

# THE EAST VILLAGE OMBUDSMAN

VOL. 1 NO.11

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## U.S.A. vs Underground



Walter Bredel Photo

### Artists found Guilty - Resisting Badgeless Feds

Two East Village artists, Piero Heliczer, poet, 28, and Jack Smith, maker of "underground" films, 33, and Jack Martin, musician 24, of Nashville, Tenn., were found guilty by a Federal District jury of assaulting agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and of impeding an arrest by the agents.

Irene Nolan, 21, a petite, pretty blond, who is employed at the Bridge Theatre, was acquitted.

Martin and Smith were each held on \$2,000 bail, Heliczer on \$1,000 bail; each was given to the following day to raise the money; each

faces maximum penalties of three years in jail and \$10,000 fines. Sentencing was set for May 26.

\* \* \* \* \*

These are the verdicts in the case of the United States of America vs. Martin, Smith, Heliczer and Nolan. But the case actually began about nine months ago, when, on August 1, 1965 Martin was walking down MacDougal Street on his way home. He had recently pleaded guilty and received a suspended sentence for the failure to pay the federal tax on the transfer of marijuana. His friend,

George Dale Wilbourn was still in jail because he could not raise bail.

Martin testified that he spoke on August 1 to the man who had informed on him and Wilbourn, and threatened this government witness, "Man, you're dead in this town."

No formal complaint was made at this time or since by the agents regarding Martin's alleged threat. However, about three days later, on August 3, Ira Feldman, a group supervisor from the Narcotics Bureau approached Martin on Bleecker Street. According to Martin's testimony, Feldman backed him

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**Other Other Other Editorial**

**Police State??**

Narcotics agents may arrest people without a warrant only when the agent witnesses a crime himself or when crimes that violate the narcotics law have been committed, according to the U.S. Code.

Yet on the night of August 11, 1965, Federal agents entered The Broadway Central Hotel, a public meeting place, without a warrant, to speak to Jack Martin about an alleged threat against an informant. Nowhere was Martin, or the other three defendants, charged with possession, use or sale of narcotics. None of the defendants was involved in the violation of the narcotics law that night.

The case of the United States vs. Martin, Smith, Heliczner and Nolan raises many questions. Why did the agents barge into a public meeting? Why didn't they wait until the next day? What was the official duty of the narcotics agents on August 11? If the official duty involved the alleged threat why wasn't there a complaint or a warrant issued?

That the defendants were guilty of resisting arrest is evident; that their rights were in jeopardy and were in fact jeopardized by the agents is also evident. Not only were the agents without a warrant for Martin's arrest, but when a warrant was issued the following morning it was in effect a justification for the agents' actions the previous night.

Under the existing statute narcotics agents are limited with respect to the arrests they are entitled to make without a warrant.

The agents knew this, but they also knew that Martin had recently committed the felony of threatening a government witness, had recently said he would become Allen Ginsberg's informant, and had just as quickly changed his mind.

Viewing Martin's behavior through the agent's eyes, he was volatile, manipulatory and indecisive.

What better "set-up" could the agents ask for?

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

Dear Editor:  
Since this is bound to be a strange letter, I suppose I might as well start off weird and get you into the chain of thought. You are currently under investigation by the CIA as being a subversive, or whatever they call it for you citizens. No doubt this is something of a shock, even to you. Perhaps I'd better explain.

For various reasons, I and several other "marines" living here in this barracks are pacifists. Two of us happen to share the added splendor/degradation (Choose one.) of being anarchists. Not the bomb-throwing variety, really, more in the Thoreau sense of the word. Recently, due to an anonymous informer (Read, I think the story goes, "patriot.") our beliefs came under the scrutiny of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

At the time this happened I was in jail out in Brooklyn Navy Yard, being held for charges (Later dropped, I think.) of growing a beard. Naturally, when a master criminal such as myself comes into the hands of the law, a thorough search is made of his belongings. As I was in New York for the first time, and on my first vacation in two-and-a-half years, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I picked up every controversial looking, or interesting-looking publication I could find on the newsstands to carry back to the cultural morass of North Carolina and the Marine Corps. This included the *Realist*, the *V.V.*, *The Objectivist*, *Moscow News*, *Peking Review*, *The Fiery Cross*, *Mohammed Speaks* (I have blond hair and blue eyes and pink skin for christ's sake!) *Poetry Newsletter*, *W.I.N.*, and last, but not least, the *East Village Other*. This has left them in a state of confusion. Particularly in view of the fact that I have corresponded with the Minutemen, the Birch Society, and the American Nazi Party. (My investigations are thorough, too!) Of course, all of this was seized, along with about 300 poems, and short stories, my notes, et cetera. A vast amount of this material has been returned upon their inspection. Including No. 8 of the *EVO*. They have refused on four separate occasions to return No. 9. They also have inquired as to whether I knew anyone on the staff, et cetera. What can I say? I may be wrong. I hope so, as from the little I've seen, *EVO* is sadly needed in this country. Nonetheless and all that, I thought you ought to know of the possibility.

What the hell is in issue No. 9??? Must be great. I also am mailing today, a letter to Ed Sanders in care of your office. I know it's presumptuous of me, but I don't know how else to get in touch with him, and the only time that I saw the "Peace Eye," it was boarded up. If possible, would you see that he gets it? Thank you.

I shall cease bothering you, I hope that my suspicions are not founded in fact, but I have special knowledge of these "folk" and I feel that I am right. Thank you for your time, and I hope, again, that I am wrong.

Sincerely,  
Steve M. Ryan

**1984 VS BRAVE NEW WORLD**

For the past few years there has been much talk of the current beginnings of an American revolution. By observation it seems to be manifesting itself in many forms and on many levels. As all revolutions, it is carried by and seems by nature to be instilled in youth.

It is evident that this country is plunging toward totalitarian rule necessitated by the expanding technologies, and our natural evolution toward big central government. New laws are being made while fewer old laws are being overruled. Civil liberty is in peril. Mass media is strangled by ignorance and subtle manipulation.

The establishment intuitively feels threatened, though it knows not by what or from where. Little do they know that they have nothing to do with this current American revolution which most probably represents nothing more than the culmination of a cyclic pattern of the collective unconscious which can be traced throughout western history.

Progress, as it has been called, is nothing more than the movement of civilization from objective orientation to subjective orientation, then back again from subjective to objective; no sooner is the fullest expansion of the objective reality culture reached than the countermovement towards the fullest expansion of the subjective oriented culture begins.

At the time of Christ objectivity was at its fullest expansion, the self was struggling to

escape from personality, to be lost in "otherness"; while at the time of the Renaissance, subjectivity was at its fullest expansion, and great personalities were everywhere realizing themselves to the utmost.

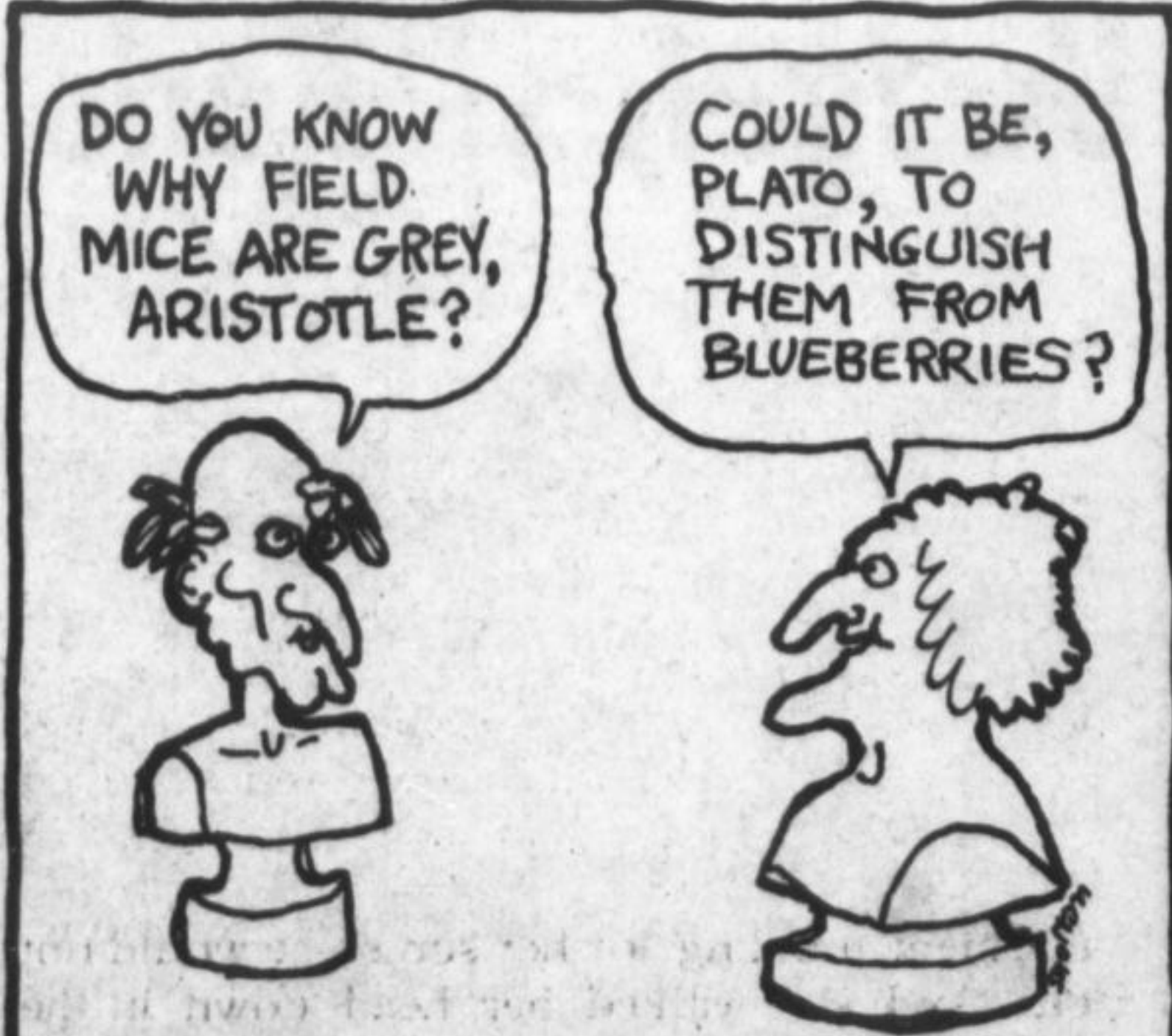
Mass movements are representative of the shift towards objectivity, when every man tries to look like his neighbor and repress individuality and personality.

Where do we stand today in the cyclic chart? Marshall McLuhan has propounded the theory that the artist, with his foresight, makes the adjustments for psychic blows from the media (man's extensions of himself) before the rest of the culture is aware of what's happening. It is McLuhan's theory that the artists make the advanced adjustments and point the way for the society to adjust to the psychic blow from the next cultural change.

