THE east village OTHER

VOL.1 NO. 21

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OCTOBER 1-15

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lettersletters

Dear EVO:

It is a foolish and dangerous thing to do – hit a rewsman. At the demonstrations against napalm at Port Chicago at San Francisco, an ABC-TV cameraman was injured as he was filming the activities of the U. S. Marines striking women demonstrators. His camera was smashed and ABC lodged a protest with the government. Not much happened, until the day Lady Bird Johnson went to the opening of the new opera in San Francisco. She was greeted by pickets and had to use a side entrance to the hall, the radio reported in L. A. It was a usual story except for one thing, the slogans of the demonstrators were included in the story. Millions of radio listeners heard the chant "Hey Hey L. B. J., How many Kids did you kill today!" on the news that night.

Maybe the two incidents have nothing in common, but the reporter and the editor have the option of excluding or including bits of information of a "color" nature and maybe that's what happened. If so, it is still a dangerous thing to do – hit a newsman.

Doc Stanley
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir:

I was really happy when I got your letter with a copy of EVO. Thank you very much to keep sending your fabulous papers. I passed them to some of my friends. And two of them, who also are very much interested in American Folk Songs and Greewich Village, became ardent fans of EVO, and they often ask me if the new issue arrived at me. For us, we are only eighteen years old, it seems that EVO is a little harder to understand as we're not good at English. But we're always trying very hard to find what you think about this confused world.

By the way, it's wonderful to know that you're a Basho lover! Yes, I also admire him and love his ingenuous poetrys. And I'm proud of him as the ramblin' poet in Japan. He hated the rich and loved the beauty of the great nature. Japan was so beautiful as to let him make many poems while he was traveling. But the latest Japan is not what she used to be when Basho lived.

I have been living Tokyo for five months. That is, I graduated a senior high school this spring and came up to Tokyo to work in a music publication. Here, in Tokyo, we can't see the shining blue sky but only smoky one. We can't hear a bird sing pleasantly, but we can find many *birds* with short skirts walking with IVY-styled boys. People, especially young men just like us, are busy to spend one day after day spending their money with beautiful dresses, spending their precious time.

They (I must be one of them) have been forgetting to think of themselves, because they're busy to find their happiness. They've already stopped reading books, because they can know the story from TV dramas. We're so happy filled with many civilized stuff that most of us have forgotten many people fighting for PEACE everyday in our neighbouring country. We are always advocating "Peace for Vietnam," "No more Hiroshima" and etc. But we are all right if we can live happily everyday. That's the greatest sorrow for me.

The greatest "Teach In" ("Peace for Vietnam") ever had in Japan is going on in Tokyo these three days by many famous writers both in Japan and U. S. A. I joined the first day's teach-in only to find myself with an immature thought. I should have learnt and known more on everything. But I was very glad to find many people who are working very hard to make *other people* happy.

Now, can you get enough datas about Basho? I would be very glad to help you if I can. Please tell me, I will do my best. Don't you think that anyone who tried to find the truth loved rambling or wandering or travelling? Homer did. Basho did and so did Bob Dylan. I'm always longing for rambling from town to town, with a guitar in my hand with songs in my mouth, with many stars in my eyes and with love in my heart. But it's just a impossible dream for me. For I am a *girl*. A girl can't travel alone. I have been waiting for a friend whom I can trust on. Perhaps, it may be a boy and it seems that to live a life is to travel . . . . though we can learn more than precious things by travelling, we can learn same things by living a hopeful life, I'm sure.

Speaking of ramblin', I heard that Bob Dylan got hurted by his motorcycle. Most folk-fans hate him "He's not a folk singer anymore but a r'n'r singer." I still love him and what he thinks.

Now, I must go now. Sayonara.

Sincerely,
Akiko
Tokyo, Japan

lawrence lipton's

EVERY DAY IS NAPALM SUNDAY IN VIETNAM: All in the name of Christianity and the Prince of Peace, through his fart and belch representatives in Washington. There was the War to Save Democracy, then the War for Survival, which ended in the invention and use of the Non-Survival Bomb. Now the question is: WHO DESERVES TO SURVIVE? My government, if I am to believe LBG (G is for Goldwater), killed a billion dollar's worth of commies last week to help me to survive – to keep them from swarming all over Venice Beach if the generals are to be believed. Nobody asked me if I could AFFORD such an expensive luxury. Maybe we would all feel better about the whole thing if we could SEE what we're getting for our money. A few hundred corpses of "the enemy" – including women and children – flown across the Pacific and publicly displayed, say in L. A.'s or N. Y.'s Times Square, with a sign, THIS IS WHAT YOUR GOVERNMENT IS DOING WITH YOURMONEY, might help to raise public morale and rally us all around LBG's program for peace. Anyway, it would be the democratic thing to do, keep the people informed and give them a close-up sight – and sniff – of what the Lindabirds in the White House and the War Hawks in the Pentagon are doing with our money.

HASTE MAKES WASTE AND HATE MAKES HYSTERIA: $200,000,000 in "pilfering" and theft on a bigger scale is reported from Saigon in a crash building program (not housing for the poor but a war-buildup) that can only be called the Tea Pot Dome of War, haste and hysteria. Just as war is an extension of diplomacy (and politics) so the war economy is simply an extension of the peace economy. What is a $200 million theft to a country in which the biggest profits are not those of General Motors or AT&T or General Electric but the criminal syndicate (Mafia's) network of extortion, rigged gambling, con games, shylock loan sharking, torture and murder? This is not the economics you read in the textbooks or hear from the politicians and the professors. It is our Invisible Government, and tied in with it are our legal governments, our corporations, our police and our military. If anything can be called the American Way of Life this is it. This is the way it is, man, and this is what we are being asked to pay for and to die for. And this, Rev. King, is what you are asking the black man to get his proper share of, to vote for, to preserve and fight for. Even Stokely Carmichael, who sees a coalition of poor blacks and poor white as "The major instrument of change in American society" – a change that would make it worth while to "join" – has yet to face up to the fact that neither White Power nor Black Power abroad – is THE ENEMY. If you don't believe it just try tangling with it. Nobody – not the Congress nor the Supreme Court nor the State militia nor the FBI nor the Pentagon – can save you from the invisible government of CRIMINAL POWER, because they are all bought, cowed and controlled by it, or manipulated by the syndicates' lawyers and enforcers. The blueprint for THAT war of liberation hasn't been drawn yet.

Surely the democratic process of the ballot has never been very reassuring. An electorate that can vote into power such Honorables as Joe (Point of Order) McCarthy, Everett (The Wizard of Ooze) Dirksen, Huey Long, Pat McCarran, Lyndon (Goldwater) Johnson, Warren (Sex and Art are the Secret Weapons of Communism) Dorn, Sam (Law and Order) Yorty, Pat (Swivelneck) Brown and George (Song and Dance) Murphy, to name only a few of the more odorous examples, is not the voice of anything except imbecility. Consider also that it is Vox Populi that rewards the likes of Billy Graham, Lawrence Welk, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Ed Sullivan, Liberace and Jack Warner with millions of dollars and makes multimillionaires out of oil, metals, chemicals and timber tycoons with the minds of cutthroat pirates, is the same electorate that goes to the polls and votes its own financial ruin and its own death in the jungles of Vietnam. If its gangster-ridden moneytheistic masters haven't killed us all (so far) it is because they think it might be bad for business or because the fallout might kill THEM, too, if the wind changes. The only real choice you have, at best, is the NO choice of voting with the weapon of silence, of turning your back on the ballot so that, at least, you won't have the guilt of knowing that you conspired in your own destruction. Election day may be as good a day as any to meet together and inquire who the enemy REALLY is and what to do about toppling him from power, or at least outliving him.

letter

Dear EVO:

What you are doing is often dull, forced, repetitive and escapist, but I willingly support your actions because you are America's only hope for enlightenment. The big cities and suburbs will soon take over all of America's opinions, sweeping the vast rural areas which have no contact with either mass media or your destruction of it if you don't become strong within yourselves. Surprisingly you are most effective when you criticize yourselves for there can no longer be any belief in a 1950's style MOVEMENT of Pete Seeger-love-everybody's-with-their-inaccuracies, their lies, and their generalities. You must not be sucked into groups for there your opinions will be warped or manufactured for you and you'll be grouped with and identified with raving assholes. Independent we stand, Organized we are out in the open and will fall. As independent (and not dependent on drugs, booze, or each other) we are ourselves deciding our own fate and direction.

Organized, we are being used by a society which has carefully set-up cop-outs where we can exhaust our energy without disturbing anyone but ourselves.

This society has made most of us physically and decisively weak, has put you onto easy ways to live and escape that could not exist for you without more money from you. Now that you're a slave to gimmicks, where will you get the energy to rebel says the gang at Avenue M.

There's only one way out and that's a hard but satisfying life of natural life, preferably in a rural environment. When you work from 8 to 5 in a sawmill, there's no question of where it's at. You're where it's at.

The Bluegrass Kid

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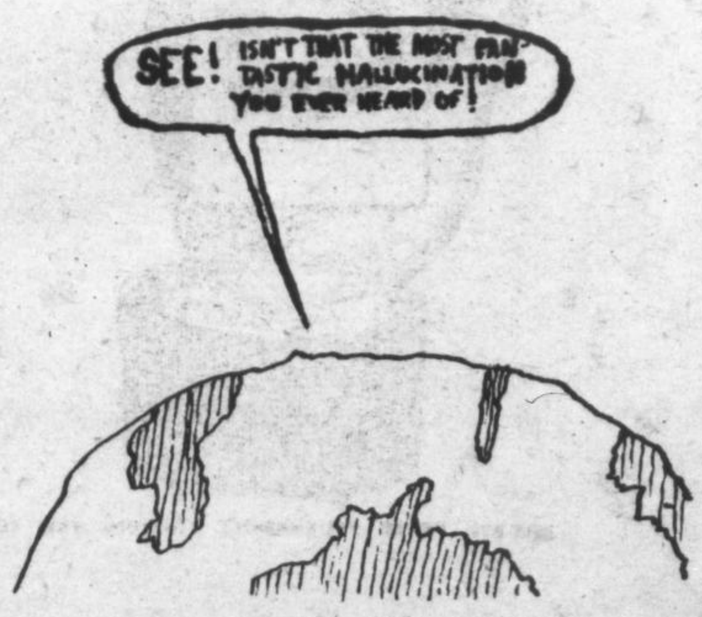
by Shelton, Bell, and Brown



The Orgasm-Death Gimmick

by Kevin O'Flaherty MacCool

> "Sex is profoundly distasteful to a being of my mineral origin."
> "Mr Bradley Mr Martin" in William S. Burroughs' *The Ticket that Exploded*

Cardinal Spellman, as we all know, is somewhat mis-named – the real cardinal is a rather peaceful bird; it might be more fitting if the Vatican gave him a special title, more appropriate to his disposition, such as Hawk Spellman.

Even the faithful of his own church are beginning to grumble somewhat against The Hawk. When he defended the napalm roast in Viet Nam last June, quoting Decatur's "May my country ever be right, but right or wrong – my country," the Catholic publication *Commonweal (*for June 17, 1966) was moved to a gasp of dismay, saying:

> "Catholics today are appalled by the flagrant nationalism in the statements of Military Bishop Rarkowski during the Nazi period. But what are we to make of the statements of our own military bishop who seems to have gone beyond these extremes? At least Bishop Rarkowski (thought) Hitler's wars were just wars. Cardinal Spellman, however, has reportedly embraced decatur's dictum that right *or wrong* the nation's cause is to be supported."

The Hawk, actually, in his excess of patriotism, is guilty of grave heresy and, technically, could be excommunicated. This is not very likely to happen, however; the Vatican, very quick to excommunicate for *liberal* heresy, is notoriously laggard in reprimanding those guilty of *reactionary* heresy.

The Hawk is much more interesting as a case history than as a villian, however. Let me compare him for a moment with his eminent cohort, The Vulture (Fultie Sheen.) One of The Vulture's favorite jokes – he hauls it out whenever he goes off into one of his periodic tantrums against modern child-rearing theory – is a *shtick* that goes like this: "What every child needs is a pat on the back – especially if it is administered hard enough, often enough, and low enough." You can't understand The Hawk's feelings about Viet Nam until you understand, fully, The Vulture's feelings about the buttocks of little children. *All existent pacifist propaganda misfires and fizzles because it misses this point.*

Let me jump several steps of argument (I will fill them in later) and say right here that child-torture is THE DISEASE of our civilization. The Cherokee Indian word for "white man" translates as "He -who-beats-his-children." Sado-masochism is not a perversion, not a "way of life" (to paraphrase our friends at Mattachine), not a deviation. It is the *shape* of our civilization, as the god-dance is the *shape* of a Sophocles tragedy, as tensor calculus (seemingly) is the *shape* of the universe.

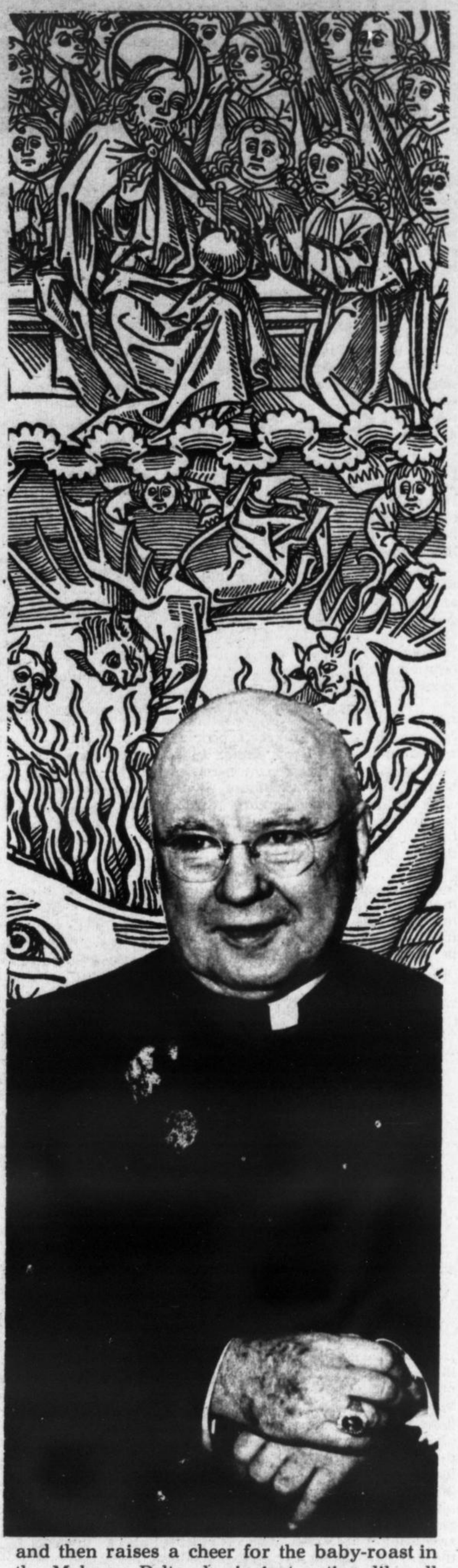
The CNVA and other sentimentalists think that if they walk down Fifth Avenue with posters showing a weeping Vietnamese infant with napalm burns they will provoke opposition to the war. They have not, and they will not. They provoke a pornographic excitement. Always. In every case. Even among themselves.

One of Freud's greatest essays is "A Child Is Being Beaten" *(Collected Papers,* Vol. II). Every pacifist should read this ten times before he tries again to discourage war by showing pictures of suffering children. Everybody who wonders why corporal punishment continues in Catholic schools, when all public schools have abandoned it, should read it ten times, too. Freud's subject is the dream, or fantasy, "a child is being beaten," reported over and over again by the sexually disturbed:

> "The fantasy has feelings of pleasure attached to it," (Freud writes.) "At the climax of the imaginary situation there is almost invariably an onanistic gratification . . ."

Semmelweiss discovered that doctors with dirty hands were killing their patients; doctors learned to wash their hands. Freud began to discover seventy years ago how our civilization with its *shape* of Authority-and-Submission, Punishment-and-Obedience, was killing its own soul. For forty years, Neill has demonstrated at Summerhill what education should be. He has proven – more conclusively than Ohm proved his electrical law or Einstein proved relativity – that our present-day scholls, like doctors before Semmelweiss, are operating with dirty hands, Catholic schools especially, and murdering the mind of the child. For forty years Neill has been ignored. For forty unnecessary years the butchery has continued. Vietnam is just a magnification of the basic sado-masochism of our whole culture.

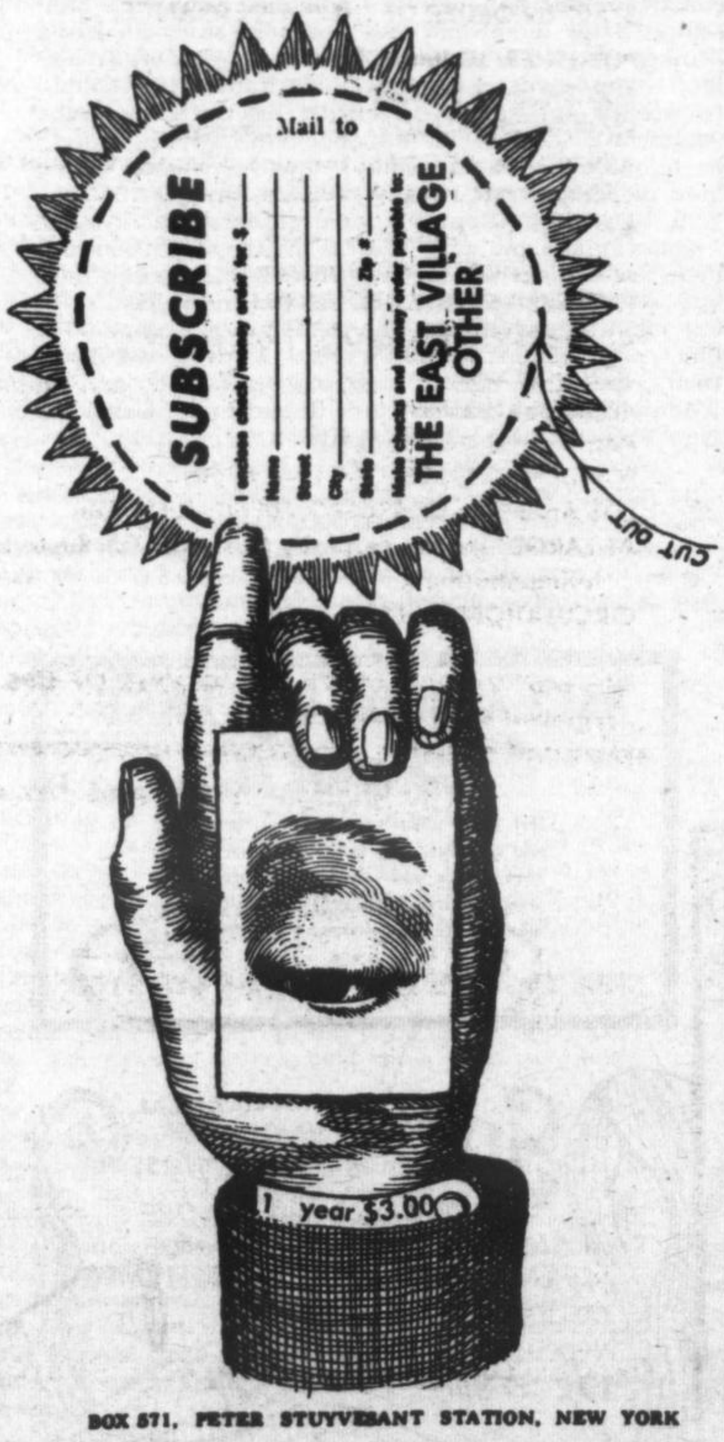
William Burroughs has called capital punishment "the orgasm death gimmick," and wasn't it Gulliver who knew he was back in a "Christian Country" when he caught sight of a gallows in the distance? We are all wrong to think of Judeo-Christianity as anti-sexual, and Reich or Lawrence or our own favorite prophet as pro-sexual. *There is no anti-sexuality anywhere, ever;* there are just various forms of sexuality, and the sado-masochistic form, symbolized by the Cross, is the kind of sexuality which gives The Hawk an erection. The orgasm death gimmick is the form of sexuality that predominates in our culture. Dig the dismay of gallows cultists when the abolition of capital punishment is discussed. Sexual intolerance is the most fervid variety of intolerance. A crusading zeal comes over a man as soon as he finds the kind of ejaculation that suits him best. The faggots will never tire of trying to convert the rest of us. The monogamous repeat, like a litany, that promiscuity is "immature." The promiscous, on principle, want to drag every monogamous person into adulterv. The necrophiles, undoubtedly, are profoundly convinced that the rest of us are guilty of very invasive behavior, for tampering with living beings in an intimate way. The same is true of The Hawk. When he howls against Jane Russel's breasts or Connie Chatterley's games with Mellors,



and then raises a cheer for the baby-roast in the Mekong Delta, he is just acting like all the rest of us squares, insisting that *his* way of coming off is the best way. The Hawk carries the public with him only because his way *is* the best way for the vast majority of people raised in the torment of The Civilization of the Cross.

