

"A BRASH, IRREVERANT TABLOID" --N.Y. TIMES

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

VOL. 1 NO. 16

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WATCH JOHNSON'S EAR

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

--Mark. 1, 25



190 Year Old Corpse Found

by Walter Bowart

Everyone in America gets a day off July Fourth each year to celebrate an independence won in 1776; a vestigial remnant of days when the whole town turned out to have ices and watch the pyro-technic displays. Fireworks are illegal.

From a rooftop in New York City exploding firecrackers rumble like sounds of war in the streets below. The fire engines rush through traffic hushed streets like puppies retrieving thrown sticks.

Below, a fat Puerto Rican woman with an impudent stance explodes firecrackers at passing autos which scream and skid. She is surrounded by an audience of small boys who recover unexploded bombs from the wheels of whizzing traffic. The fat bitch throws cherry bombs into buildings and open convertibles. A ninth precinct patrol car passes in review, heads turned hard away.

Uptown the FBI Convention is meeting at the Commodore Hotel. They are planning their attack on the Communists. The Communists, the Jews, the Devils . . . repent and ye shall be saved. Lift your eyes unto the Lord, brothers and sisters-sinners and ye shall be SAVED. Their fat bishop in Washington, with rouge on his cheeks, minces his two-fisted approval. "Make our world safe from Communists and Buddhists", he prays.

Above the skyline the illegal rockets burst red, white, and blue. The roman candles spew and the rockets red glare, bombs bursting in air give proof through the night . . .

In Viet Nam the rockets and death bursting bombs give proof that the soiled tarnished AMERICAN flag is still there . . . by force.

In Japan hundreds march in Rusk's face. Bland-bald, hairless Dean Rusk, who's ears are smaller than Lyndon's, always says YES. "Get out of Viet Nam," the students shout. And in Paris they burn the American flag. In England and Sweden they march against the American Embassies . . . "But are turned back by police", the news reports.

In the street below the fat, ignorant, Puerto Rican slattern proves her patriotism by throwing fire crackers at oncoming cars hoping to set off a glorious accident involving bent metal and dead bodies and blood. Oh, lots of blood!

July Fourth Nineteen Sixty Six: America's ear is echoing with Lyndon Baines' vigorous

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THE East Village OTHER

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Letters

Dear EVO:

Quite a few of my American friends were outraged by my burning of the American flag on the 4th of July in the Place de la Concorde during the march protesting the "horrible war" in Vietnam, as the organizers of the march politely termed it. They have asked me to take full responsibility for that brief street happening and to explain why, as a French citizen, I did what I did. I owe it to them to do so.

(1) I think such protests are more effective than 50 speeches or petitions and those who applauded my action the other day seemed to agree. Hans Arp, the great sculptor and poet, once blew his nose in a flag. Now, 40 years later, two London shops are selling printed handkerchiefs: small American, British and French flags. The practical influence of the artist is not a total loss even in such a society as ours.

(2) Flags (including the French one, of course) are symbols of nationalism therefore of hatred, of would-be ideological or divine superiority, of military strength. I consider them obscene, aggressively obscene.

(3) The "rambunctious Texan general" J. F. Hollingsworth, one of the U.S. commanders in Vietnam, was quoted by the London Sunday Times as having said, "There is no better way to fight than going out to shoot Vietcongs, and there is nothing I love better than killing Cong. No sir." Well, as a pacifist, my answer to this heroic general is as follows: "There is no better way to express one's convictions than to act and there is nothing I like better than burning flags. No sir." But I don't use napalm, just an ordinary match.

Jean-Jacques Lebel
Paris, France

Dear Sir:

I read the transcript of Walter Bowart's testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency with a great deal of interest. I agreed with several of Bowart's observations, i.e., that "our adolescents are generally more informed than their parents," that "we are participating in and building an outer directed culture." And I appreciate his noting the stupid way in which the medical profession handles psychedelic panic cases - "stupid" is my choice of word, not Bowart's. I define stupid as the absence of sensibility, rather than the absence of intelligence. And let me say, while my definition of stupidity is still in mind, that I think the Subcommittee in search of Juvenile Delinquency is beating itself off in the wrong direction. It would come closer to its goal by investigating the pill end of the Drug Industry and some of our Pill-Pushing M.D.'s. I've observed that pillheads (when they're not wanting "to nod out of this world" or passing out in dangerous situations) are often capable of senseless and/or vicious acts. They experience nothing that can be called mind expansion, rather a contraction and even eventual destruction of same. Pills, however, are so common (even in Ex-Urbia) that the thought of investigating their reason for being would never cross Unexpanded Minds (?) Sitting-Sub-Committee.