Today's artists are saying we are headed for the Renaissance; for a new subjectivity where time becomes paid learning. The age of Bread and Circus has just passed. Soon even television will not be enough to hold the attention of our population which is becoming educated enough or jaded enough to demand more than the magic lantern can offer.

Automation continues, and after the rush of new jobs it will create, there will be less hours and more leisure time. How will the state control this leisure time? We are offered a choice. Brave New World or 1984.

**CLANG HONK!**



by Shelton, Bell, and Brown



A SHORT STORY  
by JACK MICHELINE

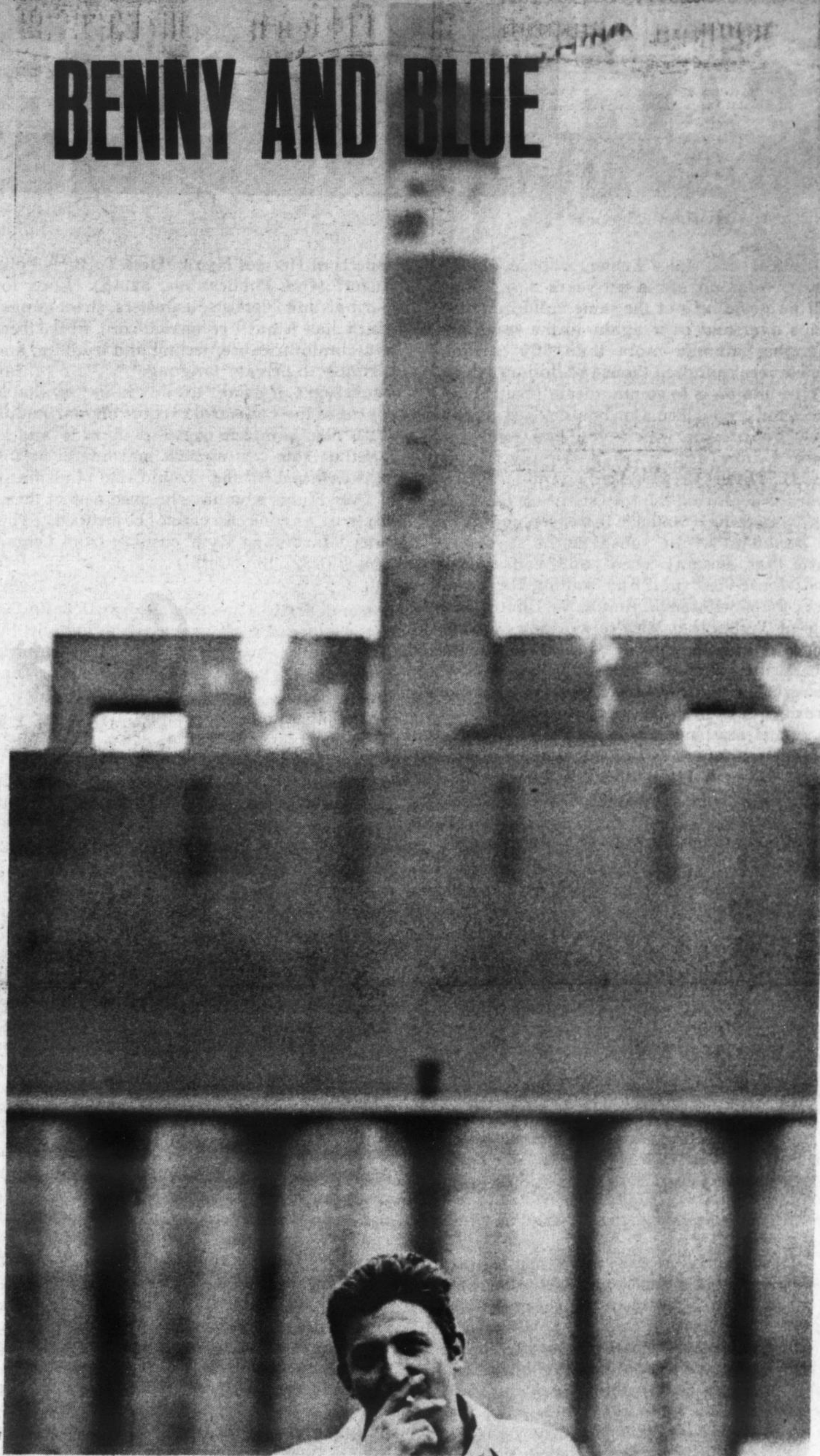
The Blonde was in the bathroom naked, crying and screaming. Benny was screaming. Benny was tied to a chair moaning. While the Dicks worked on him. Punching and laughing. Another Dick was ripping Benny's paintings off the wall, and the Blonde was crying and screaming in the bathroom, and the Dicks were laughing and punching. Three rotten roaches they found in the room. It was five in the morning when they crashed in. Right through the door. They were out to get Benny and they fired questions and punches and the paintings were ripped and torn and spit upon. It would make the headlines in the evening edition, and the Dicks might get a promotion. Benny's one arm tied to the back of the chair, and his dream of the one-man show in Paris was over. It was the third time he would be going to jail in the last five years, and the Blonde stopped screaming and just cried, and the Dicks kept firing questions: Where's the H? Where's the pot? and Benny spit his bloody saliva in their faces, and the Dicks kept laughing and punching. Benny had gone through the front lines before and he could take it. They dragged the Blonde out naked from the bathroom, and made her dress in front of them, as they smiled and one giggled, and one said she had a nice ass. And one of the Dicks picked up the chair and smashed the windows and furniture and made sure all the paintings were ripped, and they dragged them both to the wagon with their smug faces in the morning air. They were both booked at the North Avenue Station. Three rotten roaches they found in the room.

There Benny was back in the county jail and they gave him six months. Benny dreamt in the cell. It was at the front at Zaragoza, mud and the stars and bullets and screams and bayonets. The grenade dropped in front of him and Benny blacked out. One of his arms fell into the trench behind him. No drugs at the hospital and he screamed and he cried. The tourniquets and the bandages and the other wounded screaming. And the night sky and the stars and the dark Spanish faces. The young boys at the front just sixteen, and seventeen and eighteen and nineteen and twenty and they laughed and joked and shared their roll-your-owns. And the war lost after two hundred battles, and the sun and the fields and the woods, and the women and the wine left in the cities and villages, and the dead, and the dying and the orphans and the unloved and the hunger and the hell and the want and the world.

The cell was dark before dawn and Benny's eyes hit the ceiling. It was in the hospital in Paris after the battles were over and the battlefields left in ruin for the farmers, and politicians and real estate men and the bankers and children just playing and laughing in the sun. The wounded they bandaged each other and laughed, played jokes and sang songs. The ones with one eye and one arm. The ones without legs, the ones forever scarred and unsung. The ones to go home to the cities and streets and the beds and the dark night never to walk again. But they sang and they laughed and they cried and they joked, and they washed each other and played cards, and the ones without hands kept singing and loving, holding the tears in, holding the waterfall of disillusion, and from the streets of Paris women came with baskets of fruits and flowers and their children. People came from the dark and cried at their bedsides, unknown people, people of the streets, people old and young, people who wanted to see the faces of their lost heroes, and they sang and they laughed and they joked with each other. Soon they would leave and go home. Home to far-off lands from where they came. Comrades no more and just dream left behind. The faces of the young never die. And Benny sang a song at dawn. The song of a land that he had left years before. The song of young faces that don't die.

Blue spent seven days and nights in stooli

# BENNY AND BLUE



Walter Bredel Photo

heaven, and they beat him, and beat him and cursed him and tortured him to get the confession. His friend stooled on him, the junk and the gun and the face of the prosecuting attorney. The cops laughing and beating, screaming nigger and coon. Blood and piss and justice united to bury one man, to take a life for a life, and an eye for an eye. Eight years in death cell and Blue was Benny's friend and he began to sing also, and he dreamed and he cried a million times in the cell. He thought and relived his life in the streets, whores and whiskey and card games. The fires of winter, the rats in the flats, the bars and the cars and the guns and the suits and clothes and fink preachers, and all the politicians, left and right and middle up your ass, fink cops, and bulls, the lovers on the rooftops in the animal night, and the jazz in the belly of this world. In the belly of snakes and gorillas and apes and chimpanzees and crocodiles and baboons, and lice and roaches, and elephants and lizards, and tigers and more crocodiles, and the blues which were all around

him, the blind gospel singers, the holy rollers, the strutters, and the sluts, and the middle class bitches, sucking and blowing and sucking, football and baseball and boxing, the fighters and contenders, and the crowds in the summer sweating and dying and coughing and swallowing and cajoling and fornicating and cursing and cheering and weeping and laughing and screaming and crying and dying, always dying and funerals and churches and papers and headlines and lawyers and solicitors and pimps and secretaries and dumb blondes. The cunt all around pussy, snatch everywhere in every city, making and taking and dreaming and scheming for money and cock and wild times and the cars racing and chasing and crashing and speeding onward out of the cities in the night, and dreams and lost loves. Blue needed a woman. He dreamed of a woman for he was a lover and he loved like a flower hunted and torn in the wind of this world. And Blue's mother prayed in her tenement building for her son so he would not die. And she walked her head down in the

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# OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

Ironical that Jules Feiffer, who revolutionized cartooning styles ten years ago, should still be grinding out the same halfdozen basic strips over and over again—in the same unchanging manner—more than 500 cartoons and several hundred thousand dollars later.... "To be human is to communicate" (Paul Maag) ....Japan's Pilot Pen Co. has devised a white "blackboard" on which you can write with colored inks and erase as simply as with chalk....Writer in the *Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal* deploring the way science is deodorising everything (fantastic increased popularity of perfumes is our substitute, he says) forecasts that one day when you'll entice people over for coffee (pot?) by wafting the aroma over the smellophone....And at the Illinois Institute of Technology they're working on detecting criminals by the smells on their clothing, where they've been and what they've been doing (is adultery still illegal?)....American artists living in Mexico began what was virtually a new industry with the handcrafted papier mache and painted wooden decorations. Now at least three full time manufacturers in New York and Philadelphia are imitating the stuff here and bypassing customs duties....*New Statesman's* Paul Johnson says Monopoly's still fun but "there's nothing in the game about the Rent Act, capital gains tax, ministry inspectors, local government inquiries, rent tribunals, compulsory purchase or any of the hazards which make the modern property racket such a genuine gamble".... The Committee for Free Beaches (P.O. Box 16333, SF, Calif. 94116) is "working to establish public beach areas in America at which nude bathing will be legally permitted"....International beat scene, particularly on Spain's Formentera, surveyed in March issue of "Atlas" (75 cents from 1180 Sixth Ave., NYC 10036) ....By its example individual, imaginative art sets an example which raises the standard of all other art affected by it.

