run by nine pre-programmed robots, appointed by the President and approved by the I.B.M. Electronic Division. Simple enough, as you see! "It cannot be done," you say? Well, according to the Institute of Advanced Sciences, "We have the know-how, the facilities and the spirit to do it. All that is needed are enough voting robots."

Wishing you all a speedy realization of your noble desires and schemes I remain  
Serenely yours,  
Lord Harry Rosti  
Grand Maitre De La Court  
To His Imperial Highness  
Crown Prince Robert de Rohan Courtenay.

Lower East Side Funk  
Salvador Dali was thrown out of a local polish owned discoteque for making Faena passes with a red table cloth.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,  
I'd like to (politely, to be sure—I don't eat enough carrots to withstand an extended blackout) point out a flaw in the view expressed by Mr. Con Edison in your letters column of February 15.

Mr. Edison threatens termination of your service unless your remittance is received, yet, at the same time, apologizes for the injury to be done you. He clearly recognizes the harm, but apparently feels that an "I'm sorry" is moral atonement. Mr. Edison's frail personal morality seems to rest on an even frailer doctrinal philosophy known as "base, money-grubbing acquisitiveness" or "money" for short.

"Money" is a philosophy akin to disease—contagious disease. One is lured into it as a child by those already addicted who give nickels and dimes for candy or for the piggy bank. Once implanted, the lust is progressive and leads to shaking down classmates for their milk-money, knocking over paperboys, and worse. Insatiable, "money" creates an increased demand for itself.

The cure for "money" is abstinence—enforced if necessary. After the initial period of withdrawal is over, the patient comprehends the disease and reaches a consistent moral position.

The present ambiguity of Mr. Edison's position will undoubtedly be rectified after treatment. Meanwhile, we may all help Mr. Edison break the habit by refraining from giving him that which enslaves him. Returning his requests with notes of encouragement ("Keep a stiff upper lip, Con, we're with you.") may help.

Thomas P. Martin, Jr.  
Lower East Side

Dear Sirs:

In regard to your notice in the November issue of the East Village Other for the formation of A Lower East Side Council.

If you have formed such a group, and are seriously interested in improving conditions on the East Side, and are action minded, rather than theory minded, please consider the following...

The United Development Associated Foundation has a formal application for \$6,090,000, as a demonstration and redevelopment grant under the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 pending in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and in the Office of Economic Opportunity. Our Application Number is 154.

As we do not meet the specific criteria of acknowledged support of a group from an indigenously stricken poverty area, that sum of six million odd dollars goes unclaimed.

We have been proffered best wishes by such diverse public figures as the late Adlai Stevenson, David Rockefeller, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., Senator Jacob Javits, Mayor John Lindsay... but strangely enough the Negro community, with the exception of Mrs. Constance Baker Motley, has remained indifferent, due to a power paralysis among its leadership.

Are you willing and prepared to demonstrate for Project A.W.-1 in front of City Hall?

Gilbert A. Barkus  
Executive Director

P.S. Formal review of our Application No. 154 awaits your response.

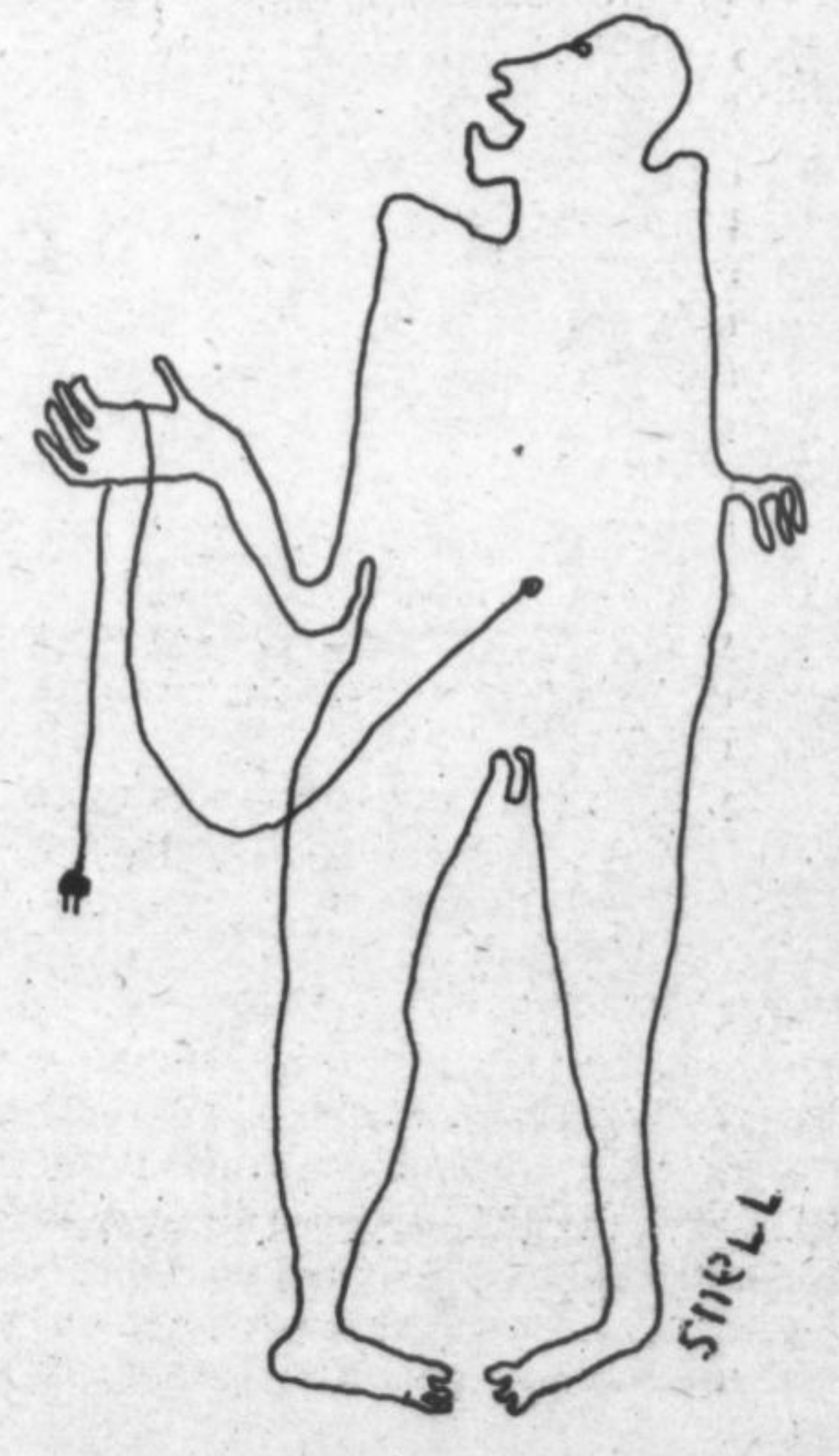
Gentlemen:

I regret that I must ask you to discontinue my ad in your paper.

The pastor of St. Cyril's Church, in whose premises my school is presently located informed me that some of his parishioners called his attention to the fact that I advertised in a paper which printed objectionable language.

I obviously cannot afford to lose the good will of Father Rogan or his parishioners, nor jeopardize the reputation of my school in the community as a whole, by continuing to advertise in a paper that is indiscriminate in the use of its language. I cannot, of course, undertake to tell you how to run your paper. But when I agreed to run a series of ads in the paper I had no idea that its columns would contain words of the sort that I found in your last issue. Under the circumstances, I have no alternative but to terminate the agreement.

Sincerely yours,  
Michael Carver  
The Michael Carver School of Art



# "RACIAL PREJUDICE" CACKLES CORNPONE

by Allan Katzman

President Johnson (the Pop-Art human with spurs and six guns riding out of the West) has struck again. In a shrewd tactical move aimed at discrediting the recent merger of the Peace Movement with Civil Rights Action, Johnson charged his Viet Nam policy critics with trying to set a "double standard" for freedom that puts a higher value on white Europeans than on dark-skinned Asians.

The President aimed his remarks at Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, J. William Fulbright (D-Ark.), and some other critics who have argued that South Viet Nam is not as vital to American interests as Europe. He stated that, "We cannot hold freedom less dear in Asia than in Europe or be less willing to sacrifice for men whose skins just happen to be a different color."

He insisted that the Viet Cong hope to win the war by terror. "If these tactics prevail in South Viet Nam," he warned, "they will prevail elsewhere. People who hate war ought not to ignore this strategy of terror." He further said, "It must not succeed."

The President (the tumbleweed juggler of the mesa) then deftly shifted the topic to his newly-proposed budget of \$10 million to aid education in the U.S., which is in contrast to 1960, when, he said, the federal government was spending only a third as much.

Mr. Johnson, six-guns blazing, and one foot in the stirrup, then mounted his trusty jet white steed and flew back to Washington, leaving his fellow Atlantic citizens to mark the day Feb. 16, 1966 when Jesse James rode again.

## DALI WITH PATAREALISM



Walter Bredel Photo

**SALVADOR DALI** points the way of all horizontal mistakes as **EVO** editor **Bowart** hastily scrawls to keep pace. "I have found the sound of one hand clapping," Dali said. "It's the sound of the helicopters landing on the Pan Am Building."

