

THE

east
village



NUMBER

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SEPTEMBER 1-15

20¢ outside nyc

15¢

What will happen when they bring in the breakfast tray? The French are stealing

DADDY! DADDY!

must be the year when we get what's coming



Before the dawn of civilization, man was little more than an animal, and he naturally had not even the tiniest part of a fraction of the knowledge which we moderns possess. But he did have a vast capacity for wonder—a capacity which, unfortunately, has drastically declined today.

He Doesn't Look Shook. Hands reach out to greet President Johnson as he arrives at Manchester, N.H., during whirlwind (Associated Press Wirefoto)

SEARCH ENDS

The sky is black with chickens

They are the legendary figures, the oil-rich heirs to the romantic cattlemen of the cowboy films. There are said to be 2,000 millionaires in Texas; but who are they and how rich are they really?

Viet GI Force Rises

DEATH BY INDIFFERENCE... DEATH

THE east village OTHER

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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate)

Letterssee

Dear Sir:

Send us your rebels.
 More than ever, on the northern half of the continent, Canada exists as the alternative to the U.S. melting pot.
 As Madalyn Murray might say, McCarthyism is no longer an issue in the United States because it has triumphed completely.
 Your abortive Great Society should drive rebels to move to this other North American nation to help make Canada "The New Society."
 G.K. Johnson
 Ottawa, Canada

Dear EVO:

The House Un-American Activities Committee is now forever dead and buried, right alongside the myth of a deadly organized and dangerous communist conspiracy to take over the country. Both died of laughter during the week of Aug. 14 while the committee held hearings on a bill designed to punish Americans who aid the Viet Cong. Those who remember the McCarthy hearings, when HUAC and the threat of a gigantic communist conspiracy reigned supreme in the land, should recall the terrible, oppressive-seriousness of the affair. Even the most vociferous critics of the debacle were awed and overcome by the sacrilege of the ceremony. And by taking the spectacle seriously, they lent it power and might to trample a nation.

But the week of Aug. 14, all that ended. It was almost pathetic because neither the protestors nor the Congressmen realized they had suddenly been lumped on the same side of the fence--both making their own moral choice as to which laws they would obey and which they wouldn't. But both sides contributed to make the entire carrying-on a farce, where working for TIME magazine as a researcher was hilarious. Not even George Lincoln Rockwell will ever again be able to seriously accuse a young man in moustache and Revolutionary Army uniform of being the leader of a careful, precise, devious, diabolical scheme to turn Washington over to Moscow. Nor can congressmen who plead with witnesses to take the Fifth Amendment ever be able to carry the bloody sceptre of McCarthy's kingdom of terror. The next version of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" will have to be a musical comedy.

A MUSICAL COMEDY.
 Sean Eric

Dear Sirs:

This is to protest against the terrible attack upon the moral character of the late FDR which appeared in the national press last week. I happen to know for a fact, and this is based on first hand experience, that what those awful papers suggested about him is a mendacious allegation. FDR couldn't get a hard-on! If Eleanor did indeed have misgivings, they were unfounded. Honi qui sont mal y pense, baby.
 Sugar Aronowitz
 Baltimore

EMERGING: a Fifth Estate

by Walter H. Bowart

Millions of large majestic trees are cut from the national forests, each to be ground into pulp and pressed into a cheap grade of paper which disintegrates when exposed to air over a period of time.

While American newspapers have been disintegrating faster than the paper that they're printed on, newsprint production and consumption annually exceeds that of each preceding year. The pulp that went to the folded dailies now goes out to suburban shopping center tabloids, which are springing up from Montauk to Miami like ragweed because "people just like to read about themselves."

The role of the newspaper has changed, and everyone but the management and labourers know it. International and national news is covered by television which with its instantaneous communication has made newspapers into telephone books or at best court records that serve to prove how what Huntley said to Brinkley at six o'clock last night actually occurred. Who needs even the pictures of the Daily News when real live drama, such as the assassination of President Kennedy and Oswald, comes to us in the right time, transcending space?

Only local coverage is neglected by the mass instantaneous media, and thus the proliferation of little homey papers are often given away free in the suburban supermarkets. Meanwhile the big town dailies are being bought up by the local television interests and sometimes by much larger firms with national axes to grind, producing monopolies on the news in many cities.

In reaction to this monopolistic tendency, a "fifth estate" has emerged over the past two years. In Los Angeles, San Francisco, Berkeley, Washington, Detroit, London, and New York, shoe-string publications resembling newspapers have burst into circulation, carrying the torch of the "free press" as it used to be.

They are published by youthful artists or "bohemians" who have felt a need to struggle for a voice in the face of media conformity. The papers of the fifth estate or underground concern themselves with civil libertarian issues: the war in Vietnam, freedom of pleasure, freedom of

religious choice, freedom of privacy, and freedom to dissent in a time where cynicism--the traditional frame of mind for the journalist--is lacking in the monied press. The fifth estate is fighting for cynicism's reinstatement.

What is killing the big city dailies is obsolete production and a union stranglehold from men who operate the obsolete technology by which these dinosaurs are produced: Linotype-letterpress. The young fifth estate is utilizing to full advantage modern offset-cold type techniques which are fast, light-weight, and half as expensive to operate as the old hot type method. All the underground papers are offset and most of their type is set in the small editorial offices by ordinary typists.

The question has been posed as to whether daily papers are fulfilling any function except as media for advertising, and in the light of the new underground press success, the question becomes rhetorical. The concepts of what is news and what is print have changed through T.V.'s impact. What the fifth estate papers have realized and what the big dinosaurs have failed to notice is that newspapers from necessity have to become magazines.

There is no longer any need to rush out and get the morning paper when one can tune in the morning news or the "Today" show on the gobble box and get filled in on what's been doing in China while you were asleep. In order to survive, the newspaper must become a magazine providing abstract reflection on the hard news and also in-depth, reflective reportage.

It is in this sphere where the Underground Press Syndicate marks a pending era of considerable hope. If this natural tendency of the newspaper toward the magazine continues, the golden age of public thinking will be upon us. Then the newspaper you've always bought for 7, 10, or 15 cents, that disintegrating piece of printed pulp which is used to wrap fish or amuse subway riders or serve as toilet paper, will have become an intellectual journal.

LETTER

Dear EVO:

We have so far distributed several thousand of the petition that follows. We suggest that readers sign it and mail to their congressman.

We the people of the United States, dedicated to protect the Constitution, to preserve it from violations, and alarmed by the U.S.A.'s entry into the war in Viet Nam, do solemnly petition the House of Representatives to IMPEACH PRES. JOHNSON.

Whereas Congress shall have sole power to declare war, Article I Section 8:11, and Pres. Johnson has said This Is War and has committed the U.S. to enter a war in Viet Nam unconstitutionally,

Whereas Pres. Johnson has thereby violated his oath of office to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution and has usurped the power of Congress,

We the people of the United States demand that the House of Representatives immediately begin proceedings to impeach Pres. Johnson and to remove him from office.

Signed _____

Mark DiSvero
 New York, New York

SUBSCRIBE
 \$3.00 for
 ONE YEAR

I enclose check/money order for \$ _____

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City _____

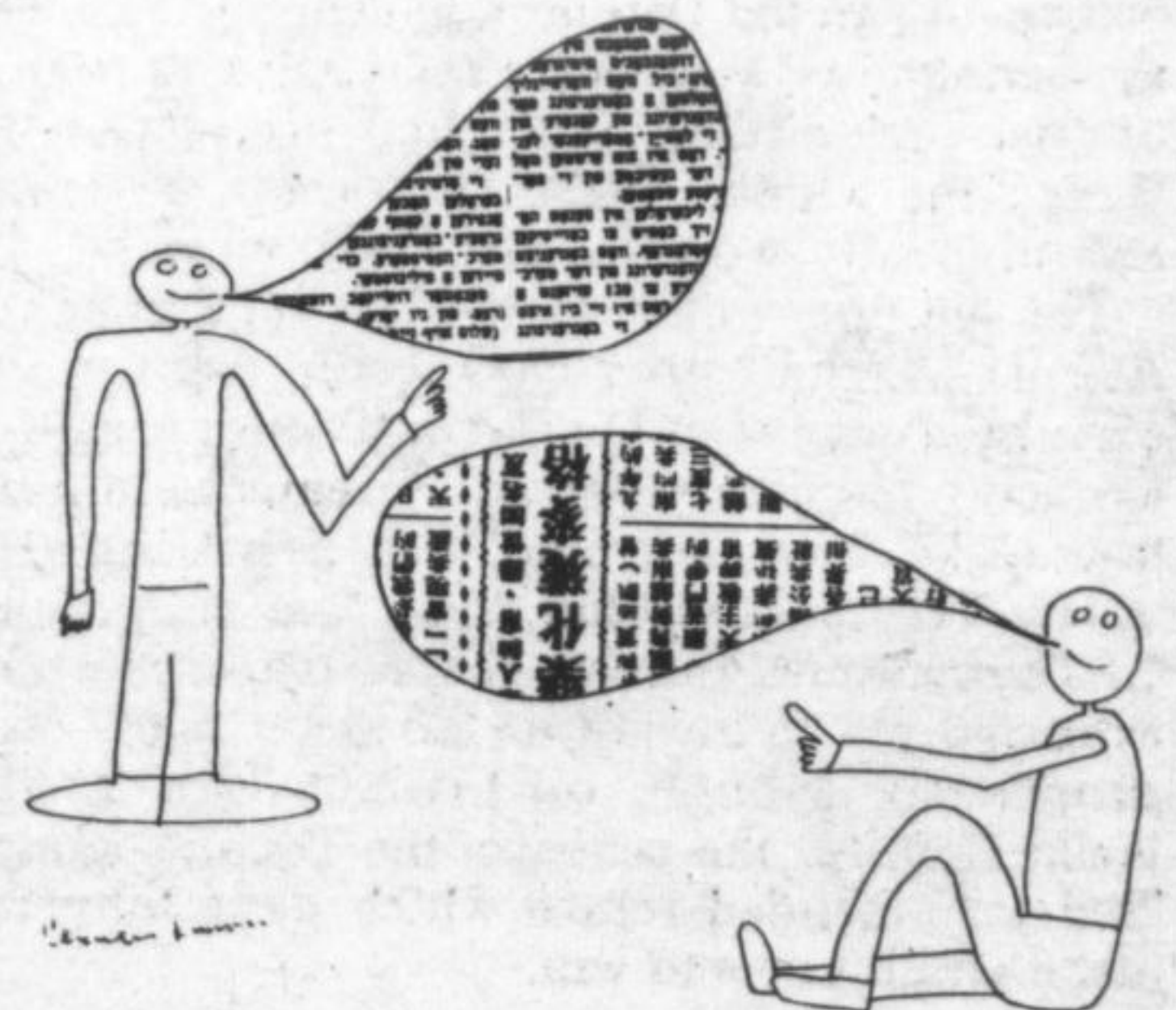
State _____ Zip # _____

Make checks and money order payable to:

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
 BOX 571, PETER STUYVEBANT STATION,
 NEW YORK

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE exists to facilitate the transmission of news, features and advertising between anti-Establishment, avant-garde, new-left, youth oriented periodicals which share common aims and interests. Its members are free to pick up each other's features without remuneration. (The UPS service can be subscribed to by outside organizations at fees commensurate with exposure and/or circulation). Total circulation of UPS papers at present is 55,000, a figure reached by adding together the most recent issue sale for all the following papers (some of which appear monthly or fortnightly):

- The East Village Other, 147 Avenue A, New York 10009. Appears 1st and 15th of each month, 15,000 circulation; \$3 annually.
- The Los Angeles Free Press, 5903 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90038. Appears weekly, 11,000; \$5 annually.
- The Berkeley Barb, 2421 Oregon Street, Berkeley, Calif., 94705. Weekly, 8,000; \$5 annually.
- The Fifth Estate, 1101 W. Warren Street, Detroit, Mich. 48201. Fortnightly, 3,000; \$2.50 annually.
- The Paper, 130 Linden Street, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. Weekly, except summer; 3,000.
- Sanity, 3837 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal 18, P.Q. Canada. Monthly, 5,000; \$2.50 annually.
- Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, London N.1. England. Weekly, 6,400; \$6.50 annually.



fact: FORTAS FINKED

Copyright Underground Press Syndicate

by Irving Shushick —

It was the 21st day of March. The sounds of hob-nailed boots hammering on the pavement were echoing unheard among the Olympic avenues of Washington when the right thumb on the poised fifth hand slowly inverted to a full, down, nay position. So quick, so quiet, so complete was the Death of Free Speech that only a belated whimper of outrage was heard from the lips of the Americans: the liberals, the writers, the artists, the avant garde, the New Left, the motherfuckers.

Ralph Ginzburg, the publisher of EROS, THE HOUSEWIFE'S HANDBOOK ON SELECTIVE PROMISCUITY, LIASON and FACT magazine, was crushed beneath the falling thumb of the fifth hand. Abe Fortas, the LBJ appointee to the Supreme Court cast that last nay vote which sentenced Ginzburg to five years in an 8 by 10 cage and \$42,000 in fines. Forty-two thousand dollars — one dollar for each kid speculated to have ejaculated upon the exposed tits of Venus de Milo.

The decision was hailed by Time Magazine as being "a catching up with the moral election returns."

When Ginzburg, on that 21st day, viewed the black, stinking pall of smoke which hung like a disease above the mouthings of the nation's highest tribunal of justice, he muttered, "Today's decision was worthy of a Russian Court, not of the United States Supreme Court." But such a statement was clearly nothing more than sour grapes coming from a convicted archfiend masturbation mogul responsible for the moral decay eating at the quick of the American Empire. For a man not in tune with the "moral election returns," he had gotten what he deserved.

Was Ginzburg surprised? Bet your hoarded pack of prophylactics he was. He admitted that he was especially surprised by the Fifth Hand. Poor Ralph, the bright young man, couldn't understand why that hand had fallen.

Ginzburg had always believed that the Fifth Hand would be on his side. To think otherwise would have been preposterous. After all, had it not been Fortas who had always been committed to the cause of Civil Liberties? Was it not Fortas' hand which had raised a mighty sword in defense of those oppressed by the Tyrant from Wisconsin? And Ginzburg knew that Abe had won victory for Gideon; thus assuring all men, the rich and the poor, of counsel and justice. And when in the past the man named Roth had been accused of the same crime Ginzburg faced, was it not the hand of Abe Fortas which had penned a brief *amicus curiae* which pleaded that the judges abolish censorship for all time?

What Ginzburg did not realize was that while he was obscenely promoting and advertising some non-obscene publications; and while he was attacking the Texan in FACT magazine, the Texan was counting the moral election returns and the Texan was smoothly tickling the moist palm of the Fifth Hand, his bosom buddy. LBJ and Fortas were remarkably adept when it came to counting election returns. It was in 1948 that they ventured forth on their first counting expedition. Only that time the returns had been political, not moral: the Texan needed someone to explain away why he had suddenly become the winner over Coke Stevenson, in the Democratic Primary race for the Senate by 87 votes (in an election in which almost one million votes had been cast). In Texas the winner of the Democratic Primary automatically won the November election.

The election which took place on Saturday, August 28, had been rip-snortin' free-for-all, even by Texas standards. On Wednesday, September 1, the Texas Election Bureau announced that Coke Stevenson had beaten LBJ by 100 votes. Yet on Thursday, Sept. 2 at high noon, LBJ proclaimed that he was the true victor and exhorted his followers to "do their duty." Appropriately enough, on Friday, Sept. 3, Jim Wells County, the center of the Texan's camp, filed an amended return which gave Johnson just enough votes to win.



Wide World Photos

The Honorable Abe Fortas, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States

Old Coke was understandably fit to be tied. Without a moment's hesitation, he sent some of his boys (two former F. B. I. men) down to Jim Wells County to look at those week-late votes. Stevenson's investigators went to the Democratic Executive Committee of Jim Wells County and were told by the Chairman and the Secretary that the late votes looked sort of funny. For one thing, those suddenly appearing votes were in green ink, while the rest had been in black. Furthermore, some of those new votes had been cast by long-time residents of Boot Hill. But the funniest thing about the Texan's latest votes was the fact that they appeared to be cast by a mob of stalwart citizens who just happened to stroll into the polling place in alphabetical order.

When the Texan's gang heard that Coke was snooping around in the back room of their saloon, a posse was formed which rushed right over to the State Court House in Austin. There they got an injunction forbidding Jim Wells County to change the returns. Then, on Sept. 13, with the shadow of the November elections growing imminent, the State Democratic election committee had to decide whose name was to appear on the ballot boxes. By a vote of 29 to 28, LBJ won.

