

**THE**

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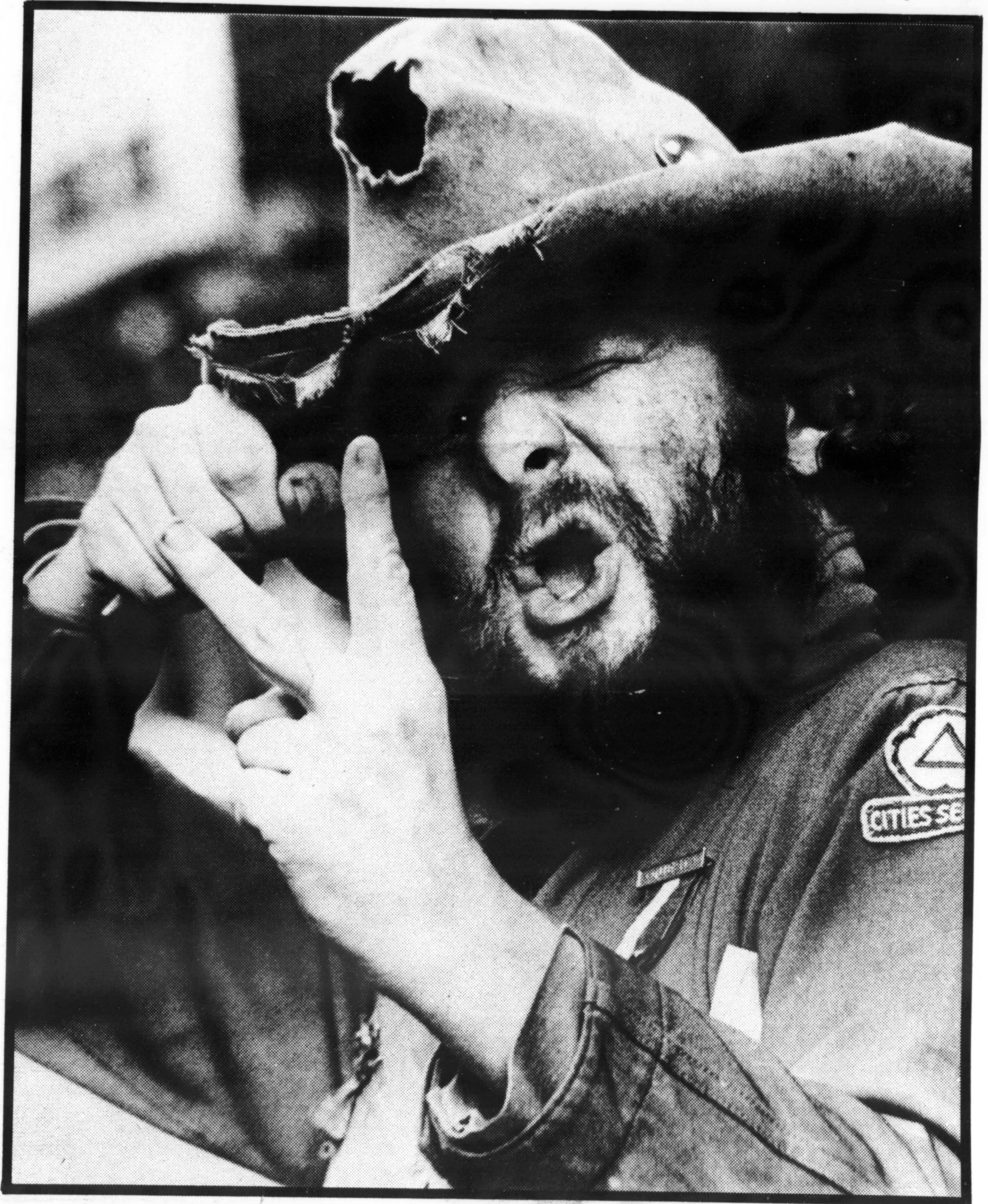


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NATIONAL '25

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and place is to sell your 'soul'; I got haircut-hooked and in the computer office where the elevators are made by Otis I met Judith. The present logos (in logical sequence to the former WHO AM I? I AM GOD. Wheel) is WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?, and the hitting of Warhol is, of course, the sin against the Holy Spirit (breath/word that comes out of a hole: In der beginning is der Void). In Hell all things are forgiven (Hell is Ei). Africa: A Free Ka; coffee: Ka fee; Kama: Ka Ma (Soul Mother); "It is the cars, my soul . . ." Dike is Greek, "Justice," on which Herakleitos says, "If the sun got out of its course, dike would smack it back in." Cockroach is Ka guruj; Judy is Judy in Disguise (With Glasses); write me for free huge booklet.

BENEDICT SCHWARTZBERG  
 P.O. Box 752  
 Peter Stuy. Sta., N.Y. 10009

DEAR EVO:

With friends like Poor Paranoid Allan Katzman of EVO the left doesn't need the Daily News!

Katzman's reportage on the May 18 demonstration in Washington Sq. Park is a fine example of that hip, nothing really matters snide style of reporting that makes it very easy for the author to write about something without having done much research or analysis.

The danger of such misreporting lies in its misinforming on very serious subjects, giving the very people who should be getting involved an easy cop-out.

Among the more glaring examples of this method are the following, from Katzman's article of May 24 (Vol. 3, No. 24).

He mentions that the "April 27 Marchers . . . had been beaten" but neglects to mention any of the success of that first march. In fact few were beaten, most were not arrested and several hundred succeeded in getting to Sheep Meadow that day. Most important of all, he completely leaves out all political goals, effects and gains of both the 27th and the 18th.

He points out that the groups marched around the circle, but doesn't give the reason why, that this was necessary in order to leave the park w/out forewarning the cops.

His shallow analysis of why we came back on the 18th of May was "to keep faith with their beliefs."

His figures on the number of police were only a fraction of the over 2,000 police involved in that area that day, but then he obviously didn't follow the demonstrators through the East Village.

He states the falsehood that "the police broke through the door (of the Wash Sq. Arch) . . . and emerged with their prey, his face was flushed and he was limping." In fact, the cops couldn't get the door of the arch open even though THEY broke the lock, and the young man on top of the arch, Dave Huey, long after the marchers had left the park, came down, took away the two-by-fours from inside the door and came out to the waiting cops. He wasn't limping and was not hurt.

Mr. Katzman turns time around and has the march leave the park after the exit of Dave Huey, as if the marchers were fleeing! The truth is that the flags from the arch and the other planned distractions took place just as expected, providing the means for the marchers to catch the cops off guard and allowing them to get out of the park and into the streets!

Perhaps "The revolution was officially over as the marchers headed down Second Avenue" for Mr. Katzman, but one wonders if it ever "officially" began for him?

To some, everything is a game of "Monopoly" (interestingly Mr. Katzman picks the most capitalist of games), to others the game is life, it is real and if there is to be revolution, then it is only beginning.

Your for liberation,  
 U.S. COMMITTEE TO AID THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF SOUTH VIETNAM  
 Walter D. Teague, Chairman

Dear EVO:

In answer to the letter written by Jack Frazier on "Poor Power" in your May 31st issue of EVO (Vol 3, No. 26), I would like to comment.

Any ignorant bastard who makes a statement saying that no person should be permitted to make more than \$15,000 per year income must be completely nuts.

If Frazier had one ounce of ambition, incentive or personal pride, he certainly wouldn't have conjured up such an asinine idea in the first place. In the second place, what would become of the country's brain surgeons, nuclear scientists and entrepreneurs who create jobs for millions of workers? These men would disappear because their talents would be unrewarded.

GUARANTEED annual income? How socialistic can anyone get? It's sad people like Frazier don't understand the full meaning of the thing they're advocating.

If things are so tough in this country then why the hell does a parasite like Jack Frazier stay here? There's lots of room for him in Red China and he's fit right in with the rest of the he'd fit right in with the rest of the uneducated peons — all of whom are Jack Frazier is obviously just an economic drop-out who can't cut it and instead chooses to blame society rather accept the fact that he's inadequate.

Yours for Wealth Power,  
 SCHUYLER D. CAMPBELL

Dear EVO:

The Berkeley Ragbar is running a two-part series by Tim Leary on what a good trip Yip and Jerry Rubin is. Remember Tim? Got thirty years, ages ago, spent time on Hitchcocks' estate. (Hitchcock is a young acidhead who simultaneously owns Melon millions — Gulf Oil, Millbrook).

Stories circulate saying Leary has split with his benefactors. Now he writes about Jerry Rubin, who took acid 10 months ago and, to use Leary's rhetoric, "Mescaline Marx, Lysergic Lenin." Hold on to your guts, my friends, you are bound to vomit.

Rubin is a calculating politician sizing up acid power. You see something happening, see that it attracts so much energy, and then you leap-and-co-opt-make it your thing, just doing my thing, Jack, I'm leading Pharaoh's children, they're all dead.

In a time so shitty, and you don't trust your brothers? I would be crazy if I did.

R. JANGRE  
 U. C. Berkeley

Dear EVO:

I hereby found the anti-subliminal thought projection movement; to write LOVE for public eyes.

Opposites diametrically opposed, in their complete essence, are in fact the same. Hence, those very means.

I plead to enlightened souls everywhere: propagate giving and forgiveness. Write LOVE with love, therefore beautifully, on public property; the streets, subway walls, posters for poles, and in all places that do not infringe upon any one individual, but all individuals. The mere fact that a good portion of the population will be vehemently opposed to such action is indeed proof of its necessity. Let the opposition write hate in the streets instead of using the police to arrest the Lovears, and let them try it in open daylight.

Is the country, or some major factions, afraid to see the word and therefore to give frequent thought to LOVE? Do they think it ruins or is ugly for our streets? I'm afraid so . . .

So be the first in your neighborhood; write LOVE indelibly on your street today, or tonight, for unfortunately it may

have to be done under cover of darkness.

Mass media for the masses!  
 Name withheld in memory of Dr. S. Spock.

A HIPPIY LOVER — DEAD YIPPIE  
 BEATNIK HEAD

Dear EVO:

After reading the article "Those Mysterious Signals From Space" in the May 31st edition of EVO (Vol. 3, No. 26), I have come to the conclusion that this issue of EVO symbolizes the savior Christ. I came to this conclusion by multiplying 24, the number of pages in this EVO, by 37, which is the sum of the numbers in Vol. 3, No. 26, and the 8 letters in THE OTHER. The result of this multiplication is 888, the number of the savior Christ.

Love,  
 TOM BERGMAN

Dear EVO:

I've been reading your paper regularly and to tell you the truth I enjoy it quite a bit. One thing that gets me tee'd off is when some clowns write in to you and try to tell us GI's how to win the damn war. I've been in country (Vietnam) for a few months now and it's beginning to get me — not the war but the clowns in the world. Take for instance your May 17th article (Vol. 3, No. 4): this Marshall McLuhan dude, I think he's talking out of his rectum, his mouth should know better.

He says, "What are we fighting for?" The answer, simple, HIS ASS, as well as mine and yours. I don't like being over here but I'm going to extend my tour of duty for an extra three months, for two reasons: one is to help fight these slanty-eyed commies, the other is to get an early out from the service; I'm a lifer by no means.

Some of the things he wrote didn't bother me too much because I got the idea he was just screwed up in the mind anyway, probably on a trip when he wrote it; the trip was probably a bummer, like him. I don't know the goon and for his sake I don't want to run into him. Try to contact him and tell him we GI's like what he's writing about the Nam (Vietnam). He hasn't even been over here so how in the world does he know what he is talking about? I'm eighteen years old now and I as well as my brother are over here, both volunteers at that, if my own damn brother is here willing to die for his

Funky Butt, so he can sleep nights, say what he wants, do what he wants, go out with groovy chicks, etc., they should put him on the next damn plane coming over. His ass would have been shot if he put down the leader of Russia like he did to LBJ. As for what happened to Bob Kennedy. All these damn no good, lousy, stinking, rotten commie rats should join the VC so we can wipe them out and rid the world of such bended in the mind individuals. Shame on the U.S. for assassinating a person who tried to express his views so we could live in a better, not as primitive world.

This is my first letter to you and I would appreciate it deeply if you would put it in your paper to let the readers know that the GI's would rather fight and die over here than have to live in a world with violence and corruption as the U.S. is this sad day. Also to let them know that there is no room in our country for COMMUNIST DOGS, WHO DISGRACE THIS EARTH.

Sincerely yours,  
 Sp 4 STAN WALUDA  
 HHD 58th Trans Bn  
 APO S. F. 96337  
 Drawer 76  
 Da Nang, S. Vietnam  
 P.S. — Keep up the good work with the groovy papers.

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Dear EVO:

Hail truth in spirit —

Ain't life grand — it won't be long until we'll all be liberated again — I don't care what mood you're in right now — your day is coming and not long from now — a few albums, words of truth, and a wake-up — why the hell is anybody ever sad — we'll go round the world on a shoestring and see and do anything thats happening — we'll make it happen — there's nothing to stop us — death is only delay — Mary & I will be setting the pace with you and anybody with our way of thinking trying to keep up — anything you leave undone we'll do — nothing matters except our living life young, full, and free or else what's the use being alive — when your moment arrives you'll be the same as us: 21 years behind our selves with only a hint of how to express our personalities in the exhilarating task of being ourselves without condition or exception — the world belongs to those who belong to themselves — empires are of personal appeal — it won't be long or last long so be ever-expecting of your chance — it is eminent that we should all die but only a curse (or is it religious?) to sit and idly wait for our final time-begging breath — at twenty our lives belong to us and everyone else is worried less and less with what we do with them — I'm to-death-dedicated to being my imagination's self portrait and am immediately excited with the proposition of absolute freedom — get out of their lives and into yours — it's up to you right now to dedicate yourself to personal freedom of expressive sweating — this moment — right now — if you let up someone will rape you to their ways — keep moving in every direction — don't criticize until you've tried everything . . . twice — fight to be free — free to change, free to move — finish these words and to hell with what you're doing — fuck the army of life and all its restrictions — find out what matters to you and burn & bury the rest — we love you as YOU and not any other way — the fight takes energy and guts and lasts for every moment — one last phrase . . .

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU??

Our motivation is love.

STEVE & MARY GROFT  
 Louisville, Ky.