### EVO EXCLUSIVE

by Walter Bowart

In the dining room of the St. Regis Hotel members of the underground press, and admirers gathered around Salvador Dali, ostensibly to hear him talk about his recent happening at Philharmonic Hall. Being Dali, he ranged far afield discussing subjects from foreign policy and mysticism to submarines.

Rolling his eyes, and screwing up his erect mustache he spewed with a Spanish accent, "The War in Viet Nam is anecdotal. All politics is anecdotal. But I'm very optimistic. In five or six years, all Europe will again become monarchic.

"It will start in Spain... then Russia... there will be a great movement for unity, and the only way to have a unified Europe is through monarchy. Science has proved the validity of monarchy.

"All my life is a happening. Bullfights, helicopters, my favorite happenings, occur in a vertical, mystical way. Both the submarine and the helicopter are symbols of the deep subconscious. The submarine sinks to the bottom of the sea, but the helicopter rises vertically to the sky with no interruptions of any kind. New York is vertical and Spain is vertical. Everything is vertical—especially the *helicopters* inside of this city.

"There are many people who are sorry that Dali has happenings, and dresses in gold,

and makes this kind of exhibitionism. It is true, I am very exhibitionistic, and make repeatedly very funny scenes.

"Charlie Chaplin is a prominent comic. One must respect him, because he is tremendously talented. Even the King of England received Charlie Chaplin.

"But Charlie Chaplin is *also* engaged in other activities. He once exhibited three hundred paintings he had done in 1924. They were very good.

"Charlie Chaplin is a marvelous comedian, and since I paint very well, it's much better.

The same for Dali. You see, Dali has a talent to make good paintings. But my personality becomes more permanent in comics. Because of this happening my personality improved. Instantaneously!

"No. We don't know what's happening. Tremendous quantity of contradictions, paradoxical conflicts, painting, music, concoctions, completely unexpected conflicts between people and music, things collapsing. It's all completely unexpected.

"Narciso Monturiol is the inventor of the submarine. He was one of the first Communists ever to be in Spain. Very highly thought of in Russia.

"Juan Socierba invented the helicopter, the symbol of his time.

"Dali invented Happenings."



# OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

The black hairy gorilla (whose last role was a party for King Kong) led the first assault wave that hit the Esquire building at 10:23 a.m. on February 15. With him were three models in Courreges boots, Happenings artist Alan Hanson and Joyce Grelle herself with cowboy hat and tinted shades. At Cinematheque three days before Joyce had confided: "I'm staging this thing at Esquire on Tuesday morning; we're going to storm the office with a mob of people and just mill around."

By 10:45 a.m. the crowd was blocking the sidewalk outside 488 Mad Ave, and Joyce gave the signal to go upstairs. Must have been nearly a hundred people in the magazine's oak-paneled fourth floor reception lobby. A wailing saxophone, bongo drums, guitar, kept the mood jolly as the crowd spilled over into the barren corridors leading to the ladies' toilet and the mail room. Betty Thompson, in sparkling gold suit, assembled her giant jigsaw on the rubber-tiled floor; Dick Higgins, hands cupped, made piercing Tarzan screams; Paul Krassmer scribbled away on a yellow notepad; Maris Cakarlis and Tuli Kuperberg dispensed antiwar propaganda; the inevitable movie camera whirred away.

It soon became apparent that far from taking journalistic advantage of this manifestation of the avant garde—an individually-tailored Happening on one's own doorstep—*Esquire* (whose "avowed intention," writes publisher Gingrich in the February issue, is "to keep saying 'pertinent things in a fresh and original manner'") was in a panic. Management ordered the inside doors of the reception room locked to prevent further penetration of the objective. Frantic calls went to the 17th precinct for help. Soon five police cars, double parked outside on Mad Ave, were causing a jam of spectators in the 50th Street block.

"Who're the celebrities?" asked a passing Roto Rooter salesman.

"There's a riot up at Esquire. Indignant subscribers set fire to the office."

A young artist, with briefcase, stood on the corner looking disconsolate. "Had an appointment up there for a job," he said. "Police wouldn't let me in. Said their orders were to dispense all demonstrators. Who's demonstrating?"

A sixth patrol car, siren blaring and light flashing, screeched around the corner onto Madison. The elevators, lobby, sidewalk were jammed with fuzz. Gradually the crowd dispersed, Joyce and friends went to the Horn & Hardart.

"For God's sake," somebody said. "Can't Esquire take a joke?"

Lockheed Aircraft Corp., out on Long Island, just finished a year of work (and about a million bucks) putting seat belts into the Johns on presidential airplanes.... "Scientists at Princeton University have succeeded in synthesizing the active component in marijuana" (*Insiders Newsletter*).... Why doesn't somebody market an invisible ink with which you can draw or write on the shells of eggs so that when the egg is boiled the picture of inscription is indelibly printed on the white inside?.... Sociologist S. H. Loe is preparing a book on "the use of psychiatry as a means of social control and exploitation." Its frauds, he maintains, "are a thousand times worse than those of religion" (send clippings, documentation etc. to him at 860 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. 06605).... It isn't true that every tenth can of Sicilian sardines contains a deck of heroin.... European scientists have devised personality tests "based solely on color preferences".... How To Tell A Loser (1): He's always the guy who greets any new idea with, "Oh, that's already been done." And, of course, he's right—and stupid.... Jack Micheline, the poet who comes on as a tough guy, has written a gentle book of short essays, "In the Bronx and Other Stories" (\$2 from



Sam Hooker Press, 103 Park Avenue, NYC 10017).... Warhol stoddpiling helium-filled silver pillows in readiness for his Castelli show.... Draftcard burner David Miller, who's trying to prove the U.S. guilty of breaking the "Nuremberg law," has a new trial coming up March 15.

If vicestooze HH had the guts to express his own opinions he could be the next president, which, with the polarization of views over Vietnam, will certainly never be his fate as long as he stays a yesman... "Law is what the judges say it is for those with the cash to find out" (Paul Naag).... On sale in Japan is a new language-training device to be installed in the toilet. As soon as the door is opened a tape-recorded voice greets the visitor with "Good morning, how are you?" and continues with phrases in English for three minutes. "The tapes can be changed each day, the lessons becoming progressively more difficult, and the manufacturers guarantee that after a few months the visitor will know enough English to make himself understood abroad," according to a writer in Tokyo's *The East* magazine, who speculates on what the linguist answers when asked where he learned to speak English so well.... Fantastic distribution of car-stickers reading "Mary Poppins Is a Junkie" has encouraged W Coast types to start selling them (50c from Peter Rachtman, 9000 Sunset Blvd, LA, Calif. 90069).... If ever an anti-Franco movement gets off the ground in Spain and threatens that country's Fascist government don't assume that the U.S. will support the rebels. As *Spain Today* (\$3 from Box 159, Cathedral P.O., NYC 10025) points out, the U.S.

has extensive bases in Spain and "military experts are convinced that the U.S. would never voluntarily abandon these bases or allow them to be endangered by revolutionary pressures or turmoil"... The National Council of Churches is spending \$41,000 to "sponsor a series of six color television spot announcements... to attract more churchgoers." If you believe, as I do, that this is stupid, wasteful, and sinful when the money could be spent alleviating somebody's poverty or misfortune, I suggest you call the Rev. William Fore, a National Council of Churches executive, who has described the cost as "quite low." His telephone number is 870-2567. "If God hadn't meant us to integrate he wouldn't have standardized the parts" (Godfrey Cambridge)....

"Prince Charming, who's been in every fairy's tail. Listen to this cat's schedule, man: Monday he balls the Sleeping Beauty; Tuesday, Snow White; Wednesday, the biggest junkie of them all, LSD Wonderland; Thursday, Humpty Dumpty; Friday, all the king's horses and all the king's men. He's the biggest stud in fairyland" (comic J.J. Barry at Improvisations)... A Milanese architect has suggested freezing the entire leaning tower of Pisa inside a block of ice "like a chicken in aspic." Reporting on this, among hundreds of schemes to stop the tower's inevitable fatal decline, *The Italian Scene* (free from any local Italian consulate) says that the architects "exotic" brainchild has been accompanied with all the necessary technical details and blueprints. "On paper at least, it looks fool-proof."

John Lindsay will be president.... Inheritance taxes, or death duties, are obviously a sensible way to redistribute the wealth in any economy. Surely there should be a law prohibiting anybody from starting life with, say, more than a million dollars while so many starve. Article in the BBC's *Listener* magazine (Dec 2) talks about the loopholes in Britain's inheritance laws. Most common way is to set up an annuity—i.e., give the money away—at least five years before death.... Four-column ad in London papers tells Britons how to buy U.S. stocks (via Merrill Lynch)....

Because Queen Bees mate while in the air it's been difficult for scientists to study them genetically. So now they've figured out a way for the queens to be artificially inseminated.... "Anyone who calls himself Peter O'Toole can't be all bad" (Harriet Gibson).... Because nobody has ever devised a substitute for leather ("whose supply is limited by the number of animals killed for meat") a writer in London's *New Scientist* magazine suggests that cows be fed a diet "containing the monomers of Perspex and polystyrene which can be polymerized by light." Then, given sufficient time in the daylight, the animals would naturally shed their skins from time to time....