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"... as a professional group their character is patronising, snobbish and lazy," writes John Berger about art-museum curators (in London's *New Society* magazine). His article is mostly concerned with how out of touch the curators are with the public and how most of them feel that the public is an unfortunate necessity. This attitude, Berger adds, stems from their fantasy "that they have been asked to accept as a grave civic responsibility the prestige accruing from the ownership of the works under their roof" . . . . Where to find themes for folk music is one of the interesting

aspects of Hermes Nye's, "How To Be A Folk-singer" (Oak Publications, \$2.45): "Look for a tribal unit (dentists, teamsters, street gangs) which has a hard congenial core, where there is a common cause, feeling and tradition and perhaps a private language . . ." . . . . San Francisco's Lemar group have available copies of the LaGuardia report on marihuana (\$2), also complete copies of appeals "attacking the State law against marihuana as unconstitutional on the ground that punishment of individuals who have harmed neither themselves or anyone else cannot be justified." (This latter "Marihuana Myth" costs \$1 from Lemar, Box 77032, SF, Calif.) . . . .

Pocket Books contended (in a lawsuit against Dell Books) that "paperback devotees are a gullible lot; they are lipmovers; 'the lowest common denominator.'" Pocket Books tried pettily (and unsuccessfully) to prevent Dell's publishing of Grace Metalious' biography under the title, "The Girl from Peyton Place." . . . Athens Mayor George Plytas has approved plans to demolish the famous Plaka area below the Acropolis (where all the international beats live) and convert it into another archaeological site. (As if Greece wasn't boring enough already.) . . . .

*Time's* different sections are edited by people too sympathetic to their subject. This isn't reporting but sycophantism. Religion, for example, is always treated with much deference and never as the fraudulent superstition that it is. And now, Business. Why shouldn't the New York Stock Exchange pay the most taxes? They handle the most money. But *Time's* business writers are always with business not with the people who, by buying the products, keep those businesses in business. And, while on the subject, let's dispose of that myth that a personal income tax is the fairest kind of tax "because it hits everybody according to their means." What the well-heeled advocates of this policy (deliberately) overlook is that taking, say \$5 a week from somebody who earns only, say, \$80 per week is much more of a hardship than taking \$50 from somebody who earns \$1000

. . . . And as for *Life* magazine's much-touted LSD feature (March 25). Not too bad, I suppose, except for the brainless, superficial comments of some loser named Loudon Wainwright upfront. "Oh yes," begins this idiot, "I've had a little experience with drugs, and it's all been bad." Honest to god you've got to read this character to see what kind of dumb mentality that has to be dealt with. There's some-

thing happening here but you don't understand what it is do you, Mr. Wainwright? No, and unless you expand your mind with something (original thoughts, maybe?) you never will . . . .



"It should now be quite clear to everybody that the men and women of our community who are charged with fighting dope are the most colossal failures of our time. And that goes double for the narcotics laws."—Bill Slocum in the *NY Journal American*.

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"There are so many wine and whisky priests in the U.S. that the waiting time for the rehabilitation center (at Lake Orion, Mich.) is up to two years. At which time the bottom man on the list is probably beyond help."—The Free Humanist (25 cents from P.O. Box 8522, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815).

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Sign in publications department of a Toronto drug store: "If you see anything here that offends you, please bring it to the management." A local clergyman entered, saw the sign, took it down, and brought it to the management.—ACLU bulletin.

**CAPTAIN HIGH!**  
THE WEIRD OUTLANDISH WONDER!

YES, HE SURMOUNTS THE DOPE BLIMP PROBLEM!

BY DIAGONAL DIMENSION DIVE...

CONTINUED..

# "REQUIEM FOR A BEST-SELLER"

by Joseph A. Jordan

Enclosed in a plain, brown envelope bearing only the State seal, a small document moved incognito through the mails to hundreds of New Jersey homes last year, bringing to the lonely and curious the hottest antidote for cold winter nights since Solomon became a song writer. To the boys in the bill room back at the State Senate, 007 was Out and A-768 was In.

"Who'd pay for dirty books when you can get the bill for free?" quipped a State House cynic.

"I'm not sure it isn't the dirtiest piece of writing I ever seared my eyeballs on," uttered a voice from the editorial page.

"The language of the bill is not fit for reproduction in a family newspaper," intoned another.

Threatening to upstage the firmly-entrenched Miller-Burroughs-Lawrence triumvirate is a short three pages long, authored by members of the New Jersey State Assembly, and sporting as subject matter

buttocks, breasts, and pubic spots, and acts of masturbation; genitals and homo-sex and teen-age stimulation; intercourse (in sex, of course), and records, books, and film; anything that's bad for kids and may incline to thrill 'm.

The paraphrased pop-art masterpiece made its local debut on May 17, 1965, when, following the removal of children from the Senate Gallery, Assemblywoman Mildred Barry Hughes (D-Union) stepped up and introduced to the Legislature Assembly Bill No. 768, commonly known as the anti-obscurity bill. Let it speak for itself.

AN ACT relating to obscenity with relation to the exposure, sale, loan, gift or distribution of certain publications, photographs, films or other materials to children under 18 years of age . . . .

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Portrayal in still or motion pictures of similar representation of any person or persons of the age of puberty or older, posed or presented in such a manner as to exploit lust for commercial gain and which would appeal to the lust of persons under the age of 18 or to their curiosity as to sex or to the anatomical differences between the sexes and which shows, depicts or reveals such person or persons:

(1) with less than a fully opaque covering of his or her genitals, pubic areas or buttocks, and, if that person is a female, with less than a fully opaque covering of any portion of the breast below a point immediately above the top of the areola, or

(At this point in the presentation, those not too beguiled by the antipasto being served allowed their dilated orbs to behold a familiar point near the ceiling of the Senate chamber. A mural there rests. In it, a young woman holds a telescope and gazes placidly out to sea. Her chest is bare.)

(2) engaged in an act or acts of masturbation, homosexuality, or sexual intercourse, or in physical contact with another person's genitals, pubic areas, buttock or buttocks or breast or breasts of a female or

(3) in a posture or way that the viewer's attention or concentration is primarily focused on that person's or those persons' genitals, pubic areas,

buttock or buttocks, female breast or breasts, even if those portions of the anatomy are covered, or

Any book, "pocket book," pamphlet or magazine, phonograph record, tape or similar electronic reproduction of sound, containing details, descriptions, or narrative accounts of . . . .

(and a partridge in a pear tree . . . .)

The bill, granted unanimous and almost immediate passage by the State Assembly, now began its notorious though short-lived career. Following public disclosure of its contents, the bill's normal printing supply of 1000 copies made with a disappearing act from the House bill room, which immediately

raised doubts in the minds of some State House observers as to the legality of sending such material through the federal mails.

Governor Richard J. Hughes (D), champion during the recent election campaign of the free-speech rights of a self-proclaimed Marxist-socialist, professor Eugene Genovese of Rutgers, announced he would sign the bill as soon as it received passage by the Senate. (Professor Genovese gained State-wide notoriety in April, 1965, when he proclaimed at a teach-in that he was "a Marxist and a socialist," and that he "welcomed" the impending Viet Cong victory in Vietnam. Hughes opponent in the gubernatorial race, State Senator Wayne Dumont Jr. (R), made this incident the main issue in the campaign and was rewarded with a resounding defeat at the polls. Hughes, though expressing strong disapproval of the Rutgers University professor's ideas, had nevertheless been the State's most ardent defender of his right to academic freedom.)

In light of this previous stand for civil liberties, what possible factors could have weighed in the decision of the Governor—a Roman Catholic—to sign the document?

The State of New Jersey reeks with hoards of latter-day, smut-oriented Carrie Nations—especially in the northern sector. One such group, The New Jersey Citizens for Decent Literature—nemesis of local booksellers, stationers, and drug-store proprietors—immediately announced its support for the Legislature's diluted three-page *Kama Sutra*. Who knows? Did there lurk in the collective gray-matter of these virginal vigilantes, each clutching his *NODL Newsletter* (National Office for Decent Literature. A Chicago-based group run by Roman Catholic clergymen.), the unuttered vision of the nation's first *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*?

On the side of censorship's enemies, however, were the N.J. Committee for the Right to Read and the omnipresent American Civil Liberties Union.

As the fracas proceeded, advocates of A-768 uttered the usual sanctimonious bromides about girlie mags, flamboyant paperbacks, and book-stand-induced teen-age corruption, hacking away at their opponents with their lists of detested literati and their copies of the bill. But little did these cretins realize that passage of the proposed legislation would logically necessitate alterations in the presentation of their much-quoted but little-read Bible; that a logically-consistent application of the law would mean deletion of Romans 27, Genesis 38, and the dear old *chansons* of King Sol. *Adios*, too, to those pithy buggers, Lot, King David, and Onan, along with the rapists Amnon and Shechem. It would also call for—perish forbid!—cancellation of all *National Geographic* subscriptions.

One of the foremost opponents of the bill, the then-Senate Majority Leader, William E. Ozzard (R), likened the mental climate in the State to that which once enveloped Salem,



Massachusetts. In one dramatic moment during a Senate session, Ozzard pointed to our telescope-wielding babe in the mural and challenged his colleagues: "I ask you, if this bill is passed, what are you going to do about her?" One could always commission an artist to paint a brassiere on here. Anyway, no one seemed to care, and the bill was passed by the Senate on December 13.

The Governor, meanwhile, seemed to be sitting on the sidelines waiting to see which way the wind was blowing. Praised by the State's intellectuals for his stand during the Genovese affair, Hughes now invoked only disappointment. He was a man besieged on all sides. New Jersey librarians informed him that an anti-smut law would be an unfair burden on them; others raised questions as to the bill's affect in the public schools.

The picture was brightened slightly when Hughes announced that he would delay signing the legislation until the New Jersey Association and curriculum groups could determine the effect of the bill's enactment on teaching. Then he began to express doubts about the constitutionality of the entire thing.

Perhaps Hughes, a soft-spoken, cogent man, was silently pondering the plans for New Jersey's Garden State Cultural Center, and what these impressive buildings would offer after culture had been legislated out of existence. Did he envision, also, long, empty bookshelves taking up space in sterile municipal libraries? Did he hear the echoing footsteps of knowledge-hungry youths as they walked among the empty shelves; youths whose only intellectual fare would now be derived from ingestions of Norman Vincent Peale, Billy Graham, Bishop Sheen, and "Peter and Polly in Winter"?

On January 10, the anti-obscurity bill was laid to rest by the veto of Richard J. Hughes.

It was a good show. Down with the curtain, on with the lights, and back to the bitter desperation. Sponsors of A-768 may now turn their attentions to the more humanly important, though decidedly less juicy, issues of polluted air, rotten waterways, poverty, and mass transit. The other zealots, consciences cleansed and refreshed after their little meander through erotica, will, following the observance of a proper mourning period, return to intimidating small booksellers. For a while, anyway, there'll be no words of wisdom coming forth from the jawbones of these asses.