Dear EVO:

Andy Warhol was hit by Wheel-are-ya-Soul-And-Is after I introduced Judith Ann to Kathy who is witchess at the Hookah cafe, 10th & B. 'Ka' is Egyptian, "soul"; Baudelaire, "To refuse to accept the conditions necessary to live in your time

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
 105 Second Avenue  
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WEEKLY RATES

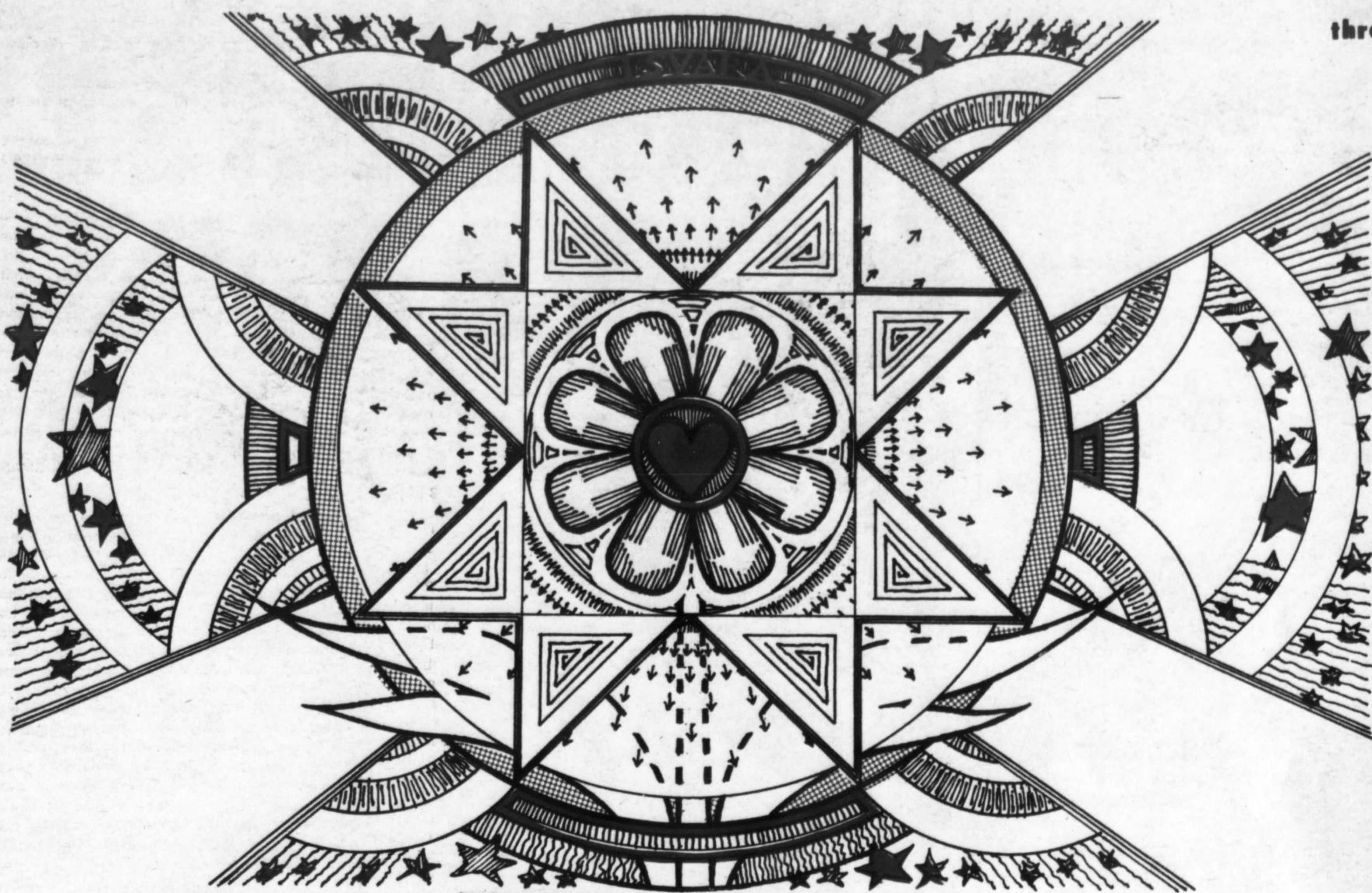
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## TEMPLE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

I'svara. One hears a lot about her, how gifted she is in holiness without guile, those ecstatic vibrations, how her exalted cool work wonders on the wandering consciousness of fools & angels. I'svara, I'svara.

"She's beauty," a stranger says to me near the temple, "She mended my spirit," I'svara, "perfect soul woman."

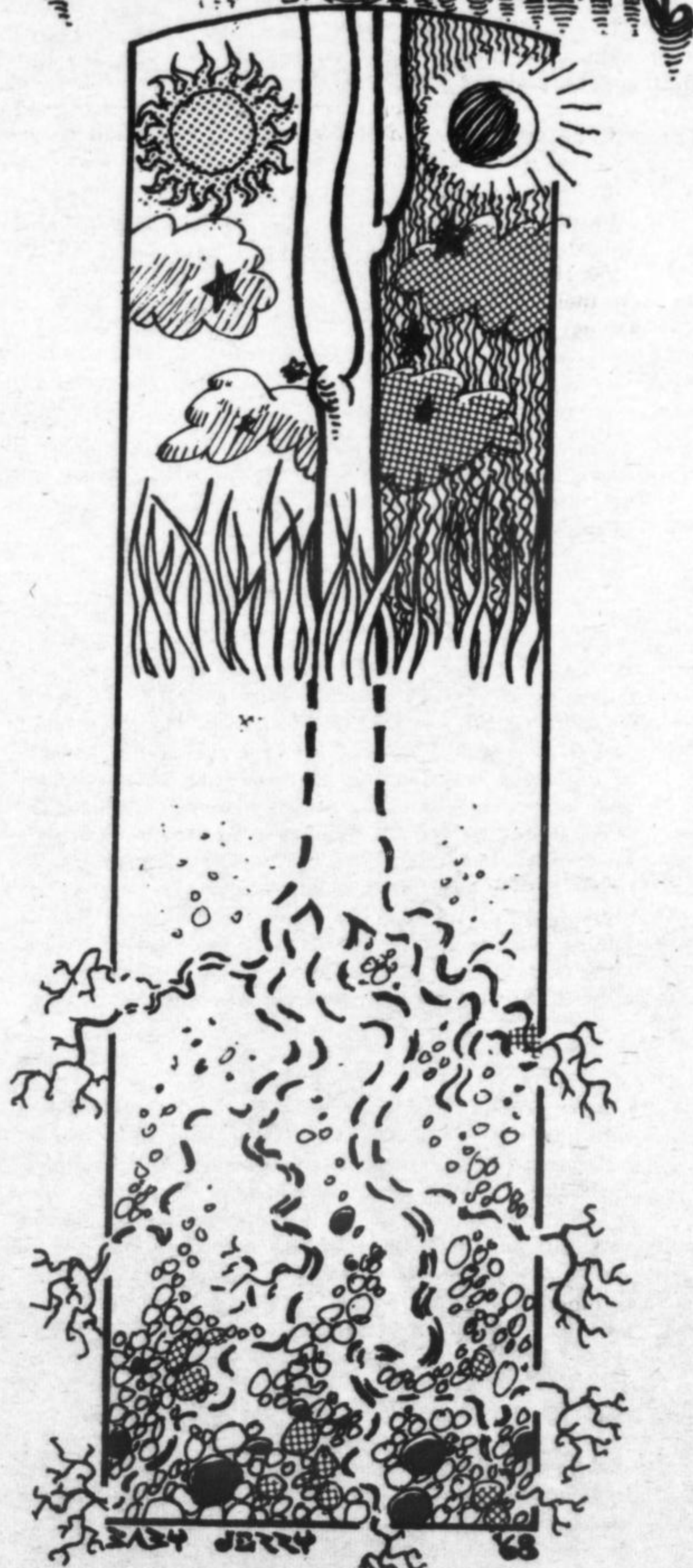
Then one night I met Jessie Mosley, a young visionary activist reckless & beautiful enough to want to remake the world, in his consciousness image, desiring and working toward both economic & spiritual independence, and convinced "there's a lot more outside this fish bowl." For life is little lived when divorced from a meaningful contract with the spirit and its scolding.

Bunny Mosley was sitting beside him, together they spoke of I'svara, you walked in on I'svara and she looked thru you knowing you before you said hello. But they didn't sit on knowing her & feeling strongly the depth of her commitment to truth. The three of them got together with David Elder one night, and started talking about the spiritual problems of the world, and the young people's search for identity in Bedford-Stuyvesant, this nation's second largest black city nation (after South Side Chicago). And they started building. They wanted a temple to also embrace community activities and a store to handle "spirit goods." They were fired by dreams of a "new civilization."

That was little over a year ago, and a lot has happened to America & the world since. Assassinations and funerals turn into ten dimensional movies of politics & strange mourning, the Maharishi makes a million & returns to his counting cave, more & more people seek refuge in love and Icarus pardons, leaving intact the confused chaos.

And Jessie Mosley, still the spiritual goat, had misgivings when I said I wanted to meet I'svara & do a story about their search for truth in Brooklyn which is alive & kicking and less dead than Thomas Wolfe thought. He was afraid of "unfavorable attention," it was not a show for people who freak out on the occult without caring (or even daring) to fly from their temporal abodes to the strange yet beautiful and rewarding planets of creation where the holy & prepared are called to a skilfull, illogical, and tumultuous derangement of the senses making it impossible to distinguish between self & tree. For, when the blocks are removed, all life is imbued with holiness and constant rebirth.

So I walked past Pratt Institute into the music of Big Buddha, 324 De Kalb Avenue, filled with live Buddhas, African holy masks & other annointed goods of the spiritual life, a direct adjunct of the temple, officially known as the Museum of MADAU (Mastership Academy of Design Art & Universality) whose members dwell in the psychic sciences and the occult, all praises to Allah & His working beauty. They proudly showed the Buddhas from distant countries and how, even in the showcases, they affect people's lives and dance honesty out of street kids and Pratt students who wander in from the hot cold streets, searching.



BY LENNOX RAFAEL

"There was this teenager," Bunny Mosley said, "he was going to blow up the Welfare Building, and walked in because he wanted help in finding a testing ground. See, he had this bomb. He made it. And he was going to use it. And he wanted it to work," so she and Jessie showed him his mind was the only bomb sure to work & blow up all the bad vibrations that tempted him to destroy himself. And he was gently shuttled to I'svara on St. James Place.

So around the corner I was walking with Jessie Mosley when a woman greeted us, her eyes placidly active restlessly composed face turning with unrestrained openness, I'svara. She talked about the poor girl who was being tricked by "the sinner's game," and didn't know whether she was "coming or going," and I'svara was straightening out her head. The psychichrink.

I'svara was at page 119 of THE POWER OF SILENCE (a study of the values & ideas of the inner life) by Dresser, and says dig, upright, baby, like the young people who come to her for spiritual advice. She who is convinced that "beauty, love, and divinity reside in all of us, and the deciding virtue is how we express it," and she could love anyone & everyone because she was privy to "certain stages" of the journey to enlightenment. "It's so simple," she said, "I can't see why people make it complicated. But then, I guess, they have to have something to do," she smiled her bubbling cool & left David Elder to take me on a guided tour of this cool, aerated, brownstone; first two floors filled with art work by Joe Overstreet, Hugh Harrell, Jessie Mosley, Kitty Chavis, Frank Smith, Tejumola Apetatu, David Elder, some of the most together people in New York.

All is temple & holiness, everything, but there is the large meditation room, the ashram of sweetness & candles neoning I'svara's persuasive spirit. And I'svara means she who speaks the truth of the coming of the Lord.

"Nobody practices black magic here," David said. "This is the real occult . . . to help people — helping anyone." There is a "religious aspect" but MADAU "is not really a religion." MADAU is involved in "the war of life," and was physically existing (with the gift shop on De Kalb) for one year, and he and Jessie & Bunny keeping it together for development & growth." The spirit rewards those who know there's a heaven in the outer regions of every hell.

Bedford-Stuyvesant is "actually the spiritual elite nation of the US — materially impoverished but spiritually volcanic." People are spiritual, but have been unable to direct the forces in their own life & emerge from facelessness & chaos to activate the psychic power that is theirs.

"Others have disregarded their spiritual life, and are therefore dead."

"In fact," said David Elder who started learning occultism at I'svara's spirit three years ago, "she has a divine mind. She doesn't have an earth mind at this point, he said very quietly. "Divine."

Then we were alone, I'svara & I, and she said "I'm just a woman who believes man is in his highest

(Continued on Page 14)

THE  
INCREDIBLE



# PATAREALIST PAPERS

by Jerry Levi

Claims of American and South Vietnamese stability amid report after report of mounting death tolls and intense fighting in Saigon have left the American public in a state of dizzy disbelief as the "credibility gap" yawns ever wider. The N. Y. Post reports that death totals are expected to exceed Korea's. The cumulative totals as reported on June 14th were 27,744 killed and 80,541 wounded in need of hospital care.

Unemployment is at its lowest level in 15 years and the economy appears to be booming; whether or not this has anything to do with the drafting of thousands of unemployed black youths (whose unemployment rate remains double that of white workers) will remain to be seen if and when the American people are able to influence their government to "bring the boys home." The unemployment problems which may result may be somewhat ameliorated as the tension in our cities mounts to the point where there will be plenty of demand for trained soldiers (on both sides).

Pickets, police, and protests have ceased for the summer at Columbia University as students plan to renew their struggle this fall.

Undaunted by President Russell Kirk's premature statement of victory before TV cameras days after commencement exercises, the Strike Committee plans to compete with the University on an ideological level for the loyalties of incoming freshmen with a "counter-orientation." Throughout the summer, tuition-free classes on such timely subjects as the draft, the "housing crisis," and labor relations as well as weekly meetings and rallies are expected to keep revolutionary spirit at a high level during the summer months.

Underground sources report that Frank Sinatra is expected to be indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in the near future.

Student leaders from around the world appearing on a BBC show denounced the process of elections as an effective means of bringing about change "and expressing the will of the people." This report would lend credence to Drew Pearson's recent revelation that after "extensive research" he is convinced that there is "an international student conspiracy." Good work Drew.

Adam Clayton Powell is expected to recapture his congressional seat despite Congress' refusal to allow him to occupy it officially.

Secret hearings as to the fate of the nuclear submarine SCORPION has spurred speculation that she was on a "secret mission." Underground press sources say the sub may have been snagged by wary Atlantians as she attempted to explore their subsea civilization.

A recent survey among unmarried coeds at Oberlin College reveal a virginity quotient of approximately 60%. Only 40% report they have engaged in intercourse. Hopes for the improvement of these statistics next year are expressed by leading members of Oberlin's male enrollment.

The EVO Bad-Sport Award goes to the as yet unidentified loser in a dice game in St. Louis who drove his car into a group of winners killing one man and injuring three others.

Progress in the field of medicine was in the headlines as the New York Post scooped the National Enquirer with the sensational story SHEEP TO MAN TRANSPLANT — PATIENT DIES. The transplant fad is still going strong, as ever increasing heights of grotesque are mounted. Doctors have become bolder and bolder as they circle failing patients with scalpel in hand waiting for the final gasp and their opportunity to grab headlines. The enterprising World Health Organization has found it necessary to set up a new "scorekeeping" method by which to measure the extent of human death. This "countdown" system is expected to permit the team of pre-grave-robbers to blast-off at the earliest possible moment.

Scientists at MIT may be engaged in work which will one day point the way to a bold new future. A laboratory team has been successful in sustaining rat-life on a diet of "experimental" chemical compounds. Dr. Sanford A. Miller of the department of nutrition and food sciences has said that "there's no reason to assume we can't produce a completely artificial diet for animals and humans." He added, "We can do it today, but it would be expensive and might not be palatable." Although the N. Y. Times admits that "it might sound unappetizing" this new "food" would come from "one-celled micro-organisms, bacteria, yeast, algae and fungi — that are grown in oxygen-enriched solutions of hydrocarbons derived from ordinary petroleum"!! We assume these petrol-burgers would be available to the consumer at local service stations which may be the drive-in restaurant of tomorrow. Other techniques involve solutions of molasses, paper-mill wastes or treated sewage. The ravings go on for some length . . .

## COURAGEOUS ANIMALS AROUND THE GLOBE

AP reports that the "backyard of Grady Belk's home is a rainbow of color and a symphony of tweets." Belk keeps about 500 parakeets in his back yard. The retired carpenter reports, ". . . it keeps me from twiddling my thumbs . . ."

From the New York Post: "A pigeon from Staten Island walked into the lobby of Georgetown University Hospital the other day and stopped by the information desk." Pigeonitarian Dr. Joseph H. Galloway, displaying true nobility treated the ailing pigeon although he had no medical insurance.

Animals on the wrong side of the law this week include Chico, a 2-year-old German Sheppard who had a death sentence commuted to life in Elmira, N. Y. The dog was found guilty of biting Jo Lynn Mitchell, 7 . . . Chico reported to Elmira Reformatory for guard duty recently.

In London eleven mallard ducklings were held briefly for blocking traffic. The ducks were charged with "causing a disturbance."

Actor William Boyd, now 73, was reported in satisfactory condition after removal of a tumor from the lymph gland. "Hoppy" will be released from St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles soon.

Water conservationists around the globe have reason to rejoice. The Thames, traditionally one of the murkiest channels to be polluted by man is becoming less and less impure due to Britain's effective pollution control program. There have been scattered reports of fish actually found swimming in the formerly befouled waters. It is a hopeful note certainly, indicating that the process of industrial pollution of the world's air and water supply may one day be reversed if people demand it be done.