But none of that is what brings me before the IBM. I am here because toward the end of Bowart's testimony I sensed an effort (not, apparently, as subtle as he thought) to tie "acid" users into a religious bag. His reference to a sermon by Rev. Dr. Kring, several Churches and religious rituals, and his desire to have psychedelics available "to any and all religious groups," seemed to me to be a thinly disguised plea for religious tolerance for LSD. Bowart apparently believes in America's myth of Religious Tolerance.

Even if turning-on is a new religion (I doubt that it is), chewing the breeze would get more results than begging for religious tolerance from politicians. Strike that, of course, if you have a large and voting religious group behind you. There never was any valid religious tolerance in America. In our history, Mormons have been run off their land - under the directions of the govern-

Other Other Other Editorial

VIETNAMESE CROSSTOWN

A cross town paper wants to take the heat off Macdougall Street. The paper is heavily publicizing the East Village as an extension of Macdougall saying, "Look, all the tourists who're hip are going there to see the wares of the 'new bohemia'."

MFY is planning to pour away some more 'poverty' money to sponsor an east side art exhibition in imitation of the great bland Greenwich Village sidewalk show.

An influx of tourists to the East Village has not yet begun, but a few new faces, mostly young, can be noticed.

The cross town paper doesn't really know what's happening in the East Village and in their ignorance could be sending the ladies from Long Island, in search of a cheap thrill from bohemian contact, to their death.

Summer in a ghetto is always violent and the summer in the east side is no exception.

Within the past few weeks in a four block area, there has come to our attention four muggings. On June 7 Verne Williams, an actor,

was knifed in front of his home on E. 13th St. On June 14, Alonson Buzick, a writer, was cut and beaten with automobile antennas by Spanish-speaking youths on 10th St. June 24, Don McNeil, a writer, was mugged and robbed before eye witnesses who did nothing to help. And on June 6, James Martin, a Good Humor vendor, was stabbed and robbed in broad daylight in front of a park full of people.

These are but a few of the crimes typical of a ghetto. They happen every day and our 'East Village' is not yet ready to receive visitors unless it somehow handles these problems.

The new East Village community is not found on the streets of the Lower East Side nor in its bars or coffee houses. The artists, the "bohemians" the tourists come seeking, are hard at work in their studios or apartments.

Certain East Village merchants are happy to see the influx of tourists. And one cannot complain about a natural urge for increased business. But the cross town paper, it appears, would save their precious Macdougall Street by sending tourists to Viet Nam.

Letters a freak filled forum

Dear EVO:

The soldier's bier, the whore's; the babe stone-cold
Pressed to the ache of unsucked breasts; the youth in horror

Turning away from the black swollen face
That from his moonlit pillow once looked up,
Eager for kisses. Dead, all dead,
Mourned by the soon to die and by the doomed
Borne with reluctant footing to the abhorred
Garden of cypresses where one huge pit
Yawns to receive them.

PVT E-1 RA Seaman
US 5161922
A-7-2
Saigon, Viet Nam

OOPS!!

In the past issue of EVO Tom McNamara wrote an article entitled "The Fourteen Million Dollar Misunderstand". Relying on the good faith of its reporters EVO had no way of knowing that the article was a personal attack on Larry Cole in answer to a criticism of Mr. McNamara in a *Realist* article written by Cole.

EVO regrets any discomfort this article may have caused Mr. Cole personally or in his work with LEAP.

LEAP (Lower Eastside Action Project) was founded by the 29-year old psychologist Cole, as an experiment in a Summerhillian technique of social rehabilitation which employs artists such as Peter Schumann, Len Chandler, and Caroline Hester to bring about, in the underprivileged children of the Lower East Side, an awareness of the arts and of self-expression.

Mr. Cole feels that the artists and the ghetto people are really fighting the same battle, but that each group doesn't recognize this commonality.

LEAP is setting up a school in the near future based on the Summerhill technique which will be detailed in a forthcoming article.