After that encouraging election landslide in favor of free speech last November and the imminence of a long-overdue broad-based tax, "The Bill" and its subsequent defeat are indeed the final sigh of a State emerging from its anal-receptive stage. It is a coming of age in New Jersey.

Now, let all good citizens turn in their copies before the black market gets busy.

P.S. The new New York State "Sex for minor's" bill (which is now law) is a pisser too. (Ever been titillated by an areola?)

P.P.S. A Florida State pamphlet on homosexuality sold out in the first week and stirred up a "storm of controversy" in the state legislature. Have local governments considered this as a way out of their tax dilemmas.



**BENNY AND BLUE**

continued from page 3

streets, her gray hair blowing in the wind. Her son was her son and he could not kill anyone or die anymore. And his girlfriend was a nurse named Joan and she healed the sick and comforted the wounded, and dreamed and craved for Blue, just to touch Blue's body, and Blue beat his meat and cried and screamed and hollered, and he was not blue nor black nor white nor green nor yellow anymore, just a man fighting for his life. And he wrote letters to the Governor, his mother, his girlfriend, to lawyers and congressmen, eight years in death cell, buying time, seconds, minutes, hours, days of execution, the nightmares, and the dreams and the dying, and his faith did not waver and he could smile and sing, shout and cry and die, each day to breathe again, to feel his body and life, to keep alive, to be and write and love again, even in the darkness of the cell he brought light to the world.

And Benny's eyes opened at dawn and he began to sing in the cell block, and one at a time the others joined in, and the junkies sang, and the rappers sang, and the Negroes sang, and the bigamists sang, and the con men sang, and the whole damn prison sang, and the warden came down and he sang, and poor guards sang, and the unloved and the bitter sang, and Blue sang, and they were crying and laughing and the condemned in death row shouted and screamed and they kept on singing, and they cried and sang and laughed all morning long.

It was Benny's vision and dream that the damned shall sing, and the damned shall inherit the earth. And Benny looked out the bars and remembered the years on the streets, the winters, the cold sky to gaze upon, the smoke and steel and glow of freight cars burning and the cities full of faces, all seeking and groping, and dying and fighting and scheming and double-crossing. And Benny would never accept that this earth was a mother-sucking pig. He smiled and raised his one arm to the sky.

**SKAGGS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE**

Joey Skaggs, the sculptor who exhibited a crucifixion of Christ in Tompkins Park on Easter Sunday, was found guilty by a Judge of section 7 of criminal court, April 22, and fined \$1 for "failing to remove structure from Parks Department property."

Skaggs told EVO, "I formed a line with the other defendents, people who pissed on the subway and some others. They read the charge, 'Failure to remove structure from parks department property.' I said I was not guilty of the charge as I did have the permission from the morning parks official.

"The judge told me to sit down and think about it. I got back up and showed him the copy of EVO with my picture on the front page. He said he didn't read EVO, but he looked at the photo on the front page. I told him a little about the piece and that I didn't have any money, but wanted to settle it as fast as I could.

"The judge said that if I pleaded guilty the penalty would be \$1 or one day. I pleaded guilty and paid the fine. The judge told me 'next time get a permit.' He then told me to cut my hair so I could see.

"I thanked him and wished him a happy Easter."

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**Poor Paranoid's Almanac**  
by Allan Katzman



I dreamt I met Lincoln in the Halls of Congress.

I sat on a sterile bench in a marble room done in mystery mosaic. The senator from New York and the congressman from Texas were puzzled. "Who do you want to see?" they asked again. "I want to see the man." They stood there stunned, uncomprehending, disturbed, unable to grasp it was my dream and I wasn't disturbed. They led me through smiles, took me by inquiries and guided me past charts, all the time believing that they themselves were real. The last dream I saw was a man who told me, "I am your president. What do you want?" to which I replied, "No, not you, the man, the man." They threw me out and left me for dead in the halls of Congress. When I woke up a figure stood there, his shoes staring up at my eyes.

He had a beard and a hat and a bland smile wrapped around his face. "Someone is paranoid and it's them." His finger pointed into space creating 50 million men marching across the sky in their abstract skin. "It's them. It's that Dodge City barbarian and his race of castrated numbers as they dream of six

guns faster than dialogue. It's his stagecoach of love riding on the wave of a Texas drawl; his town-tamer expression of Mat Dillon jowls flapping in our faces everytime he talks of greatness. It's him, everytime his Jesse James hand reaches out to give us history. And it's his friend who sits alongside him like Kansas wheat, the smelly mayor of the midwest, afraid to speak or scream for fear that bicycles and frogs will fall down dead. It's not one or two but yet another who makes mechanical eyes at charts and wipes out millions with instant decimals. It's arithmetic and statistics along with Huck Finn and Billy the Kid. It's one big batch of fear boiled down, dried out and served to us as America." He stood there staring at me and my smile dropped out and took off for California. I turned and headed home while the CIA of the sky dogged my footsteps. Fifty million men are marching to nowhere. I turned around to tell them what I thought and found another who walks behind us all and won't admit he is human.

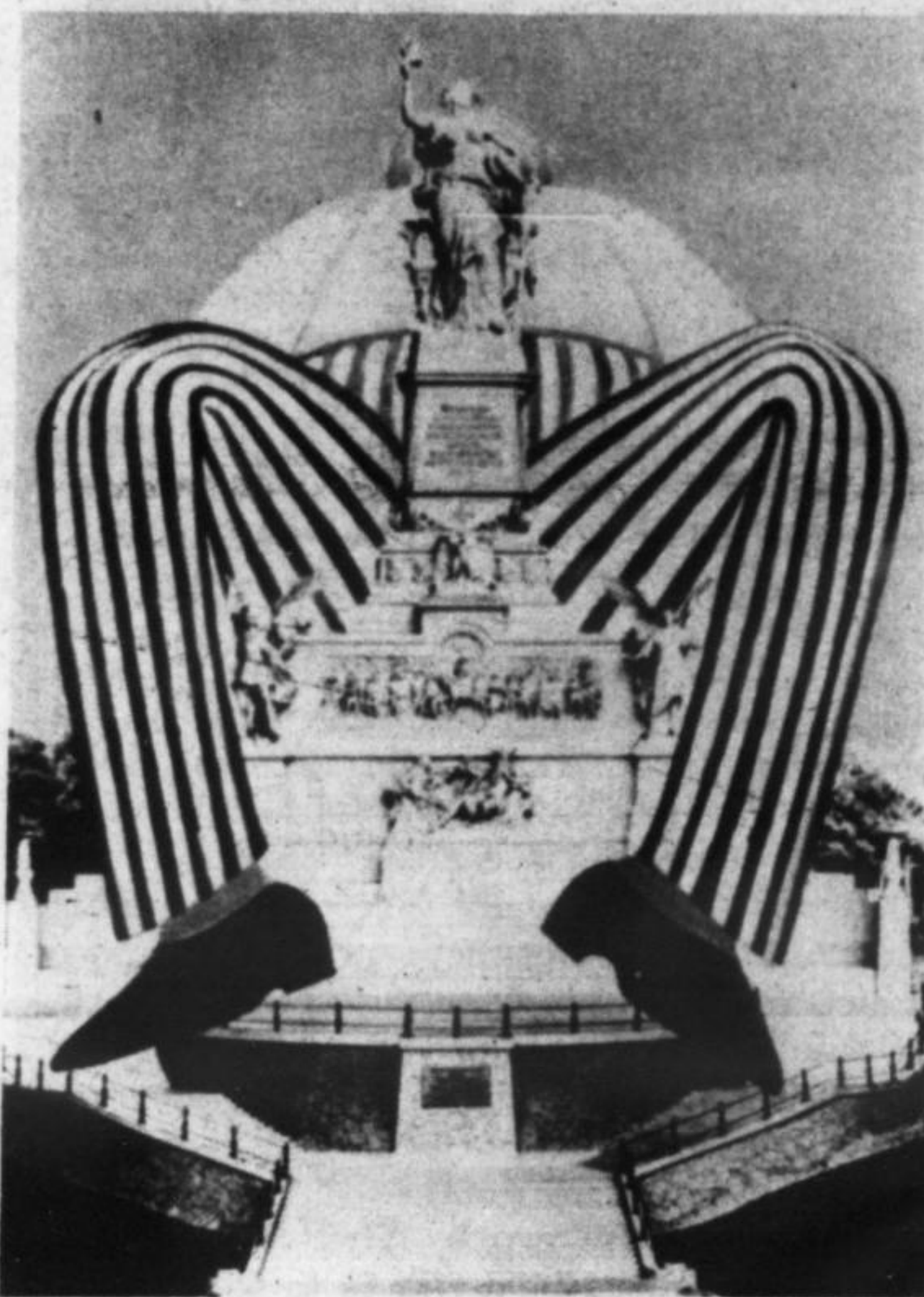


Photo Collage by Anita Steedel

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# Interview With Alan Watts

"It is just barely possible that the subconscious, or superconscious, human organism is making that adjustment which will enable man to feel that he really belongs in this universe."



by Walter H. Bowart

Richard Borst Photo

Alan Watts wrote his first book, *The Spirit of Zen*, when he was 20. A year later he finished his second book entitled *The Legacy of Asia*. He came to the United States from his native England, and has lived here in California for the past 28 years.

Watts has written many volumes on Zen Buddhism and related subjects, including *The Way of Zen*, which is now in its seventh printing. He was recently in New York to consult with Pantheon, the publisher of his forthcoming book entitled *The Book*, subtitled *On The Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are*.

As Editor, Minister, college professor and lecturer, Watts has had a great deal of influence on young people. For this reason *EVO* sought him out concerning his views on the current "youth revolution."

Clothed in an ankle-length blue kimono, the author sat with us in his plush midtown apartment, surrounded by polished wood and thick carpeting, bathed in the light from a large window on the 22nd floor overlooking the United Nations and the East River.

*EVO*: "Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you Mr. Jones", is a line from Bob Dylan's song, "Ballad of the Thin Man." I think it reflects the condition and state of mind of the present generation. There seems to be a "youth revolution" going on in this country. What do you think is happening, Mr. Watts?

*Watts*: Well, I was going to use the same line as you did. Something *is* happening, and you don't know what it is.

What *are* the factors involved? We can spot a number of what you might call sub-themes to what's going on. First of all, there's the revolution against war, especially the war in Viet Nam. There is the what you might call sexual revolution. There is the revolution against the commercial way of life. That is to say, great corporations are finding it increasingly difficult to recruit brighter university students for executive positions. For many young people today, living that sort of life in a wall-to-wall trap sort of seems absolutely absurd.

Then there's the psychedelic revolution, which is the vast increase in use not only of LSD but marijuana as well, by people who have never used it before; by intellectuals and people from higher income levels or social classes. People are using these substances as they never did in the past.