Don C. Baty, a 22-year-old draft resister sought refuge last week in the Washington Square Methodist Church. Baty was granted sanctuary by Rev. Finlay Schaes with the approval of his congregation. Not giving a fuck about tradition, Brooklyn Federal Judge Zavatt signed a warrant for Baty's arrest instructing marshalls "to go get him and bring him to court."

Dr. B. T. Mead, chairman of the departments of psychiatry and neurology at the Creighton School of Medicine in California, said recently that pregnant young girls would be doing their unborn children more harm than good by a hasty marriage. He recommends instead that such unplanned children be put up for adoption and adds that this is preferable to a broken home resulting from a probable divorce.

Icarus, the halfmile diameter miniplanet which passes close to the Earth every nineteen years, missed once again last Friday night by a slim four million mile margin. Chances for cosmic upheaval from this source are postponed until 1987.

A flash from our subterranean newswire reports that the City of New York is currently keeping Harlem cool by paying off selected black militants. In an effort to improve police-community relations the payoffs are made by members of the NYC police force. Another giant step forward in the field of race relations.

Former Governor George Wallace of Alabama's American Independent Party is reportedly on the ballot in North Carolina after obtaining 15,771 signatures on their petition.

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Goodies-but-oldies week come along rarely, perhaps in the translation even becoming a week of reflection . . . on what has gone before. For instance, further notes on *Dionysus* in 69, now that enough distance allows for some objectivity. I mentioned last week that I saw a radically different play opening night from the closed rehearsal-version; it is only fair to add that if Megan Terry saw the play after I did, she probably saw the final version—and therefore had more right to her telegram than I had suspected. Indeed, this version has its roots deeply imbedded in plays such as *Riot or Changes*, and has certainly made no improvement in the technique of shock theater—much closer to the TV program of that name than to 'theater of shock/cruelty' which is the more impressive and dramatic phrase. After the closed rehearsal, I was asked/told of my up-tightness . . . there are two quite direct audience-participation scenes, one of which consists of *Lionysus/ecstasy* offering true ecstasy to Pentheon/repression; he can choose anybody in the room. Yeah, it was a closed rehearsal, and Pentheon had a big choice—I was the only invited guest. So there we are, out in the middle of the garage floor, playing at kissy-face. I thought about the meaning of the scene, how it would work out with a regular audience . . . finally shaking my head as dramatically as I could and walking slowly back to my 'seat' along the platforms near the walls. Nice action, I thought: to be faced with a choice of how to be an actor in their play, to put on a character of one's own choice—and no finger-pointing.

# THEATRE?

by Lita Eliscu

This mood was disturbed totally by Richard Schechner after the rehearsal, gleefully telling me how uptight I was . . . Up-tight? Because I didn't feel like taking on some boy in the middle of a room for no money . . . ? Up-tight? because I knew—and they all knew—that they knew what line came next but I didn't? Oh well. What was the play out to prove, then; that audiences still don't want the poor dry bone handed out on the end of a string which remains firmly tied to the director; that people can be ashamed into the correct response of embarrassment . . . ? Maybe just that nudity is a Good Thing, especially when you're with a (small) circle of friends, like a garage-full. All in favor, join in the circle dance of ecstasy; all others, go back to sex & soul, beginning class, and look at yourself nude in the mirror and discover what you don't like and try to understand why you don't always feel like getting nude when actors up on stage already are practically so . . . You say you're the audience, not actors? You don't know you live in the wide wide world of total theatre . . . ? Schmuck.

That line of reasoning works well until the killing scene—in which the play runs, not walks, right back to the old-fashioned relationship of actor and audience. No matter how hard actors may try to look amazed, they have heard the condemning lines before, that red-paint (blood) finger pointing and accusing everyone of the crime of Watts and Detroit, etc., ad nauseum. Gahhhh. Once again sports fans, this is a play in which everyone of the actor's gestures and lines are pre-conceived.

The play is obviously and most certainly not without merit (damning phrase of faint praise as that is); the over-all theory in use is quite interesting, at moments successfully disturbing the audience into seeing a new facet of actor-play-audience relationship. Bill Finley, who plays *Dionysus*, gives one of the most clearly beautiful performances ever, ringing true until that last speech of accusation—nobody could carry that off. Pentheon, played by Bill Shepherd, has moments of true glory but too often fades to a self-righteous tone of thunderous emotion instead of subtle gesture.

It is most unfortunate that one of the best lines was cut from the play; in the earlier version, some of the actors scream, about Schechner's going to South America and leaving them alone; what will happen to them and does he care . . .

Some people have once-a-year-days, but Tom O'Horgan seems to be having a once-a-day-year; almost every day it seems another of his plays opens, all to blaring, lusty success. It will be most interesting to see what he does with two other Rochelle Owen's plays in July when two of her one-acts will open the new La Mama. All his directed plays, while exciting, theatrical and at the very, very least the most fun to see either on or off Broadway—all of them have a startling similarity to them, as though cut from the same flag: One piece may have stars and the other stripes but the fabric remains. Before those plays, however, he will be up at Brandeis, auspicious visit due to a grant, directing the chosen college students up there in one of their summer stock plays. Then there are all the scripts to choose from—and all says it; anybody who still writes for the stage, and has any head, has been at least trying to get a script to Tom O'Horgan, who has been nicknamed the 'underground Mike Nichols' by at last count, 4 people I have spoken with in the past week or so. They're wrong—he's better than that.

Movies in town . . . for all tastes. Filmmaker's Cinematheque will have "A Program of New Films" this weekend, the 21st-23rd, including "Grimaces by Gudmundur Gudmundsson (grimaces by 180 internationally known artists) . . . The New Yorker has begun its Summer Repertory; 22nd-24th, 8½ and a Pierre Staix film, *The Suitor*, "about a 30-year old Frenchman living with his parents and goaded by them into pursuing a wife," says the listing. Coming up this summer are old favorites-for-real: *Repulsion*, *One-Eyed Jacks*, Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing*, Bunuel's *The Exterminating Angel* together with *To Die in Madrid* . . . wow—the list just goes on. The New Yorker is at Broadway and 88th. tel: TR 4-9189.

For all you real sports fans, *The Queen* is now playing at Kips Bay 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668. The movie is a documentary about the selection of a drag queen at Town Hall last year. It's in color.

Also, *Tell Me Lies* is back in the city, at the Pocket Theatre, 3rd Ave. and 13th, YU 2-0115. If you missed this movie—very possible considering it played a brief engagement at the 34th St. East, which theatre seems doomed to kill off all its movies—if you missed the movie, I'm sorry. *Tell Me Lies* is one of the most effective films I've seen, and Peter Brook has used his head and heart in a fine way here. Ostensibly about the war in Vietnam, the film manages to probe even more deeply into ultimate and significant human action. The war is certainly one of the most easily comprehen-

sible symbols anywhere of an issue worth resolving, worth the agony of finding a solution both personal and international. Mark, the young English protagonist, worries endlessly and ceaselessly about some significant action he can perform which will indicate his horror of the war. By extension, Brook is trying to find any human action which is ever 'significant' in the Marcusian sense of actually changing any condition, although not necessarily political. Mark kills himself by immolation, in imitation of Norman Morrison (remember him?) and that first Buddhist monk. A few scenes follow his death, his supreme negative action, and then its significance too is utterly nullified—he simply re-enters the film, again talking to more people about the war and what can be done. The movie is a horrifying, numbing statement about the meaning of living and the ease with which people accept mere subsistence instead.

In one scene, Stokely Carmichael is found at the end of a hallway—really just inside the front door, after Mark has walked out of the party going on in the other end of the house. Stokely is there with 'a friend' and soon a beautiful Vietnamese girl joins them. Stokely points out the difference between being "at peace" and "liberated." The people inside, meanwhile, have been doing a dance called "Zapping the Cong" which includes the mock killing and dying of the dancers. Stokely softly comments: "Them? They'll be among the first to be blown off the earth . . ."

The techniques used here are those of Marat/Sade—again Peaslee songs and effectively handled shocks. Mark's death, for instance, has lost its meaning for the audience even before him, because they have already seen the death of the monk—in color and 3 times over, in slow-motion, as he crisps, pops and crackles into pure energy, plus the semi-documentarized re-enactment of Norman Morrison's death. To say nothing of a lengthy interview Mark holds with a Buddhist monk who happens to be in England at that time. The monk informs him that killing oneself is the supreme sin—it is the denial of life; that the first monk is honored only because of his being the first and yet fully aware of the criminal aspect of his action. Mark's death, by that time, is little more than a shrug.

The movie uses the Royal Shakespeare Company, and as two of the characters tell us (supposedly the cameramen) "this is a semi-documentary." Which means that perception is no truth except on a private scale, because no two people have identical vision.

Theatricality is in high evidence here, although that word must be interpreted according to usage these days; I do not mean Life is Theater; rather, that the heightened emotionalism produced by drama and the play of positive-negative shock is here employed for most full advantage. Audiences left the movie slightly dazed and quiet, but a few protesting the 'sensationalist anti-U.S. sentiment' . . . There is one scene, where Mark and his girlfriend are running towards an anti-war rally; the footage is inter-spliced with newsreel coverage of real crowds running to a real rally (when is an actor not an actor any more . . . ?). A friend of Mark's stops by a little old lady handing out leaflets. He asks why there is no blood, not more emotion shown in the leaflet. She answers him sweetly, "One can see all the napalmed babies one wants on the telly, now can't you, luv?"

The movie is substantial enough so that audiences who go now will probably highlight other problems pres-

ented rather than the once-paramount one of *That War*. Time has that marvelous effect of altering the perception, too.

Two Mondays ago—or was it a year from Monday?—Charlotte Moorman the Cellist and Nam June Paik the Pianist performed a Mixed Media Opera in order to raise money for Miss Moorman's legal defense fund; that's the fashionable charity of these times. Charlotte Moorman believes in bringing sex to art, not in the old stuffy aesthetic way, with a Picasso breast extended from the right ear lobe, but rather right there, all standing up and saying howdy into the cello and to the audience.

Town Hall was not packed . . . more or less seeded with people like a breakfast roll . . . Scheduled to begin at 8:30, there was an extended parody of John Cage's "Silence" for a half hour. About 9 p.m., out came two men, to read sections in Japanese and Russian. Several of the audience (almost a majority at that) laughed heartily at the Japanese selections, and a few souls laughed appreciatively for the Russian. Score: Japan-5; Russia-2.

The charges against Miss Moorman were read while a semi-documentary film was projected, showing why the charges had been brought and why, perhaps, she felt it so necessary to make a defense. People by now, conditioned to laugh appreciatively at any noise as opposed to that deathly silence, fell right into ribaldry with the audio-visual cues of "breast," "lacteals" and

(Continued on Page 12)

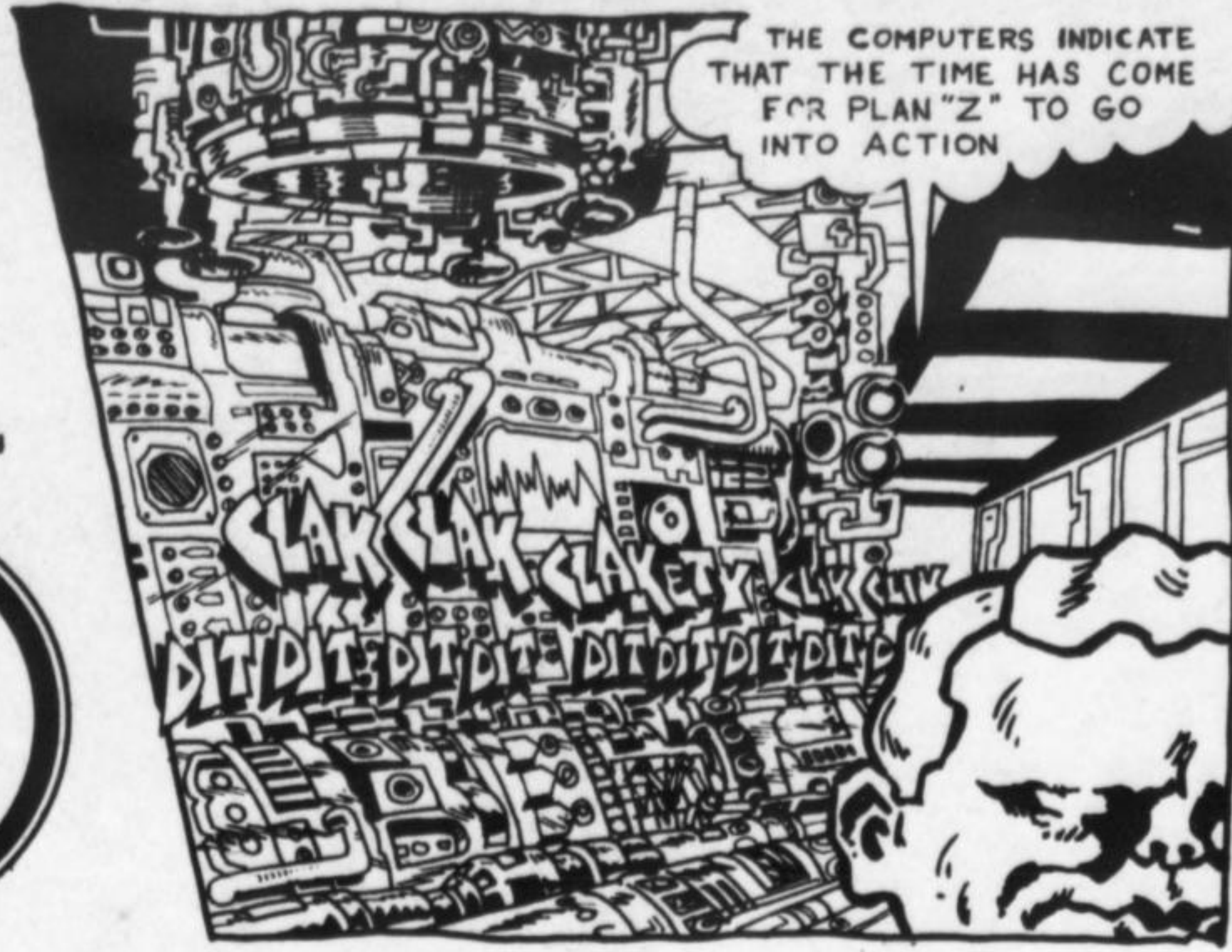


Foto: Raeanne Rubinstein

# SUBVERT COMIX

FEATURING  
**TRASHMAN**  
AGENT OF  
THE 6<sup>TH</sup>  
INTERNATIONAL

LETTERING - P. LESSIRI  
WRITING - ALGIE BACOURAH  
DRAWN - SPAIN



THE COMPUTERS INDICATE THAT THE TIME HAS COME FOR PLAN "Z" TO GO INTO ACTION

CLAK CLAK CLAK  
DIT DIT DIT DIT DIT DIT DIT



SIR! THE GIRL HAS BEEN LOCATED AND IS NOW HOLED UP WITH A SMALL BAND OF INSURGENTS IN SECTOR "B"

GOOD! GOOD! I WANT THAT GIRL ALIVE!



AT THAT MOMENT

RATAT RATATA

UNGH!

GET HER ALIVE



LATER

OK FELLAS, PUT HER IN THE HARNESS AND STRAP HER DOWN

GASP!



AND NOW GENTLEMEN WE SHALL DEMONSTRATE OUR NEW TECHNIQUE OF ELECTRO-MASSAGE THERAPY

C'MON LET'S HURRY UP AND DO IT

MEANWHILE LAST WEEKS COPY OF THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER BLOWS UNNOTICED INTO THE CHAMBER



**B**efore you settle down to a happy evening with your friends in the muggy security of somebody's tenement, remember this: after drinking for five hours in some bar, a cop *still* has his badge.

They got Jerry Rubin while he was on the way to the movies. *Wild in the Streets* was playing Thursday evening at the 72nd Street Playhouse, and Rubin was fixing to watch it for the second time in a row. A sometimes candidate for Mayor of Berkeley he was understandably interested. Then, at the last minute, comes a knock on the door.