Ask any psychiatrist: What kind of man likes to wear skirts, abhors ordinary coitus, and is preoccupied with thoughts of violence? He will answer in three words: A transvestite-masochist. Ask further: what kind of man is preoccupied with leather and uniforms, loves the word "discipline" and enjoys giving and receiving punishment? He will answer: a sado-masochist.

And there, my friends, is the explanation of The Hawk, and of his fellow hawks in the Pentagon. Bet money on it.



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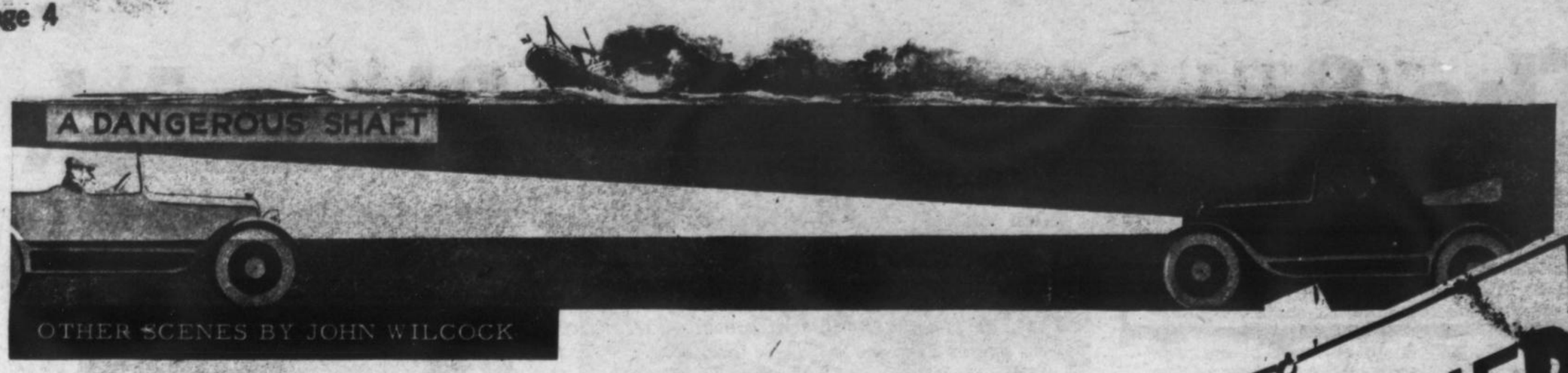


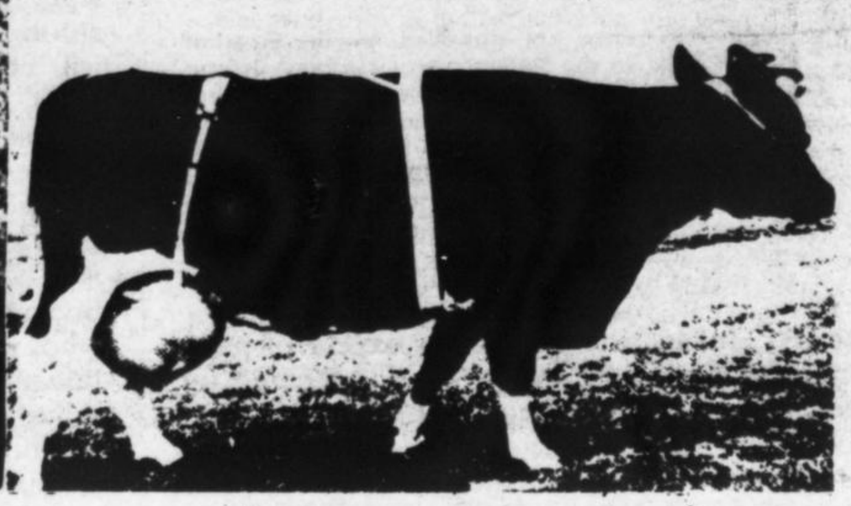
"World Journal Tribune publishers outsmart unions. Close down three papers at end of Easter season. Let workers starve for 141 days through summer. Publish new paper in time for Christmas retail advertising. Guild members get other jobs. Take publishers off hook. Desperate Guild leaders chastised. Willing to work without complete settlement . . . New paper combination of two old losers . . . . look for initial press run to be cut in half within six months." (The Gallagher Report).

Cassius Clay hasn't been drafted, accorcing to boxing's authoritative Ring magazine, because "the authorities have no desire to press the case and do not want to stir up the Black Muslims." Pointing to the irony of a professional fighter claiming deferment as a conscientious objector, Ring says that after Clay's demurrer was rejected in May it went to the Justice Department and since then, "the case has been shuttling back and forth, obviously a hot potato" . . . . Estee Lauder . . . data-date, one of the computer matchmaking organizations, offers different categories for (among others) "strict observers of the Catholic faith" and "more religious members of the Jewish faith". Even the computer age is going to be racist, apparently. . . . One of the best new books on hallucinogenics is the relatively little-known, "The Ecstasy Drugs" by William Bischoff. A 75 cent paperback (University Circle Press, 501 S. W. 20th Street, Delray Beach, Fla.) it includes simple, sympathetic chapters on peyote and mescaline, LSD, pot, psilocybin, and "the maddening mushrooms". . . . Ole's issue #5 is devoted to the poetry of expatriate Harold Norse (described by Charles Bukowski as "a bumming around Greece and Italy for the past few years (75 cents from Open Skull Press, 449 So. Center St., Bensenville, Ill. 60106). . . . Second-rate "stars" do radio commercials, or any commercials for that matter . . . . Seeburg, the jukebox people, are promoting a new model that accepts dollar bills and can be set to play a self-advertising commercial whenever there's a blank period of time without money being deposited.

Giving theEstablishmentarian NYTimes money to pay for antiwar ads is a liberal copout. It seems that everybody makes money out of the Vietnam war except poor dumb, deluded GI's who think it "patriotic" to kill for peace. . . . Remember when American papers used to make fun of Russian elections with their almost-unanimous electorate and no opposition candidates? . . . Best art magazine in the English language, artforms ($1.50 from 723-1/2 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles), devotes its Sept. issue to surrealism from which the accompanying picture titled "Rape" by Rene Magritte is reproduced

. . . . Berkeley Barb reported that two employees of local station KPFA were fired for broadcasting a "tribute" to Lenny Bruce using four-letter words (unspecified in the story) which had been used on the station many times before. . . . And back in NY, the Free University of New York (reports its president, Allen Krebs) will present the course "Marxism and Intellectual Decadence" that Krebs was planning to give at the New School until it was cancelled because he wouldn't take a loyalty oath. . . . With perseverance the worlds' artists can invent "a non-verbal international picture language" says Stan VanDerBeek, who is at least partway towards the project with his exciting moviedome at Stony Point,

The teats are held safely against the udder inside the nylon netting away from barbed wire.



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NY. In a foretaste of learning/entertainment centers of the future, the viewer reclines on the floor of the circular moviedome while images, pictures, impressions flash randomly around and above him—"a newsreel of ideas, of dreams, a movie mural". . . . Lionel Olay predicts that LA Mayor Sam Yorty, a Nixon-loving 'Democrat', will support Robert Regan for governor in exchange for help in becoming Senator Yorty. . . . Japan's prettiest magazine, The East (11 Midawadaimachi, Minatoku, Tokyo) started a club for subscribers which will arrange cheap flights, shop and ship articles from Japan, answer questions.

It seems to me strange that a law exists limiting the term a President of the United States can be re-elected, but a U.S. Senator can actually be re-elected for life. The reason the law exists for the President was to make certain that no man can become drunk with his own power and endanger the principles of democracy of which we are so proud.

However, we have Senators sitting there until they almost totter from old age, and others who have become so emboldened as to feel like dictators, at times violating all rules of conflicts of ethics, working in cahoots with lobbyists and outside interests for their own financial gains. Some have obtained seniority which they have used capriciously to thwart the desire of the public for legislation which is in conflict with their personal interests.

—Letter in the N. Y. Post

Satire (and its practioners) being the closest to the Establishment is the first to be absorbed. . . . Bob Watts is preparing an environmental room, with film on five walls, for his Janis show. . . . WBAI has a conscience but no guts. . . . National Enquirer's best-selling issue: recent one with frontpage story on LBJ's brother arrested as a common drunk. . . . George Hamilton (who sucks) says that "undesirable" stars should be weeded out to prevent further deterioration of the American image at international film festivals. "I feel", he told Motion Picture Daily, "that you should be the kind of person who already upholds American ideals." Well, at least he approves of draft-dodging. . . . Los Angeles magazine says that a couple of shrinks out there are using video tape recorders in their group therapy sessions so that participants can check themselves out later, improve their image. Ten-week session avec film costs $150. . . . WJT's New York magazine is racing the New Yorker to get into print with its Tom Wolfe on the pop-art collectors Robert and Ethel Scull. New Yorker's piece is by Jane Kramer.

The FBI has a rule that when mention of the FBI is made in a publication then the FBI must investigate the publication. As a result of the mention of the FBI in an earlier issue of this newspaper, the FBI came around to investigate. And as a result of this mention of the FBI, the FBI will probably come round again.

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"On This Cube Will I Build My Church"

By Peter Weinberg

"The next president of the United States will be an LSD president." Almost off-handedly throwing away the words, much in the manner of an actor who knows that there is another take coming and still another after that, Timothy Leary passed on this rather startling bit of information to an individual reporter only to see it fall unnoticed in the carnival coverage at the press conference called to announce the formation of the League for Spiritual Discovery.

It was Tim Leary's show; he graceful, alert, nonsheveled and beautifully radiant in white shirt and trousers, Tim flowing and calm, the Buddha as SHOWMAN, meeting men who had learned the reality of the world in an infinite series of police courts and precinct houses – knowing that the fix was in somewhere and they were just there to observe.

Gabe Pressman of Channel 7 stood back from the throng, the shortest cop on the force, uptight as hell, but confident because he is there in the midst of Times Square telling everyone where to go.

It is the New York Advertising Club on lower Park Avenue, the Crystal Room, a space about thirty-five feet wide by about twenty-five deep. There is a green carpet on the floor and a large rather ornate chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Two waiters serve rolls and coffee, canapes are heated on a sideboard.

As one enters the room, there are four sound cameras mounted on tripods, facing a large mahogony table. The lighting is quite simple, two crosslights and one facing the table where Dr. Leary is supposed to sit.

Outside the room there is a small black placard announcing "Press Conference, Dr. Timothy Leary, The League for Spiritual Discovery." Chairs spill through the doorway slightly out into the hall. About forty people stand around waiting: reporters, television cameramen, photographers, various adherents. Paul Krassner of the Realist is there wearing long sideburns and a soft blue shirt, Rudi Stern and Jackie Cassen with some of their equipment, Michael Itken in a beard and full priestly vestments.

Many of the reporters are standing by the coffee table, someone suggests caution on the sugar cubes, a few people laugh. It is eleven o'clock Dr. Leary has not arrived as scheduled, the word is passed up front that he has been somehow detained and will be half an hour late. Girl standing outside coltish, dark hair, sort of tall moves in to get closer look. Starts talking.

"I'm not really covering this you know, I sort of go around with this guy who works for the Italian Press Agency sometimes, and we heard about this and I wanted to come. One of the reporters tries to hit on her and she backs off.

A commotion on the stairs, Dr. Leary comes bounding up smiling, completely radiant, moves quickly through the chairs and over the various cords to the mahogany table. The news photographers move in closely thereafter

"Dr, This way please."

"Are you ready on the sound.?"

Tim begins his preliminary remarks, explains that they were delayed because the driver of the car bringing him from Millbrook was ticketed for speeding, and due to problems with registration they had to rent another car to continue the journey. Compliments.

Brief commotion about press releases. Dr. Leary has a copy of a prepared statement in front of him and begins to read from it, says that copies will be up in a minute. Reporters start scrambling foreward to get available copies.

Begins to read from the release, "The League for Spiritual Discovery," is stopped and starts again.

The reporters listen looking for the hook, the gimmick the reason behind it. Dr. Leary comes out very straighforeward.

"We are out to change the spiritual level of the United States and eventually the world . . . There are many obvious signs of secularization and materialization. We are frankly out to change your society, to uplevel it and make it more spiritual."

"We are going to play the social game of religion in America because while we are evolutionary forms we are also at the present time Americans and we are going to follow the rules of the American game for legalizing something which is guaranteed in the constitution.

"I see no reason why serious-minded adults in the privacy of their own home surrounded by religious artifices of their choice cannot use chemicals and plants which have been created by God, millions of years before the Narcotics Bureau was even heard of.

In a specific sense Dr. Leary proposed a program in which each member would only have the right to turn on within his shrine, and that the legalization of the various drugs and substances would be within this framework.

"If we break any law externally arrest us, as you would anyone else who breaks their own social fabric.

"We are convinced that almost all forms of art originated in the religious impulse, and particularly that the theatre is based on the religious quest and the communication of religious feeling."

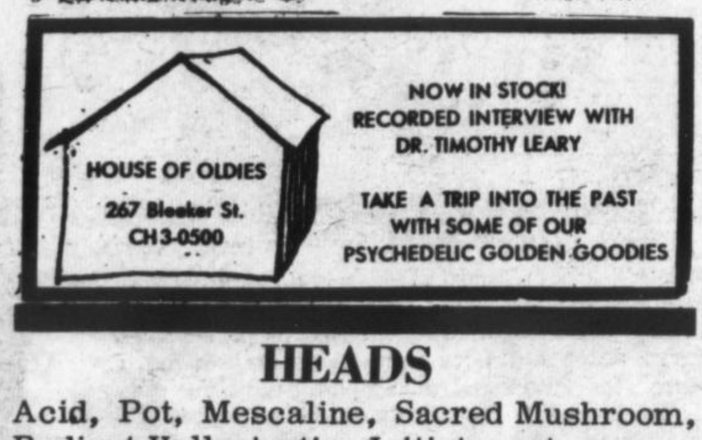
"We are not in showbusiness, we are here to teach and prepare to turn on people who come to us without the use of drugs.

"It is the inevitable movement of the twentieth century we are living in a chemical age, chemicals are going to be used in the control of the mind and in the release of our internal powers just as we use chemicals – to run our cars, to run every aspect of our lives."

Gabe Pressman at the end of the conference talking to his cameraman.

Cameraman: "I have four hundred feet."

Pressman: "I only can use a hundred, Dr. Leary would you mind reading the beginning of the statement over again."



HEADS

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In action and turned on in an artful montage of two photographs - Caption from the Ayahuasca Amazon Spiritual vision potion.

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

Photographed at the Castalia Foundation Captioned "To learn how to use your head, you have to go out of your mind" with a partial quote from TURN ON? TUNE IN/DROP OUT.

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Leroi X: White Power's Burden: X Leroi

By Robin Brooks

"Let my people go!" LeRoi Jones sang and preached this message to white America from the campus of Atlanta's Spelman College. He had expected to speak only to his black brethren of this Negro college in the heart of Southland. Nevertheless, at an afternoon poetry reading and in an evening lecture, Jones set forth the message of "black power" to an integrated audience in a way few whites have heard since the death of Malcolm X.

Jones is a charismatic figure. His poetry had a savage splendor. He said unforgivable things about white liberals and black bourgeoisie; about Lyndon Johnson's ancestry and Jewish girls who castrate Negroes by marrying them; about Negroes aspiring to be white and Negro politicians who sell out their people – all the more unforgivable for their huperbolic truth. To a few of his listeners, Jones' language was mere filth. But many found his obscenity to be integral to his poetry. In a world where sincerity is used to sell soap powder, a man must sometimes curse in order to be heard. More important, Jones made clear that he was using his people's language, the speech that he and they use on the street and in the bedroom. He found it necessary as an artist, "to tell it like it is." At the same time, his was a political act, for Jones has chosen to redefine his culture as Afro-American, for which the speech of white America is inappropriate. Defining the role of the black artist in a sense analogous to that advanced by the social realists of the 1930's, Jones insisted that he must refine the consciousness of his people through his own sensibility. In his poetry Jones brilliantly manipulated images of race, sex, and violence to create a dialectic between the world he knows and the one he would call into being.

In his evening lecture Jones stalked up and down the platform, resplendent in African costume. His focus was "black power." He reiterated that black unity was the prerequisite for black power, asking how black people could determine their destiny if they did not first bar white people from their deliberations. He drew upon Marshal MacLuhan's notion of the revolution in media – particularly TV – to argue that the white world can impose concepts of white supremacy in myriad ways upon unsuspecting blacks. Against this he counterposed a thesis derived from Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth:* That revolutionary violence will ennoble the oppressed.

Jones brought three major themes into play. One was the notion that black people had to return to their own culture. They were a captive people, brought here against their will. They had had an alien culture imposed upon them. They would not be free until they threw off this culture and resumed their heritage. Without elaborating, Jones postulated the idea that black people possessed a collective unconscious, to which every member of the race had potential access.

"Black people are a spiritual people," he insisted. By contrast, he saw the white man's culture, the Western tradition, as a debased and dying materialism. White were devoid of spirituality and of any possibility of attaining it. said Jones, a rational enough proposition insofar as he defined spirituality as the fruit of an African and Afro-American heritage.

Jones denounced Negro integrationists, like Whitney Young, who used "we" to include all Americans. He asserted that a Negro who aspired to and attained the presidency of this America, as it now is, would sign the death warrants not only of Vietnamese patriots but also of black militants.