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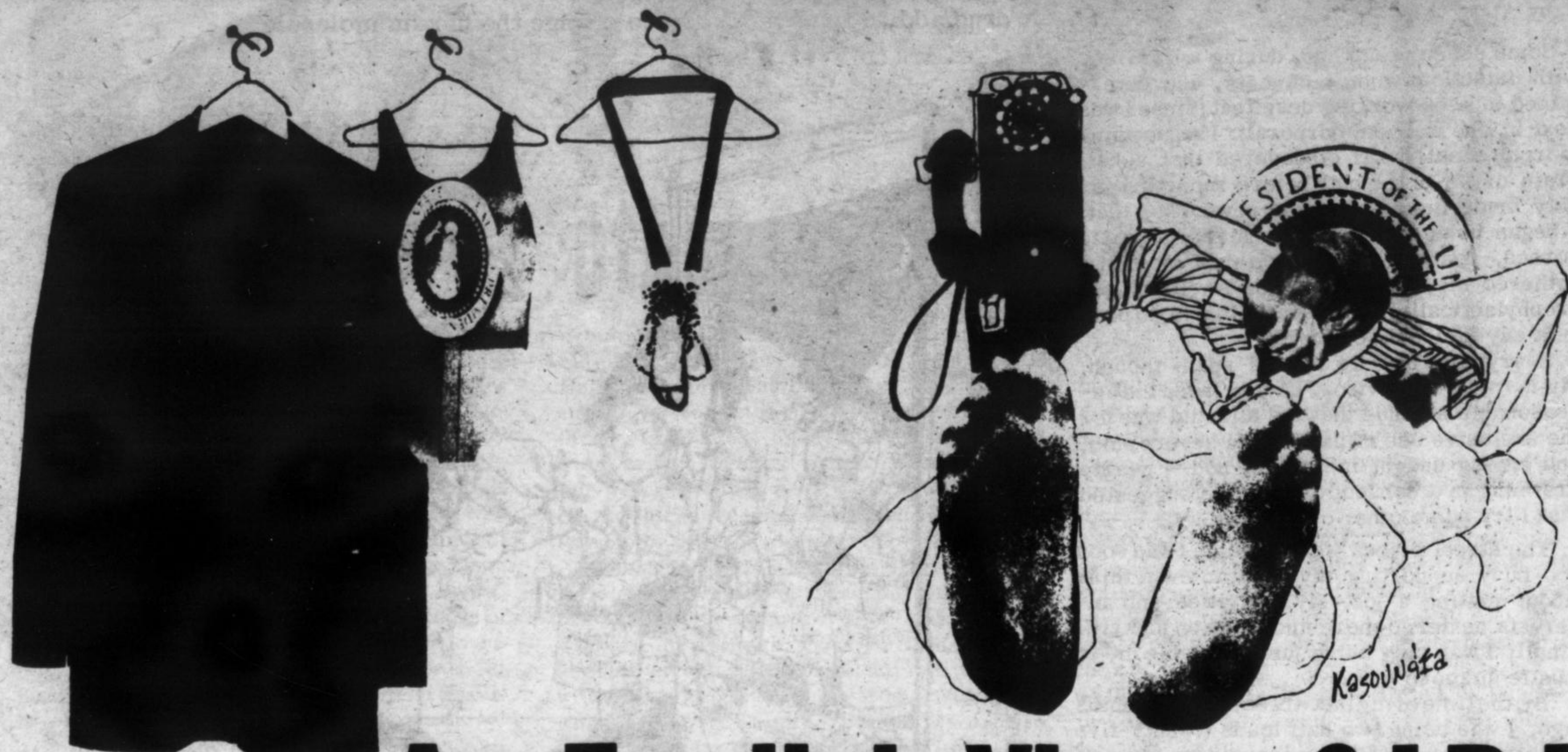
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C. I. A. Sponsors Festival
Between July 13 and August 24, the LES-CIA will sponsor a music festival in Thompsons Square Park. Among the participants (who are all residents of the East Village) are: The Fugs, the body-rock concert and recording stars, who will present an all-star 2-hour "farewell to the lower east side" before leaving on their intercontinental brain-feast to England, (Tues. August 10, 8pm). Also featured in events upcoming: an evening with Musician-Composer, David Amram, (Wed. August 24); A jazz evening with the groups of Sun Ra and Frank Smith, (Wed. July 13); African Folk Music (Wed. August 10); American Folk Music (Wed. July 27). Also to be announced are three other evenings, one of which is to be devoted to several rock and roll groups (and-one interested in applying for this evening Wed. July 20, should contact: Don Pace, LES-CIA headquarters, 870-4487). All the concerts are free, and start roughly at 8 pm.

Reprinted from Private Eye Magazine

A MAN OBSESSED



An English View of LBJ

Just what is happening in Washington? The steady flow of increasingly disquieting news from that fevered city is made only more disquieting by the fact that it emerges in such disjointed fashion. No correspondent at the moment appears to be making any attempt to provide an overall picture of what is going on. And therefore the overall picture that does emerge to the English reader is, even on the soberest appraisal, perhaps more disturbing than the facts actually justify.