Roberta Wolf's store—this is her card: deals only in false eyelashes....



# VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA



JACK SMITH TELLS NOTHING—SAYS ALL

I began by asking an uncool question. "Tell me, Jack," I said, "how did you get into this moldy business?"

His jaw clamped shut and he damned nearly dropped the cup he was drying.

I tried again: "What I mean is, where were you before you fell into your *creature* bag... there must have been a time when there were no creatures in your life."

Jack Smith picked up a couple of chicken legs and a handful of mixed vegetables and carefully wrapped them in a sheet of aluminum foil. "This is the only way to cook food," he said as he placed the bundle in his oven. "You don't have to season and it preserves all the goodness."

I crawled out of the verbal crater I had just made for myself and wandered around his lift thru chaos, past the red velvet cushion covered with dime store jewelry, pass the bust of a mannequin which looked like a bust of Caesar's whore, over a pile of grimy diaphanous costumes, around a transistor radio spluttering Spanish serenades and sat next to two elephant tusks, one artificial and one a genuine molar. Behind me were the artificial sunflowers bathing themselves in a revolting multicolored display light. To my left was a potbellied stove and a mountain of lumber. I'm not sure whether the lumber was a fuel source but I do know where it came from—the ceiling. This was conspicuous because half of it (the ceiling) wasn't there. The walls went up and up into the loft above...which is another section of Smith's real estate.

And so since Smith had refused to talk about his origins and influences (topics without which no profile worthy of the name can be called complete), I therefore feel obliged to create them—using, of course, the Smithsonian method, in which, sad to say, I am not yet a master.

Jack Smith was born of poor and honorably dishonest parents who lived in a middle-class shack on the edge of a well-known American desert. His mother did the sewing for the merchant princes of a nearby town and sold fortune cookies to transient werewolves. His father, a veteran pacifist of the Spanish war, worked as a tattoo artist in Juarez and was thus really at home.

When Jack was two, leprosy struck the family next door. After the last member had been transported to a colony in the Pacific, the house was closed, flooded with Lysol, and sold cheaply to an enterprising madam. Jack soon became a favorite of the house, was given free access to all peepholes, and was permitted to sit on the madam's lap during exhibitions—provided he didn't make any noise. By the time he was five he had acquired an attitude of blase acceptance, and rarely



visited the house next door—unless there was something of connoisseurial interest. Mostly, he stayed in his room browsing thru his nursery library which consisted of an unexpurgated volume of *The Arabian Nights*, a volume of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* (illustrated by Audrey Beardsley), and a Rumanian edition of the works of Bosch. One day after wandering in the desert, he returned to find that an earthquake had swallowed both his house and the one next door. He contemplated the devastation for three days and nights before clambering into a crevice to retrieve his library. Then, with the books under his arm, he set off in a northerly direction, arriving on the Lower East Side two decades later.

On East Third Street about three years back, I first met Smith. After a very brief introduction he pulled from his pocket (in the manner of a professional vendor of pornography), a small plain envelope containing contact prints of his still photographs. Two minutes later I was a member of the Jack Smith Fan Club.

Over dinner, (which was delicious but needed a little salt) Smith was considerable more vocal in regard to the present. The fact that "Flaming Creatures" was hanging in a Kafkaesque position between the lawyers and the courts didn't seem to spoil his appetite, even if it did cast a shadow over his bank account. For dessert we peered at some slides which are a part of a forthcoming show to be called "The Flamingo Stampede."

Everything Smith makes is unorthodox, anti-academic, and anticommmercial. When you enter Smith's world, you have to leave behind all preconceived ideas about film form, still form, editing, et al.

A full appreciation of his work requires a totally free mind. His still compositions should not work—the action frequently sits uncomfortably on the edge of the photograph, as if it had been cropped by a blind man, and the images themselves have little relationship to any world we know except that they might possibly be human beings like ourselves. Yet, they do work...have a life and order of their own...beautifully, anarchistically beautiful. There is a feeling that the erotic moment has been transformed into an eternity—that his creatures have paused for an eternity to savor the full blooming of their sensual appetites. Here is the pure egalitarian vision of sex...dykes, fairies, men and wome, revolutionaries, weavers, candlestickmakers, tum-

ble thru space in an orgy of harmonious togetherness. The girl sitting on the edge of the photograph, surrounded by blackness, has an air of unutterable melancholy. A creature wearing a hat like a ghost ship gazes into and thru a mirror to the depth of his future. And all this is what Smith calls "moldiness."

I asked him what he means by it. He tells me to look it up in Webster's. He says he's sorry he ever used the word, and anyway it was never his. I don't point out that he used the word constantly during the shooting of "Flaming Creatures"—that would have been vulgar.

"Flaming Creatures" is the logical extension of Smith's still photography. It moves slowly, like an awakening. Smith shot it on weekends over a period of about three months. He worked diligently, persistently—in the manner of a sophisticated primitive. His exposures were bad, his camera creaked and groaned. As I watched I shook my head, said nothing and prophesied disaster. Week after week his creatures appeared. They donned their faded finery, made up, and acted out the tableau that Smith had created for the day's shooting. He invited me to take part. My Protestant soul shrank at the idea. Then, perhaps, I might join in the Lipstick smirching scene? I was adamant. Months later I saw the finished picture. It was everything I had prophesied but it was also beautiful. What should have been a turd turned out to be a jewel. A new myth was born.

For the past two years, Smith has been working on his first color feature—"Normal Love." I can see that finishing it isn't easy for him. A reputation can be hard on the ego. He has fallen in love with his film and has to become slightly disenchanted before he can make those final and irrevocable decisions.

In "Normal Love" he has added new and wondrous characters to his mythology... The Mermaid... The Milk White Bat... The Spiderwoman... The Mummy. It has the evocative magic of a fairyland and the timeless quality of a dream as it moves with inevitable logic to its tragi-comic conclusion.

Right now a man of sensitivity and imagination has sent Smith down to Rio to film the Carnival. What a marriage. Smith and Rio. Before he left, Smith said, "The world really needs a carnival." Since the world is now lying somewhere between the front page of the *Times* and the back page of the *National Enquirer*, I think he's right—

VOYEU



RAMA

## Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

A couple of back issues of a new bi-monthly called *Exit* piled up on my desk (50¢ from GPO Bx 1812, NY 1). It's a mixed bag, but each one looks 1000% better than the last... I liked "I Am An Analyzed Neurotic" by Clara Fox in the Sept/Oct in which she recaps her 12-count them-12 (!) years in psychoanalysis and then cops out at the end by praising her latest (!) analyst... you ain't ready yet, Clara, if you don't know you can get angry at him for good. Big names (Saroyan, Murray Kempton, &c show up in *Exit* through reprints) and a later issue has an essay on "Sex And Forbidden Drugs," including mescaline and other "aphrodisiacs" (which they ain't) by R. E. L. Masters who tells you why they ain't and why there ain't no such thing... but interesting to read about all these sex drugs (slurp)... Will anybody hereabouts ever come up with a left-wing mag with cartoons as funny as Russia's *Krokodil* (t'aint funny, McKoyan).

In case you haven't heard, William Burroughs is back in Tangier (according to info received from one of EVO's London correspondents)... Do you think they'll ever make spring as beautiful as Technicolor?

Kirby Congdon (who publishes Crank Books) is not the only one with a magazine named *Magazine*. There's one published from Cooper Square, too. ("Miss Rotten-crotch: take a memo to my lawyer...").

Overheard recently: a German-born guy was bemoaning the dearth of worthwhile film from that overly serious country (double understatement!). Hasn't he read *From Caligari to Hitler?* I'd like to see them do a flick based on "The Tin Drum," for a start. Shelly Berman's new book *Cleans And Dirty's* is not only a fine and funny aboveground/underground thing, but a deep study of the psychology of dirty minds (not his, not ours, *theirs*). And a guy named Paul Freeman, who's married to a psychologist, makes diabolically irreverent fun of Siggie FreudianISM in a new Prentice-Hall paperback at your favorite neurotic bookdealer's... put a little fun (and excitement) in your life, go shoplifting.

On the so-called "serious" side there's something from MacMillan here called "Love And Orgasm" by Alexander Lowen, M.D. All I can say is, if you've ever had an orgasm, this book will come as an anticlimax. (Oy!) But Lowen gives some good and radical insight into difficult problems.

*Irish Proverb:* Every man to his own taste said the woman as she kissed a cow.

William Wantling (recently out of prison grey himself) has written the intro to a book of poems by a young guy named Carl Robins, who is a narcotic addict sentenced to Life (yeah, you heard me) in the Texas State Penitentiary. "Not As A Faceless Number" will rip your soul apart and is a good antidote to Rockefeller's too-tough "Stamp Out Junkies!" campaign. A buck should get it from Hors Commerce Press, Torrence, Calif. Somebody who knows The Rock should pass him a copy... hey! This is national Erase Poetry week in Spain and bullets are only a peseta. Seeya.