There is a spiritual, or religious, or even metaphysical hunger among young people which standard brand religions just don't satisfy. For one thing, the standard brand religions have had a cardinal defect for centuries now. They preach. They tell you what you ought to do, but they are not sources of power. In other words, they do not transform the way you feel, the way you experience your own existence or your own identity. They just talk and urge.

This is one of the great lessons of history. Preaching doesn't work. The only way to change someone's behavior is to woo, not to preach. The churches have not particularly been doing that. There are always exceptions to this. There *are* great mystics of the church, but the church has always been suspicious of them. Especially the Protestant churches—which is odd.

I have a great deal of experience in the Anglican Church, and in that social context, being a mystic is certainly bad form. Something that someone just doesn't do. I mean, old man, it is just too much enthusiasm!

But the fact of the matter remains that many members of the older generation say, "These kids are just taking drugs for kicks," which is the most damning phrase. It's semantically loaded. These "kicks" that they're after are not just thrills; not something you do just to see how far you can push a peanut up a hill with your nose. These "kicks" are actually very meaningful in a world that appears to them—coming into it cold—absolutely crazy. After all, here you are born into a world with the capacity to blow itself to pieces any minute, and where the things that adults seem to be involved in don't make any sense.

Orientalists often make the mistake of accusing Americans of materialism, and this is not a materialistic culture at all. I define a materialist as a person who loves material, and so

far as I can see, we are dedicated to the destruction of material and to its conversion into junk as quickly as possible. We are dedicated to the abolition of the limits of time and space, and it is precisely the limits of time and space that constitute the material world.

A lot of young people don't want to go and do as their fathers have done—sell insurance, go into banking, stockbroking, etc. The reason is simply that these activities don't seem to have any relation to life. In the family situation, the wife and children stay home and papa goes off to some mysterious place called the office, where he does something that neither the wife nor the children have any knowledge of or any interest in. All they want him to do is bring home the money.

Normally, people are paid for doing things that are of interest to no one. That's why they're paid for it. As a result of that, the family is a kind of dormitory arrangement, and people in this non-materialistic civilization don't realize that money does not buy pleasure.

All pleasure is art. You can't buy food without the art of cookery. You can't buy whiskey without the art of distilling, or wine without the art of the vintner. You can't even buy love without the art of loving and nobody reaches *that*.

Where I live in Sausalito, California, there are hundreds and hundreds of pleasure boats—beautiful cruisers and sailing boats—all tied up. Hardly any of them are ever used. Why? Because all that happens is that they take their friends out there on Saturday and have a cocktail party on board. They don't go out sailing, because sailing's a difficult art and they haven't the time to learn it. So there the boats stand as a status symbol.

I think it's very readily understandable that young people who have any sense at all don't want to spend their lives pursuing abstractions. Cars that aren't cars, clothes that aren't clothes, food that isn't really food, and work that is perfectly senseless.

I know a considerable number of young people who prefer more or less blue-collar jobs to white collar jobs. Things like carpentry and gardening and farming and things of that kind, because they seem to be more materially real than the jobs of the white-collar worker.

The human being's nervous system, his brain, is a thing that's marvelous in its own right. It reflects the galaxies the same way that a dewdrop reflects the morning sun and all dewdrops around it.

We have the fantastic power to change the external world, and the vital question is: In what spirit is this change going to be made? Is it going to be in the spirit of hostility, symbolized by the rocket ship and the bulldozer, or is it going to be in the spirit of love and the feeling of identity with the external world, symbolized by radio astronomy, and by the sensitive architect who wants to build human habitations of such a fashion that they do not ruin the landscape, but accord with it.

I feel that the development of a new sense of identity lies behind the fascination for LSD, marijuana and the psychedelics, because they do assist one to drop the screens and the barriers with which we have built up our peculiar, isolated sense of individuality.

*EVO*: How do you feel about the choice between consciousness expansion gained through meditation, za-zen, yogi, etc., and through chemical means.

*Watts*: When I first became acquainted with these chemicals I was naturally very skeptical about them. I felt that at most the kind of



Cont'd from page 8

mysticism they would lead to would be rather like swimming with water wings instead of swimming on your own. And to some extent I still think that that's true. But I was surprised and indeed embarrassed to find out after two tries, that LSD would, in fact, produce for me a very, very powerful experience of cosmic consciousness.

I thought, well, what on earth are we going to do about this. Here's this thing that people have been striving for for centuries—with yoga, and *za-zen*, and dervish dancing, and hermitages, and all that sort of thing, and after all it appears to be reasonably simple.

Now I don't believe that LSD is literally bottled godhead. It requires on the part of the person who takes it a certain openness to that kind of thing. It requires administration in the most congenial surroundings where the experience won't turn paranoid.

The trouble is that it's out of control. It's out of control because nobody took responsibility for it. The doctors were scared of it; the psychiatrists were more scared; the clergy unauthorized to deal with chemicals. The police are scared of anything that gives pleasure anyhow, unless it's booze; and even that, you know, is only tolerated.

So the old story is that people repress it. But it's not going to be repressed, because it's so simple to circulate, and in fact it's the most undetectable drug or chemical yet manufactured. So as a result it's just going to be chaos.

LSD is dangerous in the same sense that fire is dangerous, that electricity is dangerous, that automobiles, that airplanes are dangerous, and that household ammonia and asperin are dangerous.

**EVO:** States of consciousness have been described on their different levels as satori, nirvana, etc. What do you think a zen master might say if he took LSD after reaching a state of satori?

**Watts:** Some Zen masters have been given LSD and have mostly had rather bad trips. It very often evokes in them all the Buddhist hells, the *Jigoku*, and so on. This is a western thing at the moment, I feel. The Far East, as distinct from India—the Indians can handle these things—has always been wine-drinking, and has never really gone in for these kinds of experience.

**EVO:** What do you feel about the hysteria and panic that the LSD controversy has caused?

**Watts:** Talking really in an almost facetious way, the latest pronouncements of the FDA sound as if all those people had a trip on LSD and had a "paranoid take."

You have to take a very relaxed "boys will boys" attitude. If that's done, there will not be a crisis because that attitude will not create a counter protest.

Why are they afraid of it? Well, you know, we know very well, for example, that marijuana—from a toxic point of view, a chemical point of view—is probably as innocuous as coffee or tea. It's certainly less toxic than alcohol or tobacco. But if it was coffee or tea that was on the list of prohibitions, probably you or I wouldn't have any great interest in the matter.

It's like those people who are always planning for the future and are incapable of living in the present, so that when their plans for the future mature, they're unable to enjoy them, because they're looking ahead somewhere else.

I think that the people who are under the myth that you must survive are naturally scared out of their wits by something that reveals that their whole style of life is based on contradictions. And they're scared to death that the young people may not have this anxiety to survive, and may start sitting around in coffee-houses and bars and just dig the scene, and not make a productive contribution to society. And that's very scary.

# SLUM GODDESS



Walter Bredel Photo



## NEWS FOR MR. JONES

MEMO TO: Mr. Jones  
FROM: Sherry  
RE: What's Happening

My profession as prestidigitator makes me the ideal person to resolve your confusion about just what it IS that's happening. Come see the Lower East Side, sometimes ugly, sometimes depressing, but always boiling and always new. Drop your games of Fourteenth Street and I will perform some sleight-of-hand designed to unsew your eyelids. We'll talk to prophets in the park, holy men in hallways, and maybe God will drop around for a good old cell-to-cell chat.

I know you're running scared, but don't run so fast you lose your shadow. We of the East Side Mutant Reservation will welcome you with love and kisses. It's back to school with you, Mr. Jones. Come see me and I'll be your gentle guru.

**EVO:** What predictions would you make about the outcome of all this "youth revolution"?

**Watts:** Well, I can't make prophecies. I can only express hopes. I hope that the real meaning of the whole thing is that nature, human nature, is taking care of itself, and that it is, in other words, intelligence which does not reside merely at the level of consciousness. The shape of the brain is intelligent. We did not consciously work it out.

So we have deeper intelligence than conscious intelligence, and I only hope that at this point this intelligence is taking over through all these curious, seemingly frightening activities, to give the human race a new sense of identity.

That's to me what it all adds up to. That it is just barely possible that the subconscious or super-conscious human organism, both in individual and collective dimensions, is making that adjustment which will enable man to feel that he really belongs in this universe, and to express it, rather than be a stranger in it that has to fight it.

**EVO:** So, you think this thing, is going to succeed?

**Watts:** I hope so. I certainly hope so. And I hope that's what all this means. But I would hesitate to be an actual prophet and make any sort of predictions.

I'm a philosopher, not a prophet.

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# VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA



Underground Literary Review

by Tom McNamara

THE ART OF SELF DELUSION or  
DOWN AND OUT WITH THE  
UNDERGROUND... PART 2

*No one is forcing you to follow this career, but if you do, do it well. By all means, don't choose it simply as an aid to your existence; your work, then, will be impregnated with your needs; you will transmit your weakness to it; it will have hunger's pallor. There are other skills for you: become a shoemaker, and don't write books at all. Our esteem for you will be no less; indeed, since you won't be boring us, we may even like you better.*

D. A. F. Sade

After my last criticism of the "underground" I thought I had got the poison out of my system but since then visits to unbelievably bad movies have triggered the virus again.

In writing this I feel very square... a grey bearded academician and something of a fink, too... but what's a man to do when he's been covered with cinematic vomit? I just can't sit and say nothing. If I wasn't fairly sure that they'd enjoy it, I'd take the offending film-makers aside and spank them severely. However, since their films were shown in public, I can see no reason why my bile should'nt be too.

Of all poetic mediums film is the most difficult to cheat with. If one is a lousy craftsman with paint, words, sound, the end result is at best a boring grey lump of mediocrity... at worst it is something which is unshowable and unpublishable.

But the avant garde film movement being the most open and the freest of all mediums, (thanks very largely to the efforts of Jonas Mekas) requires of its artists a much greater degree of self-discipline and self criticism.

In view of the terrible expense involved in film-making it is only to be expected that the product will all too frequently fall short of technical perfection. (I think many avant garde movies should be regarded as the fine art equivalent of sketches... and there's nothing wrong with that.) But there are limits.

In the films I'm thinking of (no names please!) I find it difficult to imagine why the audience didn't walk out as one insulted man. They must have no more sensitivity than the film-makers.

Making a film is a loving labour... there are techniques to be learned... aesthetics to be tried... you have to spend time like you had eternity in your pocket. You have to admit to yourself that not every frame of film that you've shot has the touch of genius in it. Some of it has to be rejected... frequently, most of it. You have to try and clear your mind of cliches... avant garde and well as academic.

When Taylor Mead first dropped his pants and assumed a bare-arsed position, it was quite funny.