Stevenson then attempted to fight the Texan's "victory" before the State Democratic Convention, but his followers were barred from the door. Undaunted, Stevenson went to the Federal District Court and argued that his civil rights had been violated when he was deprived of an honest and fair election count. After a full hearing during which both sides produced their evidence, the Federal Court judge, T. W. Davidson, ruled in favor of Stevenson and issued an order restraining the Secretary of State from placing the LBJ brand on the ballot boxes.

The Federal Court then sent its own investigators to Jim Wells County to have a look at Mr. Johnson's votes. This was making things a bit too uncomfortable for the Texan. In a last ditch-fight to stop the Federal investigation, LBJ's legal advisers again resorted to the State court system. But this time the Texas Supreme Court refused to interfere with the Federal action. To most people it looked as though the eyes of Texas were not gazing with favor upon LBJ.

The Federal investigators in Jim Wells County found that they were going to have a difficult time trying to secure the voting list in question. It appeared that one of the two copies

continued from page 3

FINK FORTAS

of the list had been accidentally "stolen" and that the remaining copy was tucked away in a sealed ballot box. To get at that sealed box would require just a day or so more of time, but that time was not to be made available. For now, when things never looked more hopeless for the Texan, the reins of his fortune were placed in the sure hands of Abe Fortas.

Fortas had received a desperate call for help from the beleaguered Texan's camp and he responded in the nick of time with a charge reminiscent of the cavalry of old. It was Abe who carried the battle to the Supreme Court of the United States where what had appeared to be the Alamo of Byrdland was turned into an irreversible victory. The Supreme Court held that the Federal Court's order had to be set aside as unwarranted interference with state election procedures. Thus, the Federal investigation was brought to a grinding halt on the eve of the opening of the ballot box containing the revealing votes.

In a final, dogged effort, Stevenson appealed to the United States Senate to refuse to seat Johnson. The Senate responded by sending its own investigating committee to Jim Wells County in order to look at the mysterious Pandora's box which Coke had said would contain rope enough to hang 87 Texans. But, strangely enough, the Senate fellows never saw the proof because the ballot boxes had been accidentally "burned" by a well-intentioned janitor. And so, in 1948, "Landslide" Lyndon became a Senator of the United States.

The bond between the Texan and Fortas was from that time unbreakable. And fortune continued to smile upon the Texan who became the President of the United States as a result of the murder of John F. Kennedy.

The new President immediately sought the help of his friend, his confidant, his troubleshooter, and his personal attorney, Abe Fortas. Fortas helped in the selection of those who were to fill important positions in the new administration. He proofread the Texan's public utterances and he gave counsel in the huddles which resulted in the creation of the administration's policy. Theodore H. White, in "The Making of the President, 1964," named Fortas as one of the three men the Texan "could trust with his own inner ruminative thinking." Everywhere one looked in Washington there could be seen the fingerprints of Fortas' hand. The Texan authorized him to solve the problem of satisfying the public outcry for an investigation of the assassination of the Texan's young predecessor.

The result of Fortas' work was the selection of the members of the Warren Commission, making his homeland "the Budapest of the Western Hemisphere."

But what was Fortas getting out of all this besides the big fat fees? True, he had been offered the job of Attorney General of the United States, but this was not to his liking. The result of the Warren Commission was the whitewash conviction of a nonentity named Lee Harvey Oswald whom many responsible investigators believe, after examining the Commission's own report, could not—alone—have committed the crime of the century.

When the Texan's vast television holdings aroused cries of conflict of interest, it was Fortas' hand which attempted to apply a salve in the form of a trust agreement which placed the rich holdings under the "control" of an old friend of LBJ. Even the slow-thinking N. Y. Times was fast enough to see that the franchises which constitute the life blood of TV stations are "issued by the FCC, whose members are appointed by the President."

Yessir, podner, things got so hairy in Washington, what with Bobby Baker and the rest, that Fortas was put to work round-the-clock manning a big broom with which the dung was swept beneath the Texan's buffalo rug. When the Capitol Vending Machine Company slapped Mr. Baker with a civil suit, Honest Abe showed up in court as Bobby's mouthpiece. This, of course, made several of the members of Congress wonder aloud about the connection between the Texan and Baker. Having second thoughts, Fortas, the grey eminence of the White House, withdrew as Baker's counsel with the deadpanned explanation that his relationship as a presidential advisor prevented him from "effectively representing Mr. Baker without embarrassment."

The wagging tongues of Washingtonians had hardly been put to rest when Walter Jenkins, the hard-working aide to the Texan, heard that the Washington Star had discovered that he was prone to relax after work in the men's room of a YMCA. Walter hurriedly ran for comfort not to the President, but to Abe Fortas. Immediately Fortas called the Star and asked them to be good guys and squelch the story because Jenkins was finished as a White House aide anyway. When the Texan heard that Walter had been fired, he accepted his ex-aide's resignation.

Yes, the Texan loved Abe and he could depend upon him for quick sure results. So, when the Dominican Republic exploded in revolution and the Texan sent U. S. troops there as

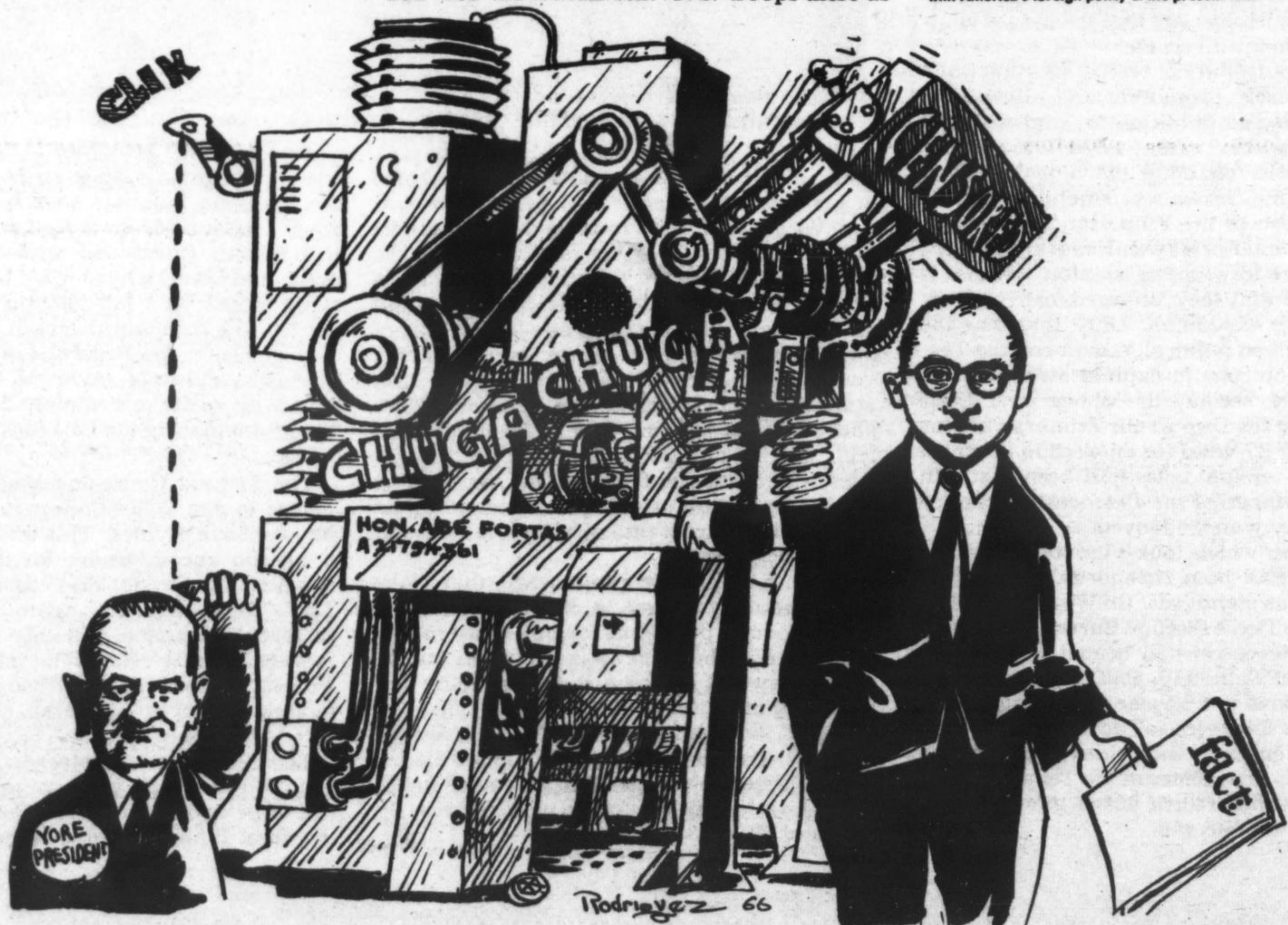
peace-makers, Fortas was put to work behind the scenes as the unofficial-official ambassador whose role it was to calm down people like Juan Bosch who cried that the Texan was Nor did he look with favor upon becoming Ambassador to France or England. Some Texanologists were even rude enough to state that the Texan's first public health messages contained no reference to the Surgeon General's report upon the causal relationship between cigarette smoking and cancer because the Phillip Morris folks were the clients of Abe Fortas' law firm.

And then the Fifth Hand was appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States over the outcries of a few of the elected members of Congress led by Senator Carl T. Curtis (R. Neb.) who questioned Fortas' integrity after reflecting upon his record of behind-the-scenes wheeling and dealing. Curtis believed that Honest Abe was the kind of man who would "put the U. S. last rather than first,"—the way he handled the Texan's affairs. But this voice of dissent was not enough to stop the hand of fate.

It was at this point that Ginzburg's body appeared at the far end of the arena. He was the perfect, ready-made patsy, just like Lee Harvey Oswald. Ginzburg the man who had gotten southerners uptight because he had published photos of a lily-white lady being embraced by a nigger. Ginzburg, the greedy, pandering Jew. His blood could better expiate the many sins perpetrated against the moral sanctity of our Fatherland. And so the crowd roared to the Texan, "Let's count the moral election returns." Ginzburg lost by one vote.

Poor Ralph, the sex fiend. He can now sit in the corner of his cage for five years and think about the strange events of the past few months. He can be proud, too. After all, there aren't that many criminals who can boast that a new crime was invented just to finger them. Poor lascivious Ralph will have to smile from now on every time his lips touch the hole on a bottle of "Wet and Wild Seven-Up" or, if they let him read a magazine, he'll crack up over the Schenley ad showing a broad with a bottle of booze stuck between her legs. Ralph will laugh because he has a sense of humor and he realizes the ironic shame caused by his imprisonment. After all, he is America's only certified advertising and promotional pornographer—and how many of them have we had lately?

The U. S. Senate last week passed a bill authorizing the expenditure of 58 billion dollars for such aggressive military acts as seem consistent with America's foreign policy at the present time.



what the POT PEOPLE are

By Joel Meltz



What are the pot people doing? They are doing the next best thing to changing the world: they are changing the chemistry of the brain that perceives the world, as people have done in one way or another in every culture we know of since we know not when. People will chew herbs, roots, leaves, sticks and stones, anything, to get high. There's no escaping it: getting high is apparently part of the human condition. It's the question of what people use to get high, and how they get when they are on high, that is so vitally intriguing, because if you know how someone likes to be high, you also know how and why he doesn't like not being high.

In our country the national high is alcohol. The alcohol high is a filthy and low thing in comparison with almost any high the world has to offer. It is a "high" of emptiness, not creation; it actually dulls the senses, instead of sharpening them, like most highs do; and alcohol has never made anyone, happy for long. In addition, alcohol is potentially addictive, which potentiality is eagerly seized upon early in life by millions who suffer alcohol poisoning and bad nutrition for the rest of their lives. This sort of thing can bring pleasure *only* to a mind that is frightened so badly that it finds perception itself necessarily painful. To take comfort in such an inherently negative manner as alcohol is a practice so patently cowardly that alcohol is everywhere instinctively felt to be a thing of an immoral nature; and yet it is the national pastime. The whiskey drinkers do indeed have cause for shame. The biting irony is the juice-heads' widely successful attempts to project their own shame onto marijuana, a drug of vastly different properties.



There is a whole set of popular beliefs surrounding marijuana, almost all of which are completely false, but form the basis for laws anyway. M. is said to be addictive, which scientists' studies have shown not to be the case in any sense at all; it is said to lead to really dangerous drugs, such as heroin, morphine, etc., which it positively does not do because its effect is totally dissimilar to these drugs. These very widespread illusions were mostly planted in the late nineteen-thirties by a sensationalistic press, probably working in conjunction with the liquor industry. The liquor industry naturally desires to remain as prosperous as it currently is, and if marijuana were legal there would probably be a smaller liquor industry in a very short time, because if somebody needs to get high, and there's marijuana around most people who have tried both won't settle for a drink.

Then too, there's the tobacco industry, grinding out its deadly dosage day after day, and it would lose, too, because pot tastes so very much better than tobacco that millions would rebel in disgust. As usual, the majority is wrong, because it is fool enough to allow itself to be led by the selfish few. However, what is unusual indeed, is that there is currently booming a minority that is rebelling against the majority and smoking pot right and left, high and low. The full extent of this group is something we can never fully grasp, but what we can glimpse of its size now and then staggers the mind. Busboys, corporation presidents—in fact whole corporations—as well as technicians, waiters, musicians, actors, cops, teachers and high school kids, all turn on.

The sub-culture that has thus taken form has become large enough to endure any policely

efforts short of mass arrests. Within the somewhat constraining mores of pot culture, there is relative ease and freedom. Marijuana was never expensive, and it is getting cheaper by the hour, due to the rapidly expanding market. So it is often shared freely among friends, much in the same manner that food is shared by the Eskimos. Pot smokers, like Eskimos, have to hunt for their sustenance: pot doesn't grow on trees, so to speak, and sometimes it can become very scarce indeed.



Pot smokers have little patience with selfishness. It is good to own a large amount of pot, but on the other hand, hoarding the stuff for one's private uses is considered almost criminal. Being a head is still a little like membership in a vast secret society with its rituals and passwords—and a whole new language that has been absorbed, often with changed meanings into the societal structure.

For sometime now pot terms have been creeping into everyday speech, a puzzle to law and lexicographer alike. "Turn-on," "score," "zonked" and the like, are often used by squares to mean things that only they, the squares, understand.

Indeed, pot is an easy habit to break, but how many do? Some do, and some don't. Sooner or later, anyone who has been smoking pot for any length of time asks himself if he should stop or go on, and this is a difficult and complicated question, simple though it seems to some.



The question of what is and what isn't addiction, is no easy thing to decide. Certainly marijuana smokers do not become ill or violent if deprived of pot, but on the other hand, those who smoke it tend to continue to smoke it, and very often to smoke it continually. The habitual compulsion to smoke tobacco or to drink alcohol, or to get a heroin fix, is far stronger than the urge to marijuana.

