

Press:



GENESIS: ACID AND EVO

by Paul Krassner

#### SCENE I

☞ THERE IS THIS huge Marvin safe which came with a certain East Side store front used as an office by an anti-Establishment, semi-monthly tabloid called the East Village Other. It contains bound volumes of a semi-Establishment, pro-weekly tabloid called the Village Voice, a dowry from John Wilcock, who was a founder of the Voice but who recently

switched to the Other and is listed on its masthead as editor along with William Randolph Hearst.

EVO's managing editor is poet Allan Katzman. His glasses are thicker than his beard. In fact, his eyes are so bad that when he was in college training for the Olympic swimming team he knocked himself out on two occasions by banging his head against the wall. As a result he began to jump up in the middle of the pool in order to make a turn. His Olympics stint was called on account of silliness.

EVO's publisher is painter Walter Bowart. When he was still in high school he worked at the Enid (Okla.) Daily Eagle. He won a journalism scholarship to the University of Oklahoma. "I went one year, couldn't get laid, and came to New York, where it was runnin' in the streets!" His ambition now is to implode the American myth toward more spiritual values.

EVO's inspiration is LSD-researcher Timothy Leary. An editorial predicted: "Fifty years from now Dr. Leary's picture might . . . be on a postage stamp. 'We are sorry,' America will say.

'We thought you were corrupting our children. We could not have possibly thought that you were seriously searching for methods and truths to improve man's condition.'

#### SCENE II

☞ IN WASHINGTON, D.C. a special subcommittee on narcotics of the Committee on the Judiciary had been holding hearings. There was a prosaic human element behind the scenes in the form of an underpaid attorney, Bernard Tannenbaum, special counsel to the subcommittee. How does one go about compensating for one's feelings of being exploited under such circumstances? Why, by livening up the hearings, man!

You invite Arthur Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church, to testify on the role of LSD as a religious sacrament.

You commission Allen Ginsberg to write a poem about the happening: "Under the giant chandeliers, boxed by marble and a red carpet, rolled out for the senators and the drug addicts . . ."

You arrange for a heroin-addict—a former Marine helicopter crew chief named Frank—to tell the senator addicts how he had digested four goof balls and a glass of beer for a chaser, as a preliminary to shooting a couple of South Vietnamese soldiers disguised in his mind as Viet Cong guerrillas.

And you make contact with the East Village Other—where, between the lines, there is obviously a surfeit of acid.

#### SCENE III


☞ A COUPLE OF MONTHS preceeding the friendly phone call from Tannenbaum, EVO had run a banner headline, "America Hates Her Crazies," with the rest of page one being taken up by photos of the unholy trinity, Tim Leary, Ralph Ginzburg and Allen Ginsberg, along with a notice saying "Wanted by the FBI," a lot of fingerprints and J. Edgar Hoover's signature reproduced from an official Wanted flyer.

And so it came to pass that two FBI men visited the office.

The fingerprints actually all belonged to Harvey Matusow, an occasional contributor to EVO who is now living in England where he wants to start the Greater London Other (GLO). Matu-


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sow is hated with equal intensity by the FRI, the communists and the late Senator Joe McCarthy, for whom he was a professional fink. He once stumped the entire What's My Line panel when they failed to pinpoint his occupation as "False Witness."

Anyway, it's against the law to use the FBI's name in vain. The agents also pointed out, for whatever it was worth, that you're not allowed to use Smokey the Bear's name without express permission.

EVO was let off with a warning, but of 10,000 issues that had been printed, the 3000 still remaining on newsstands had to be recalled like dangerous automobiles. However, they were eventually all sold individually over the counter, each copy having been rubber stamped "Collector's Item." Their other brush with officialdom occurred when they published a cartoon by Howard Shoemaker, the hippy-king of Omaha, Nebraska, depicting a young man with a sign reading: "Free LSD—Lick Here." It was deemed obscene by someone at the local post office who held up the mailing pending redemption by author-

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ities in Washington. "We're not sure you're a newspaper," was the technical crux of the matter; after an affirmative decision two days later, the obscenity question was sent to limbo and EVO was sent to a thousand subscribers waiting for their issues with anxious tongues in cheek.

#### SCENE IV

THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL spewed forth friendly special counsel Bernie Tannenbaum into EVO's office. "We're playing to the gallery," he admitted. But not so much to the gallery that even EVO people didn't have to be screened.

"I didn't go to Washington," says Allan Katzman, "because I had a beard, and they already had a beard—Allen Ginsberg—and he's Jewish. Two beards on two Jews would've been too much for the subcommittee."

The chosen few were Walter Bowart in a package deal containing his suit and tie; Eve Babitz, who is alternately identified in the staff box as either Office Manager or Wonder Woman; and Paula Sherwood, who holds stock in both EVO and Bowart.

Then prepared statements were carefully honed.

Bowart, for example, had likened an LSD experience to "the feeling one has at the death of a parent, or when you were 15 years old and in love for the first time. It could be likened to a religious conversion experience, an accidental moment of transcendence in childhood or in a dream, or as a deepened awareness of psychoanalytic insight in the analyst's office." But he was instructed to delete a comparison "to the first sexual union." After all, Senator Dodd identifies with John Wayne's politics but not his potency.