A knock on the door? What the hell is this? You buzz down at the *front* door in Rubin's building, unless you're some sort of crook — second story man, lockpick, child molester, Avon lady, fuzz . . . It was the fuzz. They wanted to see about a homicide in the Bronx, they said, and added that they were from the narcotics division. "Do you have a search warrant?" Rubin asked. "Open the door, you can see me through your peephole," came the reply.

Understandably weirded by this exchange, Rubin lifted the latch. Two cops shouldered in, and what shoulders, and appropriated the kitchen, where they stood about nervously and flashed badges until a third cop appeared a moment later. Now Rubin had three cops, three extraordinarily large and nervous cops, glaring around his little kitchen and smelling unmistakably of booze. "Do you have a search warrant?" he asked, fairly sure by this time that it made little difference.

"What do you know about a search warrant?" A scrap of paper appeared in front of Rubin's face, with his name and a judgish signature scrawled on it. Then he was grabbed by the shirt: "Do you have anything in here you shouldn't have? Where's the gun? If you don't tell me where it is, and I find a gun, I'll break you apart." Another one asked for dope, where was the dope? Then they found the desk, started rummaging through papers. "What are the Yippies going to do in Chicago?" Guns, dope, politics — these fuzz wanted to know everything about Rubin, without once offering to let him talk to a lawyer.

In fact, if Rubin has asked for a lawyer, he probably would have got his ass kicked good. These cops were definitely physical sorts, threatening to attack him every time he hesitated in answering a question: two of them were playing rough, shoving him around and calling him names, while one of them played soft, restraining the other two and whispering "Not now." This went on for about a half hour, while the cops rummaged through Rubin's personal papers and ripped Castro posters off the wall, threatening to kick the shit out of him the first time he gave them a chance.

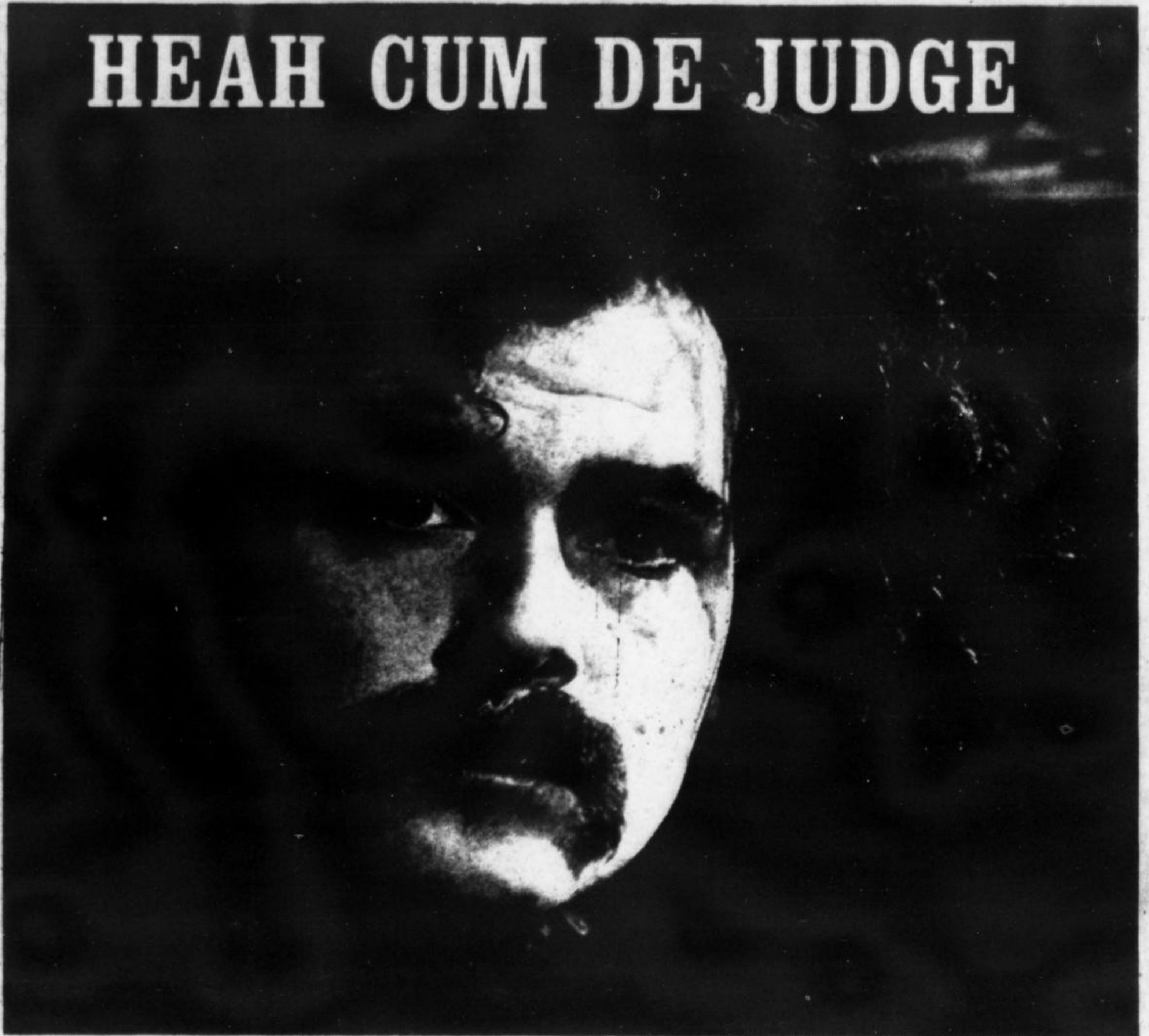
They were vitally interested in Rubin's Yippie correspondence; they demonstrated a deep familiarity with the activities of Allen Ginsberg, ESSO, the Yippies, Communist China and Russian subversives. "We want to find out who your friends are." Turned out these officers had been at Columbia, too: "We saw you at Columbia, and decided to come and get you," one of them said. "All I want is five minutes with you, I'll tear out every hair in your head and make you sorry you're alive."

Then they handcuffed Rubin, dragged him downstairs, and thrust him into a private car decorated with two American flag stickers. "We love America," they said, adding that if Rubin were in Cuba he'd get his hands cut off for acting like he does. Rubin had gone to Cuba in 1964, one of them recalled, over the better wishes of his government: "Do your neighbors know that you are a Communist and that you hate America?" That sort of talk — they busted him for dope, but dope did not seem to concern them overmuch.

At the Ninth Precinct, who should appear but Rubin's old lady, Nancy Kurshan. Answering a call from some nameless "friend of Jerry's," she'd dropped by with Abbie Hoffman. The cops told her she could see Rubin — alone — and she was halfway along toward him when he yelled, "Why are you coming?" Seeing what was going down, Nancy made to split; she was grabbed, arrested, searched, booked, and grilled — did she have any friends in the Jewish army? What synagogue did she go to in Brooklyn? Why did she hate America? And so on.

Together, Rubin and his chick were then transported down to 100 Centre Street in a patrol car undergoing verbal abuse all the way. There more of the tough cops got out of hand, dragging Rubin into the jail by the collar, pushing, shouting, "You hate America." Alone in the cell corridor, he struck Rubin on the head a few times and shoved him toward a cell, to await arraignment. Then, with Rubin's back turned, he kicked him in the spine, knocking him over on his face in

## HEAH CUM DE JUDGE



front of the other prisoners. "This guy is a Communist, he hates America, he won't fight for his country."

They got Rubin a Legal Aid attorney presently, who spent the entire consultation session carping about the Columbia demonstrations, which he regarded as a foul attack on a great university; he then stood by while Rubin was charged with felonious possession of marijuana and levied a thousand dollar bail. The Hon. Edwards, Jr. presided over this session, at the behest of arresting officer Donald Smith (Badge No. 1750) and his shotgun runners, officers Madigan and Hill. At length, after considerable complaining, the court sent Rubin up to Bellevue Hospital, where a Doctor R. P. Bazemore inspected his back. According to the X-rays, Rubin has a "probable fracture of the coccyx."

Bill Kunstler of the ACLU was retained for Rubin, and bail was forthcoming; by that time, Nancy had already gotten out of the stir — "false arrest," Kunstler put it, simply enough. As for Rubin's case, Kunstler was extremely anxious to see the warrant; it took a few days for the Department to come through, but as soon as Kunstler saw it he moved for a preliminary hearing on July 2, to challenge the validity of the search warrant.

Anybody interested in Rubin's case ought to be down at 100 Centre Street on that date; Rubin may wear his Revolutionary War outfit again. Bread for the Rubin Defense Fund should be sent in care of the YIPPIE office, 32 Union Sq. East, New York City.

This is clearly a political bust, Rubin feels, and Kunstler himself regards the circumstances attending the affair as exceeding curious. And the New York fuzz *were* rather unseemly about it — they broke his back, for God's sake, no fuzz *ever* broke Rubin's back before. He's been busted four times in Berkeley, once at the Pentagon and once at Columbia — the occupational hazards of an "outside agitator," presuming a public institution to possess an inside — but never once did anybody break his back.

So, before you settle down in your muggy security, etc. . . . *think*. You don't have to *do* anything, just act like you hate America and some drunken cop can bust into your pad and break your back. Entering and breaking is legal under these circumstances. Think about it if you're afraid of going to Chicago, to Grand Central, to St. Mark's Place — if you're afraid of being Manipulated by Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner, Allen Ginsberg, et al. You can always stay home and wait for some cop to manipulate your vertebrae.

by D.A. Latimer

eight  
"O wow!! You spelled my name right. You know, nobody ever spells it right."

Kasoundra (it's pronounced Cassandra) sat opposite me, wearing an ancient man's black vest over a satin blouse, circa 1943, and a pair of matching levis ripped at the crotch. She wore white Danish clogs. I have never seen Kasoundra wearing anything on her feet but clogs and antique shoes; high lace-ups and button shoes from the turn of the century, sturdy fat-heeled walking shoes from the 20's. When they finally give out completely she fills them with artificial flowers or shoes the legs of a chair. All Kasoundra's old clothes are slated to eventually become what she calls "people furniture." (Imagine an armchair wearing a vintage lace blouse!)

Two winters ago, Kasoundra first walked into my shop. She dug a pantsdress in the window, tried it on, it actually fit her! (She is very slight, has weighed as little as 75 pounds, and looks taller than she really is). I followed her to a magic store-front home on 12th street where golden cherubs and a swing hang from the ceiling

and, a white rabbit hops across the floor. ("But I'm really interracial. Benny Bunny, that was my black rabbit, he's living with Zally Yanovsky in Canada' now; and Benny had a black child — Simon Felix.")

She showed me her creations: fold-out books, intricately and wondrously illustrated, astrological clocks, and a musicballs — you wind them up and the tricolor one plays God Save The Queen; the red one decorated with a picture of Stalin plays the Volga Boatman's Song. I fell in love with a baroque music-ball that played Beethoven's Ode To Joy and she traded it to me for the pantsdress.

I soon realized that Kasoundra has worn just about everything first. She's one of those chics whom 7th Avenue seems to depend on for new ideas. (Kasoundra, in wide green satin pants, old mans vest, long doublebreasted pinstriped jacket and curls, selling daffodils on 5th Avenue, finds herself being photographed by a 7th Avenue fashion designer. Kasoundra to designer, "Is that gonna be a \$300 outfit?")

She has more old clothes than new ones. New clothes seem to her altogether impersonal, but used things send her loving messages. ("How many hands have been placed on this table? How many asses sat in this chair? You can be dirt poor but you can find things and fix them up. Most people don't have enough invention to find something in the street and make it work, make it part of them.")

I showed her a gown I'd been given — white crepe dripping with deep fringe, from the early 40's. We decided that taking the hem way way up would produce a great American Indian looking mini dress. "You see," she said, "There's no reason to throw away old designs. If they're great, they stay great."

Among her clothes, a silk velvet Cossack shirt from 1924. Kasoundra paid \$5 for it at a costume shop that was closing out. She's been offered \$75 for it. Her new Spring dress cost \$3 and comes from about 1947. The top is a funky wide shouldered rayon jersey print and the skirt is dark crepe.

gored like Paraphrenalia is starting to do all over again.

EVO: "You're pretty poor, aren't you?"

KASOUNDRA: "Well, money comes and it goes. I've done two covers for Vanguard but I also sold daffodils for two months and supported myself on that. In London I sold violets at the opera in a black velvet Liza Doolittle gown. They appreciated my attempts at Cockney."

EVO: "Are you an artist?"

KASOUNDRA: "I really don't know. I started in '64 with tiny drawings for children's books and grew to a fetish for Durer, Bosch, and Bruegel. It's all intricacy. You have to take the time to look at things; sort of like meditation. That's my problem with men; most of them find me too intricate and it scares them. So they zoom on to some other chic who is easier to read."

EVO: "Where are you from originally?"

KASOUNDRA: "God only knows. The middle of the world."

by Trina



photo: DAN COMBOSTER





NO MAN, REALLY WORTHY OF THE NAME



BUT WITHIN HIS HELPLESS HEART ALIVE...

HMM

HARBORS A YELLOW TALKATIVE SERPENT HE CAN NEITHER HUSH OR TAME,...

THE FANG!



... .. THUS ON MIDNIGHT IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, STANDING BENEATH A MYSTIC MOON, ... ONE HARVEY HEPPLWHITE BEHELD A...

HEH HEH HEH



RAPTURIOS SIGHT

ZOUNDS

OOOOH



MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST, ...

I KNOW THIS HAT LOOKS FUNNY, BUT DIG...



BENT ON SUIC-IDE! .....

SOONER OR LATER LIGHTNING WILL STRIKE,



... LURKED PHILIP FLOTSUM

AND I, SHALL GO OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY



Wow!

CRACK!

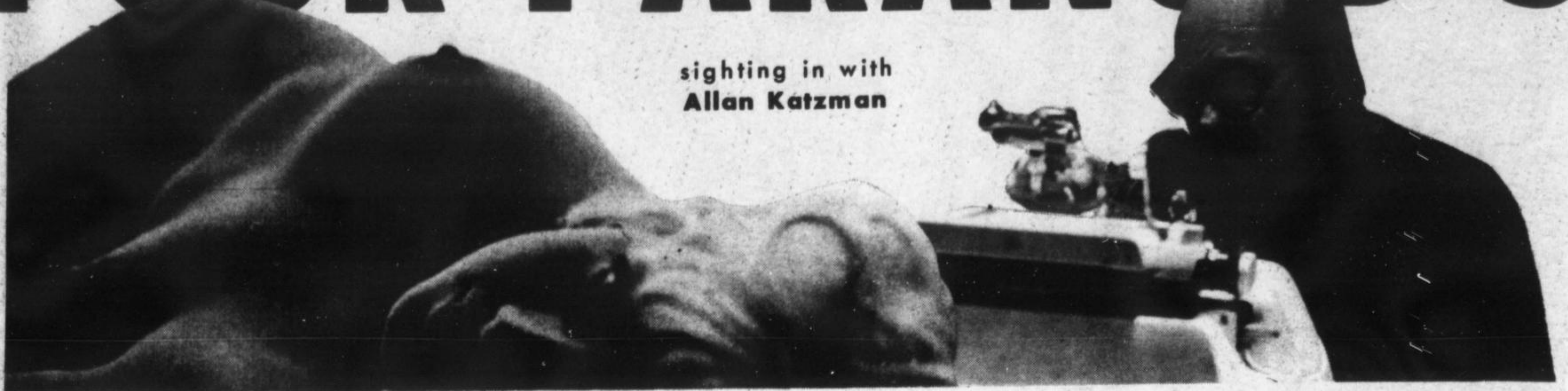
ZOW!

HO HUM GUESS I'LL GO HOME 'N WATCH THE TUBE

SEE YA NEXT JUNE FOLKS

# POOR PARANOID'S

sighting in with  
Allan Katzman



Now that the Universities and Colleges have let out, I wonder who is running the Revolution? And I wonder since education has subsided for a three month interim, is it headed for the streets? And what then?