It is true, and inestimably unfortunate, that most of us must develop blocks to perception in order to survive modern "living." But it does not therefore follow that blocks and restrictions of perceptions are unnecessary. They are there, in one's mind, and they can't be erased

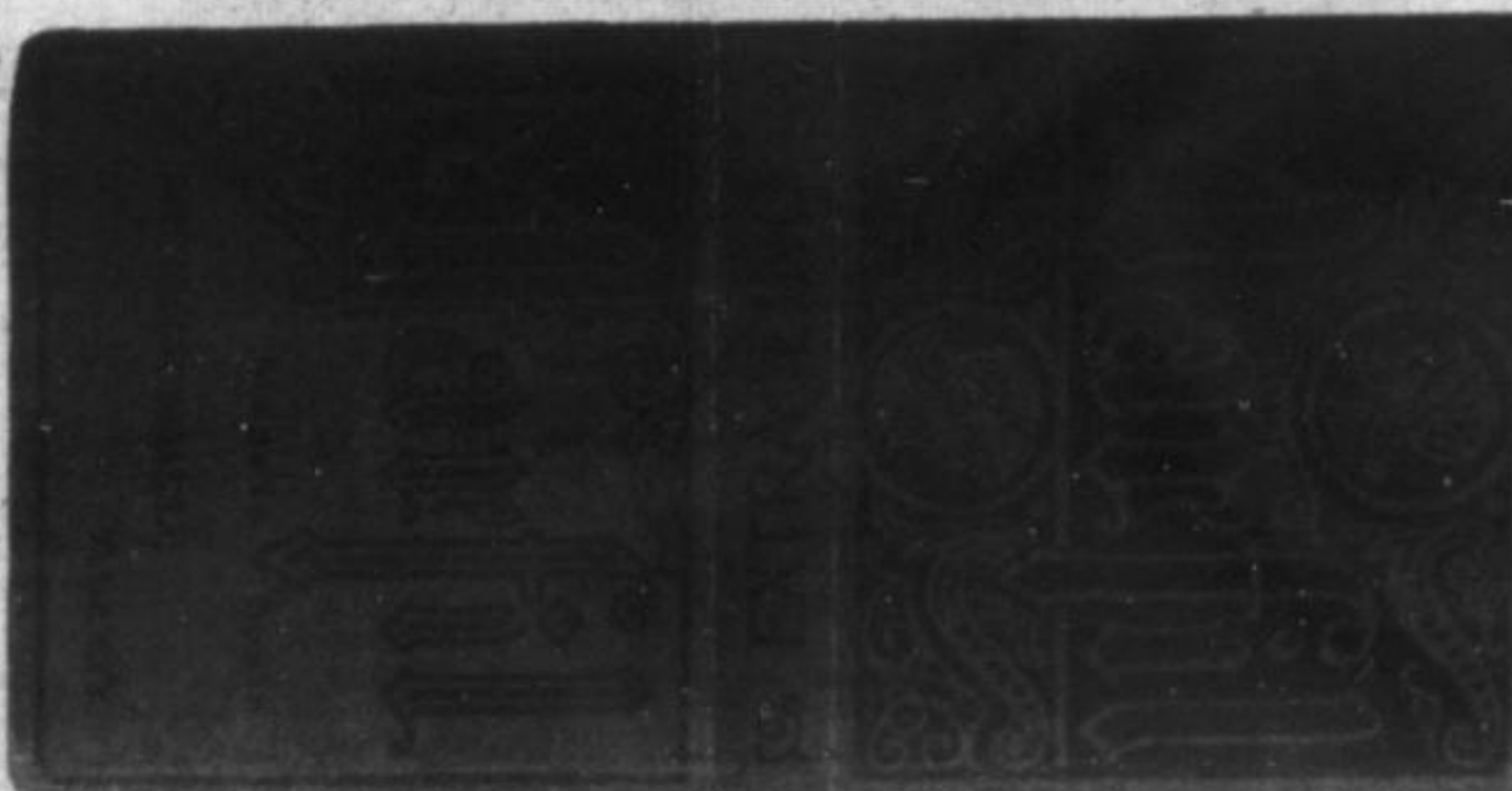
El papel de fumar JEAN de hilo puro, además de su calidad excepcional, se destaca por una combustión perfecta, moderada y suficientemente continua al mismo tiempo, y por un engomado ejecutado con esmero y con la más escogida goma arábiga.



nearly as easily as they can be quieted. Moreover, mental blocks are not inherited from our ancestors, but are created daily by us; they are not only part and parcel of the mind, but a function of it as well. Therefore, the only way to genuinely cleanse the mind of blocks is to eliminate the fear of life that maintains them. Marijuana *can* be used as a mind cleansing agent. It is no secret that it can also be used to clutter the mind with filth, delusions, and lies. Whether or not the inexperienced critics who put down pot can ever comprehend this, the strange truth about marijuana is that it brings not hallucinations and dreams, but illumination, comprehension, and truth.

Finally, pot is a paradox: it can destroy freedom; or liberate deliciously. The question for the future is this: when the world at large—the real world of maniacs, fools, and murderers that runs most of what runs at all—finds out what pot is about (and nowadays, they are hurrying to it in droves) how will pot be utilized? To what use can a murderously insane society put a drug of sanity and truth?

Joel Meltz is a composer, pianist, and conductor. His book, *The Pot Smokers' Handbook*, will be published this winter.



Interview With a Realist

paul krassner

, the intrepid editor and publisher of *The Realist*, recently moved his offices to Publishers Row' on Avenue A near Tompkins Park. Walter Bowart the intrepid publisher of *EVO* paid him a visit to reflect, talk over the publishing game, and steal his subscription lists. The result of that encounter follows:

EVO: How long have you been a realist?

KRASSNER: I don't think I am yet, because I know I'm going to die, and yet I keep wasting time. But I guess I've always been a realist in accepting my fallibility.

EVO: Isn't that sort of a morbid thought for a young man?

K: Oh, I'm very morbid. Like, the more I love people, the more I think about them dying. In fact there are some people who when they find that out, resent that I don't think about them dead.

EVO: To what extent is your necrophiliac experience?

K: That's a loaded question if I ever heard one. It's not necrophilia, although I would like to try that. I mean nothing sick like beating the corpse or anything. I mean, just good healthy love-making. Although that would prove what a pervert I am. You see, I'm so hung up that I would somehow want to make the corpse come first, and several times.

EVO: How long have you been publishing *THE REALIST*?

K: It's starting its ninth year now.

EVO: When you started, you said you intended to have no taboos. Have any taboos developed in the past eight years?

K: Well, let me give you an example which relates to what I was talking about before in our little morbid period.

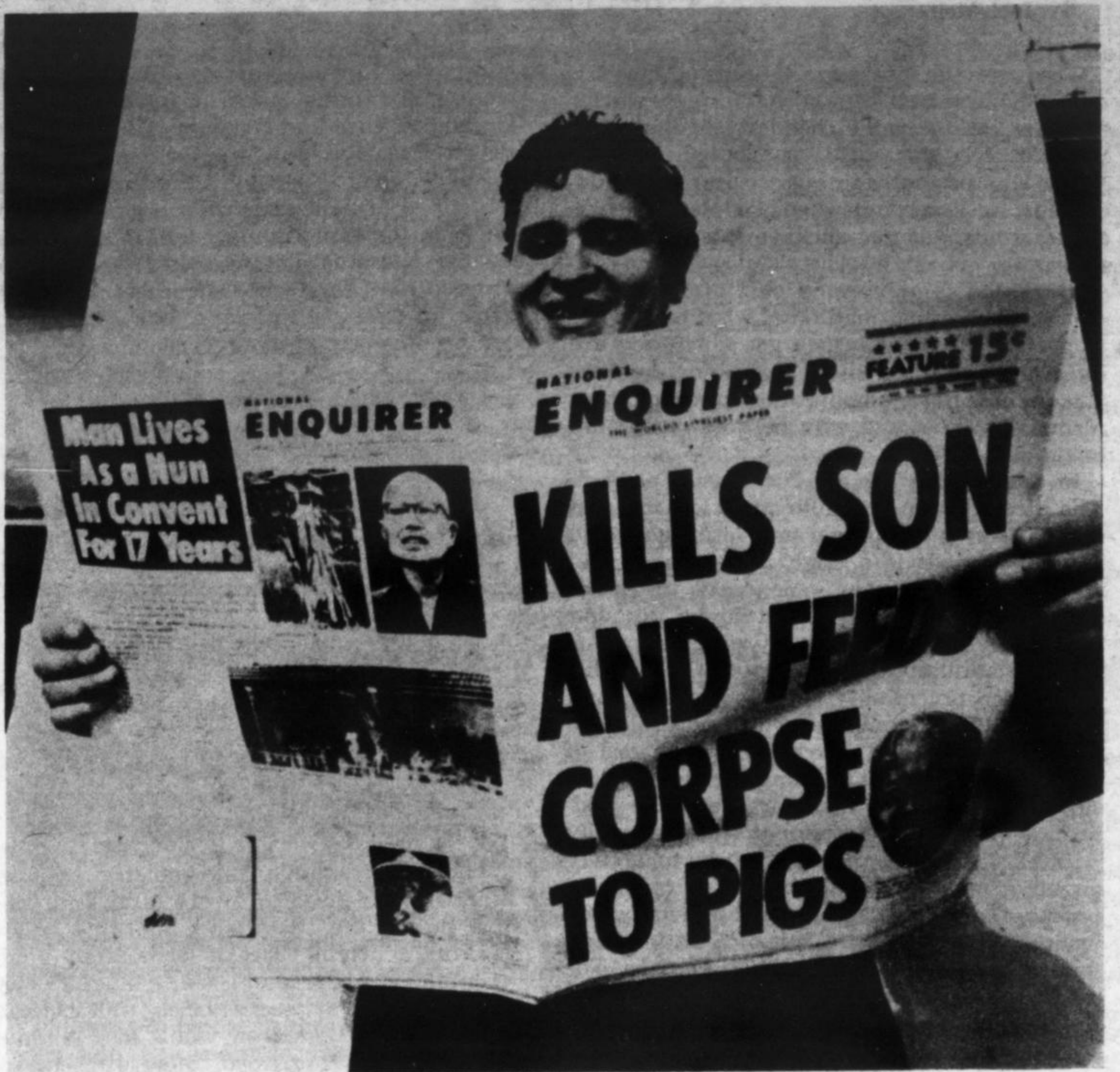
Obituaries on Lenny Bruce are now kind of a taboo. I did one when he was alive, when he could see it, and you know that's really the essence of *THE REALIST*: this kind of existentialist attitude. So there would be no point in having obituaries now for Bruce although I've gotten a few already, well-written and sincere and sentimental. But there's no point in doing that now.

I think I may start a whole series of advance obituaries. The only problem is, I did an obituary of Bruce two years ago and now look, he's dead, and people will look to see who the next one is and when he's going to die. That would be like the kiss of death. You know, "Please don't do an obituary on me, Paul, I'm happy the way I am."

Obviousness is another taboo. Like the John Birch Society is such an easy target that in effect it's a taboo because they're too easy to attack and anybody can attack them, so I have no editorial excuse to make fun of them because they do such a good job themselves.

I've gotten bored with attacking God, in a way like blaming God for things, which is, since I'm an atheist, a contradiction of terms. Even the four letter word thing, there's not much more we can say about that. And so, I would say, reject an article proclaiming the freedom of the press aspect of using four letter words because we've done it in action, we don't have to worry about the theory.

EVO: People keep saying, "Things aren't really as bad as you think they are." They say it's paranoia about the present administration, it's paranoia about the escalation of the war in Viet Nam. How do you feel about that?



K: Well, you see they say that to you because you're well off, let them try and tell that to a Vietnamese peasant who has just been burned by napalm and see what his reaction is. Tell that Vietnamese family that they're paranoid as they look over and see Johnson's bombers there. I think the people who say that are masters of detachment.

It's the new American Zen form of detachment. People like Tim Leary and Richard Alpert, and those guys study for years and years and years to learn how to detach themselves. And these people can do it in one hour of Peyton Place. But in that process of detachment they have just to substitute involvement, substituting the fantasy life of television or whatever else they substitute: a baseball game or whatever. And I'm not putting that down. I'm for freedom of substitute involvement.

EVO: It is rumored that you were once in Show business.

K: I was a comedian back in the 50's. My stage name was Paul Maul, and I just didn't like night clubs. I was tempted to go back into night clubs just to continue carrying Lenny Bruce's torch, but that would be kind of an insult to him. I still do shows once in a while. I'm doing a show at Town Hall called "An Afternoon With Paul Krassner" on Thursday night, Sept. 8, because I just like to get back before a live audience once in a while. There's a kind of stimulation there that you don't get at a typewriter.

EVO: Have you ever regretted getting involved in publishing?

K: No, I haven't regretted it, but probably now I have the best of both because I go before really groovy audiences. So there's a whole rapport before I come on stage because most of the time I've already read my writing, you know, which is very personal journalism.

EVO: Many people consider you to be some sort of political figure. What kind of politi-

cal figure do you consider yourself to be?

K: Well, I really try to be independent. I know I've been called Communist, or certainly Left Wing, so it's very interesting to get a letter just today from a guy in answer to an editorial I wrote called "Mind over Martyr." It was about a memorial for Leo Bernard, who is the young man who got murdered in the Socialist Workers Party Headquarters in Detroit. And it talked about how the Socialist Revolution is taking much more time than the Teen-Age Revolution. I did a very surrealistic thing like singing rock'n'roll songs at the memorial.

So I got a letter from a subscriber cancelling his subscription because he said I'm a reactionary.

EVO: Are you a new leftist?

K: I'm sort of a court jester of the new left. Radical is a better name, because left has all the connotations of the old partyism where people went around calling each other comrade. There are a lot of people in the new left who have never even read Marx.

EVO: Have you noticed that your audience has shifted in the last few years?

K: Well, in California they move around a lot.

EVO: I mean is it getting younger?

K: In the beginning years there was one guy who was in pre-law school who's now a patent lawyer. So in that sense they've gotten older. It would be a science fiction story if they were getting younger. But I guess with the increase of publicity and availability more young people have come into contact with *THE REALIST*. This is built up by word of mouth, so I'm getting more and more subscriptions from college libraries and I guess that may be an indication of what you're saying. But I don't know how it fares with the teeny boppers.

EVO: You have been travelling across the country speaking to college audiences. You mentioned that you had a question period is the most enlightening to you. What is



Bugging By Button

By Janet L. Wolfe

A new nose-thumbing form of communication -- the slogan-bearing lapel button -- is solving old afflictions of identity and social protest while burying many of these same problems under a sometimes dangerous deception of humor.

"A whole new culture is emerging," says Randolph Wicker, head of a business which is selling almost 85,000 buttons a month. "Many button maxims -- CUNNILINGUS NOW, for example -- are the expression of long-suppressed ideas you won't find written anywhere else."

The disks pinned boldly to the turtleneck, displayed on the inside of a briefcase or on someone's wall, and bearing such declarations as COPULATE FOR COEXISTENCE and KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST emanate largely from two thriving shops: The Big Store at 112 MacDougal St., in the heart of the Village; and Wicker's outlet, Underground Uplift Unlimited, at 28 St. Mark's Place.

In the packed 7x9 ft. shop on MacDougal, army-surplus-clad owner Mark Sloan soberly philosophizes on the Great Button Boom. "Sure, we sell a lot to kids in the area. But look at our mailing list. People from Denver, Ft. Chaffee, Arizona, and Great Neck are coming in and buying the buttons. We even had a brigadier general in the other day." Cops drop by to buy dozens of SUPPORT NEW YORK'S FINEST: BRIBE A COP TODAY buttons. A bowery drunk will fall in love with a button and return in ten minutes with a pan handled quarter to claim it. Pre-teen children, long the dominators of the beanie-button field, have been pre-empted by their parents and even grandparents. "What does a kid know about buttons like PSYCHEDELIZE SUBURBIA or SOCRATES EATS HEMLOCK?" rhetorizes Wicker.

Inspiration for the hundreds of slogans come from divers sources--from subway graffiti to sayings of the 30's. SEX--USE IT BEFORE YOU LOSE IT is a New England phrase many clients' grandfathers used. Though less popular than most of their contemporary competitors, circa 1930-40 buttons (I COULD JAZZ ALL NIGHT, I'M LOOKING FOR A THRILL) are considered corny by most of the younger clients, but still have a certain charm: TEASE MY BILLY AND I'LL TEASE YOUR NANNY. Some, such as DON'T BE A NERVOUS NELLIE (from an LBJ speech) and GO-GO GALDALF (written in elvish) are beyond the ken of most. Local crises bring on buttons like HELL WITH QUILL--practically a sell-out during the transit strike and now one of Sloan's leading dust collectors ("We're thinking of remaindering it"). In the span of an hour, eight people may offer the proprietors a dozen new ideas: the information that they know of someone who used to own a button factory "who just threw out hundreds of great slogan buttons," or a prize-winning insertion into the button-contest box.

Psychedelic buttons from the LSD-pot subculture threaten to flood the market. "It's getting ridiculous, the number of psychedelic buttons I sell: I've gone into sex more because I needed to balance out my line," says Wicker.

Pure whimsy, untainted by any other social meaning than having oneself a lark out of life, seems to inspire a goodly number: MARCEL PROUST IS A YENTA, MARY POPPINS IS A JUNKIE. The same

cases to flash to customers. Most, I think, are worn at some time or other."

Do people wear buttons which advocate something which they perhaps haven't the guts to verbalize themselves? (A sort of "false extroversion," as psychologist Albert Ellis put it.) "Let's take the I'M READY IF YOU ARE buttons," reflects Wicker. "Most people will probably wear them because they are funny; they're the kind of thing many will wear as a joke." And does wearing them minimize the risks of rejected verbal overtures? "Most people who wear these buttons probably are pretty aggressive to start with." Males would be more willing, Wicker thinks, to wear these "proposition-type buttons," whereas girls might wear the more humorous (?) type button, like LEGALIZE PROSTITUTION. Indicated is not a great deal of progress from the traditional submission to society's dictums against female sexual aggression.