This identification of the struggle for black power in America with the struggle of the colored peoples all over the world was Jones' second major theme. The West, led by white America, was the common enemy of all peoples struggling to manhood; it must be swept away. Some day the colored majority of the world's people would confront their oppressors. On that day they would ask American Negroes which side they had chosen, and if they had chosen to stand with the whites they would share their fate. Interestingly, an African student in the audience identified himself with Jones' version of history. Jones had noted that continuation of present population trends would create absolute black majorities in many large American cities by 1975, and called for them to use this majority as Irish, Jews, and Italians before them had done – to take over political power. The African student observed that 1975 had been established as the deadline for the creation of a black Africa – void of white supremacists and colonialists.

Jones' third theme was his identification with black youth – not only the youth of the ghetto, but also young black intellectuals. He said that Negro colleges were institutions maintained by white money to "train" imitation white men, and referred to his host institution as a "freak factory." you have wondered why your parents, all their lives, have put up with the white man's bullshit. You have asked "Why didn't you die, before you brought me into this world?" But if you continue to put up with it in your lives, your children will damn you and justly call you "punk", Jones said. And the young SNCC workers in the audience, who had earlier met separately with Jones, punctuated his every point with stormy applause. Perhaps he reached his greatest rapport with them when he spoke of Malcolm X. Malcolm was a prince, a great leader. And the black people showed they did not deserve him by allowing him to be taken from them – a deed which Jones flatly blamed on white America. One could perhaps detect in their response a resolve that this leader, Malcolm's successor, would not suffer a similar fate.

Answering questions from the audience, at both meetings, Jones displayed unlimited patience with his black brothers. But he refused to concern himself with the agonies of white liberals frozen out of any possibility of brotherhood by the notion of "black power." Never discourteous, he was always implacable. Clarifying his oft-quoted statement about the murdered young white civil rights workers, Jones said: "I cannot mourn for Goodman and Schwerner; I have my own dead to mourn – mountains of them." When the showdown came, Jones declared, some white liberals would shoot Negroes in the back; others would hold back his gun arm with their preaching of non-violence, and by thus impeding his right of self-defense, leave him at the mercy of white violence. Put not your trust in white men, but in black power, Jones insisted.

Few whites could hear Jones unmoved. This brilliant black man was telling them straighforwardly that the only thing they could do for colored people, in America and all over the world, was to get off their backs and out of their road. Many whites in the audience, shaken by Jones' evident contempt, and no more perceptive than Hubert Humphrey, took Jones' words merely as assertions of hatred and of black supremacy. It was hard not to, for surely those elements were present in his speech. Yet there was a good deal more, and it is essential that white liberals somehow back off from their emotional response to comprehend the full meaning of "black Power."

Dr. Brooks teaches at Spelman College and his report of Leroi Jones' visit to the college in July first appeared in New Left Notes.

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Off With The Booby Traps!

The "No-Bra" Bit from Coast to Coast

Ed Lange

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In 1922, Mrs. Rosenthal unintentionally invented the brassiere when she decided to place cups inside the dresses she was turning out in her small New York shop. Before long, her customers announced that they weren't turned on by the dresses as much as they were by the supporting devices found within them. So, Mrs. Rosenthal removed the cups, attached them to a halter and changed the course of American history by giving birth to a new industry which today protects, protrudes, flatters, supports and effectively hides the breasts of millions of females throughout the world.

The profound effect of the brassiere on the American mentality is underlined by the fact that it has spawned a mystically oriented sub-culture all its own. According to the women's magazines, the bra is a magical device with powers that work to keep American women healthier, more beautiful and more appealing. Without it, so the awe-filled story goes, females would look raunchier and droopier (witness the African maiden at the age of 30) and dumpier and grumpier (peruse the physique and disposition of the Russian maiden manning a broom on the main drag in Moscow).

The bra has been granted a special place in the hierarchy of American folklore where it has become, like the chastity belt of another era, an object of ridicule and the source of much frustration. To remove a bra from a chick has become, among men, a subject of fascination, necessity and scholarship. The common thread which runs throughout all the suggested methods of removing the hated veil that hides the twin treasures of every makeable young lady is a promise of swift, suave success. It is a crucial operation in which a fumbling finger can spell social failure before God and Man.

Fortunately, the unhitching of a virgin's bra will soon become a lost and unnecessary art if the hard-core hipchicks of the bohemian world have their way. From New York to L.A., these brave and rebellious young women have abandoned their bras in a concerted move which is bound to shake the fashion world at its very foundation.

The support of the "bra-less look" comes from the young titty-boppers who, for better or worse, have been endowed by nature with appendages that swim in a C-cup. This rather strict cut-off point is made necessary by the unfortunate fact that huge tits tend to flop, sag and become grossly unmanagable when left to their own devices. The lean, young, bare chested rebels unanimously recite that underlying their guerilla war against the entrenched forces of fashion is a desire to live in a more nearly perfect state of freedom and natural comfort. They believe that the undulating soft swinging of unrestrained breasts is the greatest form of 'groove' imaginable. Invariably, the most outspoken exponents of the no-bra life compare brassieres and the mentality that promotes them to the same school of idiocy that promoted the Chinese women to bind their feet.

A less politically oriented woman attributed the demise of the bra to the lag between fashion design and brassiere design . . . the so-called "Bra Gap". As she explained it, current fashion has created outer garments which follow the body line. This is a radical departure from the former concept of fashion design which called for the independent creation of a dress that could be worn only after the human body was constricted, restricted, padded and prodded into its form. The new body conformation designs look better on a natural body and usually feature low cut-outs under the arms and deep in on the shoulders. Standard bras cannot be worn with such styles because they cannot be hidden from view.

The revolution has given birth to an unforseen problem which was solved by the mating of old fashioned ingenuity with the offerings of modern technology. The problem was that the nipples tended to protrude through certain fabrics, especially the new silk-like synthetics. To the consternation of sly-eyed males, and to the pleasure of stockholders at Johnson & Johnson, band-aids were slapped into service as pasties.

Oficially, the undergarment industry has not yet become alarmed by the trend to destroy the bra. But try to talk to manufacturers and you'll meet with an icy, nipple-hardening reception. Typically, The Lovable Company, makers of Lovable Bras, turned frigid at the thought of any public discussion of a world without bras. Lovable's public relations department refused to comment until the "President" had formulated a policy to cope with the "Free Tit Movement." That policy later turned out to be "no comment."

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Booby Traps

By Jackie Davison

Out West where everything tends to follow the free-and-easy line uncovered tits are sprouting like mushrooms after a rainstorm.

"For relaxing around, no, I don't wear a bra, who needs one," said Melodie Wilson, actress, shopping in L. A.'s Kristina Gorby. "But if you like line in your design, some dresses need a bra."

"It feels so good not to wear a bra. I like for my ribs to feel free. You can move your arms more freely if you're not wearing one," Joanne Sitzer, office manager in a business here, said in Barney's Beanery.

Two friends (female) in her party agreed. "You have two more votes for not wearing a bra. Wouldn't think of it."

Diane Webber, nude model, actress and bellydancer, prefers not to dance constricted. Her favorite bellydance costume is an Egyptian gauzy black jellaba-type gown with silver girdle. When she appeared at San Francisco's Bagdad, she outdrew the neighboring places' bare-breasted topless dancers, the club owners said. She designs and makes her costumes as well as her clothing for her private life. They follow her policy of not restricting the body, and look becoming without a bra.

A topless dancer from Iowa now working along San Francisco's North Beach had trouble getting a job when she first arrived.

"Man, I didn't have shoes, much less a bra or any other kind of stuff like that," she recounted. "When my old man, who is a sculptor, and I had to come to San Francisco to earn some money, we were living on brown rice and oatmeal, kind of macrobiotic when we could afford it. In Big Sur you find out how many things you just don't need."

"When I dance, they say 'little tits' at first, then they start muttering, 'she loves to dance, wow, she shouldn't have anything on at all," she continued. "It was hard to get a job, they don't trust beatniks to be reliable here. But I love to dance and I dig getting the money. Never wear a bra or much of anything I don't have to."

Dr. Albert Freeman, clinical psychologist in Beverly Hills, heartily endorsed the no-bra trend as part of the sexual revolution. "I have hope and faith that as we become increasingly free sexually, we will be more and more free to be rational and less inclined to hostilities and waging of wars."

The doctor said that he had asked women how they feel about wearing bras and one of the most interesting reactions was from a 28-year-old who said most of the time she prefers to wear a bra because if the fabric rubs against her nipples, they get hard.

"She feels that this is unpleasant if not sexually connected. I believe that this is true of most girls I talked with. They suggest that going without bras is being forced on them by dress manufacturers. The men who design dresses don't give a damn if they wear a bra or not.

"Personally, I associate the wearing of bras with the general question of clothes," the psychologist said. "I prefer a girl who wears loose clothing rather than tight which seems to be an armour against sexuality.

"I have a strong reaction against 'fake' shapes, to make them look more 'sexy' than they are," he continued. "In general, clothing is man's way of denying his position in the animal kingdom.

In the first place, Dr. Freeman said, women wear bras for conformity. They are made to believe they are undressed unless their breasts are covered. Even prepuberty little girls must cover their nipples. Their swimsuits are all supplied with bras or coverings for the nipples. This is a reflection of puritanism.

"Not wearing a bra, other than for comfort in the lack of restriction of the body, is a nonconformity, a rejection of puritanism" he added. "Possibly it is more comfortable for some women who are hard to fit and so prefer not to wear a bra. Another thought is that a woman with ample breats might feel more sexually attractive if their movements are not restricted."

Rudi Gernreich, designer of the topless bathing suit, was unavailable for comment. He was awarded the Coty Award again recently for his pacesetting clothes for women.

It is known in the garment industry that his "NO-BRA" was not a commercial success. This transparent nylon article (sold nude or black in color) is not being given away free by the manufacturer with the purchase of a girdle in department stores in Los Angeles (May Co., for one). The customer mails in a card with her bra size and the "NO-BRA" is sent to her free.

The geniuses who have created the living, strapless, padded, electric, sexless, psychedelic, posturpedic, wonderfilled world called BRA, are stolidly content to fight the tigress titty bopper with an uninspired party line that boils down to "SUPPORT BREASTS". "It is wrong," solemnicized a Maiden Form executive, "for a young lady to avoid wearing a bra, lest she sag too low, too quickly."

"Bullshit!", replied a girl who works for a Madison Avenue advertising firm. "Nature intended", she continued, "that breasts sag as you get older. Besides, it's so much more comfortable to live without a bra. I hate having to wear one when I'm working, but I'd probably be fired if I walked in looking like a REAL woman. I'm really surprised that men have tolerated the patent falsehood implicit in every brassiere."

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THE ABORTION CIRCUIT

By Lawrence Lader

The skilled abortionist defies generalization. Some practice openly, ignored by the police. In a major northwestern city, a prominent woman physician, recently retired, practiced abortion during her whole career, and was considered an exceptional surgeon by the medical profession in the area. Her place has been taken by four other abortionists, who have offices in the same building in the heart of the business district, known to most residents and unmolested by the police. They charge only $250 to $350.

By contrast, most big-city abortionists, particularly in areas of Catholic influence, are forced into secrecy. "When a friend of mine with three children became pregnant accidentally, she and her husband asked their obstetrician about an abortionist," a Chicago lawyer reports. "After he refused to discuss the subject, she contacted a neighbor who had undergone abortion, was given a telephone number, and told to come to an apartment at a fashionable address. She didn't see the doctor until she was on the operating table. Although she was drowsy from anesthesia, and the doctor's face was covered by cap and mask, she still recognized him. It was her own obstetrician!"

While practicing openly in other branches of medicine many physicians perform a few abortions a week. One hospital director in a wealthy New York suburb has been doing abortions on the side for thirty years. A general practitioner on New York's West Side takes four or five cases a week after hours and charges about $600; but in the plushier offices of Park Avenue and Central Park West, the rate runs as high as $1,000 to $2,000.

The skilled abortionist in open practice is more typical of rural than urban areas. In a small Illinois town, for example, a general practitioner charges a modest fee of $125. Born and raised there, he has been friends with the mayor and other officials since boyhood, and his operations have never been harassed by the police.

The search for a skilled abortionist may be the most desperate period in a woman's life, involving at least three critical pressures. First, her time is limited, for almost no abortionist will perform the operation after three months of pregnancy. Second, the abortionist's location may require a long trip to another part of the country, an obvious obstacle if the woman has children at home or a job. Third, she may have difficulty finding a doctor she can afford. Accompanying these pressures is the

Accompanying these pressures is the psychological strain of being forced into secrecy for an operation she considers her right.

One obvious starting point in the search is a friend who has already used an abortionist, or a nurse, a hospital official, or anyone with close medical contacts. A far more logical yet highly limited source is the woman's own family physician or obstetrician. Unless she has enjoyed a long and trusted relationship with this doctor, however, her chances of help are negligible. Fear of being implicated in a court abortion case restrains many physicians from referring patients.

This timidity of the medical profession is strikingly evident in the Ober-Lader survey of obstetricians and gynecologists throughout the country. Of 338 answering the question, about 10 per cent admitted they referred patients to abortionists. Of these, the greatest number resided in Cal-

these the greatest number resided in California, Florida, New York, and Washington--all states with a sizable complement of skilled abortionists.

If a woman cannot find a skilled abortionist near home, or afford his price, her search may take her across the U.S. border or overseas. The minimal cost of an auto trip to Mexico, and the moderate price charged by skilled abortionists there, make this alternative advantageous for residents of the West Coast or Southwest. Even the plane fare from New York plus the fee of a Puerto Rican abortionist add up to less than the cost of most Park Avenue abortions.

Significantly, many physicians will make referrals only overseas, as the risk of

Continued on page 15

Make the "Whole" Scene! — NOW! —

the new Bohemia

by John Gruen

This explosive book, written by an art critic of the New York World Journal Tribune, focuses on Manhattan's East Village and tells, for the first time, the inside story of "what's happening".

The author, a resident of the East Village and a longtime spokesman for this artistic colony, discusses the "underground" movies, the magazines, the Off Off Broadway plays, the worlds of dance, art and fashion, the new sounds and happenings.

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VOYEU RAMA

by Lil Picard

Erotic, Eccentric, Electric

Erotically, eccentrically, electrically, kaleidoscopically rooms, cinemas, art galleries, forty second street are all vibrating. We are living a new wave of a fanatic explosion. Trips, brainstorms, the rage of the scene, seem to replace Art. We are ourselves the actors of a physical Art-Happening. Running, swinging, making a scene that's noisy and full of colors. Rooms, trips, castles. Erotic and eccentric travelling of eyes, mind, body, feeling. Where do we go from here?

Visions surround me with butterfly wings of so many drugless trips. At the Janis Gallery chairs are making love the hard edge way. Popsical punism is waging and making fun. Let me slip quietly on eccentrically outstretched linoleum – plastic couches, acting as art-workform. (The floor piece in the Fischbach Gallery.) It's a low-stretched-out sculpture, very well made, called "Eccentric Abstraction." The catalogue is a vinyl work of print-matter, golden-flecked and announces Alice Adams, Louise Bourgois, Eva Hesse, Cary Kuehn, Bruce Nauman, Don Potts, Keith Sonnier and Frank Lincoln Viner as our new Eccentrics of the Arts. Lucy R. Lippard wrote the eccentric essay. She talks besides many other things about perversity. "Eccentric means off-center, idiosyncratic, perverse . . ." she says.

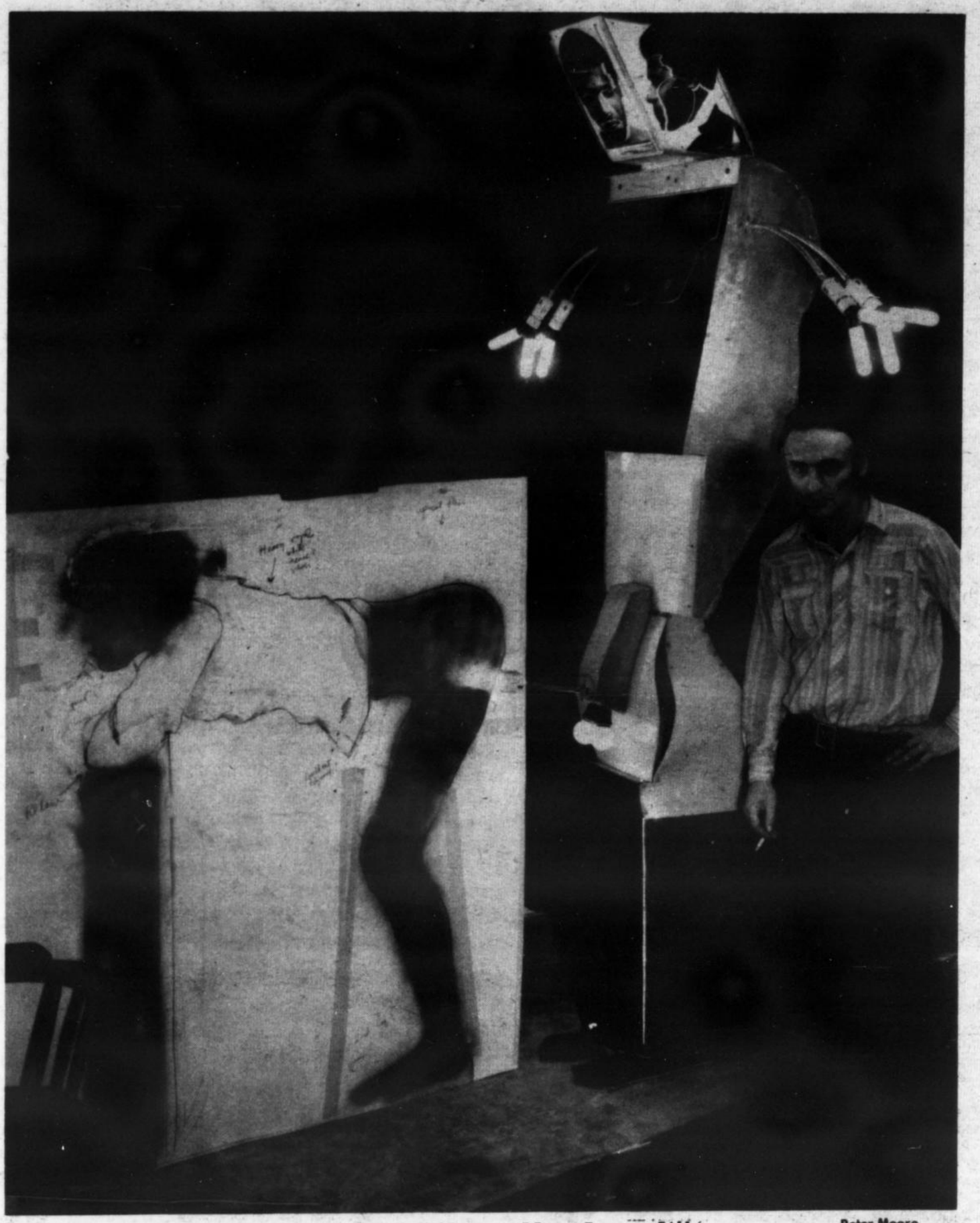
I think the works are normal, gay, playful and quite inventive. No new geniuses, by any means, but rather a fresh clear view of things, experiments in plastic materials, wires, tubes, white plastic items, like milk spilled over on the floor, hammocks, ribbons, colors, all kinds of novelties to wade through, which roll around on the floor, hang from the ceiling. Balls in nets, tubes in peck boards.