Let us take some recent news items at random. On 29th April we read of Senator Fulbright warning that a 'war fever' is beginning to develop in the United States. Now admittedly Fulbright is an avowed opponent of the President's policy in Vietnam but he is not a man given to sensationalism. And when, therefore, he claims on the evidence of his own first-hand experience that

'America is showing some signs of that fatal presumption, that over-extension of power and mission, which brought ruin to ancient Athens, to Napoleonic France and to Nazi Germany. The process has hardly begun, but the war we are not fighting can only accelerate it.'

we can but take some little heed.

Then in the Times of 4th May we read Mr. Louis Heren, again not a man given to undue sensationalism, stating quite baldly that:

'President Johnson is having a hard time these days because of his foreign policy. First it was said that a crisis of credibility existed, that is, very few people believed what he and his advisers said. Now there is said to be a crisis of confidence, which presumably means that there is little or no public faith in his judgement.'

Now just who is saying that there is 'a crisis of confidence'? Bobby Kennedy? Senator Fulbright? Walter Lippman? The whole town? It would be nice to know. But Mr. Heren does provide one answer in discussing the growing unease that is felt by many informed persons, such as Professor Polk of Chicago University and until recently a member of the State Dept. policy planning council, at the extent to which foreign policy in general and the Vietnam war in particular are being directed in accordance with the findings not so much of unadorned judgement but of what are known as 'war games' and of 'policy situations' fed into computers.

Then there is the constant flow of resignations from President Johnson's own personal staff. Heaven knows it is ironic that one should feel disturbed at the resignation of Mr. Jack Valenti, the Texan public relations man who claimed that he 'slept easier in his bed at night' to know that Johnson was his President. One's disquiet in that context might well have begun with the knowledge that such a man was ever appointed. And yet the conjunction of Valenti's retirement with those of George Reedy, McGeorge Bundy, Thomas Mann of the State Department and others (including even the rumoured though denied impending resignation of Mr. Bill Moyers) does lead one to suppose that the atmosphere in White House circles cannot be entirely that of a well-run family bank.

On the periphery of these central omens and portents comes a whole host of smaller items, clues to mood and atmosphere, which seem not entirely disparate. In the Evening Standard Jeremy Campbell reports that the Washington city authorities are increasingly concerned at the growing violence in Washington streets and convinced as surely as they can be of anything that the coming summer will see an explosion of violence from the Negro quarter of the capital possibly comparable with that in Watts suburb last August. In Time magazine, admittedly given to undue sensationalism, we read:

'Normally, the news that the U.S. economy scored its biggest spurt in 15 years would be cause for rejoicing. Now, nothing is normal, and last week's report that the gross national product jumped \$16.9 billion in the first quarter. . . . gave Washington's economy watchers an acute state of the jitters.'

We read of the White House party given for the Danish Prime Minister ('no one could quite recall why [he] had come to Washington') as nevertheless being 'the swiftest wingding the White House had seen in years'. We hear of the capital's smarter set being set by the ears by a prolonged 'happening', of a feverish interest in short skirts and 'what's happening in swinging London'; and of America as a whole it is reported that the current craving for pornography and violence makes Soho seem almost a garden of wholesomeness.

The whole picture, in short, is one of a thoroughly nervy and febrile city set at the middle of a thoroughly nervy and febrile na-

tion, roaring into the future like a manic collection of children on a roller coaster that is getting ever more titillatingly out of control. Unfortunately the most disturbing factor of all is that if there were indeed any truth in such a scarifying picture there is nothing we hear about President Johnson himself to indicate that he would not be appropriately cast as its central figure.

It is one of the sadder aspects of human affairs that those people who most urgently strive after public authority (and therefore frequently achieve it) are exactly those whose personal insecurity and instability drives them to gratify their vanity in asserting their own superiority over their fellow men. But as any psychiatrist is well aware, such adolescent aggression is always bound in the end to be unsatisfactory, simply because it is rooted in fantasy.

President Johnson is a man much given to the use of phallic imagery, particular in the context of his own implied potency and superiority over those with whom he sees himself in any sense in a competitive situation. Like any such essentially immature personality, he is in constant search for 'proof' of his own existence, both in political success and in the esteem of others.