Noting an abundance of buttons in Village coffee-houses and a dearth in the CCNY classroom, sociologist Edward Sagarin was led to observe:

"As a form of communication, the button falls if the same button that proudly and defiantly identifies the wearer as a non-conformist is prominently worn (merely) in a Greenwich Village coffee shop, at private parties, or among other non-conformists (together these people are often an intra-conforming subcultural group). Youth who participate in the off-beat button craze in this manner seem to have a need to believe in themselves as defiers of authority, but they thumb their noses at society only when no one is looking except other nose-thumpers." Running neck-and-neck in popularity with the sex buttons are the pot-psychedelics. DNA, HIGH, and LSD NOT LBJ border on the political in that they are often not merely expressions of a cult but also of social revision: to replace an insane world (BURN POT, NOT PEOPLE) with a retreat into a new hallucinogenic world. With these buttons, denizens of the subculture who are taking the drugs, be they in Westchester or on East 4th Street, coincide fairly well with the psychedelic button-wearers.



VIVA SATIVA

PLEASE HEMP ME

And there's no denying the element of faddism. "Many of those buying the buttons are doing so because it's 'in'; though, like those women buying flower-garden hats some years back, few would admit to it," observes psychologist Ellis. Yet many rebels are honest rebels, rebels with a cause. At the head of this group are the types of peace buttons that have graced the Berkeley campus since the late 50's: GET OUT OF VIETNAM, and other liberal slogans.

Sales of leftist buttons, outnumbering BOMB-HANOI types 20-to-1, sell poorly in their straightest form, best (like sex buttons) when admixed with humor. The result is that such buttons as ALL HANDS OFF VIETNAM are relatively poor sellers, the domain of the died-in-the-wool, no-nonsense peacenik. "They are too ideological," says Wicker's junior partner, Peter Ogren. Meanwhile, buttons of the genre of HAI-KARI WITH BARRY have incurred criticism from War Resistor's League Secretary David McReynolds, who in a recent article took to task the buttonniks who make light of people who should -- be-



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exuberance, points out Sloan, produced such rock 'n' roll group names as "Stark Naked and The Car Thieves," "Mogen David and The Grapes of Wrath," and "The Grateful Dead." Even the Planned Parenthood Association has joined the happy slogan bandwagon, producing bumper stickers which read "Ease the Squeeze." A borrowed ad slogan is popular "Had Any Lately?"

Sex--traditionally popular in any form--is the big seller in both stores. In the best get-those-filthy-beatniks-out-of-MacDougal-St. tradition, one neighborhood woman called up Sloan after the store opened in March and threatened to have the window broken "if you don't get those dirty buttons out." Which were dirty? "All of them." But the truth, as one button declares, is that SEX IS HERE TO STAY. Though inroads have been made in the direction of erotic liberalism, sex on the brazen button is still noisy, crusading, or giggling. While poking its head above ground for the first time in suburbia, healthy, open, and unflaunted sex is still far from a reality. When queried, for example, as to how many people actually go around displaying sex buttons, Wicker protests, "Of course you don't wear buttons all the time. Buttons are usually worn for special occasions: special buttons, like LET'S FUG, you wear only to Fug concerts. Other people put them on office bulletin boards or carry them around in brief-



DRACULA SUCKS



cause they pose such grave threats -- be taken seriously. Ogren points out in addition that the mere wearing of a peace button doesn't mean that one is doing anything to stop the war in Vietnam. "You really should be doing an activist thing like writing to your Congressman ... but they do provoke debate." Ogren doesn't, however, lament the lack of high seriousness in the buttons, nor even knock the people who wear them just for a laugh. "If we had to depend on true believers," he says ruefully, "we'd go out of business."

Sociologist Sagarin has this to say: "For those engaged in a serious dialogue on civil rights, atomic war, and other life-and-death problems, the button is an expression of dissent in a society which on the one hand permits such dissent, and on the other ignores it and leaves dissenters unrepresented by the mass media and in the policy-making circles of government. The button is a means of expression for people for whom most other avenues are closed. It communicates to those who share their view a sense of cohesion and of strength, and to those on the other side of the fence a feeling that there is a vocal opposition." Of the role of humor in the slogans, Sagarin says that wearers may be throwing into doubt the grimness of their own struggle. "For people who really believe that Vietnam is an illegal, immoral, and unethical venture on the part of their government, humor is as misplaced as it would have been in a discussion of Auschwitz or the southern lynchings." And there is an element of sadism as well in the youth who from behind the safety of his 2-S deferment, flaunts his GIVE US JOY: BOMB HANOI button. Yet perhaps the greatest bon of the button boom has been the injection of humor into our gripping, humor which in the last analysis, may be society's final salvation. It becomes in its subtler forms a happy alternative to hostility and frustration in coping with the stresses of antiquated laws, politicians gone amok, a frightening society where machines may threaten to crowd out people.

The buttons knock down (without kicking) an out-moded Judeo-Christian ethic (PRAY FOR SEX), make a plea for humanism in a fast-mechanizing world (I AM A HUMAN BEING: DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE, OR MUTILATE), caution that consciousness-expansion may not be the final answer (PEANUT BUTTER IS BETTER THAN POT), and give a gentle tickle to those who would eternally paint grim pictures of a society in crisis (ALIENATION CAN BE FUN).

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A cross-eyed priest

America's need to prolong the infancy of the twenties is based mainly on the inability of the economy to absorb all those kids who come pouring out of school in their early teens. But there are good reasons for believing that this country's immature posturings in world politics are directly attributable to a fatal malaise that could be called "too much childhood."

Pinpointing this problem, the newly formed Committee to Discredit College Degrees is starting a propaganda campaign to discourage parents from "the too-automatic assumption that letters mean more than literacy." Committee chairman Seward Campbell--a PhD, incidentally--explains: "What we have here is the self-perpetuating cliché that a kid without a college degree can't get a good job--so employers insist on a degree instead of simple, rational intelligence. Common sense should tell anybody that the ability to think is not necessarily related to the ability to learn a lot of meaningless facts and pass a series of exams. Particularly as the set of acceptable facts is liable to change from time to time and place to place."

Deploring the worldwide spread of what it terms "American-oriented higher education" CDCD plans to set up chapters to England, Germany, and Mexico ("America's most slavish imitators") to foster the belief that intelligence is as important as college degrees and this can be acquired "by using the brain as well as the memory."

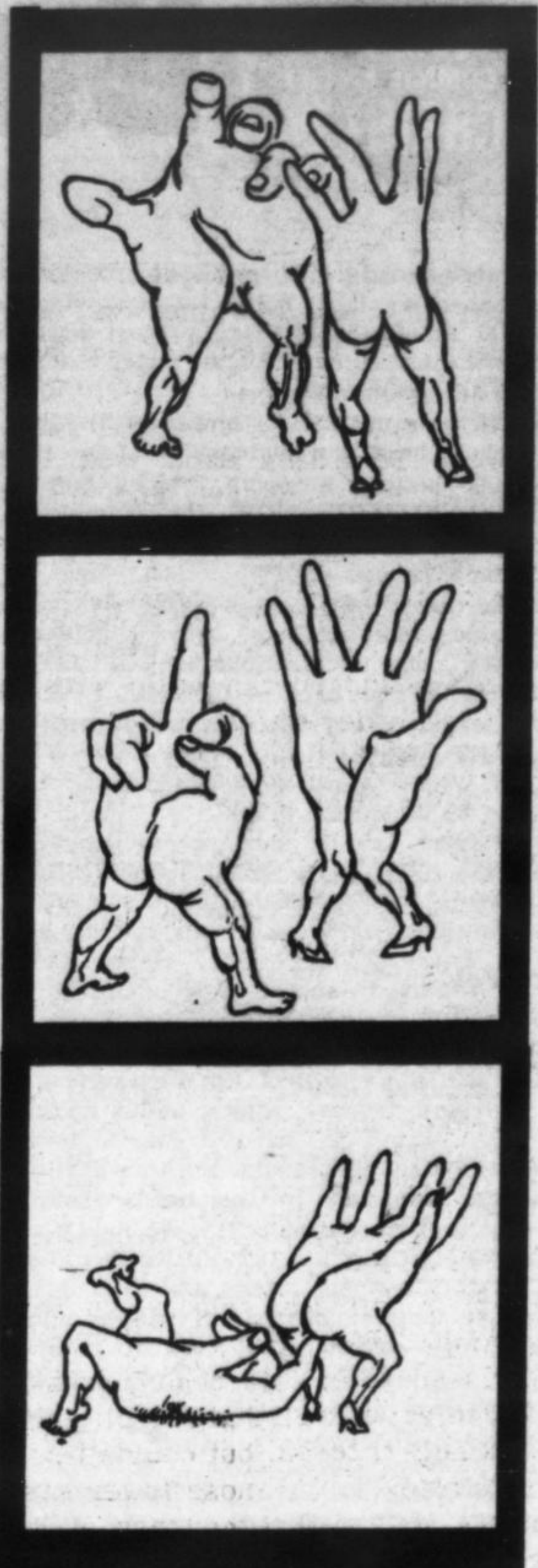


An anonymous correspondent writes: "The Austin, Texas, shooting case is made to order for peace lovers. Gun laws would vindicate draft card burners. A youth need only apply for a gun permit. Then, on being denied, would refuse service. He'd merely say, "If I can't carry a gun in private, in peacetime, I can't carry one to battle"...Increasing specialization and enhanced communication are twin trends that will continue indefinitely. Sometimes they merge: in Los Angeles, for example, millionaire Gordon McLendon, 44, has started KABL--a radio station broadcasting noth-

OTHERSEENS

ing but classified ads with a later deadline than the local newspapers. And in England, since the Government outlawed pirate radio stations, at least 400 companies have been formed awaiting the go-ahead on "local" radio, a concept new to Britain which has had the choice of only three BBC wavelengths...Dropped by the liberal Observer, Feiffer's strip has been taken up by the conservative Sunday Telegraph... What looks like a giant neon sign hanging over steamy southeast Asian jungles usually turns out to be millions of fireflies which gather together (says Britain's "Nature" magazine) so that the females can spot them and come over to be fucked... "How many times is it permissible for a Catholic to shake his penis after urinating before he is in danger of sin?" asks a correspondent in "Horseshit, the offensive review" (\$1.25 from Scum Publishing Co., PO Box 361, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254) The reply to this question (and everything else in the magazine is funny, combining the explosive issues of sex and religion. Horseshit is produced by a talented pair of brothers, Bob and Tom Dunker, who do both writing and illustrations. Some of both ingredients decorate this page...Cinematheque displayed "instant movie" made by Ronald Plumb, who painted (with multicolored magic markers) on continuous film loop seconds before it passed through the projector.

Since the demise of EROS, the world's most attractive magazine (and certainly most imaginative) is probably the ambitious ASPEN, which is published in the Village and costs about the price of a book (\$4). ASPEN (10 Waverly Place, NY, NY 10014) comes in a shiny, black, box, all its articles laid out in separate segments and therefore detachable. Issue number one is largely



experimental but does contain a plastic jazz record, excellent color photography and a piece by architect Jan C. Rowan on what the New York Worlds Fair reveals about our way of life ("That we are creating very fast an ugly, inconvenient, depressing environment full of gadgetry that can occasionally hypnotize us through its razzle-dazzle and glitter, but lacking any significant content, leaves us in the long run, nervous, uneasy and empty"). Even the ads are confined to a separate folder and publisher Phyllis Johnson promises that future issues will contain such items as free perfume samples, blueprints, wild-flower seeds, old newspaper. Art director for issue #3: Andy Warhol.

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number of teeth"**
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AUG. 31st - SEPT. 4th

Fugs Fuzzbomb Fizzles

By Walter Bowart

Where the Fugs did not get bombed out, nor fuzzed out, they got rained out.

On Tuesday nights throughout the summer the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association sponsors concerts in the new bandshell in Tompkins Park. Aug. 16, they presented a Fugs concert, and unlike the previous six concerts the park overflowed with audience.

The concert was scheduled to begin at 8:30. At 8:40 the audience in the front row began to applaud rhythmically with impatience. Jim Brodey walked to the mike while Leary and Kalb tuned their guitars. He said simply, "OK, Folks" and the crowd cheered.

As Tuli Kupferberg walked on stage someone yelled, "You're sinners and you'll burn in hell 'cause you don't respect the American Flag!"

Ed Sanders entered gyrating as a Puerto Rican air force sergeant screamed, "OK, Let's Fug...fug...fug for Peace!"

Ken Weaver hulked onto the stage dripping hair and the teeny boppers went mad as some fat lady in the back row craned her neck and screwed up her prune-browed mouth.

Sanders, fondling his headless tambourine frame, made his way to the mike. The girls squealed. He began, "This first song is dedicated to all that snapping squack" ...an old lady tittered, but couldn't possibly have understood... "in those lower east side tenements. She's that goddess of love ... that goddess of belly, belly, belly love...she's that SLUMGODDESS from the lower east side..." and Weaver rolled into that familiar tune.

Three minutes into the first set they hadn't been busted. Speculation ran as to whether they would actually get busted here. Did the LES CIA know who the Fugs were? Would the cops interfere in a city sponsored program? Everyone waited, listened, and wig-gled.

"...she was on her knees a coppin' my head..." sang Sanders.

And while they were singing Police State, we interviewed the cops who were abundantly scattered among the audience.

EVO: Good evening, Sergeant Fetta. What do you think of this concert?

Sergeant Fetta: What?

EVO: This concert?

Fetta: You call this a concert?

EVO: Well, then what do you think of the audience here tonight?

Fetta: I'd say that it's a fairly representative cross-section of the population here tonight.

EVO: Do you have any comments you'd like to make about this concert?

Fetta: About what?

EVO: About this music? About the lyrics?

Fetta: Why don't you go about the audience asking them. With this crowd here tonight it doesn't seem to matter what I think.

So we moved on to another cop hoping to gather some quotable comment.

EVO: Officer, what's your opinion of this concert tonight?

Patrolman: We have opinions, but it's dangerous to make comments these days.

EVO: (turning to another officer) and you?

2d Patrolman: We have opinions but we keep them to ourselves.

And soon the intermission came and the cops showed their opinions.

Just about the time Allen Ginsberg was saying "a nice quiet musical evening" the ops surged onto the stage.

Jim Brodey was backstage. He reported that the cops said at first that the Fugs



ad to turn their amplifiers down because people on 14th street were complaining. Then they changed their story to "We've had a telephone call that there's a bomb planted in the park."

A quick call to the ninth precinct disclosed that the bomb threat was called in from headquarters.

Donald Weeden of the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association gulped, came to the mike, and said, "The police have informed us that there is a bomb in the park. It's probably just a hoax, but will the audience please move back from the pavement and benches onto the grass. Tickets are now being sold for the high view from Hoving's hill.

"the police are going to search the Fugs and the stage for bombs." A pall went over



by Allan Katzman

Collaboration, in the last ten years, has become a big art form in this country. The art world abounds with people collaborating on projects which they usually know nothing about. Poets paint, painters write poetry and so on and so on. When critics come down on them for "bad art" usually two things occur: intellectual intimidation which takes the form of a hipper-than-thou attitude or; the naming of a new art form, i.e., happenings, mixed media, etc.

What everyone seems to pass over is the obvious fact that without an interpretation, personal or collective, these new "art forms" fall into chaos. They run the gamut of pure unadulterated boredom to pure genius with plenty of imitative mediocrity thrown in. Collaboration as a media or vehicle is really just an extension of theater. But what seems to be lacking most in this "new way of seeing" is, simply, direction. Very few want to take the responsibility to direct or interpret. Most of the artists working in this area prefer to hide behind a McLuhan curtain of disassociation. Their claim is one of "reflecting" technologies and changing ones, at that. Everyone wants to give up their ego and they do it with megalomaniacal insistence.

There is no doubt that the times are moving at an incredible pace; that it has become al-

the crowd. Boos and hisses. Search the Fugs? What if someone was holding?

Brodey reported from backstage that the police had intended to search the Fugs but that a parks department official stepped forward saying to the police that this was parks department property and he would have their badges if they attempted anything of the kind.

Then Sanders came to the mike and made the announcement that the Fugs were cooperating with the police in their bomb search. "We don't want anyone to get their genitals atomized."

After an embarrassed half-hearted search the cops finally left the stage and most of the people moved back onto the grass. "the cops are mad tonight," someone in the audience said.