Erotically we will see an explosion this week at Sidney Janis. In the by now not-yet-open Gallery a few of "Erotic Art 66" stand around. Segal's group "Legend of Lot". Four Figures, clean white and motionless. Two in the act. A man on the floor, the girl bending over gracefully, another girl watching in typical Segal quiet pose. Lot, like a shrouded prophet hides his face and looks away. Is it erotic? It's biblical for sure. Wesselmann's "Seascape" stands nicely packed in plastic sheating waiting for the opening. It is a monumental standing up breast, the "Tit of tits," so to speak. And Marisol just happened to come along with a cardboard box under her arm, unveiling her "Kiss". Two Polyester, metal and light lamps. Pure blue light emanates from this clever, decorative gadget, and Marisol whispered: "One is broken, it has to be fixed." So plastic will fix the tender Kiss, lighted electrically, a most inspiring Love-Lamp to read and love by.

The catalogue tells of 33 Art pieces all under the slogan of Erotic and including Whitman's Shower, a nude filmed image in a shower, reflected through the running water. One could call the erotic 66 Show an extended Pop-Event. Pop really neede a shot in the arm, to stay alive the winter of 66. How very classical and pure this show seems to be, as represented on the catalogues over showing 42 examples of erotic artwork from pre-historic Rock Painting to Rembrandt, Poussin, Bosch, Durer, Courbet, Brancusi, Klee, Picasso etc. . . . real good stuff, nobody could possibly attack, not even the police. Carrol Janis, who has been working on it the whole long hot summer, wants to prove the lyrical poetic quality of erotic art (used through all the ages) with this show. It will be the talk of Madison Avenue, and in a way a continuation of happenings which are used in literature and poetry and are by now old hat in the world of books.

What is called Erotic Art is really a tame version of the four-letter-word-dynamics of last years pocket book history. I Jan Cremer or the Story of O, are love shouts of a much more strong caliber, and one can buy those in every book-and-drugstore, for engaged reading. Art imitating literature's sex-explosion has not yet found its new way of reality, it just tries timidly to be a little free, a little erotic, a little adverturous.

Where els is Eros alive? I think it's going places in Warhol's new version of the Velvet Underground and in his new movie "the Chelsea girls." Here Eros comes off beautifully, bouncing around as a hectic frantic faun in the improvisations of Malanga together with the sadistically tempting girl Mary Woronov. At Cinematheque Pope Ondine really does a trick of performance, and a blonde at the telephone has glaring eyes full of sadistic perversity as a Chelsea girl. At times Warhol proves himself a real artist, with an uncanny perception of our sick and messed-up culture. When he lets the big eye in an enlarged photo watch the scene, when he throws his bouncing flickering of lights over a group of kids in the dancehall, who came with their tiny bundled-up babies, which they placed in plastic cradles like white coffins standing slanted on the beertables. What will happen to six or seven-month-old babies getting a Warhol-Education at midnight in the Dom on St. Marks Place?



Larry Rivers with "Lamp Man Loves It" — Peter Moore

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On Foot Across the USA

By Lorraine Glennby

If you're not afraid to get laid, hit the road. Cross-country travel is a many armed goddess of adventure with no money in her hands and relatively little danger, if you know how to move her.

There are basically two ways to go cross-country without spending a dime: hitch-hike or drive someone else's car. If you are over 21 and have a driver's license, there are special agencies that will arrange for the latter. Listed in the Classified section of most major newspapers or as "Drive Away Companies" in the Yellow pages, these agencies offer a car, a reasonable amount of time, and a cash allowance for gas to drivers who agree to deliver their clients cars to specific points in the U. S. Cities in California, Arizona, Illinois, and Florida are the usual destinations.

AAACon Driver's Exchange, 147 W. 42nd St., NYC) is passing fair in its requirements: an application naming two references (relatives allowed) and a good-faith deposit which they return to you fattened with the gas stipend when you deliver the car. (Sample: $35 deposit to San Diego, $50 on arrival). When I told AACon I was headed for St. Louis, they had a '65 Chevy with a full tank of gas to go as far as Kansas City and offered to pay by bus fare to St. Lous from there. Most of their competitors will not do this sort of thing; they tend to want larger deposits, drivers over 25, and references in the Pentagon.

The one thing to avoid when working through an agency is taxicabs, shich are occasionally offered. Taxicabs are like waning affairs: used-up and demanding. There are many sad tales by would-be trans-country drivers whose transport gave up the ghost in New Jersey.

With fortitude and knowledge of a few inside facts the hitch-hiker can make it cross country literally on the flesh of the land. You will save your ass a lot of wear and tear by following these tips:

Carry identification and at least ten dollars. You may never have to use it, but if you are picked up by a cop – which is less likely if you know where and how to hitch – this will keep you from being arrested and held for vagrancy. If you are carrying a knife, you stand to be arrested for possession of a

concealed weapon if it is discovered. These last two are the commonest charges brought against hitch-hikers by interested gendarmes.

It is against the law in most states to thumb on turnpikes and expressways. The best places to stand are at their entrances or by the Howard Johnson rest stations along the turnpikes. These spots tend to be tacitly ignored by the police.

Look young, cleanshaven if possible. This has the widest range of appeal among drivers. (One road specialist, Paul Thiel, touts a university sweatshirt, and others suggest holding a sign that states the ultimate destination.)

Have a map and a general route-plan in mind.

The best (and least known) way to travel cross-country is via Canada, avoiding the U. S. altogether. You'll find longer rides, shorter waits, prettier country, and the pleasure of being un-American on the Trans Canadian Highway, which extends from Vancouver to Newfoundland. Easterners can connect in Niagara Falls.

The TC route avoids cities and presents good rides as it is frequented by salesmen, engineers, and truckers who are often travelling as far as 500 miles at a time. It is usually illegal for truck drivers to pick up riders, but at truck stops along the highway if one gets to talking with them the conversations will often be extended en route. Reports from the dusty grapevine say that many Canadians turn out to be remarkably friendly, buying their lean and hungry passengers a meal or driving out of their way to show them little known sights.

In Vancouver it is advisable to take a bus across the border (about 50 cents) as hitchhikers will get sent back if discovered. From there you have a choice of either route 101 or 99 down the West Coast. The first is a small two-lane highway: shorter hitches and a longer, beautiful trip clear to Mexico. The alternative is an inland thruway.

If, like LBJ you feel you should see America first, remember this:

The South lost the war. Cops there stop hitchhikers and when they hear a northern accent chances are you'll be jailed for vagrancy regardless of money or I. D.

Only Rudolf Valentino made it in the desert. Bypass Arizona and New Mexican deserts or at least get a ride going straight through them.

Advice to girls planning to try it alone: don't. If you do, be prepared for the inevitable come-on which begins "would you like to make some money?" Unless you would, retain your selectivity and bring along a friend.

Notoriously hard on roadside tourists are Colorado, Washington, Indiana, and, within city limits, Ohio and Arizona – this confirmed by an ex-deputy sheriff.

Should you want to cast your lot with college kids or (sometimes), a transient sado-masochist, there are always the bulletin boards in University bookstores and newspaper Personal Notices advertising for rides or riders wanted. Usual conditions are that you share driving and expenses, often also desires and consequences.

If you have no cash to spend you will have to hitch and ride nights as well as days, making the trip in four to seven days. Sleeping is something of a problem, since most drivers take pick-ups to fend off boredom or keep themselves awake; you will have to sleep sitting up, exhausted, unless you get a truck with room in the back and an understanding driver. When your driver stops for food, decline to join him owing to lack of funds. This inglorious ploy yields at least cigarettes and one meal a day.

Of course, you can keep your dignity and get a nights rest in a Canadian motel or American Y if you have about $3 to spare.

It is better, incidentally, to start your day's hitchhiking from the outskirts of a city rather than the center. The latter course too often results in short rides and confusing routes.

PUBLISHED AT LAST...

After the countless obstructions and attempts to silence us even before publication, CAUSEWAY 1/4 found a press and a kind printer to operate it. We wouldn't have bothered to overcome all the opposition but what CAUSEWAY1/4 says needs saying as loudly and to as many people as possible.

CAUSEWAY 1/4 is an "almost book" (not quite magazine) of nearly 100 large pages with no advertising and features an Environment section on Censorship of Sex; an Arts section (induding Visual arts: Garterbeltmania, and Theatre arts: a new one act play); an Eros section (nuescapes-photo-portforio) and a Causeway Digest of leading controversial publication. Absolutely top drawer talent throughout.

CAUSEWAY 1/4 will be sold throughout the English-speaking world by mail at $3.00 each until September 30 and then by mail and through a few bookstores at $3.50 each. Advance orders already indicate a sellout so please order now while the press-runs are being scheduled.

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Dada Almanach (1920)

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Edited by **Richard Huelsenbeck** and with magnificent typography by **John Heartfield** that established an important style in design, this book is far and away the most important of all the original dada collections, because of its scope and because it was put together at the height of the movement, before the great dissensions of the early 1920's that sapped its vitality. Here reproduced from the original, in German (with some French, Italian and other languages), this is an essential document on the subject. **160 pages, *illus.* $4.50.**

Something Else Press, Inc.
160 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10010

Loving With The Living Theatre

By Nat Freedland

Wearing their cleanest denims or handmade witch robes, the Living Theater vagabond minstrels goofed among Rome's most fashionable intelligentsia shmucks in the theater lobby and got ready to blow everybody's mind.

Finally, about half an hour after official curtain time, the Romans figured they had delayed long enough to retain their reputation as the world's most obnoxious audience and began to drift to the seats. Look, there's Mr. Italian Novelist, Alberto Moravia, with his mistress, and just a few seats away is his separated-Italian-style wife, Novelist Elsa Morandi, with *her* lover. It's La Dolce Vita!

Waiting up on stage was a stoned young Dutchman who stared at them blissfully for five or ten minutes. He didn't go anywhere as the rest of the Living Theater marched through the audience in military formation and frenziedly policed up the stage for inspection while voices in the balcony chanted the glorious text of the dollar bill.

No, the Living Theater isn't dead, it's going strong in Europe. The contemporary version of the old strolling players – with three volkswagon buses instead of gypsy wagons, but the same centuries-old shticks with rich patrons sensitive or draggy and a return to tribal communist sharing of the bread.

We pool the theater's earnings and share everything," says Julian Beck, "It's the only way we can make the money last. But we're free of the New York theater scene, no more graft and payoffs." Julian hasn't changed, he's still the same skinny, balding guy in the denim workshirt and ban-the-bomb button who divided his time between creating the theater that launched "The Connection" and "The Brig" and trying to get a General Strike For Peace going.

Of course, Julian and his wife-partner, Judith Malina, should have been doing Serious Things – like remembering to file the second batch of papers for their non-profit foundation status so our Benevolent Government wouldn't have had to close down Living Theater's 14th Street home over $28,000 tax claims in October, 1963.

"There is no longer a question of merely doing a new show now," says Julian, "but of how we can reassemble our energies to create something."

What the Living Theater has created away from the U. S. is two incredible shows "The Mysteries" and "Frankenstein," both assembled by the entire company, kicked-off by the stage-as-ritual theories of Artaud.

This night in Rome it was "The Mysteries" a revue of happening shticks at the farthest borders of far out.

A little psychedelic incense torchlight parade through the darkened auditorium . . . A holy roller chant-and-response chorale of a Freedom Now slogan poem by Jackson MacLow.

Down at the footlights, toilet paper is distributed to a row of actors who blow their noses until they run out of toilet paper.

Inside cage-like boxes, pairs of performers flicker through blackouts into tableaus of menace and isolation.

A kind of "red rover, come over" game. Two lines of actors face each other across the stage and somebody croses while doing some kind of mime action – maybe flapping his arms and quacking. The next player has to cross back, taking over the same action at the start but then evolving it into a new one.

Then – the big bash. The Plague, but it could just as easily be Hiroshima or Dachau. Half-lights. A game of wasteland as the entire company staggers convulsively off the stage and dies all over the auditorium in gorgeous agony.

"Sometimes the audiences get very hostile when we're lying there dead," says Jenny Hecht. "They might kick you or stick a pin into you to try and make you move."

But tonight the Romans seemed to be digging it. Only a few cats stomped out, yelling "basta, basta." ("enough") The general tranquility didn't last, though, as one abstract ceremonial followed another without a return to reassuring familiarity. Finally somebody flipped. On went the house lights. POW, WAP! Two hefty, middle-aged Italians were slugging it out in the middle of the orchestra. A pair of Rome cops were stationed at a side exit in their peacock uniforms and swords, but they didn't move. The two well-dressed sluggers kept throwing haymakers as people yelled, "Fascista, fascista." (This seems to be contemporary Italy's standard put-down for all forms of squareness.)

Finally one of the fighters, who apparently had been trying to climb over the other guy so he could split, made it to the aisle. He cursed his way out and the house lights darkened again. With deep respect and awe for their task the surviving actors collected the mock corpses from the aisles and piled them onstage. The shoes of the dead went into a separate pile.

The show didn't actually end, the Living Theater Trio came on and played jazz for about an hour. The resurrected actors came out to find their shoes and much of the audience began to wander out eventually. But there were still plenty left when the stage hands got uptight and started flipping the light switches.

John Wilcock photos

Just before leaving to play in the summer festival at Cassis, near Marseilles, the Living Theatre troupe took a day off in Paris (where they completed an engagement at the state theatre, under French government auspices). Jean Jacques Lebel (right) talks to Steen Ben Israel while showing the group around the Tibetan museum. In the back of one of the group's three Volkswagen buses: Nona Howard (with guitar), Diane Howard and Mary Mary.

The company had been reunited only the day before, putting the show together on the run, as usual. Julian and Judith arrived from Berlin with the cast of Genet's "The Maids," which they were producting for the first time the way Genet wrote it – an all-male cast in drag.

"When men play the sisters, it becomes a ceremony," says Julian. "Othervise it's just a play about a couple of hysterical women."

That show had its rehearsal period on the train-ride. It opened to rave reviews, sold out and averaged a dozen curtain calls every night. Drama critic Eric Bentley was passing through at the time, and he always had put down the Living Theater stateside. But even *he* had to admit it was the best "Maids ever.

Between shows, about thirty of the Living Theater troupe laid up forty miles north of Rome in a castle owned by Caresse Crosby, inventor of the modern brassiere (for flattening flappers of the '20s) and a pivotal patroness of the Lost Generation. Sheltering under the roof's of benevolent richies is part of their vagabond player bit.

Life in the castle was mystical and quiet, centering around a library of such books as the "I Ching" and a communal film-can stuffed with Tangiers pot. Kids were being raised and an upcoming baby was being carried around by her 17-year-old mommy.

When the troupe is in a city with no castle available, Julian and Judith put together a roster of pads with such extra flop spaces as can be found to accommodate visiting friends.

In December 1964, the Becks returned briefly to the States to serve their 30-60 day jail terms for "impeding federal agents in the performance of their duties. The company, including non-acting wives and children, was 30-strong at the time – the number has since gone up to 40. While they did that layover in a giant chalet in Heyst, Belgium, owned by a radical baron, a filmaker dropped by and did a movie of them called, "Who's Crazy?"

The Living Theater has played all over Continental Europe. They're probably biggest in Germany and northern Italy. Berlin always produces a municipal auditorium for them to rehearse in. That was where they put together their "Frankenstein." The play is a sort of head-arrangement for total theater, collages of everything from Ibsen to the Greek tragedies slapped onto the Frankenstein myth.

Everybody knows the Frankenstein story-line, right? So you just bring out the mad doctor and the creature and groove with what's going on inside their heads. The most impressive monster in the production is the set, an open-front stack of jail boxes covered with cobwebs that takes up the whole damn stage.

The set is the compartmented mess of a world we can't get away from. Then, with the outlines marked by fluorescent tubing, it becomes a ship or a head containing the can-of-worms that cruelty has forced the monster's mind to become.

Too bad we can't see it in the U.S., but it doesn't do any good to coddle them tax dodgers.

"We really don't want to come back for five years at least," says Julian. "We're on probation, you know."

He fingers the ban-the-bomb button on his denim workshirt. "Anyhow, we're freer here than in America. We've grown. One place is as bad as another, but at least we're not involved in *their* national hang-ups."

Steve Ben Israel, formerly of Brooklyn, a Living Theater veteran who plays the monster in "Frandenstein," said: "Over here it's no more actors coming to Julian all the time bitching, 'Where's my bread" Like what do I tell the landlord – I'm in a poetry play?'"

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Living With The Loving Theatre

By Jean-Jacques Lebel

The Living Theatre's new thing is Frankenstein. It's so monumental in size and scope that it's hard to talk about objectively. After Frankenstein, contemporary theatre will never be the same-- or if it does stay the same, it's dead-- now we can demand from a play that it take us on a real physical trip. Frankenstein is unfinished, like a dream or a work in progress, it will upset the life of whoever experiences it with the seriousness of an initiation, a crash, a flood or a fire. It lasts almost five hours and is the sum total of thirteen years of Living Theatre; I mean theatre to a degree of fury and enlightenment where only Artaud dared conceive it. Frankenstein is not a play Mr and Mrs Rubber-fink would enjoy if they are still looking for that good old bourgeois or marxist drama, it could blast the lids of their mental-garbage cans for good.

Judith Malina, Julian Beck and their company have made the great jump away from Brecht and the theatre of the absurd into a new theatrical era. As Henry Howard said at the mike before a run through "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to your minds." This is it.