Walter Bowart concluded: "In all humility, I would like to submit that before any action is decided upon, a representative from this committee—voluntarily and under proper conditions—should have an LSD session and report back to the committee."

Senator Burdick chuckled quietly.

Paula Sherwood concluded: "The problem of psychedelic chemicals places more responsibility upon you as legislators than even legislation about the conquest of outer space because it will affect the most personal, intimate

part of man—his mind."

Eve Babitz concluded: "Maybe you can think of some way so that I will not become a criminal!"

Later Senator Burdick asked Miss Sherwood: "You are in school now, are you not?"

Miss Sherwood: Yes.

Senator Burdick: Are you self-supporting?

Miss Sherwood: Partially. I was fortunate enough to have someone give me my tuition so I could finish school.

At which point the pride of Harvard, Senator Edward Kennedy, chimed in: "Nothing wrong with that. I have had the same experience."

Senator Burdick asked Miss Babitz: "If the Congress should see fit to make possession and use [of LSD] illegal, would you keep using it?"

Miss Babitz: Will you send somebody around to follow me?

Senator Burdick: Pardon me.

Miss Babitz: Probably, yes.

#### SCENE V

WELL, THE FEDERAL MEN came around to EVO's office again. You could immediately spot them as cops because of the deliberate distance they were standing apart: it was the lowest form of consciousness expansion.

They wanted to buy some lysergic acid.

When the official testimony had ended in Washington, the trio was unofficially warned: "Be sure you don't smoke marijuana or take LSD for the next six months. Always have a witness with you. Goddard's Army (the narcotics branch of the Food and Drug Administration) would like to discredit the committee..."

And now, across Tompkins Square Park where the Welfare Building is, a man with a telescope keeps focused on the East Village Other people.

If he looks carefully enough, he'll see a sign that says: "This is not a Drug Store. It is a Newspaper responsibly discussing the issues and problems of our drug-filled society."

And if there is any doubt about that, you can just check the authentic post office ruling. They would never have let an obscene drug store go through the mails without a prescription.



A significant October publishing achievement:

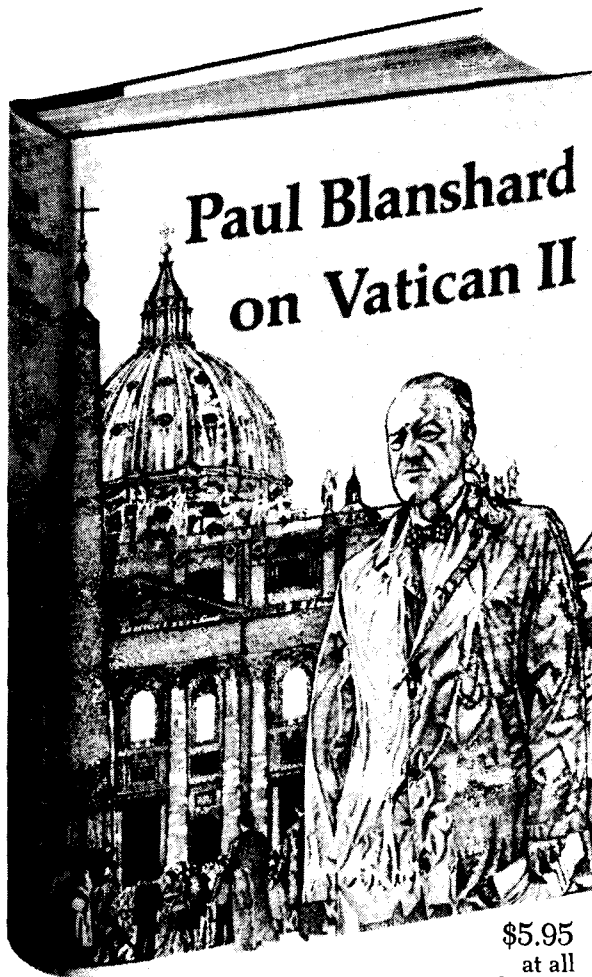
# Paul Blanshard on Vatican II

"This is a book for which many have been waiting. In view of the astounding and wholly unexpected accomplishments of the Second Vatican Council, it is not surprising that most treatments of it, whether by Catholics or by non-Catholics, have been bathed in almost unrelieved euphoria. This is the first comprehensive and highly competent *critical* account and appraisal of the Council."

— Henry P. Van Dusen  
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"I hope that many Catholics, including Pope Paul, read this book. Paul Blanshard is a humane, fair, hard working critic of the Council. He treats Roman Catholicism as a political institution which lives by power and fame, and he does not understand many of those things which make of it also a community of faith. Nevertheless, Mr. Blanshard is a man of clear secular conviction and purity of heart. His book will instruct and goad many Catholics even more than *American Freedom and Catholic Power*; for ironically, even among conservative Catholics who resent his point of view (and instead impugn his sincerity), Paul Blanshard has become something of a Catholic prophet."

