

THE east village OTHER

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MISS MANAGEMENT

USA ON TRIAL

By Lorraine Glennby

Sometime in March, in Paris, in a courtroom of the world, the dead will speak; burned flesh will ooze upon the witness chair; the wounds of the tortured will reopen and missing fingers point as America the Beautiful stands accused of war crimes, and there is no one willing to defend her.

The law of conscience is higher than the law of the land. This was proven after World War II when silent voices were put on trial at Nuremberg: the failed consciences that allowed the executioners to murder and the civilians to ignore their crimes. Only a few individuals could be punished by legal procedure, but Germany was condemned by the world. That is the danger that America faces when the strange fruits of her "fight for peace" are examined one by one before a commission of inquiry.

What are war crimes? The commission will not rely on its own definitions, but on established precedents. International lawyers will be on hand throughout the proceedings to insure this. After World War II these categories came to be recognized:

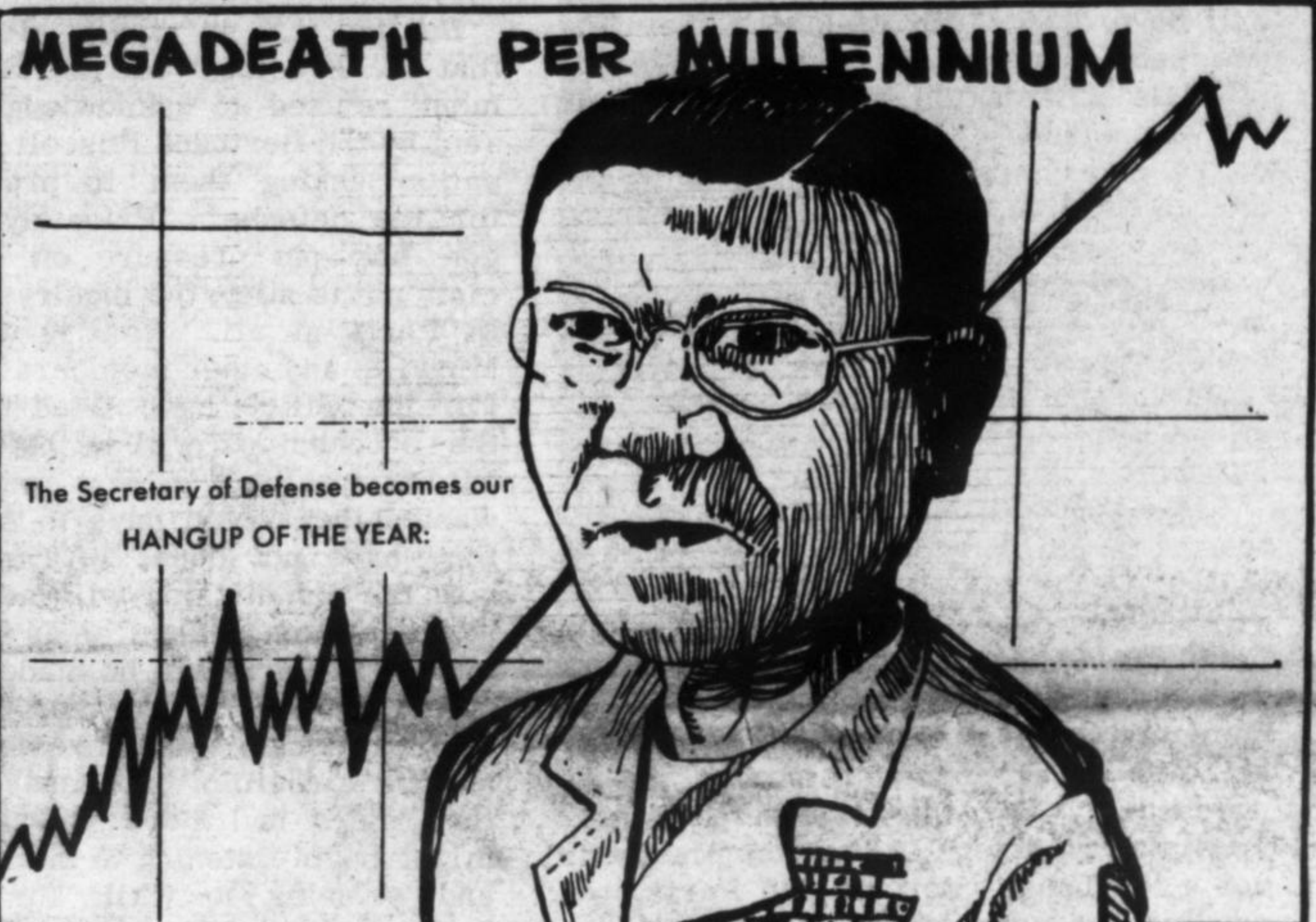
- (1) Crimes against peace: the planning, preparation, initiation or waging of a war of aggression, or of a war in violation of international treaties, agreements, or assurances.
- (2) Conventional war crimes: murder, ill-treatment or deportation for slave labor, or other purposes, of the civilian population of occupied territory; murder or ill-treatment of prisoners of war... killing of hostages; plunder of public or private property; wanton destruction of cities, towns, or villages or devastation not justified by military necessity.
- (3) Crimes against humanity: murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation and other inhumane acts committed against any civilian population... or persecutions on political, racial, or religious grounds in execution of or in connection with any other war crime.

The U.S. admits to using non-toxic gases, strategic bombs, and causing defoliation, as well as "re-settling" civilians for their own safety. They do NOT admit to the spreading of lethal poisons, bombs dropped on village targets (with civilians still in them), torture and murder of prisoners, or allowing civilians in "re-settlement camps" to be imprisoned and tortured.

The picture shown here is a picture of a war crime. It is from an unreleased film by Japanese television units which also shows this same prisoner shot to death by American soldiers. It is one of many which will be shown in Paris this spring.

For the first time, firsthand evidence

continued on page 2



DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FOR MISMANAGING AND THE INVENTION OF THE FALCON DEATH DASH BOARD
Ford

because, he demonstrated his lack of faith in the American democratic process by allowing our military to foist a dictatorial regime on the people of Viet Nam.

because, in the name of Fiscal Efficiency, he has destroyed the Christian concept of Military Honor, thereby exposing our officers in the field to charges of war crimes.

and because, he has escalated the office of War from its historical position as "the last resort," to primary prominence, whereby it is the dominate official posture we present to those outside our national boundaries.



Dear EVO, luv -

Sitting here in "South Philly" pumping Esso and fondling the wondrous monetary bills which aren't mine, I perceived of a wonderful idea.

I do not dig the war in Vietnam. I know a couple of friends who have died there. I am l-Y due to a high school football injury. If called for another physical I will go to jail, in preference to Vietnam.

Ergo, as a means of protest -- suppose, just suppose, that everybody who opposed the war in Vietnam, suppose that they carried a red magic marker with them at all times. On every bill they got (\$1, \$5, \$10 etc.) they wrote on it boldly "End the war in Vietnam" or "Bring the Troops Home," or "Fuck LBJ," etc. Can you imagine the circulation. Think this over. I've started doing it. I haven't heard any consequences yet, but I'm but one in a faggot city of about two million -- Philly!

Ken C. Gaul
White Plains, NY

Dear EVO,

Having ignored the political arena this fall and dealt with a more sane "reality," I just heard the leading spokesman for the Administration and its Vietnam extermination. After listening to this particular psychopath babble for nearly an hour I was reminded of the New York elections and how the people stand to be screwed regardless of which incompetent wins. Seems that when a politician wins, the people lose. Perhaps this is the basic law of politics and only if a non-politician wins can the people win. So I thought what non-politician is the best known of those who are well known and the obvious choice is Timothy Leary. Since he's a resident and more, since he's in danger of becoming a political prisoner, he seems to me to be the perfect "protest" candidate for voters to write in for Governor.

Luke Carpenter
Blake College
Eugene, Oregon

To the people of and who read the East Village Other:

Im just a kid from Rock Island Illinois but I'd like to think of myself as Tom Edison or Jean Crupa and, you know, guys that have really made it big. I mean I'm a painter, sculptor, saxophonist, harmonicaist, guitarists, pianists, actor, sing. Im a guy who has done alot of thing. I even went to NYNY and red the East Village Other.

You might not believe what Im gona tell you but Im shure you probably all will try it. I call it my "Jackson illusion pepper." I found an old green pepper in back of the ice machine in the produce department where I work. The pepper was pretty old it had turned a little red, was wrinkled and had a wrotten spot in it. I was smoking a pallmall so I punched a whole through the wrotten spot with my finger and then blew smoke into it and squized it and watched the smoke puff out.

Great fun then! I got an Idea to use it for a fil-

THE East Village OTHER

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The United States on Trial

will be provided and weighed. Vietnamese people, newsmen, and ex-U.S. Army officials will testify in person to their own experiences. Doctors will be called on to give impartial opinions as to the effects of identified American weapons on the population. (According to U.S. policy, all those who do not cooperate with Saigon forces -- including women, children, and the aged -- are technically the enemy. This is their justification for destroying neutral civilians and their villages.)

It has not yet been PROVEN that Americans are guilty of war crimes, or even that these crimes exist. That is what the commission must establish. All of its members, known universally to speak with a moral voice in the interests of humanity, are prejudiced only insofar as they all recognize America as the aggressor. For this reason they have appointed no defense. The commission is not a "tribunal" nor can the Paris proceedings be considered a "trial" in any legal sense. If it is convinced there is a deliberate intention to commit war crimes as a part of U.S. policy, then it will call for an indictment, but what follows will have to be up to individual consciences.

ter! a pallmall green. Well I maid another whole and put the cigarette in it and smoked it down. After about an hour I started feeling very high and it built up untill the time I went to bed. I closed my eyes and not to darkness but to colors the most beautiful colors and dsigns I had ever seen. It made the experimental films I saw in NY look like my dog Babe takin a shit. Anyway it lasted I mean the color for about three hours and Ive been doing it since then.

Well thats it, my Jackson, illusion pepper. Ive finally made it big, huh? Now people will be having Jackson illusion parties all over the world and not just Rock Island.

Bob Jackson
1215-24th St. Place
Moline, Ill.

Thanks for EVO which I see usually and here's the poem which you're welcome to print if you want to. If so, please send me a couple of copies. It's been set to a bluesy thing by Dick Peaslee and is being used in Peter Brook's Vietnam show "US" in London at the moment. If the Fugs are interested will get them a copy. Hoped to see the Fs when they came over here but they never made it. Tuli has been sending us fantastic material for the "US" show, could you give him my thanks, love, respects, especially for Kill for Peace and 1001 Ways. Want to meet him if he gets over here after all, or if I make it over there. People are trying to fix some readings for me around New York for next year, if I can get a few money readings to pay my fare I'd like to do others either for cheeseburger money or for Vietnam medical funds. So if you know anyone interested could you pass them my address above and I'll write them. Please also give my love to Ginsberg and tell him poetry is getting better slowly, we want him back soon not just for his poetry or himself but also we need him because he shakes up the scene in the best way. Also, if you see them, love to Jehn and Shirley Clallon Holmes who I got to know in Iowa City a few years back.

But the U.S. is afraid. It is so afraid that the President and the State Department refused to acknowledge invitations sent by the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation asking them to present a case for the defense. Privately, the Pentagon has put pressure on French officials not to allow the inquiry to take place in Paris at all. That is why Couve de Murville and other members of the French Foreign Office have tried to imply that the proceedings will be held elsewhere, but in reality, if that was what they wanted they would have to say so, which they have not done. As matters stand now the commission will meet November 13, in London, where plans for the actual inquiry in Paris will be made.

And the U.S. has reason to fear. For if the monster is revealed in public and its atrocities broadcast to the world, then more and more American soldiers might begin listening to their consciences and refusing to "kill for peace" and fewer businessmen and housewives could continue to plead "we didn't know" or some small nation just might make a LEGAL indictment and then the investigation would begin again -- in the World Court at Hague.

Peace,
Adrian Mitchell
18 Belsize Crescent
London NW3

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I was run over by the truth one day.
Ever since the accident I've walked this way
So stick my legs in plaster
Tell me lies about Vietnam.

Heard the alarm clock screaming with pain,
Couldn't find myself so I went back to sleep again
So fill my ears with silver
Stick my legs in plaster
Tell me lies about Vietnam.

Every time I shut my eyes all I see is flames.
Made a marble phone book, carved all the names
So coat my eyes with butter
Fill by ears with silver
Stick my legs in plaster
Tell me lies about Vietnam.

I smell something burning, hope it's just my brains.
They're only dropping peppermints and daisy-chains
So stuff my nose with garlic
Coat my eyes with butter
Fill my ears with silver
Stick my legs in plaster
Tell me lies about Vietnam.

Where were you at the time of the crime?
Down by the Cenotaph drinking slime
So chain my tongue with whiskey
Stuff my nose with garlic
Coat my eyes with butter
Fill my ears with silver
Stick my legs in plaster
Tell me lies about Vietnam.

You put your bombers in, you put your conscience out,
You take the human being and you twist it all about
So scrub my skin with women
Chain my tongue with whiskey
Stuff my nose with garlic
Coat my eyes with butter
Fill my ears with silver
Stick my legs in plaster
Tell me lies about Vietnam.

Adrian Mitchell

Yoofemizing Nigger

EVO: Why do you think so many Negroes are fighting in Viet Nam? -- willingly?

DICK GREGORY: Well, it's a sad commentary on the country that a man gets more freedom under a racist-pressed system. I can join the army and killing for my country I become something special. And I'm frightened to think that I can get more right and dignity in killing someone for my country than I can in trying to LIVE.

EVO: Then I guess the Negroes that join conveniently blot out of their mind the fact that they're killing. They'd be getting the freedom as you say by joining.

DG: These guys that go into the army and become sergeants -- it's the first time they can scream at a southern white boy, tell him what to do. The first time that a white sergeant and a colored sergeant are in the same place, the white cat's going to get the nod, although the army would deny this to the gills

EVO: It seems that one of the things that must be done is to reach these people, as Negroes -- these people who are fighting -- if the Viet Nam war is ever to be brought to an end. That is one of the points that is vulnerable.

I guess the Negroes in Viet Nam just don't see it. They don't see that they are really fighting the racist war there "to kill the yellow gooks."

DG: They had three race riots in Viet Nam, man.

EVO: What about the so-called white backlash? I have a suspicion that the papers make a great deal of it up.

DG: No, the papers did a great job of hiding what it really was: the white backlash is the forward hate lash. Nobody ain't ever swung forward to me gently with love. So we've had a forward hate lash that's been going.

EVO: In some ways, Martin Luther King is a restraining force these days on Negro aspirations?

DG: Well, not really, because you say restraining. He was the only force that got them together...

EVO: But at the moment he represents the fairly conservative wing of a fairly radical movement?

DG: That's like NOW he do...but when he started he was a radical. It's not his fault You can't expect a human being to keep on saying, "OK, I got five, give me ten."

EVO: Absolutely. No one could possibly give him anything but credit. But he will have to get a little more radical, otherwise, ironically, people will put him down.

DG: But this is a reflection on the northern Negro leadership. When King was working in the South he was considered radical down there; when he moved to the North, he was considered more or less an Uncle Tom, up North. But all the niggers up north is worse than Uncle Tom--because they had the North five years while King was tied down in the South--and nobody made a move.

EVO: How does he feel about Carmichael and McKissich?

DG: He loves them...he loves them but he can't say it.

EVO: How's your campaign to get the use of the word "Nigger" so that it isn't a derogatory word anymore? It's the same campaign that Lenny Bruce waged. With your book "Nigger" and your willingness to use the word so much more than most people, it must be taking the sting out of it by using it so much. Have you had any effects from this?

DG: In some areas. I was in a Negro's



home in Bakersfield, California. I used the word nigger and the woman got very upset. so I said, "Now look, you mean to tell me as a Negro you never used the word nigger? She said, "Sure, I use it, but I wouldn't want my kid to use it." Her three year old boy came into the room and called me a motherfucker. She doesn't want him to use nigger but he came in and I say, Hey little man.....How you doing MOTHER-FUCKER?...Three years old. It's one of the most humorous things I've ever seen.

EVO: Funny what you said last night. Negroes have been using the word mf for years but now they want to use the word Black Power people get very upset about it.

DG: If white folks in America really knew who the nigger was they would start a campaign to stop using it. You see if I am Dick Gregory, I'm an American, I'm a Negro. If a white man calls me a nigger, and means it, he just called me something that don't exist. So if it exists

it exists in his mind and he's the nigger. If I pull out my handkerchief and call it a pack of cigarettes and mean it, man, you got to feel sorry for me because you realize that the cigarettes exist in my head.

EVO: This is the same thing, incidentally, with Black Power, isn't it? -- that people see in black power what they feel themselves! If they have hopes and aspirations, they see in it a hopeful thing; if they have fears and guilt they see it as a wicked evil.

DG: But all that goes a couple of steps further than that; the Negro don't have the pleasure of using any other word but black power. Like when the Arabs bugged the Jews in New York about the statement they made when they was in Washington, D.C. The cat came over here and Lindsay cancelled the dinner. It was Jewish Power, man, let's face it.

The interesting thing is that the white folks know about it before everybody and so black power means the end of Democratic control over large urban American cities and if the Republicans had any sense they would pay a million dollars to push the black power campaign.

EVO: What made you decide to run for Mayor of Chicago?

DG: Well, I found that my biggest problem was to coordinate demonstrating with the political machine. I realized that if I had to buck that political machine, I might as well go ahead and buck it right by destroying it.

EVO: So you're running as what?

DG: Independent. I know I will get enough votes to knock the machine out; or win. -- -- But I can't lose.

EVO: Are the Republicans running anybody with any appeal?

DG: They'll have to now: for the first time they have a chance with me in to win. So now you get good cats to come out and say, "Well, it's worth me dumping five million dollars, at least I have a chance. I don't know when we gonna get another Dick Gregory gonna come through. So if they knock me off the ballot, I'm running as an independent write-in. I got them in a situation now...

EVO: How could they knock you off the ballot?

DG: By voicing out my signatures.

EVO: How many signatures do you have to get?

DG: A hundred and sixty-five thousand.

EVO: You got them yet?

DG: No, I hope to have them by the beginning of next year. If I can syphon off enough votes to destroy the machine -- which is the picture -- this means more to me than winning. Because the machine

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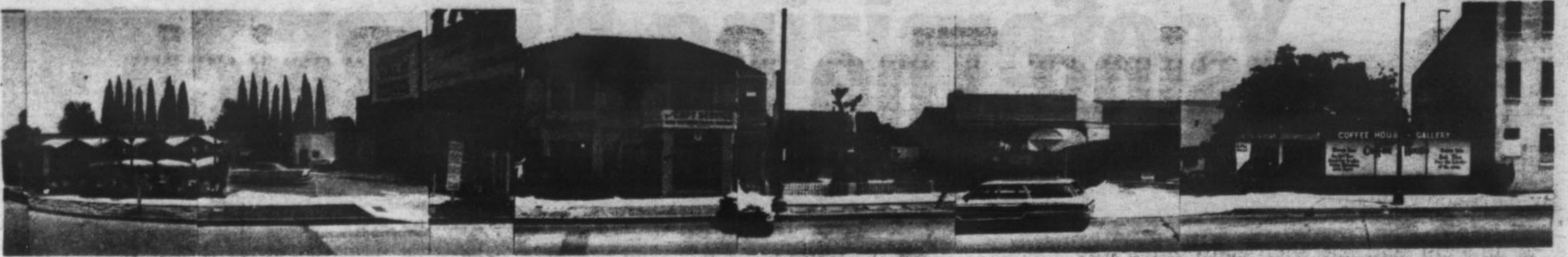
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Anybody who's ever been to the Bahamas would understand all-too-well the remark of one of my friends who lives there: "Bay Street is a pleasant boulevard lined with palms -- all itchy." The simple, unadorned truth is that The Bahamas is a clipjoint: a tax refuge for people who pay to register their firms there without having to do anything more than put a plaque on an office wall; a semi-racist community run by snobs and parasites; a commercially-minded feudal colony that rooks tourists as badly as anywhere in the world. Of course, you never read any of this because travel columns in newspapers and magazines only write complimentary items in payment for all that lush advertising.