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## London: A Busy, Vigorous Season

by MILES

London is full of people making plans, people putting them into action, and other people just looking on in sheer amazement. The first thing to change will be the London poetry reading which up till now has usually been a rather shabby affair, with more poets than audience, everyone very on edge, and the poets making no money. Poet Pete Brown is putting into operation various plans to change all this. By using an invited audience we have found that the atmosphere is always very relaxed and responsive; and now there are in existence a number of very good mailing lists which enable everyone to be informed of events and happenings. These lists were tried out recently by Steve Stollman, brother of Bernard Stollman, New York. ESP records man, to assemble an audience in the Marquee Club. Nothing was promised, no reading, no show, but over 700 people showed, and some amazing things did in fact happen. This type of audience is obviously better for poets because such an audience usually knows the poet's work anyway and can really dig it if there is no one present who is antagonistic. Pete has been involved in over 800 readings throughout Britain and must have read in every town of any size in the Islands. Readings of the "new, improved, type" would have a printed programme with poems and notes, and would be much more professional than before. Frequently poets don't turn up, arrive late and drunk; the reading isn't advertized and no one else turns up; and worst of all, the poets get no bread. This new method would help poets like Pete who live solely off public readings. It would be organised by a calendar on the wall of the Indica bookshop which shows all readings, and who was reading. This means that the stupid situation of three readings at the same time on the same day doesn't occur, and acts as a sort of a poets union, because clubs and colleges can phone and ask who is available, when.

Indica bookstore is full of poets and pop singers putting up shelves and making coffee. The whole centre should be open in ten days. Anyone in New York wanting their small press or magazine distributed in London and England should write about it. The new plan is as follows: We are opening a radiophonic studio. It will be

built by Ian Sommerville, the man responsible, along with Brian Gysin, for the Dream Machine, and an adviser to William Burroughs on *Soft Machine* and *Nova Express*. We will issue a 12" long-playing record every month. It will contain poems, either specially recorded or taped at London readings; prose, either short stories or fragments; a serial, with a different author each month continuing the exploits of our hero; electronic music, by Paul McCartney, Ian Sommerville, and Peter Asher; and various other things. The whole thing will be beautifully boxed and, included with it, will be various subversives from the presses of Lovebooks Ltd. of a sex-pol nature. The studios will contain a number of tape-decks, amps, and all the equipment needed for singing to a frequency generator or composing an electronic complex. Paul McCartney's latest work has the sound of a very old, quality violin used as a descending event on a musical build-up, if you see what I mean. It's made on his guitar, five times superimposed on a loop tape, then speeded up and mixed in. This will be on record No. One. The discs will be to subscribers only, so write to Indica for copies. Some of them will be placed about the world, free to unite groups, centres, etc., in the hope that if we send a copy to the Peace Eye bookstore, then we will get a tape back in return or even a record, of what's happening there.

New publications from the English scene include *Wholly Communion*, a book of photos and poems of the Royal Albert Hall reading this summer. Includes Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Harry Fainlight. Published by Peter Whitehead who shot the film of the event.

Fulcrum Press has just about finished printing *Briggflatts* by Basil Bunting. A huge book with illuminated pages beautifully printed. Also from them, *Geography*, by Ed Dorn and *Loquitor* by Basil Bunting. Ed Dorn is now teaching at the University of Essex in Colchester. William Burroughs's *Dead Fingers Talk* has come out as a 50¢ paperback from Tandem Books. This sounds like the John Wilcock London column.

Everyone and everything included in this column can be reached through Indica, 6, Mason's Yard, Duke St. St. James, London SW.1., but no fan letters to people please!

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# VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA

## THEATRE Triple Deceivers

by Lew Arthur

A bare oblong stage. A scaffolding. A setting peculiarly apt for Circle In The Square's modern-dress production of John Webster's Elizabethan tragedy, *The White Devil*.

Oh the dark villainy here! The 1611 play, full of plot and counterplot, deals brutally and believably with its subject of human duplicity in such a way as to make the minor psychologizings of our contemporary stage seem pallid against its outpourings of love, hate, depravity, deceit in adultery and murder on murder on murder. We numbered seven killings (by neck-breaking, strangulation, poisoning and knifing), seeing as how sheer ill will, spat out here aplenty, does not of itself kill.

From the moment of the banishment of Count Lodovico from Rome the fateful story ticks away as inexorably as an infernal machine. When the Duke of Brachiano, on a visit to the home of Camillo and Vittoria Corombona, becomes enamored of the lady and she of him, her brother Flamineo, the duke's secretary, panders his sister for the promise of money and favor, and he plots the death of her husband. Never mind that, the duke is no less married than the lady, and he has a son. The triple deceivers go about their business with a dedicated malice that only a Freud could fathom. The duke encourages his blameless wife to do away with herself. Not until the final horrible demise of the "white devil" Vittoria and her two accomplices is there an end to the bloody chain of events.

As foil to the dark doings there are good men and women in this, but only so many to make the evil shine more wickedly. They are Vittoria's mother; Brachiano's faithful wife Isabella; her avenging uncle, Monticelso, a cardinal; and Lodivico, the banished man and otherwise reprobate, whose one redeeming feature is his secret love for Isabella (a love-lust he's kept to himself). The latter returns to Rome, also as avenger.

The eighteen or so actors, led by Maria Tucci as Vittoria, Frank Langella as her pimp Flamineo, and Paul Massie as the Duke of Brachiano are "well spoken, with good accent and good discretion," directed expertly as they are by Jack Landau. One demurrer: the stream of horrendous deeds and the static nature of the characters—there is a lack of development in them, a lack of surprise in their actions—wore us down toward the end. For this is melodrama tempered by tragedy, rather than the other way round: tragedy enlivened by melodrama as in the best Elizabethan dramas, which is to say the best of drama.

In this day of easy, devious justice we must admire the direct way in which ancient treachery and corruption were revenged. The tragic entertainment Theodore Mann is presenting in this, the 14th distinguished year of Circle In The Square, is as excellent as anything now playing in the Village, or on Broadway for that matter. Your loss if you miss it.

## FILM DESTRUCTION

The intricacies of motion picture distribution are such that one can never be sure when a passed-up opportunity to see a film might be the last opportunity one is going to get. Rights expire or are sold, films are arbitrarily taken out of release, and prints are destroyed. There will be more about the destruction of prints in a subsequent issue, but right now there is a more immediate problem.

Some time ago a local distributor acquired the rights to distribute in the New York area a number of old RKO films. The rights to fourteen of these films expire on March 15, and their future is in considerable doubt. Such an occurrence is not unusual and few people would trouble themselves over the loss were it not for the films involved: "Citizen Kane," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "The Informer," "King Kong," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (Dieterle-Laughton version), "Room Service," "The Cat People," "The Big Sky," "Suspicion," "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," "Gunga Din," "Swingtime," "Isle of the

Dead," and "The Thing."

The Garrick Cinema made inquiries to determine what would happen to these films after March 15 and was informed by the distributor (Principal Film Exchange, Inc.) that exclusive rights to the films were being acquired by a television station and that all 35 mm theatrical prints would be burned. A few days later, however, the distributor reportedly informed the Museum of Modern Art Film Library that this was not true—the films were not being destroyed; they were merely being taken out of distribution for one year. Such divergent information is curious but not very reassuring. It may, of course, be accountable by the fact that the distributor wanted to entice theatres into booking as many of the films as possible in the coming month. As of this writing, no satisfactory explanation of just what's going on could be obtained.

It should be mentioned at this point that at least three of New York's five revival theatres will fulfill their public responsibility by showing some of these films while they

## EVO SPOTLIGHT

by Lew Arthur

*Half A Sixpence*, vaguely based on H.G. Wells' novel of Kipps, a draper's assistant who inherits and loses a fortune, makes a pretty, pastel musical celebration of turn-of-the-century Folkstone. Tommy Steele, an ingratiating, toothy, "100% Cockney" with an easy low-key song style, gives a star performance as Arthur Kipps. Though we've not seen him in America before this, he's been in the top rank of British show business for the past decade.

As a Herbert George Wells' buff, we missed the socialist significance of the original novel, but we vastly enjoyed the exuberantly original songs of David Heneker and Dona White's jazzy choreography. Also very nice were the Victorian costumes, the seaside impressions and the direction of Gene Saks. The show ran two years in London and would do as well on Broadway if only the prices were scaled down to its workaday theme and subject matter!

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by Al Malmfelt

can still be shown. The Bleecker St. Cinema has arranged special screenings of "Citizen Kane," the Thalia will show a double bill of "Citizen Kane" and "The Informer," and the Garrick has scheduled ten of the fourteen films. Contact the respective theatres for specific details.

For lack of definite positive information, it becomes necessary to adopt a very pessimistic attitude. The thought of being forever doomed to see "Citizen Kane" inter-cut with commercials or "King Kong" on a 17-inch screen is nothing compared to the possibility that all theatrical prints of these fourteen films—at least five of which are outright masterpieces—might actually be burned. One is tempted to cry "sacrilege," but it would be better to go and see the films.

The worst has happened before, and it may or may not happen this time. But in a perverse way it would be an ironic climax to the career of "Citizen Kane" for it to be burned—coldly, efficiently, impersonally—like Rosebud.