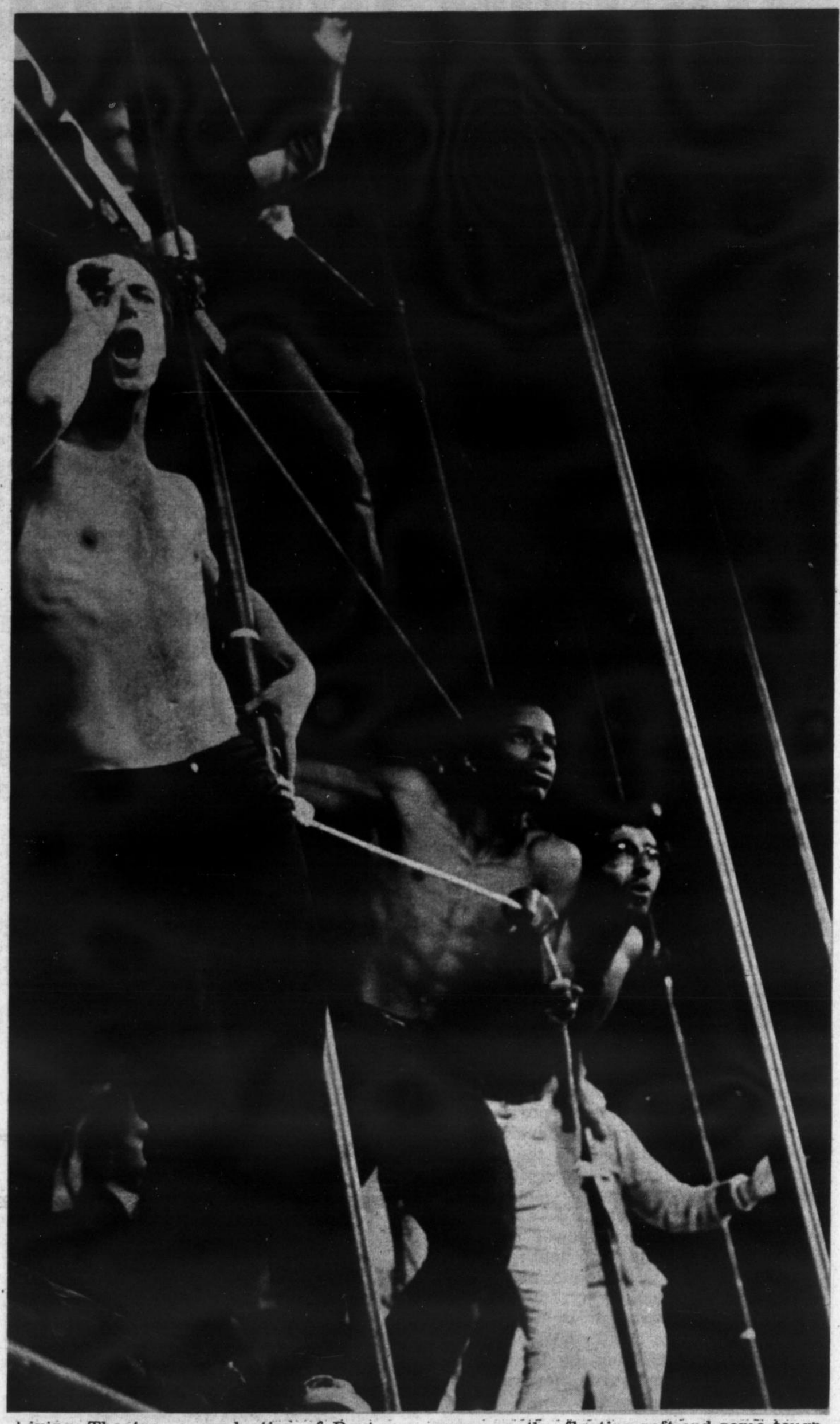
Frankenstein begins with twenty minutes of the most concentrated silence ever to be lived thru in any circumstances. Eighteen buddha-like actors look at the audience, reversing the theatrical situation from the start, the audience looks at itself being looked at. Third degree reflection. We are introduced into a sacred area where ordinary measures of time and place are no longer valid. The spectator, thrown out of himself, is like an un-experienced swimmer confronted with a rough sea in which he dives towards eighteen shining lighthouses.

After that comes a scientific disaster, murderers killing murderers , until no one survives. Thoro' extermination in the best tradition of the Gestapo, CIA or NKVD. This physically unbearable Bardo precludes to a resurrection in the laboratory of herr doktor Victor Frankenstein. Body chemistry and necrophilia. The re-incarnated soul is taken thru the after death rites in a magic circle similar to the one painted on sand by the Navajo medicine-man or the Shaman. It is then reborn into world chaos, the industrial mind, political power, psychic pain, electronic despair and slavery.

Part two is a trip thru several classical and contemporary myths. Mary SHELLEY'S Frankenstein comes alive. Part three sees the entire company performing world actions in a chain of Busby Berkely jail cells, the automated social machine. At the end, in terror and torture, the Monster is born of human parts. But is this the end or only the beginning?

The Festival in which Frankenstein happened took place at Cassis this summer and was run by Michel Fontayne, David Stone and Jerome Hill. Hill is the New York moviemaker (Open the Door and See All the People) who owns a house in Cassis as well as Paul Signac oil of the view of Cassis from his terrass and who built a beautiful iron-tube outdoor theatre specially for the Festival. The events included film shows (Halleluhiah the Hills, The Sand Castle and other flicks by Taylor Mead, Jonas Mekas, Michel Hameau, etc...)

Also the Mysteries, pieces by the



Lloyd Jasper

Living Theatre, a production of Pantagleige by the Theatre Quotidien de Marseille and concerts of classical music and flamenco. I was asked to do a happening to replace some other stuff and whole bunch of us got to work enthusiastically. There were about five thousand people on the port of Cassis where and when it happened. We rode into town on horses and on top of the Living Theatre's Volkswagen buses, playing one hundred plastic flutes, most of us wrapped in silver foil, diaper paper, plastic gowns or nude. The town was hit by dragons from Venus. By the time our 300 yard long snake unfolded across the Port, into the mob and back to it's starting point on the pier, Bernadette and Gunther had been through their milking scene on the floating raft and some tough kids had swam out to it from the audience. They took their clothes off and ing it around on the water.

Small boats zig-zagged around while Simon took over the sound system, the birds, the choirs singing the Internationale, the jungle, talking about love. A boat capsized with fifty people on it, screaming. The fire department shot water into the air and onto the crowd, pushing, pulling, jumping into the water, mothers in soaked transparent dresses biting six at a time into the snake, other grown-ups pulling on the snake or attacking it with pocket knives. Taylor and Ziska lying in the street, smoking, in bed, in the midst of the crowd.

The fireworks burst out over the port,

Continued on page 18

PROVOCATION POLITICS

DUMP JOHNSON IN '68

By Walter Bowart

The crisis of American Government is the crisis of American Life. A crack in the earth has appeared. A large schism has developed between generations. The population is divided into two camps: the young and the old.

The generation over forty has been bred and raised in war. The generation under thirty has been bred and raised under a nuclear umbrella realizing in every waking hour the possibility of the end of all human life. The generation between thirty and forty being caught in between has made a deal and calls itself 'liberal'.

For the first time in modern history the older generation is faced with dealing with a majority rule from the young. Age from habit believes it has wisdom and has worked to obtain power. As a man reaches his 'golden years' he inevitably starts thinking of death. He becomes superstitious and morbid.

For the first time in history the older generation has the power to take the younger generation with it to the grave. There are signs that it is thinking seriously of doing just that.

The facts are at hand. The majority of the U.S. population is under 34 years of age. Fifty per cent of our population is under twenty seven. The 'war baby boom' has produced a young majority not only in the U.S., but in all the countries involved in World War Two. In Holland Spain, England, Italy, and Belgium the young have assumed the responsibility of being a majority while in the U.S. they lag behind the power playing oldsters and are content with liberalism.

You recall the Presidential election of 1964? Lyndon Johnson convinced us that Barry Goldwater was the Devil. Johnson, a 'liberal' told us that Goldwater was dangerous because he believed we should bomb Hanoi. Johnson promised us that he would not send large numbers of American boys to fight a war in Asia. Now this 'liberal' president has sent 500,000 Americans to wage war on the legitimate aspirations of the Vietnamese people. A 'liberal' congress is supporting him. The country's foremost 'liberal' Hubert Humphrey is solidly behind the war and hints that those who oppose it are not good American citizens.

We have been suckered. We cannot trust politicians who are in power to stay in power and will lie and deal and graft to maintain the status quo of a cov & cop-out government.

And what is worse is we have no candidates who speak about reality.

U. Thand is quitting the U.N. in desperation speaking words our candidates should be speaking.

Where are the candidates who are discussing: strengthening the U.N. as a world government; recognizing China and attempting trade to avert hostility: automating the bureaucracies of government and industry; and guaranteeing a national wage to all those force out of work by it; drawing guidelines which assure a new 'freedom of pleasure'; and guidelines for a new freedom of privacy to protect us from electronic snooping; bringing up to date our obsolete voting systems and demanding public debate via T.V. of the issues which are imperative to our survival; enforcing strict conservation; stopping graft and demanding investigative agencies which report to the people?

These are some of the issues which should be discussed in this off-year election and in the 1968 presidential election. But the Democrats, and Republicans, both liberal and conservative have too much at stake to stop talking the bureaucratese-jargon-double-talk-gobbelty-gook.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR LEADERSHIP

The New Gypsy Class (EVO editorial vol No. 20) is making news around the world on a political level which gives us a glimpse of a social transformation on the scale of the 1770's when the new democracies were being born in blood. At bottom the 1770's revolution and the 1960's revolution demand the same things: Human rights. The difference lies in the fact that the 1770 revolution was won by violence and the 1960's revolution will be won by provocation.

In Amsterdam they call themselves Provos short for Provocateurs. They dress in white, ride white bicycles, are for individualism, for a democracy that works against the bomb and the police in general. They want police to carry food for the hungry, contraceptives for the youth and maps for the lost. They want all empty houses to be painted white and left open for the homeless. They want all factory chimneys painted white and fitted with smoke filters, because 'humans are more precious than money or industry'. They are working to ban all cars from the center of Amsterdam and provide 170,000 white bicycles for people to ride, picking one up anywhere, riding it to any destination within the city and leaving it for someone else to pick up and ride.

Allan Ginsberg, would you be interested in running for political office?

Yes. Except that I'm too busy writing poetry. I almost wish I'd run against Farbstein.

How, in a political society, can the politically uncommitted change the structure for the better?

First of all like Krishnamurti said this week a psychic revolution is taking place—or it should take place—which would then realign, rearrange human relationships presumably, as he said, to imageless contact.

So I go and sit and listen to Krishnamurti. Same time I went down to Varick St. on the 27th, voting day, to get a judge, fine, and image-paper so I could vote against the Vietnam war. In the East Village if all 2,500 people at the Leary assemblage that night had voted we would have got a peace candidate, maybe full of images, but anyway the word peace instead of the word war implanted in newspaper consciousness. In this locality if every junkie, faggot, teahead, spade, beatnik, LSD-soul, utopian/meths freak, fug groupie, Bhaktivedanta devotee, Incorruptible Indifferent seeker and lazy bastard would literally register their persons at the Board of Elections on Varick St. we could inaugurate a community that might lead the way in America: we could have one representative in Congress and a bunch of our own agents at City Hall and Albany.

The Provos stage happenings, are pro drugs and for youth. There are only 24 members of the loose knit 'organization' which is anarchial in concept. In the last city election they won two seats on the city council by a plurality of 13,000 votes while the rest of the City Council seats were won by conservatives.

The United States would certainly be a better place to live if we had the idealism of youth, at least represented in our governmental houses. But with our electoral system makes this difficult. It was possible for the Provos to achieve representation because Holland uses the most sophisticated of all political systems: proportional representation. The young people, who are in the majority, get the majority of the votes.

The Provos represent a grass roots youth movement common to all the countries involved in World War II. In Belgium they're called the Revos and in Spain the Federacion Iverica Juventude Libertaria (Spanish Federation of Free Youth.0 FIJL members recently kidnapped the Ambassador from the Vatican, Count Ussia to protest Franco's severe put down of student dissent.

Anarchy is a frightening word to most Americans who equate it to the Russian terrorist anarchy which existed just prior to their revolution. But that is not anarchy.

Our democracy is founded on the principle of anarchy in that every four years we overthrow our government by election, if we so choose. But people are at last realizing the horrible truth that we are not beiing offered a choice in the political arena and so must go outside it.

Stokely Carmichael, Allen Ginsberg, and Timothy Leary are offering the choice outside the political arena. Carmichael working directly with SNCC, an organization trying to effect change and apparently build a political party. Ginsberg and Leary are going deeper on a more fundamental level trying to effect a change of the moral climate on which all things hinge. It would be wonderful if we could get Ginsberg elected to the state assembly. He could present a dialogue with our corrupt, aged, ward heeling representatives asking them questions which would penetrate their tainted souls and reveal by their lack of answers the real crisis of government.

Ginsberg doesn't want to run. We asked him. He's a poet and wants to continue to write, trying to reach people on that level U Thant is not a citizen of the u.s. and so cannot run. Where thn is a candidate?

The gubernatorial election of 1966 is offering to the voters of New York State three more ostrich candidates. Shall we vote for any one as the lesser of thre evils? Shall we abstain and 'let george do it?'

Revolutionary thinkers have been looking for a way out for 100 years. The SDS and the New Left are hopeful signs: but the new political thinking is in its infancy. The times are apocalyptic.

We invite a dialog from our readers.

On the Abortion Circuit

Continued from page 9

being involved in court action is negligible. However, just as often, their reason is that of trust in a particular doctor.

Although local experts estimate that 10,000 women from the States visit Puerto Rico for abortions, this figure is probably high. Still, Dr. Carlos E. Bertran, 1963 president of the Puerto Rican Medical Association, has described it as a "fantastic traffic." And a prominent New York obstetrician was recently told by a leading Puerto Rican abortion clinic: "Please don't send more patients for months. We just can't handle them."

The foresighted woman obviously arrives with the name of a San Juan clinic and an appointment already made by her physician. Only three or four clinics of superior medical standing perform abortions in San Juan; many of their staff surgeons are Cubans who once practiced in Havana and still get referrals from the same East Coast doctors.

Those patients who take the riskier course of reaching San Juan without the name of a clinic try to get it from a taxi driver or a druggist, or simply consult the phone book and call physicians at random. One former Medical Association president complains that women have arrived at the doorstep of his home before breakfast.

The best San Juan clinics charge about $500, and include an overnight room and nursing care. With the increased demand for abortion, however, unlicensed practitioners in smaller cities now lure patients with a price of $150. Midwives, tients with a price of $150. Midwives, patronized almost solely by Puerto Ricans, charge even less.

The Puerto Rican Medical Association, whose key members are devout Catholics, bitterly attacks the tolerance of legal officials toward abortion. Although Puerto Rican law is reasonably restrictive, police action has always been perfunctory. In the only noteworthy recent indictment, a retired U.S. Army medical officer was charged with illegal abortion on a Boston college student, but the jury voted 10 to 2 against conviction. With airlines, hotels, drugstores, and other elements of the economy having a sizable stake in thousands of abortion tourists, Puerto Rican authorities are not likely to alter their tolerance.

The U.S. abortion center for the West Coast, comparable to Puerto Rico in the east, is Tijuana, Mexico. Largely patronized by residents of San Diego, California, since it's only a short drive away, it also draws a constant flow of patients from Los Angeles and even more distant cities. Almost as important as a center for the Southwest is Nogales, Mexico, convenient to Arizona, New Mexico, and other nearby states.

Both Tijuana and Nogales have two or three excellent clinics each, charging from $300 to $350. One California obstetrician whose patients have used the Tijuana clinics reports: "I have SEEN many postoperatively and to date no bad results." Another California physician says: "I see them afterwards, and the recent cases, apparently dilatation and curettage, were done under favorable conditions with no complications."

Although Mexico, like Puerto Rico, is predominantly Catholic and its law severely restrictive, police interference is almost unknown. The danger, however, is that an influx of patients has produced a rash of unskilled practitioners, who even employ "steerers" to roam the streets.

The fastest growing abortion center is Tokyo, where Japanese law permits abortion on demand. However, as many cases tion on demand. However, as many cases, particularly foreign, go unreported by doctors anxious to avoid taxes, no accurate statistic on the number of U.S. patients is available. The best estimate is 1,000 annually.

Despite the cost of the trip, the surgical fee averages a low $15. And as the competition for this practice is vigorous among clinics and doctors, Americans are rarely charged more than the Japanese.

A further advantage is the absence of red tape. The American woman, arriving in Tokyo, simply visits the clinic where her appointment has been made, or, having no appointment, easily secures the names of the best clinics from a Japanese acquaintance or the telephone book. There are no examination boards, no papers to fill out: abortion here is as routine as contraception.

Although Scandinavian abortion laws are more liberal than any in the United States, they contrast sharply with those in Japan. Each case must go through intensive investigation by committees. Even for Scandinavian citizens, approval is far from automatic. In Sweden, for example, over a quarter of the applicants are rejected, and the total number of legal abortions has been virtually halved in the last decade.

The hurdles are even more complex for foreigners, and the Swedish embassy recently warned that few non-resident Americans have a chance of approval. Of fifty-six recent U.S. cases, all with documented proof of medical necessity, only eight passed the board, five of whom were married.

Still, a Scandinavian abortion offers unexcelled medical care, and the price averages $75 for surgery and hospitalization.

Abortion is equally controlled in West Germany, Switzerland, and Israel, but regulations are interpreted liberally. In the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, for example, under what one local gynecologist calls "our reasonably lenient law," a commission mets twice weekly to examine foreign applicants.

For foreign patients, abortion in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe remains an enigma. Although all members of the Soviet bloc (except East Germany) grant abortion on demand, or virtually on demand, only those few Americans with close political contacts there have secured approval.

The primary exception is Poland. With routine clearance needed from only one doctor or state hospital, Poland just about equals Japan as the freest abortion nation in the world. State hospitals charge less than $10, private doctors about $40. The government so far has placed no limitations on treatment of any foreigner with a tourist visa. "We have never been instructed to turn down anyone, including American women," concludes a staff gynecologist at a Warsaw maternity center.

Lawrence Lader, a much-published freelance magazine writer, is the author of "Abortion" (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95), from which the preceding story is adapted. His interest in this subject—he is now a director of The Association for the Study of Abortion—began with his researches into the lafe of Margaret Sanger whose biography he wrote in 1956

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about LSD by

Dr. Timothy Leary, Ph.D.

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The Saga of MacBird

Many people profess to see a parallel between the Kennedy assassination and Shakespeare's play "Macbeth" and now Berkeley's Barbara Garson has a play more or less on this theme which is set for off-Broadway next month. Entitled "Macbird" it includes the title role ("a Texan president of the United States type"), Lady MacBird ("Like Shakespeare's lady, capable of anything") and such characters as Hip Witch, Egg of Head and Wayne of Morse.

A sample of the dialog follows:

(Secretary pokes her head in the door.)
Secretary: The Earl of Warren's here.

MacBird: Well, send him in.

Earl: My lord, you sent for me.

MacBird: I know; sit down.
(Earl sits down; MacBird remains standing, pacing, etc.)
My predecessor's death has grieved the nation.

Earl: Indeed, he was beloved.

MacBird: Indeed, quite right. (gruffly)
Now some few folks whose wits are crazed with grief
Still seek a villain, chase a phantom foe.
Although the killer's killed, they cannot rest.
And I desire to set their minds at ease.

Earl; Small doubts still flit like fleas throughout the nation.

MacBird: That's why I'd like a full investigation,
Conducted by a man of such repute
That we may put an end to all these doubts.
That man is you.

Earl: O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set things right.

MacBird: I don't believe you understand the job.
I wouldn't say you're asked to set things *right*.
I think you get the point.

Earl: Oh, whine and pout,
That ever I was born to bury doubt.

MacBird: You get the picture now.

Earl: I can't accept.

MacBird: Cannot accept? Your nation needs you, boy.
In times of crisis, confidence is key.
Respect for law and leaders guides this land.
If folks suspect their leaders, law breaks down.
You'd help destroy the very law you love.
Just think about those law-abiding folk
That should be sheltered from despair and doubt.
Those simple people need their trusting faith.
They count on us to work their problems out.

Earl: It's too confusing. Let me think it out.

MacBird: Earl, you and I must tolerate confusion.
We bear this load to save them their illusion.

Earl: I cannot go against the needs of conscience.

MacBird: Forget your needs as I forget my own.
Private likes and dislikes must give way.
For their sake, share this load I bear alone.
Your nation is awaiting what you say.

Earl" This tragic ambiguity makes me hesitant.
But duty wins. I'm with you, Mr. President.

MacBird: (slapping him on back) Well, well, I knew that you'd come through.

Earl: Adieu, MacBird.

MacBird: So long, you'all

Earl: Adieu.
(Exit Earl of Warren.)