He is, in fact, the personification of the American Dream. And there are unfortunately more than enough grounds to suppose that for both he himself and for America as a nation, the war in Vietnam—a distant, unreal, hypnotic fantasy—has become the ultimate focus for an attempt to resolve insecurity by forcing the American Dream into reality.

The larger and more devastating the war becomes, the more obsessive and unreal and unsatisfying becomes the fantasy. In the words of W. B. Yeats

*'we have fed the heart on fantasies,
the heart's grown brutal with the fare.'*

Like a man obsessed with an illicit affair, Johnson becomes more and more secretive. His aides melt away like snow before the fire of his neurosis. We read that his mood varies between euphoria and despair—all the signs of the manic depressive at the mercy of his unconscious. And the tragedy is, of course, that like any man whose personal vanity has become entirely consumed by one object, he is bound to regard criticism, such as that of Fulbright and Lippmann, as a personal affront,

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TO BREAK THE JUNK REFLEX

by Al Fowler

Some seven years ago, during a mild bout with infectious mononucleosis, and determined to keep working despite it (since I was next in line to make corporal): I began using morphine sulfate. I discovered that a half grain of MS in the butt before reporting for duty made me feel good as new. After that, I began using it to cure hangovers, charlie horses, fatigue; and everything else that bothered me, or might. Soon I was using it prophylactically, so to speak; that is, to prevent any future discomfort.

Everything has its mortal span, though. My nursing supervisor, having taken the unreasonable attitude that the dilaudid was for the exclusive use of patients in severe pain, and having caught me on the nod — nearly drowning in a cold cup of coffee — suggested that I try some other occupation.

The street prices were so high, I was soon too busy supporting my habit to even think about getting a job. My activities and interests centered more and more on junk, till finally I was only using junk to enable me to hustle up more junk.

By the time of my last arrest; three months ago, I was using two half loads (twenty-five to thirty grains) daily, and considered myself an incurable addict. My concept of heaven was a crumby furnished room in London where I could sit and shoot the pure for twenty eight cents a day.

I was arrested, as I said, three months ago. After a week in the Tombs, I bailed out, and was admitted to South Oaks Hospital, with the intention of staying clean there until I went to court. I had been there only a short time when asked if I would participate in cyclazocine research. I was skeptical, but I signed the guinea pig release anyway. The treatment consisted of gradually increased daily dosage of cyclazocine, with test shots of dilaudid intravenously, which had only slight effect. Since discharge I have tried some heroin which appeared to affect others markedly, and was unaffected myself. I have now cut down my cyclazocine dosage by 2/3 with no ill effect, and would not give twenty eight cents for a lifetime supply of junk.

For nearly a century, scientists have tried to simulate or modify the morphine molecule in such a way as to eliminate addictive and euphoria producing elements while retaining analgesic (pain-killing) potency. In 1898, for instance, physicians enthusiastically began dispensing a new drug to victims of severe pain, and to morphine addicts. This drug was stronger and had fewer dangerous side effects than morphine, and was considered non-addicting. The new drug was a morphine derivative called di-acetylmorphine HCl, more widely known as heroin. Since then two other, even stronger, morphine derivatives have been developed; dilaudid and numorphan, besides the synthetics (demerol and methadone, etc.), as well as drugs like the nearly useless darvon.

In the course of such research recently at Sterling Winthrop Laboratories, cyclazocine was developed. It is an efficient analgesic, it is non-euphoric, and it does not produce dependence; but the most striking property of cyclazocine is its ability to block the effects of narcotics and other depressants. The possibilities inherent in cyclazocine should be immediately obvious to the medical profession, or any other people familiar with the problem of narcotics addiction.

The punitive treatment of addicts has failed dismally. Psychiatry also has admitted defeat, so much so that even in this state, where addicts can commit themselves to mental hospitals under the Metcalf-Volker Act (article 9) fewer than 1 percent of addicts so committed receive even minimal

CYCLAZOCINE:

A drug addict reports on how to change the heroin molecule



psychotherapy. The addict cannot be focussed effectively on any real problem without first dismantling his drug reflex.

Wait until it's good and cold outside, then grab a man at random off the street of your choice. Strip him naked, and put him in a bare room with its window jammed open. Give him heroin, a set of works, and instructions for use. Imply that the window cannot be closed at all, if you like. This will hasten the process. The man may try closing it, anyway. Be sure to make it difficult as possible to do so. Tell him he can work more comfortably if he takes some heroin. The man takes the heroin, and discovers that now he feels warm. He might try again to close the window, but most likely he won't be so anxious about it anymore. Soon he will sit down and rest. "Ho hum," he will probably say, "it'll get warm out before this stuff wears off. If not, I'll try again."