I guess these are some of the questions that are now on a whole lot of minds. For those who are a might bit more paranoid, and rightly so, the questions have already been answered by the ringing out of a shot in some crowded kitchen in some luxurious hotel before the heavy lidded cathoid eye of millions or by our creaking law machine grinding up the law of conscience between its mindless gears. But these are the changes in America, June 1968, and anyone who is not aware of them is in poor shape or just plain dead.

Of course, where do we go from here becomes a double-edged sword. It can go either way. With all the reactions in the country taking place at the same time it's like some pin ball machine and the slightest jar could end the game. Also with all the bad reviews the political show and its candidates are getting, there is nothing left between reality and illusion to keep the peoples' interest and stop them from crossing over into ultimate nirvana or total freakout. One can only hope for the best or come out fighting after being told for so long to "cool it."

What it's really all about, is about trying to find something to believe in. The old TRUTH, FREEDOM, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN WAY bit is killing some of America's best people, if not all the people of Vietnam. It's hard to take serious any nation which purports to be Democratic when what they really mean is Destructive. It becomes downright derisive when people are condemned by the courts of this land for having a conscience and trying to stop war, every war. If America's young citizens want anything, it's to make sure there is no empty space in the Universe where the planet Earth used to be. What is really at stake is not just our bodies but our souls as well.

But on the other side there are some good things happening. People are beginning to talk about the sickness of America, her penance for violence. They are beginning to see that things across the sea are exactly like that at home. We are entering and are being hooked up in the single mind or Intergalactic World Brain which has been tapped by our instantaneous communication system for the last thirty years. If we ever reach 1972, there will be at least, if not more, 51% of America's population who are 27 and under and aware of these facts.

But the important question is, for those who are aware already, what can they do about it now? What recourse do we have to legal oppression? Recent trials and sentences of draft protestors are making meaningful action impossible within the framework of the laws. We must build an existence which does not depend on the permission of governments, police, or courts. Only then can we shake America into realizing that self-knowledge, not mere force, is the path through its problems. A political underground must be a permanent part of America, and the work toward building it is important beyond Vietnam, beyond today.

The following "illegal" newsletter is put out by The Resistance and is to provide further information which draft counsellors cannot safely give:

## DRAFT TECHNIQUES

Anyone who has a draft problem should see a draft counsellor first; his legally given advice may be all that is needed, and at least it can clarify where one stands.

Information on leaving the country is openly available. For the Manual For Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada send one dollar to the Toronto Anti-Draft Program, 2279 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

The following techniques appear quite safe and usually effective:

1. Build a medical history. Best start early (say by 14) and use an ailment which cannot be exactly diagnosed, like back problems. If possible use something with some basis in fact; just see a doctor occasionally to build a record. Know what papers to take with you to your draft physical; your draft counsellor can help you there.

2. Psychiatric reasons are often effective for wayout types, who are usually seen as sick even they are not. Pick a "problem" with some basis in fact; good ones are homosexual tendencies, drug use, feeling of persecution, detachment, etc. A record of psychiatric treatment does help. Draft information can come to the attention of prospective employers, but it usually does not unless one applies for a government job or security clearance.

Movement doctors or psychiatrists are best, when you can find them.

3. Political reasons. Join an organization on the Attorney General's list and refuse to sign the draft loyalty questionnaire.

The following ideas need more research:

1. Inducing 4F medical results. We need a doctor to sit down with the regulations and go over the human body to develop means requiring prohibitively difficult or expensive countermeasures.

2. Buying a doctor's report. Doctors who sell prescriptions may be good because the movement may be able to approach them through drug channels. Or what about inventing a doctor or getting hold of letterhead; how carefully are these checked?

3. Never registering. We have heard of few cases, because in the past few 18 year olds have been committed or knowledgeable enough to do it, and because anyone who does should (and probably has) told no one. Successful non-registration probably requires getting a properly forged draft card and 4F classification card. We do not know whether proper documents can prevent discovery in event of arrest for an unrelated charge, or whether the documents should refer to persons actually classified (their names, numbers, and classifications are public knowledge at local boards). Also, how can competent forgers and those who need them get in touch?

4. Just not being locatable. There are persons who have no legal dealings. We do not know whether it is possible to prevent discovery through unrelated arrest.

5. Obtaining or keeping deferments, exemptions, etc. by sending false university or other papers. We do not know how to do this properly, but we do know that there are many ways that can work.

6. The rest of us can help by sending false information carefully designed to keep officials and investigators busy tracking down things that don't exist. Research is needed. Also, could payment of officials make things safer for draft evaders?

Above are just a few of the questions needing answers in what could become a vast field of illegal draft resistance. If you have any substantial knowledge it would be very helpful if you could publish it widely.

Since distribution or possession of illegal newsletters may be illegal, treat as drugs. Newspapers can probably report at least the existence of illegal publication, if not all the contents, as news; consult lawyers.

\* \* \*

In a timely decision, the University of California, Berkeley, through its Board of Educational Development, has approved a student-initiated 5-unit interdisciplinary course-cooperative community for 40 students for the Fall, Winter, and Spring quarters (1968-1969), called the DESIGN OF ALTERNATIVE FUTURES.

As a "home" for the Design of Alternative Futures, UNITAS, owner of W-House, 2700 Bancroft Way, has offered the use of its auditorium and seminar rooms

for the class. Moreover, those students in the class desiring an even more intense experience can qualify for the COLLEGIUM, the traditional W-House residence covenant for coeducational living and theological studies which will dovetail with the DESIGN OF ALTERNATIVE FUTURES for 1968-1969. (There are places at W-House for 13 men and 13 women). Therefore, the program will be a joint effort with Unitas insofar as the Design of Alternative Futures, considering new technology, systems, and science, leads to a consideration of the meanings, values, and ultimate directions of Man, which are the concerns of philosophy and religion. By this combination, the program will insure a continual dialogue and interplay between quantitative and qualitative aspects of the future.

The major continuing project of the year will be to "grow" a set of world cities and the global service networks that connect them. If the students begin "growing" these cities at 1968 they shall have projected themselves into the year 2000 by the end of the program (a day can be compressed to 24 minutes, or 1 min. = 1 hr.) In this stimulation of the future by accelerating world growth, small teams of students will each be responsible for the "growth" of a particular city and the region it represents.

Since the need for the new cities by the year 2000 in some areas of the world is a dozenfold the size of existing cities, the team responsibility will of course require the growth of new cities. Parallel to this major stimulation will be investigations of methodology and phenomena that are common to all cities and characteristic of the sciences and the humanities in the world community as a whole.

This studies will focus on (1) global systems that transcend/connect cities — the gulf stream, weather patterns, sunlight, the continental shelf, the great rivers, canals, air routes, etc., (2) technologies that show promise of facilitating large-scale future urbanization — communications satellites, thermonuclear energy, computers, synthesized protein, (3) interdisciplinary studies using the General Systems approach — creative problem solving/scientific method, cybernetics, information theory, game theory, decision theory, and such applied fields as systems engineering, operations research, and human engineering, (4) forecasting techniques — gaming simulation, the Delphi method, scenarios, etc., and (5) the non-material aspects of the future — psychological artistic, philosophical and spiritual. The questions they will ask "what will the church, family, school, and work evolve into in the next 100 years?" "What innovative institutions show promise of filling the present gaps in the transmission of culture, information, and values?" "What new inventions do we need to rectify the imbalances in the front of progress?"

Thus, the basic format of the class is a major project of global scale which is the sum of many coordinated individual projects. In this format each student is a consultant to every each student, creating the maximum possibilities for personal interaction between students. Although a great deal of leadership will be given, the function of the teachers will be consultative rather than didactic, coordinative rather than authoritarian. No fear stimulus will be used, and the program will carry itself by careful planning and direction of the learning environment and by the interest and initiative of the students. Such interest must derive from the urgency of the fundamental problems man has to confront in the great transition of this last third of the twentieth century.

A typical week during the year will consist of four 3-hour morning (or afternoon) sessions which will be for (1) individual students, partners, and design teams presenting their work, (2) lectures, discussion, and critiques by guest lecturers and a rotating series of U. C. assistant professors whenever their fields apply, (3) work sessions for team projects, and (4) any applicable field trips or excursions to special events and places in or out of the university. One evening a week

(Continued on Page 16)

# ART

by Ed Wode

thing in a world hostile to her necessary way of life. It is the hope that this column can bring to the attention of the word in some small way the problems of existence faced by a fellow creature who must necessarily live differently. If many artists turn to drugs, alcohol, and other escapes from what is normal reality, judge not that you may not be judged. The artist finds life as being one vast desert. In attempting to make that desert bloom, he must live the life of a lunatic. His will is in constant contradiction with the masters of money, war, politics, church, media and the ideology's, the always present manipulators of the masses. Few of these artistic people are strong enough to wage the battle and still give to the world its most treasured possession. Many retreat into themselves. This column will attempt to tell of some of these battles and of the prophets who are waging a perpetual war against the darkness of the exploiters of the human race.

Suzanne Joslyn Vogel resided for the last year on East 7th Street, between Avenues B & C. She was employed by the Village Voice in the display advertising department. Suzanne has since split for New Orleans and a new life. The strain of trying to make it in the New York scene as a theatre entrepreneur and fine artist was more than she could take.

S's first creative inclination was to become a children's book illustrator. She never imagined being a fine artist. "Fine art was a thing of the past, I thought." S. came to New York City at the age of 18 and started to work for Norcross Greeting Cards. There she saw artists working who had been making good money for years . . . painting ducks or roses or some other flora or fauna repetitively day after day. S. submitted designs for cards and was told that these were too far out for Iowa housewives.

S. began to study at the Art Student's League. Here she worked with Julian Levi for one year. He told her at the end of the year, that he had taught her all he could. He advised her to get a studio and start painting. Other artists told her to begin looking for something to say.

E.W. — What are the biggest problems of an artist?  
S.V. — To find time to paint. Everything costs money.

Paint and canvas are very expensive. Social life, love and marriage hold inevitable conflicts. I've been married twice. Husbands could never adjust to any relationship other than the housewife's usual role.

S. got a scholarship to Yale summer school after years of working from life. Birds, nudes, angels, fantasies of peacocks, butterflies, flowers, and religious subjects started to become a recurring pattern in her art. She loves making big broad strokes like the kind you make wings with. At this time the method of the abstract expressionists influenced her work. However, the concern with space, the tension of shapes across the canvas became figurative for S. rather than abstract. She also studied art history very closely. "Found it indispensable to know where you come from." She fell in love with all the art of the past.

Yale summer school turned out to be a scouting ground for Yale Graduate school. One of the best ways to make it financially as an artist is to get a graduate degree from certain of the prestige institutions, then a Fulbright or other such scholarship. This leads into the big shows. "In the ordinary course of events, you're supposed to have a fully developed style by the age of 26 which you maintain with only the slightest variations for the rest of your life."

At summer classes, out of 35 painters, only about 3 were figurative. "Everyone was in the grip of abstract expressionism and no other way of thinking was permitted." Kids were encouraged to paint with no basic understanding of the traditional methods (by the masters of Yale). They would paint abstractly and then give a great rational explanation of why the paint they pushed around on the canvas corresponded with their emotions or ideas. These kids were imitating the effects or end results achieved by the great masters of abstract expressionism without understanding the process that lead the masters into this kind of painting. S. feels it is invalid to get up and try to make a statement without knowing your craft. "Craft is to know the limits and potential of your materials." Draftsmanship is also part of craft. Even in abstract art, there is a delineation of form, a deftness, an eye which is necessary. S. walked out of the Yale summer school.

E.W. — What is your opinion of contemporary art?

S.V. — The contemporary minimalists are deceiving themselves if they think they are expressing any great philosophical truths. The art of any age reflects the socio-economic conditions of that age, and the social functions of the artists themselves. That is to say, medieval art expressed the economic dominance of the church and the motion that the artist was a craftsman and a servant of God . . . A mere cut above the shoemaker. The Renaissance reflected the grip of the church and the new wealth. With such art, the

It's been my observation that the long arm of the establishment isn't the man in uniform boldly announcing himself as such, but they who are privately proclaimed as professional guardians of our knowledge of ourselves. I don't pretend to be the sole initiate. There are millions of others who are aware of their own enslavement to the ideological limitations of those who are superior. Why is it that the psychiatrists ignore in all of their textbooks the need of human creativity? It seems to me to be the most obvious and most profound instinct of man. Yet, all the societies of man from the most highly developed (socialist) to the most primitive (capitalist) perpetuate a cynical ignorance. Who's to blame? Does the society reflect the mentality of its professional ideologists or is it the other way around? I think it works both ways, but, preponderantly as a reflection of society's needs.

I think our age is still the ideological captive of Saint Sigmund Freud.—and this is not said sarcastically. The Saint describes in his essay 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle' how a death instinct is manifested in a human child. This seems to be the operative viewpoint of society in larger focus. It seems to be taken for granted that we are all children of death instead of life. However, it seems to me that man's craving for novelty is the contrary of a death instinct; instead, it is the clearest manifestation of an all consuming creative instinct.

It is a threat to any society to have masses of people aware of their greatest needs. Once man is conscious of truth he will willingly give his life to obtain the benefit of that truth. Therefore, in large measure the bureaucracy is inimical to people who rebel against the childish level of existence whereby one's life is a continual repetition of very similar daily routines. Anyone who is sensitive enough to rebel against this life is labeled abnormal whereas it is really those who are doing the labeling who are the abnormal ones. The primitive masses among us include most of the professional ideologists and all of these steadfastly misunderstand those of us who demand constant novelty. We are accepted unless we become successful; then we are treated as prodigies. What is more unfortunate is that many of us misunderstand ourselves. We don't see that we have been victimized.

We then are the victims. It is those of us who refuse to have our creative needs blunted who are standing in the way of a society suffering a compulsive desire to see all its inhabitants mere hands in the production line. To say all, however, seems to be an obvious contradiction. We do have art. But, my God, at what price to the artist. It has been my observation that only a minuscule number of creative people out of the multitude of greatly talented ever see the sunlight of success. It is no myth that there are many as great as any of the great whose talents never have a chance to bear fruit. Society puts every barrier possible in the way of a man working creatively. Only by working creatively can a human being create. Yet, he can not earn his living creatively until he is successful. It probably takes ten to fifteen years of constant application for a human being to reach the level of self-education it takes to be a great artist. Few are willing to achieve the self-discipline necessary to live a life of deprivation which will result most probably in a complete gift to humanity. If this preceding is true, I may be asked, why do we have an edifice of art. My answer is simple. We enjoy a mere glimmer of paradise. It is my belief, that the next revolutions will be for the main purpose of establishing love and beauty as the paramount purpose of the society. The stifling effect of capitalist and socialist bureaucracy has been discredited and will be replaced by the only kind of human rounded enough and sensitive enough to lead man to happiness. He is the artist.

The following interview of a painter should give some testimony to the suffering and deprivation gone through by one artist in order to survive and do her

patronage was coming from the Bourgeoisie. French art of the 18th century clearly shows the whim of the monarch. Since the time of the industrial revolution and with the advent of photography and mass reproduction the function of the artist is no longer clearly defined. The contemporary artist is attempting to imitate the products of his great enemy the machine much as the cargo cultists of New Guinea are attempting to woo the gods by imitating the external fascimles of the airplane. Popular successful art is no more than conspicuous consumption. (Thornton Veblen). The most useless art is therefore the best. A rich man throws his money on a painting of campbell soup cans just as a rich matron would throw her money away on a \$5,000 Givenchy gown that will be out of date next year.

E.W. — What is the artist to do in the face of all this?