Once in a while a little of the true nature of these "luxury resorts" filters through to the public, usually in a book which is considerably harder to censor. Or is it? Somebody wrote a book recently called "The Ugly Bahamians" apparently not a lush song of praise. I say "apparently" because somewhere between being completed and being published, "The Ugly Bahamians" just disappeared. The Wall Street Journal alleges that Hill & Knowlton, a public relations firm which specializes in apologizing for countries, (Saudi Arabia is a client), bought the book for \$50,000 and suppressed it. The \$50,000 supposedly came from H&K's client, the Bahamas Ministry of Tourism.

Naturally Hill & Knowlton denies all this, stating somewhat smugly that they merely "brought the book to the attention" of their client. But Exposition Press, a vanity press which acted as intermediary admits that \$50,000 was involved -- although they won't give more details. Of course there is another possibility -- that the book was written specifically to squeeze \$50,000 out of the Bahamas Tourist Board. Which would really be poetic justice. Especially as there's nothing to stop somebody trying it again.

Last week the NY Post decided to endorse Republican Clifford Case for reelection to Congress on the grounds that his opponent, while opposing the war in Vietnam, was doing it merely for expediency. This, as Rod MacDonald points out, is tantamount to saying that "a hawk disguised as a dove is a vulture"... Not much reported was the incident in Australia when a chick smeared her entire body with slow-drying red paint, approached the returning Vietnam draftees while covered in a coat and then, whipping off the coat suddenly, hugged all the officers she could find...A section headed "Procrastitutes" which, one assumes, are periodicals appearing belatedly, is included in the excellent "Directory of Little Magazines" (\$1 from Box 123, El Cerrito, California)...Bowling was introduced with big \$80,000,000 flourish in

OTHER SCENES BY JOHN AILCOCK
England six years ago. It has not been very successful and bowling alleys are closing almost as fast as they opened... Gerald K. Smith's anti-semitic "The Cross & The Flag" which alleges that the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover is only a figurehead these days (with all decisions up to recently being made by Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach) also maintains that colored Jews have been pouring into Israel



and "the practice of segregation has been established"...Speaking of obscenity, which they were in Boston when they banned EVO from the newsstands recently (the "nude beaches" issue), have you ever tried holding the Yellow Pages upside down? That groping front cover!...Ads keep appearing for "new camel filters," where do they stick them?...Bobby Kennedy is taking acting lessons from Marlon Brando in the shortly-to-be-released "First Family 1968" record album (which has Cary Grant winning in 1968 as a write-in candidate)...Truckdrivers have discovered a new way to dodge traffic tickets: wear a rear bumper sign opposing the Civilian Review Board...

If you're asked, on a questionnaire if you've ever been arrested there's absolutely no moral reason why you shouldn't answer No unless you were convicted. The question's an unfair one and the ACLU has just congratulated the U.S. Civil Service Commission for dropping it from their employment application forms...I kept noticing this great smell and asking chicks what it was. "Estee Lauder," they always said. So I went to try it out one day but it just didn't smell as good in the store. But over and over again it would assault my consciousness -- at parties, walking down the street, casual acquaintances. One day I dropped by Improvisations and owner Bud Friedman smelt marvellous. What is it, Bud? "Estee Lauder." For men? "Yes, a whole line at Lord & Taylor." How on earth did you discover it? "I kept smelling it on people and asked them what it was. One man said he was always being

asked and wouldn't tell people because he wanted to keep it to himself." I rushed right off and bought some after shave lotion; but it still doesn't smell as good on me as on chicks...In the "Fads & Fancies" section of Datebook, a chick writes from Toronto to say that in her school, "If someone bothers you for money or wants to discuss something dull, we say 'Go see my agent.'...Recent currency restrictions in England, allowing citizens to spend only a couple of hundred dollars outside the country (why do so-called free men stand for these humiliations?) has had the usual effect: poor people have to abide by the rules, wealthy ones find loopholes to fly to distant "sterling" countries where they can spend pretty well as much as they like. Ironical, though, that this is a policy instituted by a "Socialist" government (which also supports the murders in Vietnam)...The Gallagher Report says that half of the doctors in America will earn \$50,000 or more this year...Columnist in Harlem's Amsterdam News asks why El Diario ("the largest Spanish-language daily in the U.S.") urges abolishing the Police Review Board. And concludes it's because "the owner of El Diario is an entrepreneur in vast business transactions...a member of the power establishment"

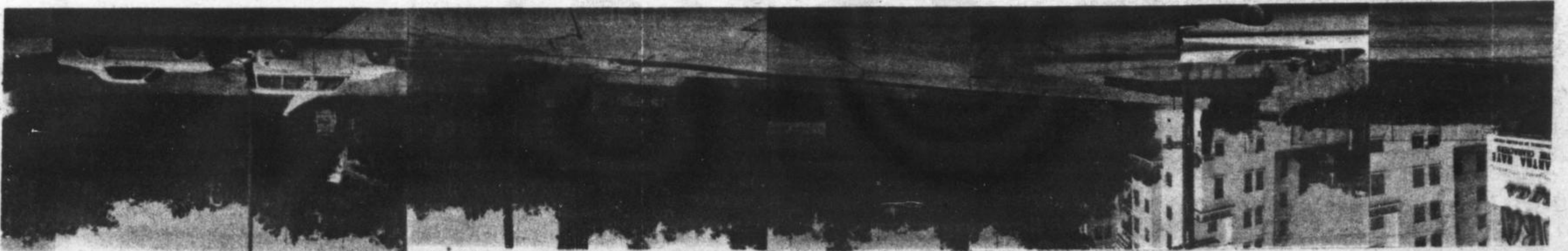
Why do wealthy women who can eat anywhere put up with being pushed around by dumb headwaiters? Woman's Wear Daily's Toni Kosover toured smart NY restaurants in a \$150 pants suit and was turned away by the Colony, La Cote Basque, La Caravelle, Grenouille, 21 and El Morocco. All refused to serve women "in pants." And yet, consistently, these well-dressed women spend hundreds of dollars in such places, while allowing them to dictate to them what they're allowed to wear. The solution? Boycott...Tuli Kupferberg's play, "Caught in the Act" (50¢ from Birth Press, 381 E. 10th St., NYC 10009) shows up the law for what it most often is: a rigged game in which only one side knows the rules...Letter from an ex-postal employee in the November Playboy laughs at the idea that the mails are sacred, says that employees frequently open and read letters. And misdirected copies of newspapers or magazines are often taken home by the employees who aren't -- he alleges -- stamping copies "undeliverable" so that they'll have more copies to steal...Subscribers who don't get EVO should complain to the post office, not the publisher...Edward Ruscha's "Sunset Strip" (\$7.50 from Artforum, 732 1/2 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles) is just that: a book of photographs of every building on the Sunset Strip. (See pix above and below.)

No manuscripts will be returned if they are unsolicited. No subscriptions or ads will be taken over the telephone. After this issue no box numbers will be allowed with ads.

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Pressing The Grape Reich

By Terence Cannon

It is said that the men and women who labor in the fields of America are the last, large group of oppressed workers in this country. I am not sure that is true; it may turn out that some of those workers we thought were liberated 30 years ago in American factories are still not free: their organizations have not enough power and independence to speak truthfully for them. The Negroes, Mexican-Americans, Filipinos, Arabs, Japanese and whites who plant, harvest, prune and care for the food we eat do not even have that: They have no organization through which to speak. They have no power.

That is why they are not paid better wages. It has nothing to do with profit and loss or kindness and stinginess. Robert DiGiorgio, a corporate agricultural executive in California, has said that Mexican-Americans were paid less because of "their cultural habits." That's not the reason either.

The history of agricultural labor in California is violent; spattered with strikes and vigilantes, murders, police violence and failures. Steinbeck wrote about it in *Grapes of Wrath* and *In Dubious Battle*. Carey McWilliams and Ernesto Galarza have written about it. Students should read their books: little has changed. Only the violence has diminished somewhat.

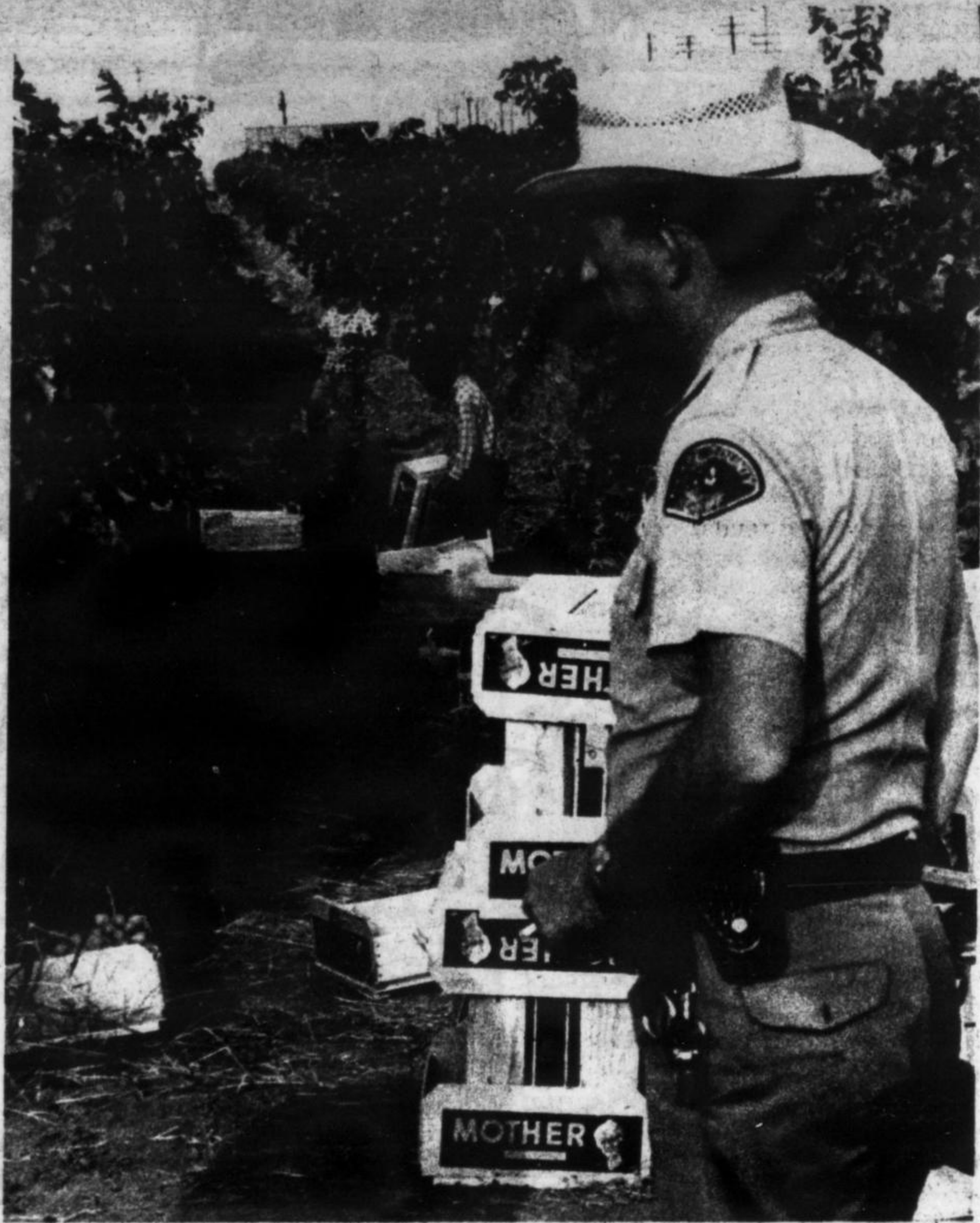
One of the reasons for this may have been the introduction of braceros, imported workers from Mexico. In effect, the United States Government went to Mexico and rented several thousand slaves. They were more or less docile: they had to be or they were sent home -- to worse conditions. It was the American workers, men and women who paid taxes and voted, who made trouble. They expected more out of America than they were getting from the growers.

Today, most farm workers are those we call Mexican-Americans. In 1964 the bracero program was dropped. In the summer of 1965 the valleys of California began to erupt.

The San Joaquin Valley pours down through the center of California from Stockton to Bakersfield. On a clear day you can see from Highway 99, which splits the Valley running North and South, to the mountains on the east and west. On the east side of the Highway there are numerous rivers, medium-sized farms, a supply of natural water. On the west side, agri-business reigns. The giants of agriculture, the factories in the fields own the land in the western Valley: DiGiorgio, Kern County Land Company, Anderson-Clayton, Schenley Corporation, the Bank of America, Standard Oil, the Los Angeles Times, the Southern Pacific. The Kern County Land Company owns 3,000 square miles of America; that's the size of Delaware and Rhode Island put together.

There's nothing intrinsically wrong with bigness, but bigness is power that can be used badly. In California bigness on the side of the growers means close to starvation wages, tin shacks for houses, no job security, bad working conditions. It means a farm worker population of 500,000 poverty-stricken, powerless, dependent on welfare, excluded from federal regulations, dismissed by the politicians, forgotten and without allies.

Today they may break through. If they do, it will be largely due to the National Farm Workers Association of Delano, California and the grape-pickers strike in Delano.



Wildcat strikes break out constantly across the valleys of California. Laborers walk out for an hour over an insult by a contractor, or the lack of water. They leave for a day because they were shortchanged on the paycheck. But strikers have never won, and they always come back, the next day, the next week, and go to work again, for the same wages and the same conditions.

These strikes are almost always ignored by the daily papers in Los Angeles and San Francisco, but are sometimes picked up by the Valley dailies and weeklies.

In the middle of the summer the tenants of the Linnell Labor Camp in Visalia, California stopped paying their rent.

The labor camp is owned by the County Housing Authority. It was built in the 30's, dozens of tiny tin shacks with no toilets and no running water, too hot to live in during the day, and too cold at night. They rent for \$18 a month, but a large working family must rent two or three. Early in the summer the Housing Authority raised the rent to \$25.

I had heard of this rent strike earlier from some VISTA workers near Fresno. When I heard the next month that the farm workers of Linnell were going to march from their camp seven miles into town to bring their complaints to the Housing Authority, I drove down from San Francisco.

The march was impressive: it was the first such demonstration by Mexican-American farm workers in many years, and it had its effect: the Housing Authority gave in and reduced the rent. On the line of march we met a young man from the Migrant Ministry, an offshoot of the National Council of Churches; his name was Jim Drake and he told us that the strike had been organized by members of the National Farm Workers Association.

Eighty miles away, in Arvin, south of Bakersfield, another strike was taking place. Workers protesting low wages and conditions in the fields, walked off and set up a picket line around the ranch in which they were working. They were helped by a local pastor.

The second day of the picket, the grower got an injunction against the pickets, limiting them to no more than five. The following day, more than 20 were arrested, and the strike collapsed. A witness said he had never seen so many California Highway Patrolmen in one place in his life. This strike had been organized by the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee of the AFL-CIO.

I met Cesar Chavez in late August, 1965, after the Linnell march. Chavez is the General Director of the National Farm Workers Association, its founder and chief organizer. In those days the NFWA office in Delano was quiet, Chavez was rarely there. He was a hard man to find, almost mythical in fact. People said, "You'll never get to see him. He doesn't like outsiders."

That was partly true. Chavez was wary of students, but he had heard of the reputation of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and thought there were projects we could work on jointly.

"We want to set up a medical plan for our members. We want to organize a co-op drugstore so farm workers can get inexpensive medicine. We plan to start a co-op garage for our members' cars. We want to build community organizations."

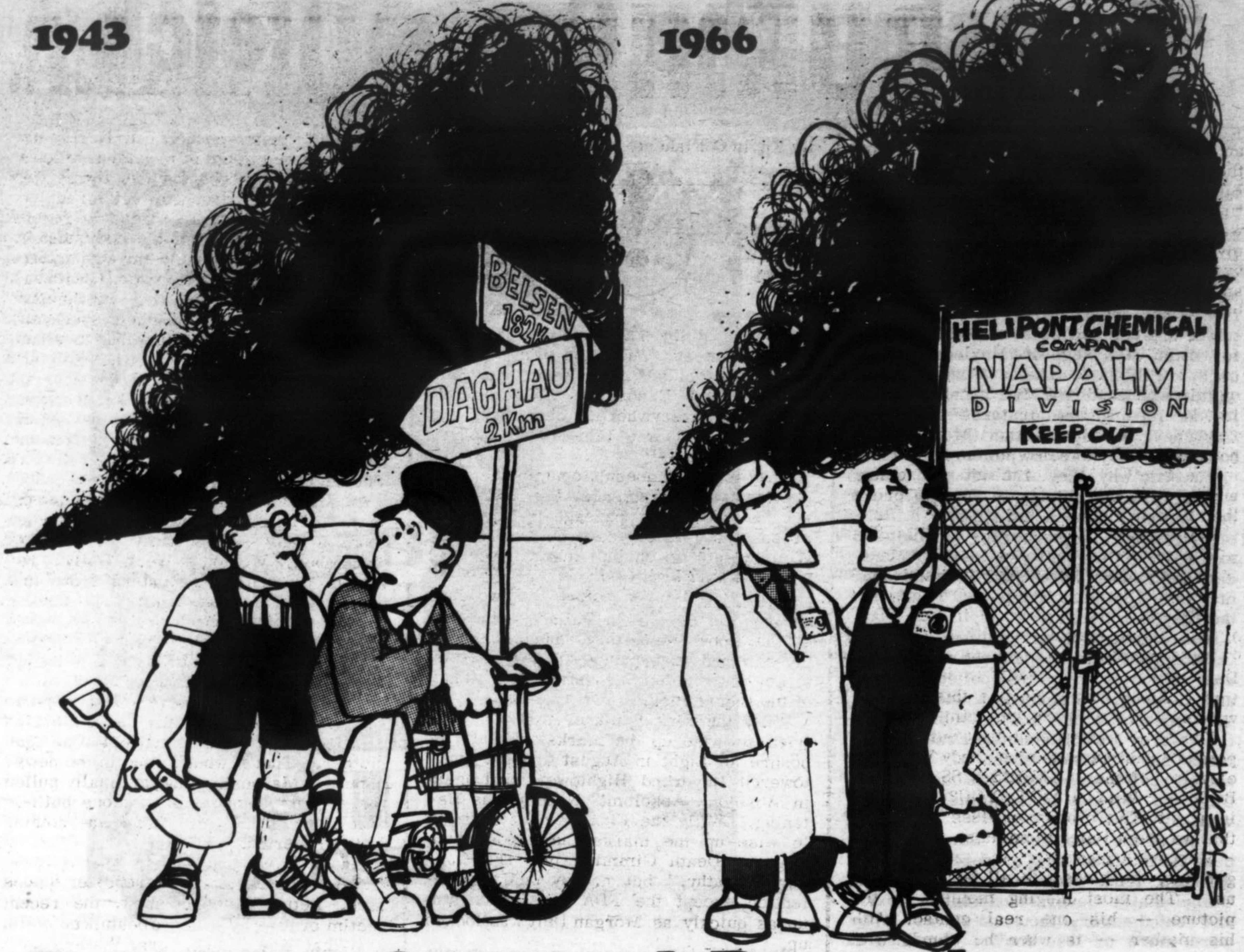
As I was leaving, after our conversation in late August, Chavez mentioned that the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, which had 500 Filipino farm workers around Delano, had gone out on strike.

Two weeks later the membership of the NFWA voted to join the AWOC strikers. The walkout became a general strike

".....SMELL WHAT FLESH BURNING?"

1943

1966



Grapes: Second Pressing

in the grapes. With no prior experience in the organization of a full-scale general agricultural strike the staff of the NFWA improvised, made mistakes (in the darkness of early morning, one picket crew set up their line outside a cotton field), developed tactics to match the tricks of the growers.

It is interesting to compare this strike with the usual industrial strike. It is as if in Delano there were a 400 square mile factory, with thousands of gates. Each morning the men on strike come to the factory, but they don't know which section is being worked, and further more, the gates keep moving.

The main thrust of the strike action was to convince other farm workers that they should not work on any of the 35 struck grape ranches. Hundreds of workers were turned back, but hundreds more were recruited by the contractors and growers. [Hungry men gave up their job for the day when confronted with the picket line; they understood the need for solidarity. Some joined the picket line. Other hungry men and women and families crossed the line, or refused to come out of the fields when the roving picket came to where they were.

Eventually the large growers, DiGiorgio and Schenley were forced to draw their workers from distant sources, San Jose, California and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico.