When Stan Brakhage makes a double exposure or when he shakes or whirls his camera, he does, it because it is integral to the film.

When Bruce Conner splices together pieces of old newsreels he gives you a new way of seeing them.

But bare arses and tits alone do not make avant garde material... neither does jumpy camera work, bad focus and exposure... nor does showing every inch of film you've ever shot... nor do home movies of your friends uglyfying their personal problems... nor do

There are now about 800 little magazines furiously going in and out of business (if you want to call it that) in the English-speaking world. But the little press, in fact, the little-little press, is an established fact. And anyone with the smallest itch to write and the muscle to turn a crank is, at least, a self-publisher. But it ain't all poetry, by any means.

Much of what is published, even in these Good Old U-nited States is pure polemic. Along with the platapussy-playful stuff like *Elephant*, a magazine that features such as Aram Saroyan, and gives you one of those follow-the-dots things on the front to draw your own pachyderm... along with a whimsical, wonderful broadside (actually a soft-side) celebrating "Gentle Thursday" which arrived from the coast and upon which announced that the 24th of March was a day to non-celebrate by not working, meditating, not answering the phone and being gentle and loving... along with all of this wonderful fluff, sudsy antiseriousness, and occasional humor, so rare in this day of thundering dunder, bluster, and bloor, comes—you guessed it—bloor, bloor, and more bloor—diatribes on drugs, religion, atheism, kommunism, kastroism, a missive called *Weapon* with stuff that sounds like a toy tank devouring its mainspring.

Since it took two and a half years to produce, I guess it doesn't matter that I'll probably have the last word on the new *East Side Review*. I like it... but: (1) There are too many people in it who have shot their load and are riding only on past reputation. And I mean Ginsberg, Burroughs, and Orlovsky. O. K. so this means war. (2) Leroi Jones' play is inept and stupid. (3) Jonas Mekas' contribution is below the standard of even his *Voice* columns. Hmmmm. There must have been something there I liked. Maybe the idea of having a magazine with this title and one that looks as good as *Evergreen*. Shephard Sherbell, the mag's publisher, promises an art section next issue, so maybe some of the fine, but unknown eastside painters will be presented, guys like Jack Seery, Juan Gomez here from Chile on a fellowship and some others, but this issue of ESR, didn't even have one literary "discovery" or one surprise.

Another new eastside thing is *Manhattan Review*, which is going to find it hard to compete with ESR on presentation since they're both the same price (a buck). *Manhattan Review* has a good piece of strong sex-fantasy fiction by Frank Stevens, a fine eastside writer. Finally, magazines for fiction are beginning to appear. There's definitely a need for this. If it weren't for magazines like *Big Tables* and *Neon* (now both defunct) it might have taken writers like John Rechy and Hubert Selby even longer to have broken into print.

Allan Katzman's new book *The Commanche Cantos* is an important piece of work, although I think the introduction (which was written

self-delusion article con't

shots of nice middle class girls rolling around on the floor in an imitation of a paroxism of desire and unholy lust... neither do endless double exposures of pedestrian and overexposed subjects.

All images must have a relationship to the whole (even by being not related). If they don't, then we might just as well give over the job of making poetry to the monkeys.

Old man Preston has spoken...! And off in the silly night he wishes he could take his own advice.

by the publisher) has little to do with the poetry. Katzman, who got to know the ways of the Indians through his own experience, captures the heroism as well as the savagery of the people our early settlers tried to stamp out. As Cyen's intro states, this is *all about* pride and valor, but the poems say it so well that the prose seems unnecessary.

*Current and Choice*: "The Annotated Typography of Chance," from Something Else Press is certainly a new approach to the novel... even to the anti-novel... but pick it up and you'll dig it... Judson Crews' *Angels Fall They Are Towers* mixes beautiful nudes (the kind men like, as they say at the strip shows) between the poems... *Agenda*, an English mag, devotes a whole issue to old Ez Pound... Lee Harwood who wrote an earthshaking prose poem about his neighborhood called "Cable Street" (published most recently in *Dzarad* and first in *Poetmeat*) reports he has shaken the whole area to rubble and has had to retreat to a new address; and of course, I've lost the new address in the rubble of my desk, but I'll have it by the next issue... Dave Cunliffe and Tina Morris of *Poetmeat* need \$\$\$ to get back on their feet after their recent trial and tribulation. (11 Clematis Street, Blackburn, Lancs, England. Send them half-a-buck for a back issue and see if the magazine isn't worth supporting.) England's John Calder will publish Selby's "Last Exit to Brooklyn" soon. This could be the next case on the old Blighty's boony docket, where obscenity is hunted like the snark once 'twas.

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## VOYEU

by Lil Picard



## RAMA

They swing on photograph-art, sculpture-collage-art, painted-canvas-art and tell a story, very literally and with a touch of mass-culture, sex-culture, discotheque-culture. A new avant garde swinging art is evolving out of pop and some may think it isn't Art at all. But something else. This Something Else, as we know by now, (we have the "Something Else Press and Art Gallery") clearly expresses a new mass-image.

The so called Revolution of Sex which was explored widely in drama, fiction and poetry, never got much attention from American artists. They seem to shy away from sexual, erotic imagery. And even today's girl shows are tame examples of Art one considers erotic, sexual or pornographic.

But from Eve, who tempted Adam with the apple and Eve who looks whimsically down at us from the ceiling of Michaelangelo's Sistine Chapel to all the painted and sculptured female images,—girls had been artists' meaty inspiration, all along through the centuries. Until Abstract Art came along and killed girls for a while. But fortunately not completely. They somehow survived. With Pop Art they appeared on the scene again, alive and kicking, Lichtenstein-Cartoon-girls, Wesselman's American Nudes, pink and flatly painted with breasts like ice cream-cups. Andy Warhol-girls, Sherman Drexler girls, running on a flag and on a red button, the image of nude,—his wife, the painter-writer Rosalyn Drexler, who herself is a painter of girls, cut out dolls covered with acrylic paint.

This month several girl shows opened in New York. Two created by women, two by men. Each one has a special quality of eroticism. Wynn Chamberlain in collaboration with Lorenz Gude is presenting (at Fischbach Gallery) an "Homage to Thomas Eakins" with a multi-action show: A Nude Trip. Wynn Chamberlain girls (there are also a few males and kids involved in the trip) are out-door-beach-and-wood-addicts. They laugh, dance and are full of joie de vivre, caught by the artist's camera and imprisoned into large horizontal translucent plastic sheets, which hang on wires from the ceiling of the gallery, producing a maze in space. Photographed images of big-breasted nature-girls surround the viewer, and an avalanche of optical effects is added by electric lights, which pop on and off. The surface of the plastic sheets is painted with bright colored stripes in criss-cross pattern. Pop-rock and roll music turned on full blast adds to the visual bedlam. A discotheque nude trip Paris-Crazy-Horse-Style is created. Wynn Chamberlain left Nude-painting this time to have fun in team work, mechanically emphasizing popular mixed media, and his message after Marshall McLuhan comes from photographs, tape recorders and electric technology.

Martha Edelheit (Byron Gallery) offers many facets of the private world of Martha Edelheit. Small sculptures with a personal touch, glittering with metallic paper-coverings, masks,

New Work

**MARISOL**

Sidney Janis

15 East 57 St.

feet, legs, hands are painted and studded with bric-a-brac, in surrealistic, poetic manner. Her very large ambitiously conceived canvases are partially painted, partially covered with drawings, colors are warm, the nuances reminding one of Art Nouveau.

(Egon Schiele and Gustav Klimt) Studies for the large works and watercolors show sadomaso details and disclose a sex-dream-world-fantasy in which this young and very talented artist seems to be involved.

Sculptor-painter-collagist Marisol is exhibiting new work at Sidney Janis. Marisol depicts today's social scene in groups of the "Party" (15 figures) and "The Dealers" (11 figures), and also in a variety of smaller groups, "Women leaning", "Couple", "Six women", "Three Women with umbrellas", "Women sitting on a mirror." Her new work is monumental, more severe, shows Egyptian stylization. In "The Dealers" especially, the assembled figures are compact in their togetherness and have the impact of a marching force. "The Dealers" as a power machine . . . In her fifteen drawings the artist shows her graphic talent and sense of color. Rainbow fingers are combined with plaster cast fragments of mouth and parts of the face, which is always Marisol's own beautiful self. Marisol adores Marisol, embraces Marisol, she is the sun, the center of the universe. She appears as the waitress and the hostess, the sphinx and the Egyptian queen. She uses her face positive or negative sculptured, in photographs, as plaster casts, squeezed between blocks of wood, shaped like Egyptian hairpieces. Out of many fragments Marisol forms a witty and also powerful image of modern woman, using every facet of collage-technique, borrowed from many of her contemporaries, but transformed into her own genuine style: A Marisol.

Walter Gutman, Angel of Tenth Street, Stockbroker of Wallstreet, admirer of strong American girls, painter by passion, served drinks and his paintings of light painted girls on dark canvases at the Great Jones Gallery. Gutman is involved with the female figure. Spreading often in acrobatic postures and painted in grayish white loose brushstrokes not without energy and gusto. The artist is a man with appetite for hefty forms, and there is something of the circus in his painted girls. They are lady-clowns, frolicking, squatting. The show serves as a benefit for the Judson Memorial Church.

All four shows close May 7th.

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Walter **Gutman**

benefit exhibition of paintings and drawings  
for Arts Program Judson Memorial Church

**Great Jones Gallery**

645 Madison Avenue

# Gentles Tripout

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<p>useless Flash Light</p>		<p>This is a GAS</p>	<p>This isn't Like Miami</p>	<p>I DON'T SEE A THING</p>
<p>The Cloud sky world vaporizes about Gentles, who has lost his friends. He falls in space.....</p>	<p>vera is held by the elusive cloud creatures</p>	<p>Guru and Lili fell to a tiny sea island. The ring is quiet...Lili relaxes.</p>	<p>Suddenly, the island starts shrinking rapidly.....</p>	<p>Continued.....</p>

		<p>Damn, my shoes are wet</p>	<p>Who?</p>		<p>The Ring is pulling again</p>
<p>Gentles lands in the sea.....</p>	<p>He becomes a boat and sails toward Kuru and Lili.....</p>	<p>They are sinking fast.....</p>	<p>Out of the water, into the boat. there is a good wind on the endless sea.</p>	<p>Vera carried on the tail of the wind...chased by the cloud creatures.</p>	<p>Dropped in the boat she radiates.</p>

	<p>WHAT The Hell is happening</p>	<p>Wow I can breathe</p>	
<p>Peaceful and secure, for the moment, our seachers sail ahead.</p>	<p>Suddenly a mad horde of bald savengers attack. A sea-hand submerges them.</p>	<p>Forced far into the sea...they discover...</p>	<p>A deserted (?) undersea city... continued.....</p>

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# VOYEU



# RAMA

## CHICAGO REPORT

by Frank Brady

"Chicago, the jazz baby—the reeking, cinder-ridden, joyous Baptist stronghold; Chicago, the chewing gum center of the world, the bleating, slant-headed rendezvous of half-witted newspapers, sociopaths and pants makers..."