S.V. — There seems to be no answer. After 13 years of painting over 1300 paintings and drawings, I gave up for a year and did some theatre, I do have plans to continue painting when the time presents itself. Art always seems to be answerable to other people's taste and standards. Not having an informed aristocracy who appreciate fine art, art is the mercy of the degenerate rich. Some hope for art seems to come out of the possibility of mass art (posters), which reach the young poor intellectual who often has the evolved mind necessary to appreciate fine art. The people who have devoted their lives to the making or hoarding of money have not taken the time to learn what art is. Unfortunately, the reproduction method of mass poster art is most conducive to hard edge flat color, and is limiting. The subtleties and nuances of much great art are therefore precluded from mass art at the present.

E.W. — I think the artist has a duty to break away from dependency on other's tastes, standards, ideas. I think the artist should find a way to explore new ideas and to create a new society.

S.V. — I believe you can't put down your own personal thoughts and expect other's to understand. Each level of art has its own audience. You can't force those who like the plays of Harry Koutoukas to like "Hello Dolly."

E.W. — What are you getting into with your new plans?

S.V. — I expect to get more and more medieval. I want to paint pictures with an incredible amount of detail and incredible beauty of shapes and objects where every inch of canvas seems jeweled. I want pictures to have a radiant light. My favorite artist is Rogier Van Der Weyden. I'm getting into a mystical religious bag.

S. feels she was fated, born the servant of the Greek gods. That unless she paints or involves herself in some form of art she will be persecuted and finally forced back to art by these jealous gods. Feels that if there is a heaven that Leonard Da Vinci or Michaelangelo will walk up to her and say, "Hey, I hear you're doing some good painting." S. expects to continue her unprofitable efforts at figurative art. "Minimal art is no more than good design . . . Like wallpaper or a dress. When it claims to say something profound, it is a lie."

S's life has been one continuous upheaval. There isn't the space to delve into the brutality of the existence foisted upon this sensitive creature. But, that too is part of the problem. Parents and spouses don't know or often care to know the depths of the soul nearest to them. Artists should choose carefully their own kind as said Leonardo da Vinci. Other types have little sympathy with the needs of the most sensitive of human creatures. If any one feels that telling his story might be in place here, please write me and perhaps we can arrange an interview. This is not limited to painters. I'm interested in all those artists or creative craftsmen who have to hack it out there.

# patarealist

(Continued from Page 4)

Officials of the U.S. Public Health Service report that common noise, one of the principle by-products of the industry and the constant companion of the city dweller may be linked to ulcers, cardiovascular problems, neuroses and psychoses.

The Greensboro Daily News has struck a major blow against the forces of violence by cancelling the comic strips Dick Tracy and Little Orphan Annie. The newspaper voiced regret but felt their decision was dictated by their current editorial policy. In reference to the two cartoon strips the News said: "We feel that their constant exploitation and advocacy of violence by law enforcement officers and the good guys outweigh any value the strips might have in promoting the theory that crime does not pay."

A song recalling World War II German victories in Norway, Holland, Greece, and Africa has been banned by the Defense Ministry of West Germany from the repertory of present-day West German troops. The ministry acted on the advice of the Inspector General who found "a certain arrogance" in lines such as: Tank-men, tank-men attack. Narvik, Rotterdam, Corinth and hot Africa are places of our victories, because we always attack . . .

Harold Stassen, who recently opened a campaign office in Washington to climax his 20-year presidential bid said to pressmen covering the event, "I'm a realist." Paul Krassner take note.

Look for the forthcoming publication of THE BETRAYAL, written by Marine Lt. Col. William R. Corson, which reportedly hits hard at establishment war policies on all levels. Corson is due to leave the service shortly after 25 years service in the Marine Corps. He is currently attached to the Pentagon as an expert on pacification and counterinsurgency. The Marines are attempting to hold up the Colonel's release which has already been approved for June 30th, but W. W. Norton & Co. of New York say they have no plans to delay publication.

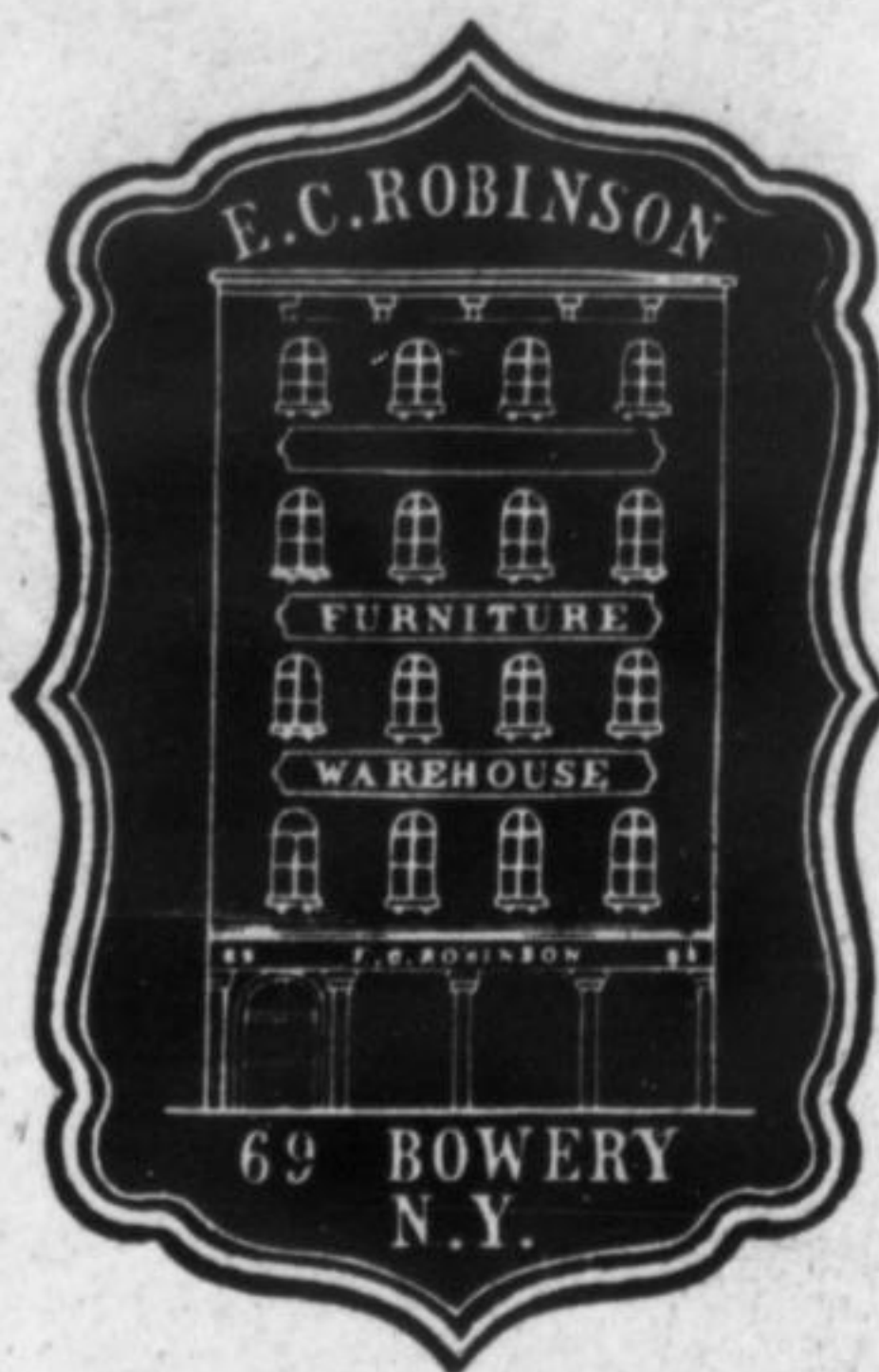
Youngsters in Jakarta, Indonesia hear the tune of a different drummer, "grown-ups" around the world will be pleased to note. UPI reports that a Moslem youth group has protested against "the wave of immorality" and made known their opposition to the opening of an American style go-go club which in their view would "damage the National Culture." Hear, hear! \* \* \*



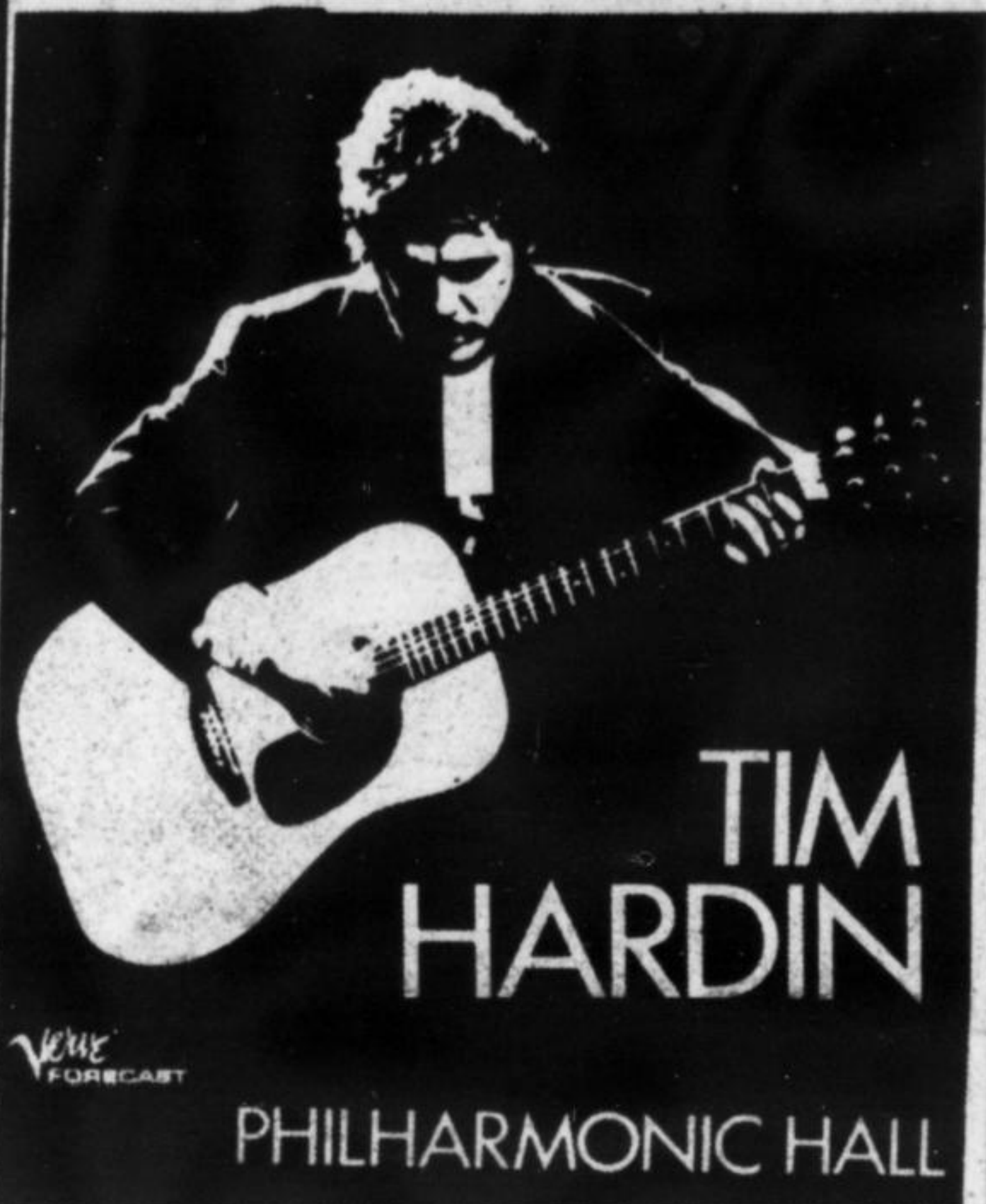
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# theatra?

(Continued from Page 5)

"our old friend, Anon." Some lines stand out: "What is done, worn and accepted by a community becomes the standard." . . . "Other cultures are perhaps distortions of one's own."

Then a loud whistle, in order to remind us of the aleatory nature of the noise-words-music rhythm we were being subjected to, and the word FINISH flashed across the screen and the upper balconies, first upside down then right-side up (for us).

Curtain closes . . . opens: Miss Moorman is seated, cello between legs, wearing a football jersey, shoulder pads, helmet, and high heeled shoes. Paik wants the curtain moved further back, because he is hidden—gives up and settles for moving the piano closer to stage center.

Various scenes come to mind: Paik sitting at the piano, Miss Moorman leaning close, hovering: a marvelous recreation of Schroeder at his piano while Lucy sighs and moons about and Charlie Brown (invisible on this stage) covers his ears . . . Paik, taking off his shirt, standing in most baggy pants and boxer shorts (visible over the pants which keep slipping) . . . turns on strobe lights—right on the audience. Reaction: people close their eyes, make grimaces; one enterprising family immediately open their umbrellas and wait out that whole gig . . . Miss Moorman uses Paik as Cello; he kneels, holding one wire down his back, one arm up, one down like he is drying his back with a towel. Great implications of man-woman relationship—he is between her legs, being used, etc. . . .

There is constant anticipation throughout, never any climax or culmination. The evening is a slice-of-fantasy, no aesthetic evolutionary improvement over slice-of-life, unfortunately. I do not go to art creations in order to have a philosophical ideology socked home to me in such overblown, lingering fashion; I do not need to sit through approximately 3 hours in order to learn that impatience is not a virtue, even though two such benign teachers wait to give me my lesson . . . The whole evening is naturally a prepositional, introductory clause to the main event; all the talk which follows, all the explanation of why this is/is not art. Many of the avant-garde today complain that art form has no where else to go from the mannerisms of today except through a new exploratory period before the new standards can be set up—and make no mistake, there will be new standards yet again. The Camps are divided into having decided that performances such as this are only a roccoco extension of the old way or truly herald a new form. The new is always regarded with suspicion and dislike, as it requires a new perception . . . Perhaps "operas" such as this one, however, really ask only for a valid awareness, an open, free evaluation without the intervening superego perception-as-taught . . .

Still—I really wish it didn't take so looo-oong for the message to get through the air-filters everyone seems to have set up, including the precocious, supercilious performers who are so busy with their inside knowledge and jokes that they forget to have any compassion for their audience. I balk when art becomes an endurance test to see who can suffer most.

The most interesting parts of the whole evening were of course the audience attempts to co-exist: the resourceful family who used their umbrellas to shield their eyes from the strobes; people blowing whistles back at the stage; the various attempts by cameramen to get a shot of the real Miss Moorman while her image flashed on a screen during her aesthetic striptease. Nobody missed much: she had on a 2-piece bathing suit. EVO, enterprising as ever, tried to go through the stage door on to the rear of the stage, and the best scene of the evening followed. Scene I: the photographer approaches the stage door, regards it thoughtfully for a long moment. Hamlet-like. Scene II: She opens door, disappears inside. INTERMISSION. Scene III: door re-opens, Photographer re-appears, followed by a man shaking his head and pointing out towards the audience. Finis.