It began to pour as the Fugs rushed into their closing number "Nada." A lone wet man danced with his leashed dog.

Another Fugs concert, another visit from Sergeant Fetta, who you'll remember was the arresting officer in last winter's Peace Eye "porn" raid.

most impossible to reflect and interpret simultaneously. But why does art have to be so machine-like? Why is it so necessary that spontaneous generation occur? This inane situation has created in the arts themselves a race for space and woe to him who lags behind. The role of artist as creator has been usurped by the adventurer in the arts. It is the age-old problem of quantity versus quality.

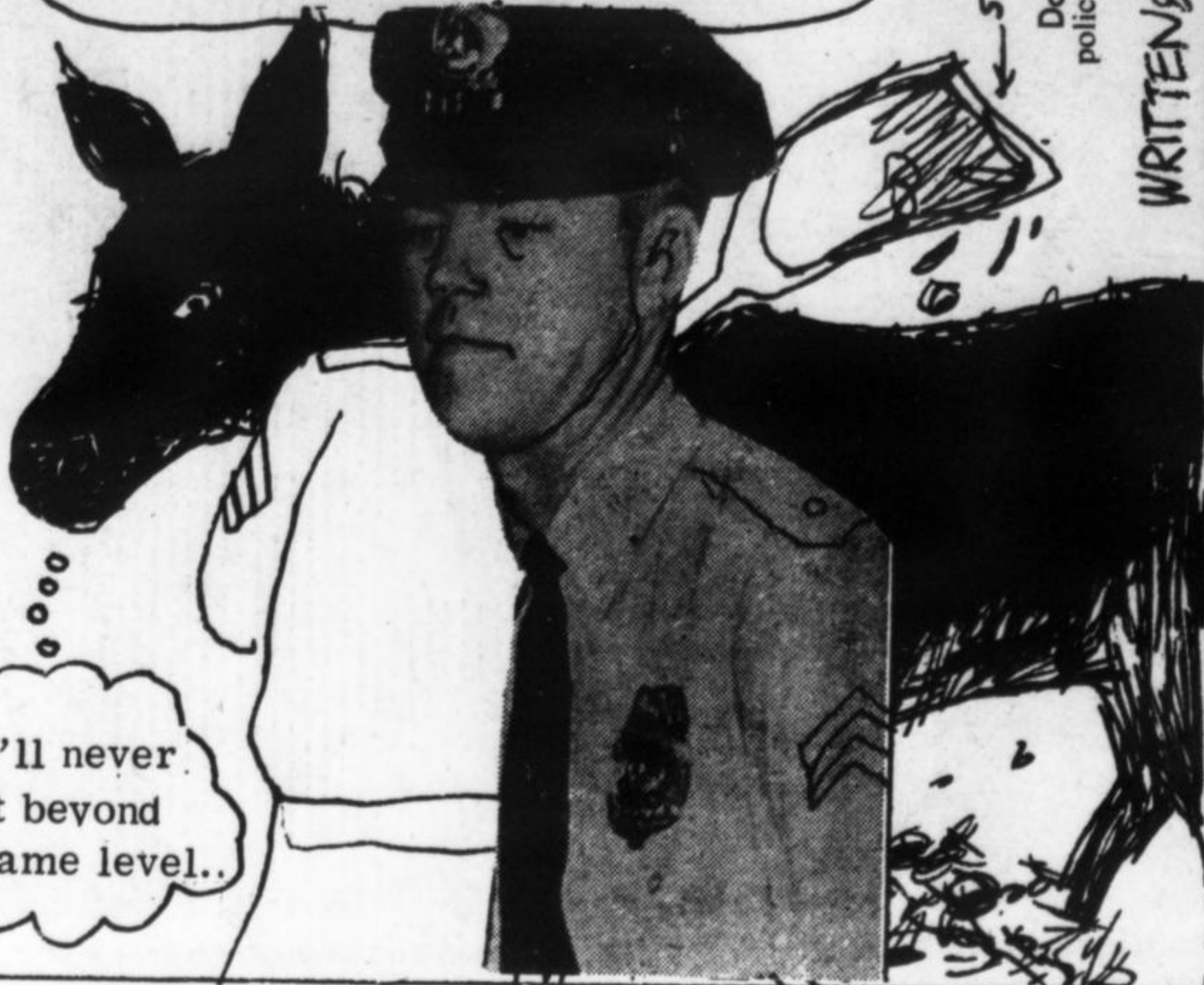
Although all this jockeying for position has created a egocentric situation in the arts, there has in the last few years begun a burgeoning and extension of artists into areas not really considered artistic. Bob Dylan, the Fugs, the East Village Other and others have extended their talents into areas where their creative activity is badly needed. What is interesting about these new adventures by artists is that they are in areas which are predominately quantitative. They are all mass-media oriented and labeled mass-art, and they all bring a new and fresh interpretation to over-used and dead forms. Their endeavors are much more exciting overall than their compadres who still flounder around in mixed-media boring people to death. When you come down to it it is still a matter of shitting or getting off the pot. Interpret or not interpret and forget all this justification called "Art."

MEANWHILE

SGT. FETTER SETS ABOUT BUSILY CUTTING THE MARIJUANA WITH MULE MANURE..

WHEN THEY SMOKE MY SPECIAL MIXTURE THEY'LL BE RENDERED STERILE THEN THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER WILL BE SAFE.....

he'll never get beyond a game level..



STICKY MULE SHIT

Damned Public. On one level many policemen agree with the court.

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY S. DANGERFIELD

THIS SHIT MAKES ME FEEL STRANGELY SQUARE. LET'S SING MELANCHOLY BABY AND SOME OTHER BING CROSBY SONGS.

I WISH I WAS GEORGE HAMILTON



susie cumquat, representing the groupie population, pants...

HAPPENINGS

IT ALL BEGAN, gloryosky!, WHEN I WAS BUT A LITTLE GIRL.... I USED TO READ LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.....

I FEEL GLAD ALL OVER, NOW THAT I'VE REPLACED ZERO.....

WITH AN ALL MALE CAST....

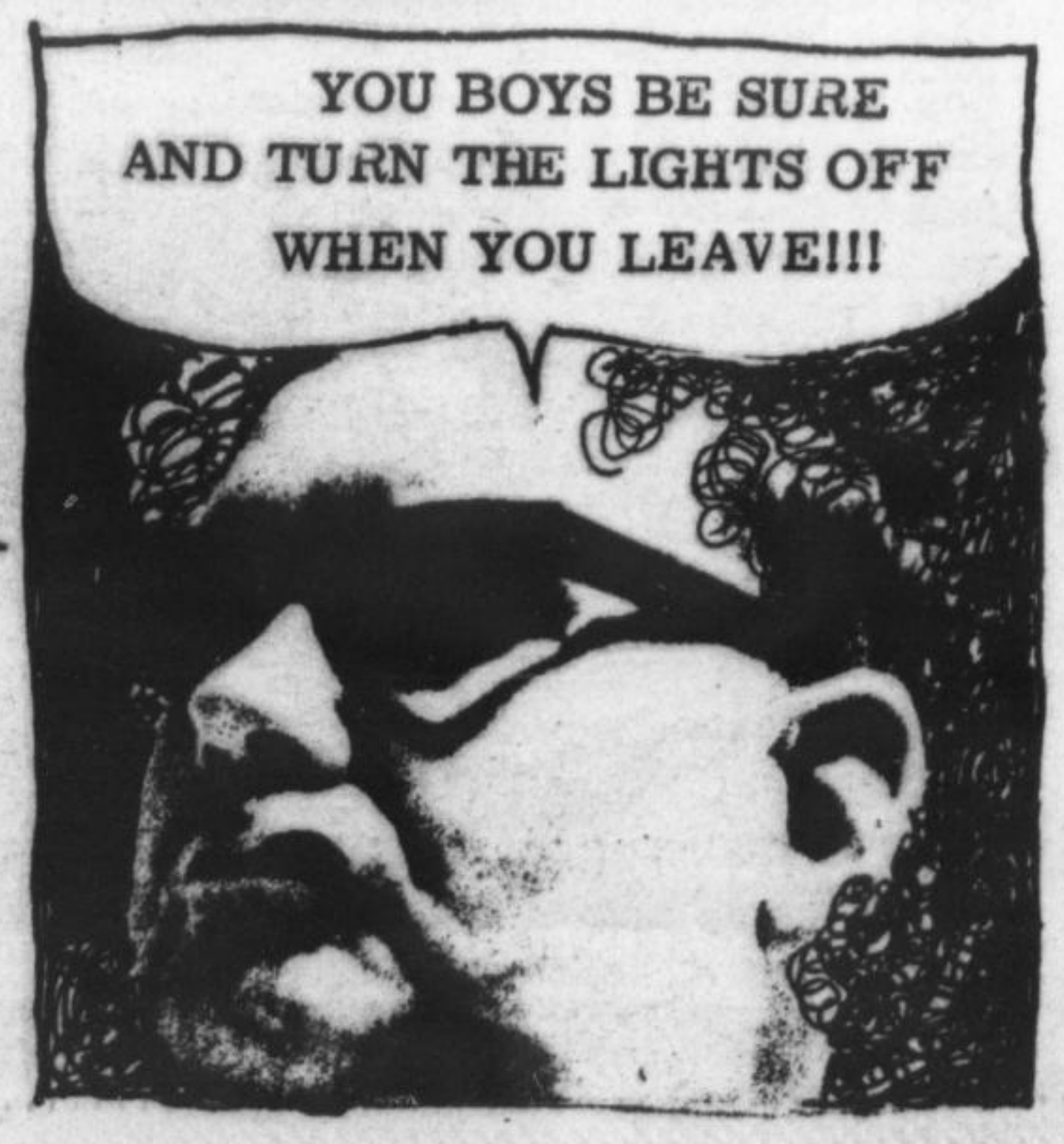
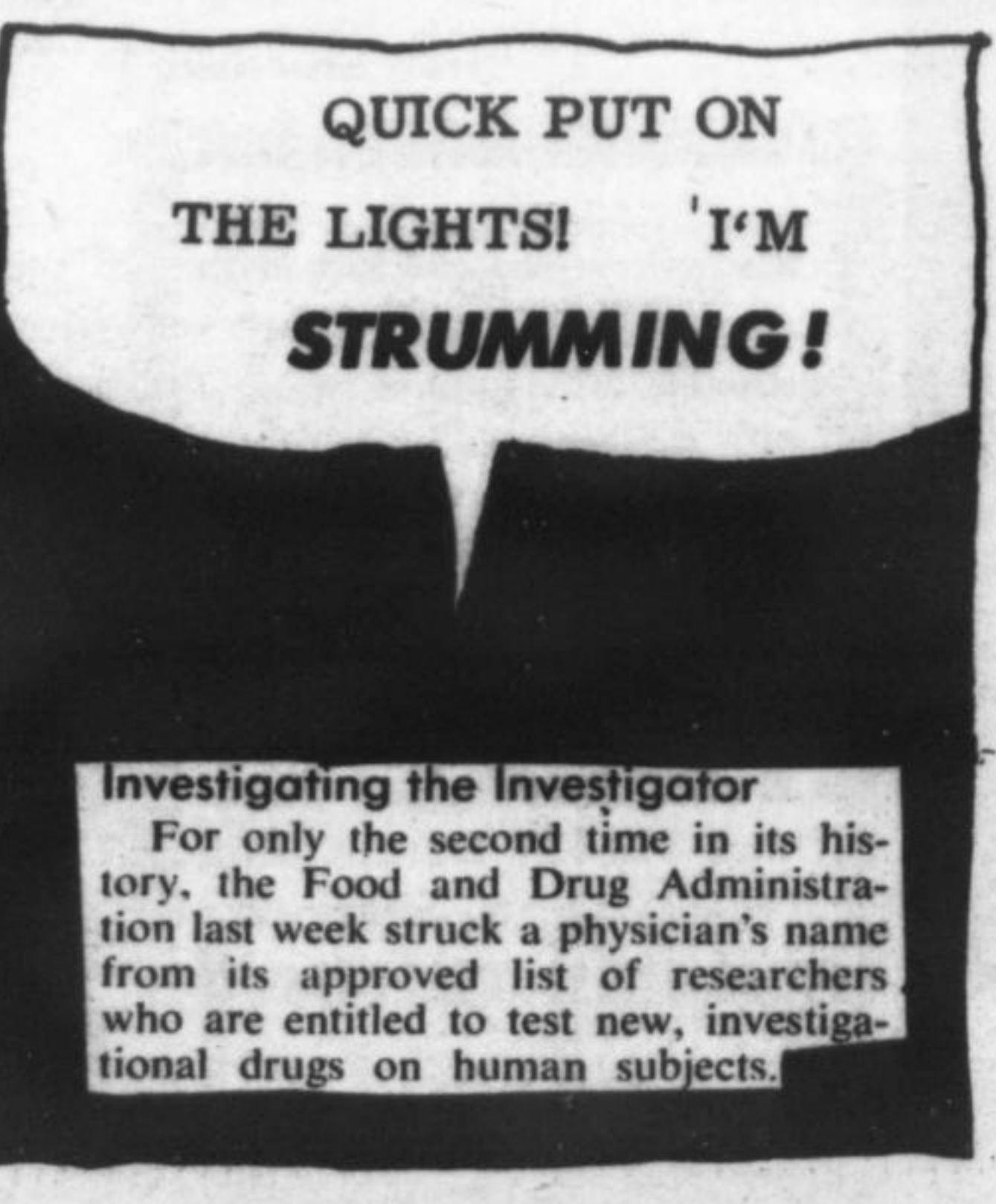
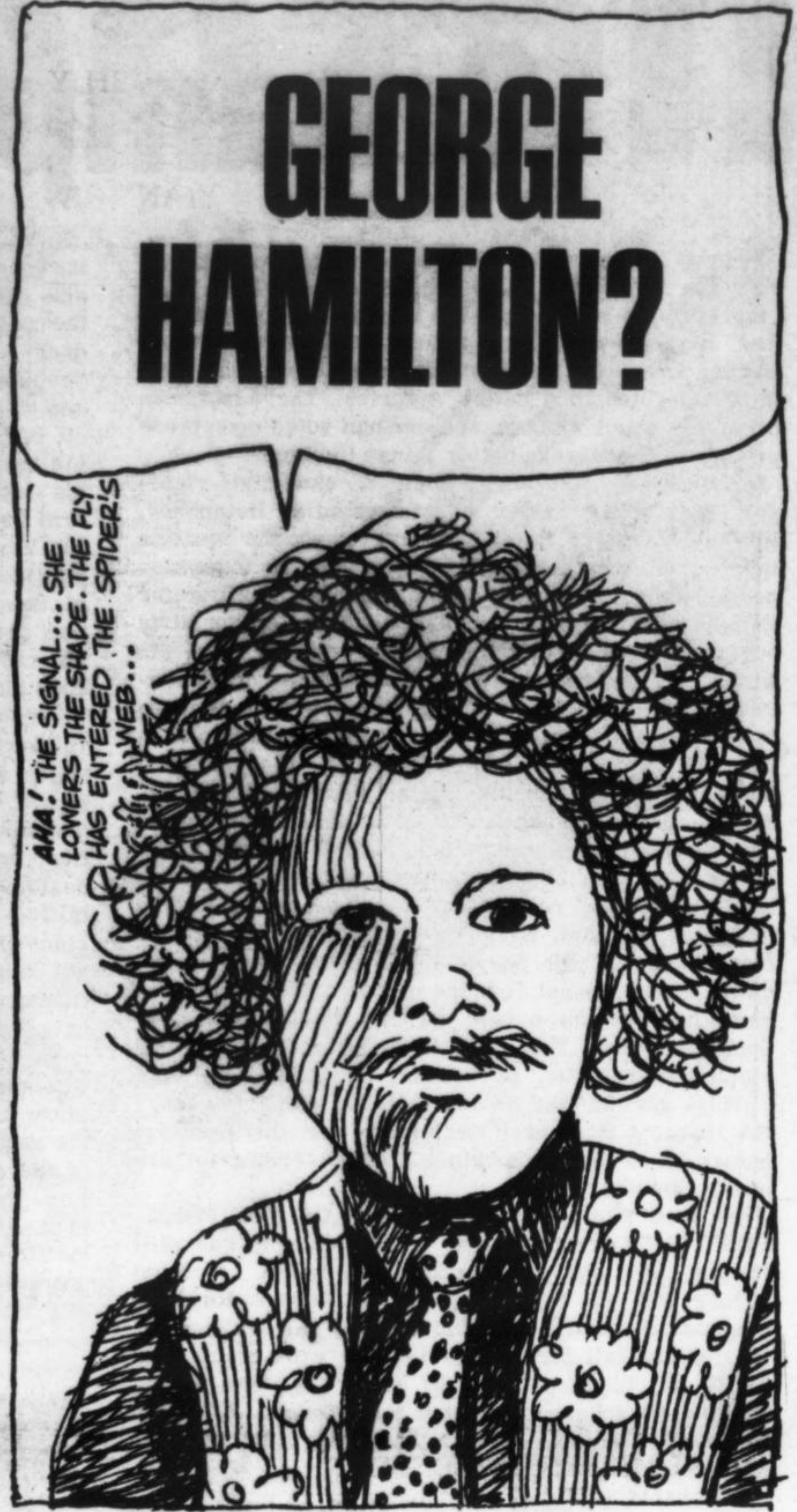
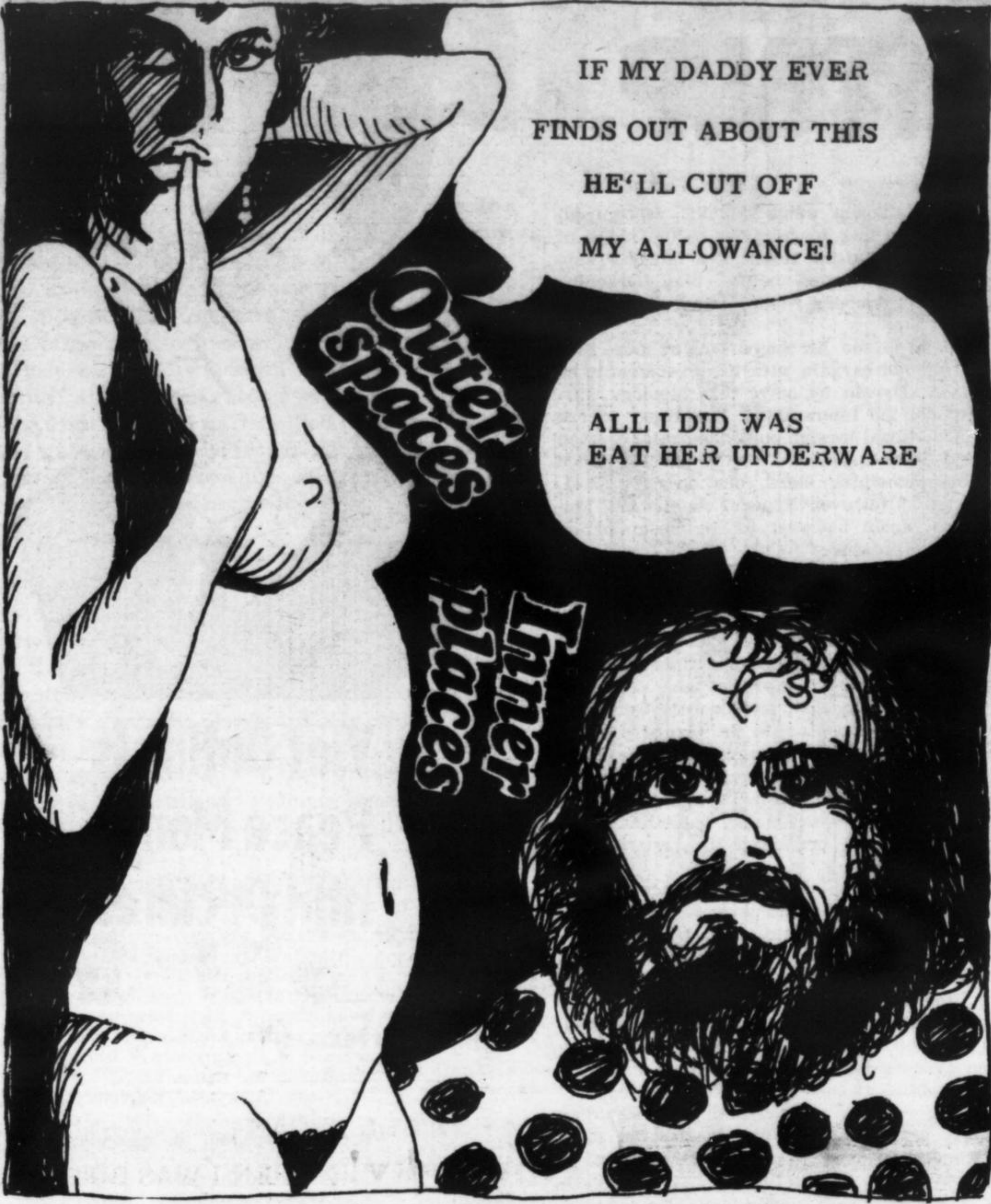
A group of Happenings artists will enhance the environment of Central Park for 18 hours on Friday, Sept. 9. Supported by underground moviemakers, electronic music, USCO's mixed-media sound-and-light projections, poets, dancers and sculptors, they'll present the 4th New York Avant Garde Festival on the Mall. Organizer will be Charlotte Moorman, just back from staging Happenings in Venice.