Chicago Literary Times—March 1, 1923

Despite our smiling Mayor, Richard J. Daley, his jelloed jowls shimmering beagle-like in the wind, saying, "There is no Negro ghetto in Chicago," to a group of thousands at a CORE rally (and everyone present knowing that Chicago has the largest Negro ghetto in the country and we booed until he left the dais without saying anything more); despite Dick Gregory's announcement that he would get all of the Negro vote and most of the White in his mayoralty race against Daley in 1967; despite the Public Library banning the mystical paintings of George Kokines and a lady saying to George at the Rosenstone Gallery: "How do you know which end is up?" and George the Greek replying: "I know, I know"; despite Paul Carroll, shades of *Big Table* still stuck to his eyelids, reading his beautiful poems at Second City, trying to be Groucho Marx, Allen Ginsberg and Bergen Evans; despite the College of Complexes making a feeble attempt to stir things up; despite the Indians on Clark St. still bemoaning the drunken death of Ira Hayes, Iwo Jima flag raiser; and despite Calvin Fastwolf, a gentle Sioux, singing a ballad for Chicago's most famous Indian; despite Norman Mailer showing up at a party on the South Side and talking about hockey and Floyd Patterson and chess; despite zillionaire Hugh Hefner's *Xanadu* on North State Parkway and his television tape recorder, cinemascope projectors and thousands of used Bunny tails; despite the ground-breaking of the world's tallest apartment house (70 stories); despite Paul Sills and his Game theater where people pay \$2.00 every Saturday night to play games—Yes games; despite Martin Luther King taking an

apartment in the South Side slums and then redecorating it for his habitation; despite a shortage of *Fugs* records; despite one week this winter of 20 degree below zero weather; despite one of the most tight-assed junk, pot, A and LSD scenes in the country; despite the attempts of John Heinz to organize an underground film movement; despite the 2 x 4 paintings of Ed Strautmanis and his studio looks like a kaleidoscopic forest with dozens of 2 x 4's hanging from his ceiling; despite the stockyards; despite Nelson Algren flying to Iowa State three days a week to teach a course in fiction while still saying, "You can't teach anyone to write"; despite The Committee For Independent Action trying to organize in every ward in the city with the purpose of putting up candidates under a third party; despite the respective ghosts of Carl Sandburg, James T. Farrell and Ben Hecht; despite the Biograf Theater, where John Dillinger was gunned down by Feds, still showing flicks every night of the week; despite William Saroyan, Bennett Cerf and Herb Gold breezing through town; despite a million dollar fire on the Near North Side destroying a whole city block, including one of Chicago's best movie houses; despite the many little underground schools prospering all over the city; despite the most posh drag ball of probably any city in the country, where the Queens, so beautiful and sweet they are, pay up to \$900 each for their gowns; despite Durocher taking over the Cubs and surveying the outside of Wrigley Field on Addison St.; despite the canoe races on Lake Michigan; despite talk of a Warhol Happening; despite block-long soup lines that look just like the Depression; despite very few gay people, really; despite trying to think of a new name for Chicago other than City on the Make, City of Broad Shoulders, Windy City and Second City; despite that this is the second largest city in the country; yes despite all this, no one smiles.

## London: by MILES

Every Sunday from about 7pm till its over, the Marquee Club in Soho is happening. Nothing is advertised (there are no advertisements), no-one is billed, no tickets, about five phone calls are made and over 200 people turn up, sometimes many many more. When they are there, they do things, meet people, HAPPEN.

So far the un-organized events have included Donovan, in red Cleopatra make-up, singing to one sitar and five conga drummers, the AMM in white coats with electronic tapes, films projected onto dancers, the PINK FLOYD, surely London's loudest electronic beat group; this week the jam session was led by Maldean on rude-trumpet & lavatory plunger and included a soprano sax, two conga drums and amplified violin and shouting. An amazing piano solo was played by a chick in very tight white levis and consisted of a complete Prelude & Fugue by Bach to the accompaniment of furious drumming and trumpet reveilles. Alternating red and blue arc lights illuminated the stage.

Among the dozen or so people actually sitting on the stage was a chick having her long red hair trimmed by a friend, not part of the act, there is no act. Pete the Rat, well known head & history master, arrived pushing a sit-up-and-beg wind-up gramophone and, wearing a long black coat & bowler hat, played old 1950 pop records and Victor Sylvester while couples did whip dances with lengths of wire someone had brought. John Esam was in great form and danced his 1970's solo style as he has done previously to Johnny Griffin in Amsterdam and William Burroughs at the Pot Opera in Paris. People always bring in things from the streets when they come, rags, mailing tubes, boxes, posters, little mods in Carnaby Street gear, mailing tubes, scissors, mod chicks in frontless, backless, bare-midriff, 7" above the knee see-through dresses, wooden planks, streamers. People usually come in beautiful coloured clothes causing beautiful coloured events in the streets as they arrived. I haven't seen a chick in a knee-length dress for weeks and weeks. Charles Marowitz is preparing something for one of the Sundays so I'm told. The scene changes every week. It's good.

On the publications front there is still little to report: What there is is good, though. THIRCE edited by Tom Clark (50 cents) contains Ed Dorn, Charles Olson, Turnbull, Berigan et al and THIRCE & 1/2 which is devoted to Tom Pickard (43 Lower Park Rd. Brightlingsea, Essex). FRICE comes next. CENSORSHIP magazine has reached number 5 which is a general issue on China, Cuba, India and Montevideo's Blue Cinema. Previous issues have been devoted to films, literature, Allen Ginsberg's troubles in Europe etc., (from Congress for Cultural Freedom, 133 Oxford St. London, W.1. 75 cents). Gary Snyder's new book A RANGE OF POEMS will be out in a few days from Fulcrum Press, 16 Lawn Rd. NW3. It is big, beautiful and expensive. To all the people who have written about it WHOLLY COMMUNION the book of the film of the event, is distr. in USA by City Lights or from Indica. DEAD FINGERS TALK by William Burroughs is being exported to USA or is also available through Indica, 6 Mason's Yard, Duke St. St. James's, London. SW. 1. WH1-1424. Indica is going now and is still interested in small presses and magazines anyone would like to send. George Andrews' BOOK OF GRASS will be out soon from Peter Owen. Amazing quotes from Washington on how to tell the female from the male flowers. On that thought-provoking thought I leave.

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## ARTISTS VS. FEDS

continued from page 1

into a doorway and said, "You're stupid, Jack, you've threatened a government witness."

In court, Martin testified that "They put me in a Corvair and took me to the Bureau's headquarters on Church Street. They said I would go to jail for from five to ten years and be held on \$100,000 bail. I was there for three hours. They promised me a light sentence if I would set-up Allen Ginsberg for a narcotics arrest. I was so scared I would have framed my own father to get out of that place."

Feldman, however, testified earlier that Martin had volunteered to become an informant and would arrange to frame Ginsberg, but only in California. Bruce Jensen, the agent who had arrested Martin on July 23 on the marijuana tax-evasion charge, followed Feldman on the stand. Jensen said he had asked Martin to become an informant.

In fact, in Ass't Federal Attorney, John R. Bartel's words, Martin had agreed to set-up "this movie-maker Ginsberg" in order to end the interrogation. Once released, Martin called Jensen and said, "I can't do it. Bring me to trial if you want to."

From August 3 to August 11 Martin lived at 121 Thompson Street in the Village. He was not, during this period of time, arrested by the agents for his alleged threat on the government witness. On the night of August 11, Martin was involved in the final preparations for a benefit to be held that night at the Broadway Central Hotel in order to raise money for Wilbourn's bail. (See Vol. 1, No. 1 EVO). The benefit had been well publicized and drew a crowd of about 200 people. Admission was charged and the evening's fare included an "underground" movie, a brief concert by the Fugs and other frivolities. Before the evening's activities got underway, Martin made a speech denouncing the practice of using informants by the Narcotics Bureau.

While Martin was describing how the Narcotics Bureau asked him to set-up Ginsberg,

Agents Feldman, Jensen, Gerald Maher and John O'Neil entered the Broadway Central, casually dressed in flamboyant shirts. They did not pay the admission charge and quickly assumed positions in various sections of the ballroom.

Heliczer, the announcer, ran into the ballroom and told the audience that several people had entered the ballroom without paying, and that the evening's program would cease until they either paid or left the premises.

Feldman walked on stage and said to Martin, "O. K., Jack, finish your speech and come along with me." Martin finished his speech. Defense Counsel, Stanley Faulkner questioned Martin as to what happened next.

Q: Did Feldman have a warrant for your arrest?

A: Feldman said, "You know, Jack, I don't need one."

Q: Did Feldman say why he was arresting you?

A: He wouldn't tell me why.

Q: Did you have on you, use or purchase marijuana at that time?

A: No, sir.

Q: Did Feldman have on a badge?

A: He did not have a badge on. (Feldman testified earlier that he was wearing a badge.)

Q: What did you say then?

A: I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, you are now witnessing a case in which I'm being illegally arrested. Feldman said, "You are now witnessing a case in which someone is resisting arrest."

Feldman testified that Martin cried out, "Don't let him take me. They have no right. There are six of them and two hundred of you."

Martin was handcuffed from behind by three of the agents and dragged up the aisle. When they reached the lobby, Miss Nolan, the ticket seller, who testified that the agents were not wearing badges when they first entered the hotel, rushed to Martin's defense.

Faulkner asked Miss Nolan what happened next.

Q: Did you hit anyone?

A: Yes, I did.

Q: Whom did you hit?

A: He was a large agent, a big man with a big head.

Q: And you attacked him?

A: Yes, I slapped him around the face two or three times.

Q: Had the agent hit or kicked you?

A: I saw five men twisting the arms and legs of one small man. He was screaming for help. I ran to help him.

Within minutes, Heliczer rushed to Miss Nolan's aid. Faulkner asked Heliczer what happened next.

A: I tried to kick agent O'Neill but two people jumped on top of me and slammed handcuffs on me. Then I asked him to have mercy. I did not know who the agents were.

Q: Did you have a conversation with Bruce Jensen in July, 1965 to discuss Martin and Wilbourn's bail?

A: Yes, I did.

The scuffle continued outside the hotel. Some of the audience surrounded the agents and defendants, about three dozen police arrived, and during the ensuing chaos, Smith struck Feldman and was then arrested.

Feldman testified that he went to Beekman Hospital for treatment, having suffered contusions. (A contusion is the injury to the skin without laceration; a bruise.) He was released shortly thereafter.

The defendants were taken to the Charles Street precinct.