MacBird: A man of honor; mighty rare these days.
(Secretary sticks her head in at the door.)

Secretary: The press is here.

MacBird: Jes' let 'em cool their heels.

(Secretary closes door, leaves.)

MacBird: (to self) I've got ta write this speech to meet the press.
(settling at desk, taking up pen)
Now, how do I convey my earnestness,
The agony I suffer silently
While cares of state are tearing me apart;
My deep concern for every living soul
Contrasted with the grandeur of my vision.
Now, how to make one interview show that . . .

1001 WAYS

498 Say you are afraid of crab lice, or
499 Say Good! now I can get to eat all the crab lice I want.
500 Keep singing at the top of your lungs even though the colonel orders you to stop.
501 Use legerdemain.
502 Bring the general up on charges.
503 Ask which way they went (then go the other way).
504 Make a citizen's arrest of the President.
505 Tell them you have just begun to fight—the draft board.
506 Practice shooting on the induction line.
507 Prove that you are Christ.
508 Free all prisoners.
509 Cry:

Charity charity!
Come out of charity
And peace with me in America.

510 Tell them to start all over.
511 Start all over.
512 Let the kids out of the schools
513 Be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn.
514 Be gay.
515 Sneak out.
516 Become an atheist because "there are no atheists in foxholes."
517 Demand that all patriotic readers of the New York *Daily News* be drafted immediately and sent to the front (especially the ones who write the letters to the editor).
518 Write a 3000-page treatise which proves that drinking vaginal secretions from the source prevents cancer.
519 Write to the War Resisters League, 6 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y. 10038.
520 Write to the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.
521 Consult your local Students for a Democratic Society chapter (this is an unsolicited and probably unwanted commercial).
522 Consult your local Student Peace Union chapter.

From "1001 Ways to Beat the Draft" by Tuli Kupferberg and Robert Bashlow.

A PAID ADVERTISEMENT

AN OPEN LETTER

TO THE REVEREND DONALD S. HARRINGTON

LIBERAL PARTY CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE

Sir: You have publicly asked the question: "Should a minister go into politics?"

Please answer these questions: Should ministers go into politics, associate themselves and their churches with the Mattachine Society, and use their prestige as ministers to help the Mattachine Society achieve its goals, as you and other ministers have done?

The Mattachine Society, as you should know by now, sir, is a totalitarian political organization dedicated to the advancement of homosexuality and the suppression of normal sexuality.

They have called for changes in the law which would permit homosexual child-molesters to commit sodomy on young boys.

Yet, at the same time, they have demanded the imprisonment of (women) prostitutes and their patrons as well. These changes in the law are but the first steps in the Mattachine Society's relentless drive to bring about a PERVERT WORLD, as you should know.

IN VIEW OF THESE FACTS, WHY HAVE YOU CHOSEN TO SUPPORT SUCH A GROUP?

Fred Cherry
Post Office Box 1017
Brooklyn 2, New York

If the artist had his way, his art would be his environment. His motive would be creation and his goal -- creation itself. He would never be truly satisfied until he possessed the perpetual movement of the universe, "the sacred of the secret from which all things come and all things go." The devil, who has more of a right to be an artist than the angels themselves, was once asked why he was thrown out of heaven to which he replied, because I wanted to be an Author." The world has known this kind of devil before. History is sprinkled with examples of societies and men who tried to possess the secret of life and death in their everyday movements.

In present times, "the secret" has lost its "sacred" overtones but has maintained its economic and political bearing. The inevitable Marxist dialectic of the classless state and the democratic process of deleveling man to one mold, all have their worshippers and their gods. We have, in a sense, come the long way home and everything which we see is vaguely familiar. It seems "the secret" has always been a mime of life with its four-fold process of birth, growth, death, and rebirth. What was eventually forgotten was the understanding that the scissor which shadowed the string was never truly ours.

Art as Environment is only a new concept in tattered clothes. The Hebrews, who roamed the desert after the Exodus, based their environment on the Mosaic Land Law. The Law restricted the ownership of land to every seven years. After the time span was up, the tribes would meet at a prescribed place and those who became rich off the land would give up their riches and those who became poor and enslaved would be set free. They would once more redivide the land equally and begin again.

In Pre-Columbian time the Aztecs would celebrate the end of the world by burning everything they had owned. The ritual took place every fifty-second year which amounted to a century by Western Aztec Time. After destroying everything, they would wait for the sun to rise. If it did they knew the world would continue for another fifty-two years and they would begin again.

These societies had touched on the secret in one way or another. But eventually something was always lost, forgotten or replaced. The Hebrews changed their Law to every forty years (the Jubilee Year Law) and then calmly forgot it. The Aztecs replaced their possessions with something which was representative. What we would call a Mock-King who would die in place of the Real-King. Their rituals never stayed in reality too long but became mimetic. The same is true of all the world's religions once they became institutionalized. The fear of preserving themselves and what they owned crept into their ritual as soon as they stopped being nomadic.

It would be wonderful if the artist could achieve his end and create an environment which was always changing and creative. But he must first recondition man to a nomadic life and a willingness to give up all he possessed. In order to do this he must change the "economic syndrome" of the human race which is physically addicted to feeding, clothing and housing his belly. In the 20th Century this is not such an impossible task.

Due to our advanced technology we now have the means to provide the whole world with enough physical comfort. But the rest of the world still lags behind this "new technology." They are still emotionally attached to old and obsolete habits. The mass media is the artist's missing link between teaching an old dog a new trick. If he takes over the mass media he can recondition man to break his emotional dependency and accept the "new technology." He could possibly make man an unpossessed animal possessed only by the willingness to learn and expand his consciousness.

This then is the revolution ---- To begin again.

Dear FDR Jr.,

As you are well aware the voters of New York—especially the younger voters who are sick of the hypocrisy, lies and cynicism of most politicians—do not have much choice in the fight for the Governorship of New York.

We would be interested, therefore, in hearing the views of the LIBERAL candidate on the undeclared war in Vietnam. We propose to comment on this in our next issue, October 1, and would appreciate hearing from you by September 23.

Sincerely
EVO

The candidate has not condescended to reply to this letter, sent by registered mail on Sept. 12.

When a bird flew in the Automat, they sold it for 4 nickels.

When a bird flew in the subway, they let it on for half fare.

When a bird dropped shit on the mayors hat, they charged it amusement tax.

When a bird farted everyone started: What was that strange song?

When a bird entered the department store it flew up a down escalator.

When a bird fucked another bird in the park, a policeman shot it.

When a bird flew into the movie house the manager yelled: Who the fucks the wise guy that let those moths loose.

When a bird flew in my mouth . . . I sang.

When a bird flew into school they examinedit and put it in Kindergarten. Even tho it was 12 years old.

When a bird flew into prison they made a special bird cage for it . . . so it would feel at home.

When a bird flew into the barracks they drafted it for a carrier pigeon. "I thought carrier pigeons were obsolete," it cried. "One more peep out of you & you'll be court-martialled!"

When a bird flew into my lady's boudoir she shreiked: But wont the feathers tickle?

When a bird had a baby with a lady, all the other children were jealous because they couldn't fly.

When a bird laid an egg, they stamped it grade A & tried to sell it. The bird was angry: it wanted to stamp people grade B . . . & sell them.

When the US Dept of the Treasury took the hemp out of birdseed 230 birds refused to sing. (They had a sing-down)

When a bird appeared in a chicken market it asked: Hey man whats up?

When a bird appeared at a meeting of anthropologists . . . a cultural one gave it a written language.

When a bird sang out at a poetry reading . . . a poet killed it.

—Tuli Kupferberg

THE BIKE SHOP
if john galt were a
better 'cycle mechanic
he could work for us.
open from 10 a.m. till god knows when
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The Living Theater

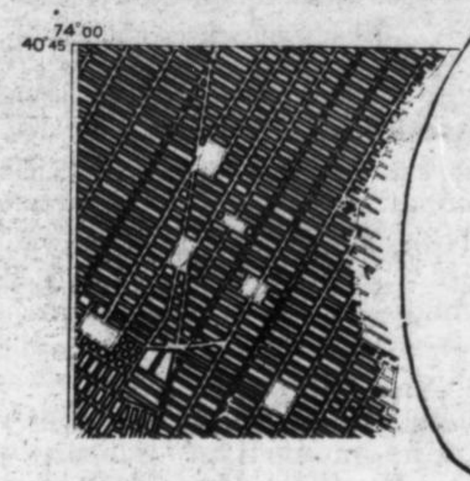
Continued from page 13

pouring red and green over everything. Hours later people still dancing and running in the streets, so the cops arrest two. Furious mob of a hundred follows cops to police station, throwing fruit at them and yelling, "PIGS! Don't kill them for having fun!" Finally, back at our hotel around four in the morning, a real bomb explodes under one of the Living Theatre buses, hurting no one but letting us know how our presence was appreciated. The next day the press judged the evening as the worst catastrophe to ever have happened to Cassis, calling us unwanted, degenerate, filthy, drugged, incomprehensible. But they had a big ball with us and they knew it. They were just a little scared their "moral fiber" and social habits might give way, that's all. And for one night they did, that's what they felt guilty of, the fools. The Living Theatre left for Berlin to perform the repertoire--the Brig, the Mysteries, the Maids, Frankenstein and Antigone. We drove away to Paris, stopping off in a nice quiet cemetery on the way, to get high and prepare our next move.

Even apart from the Cassis festival it had been a lively summer. It began in June with a not-very-successful New Moon Poetry Carnival (unfortunately most of the poetry was of more conventional nature) and ended there with the recent Destruction in Art Symposium. A hundred or more artists from Scandinavia, Germany, America, Spain, France, Holland, Japan, etc...delivered speeches, demonstrated, showed movies, did happenings and concerts for ten days. The symposium was set up by Gustave Metzger, John Sharkey and Ivor Davies. I don't know the names of everyone who attended but here are a few: from London, Mark Boyle, Cornelius Cardew, Dom Sylvester, John Latham, Anthony Scott, Biff Stevens, Richard Medala, Dick Wilcox. From New York, Ralph Ortiz, Anthony Cox, Yoko Ono, Al Hansen. From Paris, Julien Blaine, Henry Chopin, Frank Popper and myself. Milan Knizak sent a message from Prague and Filliou a message from Villefranche. From Germany, Wolf Vostell and Werner Schreib. From Vienna, Muhl, Nitch, Brus, Kren and Wecherl--these guys showed some of the best, most erotic, inspired and violent 16m/m color films I have ever seen.

To answer a question by Jonas Mekas on European underground movies -- they are hard to get hold of, but some are excellent -- we should show some in N.Y. Especially a series on happenings by Muhl; orgies of meat and blood and food and bodies and christmas trees and blond hair and stomachs and cooking vaginas and breast feeding and fruit salads and sperm rain and mouths and assholes and eyes. Watch that guy Muhl. In mid-September some of us -- Schreib, Al Hansen, John Latham, Pro Diaz, Robin Page and others -- got together on a garbage lot in London's Harlem district near Portobello road. Cute kids and housewives with curlers in their hair watched us improvise a string of short happenings. Exploding, building, playing. That night Chopin, Hidalgo, Yoko Ono and Cornelius Cardew gave a concert at Conway Hall. A few days later Vostell and others did some happenings at the Institute of Contemporary Arts (which is coming alive again and has great plans for the future). The symposium was a good occasion for the international underground to meet and exchange visions. Mostly artists, a few critics, no dealers -- there was no money to be made -- just human contacts. It was an important event

If London maintains its freedom and liveliness, I know a lot of people who are going to move there since N.Y. is too hung up, Paris too old, Rome too catholic Amsterdam too Protestant and Tokyo too far. What we need is an international planetarium in which to live and invent new games, without any cops, merchants or secret control boys. Will London be that Promised Land?



HIGH on the RANGE

THE COOKBOOK

SEED FRITTERS

For a weird breakfast. . . .
Lightly toast 1/4 teacup seeds in a heavy iron skillet, then add them to this batter:

1 teacup packaged buckwheat pancake mix
1 egg
1-1/4 teacups milk
1 tbs. melted butter

Stir together until smooth. Heat the skillet, add a little butter, then pour in some batter. Turn the fritter when it starts to look done around the edges. Repeat. Serve with maple syrup or honey. Enough for two people and a good way to start the day. If you don't like crunchy food, use ground up seeds, or feed them to your canary.

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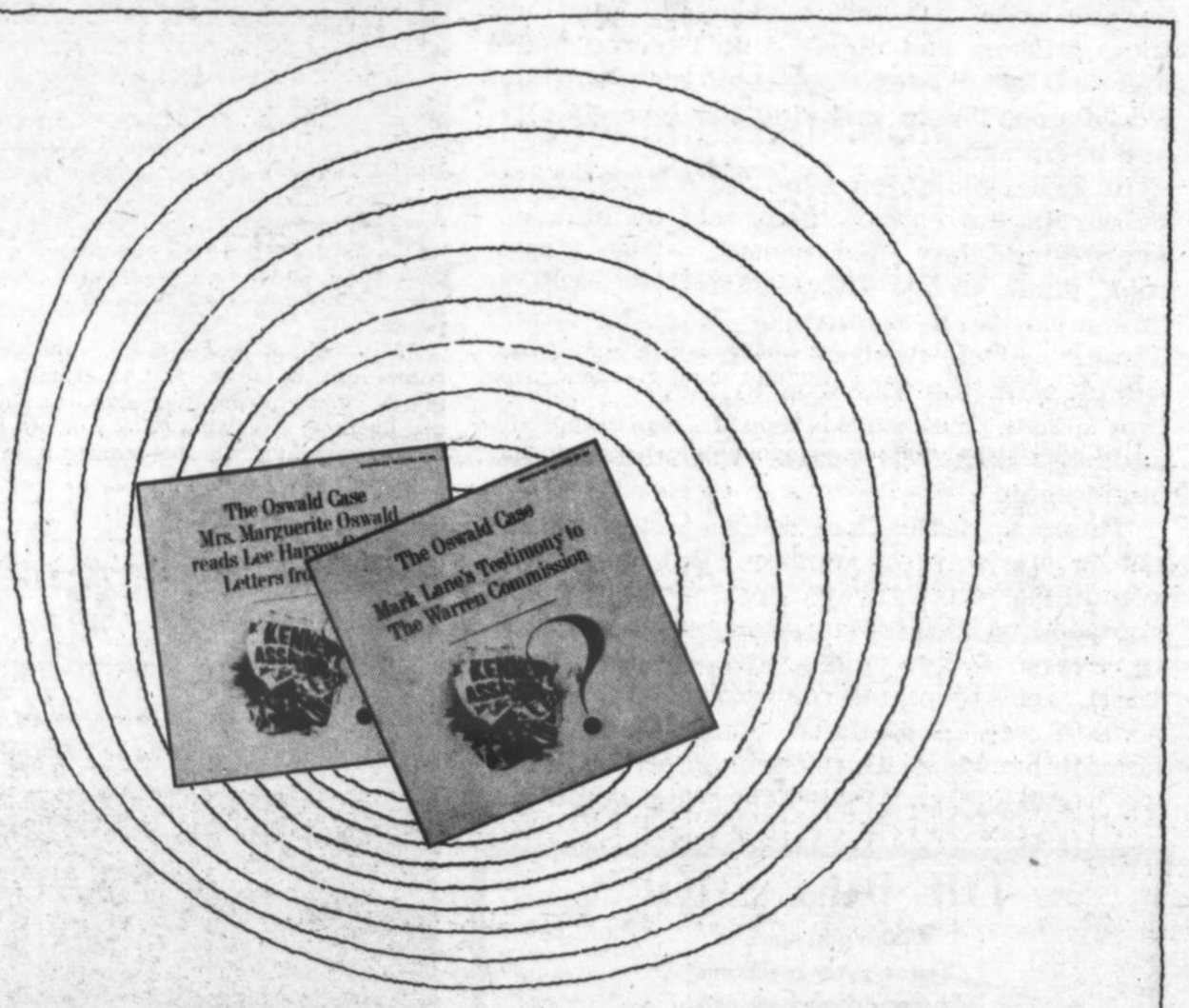

the Oswald Case

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Walt Bredel photos

See your face at the
bottom
of the sea.
Be the worm
sucked
from the earth
swaying in the clouds breath.
Nearer than the I can see
full of you and me.
—Susan Lee

The Public Pissers

There seems to be a movement afoot; a rebellion, perhaps against the paucity of public W. C.'s in the city, or a refusal to submit to the inevitable humiliation of the men's rooms on the Bickford's-Blarney Castle-White Rose circuit. Something is in the air everywhere that tells us of a cause being taken into the streets, bearing with it the banner of Natural Freedom. It is the primeval cry of the Public Pisser.

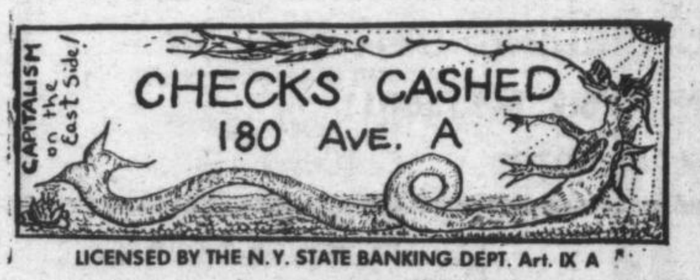
It is unarguable that urinating is a popular thing to do; it is hard to think of any time in which peeing has not been favored by the common man, ever since the invention of the bladder. Even today one sees the pissoir in Paris, or the common sight of a man taking his relief in Mexican or Japanese semi-public surroundings. Hence it is inevitable that the cry be taken up in our own swinging metropolis.

The details of what we might call the Urinary Underground are few at this point. A few facts, however, may be noted here. Do not, for example, expect to find your standard long-haired, work-shirted rebel involved in the movement: the Pissers are usually down-and-outers, malcontents, and what will best be described as "red-hots". Young and old alike, they have struck with determination all over the city of New York.

Any number of darkened storefronts will bear evidence of attack, but those bordering busy crosstown streets – particularly Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth – are favored. The tunnels in Central Park will of course be familiar to the layman. The hit and run, or guerrilla pisser usually works the telephone booths just north of Times Square, up to but not including Fifty-first Street. Yet it is the subway system that is the prime target and proving ground. It should be noted that the BMT-Canarsie line is outstanding in this area. Platforms, tunnels and trains themselves have been kept up at an astonishing level of stench and dampness over the past few months by countless members of the Canarsie faction. They have done a job that would have taken the government years to complete, not to mention the expense.

All in all, it seems that public urination will soon come into its own. It has already replaced obscene phone calls and the long standing shoe fetish as a simple pastime. Accordingly, it will not be long before all New York City will be swept up in the rising tide of the Public Pissers.