AS ROYAL PATRONESS

Tune in next issue for the exciting adventures of Little Edward Sanders and his Fug-filled battle with the forces of supression.

The next page is the table of contents. The first item is a short story called, "Ear" by a Jules Wasserman of New York City

But Kelly Services will provide all of these temporary services



Investigating the Investigator
 For only the second time in its history, the Food and Drug Administration last week struck a physician's name from its approved list of researchers who are entitled to test new, investigational drugs on human subjects.

Hubert Humphrey: Creampuff V.P.

It must be admitted that even more sentimental than the Irish over their politicians are America's Liberals. One remembers the remarks on election eve that Humphrey, a good man, would be coming to power. One saw the picus faces of those who knew they had voted in a better America. There had been promises about Vietnam and one had voted upon those promises: there were better things to come.

But Humphrey, the ADA's apple-cheeked civil-rightser, benevolent mayor of Minneapolis: Humphrey, the only northern flaming liberal to gain the Senate's inner club, mastering their ways even as (one suspects) their ways were mastering him, has become Humphrey the vice-president, advocate of the dirty vietnam war, angel with napalm dripping from his wings, yet counselor of quiet to the raging dispossessed of his cities at home. "You leave the burning to me fellows, I know where and how to do it -- you folks won't help your cause in this way. You leave it to me." He had put all his eggs in the cul-de-sac: postwar coldwar American anti-communism.

In the current issue of DIPLOMAT, Hubert Humphrey's defense of Vietnamese policies presents no new arguments, reflects no original thinking. The future of Vietnam, HH opines, "should be left to the free choice of the people themselves, freely exercised. And I do not fear the outcome. No Communist party has yet won a free national election anywhere in the world." The same tired allegations: all our elections are free, of course; all theirs are not. "It is not by our choice that the war continues," the innocent Humphrey declares, "and that precious human lives both combatant and non-combatant are needlessly sacrificed."

Theodore White, in THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1964, records that while Johnson was still teasing and kidding around about whom he would choose for VP candidate, one of Hubert Horatio's advisors decided HH should call up our leading humorist and tell him that if he, HH, were so honored as to be selected, he would be as loyal and unself-seeking as Johnson had been to Kennedy -- a model of true restraint, in fact. So that's how the you-know-what got in the pocket.

That explains Humphrey's behavior in part: liberal establishment base, plus loyalty to the Boss.

But HH went further; he did not merely support and defend the Administration of The Boss. He began outshouting the most livid shouters at around the time of the Honolulu hooha. Vice President plenipotentiary, he travelled far and wide in Asia, conferring with all those good chaps and chips we have on our side. He hustled and hustled and promised and warned: he bought a few Koreans for Vietnam, made slippery with carrot and stick in India (failed

it seems, Mrs. Gandhi wants the VC recognized) and generally bent his exuberance to the shape of the pocket, leaping to the tickle of a future Presidency, the carrot dangled before him. Creeping veepism. One remembers Nixon, rather than Johnson.

It became easy to see HH was driven by more than his rather common bargain with the President to be his loyal man. Driven by more than ideology, liberal background, the future Good, the proper course for Vietnam, rational foreign policy, morals, or even politics as defined as the art of the possible, none of these, but something more, one began to feel, was driving him. Not even Johnson could make him so rabid, nor would he want to; he seems to hog even that dubious pleasure.

Looking around, it became apparent that HH was responding to Robert Kennedy, and to the media which was sensitive to his every act, his every word, like a shy and ugly girl to the man of her secret dreams. Bobby Kennedy, Hamlet-like figure in politics, born to power, bred to more, earning yet more, desiring yet more than that, and brooding on mortality; first clear successor to the throne perhaps since John Quincy Adams; energetic and ruthless, but obviously willing to learn and grow, offering relative sense of Vietnam where others offered napalm, never pretender to a moral stance but sticking his neck out where others preferred to play the political turtle.

How could HH match this? His exuberance was not the same as vividness. He could never hold the hearts of the many as a Kennedy held them: by fiat of history. He could not buck his boss and offer new thoughts to a dialog on Vietnam. But he could flame within the limits: the only way to bring himself to light was through the Vietnam War, in support, his speeches, his outrageous hoots of savage supra-loyalty to the cause. One guesses this; because on paper, carefully written, his hooting is dulled, he admits the opposition's right to oppose, and the dull beatless prose carries, just barely, his arguments like old scum on an old stagnant pond. His image is at stake; he is in competition but he is limited by his oath to the President: his heart has not responded to the complex task of vivifying himself. He is staling in the cause of gaining highest office and it shows up in each line. One is sorry for him on sheer apolitical human grounds.

And what good has it all done him? One knows this man should never be President: and if LBJ, who is rumored to know this better than us all, should live out his term of office, it is unlikely HH ever will be.



From EV's Washington Bureau

Viet Outlay Is Peace Money, HHH Declares

Atlantic City, Aug. 25 (AP)— Vice President Humphrey today strongly defended American expenditures in Viet Nam as a wedge against a wider war and warned of a resurgence of isolationism in the nation.

At the same time he chided critics who complain the war effort is impeding the domestic program.

He said he has heard recently "otherwise responsible Americans" declare the nation ought to take the money and resources being spent in Viet Nam and transfer them to domestic programs.

"I say that to do so would require, in a few months or years, the investment of far more money, men and resources to Southeast Asia—and possibly to other parts of the world—that we have committed

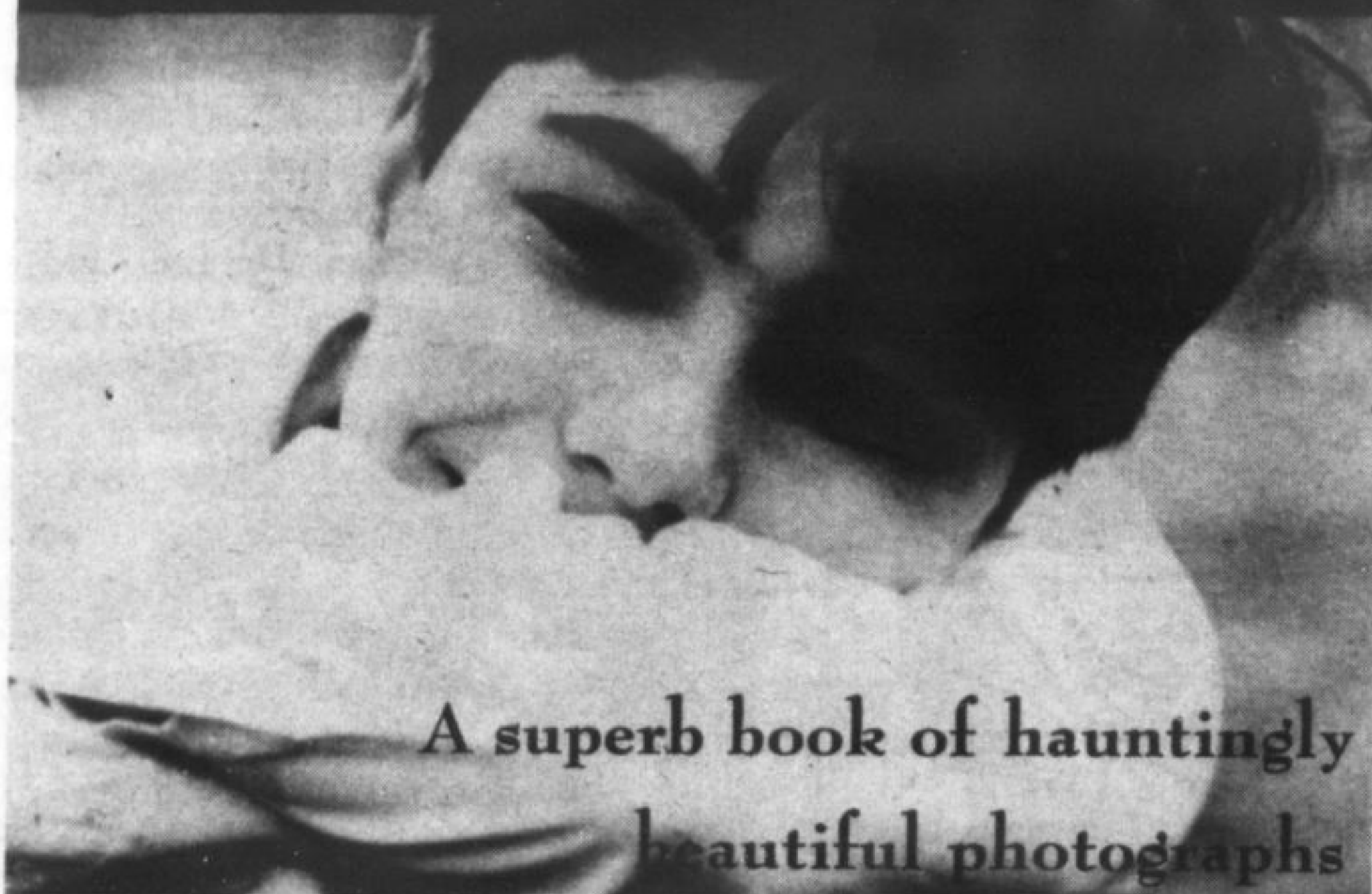
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Tokyo's most avant garde gallery is the *Minami* (Tanpei building, 3, 3-chrome, Nihonbashi-tori, Chuo-ku) only a dozen blocks from the main downtown Ginza area. In addition to showing the American painter Jasper Johns the *Minami* also has on its books such young artists as Arakawa, Miki, Kikuhata and Okamoto, all of whom (along with Kudo, Nakanishi and Tateishi) participated in a recent show the gallery entitled "Young Seven", and which went a long way towards establishing the fact that there is a collective movement in contemporary Japanese art.

The first four names mentioned were also featured in an article, "Modern Art in Japan" in the annual published by Japan's biggest newspaper, the *Mainichi*. Writing in English in this annual, art critic Yoshiaki Tono commented: "For those of you whom Japan reminds of stone gardens, Zen Buddhism, calligraphy, Mount Fuji and Ukiyoe prints (and shall I add the transistor sets?), the works represented here are so completely different from what you would expect that they would probably only disconcert you.

"The persistent obsession of Westerners ever since Marco Polo for this 'Land of Gold' in their nostalgic longing for the exotic and mysterious, will find its destination in a Japan now found only in the glass cases of museums."

Among the earliest postwar developments in Japan was what is now called the Happening. In the early 1950's a group in Osaka, Japan's second-largest and most industrial city (whose inhabitants, according to some, greet each other with "moke makke?"—are you making money?), staged an event on the roof of a local department store. It was called "Art Show in the Sky" and set the style for what is now a regular sight throughout Japan: helium-filled balloons with no visible means of support bearing neon signs which wink on and off far into the midnight sky.

Jiro Yoshihara, a patriarchal oil tycoon in Osaka, was the instigator of what later became the Gutai Group, a loose collective of artists who have had great influence on subsequent Japanese art trends.

Yoshihara took his group's show to New York's Martha Jackson gallery in 1952 but modestly disclaimed that he was its leader. "I have been a teacher who teaches nothing", he said. "They have been able to find their respective way by themselves. My role, if anything, has been to introduce them to one new form of manifestation after another. Such form of manifestation as an outdoor show over a vast area under a blue sky seem to have greatly stimulated their imagination to action. . . ."

Atsuko Tanaka, the only woman in the *Mainichi*'s recent collection, was an early member of the Gutai group and—like all the others—was born in the 1930's and is, as critic Tono puts it: "the generation after Hiroshima which, for them, has never stood for the destruction of past values, but rather as a place where they had their cradle dreams, the ruins their playground."