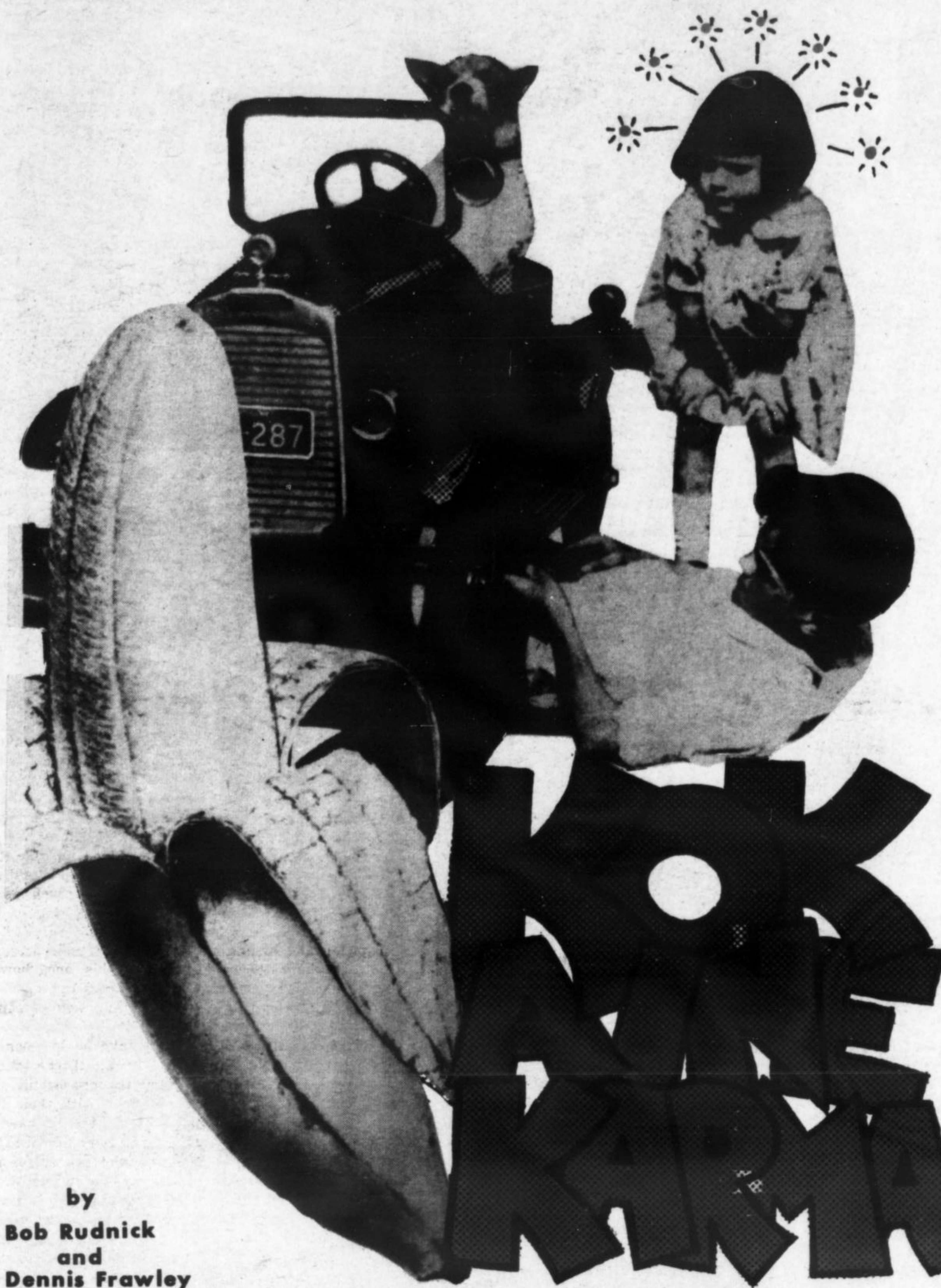
Or perhaps this was part of the whole performance, and was just my favorite scene . . .



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by  
**Bob Rudnick  
and  
Dennis Frawley**

The superficial mystique of British groups becomes more odious as the swarm of New York's pop society trend-spotters lavishly drool over every imported tenpenny group. Clammoring over each other, aging groupies and followers of what's "in" have emotionally, not critically, endorsed the latest of the post Beatles-Stones music makers, The Jeff Beck Group. The former lead guitarist of the Yardbirds and his sidemen have received the traditional enthusiastic welcome in a pattern that followed The Who, The Yardbirds, Cream, Jimi Hendrix (who went to England to get mystique), John Mayhall, and Traffic.

Waves of rumors and heavy publicity hypes always precede the groups, garnering for them strong reputations as virtuoso performers before they even appear in the States. Barefooted Jeff Beck, having followed Eric Clapton as lead guitarist of the Yardbirds, is being hailed as the heavy new British Blues soloist. But his Fillmore performance ranked him as only fair — his southpaw playing was erratic — often dropping notes and missing chords. Bass and drums were merely incidental, while vocalist Rod Stuart, clad in Satin bellbottoms & Blouse projected a rather bizarre image as a blue's singer. They sounded no better than scores of other white bands playing black music.

But the audiences at the Second Avenue rock palace loved them — perhaps mostly for their "cute" British patter between tunes and the preconceived notion of them as a new "in" group.

Alas, the dominance of second-rate white blues groups in clubs and concerts is waning. Audiences, club owners, and promoters are becoming more aware of primary blues sources and Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, B. B. and Albert King as well as excellent white blues artists like Butterfield and Bloomfield are get-

ting more booking exposing them to the masses of rock fans.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Yardbirds, meanwhile have broken up. Jim Page will re-form the group and remain as leader retaining the Yardbirds name. Page had disagreements over material with other members of the band. Page contends he wanted to play Funky, bluesy, sounds while his associates were more interested in a 1967 Simon & Garfunkel repertoire. He is in Britain presently choosing between two vocalists and two guitarists. He hopes to have the vocalist play a mellowtron — becoming the first group to use the device in live performances.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The latest musical phenomena in England are "The Move" and "Julie Driscoll." The former who play straight rock and roll — a "loud, raw anti-social solid armpit sound" have had 4 strong hits on the British charts. Julie Driscoll, who sings with the jazz oriented Brian Auger Trinity, is already a sensation in France. Styling herself after Aretha Franklin, the beautiful frizzy-haired "Jools" is becoming the first successful white soul singer in England where there are few big girl pop vocalists.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Siegal-Schwall Blues Band is disbanding. Jim Schwall, an underrated blues guitarist with a wealth of improvisational ideas as well as being an excellent country guitarist will take over a band called Friend and Lover. Corky Siegal will start a new band of his own.

\* \* \* \* \*  
AM Radio stations have had their hands full the last few years. Some of them have attempted boycotting the Beatles, suppressing the dirty lyrics of the psyche-

delic songs, and banning Gordon Lightfoot's folk interpretation of the Detroit riots, "Black Day in July." In the latest bit of top-forty nonsense Nashville deejay, Jim Kent, stalked out of the control room door and into the street during his 6-9 a.m. radi show after refusing to play, of all things, Tiny Tim's "Tip Toe Through the Tulips." "It's in bad taste," he self-righteously blurted to his WMAK audience, "and sets a bad example for the younger generation." According to the trade papers, several other of the stations "jocks including 7-midnighters Johnny Walker and all-night hawk Dave "The Rave" Randall sided with Kent in a milder way—expressing anti-Tiny Tim sentiments, but remaining on the job." However, music lovers and Tiny Tim fans would rather hear the marvelous minstrel than the pap-rock-for-the-nervous-neanderthals promoted by Kent and his "swinging" sidekicks. They have bombarded the radio station with requests for "Tip Toe" and other tunes from Tiny's Reprise Album.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Have to correct a few inaccuracy's from last week's column. The album by Dylan's backup group, The Crackers, is titled "Music from Big Pink," and Big Pink is not the name of Albert Grossman's Woodstock home. The Manfred Mann single, "My Name is Jack" was written by Jack Simon, not Paul Simon. Jack is producing that Crackers album and the Big Brother LP on Columbia.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Jerry Lee Lewis is playing the role of Iago in the rock & roll version of Othello at the Ahmanson in Los Angeles. Entitled "Catch My Soul" it is the West Coast's answer to "Hair" and "Your Own Thing" and presumably better, reports Digby Diehl in Eye Magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*  
If you want to feel the emotionally involving sounds of truly liberated music, catch Pharo Sanders at Slugs this week. His album "Tauhid" is one of the most exciting albums to be released in the last year and his music has appeal to the psychedelic rock fans as well as those followers of hard core avant-garde jazz.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Next Saturday, June 29, the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park, will present Moby Grape, and Muddy Waters, for \$1.00.

\* \* \* \* \*  
This summer's *Jazz in the Garden* series at the Museum of Modern Art directed by Ed Bland, will feature a variety of contemporary musical styles including some of the various attempts at synthesizing jazz and rock. Earth Opera will give the opening concert, Thursday, June 20, at 8:30, and the Clark Terry Quintet will give the June 27 concert.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The concerts, which Mr. Bland is selecting this year, will feature a variety of styles of contemporary music. He describes the new 1968 *Jazz in the Garden* program in this way: "Instead of Hard Bop, or jazz styles derived mainly from the late '40s and '50s, the scope of the series will be broadened to include Chicago and other blues styles, Gospel music, Psychedelic and Far-Easter jazz, jazz rock, folk rock, and folk music in addition to the more standard jazz acts."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Beginning tonight, the entire Museum will be open Thursday evening until 10. The regular Museum admission, \$1.25, admits visitors to galleries and to 8 p.m. film showings in the Auditorium; there is no charge for Museum members. Admission to jazz concerts is an additional 75 cents to all.

\* \* \* \* \*  
As in previous *Jazz in the Garden* concerts, tickets for each concert will be on sale in the Museum lobby from Saturday until the time of the performance. A few chairs are available on the garden terraces, but most of the audience stands or sits on the ground. Cushions may be rented for 25 cents. Beer and sandwiches are available. In case of rain, the concert will be cancelled; tickets will be honored at the following concert.

**COMING ATTRACTIONS**

APOLLO: Marvin Gaye, Mongo Santamaria, Patti Labelle & The Bluebell's, Barbara Randolph, and Bobby Taylor & The Vancouvers.

THE AU GO GO: Blood, Sweat & Tears.

BITER END: Joni Mitchell, David Steinberg, Jake Holmes.

DOM: Illinois Jacquet.

FILLMORE EAST: Fri. — Vanilla Fudge, James Cotton Blues Band, Loading Zone. Saturday — George Fame, James Cotton Blues Band, Loading Zone.

SCENE: Earth Opera, Jeff Beck, Kenny Rankin.

SLUGS: Pharo Sanders.

VILLAGE GATE: Mort Sahl, Modern Jazz Quartet.

VILLAGE VANGUARD: Bobby Hutcherson, Harold Land Quartet.

JAZZ INTERACTION at the Dom, June 23, 5-9 p.m., "Message of the Angels" featuring RAN, R. K., Perry Robinson, Joel Peskin, Bob Moses, Richard Youngstern, and Paul Shapiro plus Illinois Jacquet with Milt Buckner.

AFRO-ARTS CULTURAL CENTER of West 134th St. between 7th and 8th Aves., Saturday, 7:30 p.m., Milfor Groves, Don Pullen, featuring Robin Kenyatta. For information call 234-0388.

# temple

(Continued from Page 3)

evolutionary stage and going on to be more than man . . . coming into full divine being. And everyone will readily show his natural spirit," and racism is betrayal of the natural spirit. "I can love whoever is beautiful, and nobody — no creed or man — tells me how or when to love . . . The pure life makes you beautiful within . . . whatever you think enhances you . . . we must throw ourselves into the ocean of love and swim to our divine being . . . whatever you project and whatever enhances you is the god within you . . . staying on the beam means tending your natural spirit, which is what the Swamis mean when they say keep your eyes on the light, on your own consciousness — not on your fellow man," physician heal thyself, or perish with thy medicine. "The only beast that man has to face is the beast within himself — only one, and he can't hide anymore." She wants to sit & talk to people "and let it flow into them, for then they'll know." Forehead to forehead she read my mind, knew I was thinking how beautiful & cool you are, I see your wings. "I'm very strong," she said, "I have a lot of energy . . . it flows thru me & thru," and quickly, "I'm tired of the spiritual brutality of some people," she paused, "I want to be where it's safe," and couldn't tell whether she meant the mind or the street, but left it at that after deciding she meant both, everything.

She was gifted as a child, but had to hide it then. So what is it?

"It's like . . . it's very difficult to name . . . an energy. I call it a communication with the inner being of people . . . nothing magical . . . everyone has the power — if you wish to call it power. But power is such a horrible word." Her power used to be "an everyday occurrence, always a natural thing," and she kept most of it to herself, but, because of the state of the world, and after becoming much stronger, "I had to come out, so to speak, and dedicate myself to it."

And how does she want to be known?  
 "If I had the choice, I would want to be known as the Goddess of Love," she smiled, laughed, stood up, I was writing. "But don't write that. It's utmost conceit."

My conceit said O.K.  
 And later on the third floor she related how she "piped sounds out to educate" the neighbors, a bit of Mozart, some Ravi, and Aretha singing. THINK. Involving the community which is never a ghetto to those who live there & truly want to exorcise cross conditions instead of flee to the sub-urbs and other formica jungles of fear the American way.

So MADAU (servicing the area in arts, crafts, & consciousness) is another very forthright example of what can be done, bit by bit everywhere, to create respect and self-sufficiency and take care of soul & silver without betraying the natural spirit of universal consciousness.

"Isn't this love?"  
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# HIPPOCRATES

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

**QUESTION:** My wife and I think it might be interesting for her to have intercourse, perhaps regularly, with a German Shepherd dog. We have not experimented, however, because we are afraid of weird diseases that we might get. What's the deal?

**ANSWER:** Some scientist believe that venereal diseases originated in animals and were transmitted to man by lonely caveboys. But my shaggy veterinary consultant claims there are no modern diseases man can receive from animals through sexual contact. Venereal lymphogranuloma is a venereal disease of dogs comparable clinically to lymphogranuloma venereum in humans — a relatively rare VD) caused by a virus and marked initially by blisters, ulcers and swollen lymph glands.

Affection for our furry and feathered friends should be tempered by the knowledge that many diseases can be given to man by animals (and vice versa), e.g. parrot fever, rat-bite fever, cat-scratch fever, rabies, plague, tuberculosis and several types of intestinal worms (which could be acquired by kissing your German Shepherd lover).

**QUESTION:** Would you please tell me how a male dog is conditioned to respond sexually to a human female? I should also like to know whether a satisfactory act of coitus is possible between the two and if a particular breed of dog is best suited for this type of relationship.

**ANSWER:** You might well have asked how a human female is conditioned to respond sexually to a dog — growling, yelping, etc. We may think France is going to the dogs now but in the last century Parisians could watch a woman making it with a bull terrier for ten francs.

Perhaps the American Kennel Club should advertise its manual in the underground press with photos designed to appeal to the apparently large numbers of dog lovers in our midst-Yorkshires, dachunds, cockers, Irish or Russian wolfhounds, all sizes, shapes and colors. We can also expect to see shortly in the classified ads times such as "Lusty, healthy female, mid-30s with warm, dry pad, large yard and six month's supply of Dr. Ross' seeks well endowed mastiff stud. Owner should sent photo and proof of distemper shots . . ."

My laboratory assistant says she fell in love with Bernard, the St. Bernard who was my recent house-guest. But she claims it's only a platonic relationship. Maybe Lassie should be banned from television.

**QUESTION:** I was wondering about the medical literature, if any, concerning human breeding with the higher primates. Aside from the most obvious example of ass/mare matings (mules), I have read about geese/swan matches and lion/tiger matings pro-

ducing offspring. It would seem to me that there just might be a close enough kinship to permit the birth of a hybrid in a human/higher ape match via artificial insemination.

Finally a theological question: if such a hybrid were possible, would the child (cub?) be eligible for Christian baptism? If not, would this mean that the child (cub?) would be born without the taint of original sin, or merely that the offspring was an animal?

**ANSWER:** Hybrid animals have been developed to meet specialized agricultural needs, e.g. the offspring of a water buffalo and cow is more resistant to ticks and mosquitos than the cow. Tigons, ligers and mules are examples of progeny of mixed species — but the offspring cannot reproduce.

I am not aware of any successful mating of humans and apes either in the flesh or through artificial insemination. Artificial insemination of female apes has undoubtedly been attempted but, aside from moral and ethical considerations, there might be a problem finding female volunteers willing to bear an ape-child.

I'll have to pass on the question of whether an ape-human would be guilty of original sin. Perhaps there are theologians amongst our readers who could solve this hairy problem.

If such a creature were born, he could readily find employment as a professional football player.

**QUESTION:** I have fantasies of balling a female gorilla or other large ape. What's happening? I don't desire this to the exclusion of human females though. I now enjoy all varieties of sexual experiences with females from 14 to 63. I am 28 years old. This is not a put-on.

**ANSWER:** You didn't give your sex or the ages of the apes you desire. Since your letter was postmarked New York City I would advise you to go to the Central Park or Bronx Zoos to observe at first hand the wooing of apes. Gorillas are quite affectionate but are also very exuberant. Bestiality is prohibited by law. Besides, what would you do about those fangs and claws?