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# NEWS IN REVIEW



**THE COMIC**  
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## WHAT VIET NAM WAR

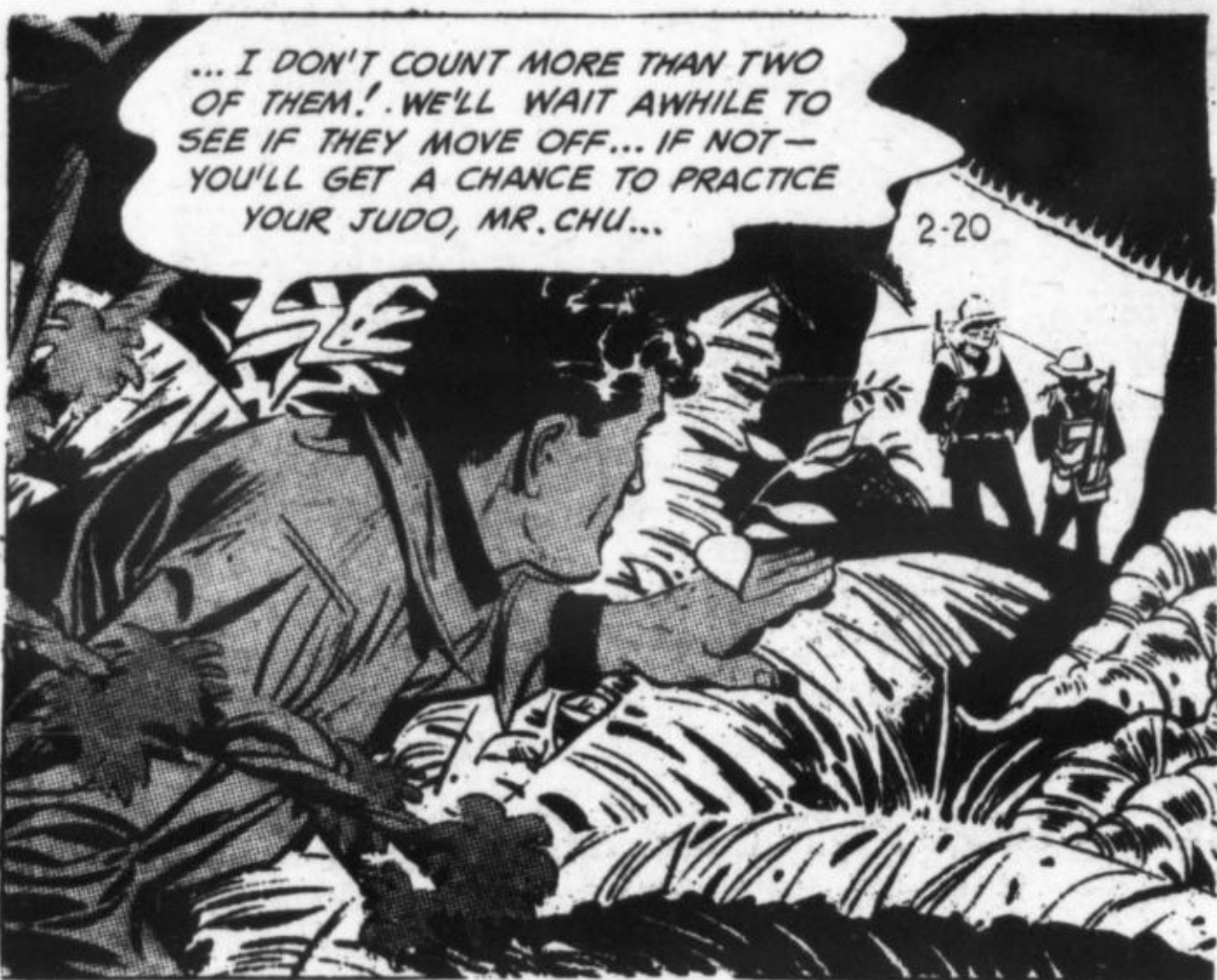
The American Constitution says: "The President shall be commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States . . . he shall have power by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur."

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The hearings have taken public debate over the Administration's policies out of the hands of the amateurs (the marchers, the draft-card burners, the sit-downers) and placed it in the hands of the professionals.

Turn to Page 6, INTERPRET

THE STRANGEST ACT OF JEALOUSY  
IN ALL HISTORY!

NONIUS ASPRENAS, AN OFFICIAL AT THE COURT OF ROMAN EMPEROR AUGUSTUS, WHO HAD BEEN INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT AS A YOUTH, TENDERED A PARTY TO HIS HEALTHIEST FRIENDS AND KILLED ALL 130 OF HIS GUESTS BY SERVING THEM POISON! (9 B.C.)

**THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME**



Be suspicious

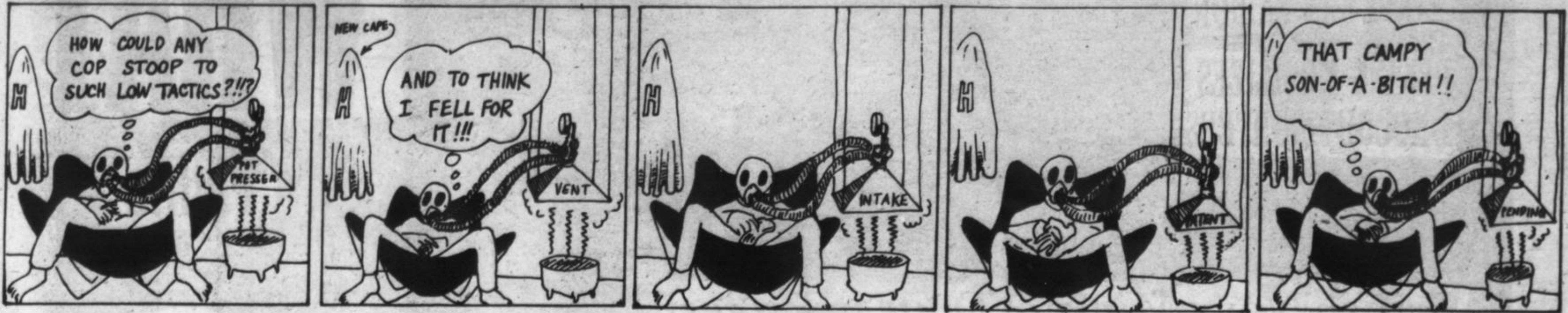
**JAMES BOND DIDN'T KNOW**

# CAPTAIN HIGH!

THE WEIRD OUTLANDISH WONDER!

©1966 BY WILLIAM BERNARD

CAPTAIN HIGH, RELAXING AT HIS HEADQUARTERS HIGH IN THE WORLD CITY, MEDITATES UPON THE MANOEUVRES OF EVIL INSPECTOR NODDING-ACT!



## THE TORCH, BUT YET A CANDLE

by Don Newlove

"No enemy would dare bomb this place and end the confusion," said Tom Moore, of the Torch Book Shop at 631 East 9th St. Torch is an anarchist book shop and is the sometimes home of the Industrial Workers of the World, the New York Anarchists Federation (a contradiction in terms) and the New York City Sexual Freedom League.

The place looks like Hiroshima on Christmas, 1945. Used books and magazines are scattered about, historic posters line the walls and a push cart occupies one corner of the shop.

No one really runs the Torch Book Shop. There is no cash register. The rent is paid by voluntary contribution. Children constantly come in to draw on the walls.

"This place is seriously intended as a bookstore," Moore said. "But I've been woodcarving for the past week."

Moore makes salad bowls, wooden forks and spoons which he sells at the shop.

"The FBI was around last week checking up on us. But they were no trouble. That's their job. What does Torch represent? Have you ever found two anarchists who agreed what anarchy is?"

Torch has no regular hours. It is open only when someone wants to open it. Then, regulars browse through piles of "Resurgence Magazine," "Free Student," "The Anarchist," "Freedom" and shelves and shelves of old used books.

Resurgence Magazine, available at the store, is international and has outlets around the country, in Europe and North Africa. The magazine's masthead reads "a worldwide association of anarchist youth dedicated to the disintegration of the ego and the state and the spontaneous eruption of erotic play."