Neither NFWA or AWOC had a strike fund for a long strike. Most of the workers in the Delano area have been asked to seek employment in areas outside their town. Several hundred NFWA families are being supported by the Asso-

ciation through outside contributions. These families form the hard-core of the strike and serve on the picket lines.

The strike began in September, six months ago. Delano has settled down for a long haul. There are two qualities of this strike that make it different from what we commonly think of as a labor union strike. First: it is a peoples' movement. It extends beyond the boundaries of the organizations involved; the energy of the strike draws from the life of Mexican-Americans in California for the last 100 years. The heroes of the strike are Zapata, Villa. Its language and songs draw heavily from the Mexican Revolution.

The Delano strike is one arm of a people in motion: in this it is the same as the civil rights movement. Its strength comes from people, not money. NFWA members want to build community organizations; they want to reform the towns they live in; they want to vote meaningfully for political candidates who will represent them; they want an adequate welfare system; they want more jobs; they want food and medicine to be available at low cost to those with little money. They are building more than a union, they are building a life.

The second difference comes from the first. This is the first strike in many years to get the support of students, clergy, the civil rights movement, and community organizations. Members of the civil rights movement, who would never come to the aid of striking plumbers, see in the Delano strike a movement controlled by its members.

Organized labor has also given its support to the strike, though usually not in the personally involved way of the students and clergy. Members of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU) refused to load grapes from Delano that were being brought to the docks at San Francisco and Los Angeles for shipment overseas.

Walter Reuther came to Delano and pledged \$5,000 a month to the strike. Teamsters have agreed not to unload grapes from Delano being shipped to produce markets in California. The Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have thrown their full support behind the strike.

The Schenley Ranch is one of the largest in Delano; its management has steadfastly refused to bargain with the striking unions. In November, the NFWA called for a nation-wide boycott of Schenley products, both wines and hard liquors.

A network of boycott centers has spread around the country. Twenty full time workers were sent last month from Delano to organize the boycott in the major cities of the country. The major brands to boycott are SCHENLEY, I.W. HARPER, CUTTY SARK, ANCIENT AGE and DEWARS. The Schenley wines are ROMA and CRESTA BLANCA.

Terence Cannon works for SNCC in San Francisco and prepared the preceding piece for Levels magazine (where it originally appeared) while in Delano as press secretary for the National Farm Workers Association.



THE BURNING GORILLA

Last night I dreamed I was writing an article about the greatest movie of the year, Morgan and I called it "The Burning Gorilla." When I woke up the title was suddenly meaningless. There was a Joycean/Freudian pun afloat in my mind: the burning guerilla doused by Dow Chemicals napalm in Vietnam// and the central image of the movie, the burning gorilla on the motorcycle.

The biggest joke in the movie, of course, is not what most of the audience laughs at. The biggest joke is Morgan Delt's quietly spoken line, "My mental condition is highly illegal." It takes a head to recognize a head: I knew Morgan Delt had been on LSD a few minutes after the movie began. Most of the liberal square audience thinks Morgan is sick: that's the ultimate cream of the jest.

No animal but man preys upon his own species. No animal but man is afraid of his own species. Who can deny that Leary is right? We are all sick mammals, lacking a certain vitamin in our diet. LSD is that vitamin.

The tragedy and comedy of Morgan Delt is that he happens to understand this. And because he has this terrible wisdom, society MUST lock him up.

You think I exaggerate? Consider the pointed question on one of Randy Wicker's elegant buttons: BABIES KISS EVERYBODY - WHY CAN'T YOU? Answer in twenty-five words or less, or admit that we are all sick mammals.

Morgan knows that the zebras, the gorillas, the birds are all healthier than us. The most moving moment in the picture -- his one real contact with his mother -- is when he stands with her at Marx's tomb and reads, passionately, the great line: "Philosophers hitherto have only tried to understand history. The problem, however, is to change it." Morgan is not, as his mother says in another scene, "a traitor to his class." His is the humanistic, and psychedelic, Marxism of the Philosophic-Economic Manuscripts, the Marxism which (as Erich Fromm has noticed) is a kind of Zen. The Marxism of the passage where Karl says that communism is not the same as community of property, that communism transcends both private AND collective property. The Marxism of Buddha saying in the Dhammapada, "The fool thinks, 'This is my land, these are my sons,' but the fool does not own his self much less land or sons." The Marxism of the mammal flesh.

The burning gorilla -- Morgan Delt on fire -- should be the symbol of the new world-wide psychedelic Left. More than any State bureaucracy, Morgan Delt has the RIGHT to the great lines of the old Labor Party tune which runs through the movie: "We'll keep the Red Flag flying still..."

And the child's voice crying for help so pitifully in the background of this very funny movie; that isn't so funny, is it? What does it mean? Sounds like a child is being beaten. Yes "A child is being beaten," one of Freud's classic papers. The most common of neurotic fantasies and dreams. The trademark of our mad civilization, which Morgan sees through, as the Cherokee Indians saw through it when they called the White 'he-who-beats-his-children'.

Carl Denham was wrong. It wasn't beauty that killed the beast. Beauty never would have hurt him, nor would he hurt her. It was the planes, the god-dam planes, emblems of our civilization. Even then they were, implicitly, carrying napalm.

By Kevin O'Flaherty McCool



Uranian Willy The Heavy Metal Kid. Now known as 'Willy the Fink' to his former associates...He wised up the marks...Total Exposure. Wise up all the marks everywhere. Show them the rigged wheel of Time-Life-Fortune...Towers Open Fire --"

They say art doesn't contain the prophetic value of science, but Bill Burroughs wrote that passage in Nova Express a couple of years before Charley Whitman got up on the Austin tower and pointed his rifle at God.

He wrote it even before the two guys on the two towers in Dallas -- the one at the Book Depository, and the one at the railroad underpass -- joined together to cut down in their crossfire the Butcher of the Bay of Pigs.

Willy the Fink Faulkner told it all; he tried to wise up the marks. Total Exposure in Light in August and the high-towered Reverend Hightower, and again in Absalom, Absalom! Nobody was listening. Willy the Fink Reich also tried to wise up the marks; he exposed the Orgasm Death Gimmick in "The Cancer Biopathy," but nobody paid any attention except the FDA who locked him up as quickly as Morgan Delt was locked up.

There will be others on other towers, many of them, like King Kong, like Morgan Delt, mammal-wise, beyond the con of humanity (that sado-masochistic perversion!) raising the rebellion of the living flesh against the makers of prisons.

Lyndon von Frankenstein, according to Fact magazine for October, has been on tranquilizers for ten years.

He needs them.

Breathe deeply, from the gut. Do you smell it? It's blood and napalm. The stink, the pornographic stench of blood and napalm is all over the country. People are falling in the streets. They call it smog, air pollution, a million lies. I tell you it is blood and napalm. There are stains on the Constitution, and the officials try to tell tourists that it is the mildew of age but it is really blood and napalm. Look at the skirts of Liberty standing there in the harbor. They try to tell you that it is rust that you see. No. No. It is blood and napalm.

The stink is worst in the White House. A man can't breathe. He suffocates. He calls for tranquilizers. Milton won't do it. Librium won't do it. Tofranil won't do it. The smell is still there. Blood and napalm and fire. It will stand in the history books: in this epoch Americans could not breathe and three of them -- two boys and an 87-year-old woman -- set themselves afire to protest the stink of napalm and lies and blood and lies and napalm and lies and lies and lies. And the towers opened fire.

For nobody can breathe. The smell is in the air, in the water, under our fingernails, greasy in our hair. Wash the stone. Wash the grass. Wash the water. The smell will still be there. Blood and lies and napalm and lies, the spoor of a sick and sickening mammal. And the towers open fire. Again and again. Everywhere in America. The towers open fire. Everywhere, everywhere.

A BBC correspondent in Korea has described the effects of napalm as follows:

"In front of us a curious figure was standing a little crouched, legs straddled, arms held out from his sides. He had no eyes, and the whole of his body, nearly all of which was visible through tatters of burned rags, was covered with a hard black crust speckled with yellow pus. A Korean woman began to speak, and the interpreter said: 'He has to stand, sir, cannot sit or lie.' He has to stand because he was no longer covered with a skin, but with a crust like crackling which broke easily." (Quoted by Edmund Wilson in The Cold War and the Income Tax.) Napalm reaches a temperature of 1000 degrees Centigrade in a few seconds.

And now for the lighter side of the news. The bridal gown of Lucy Baines Johnson was so carefully kept secret that when "Women's Wear Daily" revealed its design, reporters from that paper were barred from the wedding as punishment. The young couple, smiling and happy, were endlessly photographed. Even Lyndon looked happy.

George Hamilton, fiance of the other Johnson girl, was not required to go to Viet Nam and drop napalm on babies because he is the sole support of an aged mother. That's what I read in the newspapers. Maybe Hemingway finally pulled the trigger because his famous built-in shit detector told him there was nothing left in America.

And now we take you to Averageville, U.S.A., where our roving reporter quizzes Mrs. Betty Whiteprotestant, the recent victim of rape by a Negro beatnik commie.

"What was it like, Mrs. Whiteprotestant?"

"Awful, just awful. He made me do unnatural acts. He was a real Sex Fiend and kinda crazy like."

"Have the police reported any leads to you, as to the identity of the suspect?"

"Naw, they ain't got a clue, you know. Shall I tell you about the unnatural acts?"

"Some other time, Mrs. Whiteprotestant. This is a family station."

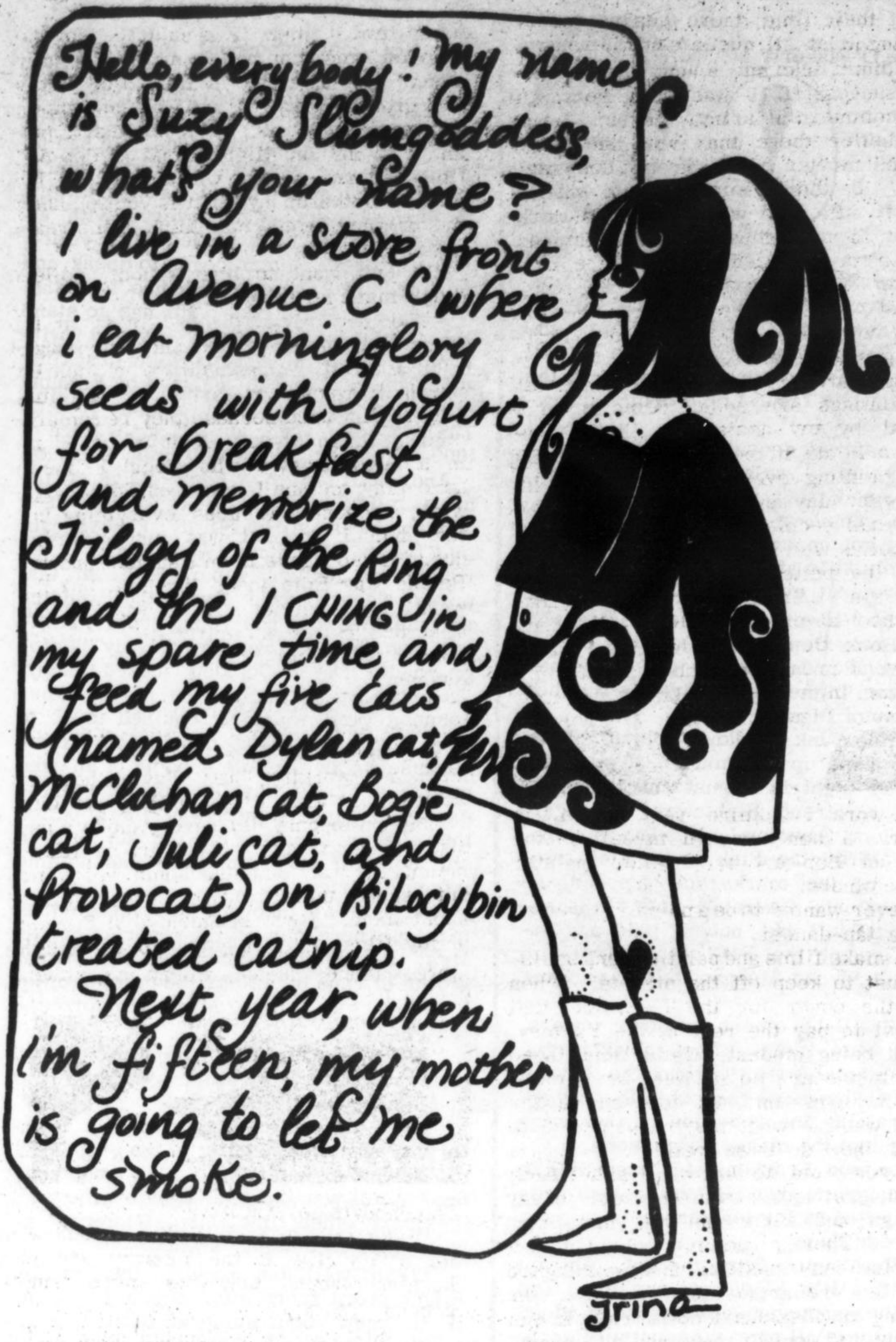
"Yeah, well, but some of the families might profit from this. Now my George, if he knew about some of these unnatural acts, I wouldn't always be pulling that headache and wrong-time-of-month jazz on him--"

"Yes, yes, thank you, Mrs. Whiteprotestant. And now back to Vietnam and the CLEAN side of the news."

Waitaminit. Let's get to the bottom of this whole con. Who rigged the Wheel of Life-Time-Fortune? Put Mr. Martin on the stand. Ask him: why does the suicide-rate vary with the interest-rate? How do you MAKE money? What is the magic. For every \$100 borrowed by producers, when interest is at five percent, the financiers get back \$105. How does the gimmick work? Are there really witches in the vaults of the Federal Reserve? Do they make the money out of NOTHING? Sen. Paul Douglas mentions millions every month flowing into the French Indo-China bank and thence into the Federal Reserve in New York, ever since this over-organized rumble in Vietnam started. What kind of crap you handing us, man? Do we breed for you like stallions, the get of our loins yours to dispose of in any stinking jungle anywhere? Put him on the stand. Ask him. Don't take no Fifth Amendment for an answer. Or the burning Guerilla will haunt you forever.

Ask him. Where does that extra \$5 come from. Keep asking him. And count your war dead.

Puberty Ripes Among Natives



Hello, everybody! My name is Suzy Slimgoddess, what's your name? I live in a store front on Avenue C where i eat morningglory seeds with yogurt for breakfast and memorize the Trilogy of the Ring and the I CHING in my spare time and feed my five cats (named Dylan cat, McCluhan cat, Bogie cat, Julicat, and Provocat) on Bilocybin treated catnip. Next year, when i'm fifteen, my mother is going to let me smoke.

By Dr. Robert M. Patton

She stands 5'7" in her Courreges boots. Her face is as smooth and unreacting as a billiard ball. She wears miniskirts four inches above her knobby knees, and hip-huggers which hug skinny, unrelenting hips. Her favorite people in the whole wide world are Bobby Dylan, the Beatles, and Mick Jagger. She gets high on anything that's handy -- bennies, methadrine, grass, acid. She is known as a Groupie. Want to ball her?

Dirty old man!
 Shortly after I had published an article on Swedish women last year I was amazed by the number of men who asked me about the statutory rape laws in Scandinavia. When I informed them a Scandinavian girl could legally ball at 15 my interlocutors practically drooled as they envisioned this paradise-on-earth where an adult male could not be incarcerated for sleeping with a minor. And where he could not be stigmatized as a 'dirty old man.'

It might seem preposterously naive on my part, but I could not understand what made practically undeveloped preadolescent girls so sexually desirable to so many adult males. Why, I asked myself,

would a man, equally attracted to a girl of 15 and a woman 10 years her senior, invariably choose the 15-year-old to sleep with -- assuming he would not be legally penalized for doing so? What makes a young girl, almost wholly ignorant of the art of love-making, more appealing to a man than a mature woman, who can be expected to be more knowledgeable about sex, and therefore better equipped to satisfy her man in bed?

For the purpose of this article I define a "young girl" as one between the ages of 13 and 17, one who has matured physically, i.e., one who has reached or passed puberty, but one who has not yet reached her majority.

The main reason some men prefer young girls as bed-partners is aesthetic, according to Dr. Albert Ellis, the psychologist and noted commentator on American sexual habits.

"They're more attractive than older women," he said. "They're physically more exciting."

I doubt if few men would disagree that the fully developed body of a young girl is much more exciting than that of an older woman. It is a rare man who would prefer sagging breasts, rough skin and pendant "beer-bellies" to firm, ten-

der breasts, round tight buttocks and hard, lean torsos.

Beauty as the natural and just possession of youth is an idea which has been sounded throughout man's recorded history, but especially in our own age. The equation of youth with beauty is a national ideal constantly dinned into our consciousness by the mass media. Radio, television, newspapers, the cinema, advertising -- all have become conscientious purveyors of the idea that youthful beauty is the standard against which all other kinds of feminine beauty must be measured. And the fashion industry, which had always catered to the young, has now become almost completely geared toward the teenager. It is a rare and courageous woman over 20 who will wear a skirt six inches above the knee and not feel self-conscious in it -- no matter how "modern" she thinks herself.

The second major reason a young girl is sexually more appealing than an older woman is her relative innocence in matters sexual. She has had few, if any, coital experiences. Sex to her is still a fresh source of ebullient wonder and delight. Her physical responses are still spontaneous and direct, not yet complicated by the clinging doubts and hesitations which might afflict an older woman. Given the right circumstances, she can be expected to be not only a willing but an eager student of carnal pleasures.

"Youth is the age when sexuality becomes a vital part of the young girl's personality," Dr. Parker wrote elsewhere. "Its onset is imperceptible -- something stirs, and her feminine sexuality begins to unfold. When the maturing factors controlled by her endocrine glands begin to function, the girl's body begins to change. The breasts swell, the hips broaden and become rounded, and she has her first menstruation. With these physical changes she becomes acutely conscious of her sex. Her feminine sexuality becomes the dominant factor of her life."

Of no less importance is the fact that the young girl has not had time enough to develop adequate defenses against male advances. She repairs to the bedroom in an attitude of complete surrender, neither anticipating a non-existent tomorrow nor regretting a lost past, but fully prepared to reap the libidinous fruits of the moment.

Virgins as the archetypes of female innocence are much coveted by some men. Possessing a girl who is still "cherry" is their dream of the ultimate in sexual delights.

The conquest of a young girl makes a man feel younger; through her he regains his lost youth. The older a man becomes, the more concerned he is with questions of immortality and the more desperate are his attempts to postpone the inevitable decrepitude of age. Whereas a woman his own age merely confirms his age, a younger woman temporarily transforms him into a youth -- at least, psychologically.

A man's vanity is a strong factor in his preference for young girls. Every man likes to think of himself as a good lover; the young girl is liable to confirm this self-idealization. Having little or no previous experience she has nothing with which to compare a man's performance in bed.

Physically, or physiologically, there are no basic differences between sleeping with a minor and an adult. Once she has experienced her first menstruation, the young girl is capable of making love -- that is, her genitalia have developed to the point where she can receive a man

Andy Warhol: My True Story

By Gretchen Berg

"I'd prefer to remain a mystery; I never like to give my background and, anyway, I make it all different every time I'm asked. It's not just that it's part of my image not to tell everything, it's just that I forget what I said the day before and I have to make it all up over again. I don't think I have an image, anyway, favorable or unfavorable. I'm influenced by other painters, everyone is in art. All the American artists have influenced me; two of my favorites are Andrew Wyeth and John Sloan. Oh, I love them, I think they're great. Life

and living influence me more than particular people. People in general influence me; I hate just objects, they have no interest for me at all, so when I paint I just make more and more of these objects, without any feeling for them. All the publicity I've gotten...it's so funny really...it's not that they don't understand me, I think everyone understands everyone. Noncommunication is not a problem, it's just that I feel I'm understood and am not bothered by any of the things that're written on me. I don't read much about myself, anyway, I just look at the pictures in the articles. It doesn't matter what they say about me; I just read the textures of the words.

"I see everything that way, the surface of things, a kind of mental Braille, I just pass my hands over the surface of things. I think of myself as an American artist; I like it here, I think it's so great. It's fantastic. I'd like to work in Europe but I wouldn't do the same things, I'd do different things. I feel I represent the US in my art but I'm not a social critic. I just paint those objects in my paintings because those are the things I know best. I'm not trying to criti-

cize the US in any way, not trying to show up any uglinesses at all. I'm just a pure artist, I guess. But I can't say if I take myself very seriously as an artist. I just hadn't thought about it. I don't know how they consider me in print, though.