— Michael Novak  
Stanford University  
(author of *The open Church: Vatican II, Act II*)



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"Paul Blanshard's latest work penetrates the euphoria created by the Vatican Council and reveals how little of essence has been changed. His devastating analysis of Paul VI, the 'institutional Pope,' demonstrates how much more reform is required even in the non-dogmatic aspects of Catholic teaching and practice before the Church can properly be designated as a 20th century institution. An important and lively work."

— Will Maslow  
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"In a timely and interpretive volume, the author presents a factual report of the meetings and appraises the results in the light of traditional American values. . . . This careful study reveals that while the image of the Catholic Church gained in the eyes of the world, the Council constituted a major defeat for Protestantism and traditional American values."

— John Wesley Lord  
Bishop of the  
Methodist Church  
The Washington Area



*Paul Blanshard on Vatican II* — "I suppose no other American has written so many pages critical of Catholic policy. Certainly no other American of my time has been the target of more brickbats in the American Catholic press. When I went to Rome I could not help but wonder what kind of a reception I would receive. I must say that no writer was ever treated with more genuine consideration. For me there was complete friendliness, complete interchange of fact and argument, and the greatest possible generosity in supplying me with every pertinent document. The door was open and no intellectual holds were barred."

— Paul Blanshard

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## Art:



### EVERYMAN'S GIRL

by Arthur Secunda  
and Jan Thunholm

**S**HE IS RESIDING at the Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm this summer. A truly social product of her environment, "She" was made for many by many. A female Colossus of Gargantuan proportions,

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"She" reclines on her back, legs spread apart, with breasts hovering just below an otherwise austere looking ceiling. "She," painted and decorated in pure bright poster-colors, is probably the most enormous lady in waiting (with the possible exception of the Statue of Liberty) in the world today. There is always a brisk line waiting to enter her body by way of her vaginal portal. So voluptuous is "She" that she is capable of receiving, containing and entertaining up to 150 people simultaneously.

"She" is the baby of artist Niki de St. Phalle of Los Angeles, New York and Paris, whose concept and unique direction are largely responsible for bringing "She" to passive and helpless life. Nevertheless, the prodigious execution of this Lillith was a collaborative effort. Niki took care of the outside, while Swiss kinetic sculptor Jean Tinguely and Swedish artist P. O. Ultvedt joined hands to try and make the interior as homey a place as this bizarre environment would permit. As a team, this group worked together in creating "Dylaby" in Amsterdam in 1962.

Upon entering "She's" genitalia, one is at first appropriately shrouded in darkness. Soon, moving, grinding black and white wheels are discerned, and as one's eyes become accustomed to the eery light, macabre architecturally satirical discoveries may be made. There is an art gallery, then a bar where glass is being continually crunched in typical Tinguelian style. Further on, one can see a movie, then retire to a secluded corner with love seat generously provided. Literally speaking, when one enters "She's" bowels, one is awed by a mysterious dome from which drops a brittle ladder. This, it turns out, is the navel, and incidentally, a kind of exit with a wonderous view outside the museum's elegant front doors. For the record, "She" is also called, somewhat presumptuously, "The Cathedral!"

Visitors to this strange shrine appear curiously amused in modern Sweden. One can only surmise the criticism and indignation of such a display in California, following the ridiculous goings-on by the Board of Supervisors during the recent Edward Kienholz exhibition at the Los Angeles County Art Museum.

The overall effect of this massive work seems to be that of an adult fun-

house, whose exterior is, in effect, a piece of painted sculpture, while the interior ends up being a sort of international bourgeois playboy club. Related in a general way to the recent history of "happenings," "She's" meaning is intensive if shortlived, as if the plan is to provide a memory survival of an art event, not unlike the now famous manifestations which took place at the Grande Saison Dada on the 14th of April, 1921, that were to change the context of art history during the next 40 years.

The feeling throughout "She," both inside and out, is free and spontaneous, a kind of unreflected though well organized dialogue with every fantasy that erotic 20th century man's fanciful leisure produces. It is an ironic fact that "She" is more revealing, sociologically speaking, about the contemporary male than it is about the female. This, despite the fact that the creator in this case was a female, albeit a female who sees the world as her male chiefs would have her see it.

Superficially it would seem as if "She" is not so much a solemn homage as an earthy, lusty, materialistic event made for and by people who love life and a good time. In short, for people who are content. Even the inscription on "She's" legs, "*Honi Soit qui Mal y Pense*," is a pun-like reminder not to seek depth of thought. It is rather a bizarre gag, woven in decorative beauty.

The truth is that this enormous characterization is a self-portrait with the most poignant implications. "She" is a double for "we," flat on our backs in primeval position, victimized, helplessly mauled over, laughed at, exploited and used, painted as we paint ourselves, objectified as we find ourselves objects, and in a sense laughing on the outside while dying on the inside. Our Brobdingnagian and Lilliputian relationships to "She" will be discussed and felt for a long time. And I believe that as a social document history will show it to be more in the tradition of Bosch than Duchamp.

*Arthur Secunda is a noted artist and print-maker living in Los Angeles.*

*Jan Thunholm who teaches art at Uppsala University in Sweden, is a noted art critic.*