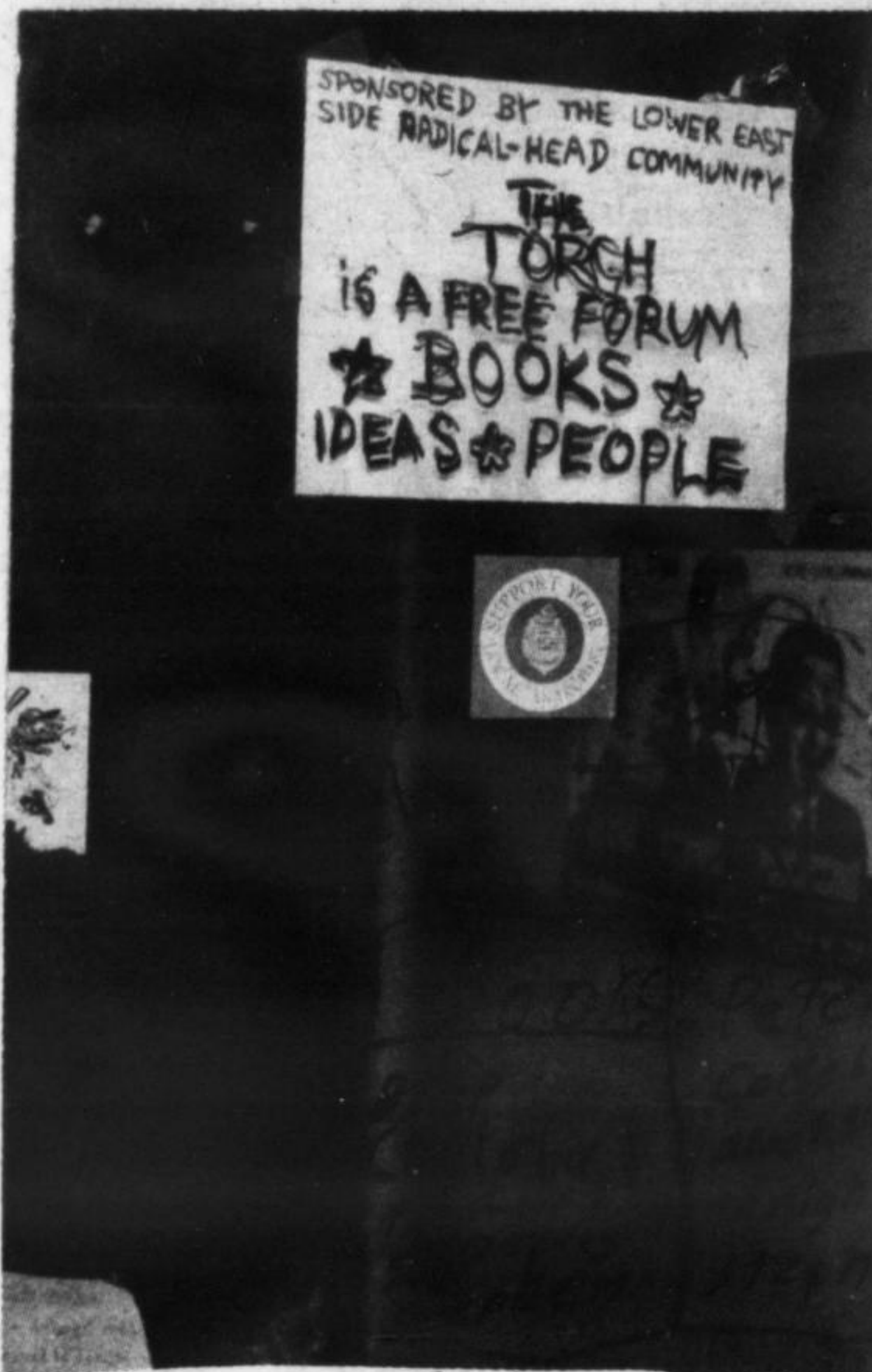
The Industrial Workers of the World, pursuing the elimination of management and machinery domination, meets regularly at the store.

And the New York City League for Sexual Freedom is organizing a course at the bookstore. The course, called "Freedom to Love" is a study course, not a workshop, though it will comprehensively treat all areas of sex. The first speaker is scheduled to be Paul Goodman.

"The basic tenet of the League is that everyone should have freedom of choice in his sex life," said another anarchist Charles Smith. "Boys from the time of their first erection, girls as early as they can be penetrated. Or even earlier. After all, there's infantile sexuality."

"The League was started up a few years ago by Jefferson Poland," said Tom Moore,


The window of the Torch Bookstore. A merchandising idea to sell anarchy.



"He wasn't getting laid much. Since then he has been getting laid rather regularly. He's been arrested about a dozen times. His most famous arrest was a nude wade-in at Aquatic Park in San Francisco."

"There was a need for this league, especially in New York," commented Smith. "Here, the only legal sex is in marriage and in one position."

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at the ANNEX

## Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

The Comic Book Theater  
Part III  
Total Field Awareness

In our electric technology, information and thinking processes have become instantaneous through the use of electro-magnetic tape and high speed transmission. We have laid bare our entire central nervous system in the guise of computers and high speed communication systems so that, in the words of Marshal McLuhan, "we wear all mankind as our skin." The initial shock and trauma caused by this feedback has made us react in such a way as to numb our own system to the recognition of these "extended senses" as our own reflection. Therefore the metaphor of our body has become media and "the medium is the message" is true only because we fail to recognize the media (t.v., radio, press, etc.) as the extension of our five senses. The machine has taken over and blares out its inanities on deaf ears and on eyes which refuse to see only because our consciousness has self-amputated itself from reality. The problem of the artist then is how to turn the machine off and the man on. The instilling of information with spiritual significance is a must in order for us to distinguish between a machine produced need and a man made need. Otherwise we fall into the narcotic haze of a nut and bolt addiction.

The concept of total field awareness produced by our instantaneous technology has a positive side to it as far as the artist is concerned. He can use it in his art to shake off the numbing effect of our instant flash culture and turn the public back on himself. The Comic Book Theater must incorporate into its structure the experience of total field awareness. The use of all media in art to produce instant happenings of ikonic proportions.

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# SLUM GODDESS



Art Bardo Photo



## SLUM GODDESS

I'm Susan Morris and I'm very tall, very tough and 20. I come from a string of tree-lined streets in a puss-populated suburban community, but I prefer this rich life of penny candy and nickel shoeshines. I came here to explore the battered trashcans and paper people but I found cigar smoking four-year-olds writing "Fuck you" on my door. I would rather it be in the bathtub or under the kitchen table.

I'm Susan and once knew a man who had the Civil War tattooed on his back. He wanted to take me to Germany but he was a Sadist. Most cowboys are good lovers, but I prefer them to come on big Harleys with a tiger rug to spread on the grass.

My only rival is Sugar Pie Desanto but my cat who is a faggot prefers my company. I will stay where I am and paint until I am done.

\* \* \* \*

## THIRD RAIL TIME/SPACE THEATRE



Dick Higgins, barechested publisher of Something Else Press, reads from Marshall McLuhan's "Understanding Media" at Al Hansen's Third Rail Space/Time Theatre. The lightbulb is held to illuminate the manuscript.

Things are Happening in the East Village and what is happening takes place every Friday and Saturday night 10 p.m. at Al Hansen's Third Rail Time/Space Theater. The Theater, located at 119 Avenue D, is the artist's own converted loft. The happening-environment, titled "McLuhan's Megillah (Megillah being Yiddish for story) is based on Marshall McLuhan's books "Understanding Media" and "The Gutenberg Galaxy." The event combines dance, film, painting, poetry, sculpture, and other art forms in what Hansen calls "College Theatre."

A Myriad of Pop Art paintings and signs like BUY NOW, DANCE, and HERSHE with the Y purposely sliced off, are splashed across the walls. There is a silk screen of the Supremes in colors of red and blue hanging on the far right and a 6 foot sculptured piece of the number 2 in the middle of the room. The audience, in order to get to the seating arrangements, has to pass through a cellophane tunnel. One cannot help having the feeling of entering a tunnel of love or fun house into a "Coney Island of the Mind," a sort of cartoon strip of the American visual.

The audience is divided in half by a huge fish net and one realizes only too soon that what is about to happen is already happening. The stage, or what can be presumably called a stage, are already cluttered with all kinds of people, activities, and objects. Two T.V. sets, one with an eye

painted on its tube, blares and glares its inanities. Ladders, lights and candles abound; a woman silk screens the word TEAM in large orange reddish colors on paper and across the skin of some of the event's participants; Carol Berge reads Vogue and the East Village Other with poetic intonations; A dancer pirouettes around burning candles in the middle of the floor performing some kind of obstacle course ballet; Norm June Paik tries to start a fire by blowing on a lit lightbulb; and Dick Higgins reads a passage from McLuhan's "Understanding Media" several times during the performance. One of the highlights of the event is when Higgins sings this same passage in aria from displaying a rare talent for classical singing. Even the audience gets into the act. Higgins decorates a young man for valor beyond the call of duty by placing an empty matchbook onto his lapel pocket and a woman permeates the performance with the quizzical refrain—"But who is Marshall McLuhan?"

Hansen explains his theory of happenings in nondescript terms. "They are parallel to space/time relationships in abstract expressionist paintings. A Theater whose acts are inexplicable and unrelated events." His hope for the future is "to establish a Repertory Happening Company with youngsters as the main participants and to finalize these events into a more structured order." His theories on happenings can be found in his new book "Primer of Happenings and Time/Space Art" just released by Something Else Press.

Lately Hansen's project has been looked into by the Fire Department who consider his loft to be a fire hazard. But Hansen himself takes this latest threat to his project with nonchalance and hopes to have the violations cleared up shortly. All in all it was an enjoyable evening and one left with the feeling that what just happened is still happening.

--A.K.

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## VOYEU



## RAMA

by Toby Mussman

Multiples Inc., 929 Madison Ave, is currently displaying nine new banners by Ernest Trova, Jim Dine, Mel Ramos, Richard Lindner, Henry Pearson, Edward Giobbi, Oyvind Fahlstrom, Roy Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol. Each banner is cut from the artist's design by the Arista Flag and Banner Co. or by Abacrome Inc. (both are makers of sports and advertising banners).