"I don't paint anymore, I gave it up about a year ago and just do movies now. I could do two things at the same time but movies are more exciting. Painting was just a phase I went through. But I'm doing some floating sculpture now: silver rectangles that I blow up and that float. Not like Alexander Calder mobiles, these don't touch anything, they just float free.

"I don't feel I'm representing the main sex symbols of our time in some of my pictures, such as Marilyn Monroe or Elizabeth Taylor, I just see Monroe as just another person. As for whether it's symbolic to paint Monroe in such violent colors: it's beauty, and she's beautiful and if something's beautiful it's pretty colors, that's all. Or something. The Monroe picture was part of a death series I was doing, of people who had died by different ways. There was no profound reason for doing a death series, no vic-

tims of their time; there was no reason for doing it at all, just a surface reason.

"It didn't take me a long time to become successful. I was doing very well as a commercial artist. In fact, I was doing better there than with the paintings and movies which haven't done anything. It didn't surprise me when I made it; it's just work...it's just work. I never thought about becoming famous, it doesn't matter...I feel exactly the same way now I did before...I'm not the exhibitionist the articles try to make me out as but I'm not that much of a hard-working man, either. It looks like I'm working harder than I am because all the paintings are copied from my one original by my assistants, like a factory would do it, because we're turning out a painting every day and a sculpture every day and a movie every day.

"Several people could do the work that I do just as well because it's very simple to do, the pattern's right there. After all, there are a lot of painters and draughtsmen who just paint and draw a little and give it to someone else to finish. There are five Pop artists who are all doing the same kind of work but in different directions. I'm one, Tom Wesselman,

whose work I admire very much, is another. I don't regard myself as the leader of Pop art or a better painter than the others.

"I never wanted to be a painter. I wanted to be a tap-dancer.

"We make films and paintings and sculpture just to keep off the streets. When I did the cover for the TV Guide, that was just to pay the rent at the Factory. I'm not being modest, it's just that those who help me are so good and the camera when it turns on just focuses on the actors who do what they're supposed to do and they do it so well.

"If you want to know all about Andy Warhol, just look at the surface: of my paintings and films and me, and there I am. There's nothing behind it. I don't feel my position as an accepted artist is precarious in any way, the changing trends in art don't frighten me. It really just doesn't make any difference. If you feel you have nothing to lose, then there's nothing to be afraid of and I have nothing to lose. It doesn't make any difference that I'm accepted by a fashionable crowd; it's magic if it happens and if it doesn't, it doesn't matter. I could be just as suddenly forgotten. It doesn't mean that much. I always had this philosophy of it really doesn't matter. It's an Eastern philosophy more than Western.

"I made my earliest films using, for several hours, just one actor on the screen doing the same thing: eating or sleeping or smoking. I did this because people usually just go to the movies to see only the star, to eat him up, so here at last is a chance to look only at the star for as long as you like, no matter what he does and to eat him up all you want to. It was also easier to make.

"I don't think Pop Art is on the way out; people are still going to it and buying it but I can't tell you what Pop Art is; it's too involved. It's just taking the outside and putting it on the inside or taking the inside and putting it on the outside, bringing the ordinary objects into the home. Pop Art is for everyone. I don't think art should be only for the

select few, I think it should be for the mass of American people and they usually accept art anyway. I think Pop Art is a legitimate form of art like any other, Impressionism, etc. It's not just a pun. I'm not the High Priest of Pop Art, I'm just one of the workers in it. I'm neither bothered by what is written about me or what people may think of me reading it.

"I just went to high school, college didn't mean anything to me.

"The two girls I used most in my films, Baby Jane Holzer and Edie Sedgwick are not representative of current trends in women or fashion or anything, they're just used because they're remarkable in themselves. Esquire asked me in a questionnaire who would I like to have play me and I answered Edie Sedgwick, because she does everything better than I do. It was just a surface question, so I gave them a surface answer. People say Edie looks like me, but that wasn't my idea at all. It was her own idea and I was so surprised. She has blonde short hair, but she never wears glasses...

"I'm not more intelligent than I appear... I never have time to think about the real Andy Warhol, we're just so busy here...not working, busy playing because work is play when it's something you like.

"My philosophy is: every day's a new day. I don't worry about art or life. I mean, the war and the bomb worry me but usually there's not much you can do about them. I've represented it in some of my films and I'm going to try and do more. Money doesn't worry me, either, though I sometimes wonder where is it?



Somebody's got it all!

"I don't really feel all these people with me every day at the Factory are just hanging around me, I'm more hanging around THEM.

"I think we're a vacuum here at the Factory, it's great. I like being a vacuum; it leaves me alone to work. We are bothered though, we have cops coming up here all the time. They think we're doing awful things and we aren't.

"My first films using the stationary objects were also made to help the audiences get more acquainted with themselves. Usually, when you go to the movies, you sit in a fantasy world, but when you see something that disturbs you, you get more involved with the people next to you. Movies are doing a little more than you can do with plays and concerts where you just have to sit there and I think television will do more than the movies. You could do more things watching my movies than with other kinds of movies: you could eat and drink and smoke and cough and look away and then look back and they'd still be there.

"All my films are artificial, but then everything is sort of artificial. I don't know where the artificial stops and the real starts. The artificial fascinates me, the bright and shiny...

"My Hustler was shot by me, and Charles Wein directed the actors while we were shooting. It's about an aging queen trying to hold on to a young hustler and his two rivals, another hustler and a girl; the actors were all doing what they did in

WARHOL Creepy Correspondence

real life, they followed their own professions on the screen.

"I think the youth of today are terrific; they're much older and they know more about things than they used to. When teenagers are accused of doing wrong things, most of the time, they're not even doing wrong things, it was just other people who thought they were bad. The movies I'll be doing will be for younger people; I'd like to portray them in my films, too. I just tore out an article about the funeral of one of the motorcycle gang leaders where they all turned up on their motorcycles, and I thought it was so great that I'm going to make a film of it one day. It was fantastic...they're the modern outlaws. I don't even know what they do...What DO they do?"

"I think American women are all so beautiful, I like the way they look, they're terrific. The California Look is great but when you get back to New York you're so glad to be back because they're stranger looking here but they're more beautiful even, the New York Look. I read an article on me once that described my machine-method of silk-screen copying and painting. 'What a bold and audacious solution, what depths of the man are revealed in this solution!' What does THAT mean?"

"My paintings never turn out the way I expect them to but I'm never surprised. I think America is terrific but I could work anywhere -- anywhere I could afford to live. When I read magazines I just look at the pictures and the words, I don't usually read it. There's no meaning to the words, I just feel the shapes with my eye and if you look at something long enough, I've discovered, the meaning goes away.

Art and film have nothing to do with each other. Film is just something you photograph, not to show painting on. I just don't like it but that doesn't mean it's wrong. Kenneth Anger's Scorpio Rising interested me, it's a strange film...it could have been better with a regular sound track, such as my Vinyl, which dealt with somewhat the same subject but was a sadism-masochism film.

"I don't have strong feelings about sadism and masochism, I don't have strong feelings on anything. I just use whatever happens around me for my material.

"The world fascinates me. It's so nice, whatever it is. I approve of what everybody does. It must be right because somebody said it was right, I wouldn't judge anybody.

"There's nothing really to understand in my work. I make experimental films and everyone thinks those are the kind where you see how much dirt you can get on the film, or when you zoom forward, the camera keeps getting the wrong face or it jiggles all the time; but it's so easy to make movies, you can just shoot and every picture really comes out right.

"Interviews are like sitting in those Ford machines at the World's Fair that toured you around while someone spoke a commentary; I always feel that my words are coming from behind me, not from me. The interviewer should just tell me the words he wants me to say and I'll repeat them after him. I think that would be so great because I'm so empty I just can't think of anything to say.

"I still care about people but it would be so much easier not to care...it's too hard to care...I don't want to get too involved in other people's lives...I don't want to get too close...I don't like to touch things...that's why my work is so distant from myself..."

John Morgan was sentenced to five years in a military prison for refusing to go to war in Viet Nam. EVO sent him a paper where he is residing in the base brig.

Two weeks later the paper was sent back with collect postage and a note enclosed. The note read, "Your correspondent is confined at the Base Brig, Camp Le jeune, North Carolina. Naval Personnel Regulations require that all of his mail be inspected before delivery to him.

"In accordance with the Correction Manual, NAVPERS 15825 Revised, mail must be rejected that contains obscenity, profanity, threats, or anything that may affect the behavior of the confinee. I am, therefore, returning this letter unseen by your correspondent. In the future, please refrain from using any of the above violations. If this is not complied with, I have no alternative but to refer your

The Editorial Board of EVO urges you to send flowers, incense, air deodorant bombs, or even an envelope of silence.

mail to the Postal Authorities.
Respectfully Submitted,
C. B. Walsingham
1st Lt. USMC"

EVO replied:

"Dear Officer Walsingham,
The insolence of your letter deserves a just reply. How dare you interfere with the freedom of the press. In accordance with the first commandment of the Bible, thou shalt not kill. You will be found guilty along with your peers, by a court more humble yet more powerful than your silly General of the Army.

Please do refer our paper to the Postal Authorities in Washington, if you choose, as we already have.

As for the obscenity, profanity, threats or anything which affects the behavior of the confinee, it is apparently in your mind that judgment is passed, for it seems that you are the confinee and don't even know it.

We shall not refrain from using any of the above violations. As a matter of fact you will be bombarded with mail which you will be forced to open...you insolent Army slave.

RESPECTFUKKY INJECTED,
WALTER H. BOWART
Free Agent

THE BLUES BAG
CAFE AU GO GO
NOV. 21 - NOV. 26

CHECKS CASHED
180 AVE. A
LICENSED BY THE N. Y. STATE BANKING DEPT. Art. IX A

INVEST IN JON BROCK

I am selling stock shares in the next year of my life, at five dollars per share. Each share bears interest of .0001 of my income in the twelve month period ending October 31, 1967.
If I gross \$4,000, you will receive four cents; \$6,000, six cents, and so on.
All shares are Class B, non-redeemable, non-voting stock.
Shares may be given as gifts, sold, etc.
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Reply to Jon Brock, Box 1, EVO, 147 Avenue A, N.Y., N.Y.

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POET

RON PADGETT IS A POET. HE ALWAYS HAS BEEN A POET AND ALWAYS WILL BE A POET.

I DON'T KNOW HOW A POET BECOMES A POET. AND I DON'T THINK ANYONE ELSE DOES EITHER. IT IS SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE OF A PERSON THAT CANNOT BE EXPLAINED. IT IS SOMETHING THAT NOBODY UNDERSTANDS.

(This column is devoted to basic sensory "turn on" methods. The next two columns will discuss basic methods for "tuning in" and "dropping out.")

Consciousness is energy registered by a structure and decoded.

There are as many levels of consciousness in our universe as there are levels of energy -- solar, nuclear, radioactive, electrical, cellular -- and structures for receiving and interpreting these energies.

There are as many levels of consciousness available to the human being as there are anatomical structures within the human body for registering and decoding energy.

The anatomy of consciousness is the anatomy of the nervous system, sense organs, cells and molecular structures within the body.

The human body is a microcosm of the universe -- since it contains structures for decoding and responding to every known form of energy. Every process that science discovers outside you can ecstatically contact inside your own body.

The challenge for man is to learn how to recognize, decode, control, harmonize with the vast range of energies, the vast range of consciousness which resides within and without, i.e., to "turn on."

Consciousness, at every level, is a chemical process.

Learning, memory, growth, sleep, attention, forgetting, sensation, perception, thinking -- all are bio-chemical events.

Chemicals, psychoactive chemicals, determine every second of our mental life.

Let no one (including your own egocentric mind) deceive you about the power of drugs. Chemicals are the key to wisdom. Nothing of great importance happens to a human being that does not involve a chemical transformation.

The esoteric secret which underlies all philosophy and religion, is the chemical message. The control and expansion of consciousness involves the harmonious, judicious and disciplined use of psychoactive chemicals. The power-holding establishment in every society does not want you to control your own consciousness. That part of your own mind which is socially conditioned also resists this knowledge.

The understanding and use of psychoactive chemicals is a most complex science -- art, much more complicated than the use of external machinery. The use of psychoactive chemicals requires a detailed understanding of the most intricate instruments known to man -- the ancient "soft-machinery" of your sense organs, your 13 billion cell nervous system, your cellular structures, your genetic code.

This science-art requires, first of all, a clear grasp of the energy-receptive systems of the body, the different levels of consciousness (sleep-stupor, symbol, sense, seed-cell, soul-molecular), the different chemicals which "turn on" these five levels (narcotics, alcohol, pot, mescaline, LSD). You cannot move consciousness from level to level unless you understand the structure, the map of consciousness and unless you have the proper chemical key.

Each of the five levels is a galaxy of inter-related whirling processes to be explored and navigated and charted.

Each of these levels has its unique ecstasies, its endless revelations, its own space-time dimensions, its own terrors, hang-ups, paranoidias, its possibilities of meaning and of confusion.

Each level of consciousness has its center. You must learn the center of each energy system. You enter each level through the center, you exit through the center. He who loses the center is lost. He who knows the center is in harmony. The key to the psychedelic method is the working out of centers. Each person is a unique galaxy of energy systems, consciousness systems. The aim of psychedelic yoga is to discover and elaborate and map out your unique set of centers.

In future columns I shall be presenting methods for "turning on" to different levels of consciousness.

If you learn and practice these methods you will have greater control of your consciousness, you will be able to use psychedelic instruments with precision, serene confidence, radiant certainty.

CENTERING EXERCISES

LEVEL 1: SLEEP-STUPOR

As you fall asleep or fall into stupor your fixed symbol system begins to fade-out, becomes fuzzy. The center of the sleep-stupor level of consciousness



BY JOE BRAINARD

I ASKED RON PADGETT ONCE WHY HE BECAME A POET, AND HE SAID --

I DON'T KNOW. IT IS ~~SOMETHING~~ SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE OF ME THAT CANNOT BE EXPLAINED.

PICTURE OF RON PADGETT

THE END

is dark-void. During the next week observe at bedtime how your consciousness drifts from symbolic thinking into dream-fantasy and then into dark-void.

LEVEL 2: SYMBOLIC AWARENESS

Your mind is an enormous spider-web chessboard of conditioned associations, a sticky black molasses network of ideas. Each concept, each idea is threaded to a cluster of associated ideas. There is no way to break out of your mental web by thinking or rational techniques. The only way out is bio-chemical. The average person can escape from his mind only by sinking into a state of stupor. Most people sleep too much in order to escape the sticky web of their dull minds. They escape into unconsciousness.

The psychedelic way out of the mind is to come to the senses.

LEVEL 3: SENSORY AWARENESS

The first step in the psychedelic spiritual voyage is sensory. The block to sensory awareness is the symbolic net which films and muffles your sense organs.

This film must be dissolved chemically. You cannot turn off your molasses mind and "turn on" to your senses by any means except chemical.

The direct, natural way to "turn on" your sense organs is the judicious use of drugs.

Marijuana is the specific bio-chemical trigger for the senses. But, low doses of other psychedelic drugs can focus consciousness on the senses.

This is to say, the beginner cannot hope to "turn-on" with mantra, mudra, mandala, yoga, etc., but once he has "turned on" chemically, these structured sounds, structured gestures, structured visual methods can center and enrich the "high."

To smoke pot without a carefully prepared centering device for each sense -- tactile, visual, auditory, smell, taste -- is to waste your "high." Practice these sensory centering methods, not to get "high," but to control and enrich your sensory experience. More on this (including tantric sex-yoga methods) in later columns.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FEATURE 15¢

Vol. 41, No. 9, Nov.

PAPER

THE WORLD'S LIVELIEST PAPER

THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER



By JOYCE GRELLER

"THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER IS THE FINEST JOURNALISTIC REVIEW OF THE PRECISE TIME WE LIVE IN..."

Tennessee Williams, and who would know better?

The Enquirer has a weekly circulation of well over a million. Everyone's familiar with this sprightly illustrated tabloid. Some consider the contents degenerate, corrupt and sick. Others find it honest, colorful and entertaining. Most don't bother analyzing it, but find it irresistible and good for a laugh or two.

A few rank it in the realm of poetry. There's never any dateline. This imbues it with a sense of timelessness...the atrocities symbolizing man's destiny...the nebulous facts suspended in infinity...the purity of its sordidness...a pert universe loaded with mystical crap. All for 15 cents.

It's the only publication that caters solely to its readers' wants, no matter how ludicrous!

The Enquirer has spacious, modern offices on Madison Avenue and its own new printing plant in Pompano Beach, Florida. The reception room is conservative, comfortable and crammed with various literary magazines. The smartly attired, intelligent-looking Vassar graduate at the reception desk is typical of the entire

female office staff. The inner offices are well-furnished and exude tradition. (The Enquirer was founded as the Sunday New York Enquirer on Sept. 26, 1926.) An Encyclopedia Britannica breeze of intensity permeates the office with just a twist of Commentary. The bustling, tweedy staff are all aware that they're responsible for the most exciting leaflet in America but reveal only a smug superiority. They're all well-paid.

Nat Chrzan has been the Editor-in-Chief for the past five years. A visionary who has devoted his life to journalism, he arrived at the Enquirer after ten years as a reporter on the World-Telegram. Smoking a pipe in his large woody office, this distinguished figure well-represented the solidarity and drive of his exhilarating publication.

Mr. Chrzan was eager to co-operate with any questions I might have. He hadn't ever heard of the EAST VILLAGE OTHER, and was most flattered to learn that EVO somewhat resembled the Enquirer, which it considered the New Journalism.

However, his face curled in horror and disgust as he glanced through some copies of EVO. "Just look at those pictures... we would never show bare breasts or have nudity like this! And all those four-letter words...filth and obscenities on every page! This EVO PAPER is in bad taste! I'm shocked!"

"But I've seen bare bosoms in the Enquirer."

"Perhaps...but certainly never on women!"

"What exactly is your definition of bad taste..?"

"We just know if something is in bad taste or not..."

"Isn't the Enquirer often accused of being in bad taste?"

"We NEVER run anything in bad taste and HAVE REJECTED STORIES where the only angle to a crime or feature is the detailing of sex..."

"Do you consider the Enquirer in good taste?"

"It's hard to be specific about bad taste."

"Sensational, then?"

"We don't strive to be sensational. At least, I don't think I do. Even our ads must meet certain high standards. We can afford to be choosy. Remember, most of our money is earned through newsstand circulation which is also unique."

He elaborated further on their policies and the substance of the operation. "People must relate to a newspaper. We try to provide offbeat, unusual stories that they won't find in the dailies. We keep abreast of the news and what people would like to talk about. WE TRY TO PRODUCE A PACKAGE

which will give the readers several hours of unique entertainment which they couldn't possibly find anywhere else."

I interrupted, "What about those outrageous headlines?"

"We boil a story to its essence in our headlines which are always honest and accurate. Our theory is NEVER to mislead or disappoint the reader..."

"Then the Enquirer never tells a lie?"

"We have lawyers...all facts are carefully checked and substantiated by psychiatrists, police officials, quotes, etc. We're extremely cautious and I don't ever remember being sued. Even if we have an item that's true, it will be stricken out if it's too hard to prove."

I perked up. "But some of those stories, and about well-known people, they must be libelous."

"Nothing but the truth. We did have a run on defamation of character suits, but how could they prove it. Now the popular complaint is invasion of privacy."

"I heard that most notables don't sue because they wouldn't want to admit they

even acknowledged the National Enquirer."

"Hummmph. Ridiculous. We run a good, clean paper here."

"It's also being buzzed around the Great White Way that the publicity departments of many movie studios actually plant some of those torrid reports themselves about their talent."

"Sometimes we do make certain arrangements with the industry. Our giant circulation can't be ignored."

"Readers also provide many of your stories, don't they?"

"Some of our best stories, such as the recent one about Pres. Johnson's brother arrested for being a drunk, are sent in by our reading public."

"But how reliable can they be?"

"We check as many as possible, and they're all authentic. We have hundreds of top journalists working as stringers all over the world. I just conducted a five-day seminar for 200 of our writers..."

"Anyone I might have heard of?"