And he quotes from the catalog of one young painter: "I was a primary school student during the war and my only playground was an empty zoo where all the wild animals had been killed off as well as places of ruins and burnt bottles. The flares dropped by the B-29 bombers made me dream of a brilliant fireworks display."

The dozen artists in the *Mainichi* collection were;

Nobuaki Kojima, 31, who sculpts shiny, life-sized mannikins covered with bright paint and whose faces are always shrouded "because he rejects the idea of the face inbuing the body with its personality and personal preferences";



The Mainichi Newspapers

Shinjiro Okamoto

Eiji Usami, 26, an abstractionist who paints colors overlapping on colors and is "intent on imprinting the shadows and outlines of bodies on canvas";

Atsuko Tanaka, 34, used to feature rooms full of bells, flashing lights and, for an outdoor show, long colored streamers. Lately she has been painting brightly-colored disks "bound together with wavy lines like artery that present an illusion of dancers throwing tapes and whirling about in a frenzy";

Yukihisa Isobe, 30, likes to construct interlocking boxes containing symbols, fragments of ads from Dutch newspapers, wine labels, Japanese crests. Last year he had a show in Milan.

Shusaku Arakawa, 30, now showing at the Dwan gallery in New York (where he lives) once staged a happening at which he lay curled up, motionless, in the corner of a dark room, as if dead;

Mokuma Kikuhata, 31, currently painting what have been termed "roulettes" says: "I feel convinced that the one pillar that will save the notion of contemporary art is found in ordinary, common and popular things";

Masuo Ikeda, 32, who has shown at New York's Museum of Modern Art, says: "My greatest imaginary fear is seeing in front of me people I loved being raped by idiotic-looking men. This fearful scene of my imagination will always lie close to the source of my work as a sort of absolute fear . . . my only interest is in human beings."

Shinjiro Okamoto, 33, uses bright colors and has a kind of abstract cartoon style with "strong elements of social satire and surrealism";

Tomio Miki, 29, constructs enormous ears, usually of aluminum. Critic Tono sees this as "an ironic statement on today's world that has great difficulties in mutual communication" but Miki says: "I can only say that I chose the Ear, or rather, more precisely, is it not that the Ear chose me?"

Mitsuo Kano, 29, makes raw, rugged patterns by corroding copper or zinc plates with a special solution "presenting exteriors like those of a planet still in the state of chaos, inspiring unexpected after-images";

Katsuhiro Yamaguchi, 38, studied law and aerodynamics at school, became interested first in op-art constructions (early 1950's), and after traveling in Europe his use of wire, textiles and plastics took a turn towards spatial sculpture and "an exploration of spatial arrangements, relations and balances";

Ushio Shinohara, 33, once displayed a self-portrait done with his feet, later showed "painting" created by punching the canvas with boxing gloves. Today, influenced by Johns and Rauschenberg, he does George Segal-type figures, brightly-colored. "While every one of Shinohara's many activities may at first look wild, erratic and eccentric", the critic sums up, "they are in fact the expression of a sincerely felt revolt against the static enclosed world of traditional Japanese art."

continued from page 6

east
village

REALIST CONTINUED



on the minds of the young people around the country?

K: It's interesting because you see a pattern. Several years ago one of the questions that popped up most frequently was "atheism." They would argue theology. And now they seem to take that for granted, they're not involved. I mean God is really dead in that sense.

They may talk a little bit about Madalyn Murray's case. But that's more separation of church and state. And it's also even more than that, you know, what kind of a person is that dynamic or neurotic that can give and take as much as she has. So there's an interest in certain, what I call culture heroes that I've had dealings with: like Lenny Bruce, Madalyn Murray, Tim Leary.

There's less cynicism about television now because it seems they just watch it less. They may watch Batman for laughs or the news for laughs.

There's much more questioning about drugs than there was a few years ago. Consistently.

There is a certain confusion about the purpose of protest movements. They don't see any results and yet they know that's all they can do. And so, there's this question of what can they do. But they've gotten little projects of their own and the gratifying thing to me is that they don't try to change the world. But if I speak at City College, and they tell me about a reading class that they have for the kids up there,

you know, that's fine, it's like the Parents Aid Society I mentioned before. I know they're not going to change the overpopulation problem in the world, but you know, if one poverty-stricken couple can enjoy screwing more because they don't have to worry about having an unwanted child, that's fine.

EVO: What sociological changes do you see for this country in the next five or ten years?

K: I think that violence is going to be unionized. I think violence is going to become more and more of a problem, both on a rioting level and an individual level. Because if all the nuts around see all the publicity people like Speck and Whitman get, it's going to be their chance. Like the moth heading for the flame. So I think there's going to be more and more towers used by people. Although that's more individual psychology than sociology. But you can't separate the two, really, because it's like Eve saying to Adam, "Like why don't you get a job?" And Adam says, "Well, I don't know what I want to do." Then she says, "Well, why don't you become a sociologist."

EVO: OK. Where do you think the drug issue is going to lead us?

K: I think that's going to be more and more of a problem only because the authorities have put otherwise law abiding citizens in the position of violating the law on principle. The principle may be "kicks" or it may be introspection, but I think there's going to be unionized hypocrisy. I think people are going to begin blaming things on drugs as a cop-out. And of course it's also going to be used politically. If Lenny Bruce's death could have been used politically, it would have been.

EVO: What do you think Johnson represents as an archetype?

K: To me the immediate instinctive reaction I get is that he's the father figure who used to take off his belt and whomp Luci and Lynda. And now they're too old for that so he gets off his jollies on a much larger scale.

EVO: How about 1968?

K: I don't know. I mean I assume Johnson is going to run. I can't imagine who they're going to put against him in the primaries or who they would put against him in the actual election. It's really a mystery. I even wonder how he's going to get rid of Humphrey.

EVO: Where does he lie on the political spectrum?

K: Johnson? I don't know. I kind of think that prickiness has no political definition.

EVO: Do you think that he could possibly represent some sort of throwback?

K: Well, that's a point. It's easy for me to talk about Johnson's prickiness, but there's a fact that he does in some ways seem to be the voice of a lot of people. There's a lot of hostility and there's a lot of emotional patriotism and I guess patriotism is by definition emotional. Or maybe I should say uneducated patriotism. But that may be by definition too. And he represents this.

I hear little old ladies in the supermarkets saying, "Why don't we just bomb Hanoi and get it over with?" So if you talk about Johnson's inhumanity you have to talk about theirs.

EVO: Of all the stories that you've published, what have been the most controversial?

K: Let's see, different one's at different times. The first time we got involved with the four-letter word syndrome was the interview with Albert Ellis where we just discussed the semantics of profanity. That

disturbed a lot of people. See, the controversy often ranges within the mind of the beholder. So, for example, with the Tim Leary interview some people said, "Aha, I knew it, he's a madman." Some said, "Aha, I knew it, he's a genius." And one young Marxist said, "Aha, I knew it, he's a counter-revolutionary."

EVO: How about the most complimentary reactions to any piece you've published? Did you ever get a letter from a president commending you?

K: No, because it would probably be a form letter. I guess the most complimentary thing is when people challenge their own assumptions or areas of taboo or thinking process, or areas that they thought they couldn't find any humor in, but they did. I consider that much more gratifying than to be thanked for something printed that somebody already agreed with.

EVO: What's your hobby?

K: I breathe.

EVO: What do you see for the future of THE REALIST?

K: I don't know. Maybe I'll open some Realist Key Clubs. I don't know, the future is always the next issue, really. The future is really to just keep doing it.

EVO: Do your other commitments take a piece out of THE REALIST at all?

K: Well, sometimes. I'm now doing a column for CAVALLIER and one for RAMPARTS and some stuff for a Canadian television show called New Generation. I feel a little bit guilty about publishing stuff there rather than THE REALIST. But what I'm trying to do now, is get in to print the stuff that's too strong for the mass media and not strong enough for THE REALIST. I was thinking about starting a new magazine called LIMBO. But a lot of this stuff in this LIMBO area I've already done. For example in the September issue of CAVALLIER I did a column on word symbolism, the four-letter words, profanity and so forth. And I probably wouldn't have done it in the REALIST only because as I've said before, we've done so much on it and it has a whole lot of four-letter words without using one. Which is fun to try to do. But it was kind of important to get it into a mass magazine.

EVO: You put out ten issues in a year?

K: Yeah, in spurts of course. I mean any girl who tried to measure her menstrual periods by THE REALIST frequency would think she was constantly knocked up.

EVO: Doesn't that make it difficult for distribution?

K: Well, we're going to try and get on a regular schedule.

EVO: What's THE REALIST's present circulation?

K: Well, it goes from the left ventricle to the right ventricle to the right auricle down through the veins. It's 30,000 now. It's larger than that because it gets passed around a lot.

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private's prison

By Lorraine Glemby

"O.K., Private, rectal inspection!"
 "May I ask what you're looking for, sir?"
 "The Bluebird of Happiness. Now strip. That's an order!"

The orders keep getting weirder for Pvts. Mora, Johnson, and Samas ever since they announced their refusal to ship out to Vietnam, calling the war "unjust, immoral, and illegal" at a N.Y. news conference in late June. In stockade at Fort Dix, N.J., while waiting for Army officials to fix a date for the general court-martial which is to try them for "willful disobedience of a superior officer," the soldiers spend twenty-three hours a day mostly standing or sitting on the floor.

Every morning at 4:30 the mattresses are removed from the metal spring supports that are the sole reminders of furniture in their 6 by 8 ft. cells. So that they will have no contact with one another, each of the three accused enjoys an hour's walk at a different time in the day, during which he is allowed to talk to no one except his escorts--the MP's. After a visit from members of their families, the men are told to strip and are examined officially for possible concealment of God-knows-what.

But discipline is tempered with prudence. At first their reading material was limited to THE BIBLE (King James' version) and on weekends selections from THE READER'S DIGEST were also permitted. A growing number of complaints, and even demonstrations around the base, may have been influential in bringing about an in-

tellectual breakthrough: the soldiers now have access to the library on Saturdays. A further concession was extended to Pvt. Samas and his recent bride Marlene, allowing them one embrace or cordial handshake at each meeting and farewell.

Darwin Johnson, whose brother is among the three accused, explains that the boys are somewhat limited in their expression. James Johnson's first two letters home, in which he described conditions in his cell, were never received. He was subsequently told that all letters would be censored; the idea of "not liking stockade conditions" was particularly discouraged. The soldiers' chief complaint, Darwin said, is that they are not allowed to speak with anyone except the MP's, who were initially a source of some verbal abuse. Since complaining about this to Ft. Dix commanding officer, J.T. Hightower, the soldiers say the abuse has lessened and that they have been treated nicely by the MP's. But their desire for unrestricted speech oddly persists.

How long they will stay in confinement seems to be uncertain. The trio have been told that there will be a general court-martial and that they will probably get five years' imprisonment. Appeals are allowed of course, but the ultimate peak of such appeals is President Johnson as Commander-in-Chief so the prospects are not bright.

The trio's defense committee (5 Beekman Pl., NYC 38, 10th fl.) seeks both funds and part-time clerical help.



There is in every artist a great pool of vanity.

Having made some "thing" that is a unique and material product of his invisible and intangible soul, he has a great need to publicly exhibit this "thing."

He wants it exhibited for many reasons: to communicate an idea or experience, to elicit criticism, to obtain admiration, to shock and even, God help him, to make money in order that he might keep on working.

The entrepreneur (and here I am referring to the film festival variety) is all too aware of the exploitable nature of the artist's desire. He feels perhaps a twinge of guilt over the fact that his festival is really a public relations gimmick, an opportunity for distributors to test the market for their more doubtful productions.

And so, to give his festival a veneer of high culture, he opens it to the more acceptable members of the avant garde. Since it is the tradition of film festivals not to pay for films he naturally extends this to cover the avant garde also.

Now the commercial distributor is going to get his reward at the box office in the art house and though his profits are not always enormous, they invariably exist.

The film artist however ends up with a certificate, a pat on the back and bagfuls of encouraging words, none of which is legal tender for food or film. Ask for money and the film festivals cry poor.

Bullshit! Take the N.Y. Festival. It's held in the largest and richest city of the richest nation in the world which has according to Bertrand Russell, a finger in 60% of the world's resources. If the U.S. cannot afford a few thousand dollars for the privilege of showing the work of free and independent film-makers, then it is paying the same lip service to the arts that it pays to peace. If oil wells in Texas can be subsidized then so can film festivals.

It is Ken Jacob's suggestion that if Brakhage's "Art of Vision" is not shown at the festival because no rental is forthcoming then film-makers should get together and somehow raise the rental for him.

This exploitation of the avant garde at film festivals must stop. They are neither a fringe benefit nor a freak show. They are the only people working in films who are not involved with a decadent theatrical tradition. The least the film festivals can do is to provide cash prizes. This is generally unsatisfactory, but it's better than nothing. They could also pay a special festival rental which might be 10 times the regular rental.

What they should do ideally is not only pay a generous rental, but also commission works specially for the festival. This would not only assist some film-makers, but it would also provide festivals with some genuine excitement and controversy. It would also legitimize the non-theatrical, non-documentary film and put an end to this "underground" nonsense.