The idea for these inexpensive tapestries, grew, somehow, out of the 1963 newspaper strike and has been expanding in interest and consumption ever since. Multiples Inc. has been castigated rather unfairly for promoting awkward imitations of original art works and then selling them as pseudo-original creations. Even further, critic Max Kozloff, writing in the December, 1965 issue of *Art Forum*, worries that Arman's exquisite readymades are only repeating Duchamp's earlier esthetic statement or that Jim Dine's "Rainbow Faucet" is not satisfactorily vital and creative. These criticisms seem to me to be overly anxious ones. The banners and multiple editions are being sold as banners and multiple editions, not as paintings or original assemblages. By definition they do not purport to contain the same draftsmanly exactitude, textural richness, or color vitality of paintings. What you get for your money (which means \$600-\$700 for a banner or \$50-\$400 for a multiple) is, as in the case of a large banner, an adequate and sometimes quite exceptional wall decoration. As for the present exhibition of banners, the works from Trova, Mel Ramos, Lindner, and Andy Warhol stand most impressively within this group which can be characterized generally by its superlative quality.



"This group of self-propelled styro-foam objects was conceived as a single composition which would constantly rearrange itself when it encounters resistance and in this way keeps moving regardless of space restrictions. By their consistent and slow movement, I hoped to put emphasis on change of position rather than motion itself."—Robert Breer, Introduction to the catalogue of his exhibition at Bonino Gallery, 7 West 57th St.

Upon entering the gallery the impression one has is at first a rather creepy feeling of a kind of subterfuge in the atmosphere, but then as you realize what's happening your sensations change into a wild ecstasy. I couldn't quite figure out what all those odd-looking objects were doing scattered in such an uncomposed manner about the gallery floor. Then I realized that one of the pieces on a display pedestal was revolving slowly, very nice I thought, and then at the same instant it came to me that all the many pieces on the floor were also in movement. I turned

around to watch the whole room around me slowly transforming, in continual movement, its own intrarelationship within itself.

Breer, who has made several underground movies—the best known of which, "Fist Fight," was shown at the Filmmakers' Cinematheque Film Festival last year—demonstrates in this show a further research into the question of what happens to objects or images and how they inter-associate when they are involved in motion. He has called the objects "Floats," and in themselves, individually, they are bland and unprepossessing to look at. It is rather the sense of the whole, that is, the unceasing spatial interaction among the objects, which makes for an intriguing and exciting show.

## L. A. ARTISTS BUILD PEACE TOWER

Cont'd from page 1

came from the guard at the site for help: a bunch of marines had appeared on the scene with dire threats. By the time reinforcements from the party arrived the marines had been calmed down (by conversation!), the police had been called (they arrived in six minutes), and all was quiet again.

By Wednesday almost four hundred pictures had arrived at the site—two-foot-square painted panels—and a couple of volunteers sat atop the fifteen foot scaffolding and began to nail them into place. A girl who'd fallen off the scaffolding the previous day and sprained her ankle came along on crutches to watch.

By Thursday, 211 paintings were in place on the scaffolding around the tower and the steel structure itself had been reinforced with three mounds of grey cement, one that carried the SANE symbol and on another had been scratched with the words, "create, not destroy."

There were some standouts: Roy Lichtenstein's mushroom cloud, white on a blue-dotted background, was prominently displayed, and a naive officer type blindly saluting, his eyes blindfolded with an American flag (this by Patrick Blackwell) drew attention. One picture showed a red octopus, the obsessive symbol of the right-wingers; and a giant dollar bill showed Washington's face replaced by that of Ho Chi Minh. A plain red stop sign, a highway marker reading "U.S.," the nuclear disarmament Sane symbol roughly painted in white on a blue background, were all effective. James Rosenquist's panel merely said "Bad Count," spelled out in plain stencil lettering. "All wars are boyish and are fought by boys," read one panel. Another collaged part of the L. A. Times' front page—"LBJ WAR TRIP" was the head, with paintings of dark, brooding Rand Corporation type men at the side. There was a painting of a baby impaled on a spike.

Although the paintings represented hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of art at current market prices, none of the L. A. papers turned up on Wednesday to inspect them. The committee did, however, hire uniformed guards from a local Brinks agency—much to the annoyance of the CNVA representative on the site, who charged that violence was being met with a stronger force. The threats from passing malcontents increased daily after the pictures went up, and several people announced their intention of setting fire to the whole structure.

Folksinger Judy Collins dropped by to give the tower a bit of her groovy prestige. While she was watching the welders reinforce some of the metal joints with acetylene torches, it was also observed that a group of somber men had been standing in a doorway across the street, arms folded ominously across their chests, in what some assessed as "typical southern redneck fashion." Their presence was explained later in the day when the CNVA's Marvin Davidow went over to speak to them.

"We're here to rob this bank", one of them said. "James Coburn's supposed to be here too; we can't start filming without him."

The bank, a branch of the Bank of America, directly faces the tower across Sunset Strip, recalling for some observers its role in a civil rights incident last year. It was at a Bank of America branch that a half a dozen UCLA students were jailed for a sit-in demanding more Negro jobs.

Standing by the fence at the edge of the site, the young volunteers who supplement the nightly guard were a provocation to passers-by on their way to the nearby Dino's (with its neon caricature of a bleary Dean Martin) or to the Playboy Club. Many stopped their cars along the busy Strip and came over belligerently. "This is all a bunch of shit" was a typical approach. The young guards, trained in non-violent techniques, would reply soothingly and patiently and usually some sort of dialogue would ensue. "O.K.," said one aggressor, "but you are saying that we have to make sacri-

fices if we pulled out of our foreign commitments. Would you be willing to give up your car and your home to have peace? I wouldn't." Said his bearded protagonist on the other side of the fence, "I already did."

Quite a few of the passing hecklers were willing to talk—although some just whizzed by on motorcycles shouting "You're sick"—even if their comments weren't particularly relevant to the issues. Advertising man Jim Ryan, producer and backer (\$1,500) of the movie being made of the month-long project, taped a couple of chic girls who paused one afternoon to volunteer their opinions about the artists who'd been slaving all day in 70-degree heat welding the structure:

"These people don't even look clean; I don't like dirty people who don't work. The men have long hair..." And, with a pat of her lacquered hair, her companion added: "They're all animals."

The landlord of the site has threatened to take advantage of a clause in his lease and evict the artist's committee at the end of February instead of the end of March but if he does he'll have to forfeit \$1,000 in rent. Meanwhile there are rumors that the Pasadena Art Museum, the most prestigious in the West, may bid for the yellow and purple steel tower built under the direction of sculptor Mark DiSuvero. Friday night it was floodlit and decorated with a silver plastic sculpture suspended from the top. All this attracted several hundred people to the site, who milled around argumentatively in little groups. Each group was infiltrated by a tower supporter wearing an orange arm band who attempted to keep the arguments at a peaceful, rational level.

KTTA, the most reactionary of the local TV stations, arrived early Friday night, its reporter tipping his hand prematurely by asking, "Would you do this in Red Square?"

Humorous portraits of LBJ, including one in which his profile shared the canvas with an Asian head blindfolded with a bloodstained bandage, stood out among the new paintings. There was also a stalemated tic-tac-toe outline with only the red center square untenanted. "War is very bad for children," read one panel; "I hate war, I love life, let me live," said another.

Painting of the outside fence was finally completed: a U.S. flag with white doves instead of stars on the blue background and the red stripes bleeding into soldiers whose bayonets were ripping open bags of rice.