"And of course many features are conceived in our story conferences. We're always searching for new angles. For instance our recent best-selling issue with the story on Why Sinatra and Mia Farrow got married...our readers are interested in learning the psychological reasons for these types of matches between older men and younger women..."

"Naturally. But what about stories on cannibalism?"

"Our readership spans several categories and includes hundreds of gourmets. We cater strictly to what our readers want. There are 27 million pet dogs and 25 million pet cats...over 40 million people with pets in this country. When we run a pet story, we appeal to more than half of the reading public."

"I recently read about a drug orgy on the lower East side in a prominent daily..."

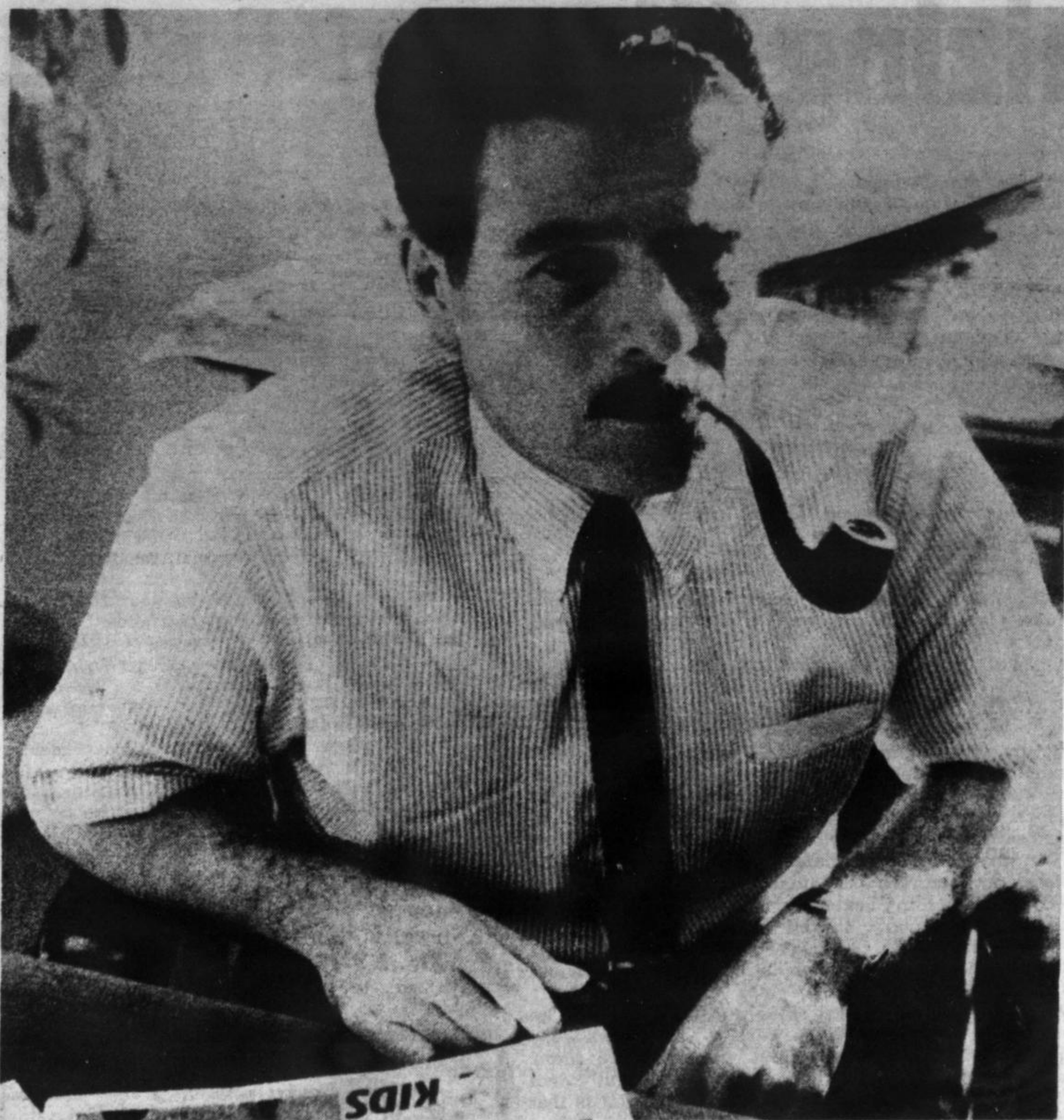
"Cheap trash! No narcotics and sex in our paper!"

I managed to dig up a few former and current writers to authenticate their authenticity and methods. It's absolutely true. The writers carefully follow up on most letters and leads; conduct well-documented interviews and thoroughly research their sensationalism. Many also moonlight on the Enquirer's imitators and confess that standards vary elsewhere. Plagiarism, mendacity, science fiction and wistful thinking form the nucleus of every story.

The reporters were all regular guys, had a working knowledge of the language, had heard about grammar, were interested in writing and considered their assignments for the Enquirer with the same sort of prudery and seriousness that prevailed in the office. Not unlike convicted war criminals, they all exhibited principled rationalizations as journalists with high goals. For example, one considered his story about some homosexual Siamese Twins happily married to a vending machine after a successful transexual operation as an informative, beneficial medical report.

The gossip columnists have also come under scrutiny as possible liars. It turns out that Alex Freeman, who also conducts a daily TV column for a syndicate, works harder and researches his facts more thoroughly than most of the better known gossip columnists in the daily papers. He traces rumors right down to the source, even if it means daily transatlantic calls and pinpointing beautiful girls involved in intrigues on the spot. He avoids psychiatric problems, drunks, cheating & violent fights in his column.

Unable to reach John J. Miller under any of his names, I decided instead to contact some of the folks he writes about in his various local and international columns. Lawrence Olivier said that that



rot in the Enquirer was absurd, and that it was impossible to be in drunken bar brawls in four major cities in one night. Broderick Crawford reported that he would be dead if he had been beaten up that many times. Alex Guinness sent word he never appeared in drag in Nairobi. Ava Gardner resents the blankety-blank inference that she took offense over vulgarity and Curt Jurgens says he never hit a waitress in his life. He wouldn't even kiss one.

Personally, I don't know who to believe anymore!

My next plan was to attend a confidential story conference and learn first hand how the content was determined, obtained, proven, so. Unfortunately this was not permitted. Through a stroke of luck I traced an actual tape presumably stolen from an Enquirer editorial mass. It was quite expensive but EVO was willing to put up the money for this prize information.

The voices of the various editors can't be identified for legal reasons as we hear them pondering a future issue.

"But we've never shown a fully mutilated rhinoceros before, it's a brand new concept! And we'll make it a package, with its tusk rammed through a Polar bear, frozen insides scattered around, the works!"

"There happens to be several thousand miles between rhino land and the North Pole stupid!"

"That's the kind of tusks our readers like."

"Naw -- now we're reaching. Let's face it, there's nothing new left to mutilate."

"I gotta brainstorm. Why don't we gather all the animal and human mutilated parts from our file and mix them up a bit...we can change the anatomy around and keep reconstructing the same old pieces into different monstrous things..."

"Why doesn't someone reconstruct your brain. We did that last year, remember, and it bombed. Readers complained it looked too good that way."

"So we could have their 1,400 pound kid discovered in perfect health after he's been hidden for 12 years going overseas as a secret weapon, eaten by a starving enemy village, and ultimately wiping the village out anyway from indigestion."

"Really now! You know starvation is in bad taste and indigestion is too commercial. I think we can throw the aborigine girl weaned by wolves; raised by the nudist snake cult and discovered in the New York subways on the back page. And where's Mathews?"

That story was six months ago. Hasn't he recovered yet?"

"Oh, we forgot to tell you. They got married."
"Another good man lost in action. Send him our official Enquirer gift Hygiene Book. But now the cover...I'd like to see something using the basic elements of nature at play...a flash flood...or cyclone... or offbeat human torch..."

SUDDENLY...3 men are heard dashing in...(later revealed as competitors); they drench the room with gasoline; ignite it... and in seconds, an explosion is heard. Eventually some sounds are heard from the smoldering, charred remains....More groans, then words...."ANYONE...HELP...MAKE A NOTE... FOR THE COVER...ULTIMATE SACRIFICE...STAFF UP IN SMOKE...LAST STORY CONFERENCE A SUCCESS...ACCCGH..."

"We need a new weird culture to play around with... a rare genetic discovery...anything. We've exhausted our supply of races and tribes..."

"We've never done anything with WASPS."

"We're not that desperate...I was thinking in terms of a variation on the FROG FOLK."

"What about a feature about a boy and the girl next door?"

"Now, now...no more of that."

You know the rules, no S-E-X-I."

"Well, they don't have to go all the way. They could both be virgins after a 20 year courtship, respecting each other's honor and virtue, but each secretly having an affair with the same tree."

"Well, that makes sense. Note that...and make it maple. Everyone loves waffles."

"What about the mating habits of ostriches?"

"Not if their bodies touch..."

"So we throw in this creepy Australian bushman who's hung-up watching whatever they do when they mate, then goes home and gets his jollies by burying his head in a vat of tapioca and whacking off with a Sara Lee Almond coffee ring while his wife, tarred and feathered, humps the grandfather clock."

"Why a grandfather clock...?"

"I resent queer clocks."

"Wouldn't it be better to make the clock dead, but all the works intact...something for the Necros and Tinkerers..."

"I like that unit...with 8 million bird lovers in America, I think we have another winner."

"We've been neglecting gluttony. What about running the 700 pound teenage girl again, throw in the 800 pound monk who eats to find god, and through unconfirmed sources, she gets pregnant..."

"Have you no shame, there's a war going on!"

THE TYPICAL READER

Now that we've had a dose of the puritanical, straight-forward thinking behind the paper, what about the reader?

From a nationwide poll of 16,000 readers the average reader of the National

Enquirer is between 13 and 90; has an IQ of 45 to 145; his income ranges from \$25 a week to \$25 a minute; he has been married 3 times; arrested twice, sloppy; has several irregular habits; undefined tastes in dope; a variety of hobbies and interests; illiterate or highly educated...IE: THERE IS NO TYPICAL READER. Their multifarious audience is a cross-section of every income bracket, design, occupation, aberration, IQ, religion, etc. The typical reader is anyone that shares this desire for truth stranger than truth, but who generally won't admit it.

A psychiatrist claims that the Enquirer's success is based on human needs (human in the broad sense). In this case it provides escape, entertainment, a glimpse of the unusual and a confirmation that other strange peoples do exist. People are continually fascinated with morbidity, freaks and bizarre happenings. Witness the enduring success of Ripley's Believe it or Not and its imitators.

Perhaps some readers feel good when they learn there are people around more perverse than they are. Or they're delighted that it's somebody else's problem, not their's. And then there's always the 'Love Funerals' crowd.

A teasing piousness, verbal hard-ons and an excess of dangling participles has finally forced people to participate in actual escape instead of just reading about it. And frankly, they're beginning to like it!

The sexlessness and clinical hypocrisy of the Enquirer also strikes several thousand bells. These readers similarly rationalize- it's not nearly as bad as those filthy sex books and girlie magazines.

Whether one prefers the close freak journalism and coy, snide sex of the male slicks- all levels; the no-sex of the Enquirer or the hard sex of the classics and the pulps...we could use several more choices.

And so we leave the Enquirer and its eternal search for deviations on the old deviations among the clean livers...but recall an early Lenny Bruce observation- "I predict that the Enquirer will be the New York Times of the future!"

Which could only mean that the NY Times will be the Enquirer of the future. Unless someone finally cracks cycles.

It was thus inevitable that sex would be totally eliminated somewhere.

This fact plus the decline of journalism is only one explanation for the fantastic success of the National Enquirer and its 21 pathetic imitations.

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AND FORCING THE SWAMP FOLK
INTO THE MOUNTAINS....

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Yufemizing Nigger

continued from page 3

dead trees both white and colored and that's what the machine's going to be up against and they know it. They just appointed, for the first time in the history of Chicago, a Negro postmaster. I know that's because of my candidacy; trying to appease everybody.

EVO: In Chicago you were arrested several times for demonstrating; what were the charges?

DG: They varied from assault and battery to resistance -- whatever they wanted to make them.

EVO: Is there anything outstanding? Have you beaten all of the charges made against you?

DG: I lost them all.

EVO: So what was the result? Were you sentenced to jail or fined or what?

DG: Five months on one charge. It was appealed.

EVO: What other appeals are pending?

DG: I got one rap for biting a cop. The woman that bit the cop went on a poverty program at a \$175 a week, and therefore I couldn't get her to come and testify. And after my trial was over she was fired. What a horrible example of how to use poverty money.

EVO: Have the Negroes made any gains in Chicago over the demonstrating?

DG: Oh they've made gains.

EVO: Have there been any concessions made because of the demonstrations?

DG: Oh, there've been some -- but those aren't the gains. The main gain made in San Francisco is the fact that you can't shoot a nigger in the head no more without disrupting your city.

EVO: It seems to me that virtually nothing has been done in Watts.

DG: The interesting thing that the riots have proved is that America has grown up; she's not horrified; she don't try to lie about riots she has. It seems the more riots she has the more honest she gets. Like I said, the recent riots is because of Black Power.

not just in Chicago. I couldn't have an affair in Chicago and call Shriver to my festival and get him. But he went to Watts; they requested him to come to Watts. So if you look at the attitude behind the riots you will say that, well, riots have helped. This white racist is out of his mind and I ain't going to put him in a straight jacket -- I'm going to shock the shit out of him; this is what it takes 'cause I'm the psychiatrist now, he ain't no more... he ain't at all...and my brick is going to be his couch.

EVO: Somebody wrote the other day that you're getting bitter. I don't find you bitter. I don't know how you manage to keep your sense of humor through all this.

DG: What does bitter mean?

EVO: Somebody wrote bitter, frustrated. What do you think of Lerol Jones?

DG: Love him...

EVO: People think he's bitter. I can see a cause, a reason for thinking that but I don't see it about you at all.

DG: Well, it depends on what bitter is.

EVO: What do you think of the criticism made AGAINST Lerol?

DG: Well, you see white folks is so used to meeting up with sugar diabetes -- every nigger's been grinning and blushing -- and if niggers walk down the street one day looking like white folks do, right before coffee breaks, shit, white folks gets on a plane and leave this country.

EVO: When Lerol advocates that all whites should be wiped out and not only that but threatens to do it, people take him seriously and they believe this and they get very scared about it. I don't know whether it's good tactics or not; it's just Lerol. But I understand why people have paranoia about it.

DG: When Hitler was doing to the Jews what he was doing I imagine there were a lot of Jews were upset; and some people feel the pressure more than others. But the interesting think about Lerol and about Barry Goldwater which is beautiful is that they weren't born and raised in France and then shipped into this country, they are American products. And that's what we'd better live with -- try to find out what caused this. Goldwater didn't come from Germany or Russia, he's a product of America -- born, raised and invented here. Now we'd better go find out what creates these cats.

EVO: Are there any politicians you trust?

DG: I don't trust no politician, white or black, only statesmen.

EVO: Are there any white statesmen you feel understand where things are really at?

DG: There are some that are breaking through now. Kuchel in California, Javits almost comes close.

EVO: What about potential Republican presidents, like Lindsay or Romney or Nixon?

DG: Charles Percy would make a damn good one, potential anyway.

EVO: What do you think of Lindsay?

DG: Lindsay, I think, would make a beautiful president. He'd make the Kennedy-type president, which I think we've had enough of.

EVO: How about Bobby Kennedy?

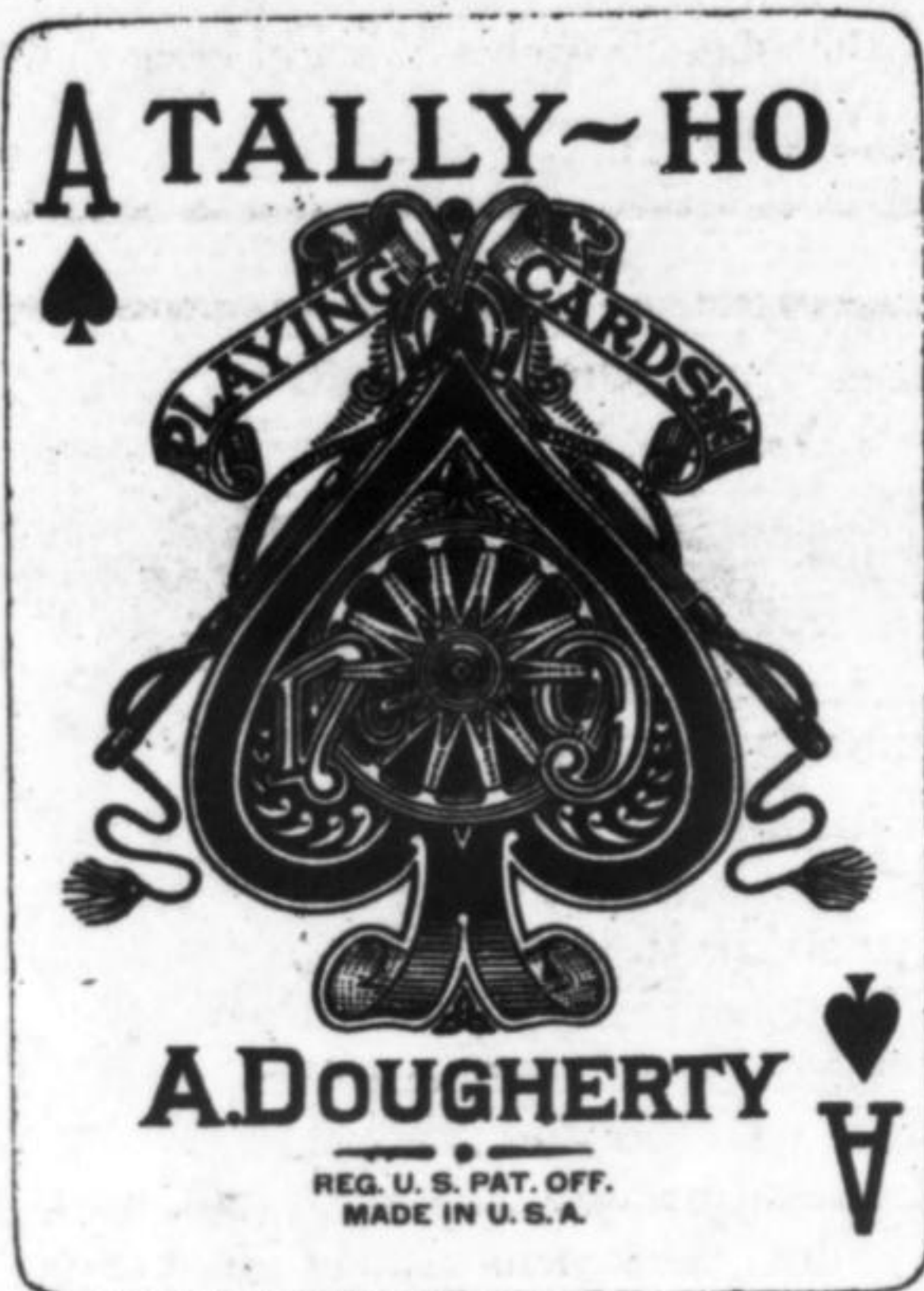
DG: Bobby's beautiful.

EVO: Do you think Bobby's an opportunist or he means what he says?

DG: I wouldn't care what the greatest brain surgeon in the operating room -- what his reasons for being in there were -- as long as he operated and took care of business and charged me a regular fee. I don't give a fuck what he spends his money for...pot...pussy...or wine...or beer, man. He could be an opportunist by wanting to do the best brain surgeon job and stitch my head up to a "T." I don't care what his reasons are; he'd do an ethical moral job.

EVO: Do you think Bobby has any chance of making it in 1968?

DG: I think so because I don't think Johnson will



EVO: Well nothings been done in Watts has it?

DG: Nothing. -- But the Negroes' attitudes have changed. If the Negroes' attitude changes enough it'll make yours change. This is the problem -- that we're at the point where we can't depend on the white folk to give it to us anymore; we got to ride shot gun on him to see to it that he do it. If he don't I got to live up to the Declaration of Independence that legalized Watts; -- give me the right to burn the town down. -- That we hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal they're endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights and when these rights are destroyed over long periods of time its your duty to destroy of abolish their government. White folks wrote that.

EVO: Do you think that there's going to be a few more concessions made and a few more gains made or do you think that the white people are going to resist? What do you think is going to happen next?