The following morning, on August 12, Agent Feldman filed a warrant for the defendants arrest. The warrant, Feldman said, "Referred to what took place on the night of August 11, it referred to assault and resisting arrest."

All four defendants pleaded not guilty.

\* \* \* \* \*

By the time of the third and final day of the trial in Judge John F. X. McGohey's chambers on the thirteenth floor of the Federal Courthouse, a melange of poets, artists and musicians had watched the tournament between the narcotics agents and the East Village avant-garde.

In Defense Attorney Faulkner's summation, he said that the narcotics agents never took Martin's alleged threat seriously; their purpose at the hotel benefit on August 11 was to elicit Martin's aid in framing Ginsberg. Faulkner said that the agents were "frustrated, were completely frustrated, for they were out to get Martin, to get him to make a frame."

In Ass't Federal Attorney Bartel's summation, frequent allusions were made to the avant-garde element in the case. He asked the jury to compare Martin's demeanor and "the parade of disinterested defense witnesses" to the demeanor of the government agents.

He questioned the jury, "Do these agents look like frustrated men, these men who have had five to ten years of experience on the narcotics squad?"

Bartel restated the fact that Martin had committed a felon in threatening a government witness and was wanted for questioning. The agents did not need a warrant; the arrest was legal; the agents were on official duty. Bartel made a final reference to "this movie-maker Ginsberg" and brusquely walked to his chair.

Ginsberg did not hear Bartel's remark. Both he and Peter Orlovsky felt their presence in the courtroom might prejudice the 11 man 1 woman jury. During the fifteen minutes it took to choose a jury, Ginsberg said, "I feel like the noose of the police state is closing in on me. I've had experience with police states in Prague, and it's very similar."

Both poets reappeared when the jury began its deliberations and waited six hours until a verdict had been reached.

The defense will appeal the case on the grounds that Martin's arrest on the night of August 11 was illegal since the agents had no warrant.

by Marcia Goldstein



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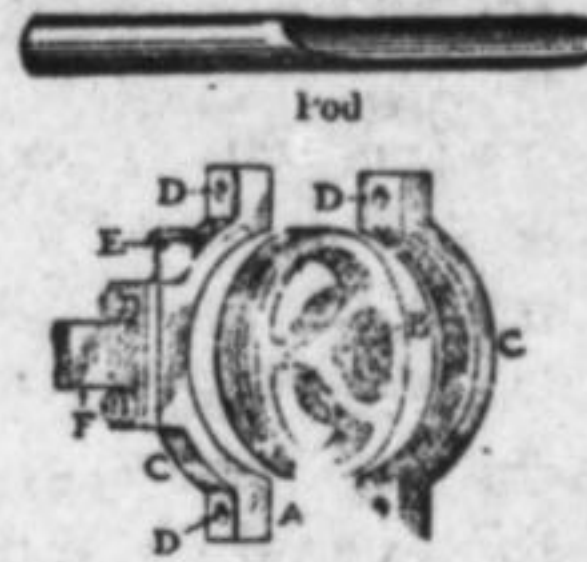
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# WHERE IT'S AT

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THRU MAY 15 Ringling Bros. Barnum Bailey Circus. Admission includes Side Show and Managerie. Mats. Tues—Sat. 2 pm Sun. 1:30, Tues, Wed, Thurs, 7:30, Fri. & Sat 8:30. Sun. 6 pm. Tickets \$2.50—\$6.50. Children under 12—half price. Madison Square Garden, 8th Ave & 50th.

APRIL 6—JUNE 11 Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. New Production of Twelfth Night, Henry IV, Parts I & II, and Hamlet.

APRIL 9—OCTOBER 8 Pitlochry Drama Festival. Pitlochry, Perthshire.

MAY 1 USRRC (U.S. Road Racing Championship, I guess) Riverside, Calif.

MAY 2 Robert Bly & Louis Simpson reading from their poetry. \$1.50. Poetry Center of 92nd St. YM-YWHA. 8:30. NYC.

MAY 3 Joseph Corness Exhibition prepared by Mr. Walter Hopps opening at The Pasadena Art Museum. Pasadena, Calif.

May 5 Midi Garth: A program of dances including 3 premieres. Theresa L. Kaufmann Concert Hall of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. \$3.50, \$2.50. NYC.

MAY 5—7 National Folk Festival, Denver, Colo.

MAY 5—20 Cannes' annual Film Festival. France.

MAY 7 1966 National Karate Championships at the D.C. Armory, 2001 E. Capitol St., Washington D.C.

MAY 7 European Karate Championships. Four contestants from each country plus a team composed of five players and one alternate. Paris, France. Tel. BLOmet 52-00.

MAY 8 Poetry reading by Daniel Cassidy, Jr. at Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Avenue, NYC.

MAY 8 Targa Florio, Sicily (Road Race)

MAY 9—14 Homage to music week. Westminster Abbey, London. Concerts will be played in honor of the 900th Anniversary of the Abbey's consecration.

MAY 10 & MAY 17 Lecture by Erich Fromm. Responsibility, Duty & Independence. Single Admission: \$3.00. 92nd St. YM-YWHA. NYC.

MAY 11 Auction of European and American paintings for benefit of Whitney Museum's Building and Endowment Fund held at Parke-Bernet. Includes works by Dove, Hofmann, Homer, Kline, Maillol, Manet, Picasso, Prendergast, Tobey, Wyeth & others. 980 Madison Ave. 8 pm. NYC.

MAY 11 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: SCOTLAND—HOLLAND. Hampden Park, Glasgow.

MAY 14 International Trophy Race, Silverston, England.

MAY 14 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: F. A. CUP FINAL Wembley, Middlesx, England.

MAY THROUGH AUGUST ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION. Burlington House, Piccadilly, London.

CONTINUING EVENTS LIGHT SHOW—a groovy psychedelic, moving, color fantasy with live music. 9-12 pm. \$1. 3505 Pacific Avenue, Venice, California. Every Saturday Night.

"VELVETS EAST AND WEST" in the Lytton Gallery of the L.A. County Museum of Art. Through May 22. L.A., Calif.

CONTEST \$25 Prize. For the best cover design submitted for the new John Fohey LP, called The Great San Bernardino Birthday Party and Other Excursions. Entries should be 11-1/2 inches square & photo-ready. Contact ED DENSON, or send to Box 2233, Berkeley, Calif.

THE PHANTOM CABARET! With Hugh Romney, Del Close, Hetty McGee, and Mark Eudey. At the Little Theatre Around the Corner, 6318 Fountain Ave. (near Vine). 12 midnightly except Monday. \$1.50. (Los Angeles, California)

SUMMERTIME Couples camping out in Spain this summer will have to post on their tents or sleeping bags cards issued by the police certifying that they are legally married.

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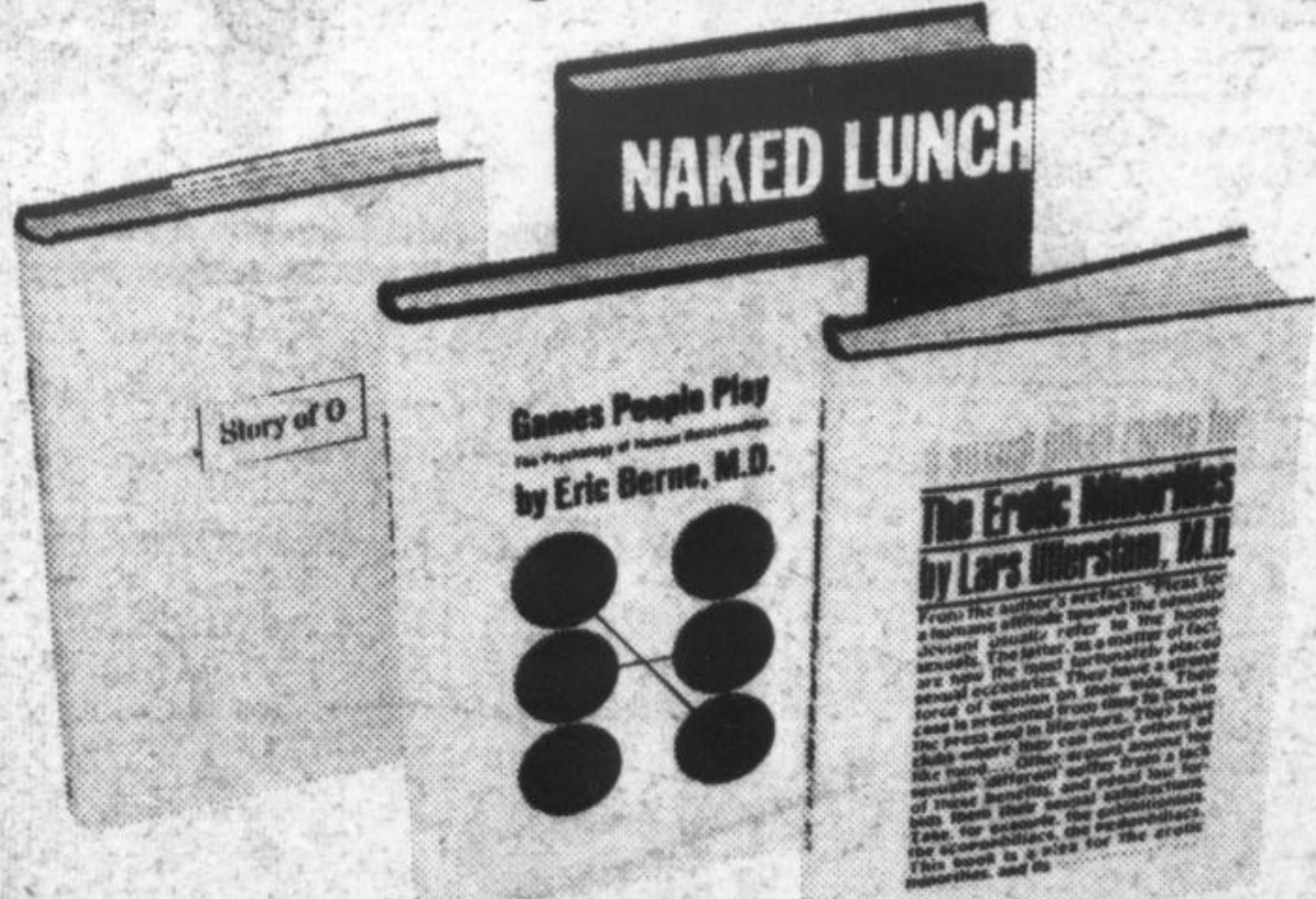
And in the next few months Grove will publish *Barbarella*, the French comic strip for adults; *491*, the book that inspired the world-famous Swedish movie; the first American edition of Jean Genet's finest novel, *Miracle of The Rose*; Alain Robbe-Grillet's new book, *Maison de Rendezvous*; and William Burroughs' new novel, *The Soft Machine*.

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