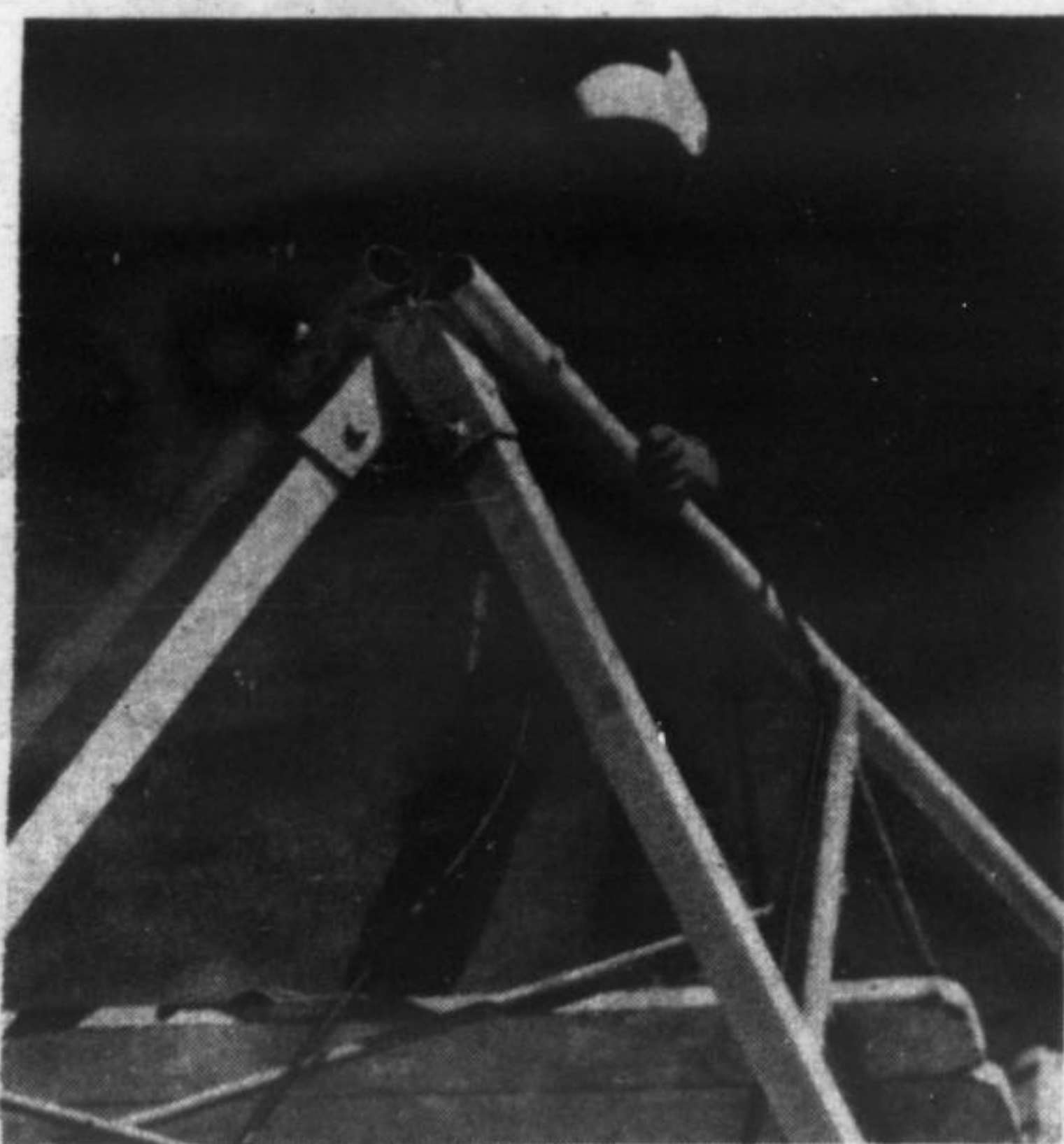
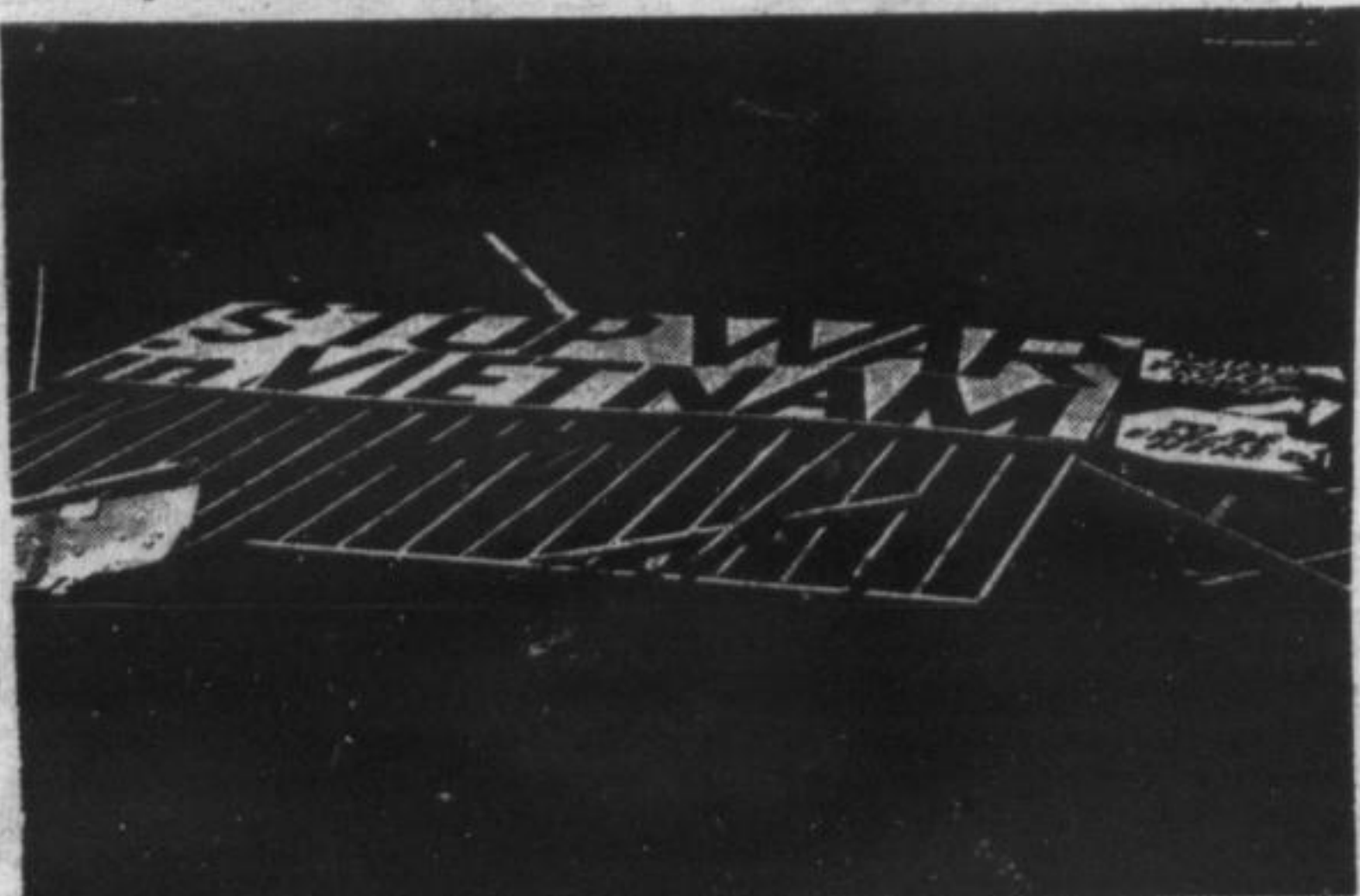


photo by Allen Zak

Sculptor Mark di Suvero is at work



Free Press photographs by Charles Brill

# A., Our Hero and The Fishes



A short story written by Bill Beckman and printed with his permission

A, a born aristocrat attends the best schools, graduates, but the family is dispossessed in a *coup d'etat*. Forced exile drives A to British Honduras where he is hired as assistant manager on a banana plantation through an old friend from school. Coincident with his arrival business booms. Everybody gets rich, except the workers, of course. The plantation director dies of old age and A takes charge. The workers arise and A is forced to flee to Guatamala where he waits for the plantation rebellion to subside (a colonial army is being sent forth). Rumor reaches him that he is being hunted for the alleged murder of the plantation head. This is impossible to refute, A decides, and once more he is cut loose. He rents a plane with a Diners Club card and does expert ariel photos of all of Central America and sells these to a French secret agent who buys anything related to intelligence... A ends up with money to spare, after the plane rent, which he takes (in the form of US dollars) to Venezuela where he is indirectly robbed by a US businessman who intentionally misadvises A in order to serve his own interests on the local stock market.

Penniless A, who speaks perfect English, begins teaching English. He becomes involved in organizing a new University which flourishes. Until a revolution and a subsequent purge of all foreign types from the faculty again springs A alone into the world. At this point he is 46 years old. He begins to drink heavily, spending his last monies (which he had acquired in a teachers retirement plan and had been lump summed paid) in the Caracas slums. He meets and involves himself in a gorgeous glamor girl native housekeeper who is temporarily unemployed also. The two head for the hills to meet her family 1300 miles or so up the Orinoco River. At the family reunion much heat is generated by the girl's choice of a mate. Resentment is flamed by a rejected childhood boyfriend of A's wife and she pleads with him. He don't listen and in a false gesture of reconciliation invites A for a swim in a remote and exotically beautiful pool infested with piranha, which instantly consume both of the bathers. A's disappearance passed unnoticed, except by his wife, who for nearly 18 years waited around her village exasperated beyond belief.



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## "ISLE OF THE DEAD"

by Harvey Marshall Matusow

In the fall of 1944, while a patient at the Station Hospital at Ft. Myers, Arlington, Va., I became friendly with a soldier who had just gotten married. His wife lived at Arlington Farms, a dormitory for women working in government offices. There were no apartments to be found in overcrowded war-time Washington and, with both the gasoline and automobile shortage, they did not have the availability of the traditional back seat of a car for lovemaking. So, they did what many young people did on warm nights in war-time Washington, they improvised by finding a quiet, serene nest in which to make love. They would meet at the half-way point, between Ft. Myers and Arlington Farms, and there they would talk quietly, love, and look at the stars - and it was there in Arlington National Cemetery, that their first child was conceived. And it was there that MP's discovered my friend and his wife and separated them, and punished them by shipping him off to another base far from any national cemetery.

This story came back to mind this week when I read that Robert Thompson, war hero and Distinguished Service Cross winner, had been denied burial at Arlington National Cemetery. The same Robert Thompson who was put in for the Congressional Medal of Honor, and denied same by General Douglas MacArthur. They gave him the Distinguished Service Cross instead - our nation's second highest honor - but because he was a Communist they denied him the Congressional Medal which he had earned. Robert Thompson died young as a result of wounds he received in a war defending this country. Robert Thompson loved this country enough to disagree with that which he believed wrong, and for this love, his ashes are now denied a resting place at Arlington National Cemetery. The issue is not one of Robert Thompson at Arlington - it is more that of my war-time friend and his wife who conceived a child there - it is in fact an issue of the denial of love.

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