DG: I think the concessions now...we're going to have to TAKE them. Riots HELPED the Negro, let's face it. We try to pretend that they don't but if you check the record -- that Dick Gregory couldn't have an affair in Chicago and I'm one of the most respected men on the face of the earth,

DEL FAB TAILORS & CLEANERS DO BOTH.

Paintings by Georgeann WEBER

at

THE ANNEX

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Dine Marches On



ART by LIL PICARD

(Painting done in 1966. Mixed media.) It is pure hard edge. His objects constantly change from show to show. But he likes cloth, he is infatuated with it. Women's dresses hanging on wirehangers on the canvas stripping; kimono's used as self-portraits; bowlerhats and neckties in rainbow-colors.

Dine loves the elegant bathroom as well as the elegant neckties -- the pinks and prismatic-landscape-necktie-landscapes, the giant cravats in bright poisonous green oilpaint -- and he loves to draw. But every time he has an object show he surprises us with beautifully rendered drawings of masterly execution. Lines and colorful spots on pure white paper. His latest show in London got into trouble. Dine felt free to become very sexy, and the police confiscated the show, which is still in custody at Scotland Yard. Recalling London's striptease swinging Beattie-world one wonders what caused the furor.

But some of the sexy sketchy paper collages are now on view in New York -- to boot, primarily in a BOOT SHOW, with some pink vagina drawings, water-colors thrown in for good measure. The male boot and the soft shell crab vagina with the female touch.

Dine marches on with silver boots cast in aluminum: boots as high as 118 inches, standing erect phallus-like or also lying on soft cushions; boots on chains leaning against a vertical door-like canvas. It's hard to explain the preoccupation with boots; they certainly have a strong quality of Freudianism. "BOOT" means semantically many things. Says the Cowall Slang Dictionary: "Boot -- to kick someone or something...the boot...an act or instance of dismissal either by an employer, or a friend. Bootie, bootlegger. That new Bootie... carries a powerful line of hooch...boot it...to walk or march...to make a mistake or blunder."

But Dine made no blunder, he acts sure and to the point in marching on -- with high boots and all.

Pity to miss the photograph-inspired show by Joe Raffaele at the Stable Gallery. It's all about Pain, Death, Suffering, and Raffaele uses the technique, a perfect one, to work after an actual photo, than using his unusual talent of copying reality, but adding the underlying "illusion" and projecting his political and sociological ideas on war, brutality, accidents, operations, the wounded, the hurt -- and also on sexual symbolism and personal involvements.

That Ravi Shankar is the Chicest Man in the World."

Dine marches on. From girls' pointed shoes piled in a heap on the Reuben Gallery floor, seven years ago on 4th Avenue, to today's sophisticated exhibitions of Jim Dine, painter, sculptor, collagist, assemblagist, happenner. In London's Robert Fraser Gallery and now again at Sidney Janis on 57th Street Dine has followed his personal drive, from show to show, working out for himself a mixed-media pre-occupation. Things AND drawings of things. Objects assembled, collected and exhibited AND objects rendered in line...and colored spots and stains on paper and canvases. Objects painted all over. Objects attached to a canvas or placed before a canvas as part of the space surrounding the canvas, becoming a space-object. Jim Dine is possessed with objects. He is an object-fetishist.

I remember vividly how I met the artist at his first one-man show in 1959. Painted all over in red, he looked like a bright devil, a Mephisto of the Arts. He had been surrounded by his objects of worship: beds like altars, decorated with masks, candles, shoes, and shoes and shoes -- small mountains of shoes adorned with stains of oilpaint -- chairs hanging from the ceiling covered with torn silk, threads, ribbons, faded brocades, metal-spring mattresses stuffed with papermoon-romantic things, paperflowers and bright pieces of textiles, and shoes again and silky materials, and his young wife standing next to him as an object of Art, clad in a net-gown all studded with freshly cut flowers.

The Dines had been, at this time of booming abstract expressionistic Art, the time of abstract glory, a strange new revelation with this new Realism. They were a new kind of rebel, being so theatrical, doing things with things. In contrast to the esoteric heroes of the high priced abstract fiftieth, they became actors of Art: Art-Happeners: In 1960 he did a vaudeville act in the Reuben Gallery and in the same year downtown "A Shining Bed" and "Car Crash".

From there on, his career went with jet speed. With a short interlude at the Martha Jackson Gallery and a Garden Happening, he was catapulted to the Sidney Janis, elegant snob-appeal life. And Jim Dine loves it all. He titled one of his last works in the Janis show: "Robert Fraser Told me

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All the Assholes in the World and Mine

By Charles Bukowski

It was the 9th race and the horse's name was Green Cheese. He won by 5 and I got back 52 for 5 and since I was far ahead anyhow, I called for another drink. "Gimme a shot of green cheese," I told the barkeep. It didn't confuse him. He knew what I was drinking. I had been leaning there all afternoon. I had been drunk all the night before and when I got home, of course, I had to have some more. I was set. I had scotch, vodka, wine and beer. A mortician or somebody called about 8 p.m. and said he'd like to see me. "I said, 'bring drinks.'" "do you mind if I bring friends?" "I don't have any friends." "I mean my friends." "I do not give a damn," I told him. I went into the kitchen and poured a water glass 3/4's full of scotch. I drank it down straight, just like the old days. I used to drink a fifth in an hour and a half. 2 hours. "green cheese," I said to the kitchen walls. I opened a tall can of frozen beer.

The mortician arrived and got on the phone and pretty soon many strange people were walking in, all of them bringing drinks with them. There were a lot of women and I felt like raping all of them. I sat on the rug feeling the electric light, feeling the drinks going through me like a parade, like an attack on the blues, like an attack on madness. "I will never have to work again!" I told them. "the horses will take care of me like no whore EVER did!"

"oh, we KNOW that Mr. Puchinski! we know that you are a GREAT man!"

It was a little greyhaired fucker on the couch, rubbing his hands, leering at me with wet lips. he meant it. he made me sick. I finished the drink in my hand and found another somewhere and drank that too. I began talking to the women. I promised them all the endearments of my mighty cock. they laughed. I meant it. right then. there. I moved toward the women. the men pulled me off. for a worldly man I was very much the highschool boy. if I hadn't been the great Mr. Puchinski somebody would have killed me. as it was, I ripped off my shirt and offered to go out on the lawn with anybody. I was lucky. nobody felt like punching me over my shoelaces.

when my mind cleared it was 4 a.m. all the lights were on and everybody was gone. I was still sitting there. I found a warm beer and drank it. then I went to bed with the feeling that all drunks know: that I had been a fool but to hell with it.

I had been bothered with hemorrhoids for 15 or 20 years; also perforated ulcers, bad liver, boils, anxiety neurosis, various types of insanity, but you go on with things and just hope that everything doesn't fall apart at once.

It seemed that drunk almost did it. I felt dizzy and weak, but that was ordinary. it was the hemorrhoids. they would not respond to anything -- not baths, salves, nothing helped. my intestines hung almost out of my ass like a dog's tail. I went to a doctor. he simply glanced. "operation," he said. "all right," I said, "only thing is that I am a coward."

"Vell, yes, dot vill make it more difficult." you lousy Nazi bastard, I thought.

"I want you to take dis laxative der Tuesday night, den at 7 a.m. you get up, ya? and you gif yourself de enema, you keep gifing dis enema until der wasser is clear, ya? den I take unudder look into you at 10 a.m. Vensday morning."

"ya whol, mine herring," I said. the enema tube kept slipping out and the whole bathroom got wet and it was cold and my belly hurt and I was drowning in slime and shit. this is the way the world ended, not with an atom bomb, but with shit shit shit. with the set I had bought there was nothing to pinch the flow of water and my fingers would not work so the water ran in full blast and out full blast. it took me an hour and a half and by then my hemorrhoids were in command of the world. several times I thought of just quit-

ting and dying. I found a can of pure spirits of gum turpentine in my closet. it was a beautiful red and green can. "DANGER!" it said, "harmful or fatal if swallowed." I was a coward. I put the can back.

the doctor put me up on a table. "now, just relax der book, ya? relax, relax..."

suddenly he jammed a wedge-shaped box into my ass and began unwinding his snake which began to crawl up into my intestine looking for blockage, looking for cancer.

"hal now if it hurts a bit, nein? den pant like a dog, go, hahahahaaaa!"

"you dirty motherfucker!"

"vot?"

"shit, shit, shit! you dog-burner! you swine, sadist...you burned Joan at the stake, you put nails in the hands of Christ, you voted for was, you voted for Goldwater, you voted for Johnson...mother-ass! what are you DOING to me?"

"it will soon be over. you take it vell. you will be good patient."

he rolled the snake back in and then I saw him peering into something that looked like a periscope with a hole in the side. he slammed some gauze up my bloody ass and I got up and put on my clothes. "and the operation will be for what?"

he knew what I meant. "Joost der hemorrhoids."

I peeked up his nurse's legs as I walked out. she smiled sweetly.

a poor devil dressed in green came in and shaved my ass. such terrible jobs in the world! there was one job I had missed.

they slipped a showercap over my head and pushed me onto a roller. this was it. surgery. the coward gliding down the halls past the dying. there was a man and a woman. they pushed me and smiled, they seemed very relaxed. they rolled me onto an elevator. there were 4 women on the elevator.

"I'm going to surgery. any of you ladies care to change places with me?"

they drew up against the wall and refused to answer. in the operating room we awaited for the arrival of God. God finally entered: "Vell, vell, vell, dere iss mine friend!"

I didn't even bother to answer such a lie.

"turn on the stomach, please."

"well," I said, "I guess it's too late to change my mind now."

"Ya," said God, "you are now in our power!"

"All the Assholes in the World And Mine" is the title of the book by poet Charles Bukowski from which the preceding short piece is extracted. The full version, published in a limited version of 400 copies, is obtainable from Open Skull Press, 449 South Center, Bensenville, Ill. 60106.

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT



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- Leon Davis, President, Local 1199, Hospital Workers.
- Edward Keating, publisher of Ramparts magazine.
- Ruth Turner, National CORE official.
- Dave Mitchell, defendant in the Nuremberg anti-draft case.
- Grace Mora Newman, sister of one of the Fort Hood Three GI's jailed for refusing to go to Vietnam.

The rally will be part of a nationwide Nov. 5-8 Mobilization for Peace in Vietnam, Economic Justice and Human Rights, called by the broadest coalition of anti-war forces yet. The rally will be the kick-off for three days of intensive leafleting and other activity to reach out to as many new people as possible in communities, churches, unions, college, among draftees, G. I's voters.

There will be a picket line to support David Mitchell (Nuremberg anti-draft case) at his appeal hearing from 9:30 A.M. to Noon, Nov. 7th at Foley Square.

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VOICE BANK

By Don Katzman

An experiment is taking place in Wilmington, Delaware which will not only revolutionize the economy, but also the by-product of criminal potential. A computer has been set up in a large commercial bank, strategically located among various mercantile trades. The computer is linked to these businesses by assorted input devices and has a large memory bank which contains records and accounts of the stores and the customers who do business with them. Each customer of the store is also required to have an account with the bank. In turn, the bank supplies the customer with a voice identification card which will automatically and flawlessly identify the owner of the card as its true representative to the store in which he wishes to purchase his commodities.

The card, developed by the Bell laboratories, is said to be foolproof and identifies the person by voice pitch and vocal wave lengths. After the customer has been identified, the card is placed in an input device, located in the accounting department of the store, notifying the computer of the sale. Instantly, the computer automatically deducts the amount of the sale from the customer's account and credits the account of the store. In this transaction, no money of any kind passes through the hands of the customer, the dealer, or the bank.

Applied to the economy as a whole, if the experiment is successful, it will transform an economy based on the exchange of coin and paper money to one of total credit with transactions on computer tapes. The counterfeiting of money will presumably become as extinct as the Brontosaurus. Embezzlement of cash or securities may become a thing of the past. On the surface, it would seem that the only crime will be the theft of merchandise. But this relief will be short-lived because as a society becomes more technologically advanced, so do its criminals.

The crimes that will be perpetuated on the public will become ones of a highly organized and technical nature. The criminal will be an educated engineer and mathematician. He will invent his own voice identification cards and an inputer which will divert information from the banks' memory systems. His reward will only be in terms of false credit and merchandise. Coins and paper money will become a commodity of the black market in which people will trade for credit or merchandise. The drain on the economy, in terms of credit, will be stupendous. Loan sharking of credit and the inputting of false information will become a worldwide practice of the underworld, as highly systematized as any form of specialized business. The police, meanwhile, will have to create new crime detection devices to track down those machines that are being used for criminal purposes.

One of their main jobs will be the raiding of the black market and the confiscation of cash. The act of carrying cash or trading with it could become a criminal offense. The nature of our society looms like a science fiction nightmare more explosive than any that could be created from the mind of H.G. Wells.

Cop-out Review Board

By James Weinstein

In theory, New York City's police are here to protect the public -- to protect people. In fact, as always and everywhere in the United States, their function is to protect property: to keep order. Everyone knows, and particularly the present defenders of the police, that the force views Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and poor people and radicals as alien enemies. The result of this situation has been inevitable -- violence by the police against the persons of the enemy.

But there are too many enemies and their response to violence upon themselves has been to disrupt social peace. Violence, long endured, has been met with counter-violence. Property has been destroyed. The image of the Great Society has been soiled. What to do?

The fiction that the police are here to serve the people must be reinforced. Demands from below for some control over their "servants" must be catered to. But nothing must in fact be changed. And so we have the mayor's Civilian Complaint Review Board. It is a board with no power. It is a board to hear civilian complaints, thus the title, but it is not a civilian board. Three of seven members are high-ranking police officers. Its findings are simply recommendations to the Commissioner, advice. It creates another bureaucratic structure to delay, confuse and frustrate the public and to pacify the natives with the semblance of compassion.

For the frankly and happily racist Patrolman's Benevolent Association and Conservative Party even meek compassion is too much. Kill the New York Cong. Club the Vietniks. Keep the Natives down, lest they take your token seriously and rise up to be treated like men.

And so we have a referendum on the ballot on November 8th. New Yorkers have a choice. As usual it has nothing to do with the real issues about the nature of public servants, or whose society this is. As usual, most radicals will end up supporting the hypocrites. How long?

James Weinstein is the Independent Socialist candidate for Congress in New York's 19th A.D.



PSYCHEDELIC PRAYERS

By Timothy Leary

(Poets Press, Kerhonkson, New York)

These Psychedelic Prayers are taken from the Tao Te Ching. The book includes fifty-six poems which are based on the thirty-seven chapters of Book I of the original.

In the foreword Leary says: "These translations from English to psychedelese were made while sitting under a bamboo tree on a grassy slope of the Kumaon Hills overlooking the snow peaks of the Himalayas. I had nine English translations of the Tao. I would select a Tao chapter and read and reread all nine English versions of it. Each translator, of course, made his own interpretation of the flowing calligraphy. Nine Western minds. But after hours of rereading and meditation, the essence of the poem would slowly bubble up. The aim was to relate this essence theme to psychedelic sessions. Slowly a psychedelic version of the chapter would emerge."

While the prayers are not poetry in any sense of the western tradition, and Leary has not attempted to write a book of poems, still he has produced a book of prayers with a beautiful economy of words, which when approached within the right frame of mind, have the calming, centering effect of the original Tao writings.

For example:

"When the harmony is lost
Then come the clever discussions and
'Wise men' appear
When the unity is lost
Then come 'friends'
When the session is plunged into disorder
Then there are 'doctors'



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CLEMENT GREENBERG
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SAM HUNTER

TUES. NOV. 1

OUT OF THE PICTURE:
THE FRACTURED FRAME OF REFERENCE

JACK TWORKOV
MILTON RESNICK
LARRY RIVERS
WILLIAM GROPPER
LES LEVINE

WED. NOV. 2

MIXED MEDIA:
THE SCRAMBLED OEUVRE

RICHARD HULSENBECK
NICOLAS CALAS
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WHAT IS ART TODAY?

FORUM/EXHIBITION

NYU SCHOOL OF EDUCATION & THE CREATIVE ARTS DIVISION

tripstripstrips

Trips will be a regular feature for our loyal readers. The object is to print fantasy and fact and let the truth decide for itself. We welcome all comers and especially those people who are willing to do it in public.

A dead, dead, and rotting pelican. Dark green masses of life knotted with San Gregorian grey cloud bleared day. Old sadly simple-minded man with his strange idiot monkey on a chain. Previously stolen pumpkins rolling in the decaying shadows of our...up to our knees in wiggly particles of Wild Bill's automobile, which appeared to have risen from the sea, three holymen on a free life trip zooming up and down the pavement in their soggy slowly diseased vehicle, gawked upon, "go back to Moscoved upon," loving hateful people's beams directed upon them from afar. Dragging wet sopping crawling things with wholehearted enthusiasm...more cops...solid things our thing slowly solidifies before the astonished eyes of the masses, American flag stamped red, yellow, and green; an acid rally in the panhandle where children not at all suppressing their glee, sang and placed ornaments of affection on our wonderful vehicle, blew the trumpet and generally living, accepting these strange bearded prophets who merely transformed things. And backed up in our minds was the ugly girl who never shut her mouth, but her nose, on the death grey September ocean trip.

Pumpkins roll free from the green farm soil. Their life energy is freed from seed chains for man's need, bringing further nature struggle for Halloween. Seed chains silenced and life growth encouraged the domesticated grow onward, till the anxious kid begs please may I have this orange earth jewel. The farmer surprises all and gleeful Wild Bill returns to the blue people pill. The once saddened auto now realizes it will no longer be restricted by vehicle law to the social roadways. In another scene of this same play the omnipotent orgasmistic brother plant path parades on in parallel evolutionary harmony to eventually poison the seaweed mingled seashore.



There comes over me days a feeling rich, political, for passion, for kissing affection on its two faces, & comes over me from far away a demonstrative desire, other passion to love, willingly or by force, whoever hates me, whoever tears up the child's paper, the woman who weeps for the man who was weeping, the wine king, the water slave, whoever hid in his wrath, whoever sweats, whoever walks by, whoever shakes himself in my soul.

And I want, of course, to settle the braid for whoever talks to me; the soldier's hair; the light of the great; the greatness of the kid. I want to iron right off a handkerchief for whoever can't weep & when I'm sad or happiness hurts me, to mend the children & the geniuses.

I want to help the good man be a little bad & I need to be seated to the right of the lefthanded & respond to the dumb, trying to be useful to that man in some way, & also I want very much to wash the cripple's foot & help my one-eyed neighbor sleep.

Ah to love this man, mine, this man, the ancient interhuman parochial world's! Wells up to my hair - from the foundation, from the public groin, & coming from far away makes me feel like kissing the singer's muffer, whoever suffers, kiss him in his frying-pan, the deafman in his courageous cranial murmur; whoever gives me what I forgot in my breast in his Dante, in his Chaplin, in his shoulders.

I want in order to end, when I'm at violence's celebrated edge or my heart swollen size of my chest, I'd like to help laugh whoever smiles, to put a little bird smack on the bastard's neck, to care for the sick exasperating them, to buy from the salesman, to help the killer kill - a terrible thing - & to have been in everything straight with myself.

From 'Human Poems' by Vallejo translated by Clayton Eshelman due out next year by Grove Press.

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Dead pelican flesh protoplasmizes and IS by the reeking of prior microbugs. In a silent pelican wave the now future past rolls on to backlash the clean whitelash whitewash of the dog pound cremation society. Thus in the foggy San Francisco Bay airstream there flows pelican ant colonies once before-now striving to bridge the social world of communized ant harmony across the chasm of people fear nervousity. A future of flowing gut maggots smashed into flat power with bomb evolution brings on the joyous disease experience and man is guided on to ignorance of flowing smog cremations.

Death to the dead pelican seaweed creation results in a welded dishpan tin can car stand at the panhandle acid rally. Vibrant jazz, rock and roll on grass, people dancing, children prancing, and none ends as planned as the oceanbeach sand.

Matter cannot be destroyed, only rearranged into mind specimens. A pelican dies and is washed to the shore...but it isn't destroyed. It goes into a new life. It is reborn on Bumkin's mantra-wagon-seaweed-sedan. Health hazard, dog pound brown shirts burn the pelican and further rearrange it into the atmosphere to have intercourse with the smog. The pelican calls out to all senses: sight, sound, smell. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." "Lovely to look at, delightful to hold."