– Richard Barrie



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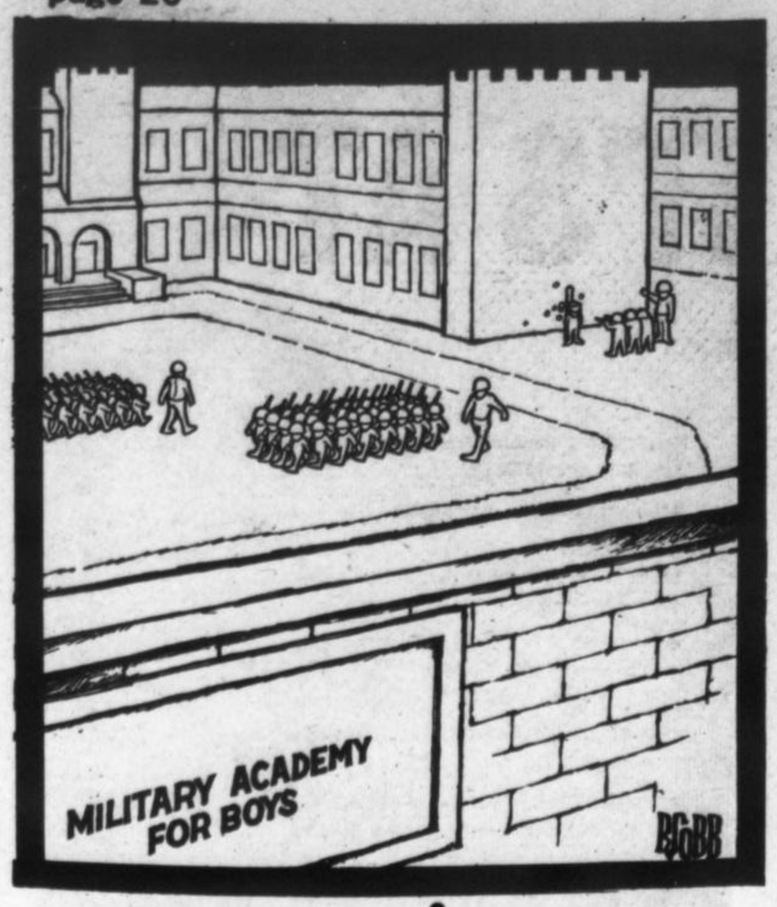


tripstripstrips

unamericans

A "Student Un-American Activities Committee" at San Jose State College will hear charges of un-American activities against several national and state politicians.

Among those to whom "subpoenas" have been mailed are Rep. Joe Pool (Dem., Texas), Rep. Edwin Willis (Dem., La.), Senator James Eastland (Dem., Miss.), and Senator Thomas Dodd (Dem., Conn.).

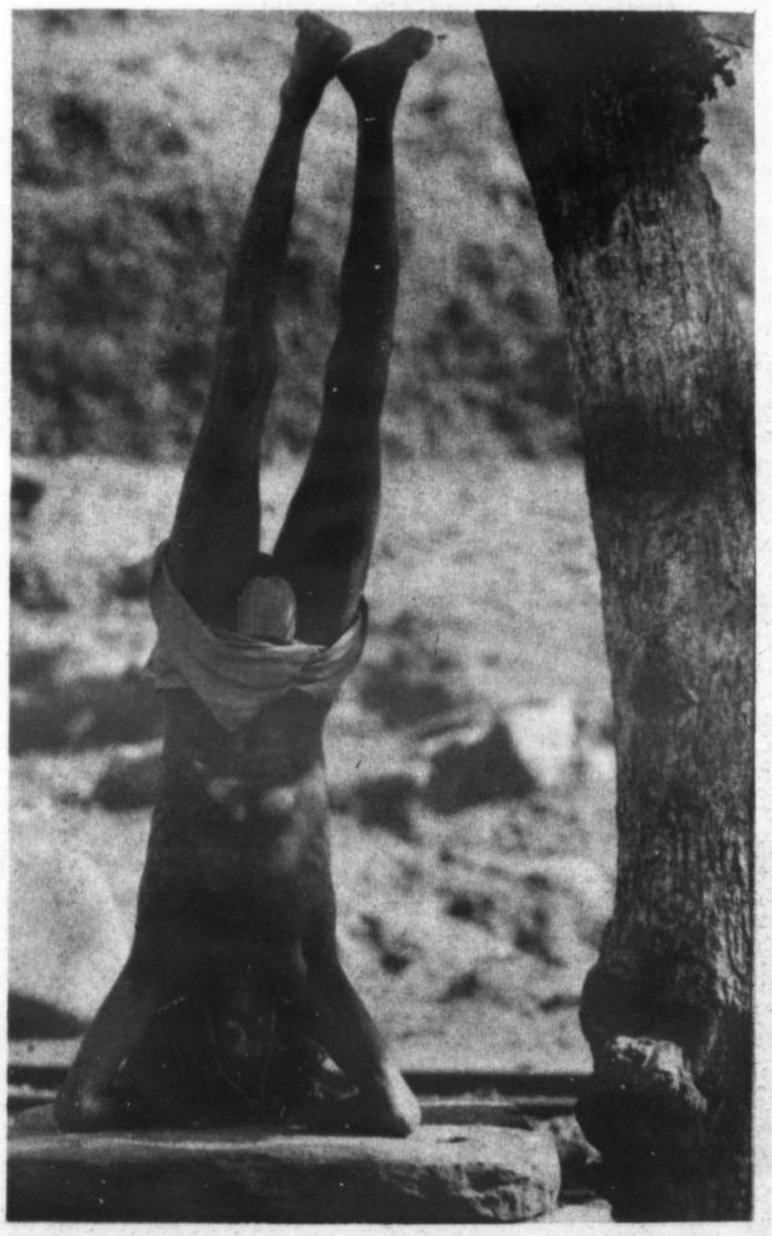
The hearings, to which prominent San Francisco Bay area citizens have been invited are scheduled for Oct. 6 and 10.

Phillip Whitten, a graduate representative at SJS, who brought charges against the politicians, said Pool and Willis are "psychotic twentieth-century Grand Inquisitors and witch-burners."

He added that HUAC has attempted to stifle dissent to the war in Viet Nam by irresponsibly labeling all critics as Communists or subversives.

"Free discussion and dissent are the basis of a democracy," he said, adding that students will no longer be intimidated by McCarthy-like tactics.

In a prepared statement, Whitten said that HUAC and similar organizations in the U. S. "have done much to destroy the spirit of freedom and justice under which this country was founded . . . they have embedded in the public consciousness the notion that there is something wrong and subversive about those who work for social change, and have thus stifled the element which is the lifeblood of democracy -- citizen activity."



Dear EVO:

The plan is to kidnap the Duke of Edinburgh (swoop down upon him in a biplane smeared with Bismarkian symbols ("rache," double-eagles, spiked helmets, "Poison gas slew my brother Johann, who was but a poor toymaker.") to confound the authorities: snatch him from his polo pony or cricket green; and spirit him away to some remote part of the globe--the Hudson Bay Region, perhaps) and Interpol fails to unearth a clue. Legal and humane formalities are abolished. The search assumes the flavor of an Inquisition. Jews are seized and exploited. This surprises no one. Torture. Frenzy. Chaos. All to no avail. Despair and a burning shame creep like alligators into the hearts of men. The world has been raped.

Months perhaps years later an ultimatum is mailed to every newspaper and periodical in the world accompanied by shards of redoubtable evidence. I reveal that The Duke is "still alive" and chipper ("You just can't keep the old boy down, as you well may be aware!") and will be returned to his thronemate UNHARMED, if certain stipulations are carried out TO THE LETTER! The stipulations require that the Queen appear nude (save for her crown) on stage at Drury Lane. She will there perform lewd and obscene acts with and/or upon a greyhound, the Queen Mother, Wally Simpson, Danny Kaye, The Book of Kells, the Queen Mother's race horse, and assorted Negroes (no Jamaicans--please!). Winston Churchill shall flash the victory "V" penetrating both the Queen's vaginal and anal apertures. Periodically throughout the show (actually, every time the Queen comes), Mr. Russell Oberlin shall rise and sing "There'll Always Be An England."

Note: The Queen must come at least four (4) times

Fun for the whole family. Bring the kids -- they'll love the animals. You'll thrill to ... you'll laugh your ass off when.... Not since Catherine the Great has royalty headlined such an action-packed spectacle!!

The show will be played to capacity, which will include many heads of state and foreign dignitaries. The usual first-nighters will also attend and any remaining space may be offered to students at a discount.

THERE WILL BE NO LADY GODIVA COP-OUTS. The audience must keep their eyes open and pay attention. Royal Doulton shall be commissioned to design a place-setting commemorating the occasion. Lloyd's of London shall insure all males attending for 1000 pounds against the stigma of involuntary ejaculation. Coins shall be struck and widely circulated depicting the Queen bestowing fellatio on John Bull.

Should the Queen fail to comply with any or all of my stipulations, Prince Philip --husband, father, sportsman, and Duke -- will of course suffer the pain of Prometheus, die a lingering death, writhing, right down to the final heart-rending rattle, in the throes of astounding and awesome agony. Nor will his cruel demise promote martyrdom. He will be made both a passive and an active entrant into sordid liaisons of breathtaking depravity. The Queen can (and I'm sure she will) rescue her loved one from the above-mentioned. If all stipulations are met, Philip shall be speedily dispatched homeward UNHARMED, and ignorant of the events that led to his release. If desired, this can be concealed from him, much in the same way it was withheld from Humphrey Bogart that he had terminal throat cancer.

Up the Queen!

Michael O'Donoghue

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.

The Village Counseling Service
announces...

The opening of a neighborhood counseling service designed to meet the needs of the people who live in Greenwich Village.

The new counseling service is staffed by highly trained personnel who are experienced in dealing with the personal adjustment problems of creative and unconventional individuals.

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AMSTER DAM

By Simon Vinkenoog

A reporter from the N. Y. Times comes along to see me about Provo. He seems to be a nice cat, unlike some of the others who came to Amsterdam to find out about the news to be spread around the world, of youth taking over in a love-revolution.

Witnessing the weekly saturday-midnight-happenings in the center of this lively town, it is clear to all (including Igal Roodenko of the War Resisters' League, who got bitten in the leg by a police-doggie) that nothing happens but the police's paranoia. Holland is a small country, and the feelings provo liberated, awakened all the flames in all the hearts of all the engaged adults. Jef Last, who accompanied Andre Gide on his visit to the Soviet Union in 1936, and just published a book about his world-famous friend, quotes Gide's conviction that revolution will come from the individual, the minority groups and the smaller countries, which now might be a fact. The speeches Gide gave to German youth in the ruins of 1946 are an example of his enlightened attitude towards youth -- as is the case of all outspoken homosexuals.

Twenty years later it is a great and heart-warming pleasure to see that out of nowhere a group of young people come, able to see past all the distinctions, political corruption, artificial barriers and frontiers, to attack western society at its most vulnerable: the lack of space for man to-morrow. The socio-cultural event, called happening, needs no more script-writers; it is writing itself. As Constant, whose New Babylon-ideas inspired the provo-movement to a great extent, wrote: "The great non-stop happening which we can expect once the creative potency of entire mankind has come to action will change the face of the earth as drastically as did the organization of industrial labor since the neolithic age. The era of homo ludens lies ahead of us."

Provo has no leaders, decisions come from meetings where those not in favor of certain actions, just abstain from participating in it. So the group decided not to join an action (which grew out of Denmark) to enlist people for the Vietcong; as an adverse reaction some old Korea-heroes would undoubtedly start a counter-movement, as happened three years ago! They have also the American example to judge: the most agressive extremes of left and right (black and white, chocolate and yellow) just succeed in spreading more hate, and distance among people, instead of coming nearer to thee.

To finish with an item from the August issue of Anarchy (London) devoted to Amsterdam and Provo, Charles Radcliffe takes "A Day Trip to Amsterdam" (originally published in HEATWAVE -- Britain's wildest, most incandescent, experimental libertarian journal attempting to relate thought, dream and action) three quotes from 6 pages: "Immigration officials eye long hair suspiciously: they want to check my ticket to ensure that I will fly out again tonight ... For someone increasingly stoned sky-high on the possibilities (and no longer sure whether it will all end in social outrage or nervous collapse) Amsterdam is perhaps the most beautiful city in Europe ... "He was totally disinterested in the rebellion of the provotariat" (a French beat met in the streets; 200 foreign minors were returned abroad by Am-Amsterdam's Alien Police in this month of August!!) He liked Amsterdam because the living and the pot was cheap. It is now, he said, the new European centre for youth. It used to be London but the authorities in London didn't like foreign beats; so they now go to Amsterdam instead. He said to me that there was no point in returning to London, that I would do better to stay forever in Amsterdam where no one minds."

Of course authorities do mind, the witch-hunt has been going on simultanously in Holland, England, France, Belgium, and Italy. But Amsterdam is a beautiful city indeed, and everything is cheap. Come and have a look yourselves!!!

WHERE IT'S AT

Sat. Oct. 1
Althing convenes: world's oldest parliament is alive in Reykjavik, Iceland.

Oct. 1-9
Danbury State Fair: Danbury, Conn.

Sun. Oct. 2
Poetry Reading: Lewis MacAdams (ed. of "MOTHER"). Folklore Center, 8:30 (.50c)

●Chamber Concert: Neal Zaslow on flute and works by Jean Marie Leclair. Riverside Museum, 310 Riv. Dr. (free)

●Antique Auto Show. Makes horse-and-carriage obsolete in Monroe, N.Y.

●International Peace Marathon: Kosice, Czechoslovakia.

Oct. 3
Steel Sculpture by Kosso at the Jewish Museum.

●Leroi Jones at Village Theatre.

●Poetry Reading: Ray Zuck, Karen Swenson. Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave. 8:30 pm (.50c).

●Festival of St. Dionysus: Athens, Greece. Celebrate at home with orgy of your choice.

●George Hamilton sucks.

Tues. Oct. 4
Josef Latif at Slugs Saloon, 242 E. 3rd St.

●Tim Leary at Village Theatre (every Tuesday).

Wed. Oct. 5
Talk/Flash Discussion: "Violence in Contemporary Life". O. Florig at Atelier East, 12 W. 4th. 8:30 ($1.00)

●"The Subway", 1938-41: Exhibition of photographs by Walker Evans. Museum of Modern Art, 3 fl.

Thurs. Oct. 6
Meeting: U.S. Crimes and Nuremburg Therefores. Community Church.

Fri. Oct. 7
Poetry Reading: Ron Padgett, Dick Gallup. New School for Social Research, 8:10pm. ($2.50)

●"The Expressway", a play by Bod Nicols at Judson Church, 8:30pm (contribution, but reservation necess: SP7-0033).

●Folkmusic Workshop/Songswap: John Langstaff &. Loeb Student Center, NYU, 8pm.

Oct. 7-8
National Wild Turkey Calling Contest and Trot Festival: Yellville Ark.

Sat. Oct. 8
JUPITER rises in Gemini at midnight, is visible till dawn. (hint: moon passes 5 degrees above it).

●International Fur Auction: Leningrad, USSR.

Sun. Oct. 9
Open Poetry Reading (cash prize): Atelier East, 8:30 pm. ($1.00).

●National Semen Count begins

thru Sun. Oct. 9
Satire in Prints and Drawings: Exhibition at Brooklyn Museum.

●Simulated mountain climb (bring your own Sherpa) Edam, Holland.

Mon, Oct. 10
Little brown bats (Myotis Lucifugus) begin migrating.

●Dussehra: Indian festival celebrates victory of Lord Rama over demon Ravana.

Tues. Oct. 11
Experimental Cine Mind-Fuck: Bardo-Matrix presents Ohmaru (Peyote film)/Logosmajik, and others: 623 Maxwell Ave. Boulder, Colo.

●Meet-the-Mafia open house, Hoboken, Waterfront

Oct. 12-16
Striped Bass Tournament: Montauk, N.Y.

Wed. Oct. 12
Human Sexual Response: examined in light of Masters' new book at Atelier East, 8:30 ($1.00).

●"Oeshiki" Festival, Hominonji Temple, Tokyo. Commemorates Buddhist leader Nichiren.

Wed. Oct. 12
ALEISTER CROWLEY born this day, 1875.

Thurs. Oct. 13
"Underground Wit and Wisdom": talk by Norris Merchant. Atelier East, 8:30pm. ($1.00).

Fri. Oct. 14
Poetry Reading: David Antin, Jerome Rothemberg. New School, 8:10pm. ($2.50).

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THE SECRET OF WENDEL SAMSON ..... mike kuchar
OCTOBER 5th thru 11th
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URSULA ..... lloyd williams
12—12—42 ..... tom mcdonough
bernard stone
dick gerondesy
POONTANG TRILOGY ..... ben van meter
IN BETWEEN ..... stan brakhage
AND OTHERS
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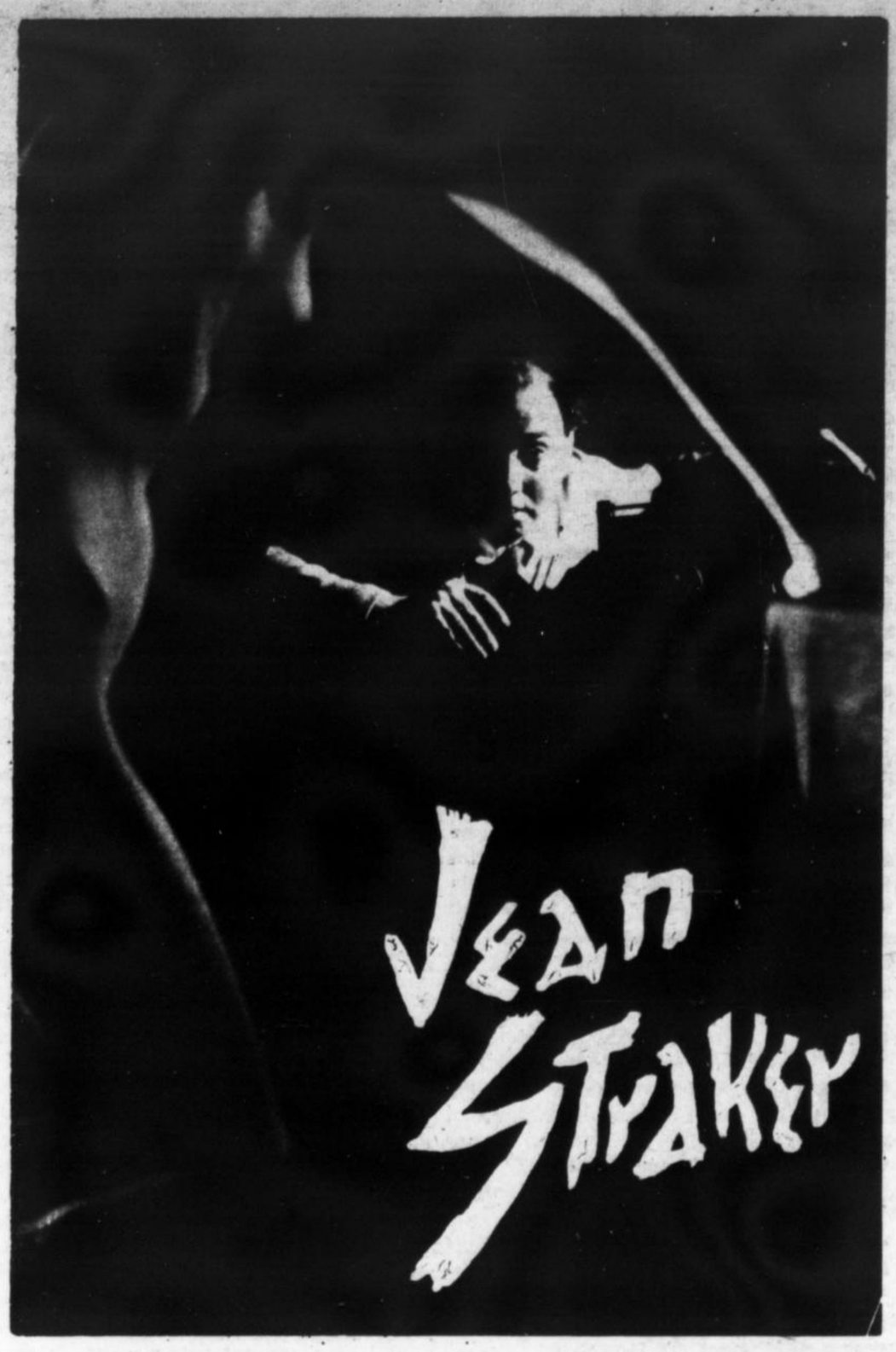

Censorship in the Arts

London photographer Jean Straker, harassed by local police because he specializes in producing expensive books of nude photographs, will stage a teach-in at Hampstead Old Town Hall to protest "Censorship in the Arts". There will be discussions on all aspects of censorship plus an examination of its psychological and sociological implications.

