

BAYING AT THE MOON # 3 1/2

This is BAYING AT THE MOON # three and One Half the no time for corflu ish special for Apa F. This is the July 17, 1964 issue designed to stupify you with my wit and intelligence. Also with my poor typing. It is being run off on our ne Rex Rotary M2 mimeograph. Editorial address is Apt. 4C, 268 E. 4th St., NYC Phone number is Grue 3-8230

News Notes: Marland Frenzel is back in Town and working at the Strand Book shop again. I ran into him at the book distributor's where I work. ## George Nims Raybin who went down south with CORE to help out in civil rights cases has been refused the right to practice law in Mississippi. It seems they have a law in that state that any two state lawyers can object to an outside lawyer and keep him from practicing law in the state. They are doing this to keep out legal aid and deprive the civil rights defendents of counsel. I wonder if this is a constitutional law. By the way, the last issue of Baying at the moon scooped the NY TIMES on this.

I live in what some people call the East Village. Actually it is the lower East side of New York. Supposedly one of the three worst areas of NYC. Harlem and Hells Kitchen being the other two. However I have never seen a fight in progress in the area, or been threatened or intimidated in any way. While I can't claim to have gotten to know any of my neighbors well, there is a language barrier which is as strong here as the barrier of social class and fear of communication that keeps next door neighbors in all sections of this city from getting to know one another. There is in certain spots along the street a smell of garbage, and spilled whiskey, but this is not overpowering or completely repulsive to me. When I see an unconscious drunk on the sidewalk I feel pity and sorrow that a person should end up sleeping in the gutter. But I am not afraid. There is a certain enjoyment to be derived from sitting at my window on the 4th floor of the building and watch the children playing around a fire hydrant which is turned on full force. I enjoy watching them divert the flow of water through the open taxi windows (I hate taxi drivers) and use the stream of water as a vehicle for shooting coke bottles and beer cans at the passing cars. On Sundays a group of people carrying an American Flag and a Portable Microphone and Amplifier comes and stands at the Mobilization For Youth building. This is the wandering street preacher contingent which lectures for about an hour and a half and commands my complete attention. Each man in the group takes his turn telling how he was saved from his drunkenness or his desire to kill the yankee bastards. They are Spanish and speak only that language. I flunked Spanish in college when I took it. This is the area where the new coffee houses and the poets and painters are springing up. Mainly because it is cheaper to live here. A person who does not overly value externals can tremendously enjoy the internal benefits that are to be found here and within a ten minute walk of here, I even enjoy the soothing garbage filled waters of the East River on a hot summer's evening. My future ambitions for this area include playing a game of bocci at First St & First Avenue, walking across the Brooklyn Bridge, playing harmonica to the guitar of the spanish speaking man who sits and plays in front of my building, eating a cherry sno cone a day and a quarter section of watermelon from the fruit stand at 4th and 2nd Ave which is open all night 7 nights a week.

This fanzine has not yet mentioned sf so here it is...SF!

This will appear in the 2nd Apa F mailing