The sound of the mantra-ecstasy-hula-rock trumpet calls out to all hula boppers to rally around the chrome-plated love goddess of the Mercy Street Blues Machine.

The Mercy Street Blues Machine
921 Scott Street
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Note.—As the illustrations originally designed for this place, can only be of interest to those who are barren, and to medical men, it has been thought best, after reflection, to omit them, and then supply them by mail in letter envelope without charge, to those who may be individually or professionally benefited by their possession. The author's address is given on page 910.

HIGH on the RANGE

BETEL NUT MALTED

By Panama Rose

Put three or four betel nuts, a tablespoon of grass, a half banana, a table-spoon of malt, a few spoonfuls of sugar and 8 oz. of milk in a Waring blender. Leave on high speed for a couple of minutes. Strain through a coarse strainer and serve in small glasses. A stimulating drink.....

a springtime musical
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HEADLINE: and to direct the -
AUTOMOBILES: Bow! Wow! Wow!
HEADLINE: automobiles -
TREES: Bow! Wow! Wow!
POLICE: Bow! Wow! Wow!
HEADLINE: Bow! Wow! Wow!
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Wow! Wow! Wow!
Wow! Wow! Wow!

by Ruth Krauss From 'The Cantilever Rainbow,' Pantheon Books

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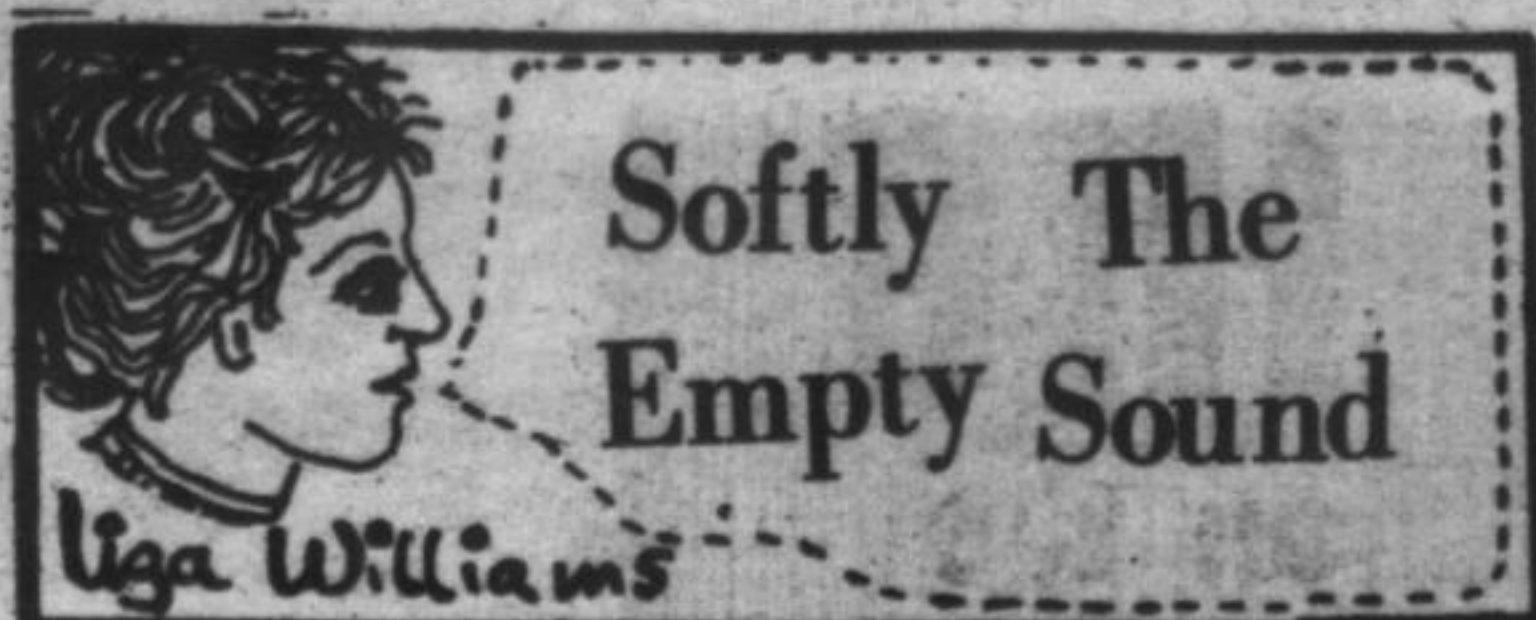
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I exposed the underside of the stone, it had lain buried for all its ages in the soft sandstone and I plucked it like a berry from the bush of the rock. The view undulated before us, the bracken and dried grass, the falling away of sand and rubble down toward the still spread sea. I turned and twisted that nodule of rock in its socket until it fell into my hand, liberated and heavy. From underneath, a centipede, translucent and yellow-green, holding within its glow the quality of all subterranean creatures who bereft of sunlight cast their own illumination, emerged from the exposed socket and slid towards whatever nearest crack would furnish it oblivion. You said "capture it," but made no move, and I turned away from any disaster we might create, having only disemboweled that rock from the habit of touching and turning and pushing to which my fingers had grown addicted.

I heard a rustling sound and looked and saw a man. "Someone else is here," I said to you, pointing to the figure almost obscured by the protruding rock and bush. "He's coming to attack us, maybe." I said, being suddenly full of headline catastrophies and television sadism imaginings. He climbed away from us and I watched him with relief. Then he appeared again below us and looking at him I said I thought he was a Forest Ranger, but you said "no," and pointed out his badge. "He is a Sheriff." "Hello," I called, "what's this place called?" He looked up smiling. "I call it Poison Oak Gulch," he said, and climbed up to where we were sitting, still smiling. He stood over us and within a non-space of time his face shut and the thinned lips opened and he said to you "Show me your I.D." You stood up, assembling your lanky young body from the worn suede boots to long cluttered sun streaked hair and stubble covered rosy cheeks, you rose up off the rock and held out your I.D. He looked at it, and still holding it turned to me. "Your I.D.," he said. I did not get up but answered softly, "It's in the car." "Whose car is that?" he asked. "It's my car," I said. "Who is it registered to?" "My husband," I said. "Oh -- and where is he?" He looked at me and at the can of r and at you and his expression implied all of the dirt and filth and ugliness that is so profitably sold in books way back, miles away, in the heart of Los Angeles. He leaned over and went through the pockets of your jacket on which we had been sitting. "You shouldn't do that," I said softly, testing my voice for blandness. He looked up at me, "I can do anything I want," he said.

There were trees and rocks and water all around, and I could feel myself being catapulted over the edge by the gentlest flick of his arm, to be hauled up and off for resisting arrest with no witness to summon but the still voice of the mountain side. "Mind if I search you?" he said to you. "Go ahead," you answered, looking past him to the tumbling trickling water and the variegated pattern of the sunlight on the ground. He thumped at you and looked in your pockets. You had car keys and some money. "Where's the Marijuana?" he asked. We looked at him, neither startled, nor afraid, nor with any real emotion. "You've smoked a lot I bet," he said to me. "How many times have you smoked Marijuana, come on, got high a lot, haven't you?" I did not stop examining the surface of the rock to reply, there was such an abyss between his movement and direction and the tranquil reflective morning that had brought us up this path like children in a garden to eat lunch and listen to the still sounds of the vegetable silence.

He left us then, saying "Enjoy yourself." We silently gathered up our things and went back to the car. He was waiting there looking in the window, perhaps trying to read the copy of the Free Press that lay on the floor behind the seat. "OK," he said to me, "OK, show me your I.D. now." I opened the trunk of the car to get it from my purse, he reached in and poked at the accumulation of paper and bits of camping equipment that was scattered inside. I showed him my temporary driver's license. I had gone for my renewal the week before and was still using the slip until the regular license came. "Your license has expired," he said to me. "I presume so," I said, "that's why I got a renewal." "Your license is expired," he said again, but neither he nor I could develop the reasoning beyond its implied threat. He gave me back my slip of paper and I shut the trunk. He walked to his black and white car. "Everything all right?" you called out to him. He turned around, he was smiling again, but a different thinner smile, a smile that stretched across his young even teeth, "This time," he said, "But next time?"...

MASS PROTEST

A mass protest rally against the Vietnam war to initiate "four days of widespread leafletting... just before the election" will be held on 41st Street, just south of Times Square, at 2 p.m., Saturday, November 5.

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANA



By Allan Katzman

The Club is back and the Fatty Arbuckle Scene Boys better beware. For those who don't remember or never heard of "the club," they were the abstract expressionist group headed by DeKooning and Kline, among others, against the academy painters of post W.W. II. Their "scene" is now history, fodder for the "terrible mother museums" of N.Y. and the rest of the world. Their reasons for a comeback are unclear, clouded by issues that have nothing to do with art. (They are made up of mostly painters who had made a reasonable living from what they sold in galleries and to the public in the hey day of abstract expressionism.) They are the painters who found themselves left with a lot of dusty art when they were suddenly broom-cleared off the scene by the "pop art" movement. They now cry "foul," throw themselves in front of women to prevent coke bottles from being shoved up cunts and declare "no faggots allowed."

This new club, or should I say "our gang (bang) comedy series," is now climbing all over the band wagon like it was the last climax. They refuse to admit such painters as Rivers, Rauchenberg, Warhol into their little clique and at the same time block the way for young painters to enter into their inner sanctum. No longer willing to stand by and pay lip service to their dead images, they now take up the banner in the name of "art" to crusade against their top echelon cohorts. You might say that the devil is having his day! For if we were to peek behind these old testament tremors, we would find a bunch of abstract people in pop clothing who have been left out of the money. In reality this is

what it is all about and what art has become -- in this country anyway.

The critic in this type of situation will always ask, "What to do?" and the poet will answer "Ignore them." But can a critic really ignore such disservice and dishonesty. The answer is yes and no; yes, you cannot ignore it; and no, you can by also talking about those who deserve praise.

Adrian Gornick, a large painter with a rather large talent, is one such artist. She paints the ornamental visions of her mind with such dexterity and scope of color that one will inadvertently ask, "What the hell is SHE on?" Whatever she's on, you can be sure it's not the suck-off system of the "scene." You don't need a scorecard to tell her from the rest of the players and she doesn't have to join a group or movement to be more than half safe. She simply paints layers of aura that emanate from people and things and which have a religious beauty about them. Her paintings make any photograph of them inept and the Brillo Box Boys of the Bush League known as MOMA pale beside her candor and ardor. She does not finger the mental braille of reality as if she were in the back row of some dark movie but paints what she sees and feels. She is not caught up in the beautiful/ugly syndrome of a bourgeois sanity. She is all painter and not burdened with the promise of whether to wake up today and paint a \$20,000 painting. Suffice it for me to say, "I like what she does" and that "the majority of what are hanging in museums and galleries today do not represent art but the merchant's smell of history." Miss Gornick truly represents art for she is creating and by it gives the raison de etre to the existence of any art.



Portrait of Allen Rosnitz

by Adrian Gornick

STEREO

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HOW I SPENT NINE NIGHTS AT THE ARMOURY WITH THE GHOST OF HARRY HOOTON AND JUST MISSED SEEING GOD.

The scientists don't know where it's at. The artists don't know where it's at. The audience didn't know where it was at. Only Harry Hooton knows where it's at. Which is the reason I asked Harry to come and see the "Theatre and Engineering" show at the 25th Street Armory. Having waited his whole life for a show of this nature, he died before it happened.

I DO NOT BELIEVE IN HUMAN BEINGS, BUT IN HUMAN GOINGS -- MAN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

In the minds of the audience there was an expectation of magic. The sponsorship of the project by members of the Establishment seemed to imply that the Happening was about to be blessed and consecrated and like the Opera it could now be described as "Art." It had all the appearance of being the show of the season.

And in spite of it's monumental failure, I believe the idea on which the show was based makes it the show of the season.

MAN IS GREAT ONLY WHEN HE IS DOING THINGS TO MATTER; HE IS LITTLE WHEN HE TURNS ON HIMSELF WHETHER IN HATE, WONDER, OR LOVE.

That the show rarely hit anything other than a pedestrian level would seem to be the fault of the artists, the majority of whom are still walking like Zombies through the dead world of Pop.

SCIENCE IS THE STUDY OF WHAT CAN BE KNOWN, NOT OF THAT WHICH CAN BE KNOWN.

Perhaps what I hated most was being shown what a dreary picture our day-to-day existence can be. It's only a very small step from a Brillo Box to the "Grass Field" & "Solo" of Alex and Deborah Hay...only a brief step in time from the "harmony" of Leni Reifenstahl's "Triumph of Will" to Yvonne Rainer's "Carriage Discreetness." Human beings are not automatons. The senseless and repetitive actions which are forced upon us are to be despised, not glorified. Pattern and balance are the basis of all fascist culture.

DON'T MAKE YOUR MISTAKES WITH MEN; MAKE THEM WITH MATTER WHERE THEY DON'T MATTER.

It takes a person of genius to transmute the pedestrian into gold and only John Cage had that magic touch.

THE GARDNER GIVES US ROSES, NOT GARDNERS.

Of the remaining events only Oyvind Fahlstrom's "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" could be considered in terms of theatre and engineering. There was some action, a little magic, some social message and a good attempt to integrate the various mediums, but it would, I think, have been more successful had he had a circus to work with. Everything else was just an idea.

MOST IDEAS ARE TOO WEAK TO GET OUT. THE REST ARE TOO TIRED TO REACH THEIR OBJECTIVE.

A single idea may work out quite well on a canvas, but anything of a theatrical nature requires a whole succession of them.

TO UNDERSTAND AN IDEA IS TO ACCEPT IT; BUT TO EXTEND IT -- THAT IS TO CREATE AN IDEA.

And nothing was created beyond the original thought "that it would be a good idea if artists and scientists could work together." Unfortunately they picked the wrong artists.

The age of creative specialization has just died. The creative person must now be an electrician, painter, musician, film-maker, poet, plumber, dancer.

CULTURE IS GROWTH, AND GROWTH IS MOVEMENT, AND MOVEMENT IS power -- FOR NOTHING CAN MOVE WITHOUT MOVING SOME thing.

FOR POWER TOO MUST HAVE ITS DIRECTION: SCHOPENHAUER GAVE UP THE WILL; NIETZSCHE GAVE US THE WILL TO POWER; I GIVE YOU THE WILL TO POWER -- over Things.

Innerspace



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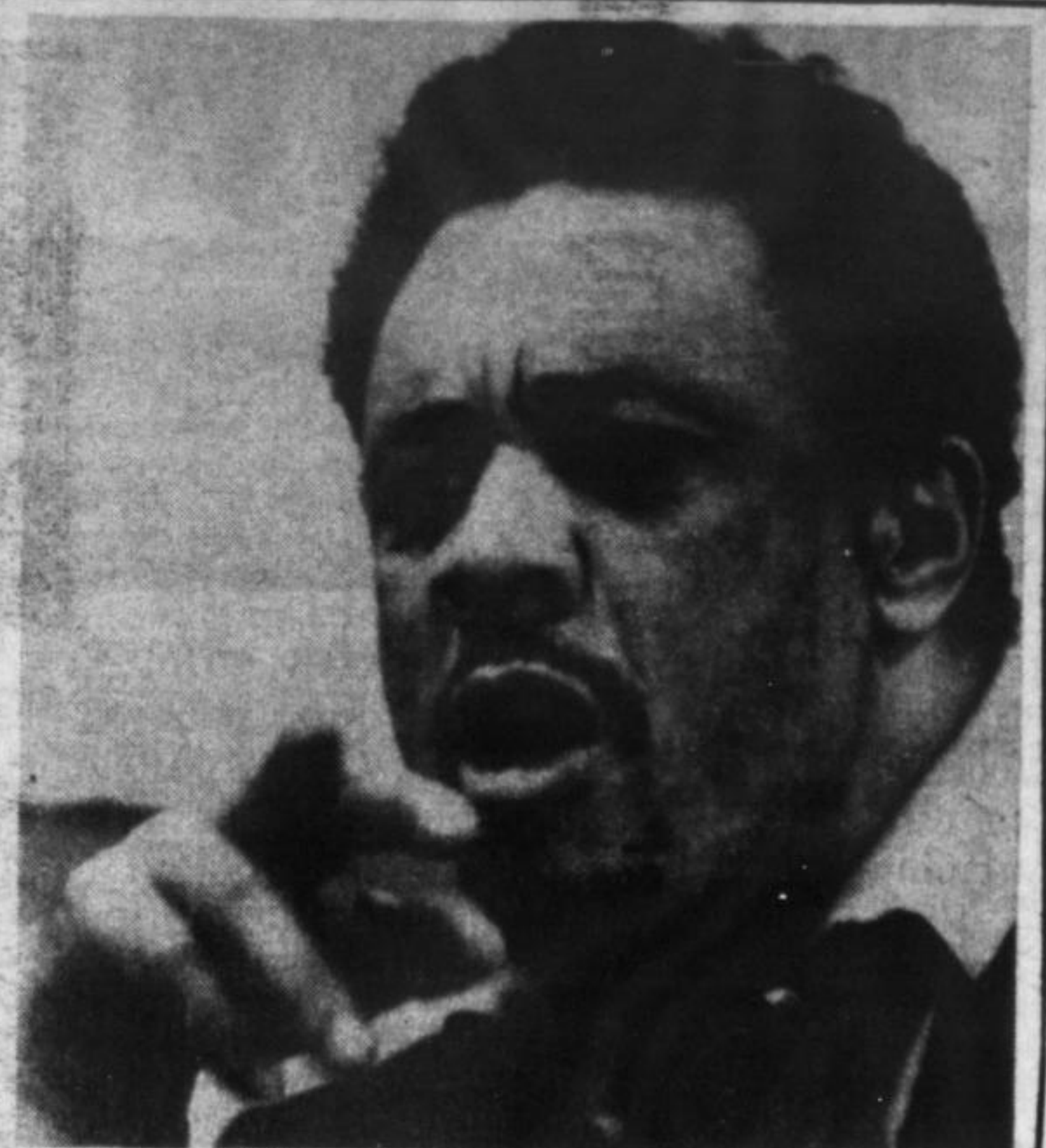
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- Svengali

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Puberty Ripes

continued from page 8

with ease -- and enjoying it, i.e., reaching orgasm.

The situation would be totally different if the girl had not yet attained puberty. Then there would be a very real danger of serious internal injuries if coitus were attempted.

But these days adequate information, techniques and devices of contraception are so widely available in this country that the child who steals her mother's contraceptives (replacing them with saccharin or a similar pill) has become a nationally-known joke.

The greatest single deterrent to sleeping with a young girl is the legal penalties this involves. In 35 of the United States there are statutes against premarital fornication, whether it be with an adult or a minor. As for those laws specifically relating to fornication with a minor the penalties for conviction, in some cases, are only exceeded by those provided for murder.

The death penalty is MANDATORY for conviction of statutory rape in six states: Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina and South Carolina.

The death penalty is POSSIBLE in 10 others: Alabama, Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia.

Life imprisonment is the maximum penalty provided in many other states. New York is one of the most lenient states with a maximum penalty of 10 years! Most of these laws are certainly antiquated and hopelessly out-of-touch with the liberal sexual climate of today.

As if this weren't enough to make a man pause in his footsteps -- the age at which a girl is considered an adult varies across the United States from 14 to 21, though the average age is 18. This means that having sexual relations with a girl may be legal in one state but outlawed in another.

In Ceylon, sexual intercourse with a girl under 12 years of age, with or without her consent, is considered rape, and is punishable with up to 20 years in prison. Though sexual relations with a girl over 12 and under 14 is not legally defined as rape, it is considered a crime nonetheless and is punishable by up to two years in prison -- in addition to whipping.