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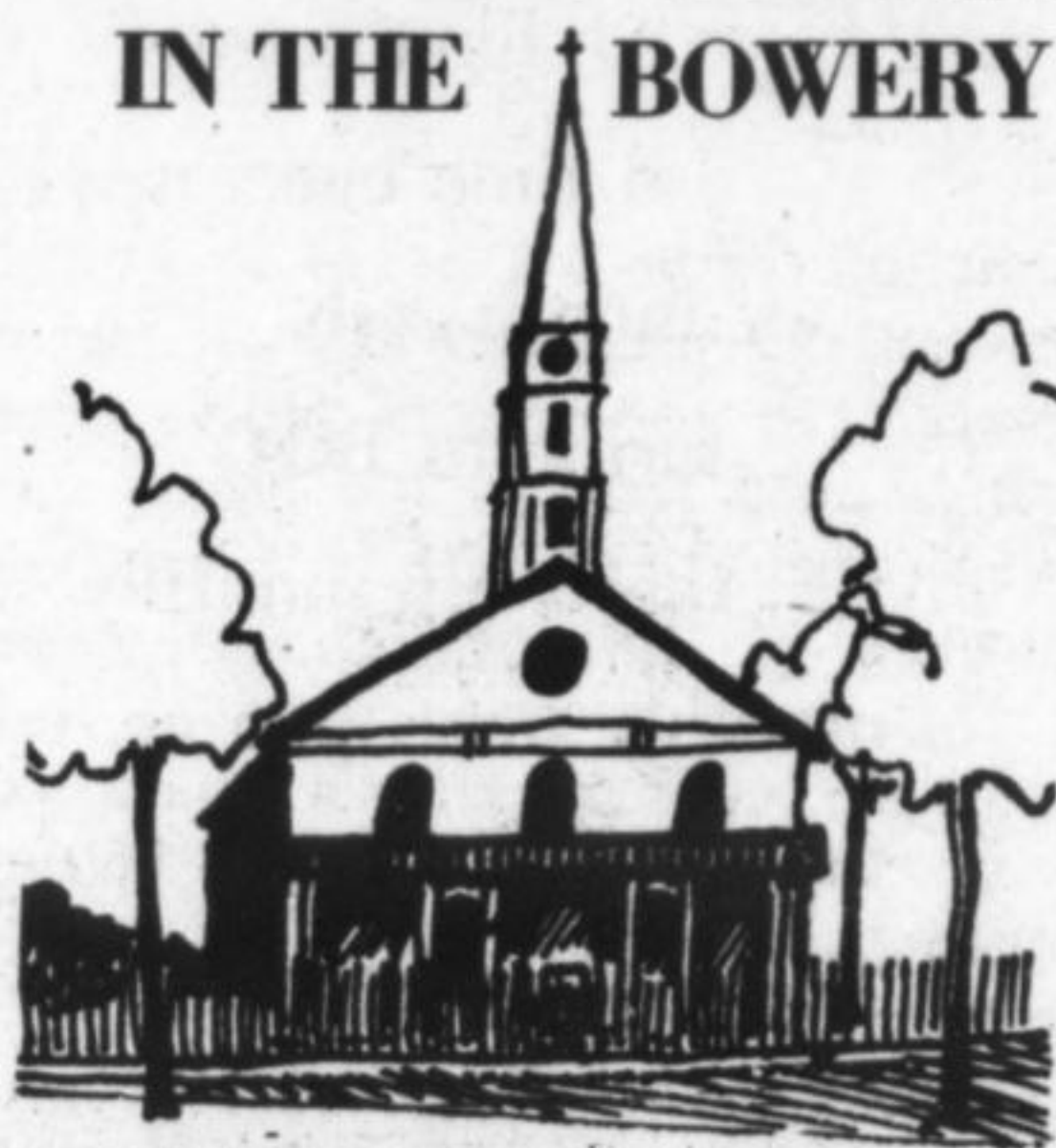
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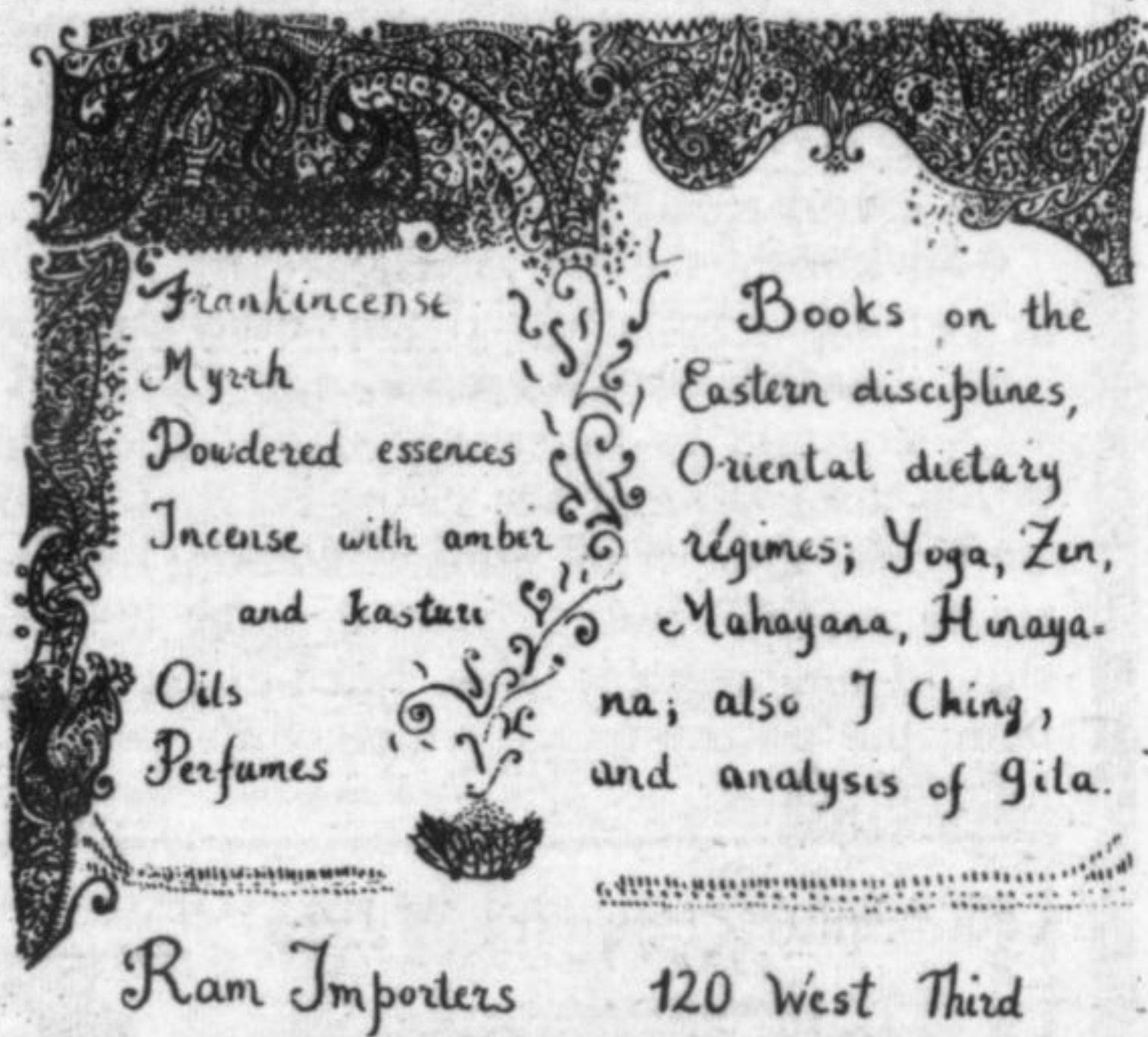


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Army Negroes Riot

Three hundred, armed Negro servicemen stationed at the vast U.S. Naval Base at Da Nang revolted on Aug. 13. The shooting, screaming Negroes overwhelmed the Military Police garrison and rampaged unchecked across the defenseless base until order was restored by bayonet wielding reinforcements which arrived several hours later. There were over 100 casualties.

It is reported that the riot was caused by the growing disillusionment for the Vietnamese war among Negro troops who have been led to believe that all the major cities in the U.S. are plagued by race riots.

The news of the riot, which came to UPS in a letter from Da Nang post-marked Aug. 18, was censored from normal news channels by the U.S. Army and Navy.

Church Relic Copped

A wood fragment from the cross of Christ, normally enshrined under glass amid candle and painted statuary in East Third Street's Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, went in the hands of the unknown Aug. 16.

While the church hopes to recover the relic, its loss in no way affects the holiness of the church. Ass't Pastor John Radley said this week.

"The relic is accidental to the worship; an article of devotion more holy than statues but incomparable to the sacraments," he added.

The splinter has no monetary value. There is no relic black market Father Radley said. He knew of no motive for the theft.

"The church is always open as it should be," Father Radley said. "You never know who comes in ... They have their own perverted reasons for taking it."

He requested EVO to handle the matter with "the dignity it deserves."

Ninth Police Precinct Det. Larkin, assigned to the theft, said this week there has been no response to pastor George Rosenkranz's NBC Aug. 17 evening news appeal for the relic's return.

Asked why he thought someone took the relic from the 114-year-old church, Larkin said, "The glass was broken on the altar. That's why we think someone took it!"

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- Shows brassiere: Frederick of Hollywood.
- Shows top of breast and bottom of buttock: American Embalmer.
- Shows middle of breast and middle of buttock: Meat Cutters Daily.
- Shows covered nipples: Fag.
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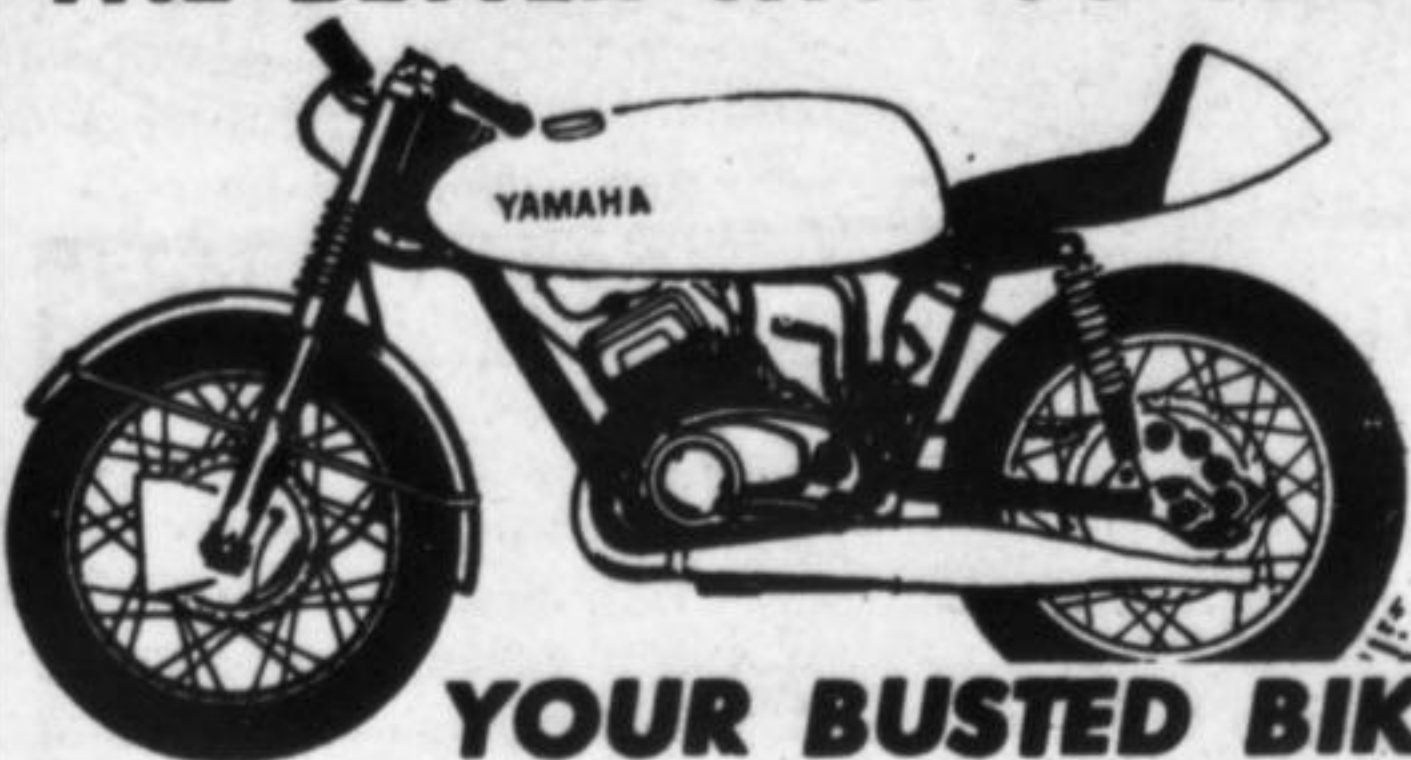
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'bout a theatre for people

Bill Scott, a Los Angeles Free Press correspondent, recently attended several sessions of the American National Theatre Academy conference at UCLA. The sessions, he reports, "completely changed my point of view about live theatre in this country—though not in the direction chosen by so many, many of the participants, who seemed to be saying: "Legitimate theatre is a lively and Popular American Art Form which faces unfair competition from movies and television. Therefore, since Theatre belongs to the people and the people are the government, the government must intercede to save the Theatre."

by Bill Scott

First, live theatre is not a Popular art form. There is only one Popular dramatic form—television—and movies run it a poor second.

Second, whenever live theatre apes television and movies and tries to do what they do better, it falls flat on its face.

Third, if live theatre isn't a Popular art form, then all the physical plants which emphasize seating the greatest number of people possible are ponderous anachronisms of design and function. (Of course, even if it WERE Popular, they're atrociously conceived with no relationship to audience wants or comforts. Ever try to claw your way through that thirsty mob surrounding the "cute" bar areas?)

Ergo, if the seating of the greatest number in the smallest space isn't really relevant, where is the bold entrepreneur who will design, build and use a theatre which has as its center not the actor, nor the playwright, nor the scene designer, nor the realtor, but the most neglected, indispensable factor—the audience?

How about having just one theatre in the world—and it WOULD be the only one—where EVERY member of the audience can see and hear EVERYTHING that is going on in the play EVERY minute he's there? Wild idea, huh! Way out? You know it.

I defy anybody to tell me that he has ever attended a theatre where he has (1) sat in complete comfort, (2) seen the whole stage every minute, and (3) heard every word that was spoken. The closest thing to it is—God forbid—the drive-in movie.

Why, in this day of superb architectural triumph, should I have to battle my neighbor for a place to put my elbow? With the exteriors of new theatres such examples of aesthetic planning, why should I have to bend my neck sideways like a Balinese temple dancer if the lady ahead of me has teased her hair? Why, in the most expensive showplaces built in modern times, should ANYBODY have to use binoculars to see what he has paid his \$2.40 to look at? Believe me, it is more comfortable to sit in a box stadium and see the Dodgers boot one than to sit in a box at a theatre and see Truth triumph.

Hey. How about having theatre ushers who have the same training and status—and, if possible, the looks—of airline stewardesses? For that matter, why can't they serve food and booze at a dozen places in the theatre—or even in the aisles? Why not, in short, make theatre-going a fully pleasurable activity to the physical senses as well as the emotions and intellect?

Hey. How about having a resident house technician with the equivalent of an electrical engineering degree, and a capable, efficient staff who will try to bring the blessings of the electronic age into the nineteenth-century theatre interior?

You know, like having good acoustics, individual adjustable auxiliary speakers at every seat, having microphones really placed to pick up the action of the play, getting an air conditioning system that really works? And I mean a capable engineer, not an old union pie-card with 30 years of seniority and pure gray gristle between the ears. (And if you think I'm referring to opening nights at the Greek Theatre, the Bowl or the Huntington Hartford, you are oh, so right).

So you'd have to charge \$25 a ticket—or more. I submit that it might be better to have live theatre available only to the well-heeled patron, the thrifty intellectual and the nouveau-riche spender.

God knows theatre tickets are already overpriced for most of us. If any other American enterprise charged as much and delivered as little it would be investigated for fraud. And I don't think things are going to change until we forget this errant nonsense about live theatre being a Popular art and make it what it should be—an expensive, hard-to-get prestige item, the patronage of which conferred Status automatically.

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Wanted-singer-recording contract & European tour-for attractive Cher or mod type--partner. Contact Don Emelio 245-77 6 from 2 to 5 pm.

Jack and Jill ... met through D.A.T.E. & haven't come down yet. questionnaire: 103 Park Ave. NYC

Soul Brother, badly in need of 'Afro' Haircut, seeks 'ethnic' barber in East Vill. area. Write name, shop name, and address to Ben O'Nealos c/o EVO

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Wanted: Man wishes to meet good looking female. Object: dates, friendship, weekend trips, oneness. Who knows? Write PO Box 359, Peter Stuyvesant Sta. NYC

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The East Vill. demands its own music. Musicians interested in the formation of a 'group' to fulfill this need call Matt GR 3-3479 8-11pm

Man, professional, psychologically oriented, creative with motorcycle and country home seeks unconventional gal. No jail bait. Exchange photos first. GPO Box 1310, NYC 10001

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WHERE IT'S AT

Fri. Sept. 2
London--NY--Hollywood print show opens, MOMA, NYC

Fri. Sept. 2
Blackpool illuminations open, England

Sat. Sept. 3
Buffy Sainte Marie, Wollman Rink, Central Park, 8:30 P.M.

Sept. 3
International Foot Fetish Festival, Abu Simbel, Egypt. Winner gets glazed mummy's foot.

Sun. Sept 4
Historic regatta for small gondolas. Venice

Sept. 4
International Moyles' convention, Hotel Friedland, Tel Aviv

Sept. 4
Fete of the Strolling Fiddlers, Rigeauville, France

Sept. 5-6
National Interplanetary Space Travel Insurance Men's Convention, Americana Hotel, San Juan, P.R.

Wed. Sept. 7
Scottish Highland Games, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire

Fri. Sept. 9
Three hundredth anniversary celebration of the Great Fire of London, marked by pageant on River Thames performed by London Fire Brigade.

Sept. 9
Painters, sculptors, creative cats present NY's fourth avant garde festival, a day-long (6 A.M. to midnight) which could be a bomb, but considering the top calibre of artists involved (Carolee Schneeman, Dick Higgins, Hansen, Kaprow, Robert Bree) will probably be great. Central Park Mall.

Sun. Sept. 11
Day devoted to the cause of peace, Mont-St-Michael, France.

Mon. Sept. 12
Lincoln Center Film Festival begins (thru Sept 22).

Thurs. Sept. 15
International Sheepdog Trials, Chester, England

HIGH on the RANGE



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2 cups flour
1 cup raisins, chopped
1 cup currants, whole
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1/2 cup candied lemon peel, diced
1/2 cup candied orange peel, diced
1/2 cup candied cherries, whole
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup dark brown sugar
2 eggs

1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, ground
1/2 teaspoon allspice, ground
1/2 teaspoon mace, ground
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, ground
1/4 teaspoon clove, ground
1/2 cup cannabis, manicured
1/2 cup dark molasses
1 cup heavy cream

Dredge fruit with half the flour, mix well, and put aside. Cream butter and sugar. Beat in eggs and lemon extract. Sift in remaining flour. Add soda, spices, and herb, and blend well. Add molasses and cream and mix well. Add reserved fruit mixture and stir well. Butter and line the bottom of a loaf pan. Fill to within one-half-inch of top. Bake two hours in a 360-degree oven. Let cool. Remove from pan. Age one month in a sealed container. Moisten with Armagnac each week during aging period. Serve thinly sliced. Save until Christmas.

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