\* \* \*

Man's love for animals is well documented in books such as Kinsey's Sexual Behavior in the Human Male and Krafft-Ebing's Psychopathia Sexualis.

\* \* \*

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o East Village Other.

copyright Eugene Schoenfeld, M. D. 1968

The other day these 2 bulls climbed over the top of Sugarloaf Mountain. At the sight of a herd of cows grazing below, the young bull said to the old one "Let's run down and fuck one!". And the old one rapped, "Don't be a drag, baby, let's walk down and fuck them all."

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pp's

(Continued from Page 10)

there will be a 3-hour session of either major presentations to the group or the university public and/or a gaming simulation of a particular future world situation. Each weekend there will be a 3 or 4-hour group event — and integrative realization — exploring and experiencing the religious, artistic, and philosophical possibilities of the future and expressing a basic hope in an active choice in insuring the long-run survival of Man. These events will be field trips, excursions, retreats and/or the witnessing of the various cycles of regeneration and creation in our environment and in the Universe. All the above adds up to about 15 hours of time per student each week.

In addition to maintaining a Data Bank containing indexed abstracts of student work the course will document the students work by producing a journal-yearbook, a set of display panels, and with the help of the University Television Studios, a film and television documentary of the group's work. These will not only store valuable information that can be used by other schools, but they will carry out the theme of individuals sharing in a group reward, rather than receiving rewards at the expense of fellow students.

A major aim of the program is to create a learning environment which is not exclusively production oriented. Even though they will be producing designs and ideas for the future, the learning environment must be a life experience in itself — a living utopia, and not merely a preparation for life. In the situation proposed the dynamic sense of immediacy will be almost unavoidable because of the informality that arises nat-

urally in a group in which everyone knows each other and plenty channels are open for communication. However, to provide adequate safeguards, part of the seminar time each week will be devoted to evaluating the program and the students' response to it with the intention of alleviating any stresses arising from the intensity of production, studies, and personal interaction.

For further details and applications stop at W-House, 2700 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, or call Jon Dieges at (415) 845-0176 or 845-9577. Each student will be selected on the appropriateness of his or her major interest, special skills, examples of previous work, and commitment to the survival-success of the entire Man-on-Earth team.

Hugh Romney of Hog Farm fame who was recently in town and left for the West coast reports that he was robbed of a very (personal-wise) religious item. A 500 year old Dorje bell from a tibetan Buddha temple near Nepal and other related items was lifted from his suitcase. The bell can only bring bad luck to anyone who comes by it without benediction. Hugh is willing to pay for the return of it. Contact EVO, 228-8640.

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MALE driving to Montreal and returning in July seeks warm, mature female company for fun and games. Write soon. P.O. Box 5204, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017.

I HAVE a gorgeous five room, first floor apartment, to share with one or two girls. \$25.00 each, come to 635 E. 6th Street at any time.

Am going to Nevada June 15-July 1. Need ride out west. Surrounding states O.K. Help! Contact Walt Bredel c/o EVO.

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## PERSONAL

YOUNG man, 35, tall, seeks warm affectionate uninhibited intelligent FEMALE, 25-40, for no expense NOVA SCOTIA car vacation trip July 1-15 and to share my apt. afterwards. Call 362-9778, Mon.-Fri. 10 p.m.-1 a.m., Sat. & Sun. 9 a.m.-2 p.m. NO HOMOS.

A Zephyr departs from the boat — when chaos touches the harps throat — and a drop-let instructs the cane — when invisibility adorns the vein. YU 2-4471.

MALE, 26, interested in meeting other males for uninhibited sex and possible close relationship. Call LE 5-6989 after 6. Must be intelligent, attractive, stable, and presentable.

LOVER WANTED. Young man seeks uninhibited female for fun and sex, marriage considered. Any desire fulfilled completely. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write GPO BOX 2652, N.Y.C., 10001.

HEDONIC MASTER seeks intelligent steel oriented slave, orally talented to serve whatever demanded in return for stringent leather domination. Write in detail, Box 591GCS, N.Y.C. 10017.

BACHELOR, mature seeks tino, attractive, warm and affectionate young lady to live in his apartment. No fags. Phone Ralph 535-7745, very early or late.

SISSY cute male 23, not TOILET TRAINED, still wears diapers. Like contact couples women interested in toilet train a sissy boy or petticoating: 474-2596.

TALL, handsome young male artist (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.) needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

WHITE male, handsome, 30's has services for discreet ladies, escort, companion etc. Expert at unusual requests. Contact Dave Luff, Box 32, Whitestone, N.Y. 11357.

LONELY young white gay male wants to meet young STRAIGHT or bi-sexual males to satisfy orally. Discretion assured. Write: Sullivan, 260 W. 15 St. N.Y.C. 10011.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33 year old,, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails; "funcheon and . . . Let's talk about it. You won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

CULTURED, successful gentleman interested in the arts— theatre, music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive young lady to enjoy same. Should be free to travel occasionally. May consider financial help for talented, creative girl. Comfortable midtown pad which you may share. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812 and let's chat.

MATURE young man, seeks sincere gal (all ages considered), to spend the night with me (longer if you wish), in my beautiful apartment in nearby upstate New York. Free meals, good companionship in exchange for sex. Call 914-831-2786, Wednesday and Thursday evenings only (after 9 p.m.) No collect call. Ask for Larry.

GUY (29) Hip but Straight needs chick (to 35) to share 6½ rm. gdn. apt. (1st flr. & bsmt.), plus bsmt. studio space off 2nd Ave. Also Summer & Fall use 8 rm. house WOODSTOCK (hav. trnspt.). Willing share on any basis but need P.T. secretarial work in exchange. 3½ days City, 3½ days Woodstock-work about 20 hrs. week. Love of oceans, mountains, travel; an interest in the arts; and a free spirit helpful. Ability to dream; accurate typing and a little madness absolutely essential. 533-4331, before 7:00 p. m., 533-4332 after 7:00 p.m. & weekends.

THIS IS your Captain, Airline Pilot seeks sexy, uninhibited gal who enjoys traveling abroad, when in New York share my posh East side apartment. All expenses paid. Call Capt. RLJ. 628-4583.

SECOND groovy trip for swingers only. If you dig the blue of the Caribbean — If you dig the seclusion of a Jamaica Cottage on the beach — If you groove a hip group — JOIN US! We leave for Jamaica on July 13 for 9 days. Four cottages for only twenty-two. Call 475-7643, 12:30 p.m. Daily.

AGGRESSIVE masculine male, well endowed by nature, wishes to meet young, passive male, slender, not over 5'9" for temporary or permanent relationship. Little or no actual experience necessary. Am gentle, willing instructor. Why deram it when you can live it. No phonies, masochists, nor sadist need apply. Call Phil. 516 SP 5-4752, between 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.

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INTRIGUING for bright, pretty girl . . . successful writer, tall, invites you to share air-conditioned conversation, delights of beach and bay. Jay, 989-5024 (sometimes electronically answered).

SLAVE available. Docile, good-looking, successful businessman, 36, seeks pretty, not-overweight dominant girl or couple. Write, with photo and phone PO Box 1094, Radio City Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

YOUNG, handsome, 30's would do anything to please discreet and generous ladies over 35, on any unusual request. Write in confidence: G.P.O. Box 2873, New York City, N. Y. 1001.

NICK? A photographer who was with Mark in B.C. last summer — Doug & Patti want to see you. Write 518 E. 82nd St., Apt. 1-F.

NEGRO male (20) needs sexually mature women (21-45) for penpals, business partners, lovers. Artist, guitarist, executive. Lean, very quiet, submissive. Cheat on your boyfriend — like he cheats on you. Will help you COME in park or hotel. Life is short. Discretion assured. Write: Edward Williams, 514 W. 160th St., N.Y.C., 10032.

JIMMY — Remember Frankie, the 25 year old conservative teacher? Let's meet. Send your phone or address. P.O. Box 45, Times Square Station, New York, 10036.

AMERICAN executive-early forties but capable of closing any generation gap-based in Geneva, Switzerland, and traveling frequently to other parts of Europe, Latin America and the Far East, would like to meet and develop a lasting, sensuously - complete relationship with a well-endowed young lady (28 years old or less), who is free to travel. When not accompanying me, she can luxuriate in my mid-Manhattan bachelor apartment. Please write me before July 15 and include a recent photo. I'll be in New York at the end of July before my next trip through Latin America. Please reply to P.O. Box 420, CH-1211 Geneva 11, Switzerland.

SENTIMENTAL guy would like to meet sensitive and physically honest girl. Weekends at beautiful Vermont farm scene occasionally. Digs 69 but interested in sincerely romantic relationship. OR 7-7444 evenings. No fags or idle talkers, please.

YOUNG man, with wide variety of interests, desires to meet slender, uninhibited girl 18-25. Your pleasure is my pleasure. Call Steve: 583-0045.

YOUNG MALE (27) wishes to meet young Spanish, French or Italian speaking male to practice languages, etc. Write: Room 240, 4 East 28th St., N.Y.C.

DOMINANT young man wishes to meet docile females or couples interested in erotic pleasures. Also like to meet dominant female to work with her. Write: D.K., Apt. 8-C, 788 Arnow Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10467.

FREE RIDE TO SAN FRANCISCO in July for slender, attractive young girl. Successful, attractive male author plans 2-3 week trip. Non-driver welcome. 989-3270 evenings.

COME HOME—when the violin consumes a drum—and serenity surrenders to delirium. Come home—when a wolf forgets the sky—and helios pretends to die—YU 2-4471.

GREAT RAY goes down (girls only) for "around the world in 69." Well experienced, 34 year old CUNNILINGUIST desires attractive nympho type women for oral genital stimulating time(s). Health and hygiene most paramount. I'm serious, no fantasy. Private, discrete, satisfaction guaranteed. Will travel N.Y.C. weekends. June 22, July 4th. From Phila. area, (215) TR 2-0532, after 9 p.m.

**ADVENTUROUS** young male, white, tall — seeks to explore the many erotic moods of young (butch) guys. Photo and phone. Absolute discretion assured. Write PO Box 4562, Grand Central, New York City,

**ATTRACTIVE** upper middle-class married couple late 20's desired company of broad-minded white pretty female age 21-34 to spend a pleasurable evening. Photo and phone number a must. Discretion, assured. M. Goldman, P.O. Box 355, New York, N.Y. 10033.

**YOUNGISH** gentleman, 39, seeks clean, lean girl (looks unimportant) 25 to 55 exchanging companionship discourse and intercourse. Write: Box 327 Soundview Station, Brox, N.Y. 10472.

**WELL** experienced cunilinguist (oral genital stimulator) desires meeting attractive nympho type women for "Frenching" time(s) 34, 6'3", 195, white, single, Phila. area. Please, I'm damn well serious. Have no fantasies, gentle, discrete, understanding. No telephone, thrill seekers. **GREAT RAY** of Chester, Pa. 215 TR 2-0532. After 9 p.m.

**INSATIABLE** Master (30) wants masculine slave, (body builder, wrestler, etc.). If you have the body and want **REAL** action, write **STEVE**, Box 218, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014. Letters with photos and phone numbers answered first.

**DO YOU** have these qualifications? White male (no homosexuals, please), 5'4" (give or take an inch), must be at least 16, long, black, curly & frizzy hair, beautiful brown eyes, head (but not an addict), pisces preferred, freaked out sense of humor , talkative, thick N.Y.C. accent . . . if so, write (& if possible, send photo) & return address to: Raven' Spencer c o Gayle Bolster, 212 Prynnewood Rd., Longmeadow, Mass. 01106.

**IF YOU** still believe in this world's potential — than read this ad. I'm a middle aged attractive guy of achievement; interested in the arts. Financially independent (made it myself) while I think money has a purpose, my main interest is to travel, observe, meditate and participate in the happenings about us.

The purpose of this ad is to meet an intelligent young lady between 20 and 30 years who feels the same way, and is searching for a lasting relationship — perhaps marriage and children. Live in tranquility, contemplation, travel and take part in the exciting things about us; in the world of art, science and politics.

The girl I'm seeking must be beautiful, bright and submissive. Your rewards will be great. Please write me all about yourself and enclose several photos of recent vintage. (If you have to take them, tell me the cost and I'll return the expense). Please phone number.

All serious mail will be answered. Thank you. Write to: President, Gemini Brokerage Corp., 157 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019.

**INTERESTING**, tall attractive white executive early 40's discreet and generous seeks attractive and affectionate girl feminine enough to wear her hair waist length or longer. Box 87, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., N.Y.C.

**SENSITIVE**, affectionate European, 21, 5'6", seeks sincere relationship with pretty, attractive, intelligent, non-narcissistic female (17-21). Please call Dominic, 256-0977, between 8-10 p.m.

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## Romney Magic

by D. A. Latimer

The Rt. Rev. Hugh Romney's Magical Medicine Band is on the road, by God, noisy little karma caravan threading uncertainly through the vast emptiness between the City and Coast. Ole Marryin' Hugh and his tribe of sybarites, lately of the fabled Hog Farm, they set off last Tuesday down the pike, off to exorcise the continent. It takes three buses, they figure, and two trucks, a van, a couple of geodesic domes, a ton of sound equipment, light show gear, and one enormous generator to work it right. By the time of the Solstice, 21 June, there should be a raggedy line of blown minds and peaceful people between New York City and Santa Fe.

Unpleasantness has been anticipated, naturally — the evil of the land crouches there and waits for you, best to plan for it beforehand, only safe way to get across the goddamn country is to fly. How to avert disaster on a cross country tour? Why, take along a parson. Thus Hugh Romney has got himself ordained into some nameless California church: he can baptize babies in his bus, marry folk on the sound stage, even bury loved ones along the lonesome Oklahoma roads. He even wears a clerical collar: "It'll make it harder for them to shoot me."

As a candidate for assassination, Hugh Romney figures perhaps more prominently than most, even in a crowd. He wears Tom Mix's hat. That, and his brogans and his jump suit and his beard and his wife, they lend to him a certain singularity. Tom Wolfe mentioned Romney conspicuously years ago, when the Merry Pranksters were freaking about in Kesey's bus and spiking the punch in Golden Gate Park with still legal acid. Then things got inconvenient, Romney took his hat and beard and his wife and all that and split to Sunland, California. There the Hog Farm prospered, up to a couple of months ago. Then Romney's back

fucked up — it's a bad years for backs, just ask Jerry Rubin, — and he had to spend a couple of months in a Philadelphia hospital, attended by the very same chiropractor as worked on JFK. A couple of weeks ago he showed up in the East Village, wearing a beautiful white sadomasoch chest brace, and reassembled another Farm, a mobile one this time.

And it's all free, with free food thrown in, any place the local ordinances permit such as free food. The Hog Farm folk get their revenue from the things they make, posters and pipes and beads and like that — charging for the music, hell, that's free. God makes it. Any bread beyond gas and food for the troupe goes into a smorgasboard for the next community.

By the twentyfirst, which is the longest day in the year, Hugh and his people should be in Santa Fe. Negotiations are presently under way with some local Indians for the use of a Pueblo Village — low upkeep, no smog, favourable conditions, ideal for sun rites and other activities. Here Romney will consummate the waxing of the sun by attempting a Transcontinental Psychic Hookup at four in the afternoon. At six in the evening, then, all New York heads otherwise not preoccupied should be broadcasting goodness and warmth all along the electromagnetic spectrum. Hopefully a great psychic force field will take form all over North America, and the Necromancers will be soundly thrashed. After the Solstice, Romney's folk have nothing planned: San Francisco is always there, Oregon is turning on, the Summer of Love is happening in Toronto, there's the usual talk about infiltration of free folk into sparsely populated places like Arizona or New Mexico . . . Or if the Beatles show up in Santa Fe for the solstice — Emmet Grogan invited them — the Hog Farm, who knows, may take their medicine across the Great Water.

millard thomas

photographer 929-8749

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