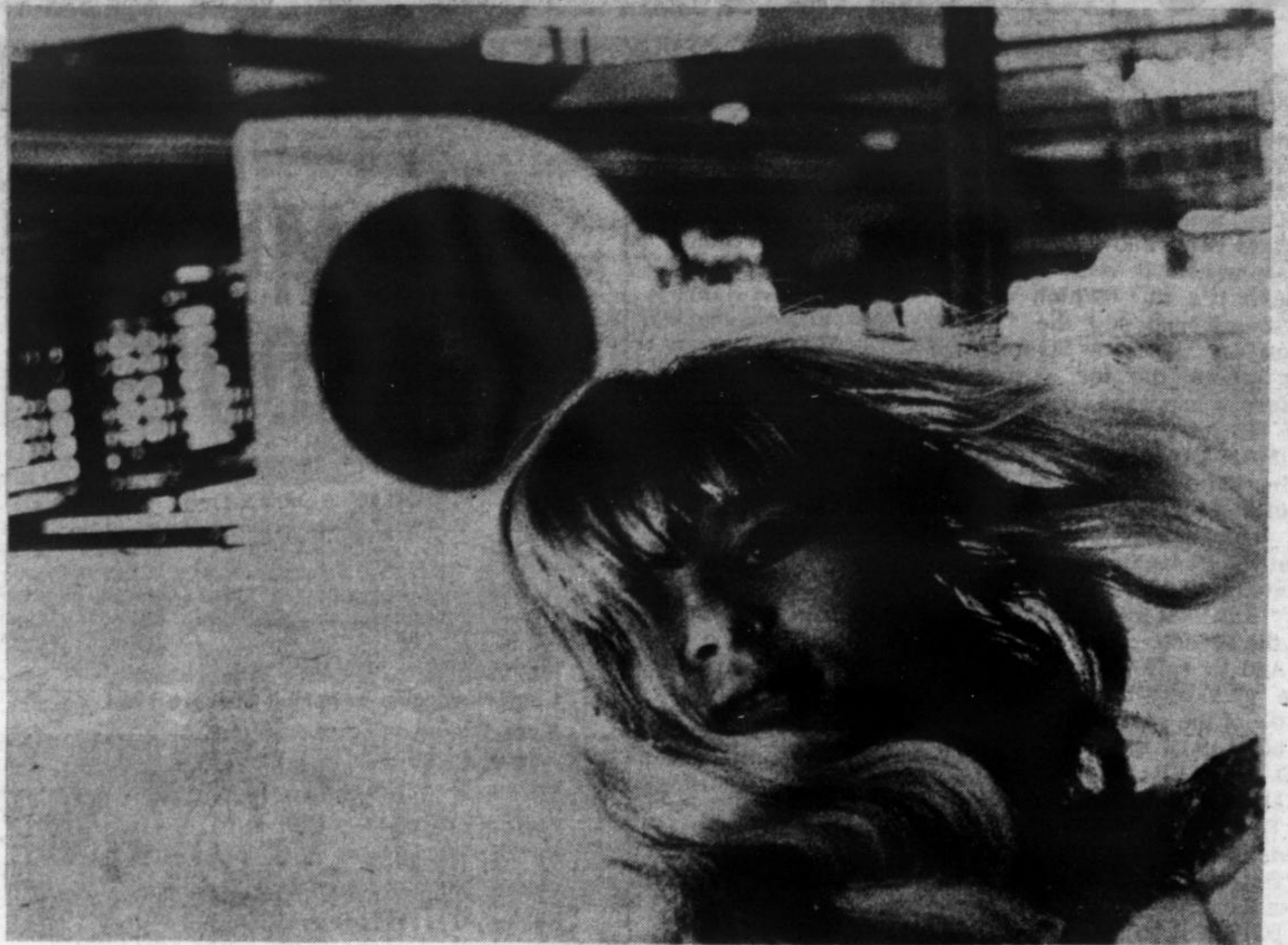
Scandinavian laws regarding statutory rape are among the most lenient in the Western world. In Sweden the age at which a young girl can legally make love is 15. If the girl is under 15, the man can be imprisoned for a maximum of four years.

Danish jurisprudence makes a similar distinction between sexual intercourse with a girl under 15 and a girl under 21 who is economically dependent upon the man.

One girl in four was a wife in India before the age of 15 in 1921, according to the Census Report of that year. In 1955, the Hindu Marriage Act set the minimum legal age for marriage at 15 for a girl. For all intents and purposes, child-marriage is still permitted in India, though not so widely practiced as before.

In other Eastern countries where a girl was expected to be a virgin until marriage, the marriage age for girls was set at a similarly low age. In Korea in 1921, it was recorded that 6.2% of all girls under 15 were already married. In Japan the minimum age for marriage was set at 15 for a girl.

SLUM GODDESS



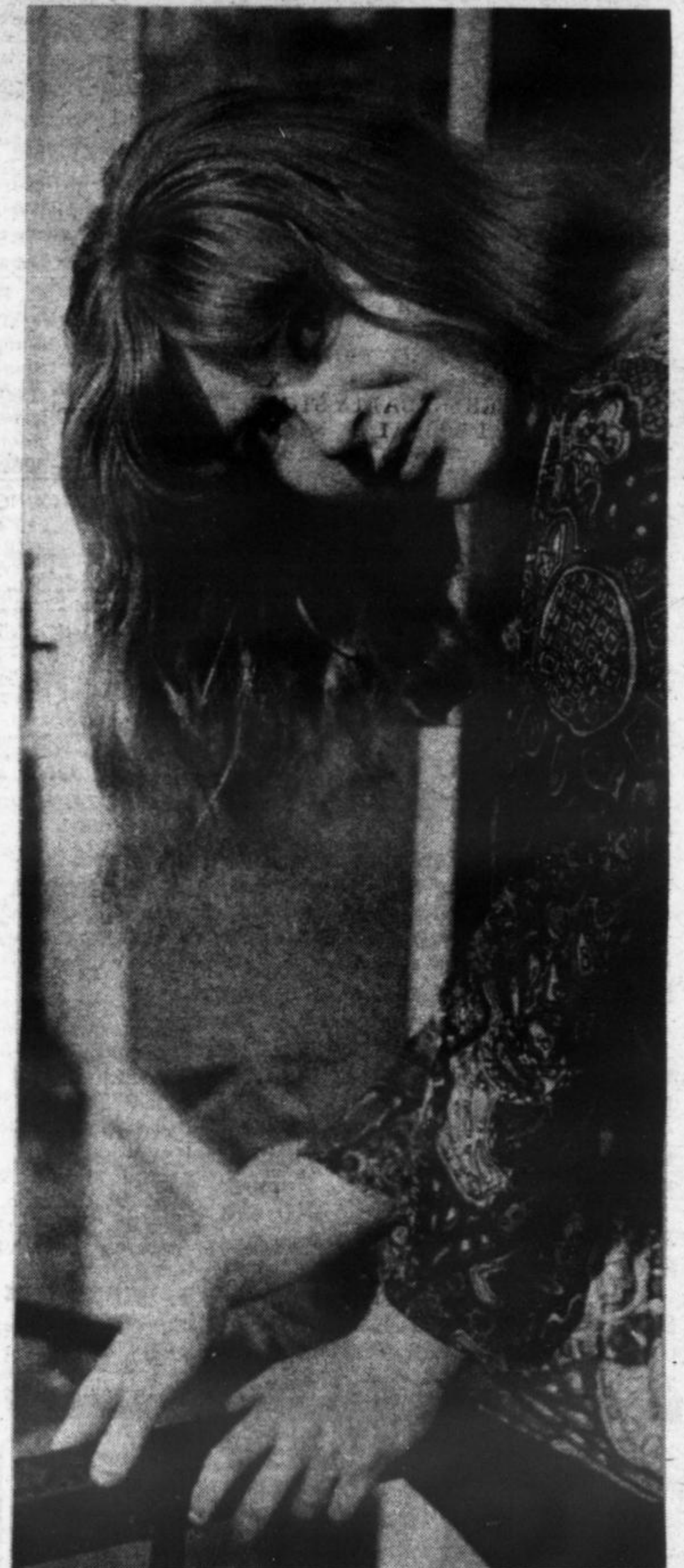
Many of us are aware of child-marriage in the East and in Medieval Europe, but we would be surprised to learn that it is not an uncommon occurrence in America -- even in this century. In 1925, according to the Russell Sage Foundation, there were 343,000 women married before age 15. And in 1958, at least 70 percent of the males and 66 percent of the females over 14 were already married, according to Norton M. Hunt in *The Natural History of Love*.

Why can a young girl have sexual relations when she is married but is forbidden to have them if not? The act and the girl are the same in both cases. If a girl is legally free to choose a husband it seems pure hypocrisy to deny her the same right to choose a lover.

After all is said and done probably more men than will admit it find young girls sexually attractive, and would sleep with them at the drop of a bonnet, were it not for the legal penalties involved. But, paradoxically, legal restraints seem to have little effect upon sexual impulses directed at young girls. In fact, as Doctor Albert Ellis has noted, they probably have an opposite effect from that intended, i.e., the greater the restrictions on certain modes of sexual conduct, the greater are the temptations to engage in them for their own sake. So long as balling young girls is considered a crime there will always be a large number of men who will be willing to risk martyrdom as an act of social defiance.

Crime, strictly defined, is a hostile act against the social body, or the individual parts thereof, and who does balling harm except those who don't get enough? The real 'dirty old men' are the antiquarian judges, legislators, ministers, etc. who fear their own sexual impulses, and who, themselves, need some form of official restraint. It seems fairly obvious that those who conceive of themselves as guardians of public morals are those who most fear any loosening of those morals. In other words, psychoanalytically, such men are but projecting their own fears onto the general populace, accusing others of 'criminal' impulses they, themselves, are heir to.

And that ain't going to change, baby, until the whole society, with its repressions, superstitions, and superfluous restrictions on private morality, is changed, and until all those old men in their black robes learn that it's more fun to MAKE LOVE - NOT WAR.



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NEEDED: FOUR ATTRACTIVE GIRLS FOR UNDERGROUND FILM PRODUCTIONS IN CHICAGO, ERNEST THOMPSON, 1962 E. 71st Place, HY 3-3608.

GOOD LOOKING LATIN ARTIST, 30, 5'9", WISHES TO MEET UNCONVENTIONAL LEGGY GIRL, PROBABLE SHARING W. VILLAGE APT. & FUTURE. INTERESTS: GUITAR, NUDISM, POLAROID. BOX 429, OLD CHELSEA STATION.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM FESTIVAL "The Gold Rush"/"The Immigrant" Saturday, November 5, 8:15 p.m., Elsner-Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, NYC CORE, 4th Street Center. Donation 75¢.

SAN FRANCISCO -- Well-traveled (USSR, India, Texas) ex-news magazine reporter, 25, seeks deeply attractive, truly intelligent, purposefully witty, and hopefully affectionate, non-psychedelic female to share Thanksgiving time drive to Bay Area. Call Cliff (271-9146) before noon.

Moving & Trucking 24 hour service. No charge from garage. \$5 - man & van; \$8 - 2 men & van. Experienced movers. OX 1-5424.

GROK is now on sale in New York. Lenny Bruce, Mark Lane, Usco, others 50 cents. Or Box 16 New York, NY 10024

GRAFFITI magazine needs writing talent. No goddamn poetry. Send usable material to 88. Bleecker St., NYC 10012.

School of the Great Fear! Classes in the history of the collisions of the planets and the problem of human amnesia concerning the collisions. Write Earth Co. 237 E. 5th St. NYC 10003

Young man, 16, wishes to meet liberal girl of approximate age for body, soul (and mind) relationship. Write Willy C/O Gottesman, Box 406, Canal St. Station, NY 10013. Leave communication.

I am collecting children's groovies: stories, paintings, drawings, etc. for a book on same. Please send material, copies, whatever to Dana Atchley, 505 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Maryland. Return guaranteed if requested.

I can't tell you how ashamed I am of Arthur Goldberg, our man at the UN. When you reach the Supreme Court it's supposed to be more than a year's gig. And now the same with the UN. From there to a lawyer for capitalism and meanwhile he's my "in" with my President because he's Jewish. Israel G. Young, Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Avenue.

finishes glisten everywhere.

LOOKING FOR THE SECRET TO LIFE? STOP. You are life, girl. You're it. The key to everything beautiful. May I help you open the door? 242-8282.

FOR \$100 PER DAY I'll change your life. I'll listen to your problems and/or frustrations, bring a fresh objective mind and practical advice to whatever I hear. I'll represent you in negotiations, undertake missions for you here or anywhere in the world at a moment's notice. I'll turn you on and tune you in. I've travelled in 30 countries and have an intimate knowledge of at least four (America, Japan, Greece and Mexico) about which I have written best-selling guidebooks. I have worked for four of the world's biggest newspapers (NY Times, London Daily Mirror, Toronto Star, Mainichi News) and three of the world's smallest (Voice, RVO, Nissau Guardian.) I have contacts everywhere, in every sphere. I'll write for you or to you; listen to you or tell you where you're at. I'll be your guru, guide, counsellor. For \$100 per day I'll change your life or your strife (or your wife). John Wilcock, P.O. BOX 8, Village Station, New York 10014.

where it's at

Thurs. Nov. 3
Golly First Printings: Bibles on display from Gutenberg to Icelandic and Apache editions. N.Y. Public Library, 42nd & 5th Avenue.

Fri. Nov. 4
Poetry Reading: "From Newark to Seminar," Joseph Cerevalo, John Perrault. New School, 8:10 pm (\$2.50).

Dr. Albert Ellis conducts Workshop on Problems of Everyday Living: Institute for Rational Living (LE5-0822) \$2.50.

Folk Music Workshop/Songswap: NYU Loeb Student Center, 8 pm.

Poetry Reading: Timothy Baum, James Brodsky. Studio 534, 534 W. 42 St. (840 pm).

Sat. Nov. 5
Guy Fawkes Day. Bang.

French Medieval Music swings at Theresas L. Kaufman Concert Hall, 92nd & Lex. 8:30 (\$4.00).

Poetry Reading: Ronald Tavel. Studio 543, 8:30 pm.

Sun. Nov. 6
Poetry Reading: Jerome Rothenberg. Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave. 8:30 pm (50 cents).

BLESSING OF THE HOUNDS, Grimes Mill, Ky.

Concert: Schumann and Ives' works by R. Frisch (baritone), R. Good (piano). Riverside Museum, 3 pm (free, but write for tickets).

Fri. Nov. 6
"A New Look in Prints": Recent lithographs 7 serigraphs by 20 young painters and sculptors. Museum of Modern Art.

Mon. Nov. 7
WURSTFEST, New Braunfels, Texas.

Mon. Nov. 7
48th Anniversary of the OCTOBER REVOLUTION, U.S.S.R.

Tues. Nov. 8
Film Showing: Ince and Hart film at Museum of Modern Art, 8 pm (\$1.25)

Wed. Nov. 9
Folk Israeli-style: Dance session at YMHA 1395 Lex. 8-11 pm (\$1.25).

Thurs. Nov. 10
Dr. Allen Frome lectures on "Depressions" - dynamics and treatment. YMHA, 1395 Lex. 8:30 (\$2.50).

Fri. Nov. 11
Poetry Reading: ALLEN KATZMAN at Studio 534, 534 W. 42nd St. 8:30 pm.

DIWALI. All India honors Lakshmi, goddess of wealth (not greed), with illuminations.

Nov. 11-13
"The Beatnik and the Ball-player," a play by Howard Reynolds, at The Playwright's Place 5 W. 63rd St. 9:30 & 12 pm. Dancing, coffee inbetween and after (free).

Sat. Nov. 12
Annual Poppy Dance, Barbados.

READ: "Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me" by Richard Farina.

International Motorcycle Show, Earls Court, England.

CELESTIAL BLACKOUT: Total Solar Eclipse

Sun. Nov. 13
"Uses and Misuses of System in Art": Lecture by E.C. Goosen, Guggenheim Museum, 3:30 pm (50 cents)

National Shoe Fair of America convenes for annual landing at New Yorker Hotel.

Provo Assault on Various Churches (Watch Out, Norman Vincent Pew!)

Mon. Nov. 14
Moliere's "The Love Cure" & M. Lee's "Tight-roped Walker" performed at Judson Poet's Theater, 8:30 pm (contrib. but call SP7-0033).

Toenail Chew, Regional Finals: Ozark Mts.

Tues. Nov. 15
Fluxfilm Film Package Special: Psychedelic/OpPop/Haikus and more from FLUXUS, U. of C. Memorial Center, Boulder, Colo.

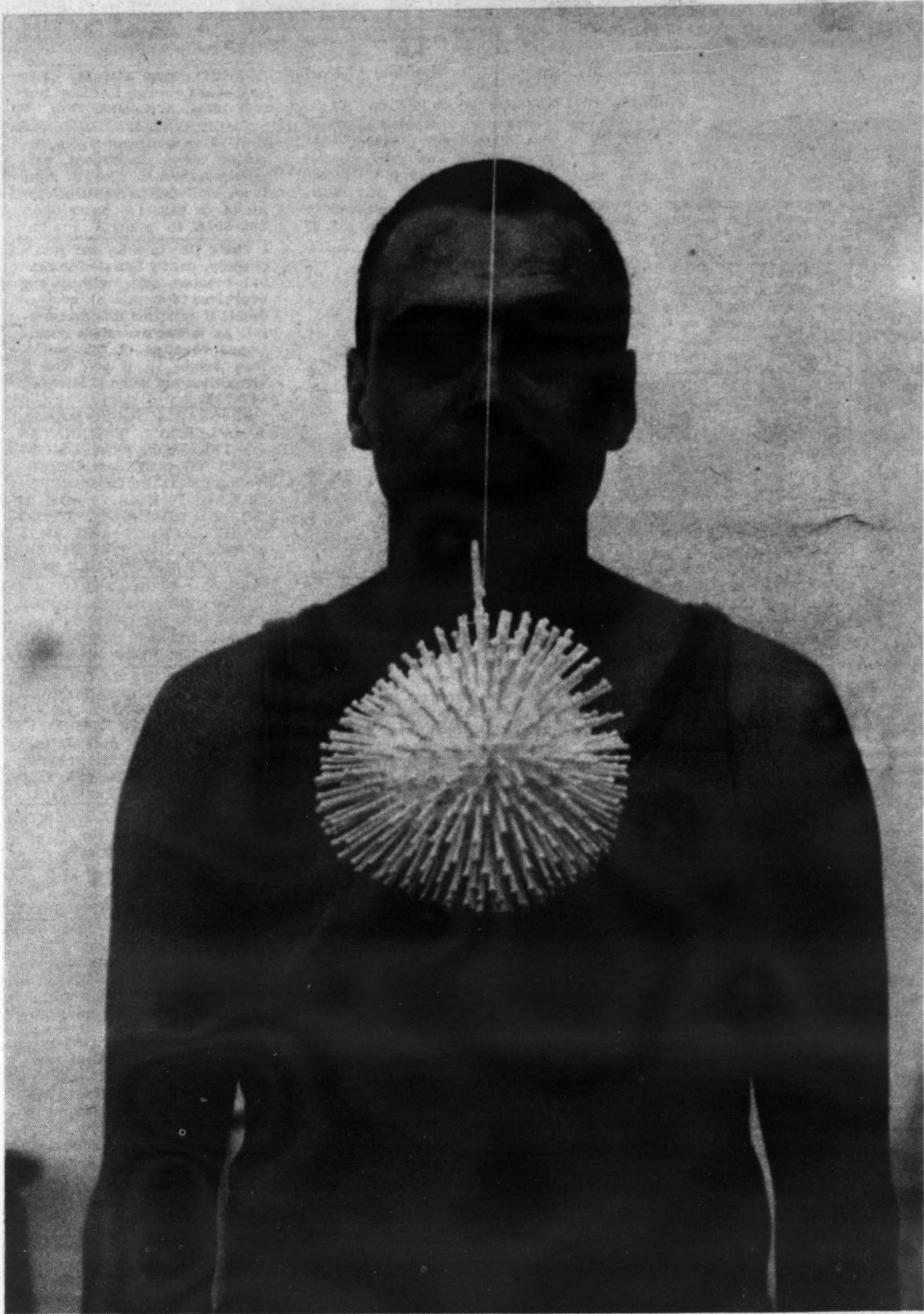
Musee Bourdelle shows works of Antoine Bourdelle, student of Rodin, Paris.

COCK FAIR (Tori-No-Ichi) Sweet and Sour Festival, Tokyo, Japan.

Wed. Nov. 16
Monclonian Curling Bospiel, Moncton, New Brunswick.

God's Fourth of July: Leonid Meteor Shower.

Thurs. Nov. 17
Dr. Allen Frome lectures on "Our Doubts and Conflicts" - the sense of morality and need to be right. YMHA, 92nd & Lex. 8:30 pm (\$2.50).



Kineticism Press presents the first multiple-monograph: *Günther Uecker—Ten Years of a Kineticist's Work* by Willoughby Sharp, a 96 page book with 32 photographs, biography, bibliography, design conception by Paul Maenz, and an original signed and numbered "White Nail Object" (5" x 7") by Günther Uecker.

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