"We think it is time that censorship is removed from the orbit of criminal law," Straker says. "We feel that a unified protest must be made because the fragmentation of the arts into isolated fields of expression makes us all so vulnerable to attack from the highly organized militant forces of suppression."

Recently six police officers spent a whole day at Straker's Soho Square studio inspecting files of negatives and prints. In a letter to Britain's Home Secretary (who has been invited to the teach-in on Oct. 2), Straker adds: "We are all with you in the 'war against crime' provided that the crime is real crime and not 'crime' manufactured by self-appointed moral charlatans."

Dow Shalt Not KILL

By Ron Halstead

Dow Chemical company "aggressively solicited" government contracts to supply napalm for use in the Vietnam war, the company's president, Herbert L. Doan, told a trio of students last month. The considerations, Doan said, "are not moral ones and in our view cannot be."

Dow's president was interviewed at the firm's offices in Midland, Mich., by members of the Students for a Democratic Society. Asked whether in the hypothetical situation where Dow might be asked to provide potassium cyanide for gas chambers would the company comply or refuse, Mr. Dow objected that there was no comparison between the slaughter of the Jews by Nazis and the conduct of the war in Vietnam.

In addition, Mr. Doan said that running Dow Chemical took twenty-four hours a day. The management and employees of Dow could not take time to make an inquiry into the use of their products in Vietnam. For them to do so "would in itself be in a sense immoral." Besides, said Mr. Doan, Dow supplies the Los Angeles police force with certain materials, but has never investigated the situation in Watts.

Asked if Dow profited in the manufacture of napalm, Mr. Doan replied that the profits were substandard.

Peter Steinberger asked whether a victim of napalm would make fine distinctions in responsibility or would blame everyone involved. Mr. Doan replied: "They would see nothing but black."

Steinberger asked if Mr. Doan saw a similarity between the ethics of the leadership of Dow and the ethics of Werner Von Braun as expressed in Tom Lehrer's song "I watch how rockets go up, not how they come down/ That's not my department, says Werner Von Braun." Mr. Doan said that he had the record and admired Mr. Lehrer, but that he did not see a similarity with the German scientist.

Mr. Doan said that incendiary bombs were manufactured by Dow for use in WWII. It never occurred to anyone to tell the government to "go to" because women and children were being killed. There was no question that the war was a matter of survival. The war in Vietnam, on the other hand, is the "lousiest mess" the U.S. has been in. Probably more civilians were killed in WWII than soldiers. That's the nature of war. Mr. Doan said he did not see any difference between the magnesium incendiary bombs and napalm bombs used in Vietnam. He suttested that opposition to napalm has arisen only because the aim of the war in Vietnam was not clear.

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SWING is a different type of dating match that matches and arranges a date for exclusive parties. Mention EVO for this introductory offer: men HALF-PRICE; women FREE! Send self-description and description of desired match, or write for a check list now! SWING, Box 192, Castle Point Station, Hoboken, N.J. 07030

Wanted -- Singer -- Recording contract and European tour -- for attractive Cher or mod type -- partner. Contact Don Emelio 245-7776 from 2 to 5 p.m.

Groovy things for sale cheap -- dresses, coats, pants and shoes (sizes 7-9) (6 1/2-7), andirons, jewelry and other odds and ends. All under $10 and in great condition. Call 522-6079 after 1 p.m. only. Brooklyn Heights.

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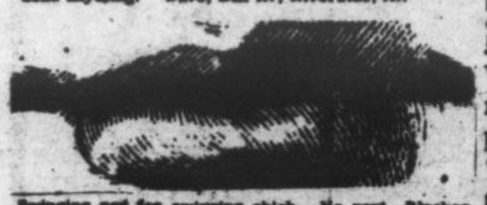
The weirdest button extant: "100101." Don't explain it to those who don't understand. Available for 25¢ postpaid from Robert Abbott, 346 East 9th Street, New York 3, NY.

BANNED, BUSTED, BURNED. Little Kinsey project seeking printed materials that have been censored or seized (e.g. F___ You, Golden Convolvulus, etc.) The further out the better. Send sample or description. Prompt payment or thanks. Howard Waterhouse, 145 South Cayuga Road, Williamsville, NY 14221.

"On your next trip honey, write me -- I'm lonely... Send anything!" Dave, Box 117, Riverside, Ill.



Swinging pad for swinging chick. No rent. Bleeker Street. Call SP7-7434.

1 1/2 Studio apartments...private baths. $70 unfurnished, $80-85 furnished, price flexible. Students welcomed, building clean, newly renovated. Contact Mrs. Zimbi, 234 East 7th Street, Super Hendricks! OR 3-4927, LU 3-6272, 831-9654.

Guy with nook needs chick to share pad. No fees. Call Edgar NR P-5535 after 8 p.m. or on Sundays.

HELP

East Villaged M- Otherless child needs benefactor with lots of faith and lots of canvas and paint in return for a smile. Box 3 C/O EVO

SOUL BROTHER, badly in need of "Afro" Haircut, seeks "ethnic" barber in East Village area. Write name, shop name, and address to Ben O'Nealos, Box XX, C/O EVO.

Nice young guy with smart pad in West Village wishes to meet a virgin from anywhere. Call 691-5361 preferably in the morning.

Looking for the secret to life? There is none. You are life, girl. You're it. So am I, man. Be spontaneous. Be alive. Call 242-8282.

I took movie pictures of you at a 3rd story window, corner of 10th and Avenue A. When you left, you blew me a kiss. My movie needs more of you.

Taking a trip (by car) from Chicago to Calif. latter part of October. Is there an attractive, intellectual Chicago female going my way? Dave, 642-2407.

Broadminded swinger seeks female roommate. Must be uninhibited, swinging, and clean. Everything free and just for you. Write Box 129, NYC 10016.

WANTED FOR PHOTOGRAPH: INTERESTING MOTHER NURSING BEAUTIFUL CHILD OR SOMEONE ELSE'S BEAUTIFUL CHILD -- 2 HOURS WORK FOR PAY -- TR 7-2302, 10 TO 5.

Man 32 6ft 184 lbs seeks girl with own pad who would like someone to come in once or twice a week to act as houseboy, all around servant, no charge, no gimmicks, quite mature, sincere, intelligent. Write F.M. McCarthy, PO Box 68, Cooper Station, NYC 10003

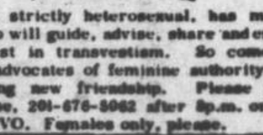
Would like to meet lady between 20 and 40 who can cook some, and willing to work alongside a man. Also must love motorcycles. Rent free and work money split in half minus gas, oil and repairs on cycle. Call Lou 242-9259, 267-8844 after 12 p.m.

Photographer welcome -- male figure studies -- illustrative photography -- suggestion report and admission fee $1. Studio Associates, Box 1282, Long Island City, New York 11101.

Young man 25, student, WITH CHILD wants to meet bright girl preferably in same predicament for permanent relationship. Call Stan Tr 4-3514.

"High-School teacher, good-looking, N.Y.U. Ph.D. candidate, 33, 6'1", seeks loving affection from a sweet Jewish chick. If interested, call Alby, Tu 2-1423."

German man, 32, would like to meet a sensitive girl with a lot of sense. Box HH, EVO.



Attractive guy, strictly heterosexual, has much to offer doll(s) who will guide, advise, share and encourage my interest in transvestism. So come, you Omphales and advocates of feminine authority, let's have a spanking new friendship. Please phone, collect of course, 201-676-5062 after 8p.m. or write Box XYZ C/O EVO. Females only, please.

YOUNG MAN, sincerely wishes meet liberal chick. No prudes, please! Hobbies: motorcycles, "ham" radio, guitar, flying, good music. Want to seek/share pad soon. Am employed and honorable, but liberal! Some college. Call Ci 7-1900, Ext. 735. Anytime! Leave message or try! Try!

WANTED Talented energetic person to serve as personal secretary -- handle personal correspondence -- work as book dealer supplying libraries with subterranean publications -- regular working hours (6 hours a day, 5 days a week) -- serve as New York message depot while FUGS on tour -- must be able to compose letters, spot narcs, take dictation. Write giving personal information, salary needs, etc. Ed Sanders.

JOEL FRAM! BLISS AWAITS YOU! 677-3750!

Convention is passive death. Seek free spirit girl to share Village apartment sans rent. Spontaneity is life. Call 242-8282.

Wanted: Pretty mother and child to pose for painter. $3 hour. Call 675-2294.

Young man, 31, wishes to meet liberal, intelligent chick. No prudes please! Wouldn't hesitate to share pad if real human. Hobbies: ham radio, flying, motorcycling, guitar. Non-smoker/drinker. City employee, $7,100 salary. CI 7-1900 Ext. 735 (residence). Keep trying!

Man, 29 years young, 5'9", 140, own new car, wish to meet Swinging Liberal-minded Uninhibited young APHRODITE. NO PRUDES, PLEASE!!! If suitable would share pad free.

WANTED Universal minded musicians to form group -- communicate love -- I Ching advised 13 to 19 also 35 on formation of this group. Robin 229-8954.

Guy, wishes to make acquaintance attractive 21-up chick. Object: tennis, skiing, concerts, dance, maybe sharing great apt. Write now, Box 3057, New York, N.Y. 10008.

Woman 36-56 wanted by young (25) man to rendezvous sunny fall afternoons. Write "Aspec" Box 2352, Middle City Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

JACK AND JILL . . . . met through D. A. T. E. & haven't come down yet.------ Questionnaire: 103 Park Ave. New York City

NUDIST SUNBATHERS invited to join our social activities. Program - report (By Oct 15, 1966) Admission fee $1. Write to Studio Associates, Box 1282, Long Island City, New York 11101.

Un-neurotic intelligent gentleman seeks attractive mature female for dinner-dates and consideration of life's vicissitudes and joys. Box 15, EVO.

Lower East Side man, 28, teacher, wants to meet unconventional girl living in the same area. Write Box K3T EVO.

Playwrights -- Come to the aid of Suburbia! Fight L.I. disease! Bring truth! Send scripts: Martin Nolter, 266 Washington Street, Hempstead (538-2834)

DREARY 40 year old man wishes to perk up with a free spirit girl. Discussion, low key gaiety, warm rapport. Write Box 28, Ridgewood, N.J.

Competent, reliable girl to manage EVO's office and operate Justoriter machine (like electric typewriter). No copouts, must be reliable. Four-day week if desired. Salary commensurate with ability but not exceeding $80. Apply now, ask for Allan Katzman.

The art of finding the unusual or the pleasantly unexpected by chance or sagacity. Variety of party service entertainment -- spanking. Please send 5¢ self-addressed envelope with your letter of introduction. Box 69 C/O EVO.

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GROOVE: Finally, an inexpensive service to meet your sensuous needs. Founded by people unsatisfied with the hypocritical and fear-ridden computorized date applications of profit-making "instant-love" corporations. Free application: GROOVE, C/O 44 Van Ness Court, Maplewood, New Jersey. Note: Chicks, the first hundred responses to this ad will be matched free!

School of the Great Fear: Classes in the history of the collisions of the planets and the problems of preventing collisions in the future. Write to Earth Co., 237 East 5th Street, NYC, NY 10003.

WEIRD

Is the COSMOS immeasurably infinite--or ultimately QUASI-FINITE with EVERY POINT of CYCLIC SPACE-TIME omnidirectionally SURROUNDED BY ITSELF? Is the LONGEST VOYAGE of some 500 billion light-years also an INSTANTANEOUS ROUND TRIP? Is the DUALISM of conscious BEING (I and Not-I) an interpretation of reciprocal 'gravitation' between NEUTRAL mass-points and their enveloping cosmospheres of non-Euclidean PARADOX? Circumnavigation, anyone? Donald R. Farmer 139-50 35th Avenue, Flushing, NY 11354

Hamptons -- weekend rides/physique modeling. Before 9:30 a.m., M-F, Pl 5-0957, Bob.

Broccoli is not a religious organization. 56 East 4th.

ELECTRONIC ENGINEER, 33, 5'11", 178 lbs., with various interests and great potential seeks affectionate devoted girl/woman to share destiny. Work near Village, have own unpretentious but unusual garden apartment in East 70's. Both apartment and I yearning for the right feminine touch...You? TR 9-7799 7p.m. to midnight. CALL TONIGHT!!

"TURN ON...TUNE IN...DROP OUT" sweatshirts, also "MAKE LOVE -- NOT WAR" sweatshirts and DOVE sweatshirts, S-M-L-XL, $4, Johnson, 528 Lakeview, Bayport, N.Y.

FRAMINGDONEGODDAMNCHEAP -- custom and common -- good clean work -- fast service. Mike Cohen, 437 East 12th Street. Ca 8-6240.

Halloween trick or treaters -- guy wants discuss your holiday preferences. Party games? Bobbing? Fireplaces? House to house canvassing? Fun-loving, articulate, athletic. No witches. Have broom, will fly. Before 9:30 a.m., M-F, Pl 5-0936, Bob.

Three need ride to Denver -- October 1st through 8th -- one driver -- share expenses. Call Marta, Lt 1-5500, 9-5, 964-2485 after.

Round-trip rides needed to MILLBROOK Fridays for praying mantas. Call 516-538-2141 or Maggie at EVO.

Do you have any extra furniture that you would like to give to a poverty-stricken person? If so, contact Leslie, 361 East 10th Street, #24.

Free ride for young man to country villa interested in modeling for artist. Box 88 C/O EVO.

Seek pal, prefer gal.
Like 'em hot, like 'em cole;
Like 'em just a little bit bold.
Temporary sleeping quarters provided. Phone Morris Yu 2-6120 (6 p.m.)

DEALS

Intensely romantic music-lover (Tchaikowsky, Chopin, Verdi), 36, 5'10", 157, seeks extremely bosomy, shapely, exquisitely feminine, quiet girl--marriage. Stan Berg, 2964 Brighton 12 Street, Brooklyn.

Frenchman, graduate student, writer, will happily share his East Villare apt. with swinging chick. Excellent for learning more about French ways. Rent is on me. YU - 2 - 0847.

I would like to enjoy sex with a shapely pretty female for sexual reasons. No promise of emotional relationship. Michael 989 - 7232.

The Modern Utopian -- news about liberal social change agencies/intentional communities. Free directory. Comes out twice a month, $4 a year. (Sample copy 75¢) Tufts University, Box 44, Medford, Mass.

Photography - Portfolio made of Artist Models, Actresses, Actors, etc. 10 - 8 X 10 Glossy - $25.00. Nat White, 804 E. 11th St. Tel. 228 - 1251.

If you are a bright young chick who meets too many weak willed men and wants to be dominated by a guy who will win your respect, call Bob, 691 - 5361. Mornings best.

love, love , love
J. Richmond

Pyramid transport: Moving, hauling & deliveries. Experienced & equipped "to the point." Reasonable rates. 982 - 7523.

The previous Crea-tion was The Logos/WHO AM I?, asked on a whim, answered I AM GOD. The present Creation is the Logos, on Ego, WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? The Finger-Nails and Toe-Nails are the nails in the hands and feat (Santa Claws). The crown of hair sticks in the head is the Crown of Thorns. Hell equals El equals God (Helohim equals Halloween equals Harlem, 'All forms are costumes, Brahma takes every role' (Brahma equals Barrymore). (cf. Greater Garb-oh). Korea was the fight whether to halve a Career or not (capitol equals Soul). Caucasians tan, not white ('Say tan' equals 'Satan') (black enslaved tan 400 yeahs in Egypt (Moses equals Messias was black man), tan enslaved black 400 years, get out of time into Eternity (Trinity)
(Christmas Tree equals Christ Mystery). VIET Nam equals et'n ommm!' Johnson equals Son of John equals Jesus (Ues, us!') (Yoshua equals Yeshive equals 'Ye're Shiva!'). Earth equals Hertha equals Hera/Here equals Her (She equals Shiva equals Sheba) (she's a he). 'I' is the letter 1. Human Karma (Calmer) at Hermann Goring (Her-Man Go-Ring) (Gringo).
(Wheel / Will / Veil of God) ('You're welcome' equals 'Your will come'). Satori equals Story China equals Ch'an-er (Zenner) ('Zazen equals Say 'sane': Sane Beautyism'). Love equals El plus Jove equals Yhwh equals 'Your Way', God equals Good, Allah equals All, Ahura-Mazda equals 'A Whore master', Buddha/Bodhi equals Beauty/Bodu, Shiva equals Show-er, Abraham equals Brahma, Hewa (Latinized to 'Eve') and Atom (Kadmon equals Godman) fell (Fall equals Autumn/Adam/A Damn) out of (fallout; Atom Bomb equals Bum Adam) God-in of Eatin' for eatin'. LSD equals 'El said' (World equals Word (of) El). Marijuana is 'Mary wanna' ('Behold the Slave of God!'). Jew equals You (J is y-sound). 'Punishment equals Ish meant pun' (on 'Is') ('Is real' equals Is-real). Vatican equals 'What a Kin!'. Sole/Heel/Toe equals Soul (Solo, So low)/Hell (El) Tao (Thou). Bridegroom equals Bride & Groom in one. New Covenant ('New Testament') EQUALS New Deal equals New Delhi. Nevada equals Nirvana, gambling equals to bet equals Tibet, capitol Loser. Om equals Home (I'm Home). U.S. equals 'Us' ('Oz') (You're dreaming, wake up) equals United States (of Consciousness) of A Miracle. Kennedy equals Canada, Oswald equals World of Oz. Don't wear hats, scratch, or put out cigarettes. If eternally interested only, write for free huge 10 p. book (few copies left). (Send large patronage so I can reprint.) I will consider odd job maybe, chick with pad maybe. Benedict Schwartzberg, ('BlackMountain', i.e. A), C/O Lachmann, 314 Second Ave., New York (at Engage evenings perhaps).
Of all Lao's (Low's) '10,000 things', the Word (spoken equals metal equals meant all) is primary ('In der beginning vas der Void'). Mar 11-Apr 22 has been Pisces, not Aries (Notaries), since O ABCD. Strongest single-star influence on Earth is Sirius (equals Serious). Dreams are real. Black is white. Time is the bitch 2 definitions: 1) Comet -- It comes, it goes: a nothing thing. 2) The police are trying to drive everyone else out of the country. The sacred secret is the cigarette.

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