When the heroin does wear off, he wakes up shivering. "Oops, guess I better shut that window after all. But first, some heroin to keep my hands from shaking." This goes on, and soon, a drug reflex has been established. Your man is now a junky.

A man will nearly always seek the quickest, most effortless solution to any given problem. Our random junkie is cold. He has forgotten about the window, and thinks he is cold because he needs heroin. A shot of junk makes him feel warm in fifteen seconds. Fixing the window would take hours, and would require thought and energy. Too lazy or ignorant to regulate his environment, he regulates instead his perception of it.

For your amusement, remove him from the room and lock him in another room; without heroin. After he is well again; put him back in the first room. He will be cold, and he'll head straight for the junk. The addict cannot be cured until he can chemically distinguish the sensation of warmth from warmth itself.

Remove the junkie from the cold room again. Put him in a warm room until he has withdrawn. Start giving him cyclazocine until his body can accept one half grain of dilaudid with no effect. One month later, return him to the cold room. "Brrr," he will say as he quickly cooks up a little fix and shoots it. "Brrr," he will say again, "man,

this stuff's been cut to nothing. God damn it, I'll freeze my cubes off without a fix."

After a while, he will likely take another fix, but he will still be cold. Eventually, he will notice the window again, and try to close it. Desperately now, as he will be, he will work hard at it. Finally, though he may need some sort of help, he will get it shut. The man is now warm, and his drug reflex is dismantled. After a while, he will forget to take his cyclazocine. He has already forgotten why he was using junk, and he is no longer a junkie.

Of course, this is a simplification. Cyclazocine might be of use in as few as twenty percent of all cases. However, all cases so far treated with cyclazocine have been positively benefitted. The only alternative solution so far existing that can be considered humane is the methadone maintenance program, which is only trading one evil for a lesser one. I submit that all addicts should be given a viable choice between withdrawal and treatment with cyclazocine, or, if that fails; heroin or methadone maintenance.

Aint you sick of it too, baby? Demand cyclazocine! If you aint copped out to rat heaven yet, you'd be surprised how far your mind can bend. This is the enzyme of favorable choice! The juice your guts have been aching after, once and for all, to give em back an interest!



THE FORUM

"uninteresting." - DAVIS
N. Y. Daily News
"good place to sleep." - McNamara,
East Village Other
"best eatery in East Village." Kaplan
Pravda

STARRING:
AN AIR CONDITIONER
SOMETIMES APPEARING:
POETRY BY
REAL LIVE POETS

166 Ave. A (between 10th & 11th Sts.)
"At the sign of the Furniture Discount Store"
PHONE: ORGY-405 Open 6 till?



Wilcock



otherseens



America's oiliest hypocrite, Billy Graham, is in London, his pugnaciously toothy football-hero type face gazing challengingly (How much have you contributed to my funds lately . . . ?) from a hundred hoardings. "Swinging" London, as its citizens now wryly tag it, has seen this kind of thing before, of course, but never before—in this century at least—was there a greater justification for the kind of criticisms that Graham has been making. There is a great deal wrong with the fabric of British society, and there is a widespread collapse of morality and ethics in the sense that the formerly incorruptible police have lost much of their respect. Gambling is so widespread (legally) that hoods have possibly more control over the day to day life in London today than probably any city in America, with the exception of Las Vegas.

But Billy Graham's pious platitudes, typically, ignore the real problems and concentrate upon the superficial manifestations of the good life—sin, sex, Soho, and socialism are his betes noir—most of which are aptly symbolised for him by the miniskirt. On a tour of Soho last week (an area that is so inflammatory that at least two newspaper columnists have been beaten up while wandering around it) a stripper from one of the clubs was photographed sprawled across the back of his car, her ass barely covered. "How do you like my miniskirt, Billy?" she asked. The reply was: "I think she's out for publicity."

Some of the newspapers have tended to make fun of the Graham crusade: the Evening Standard quoted him as saying, "I don't believe there is total sexual satisfaction outside Jesus Christ", at the same time pointing out that "Dr. Graham will adopt a neutral attitude to the problems of Vietnam and Rhodesia".

What is surprising, or maybe not when you think about it, is the way in which this unctuous man has managed to con a good percentage of the British Establishment into lending their names and/or prestige to his spurious campaign. In a way, one even feels sorry for those aging "Christians" whose lives of joyless constipation have become even more meaningless compared to the mods-and-rocker anarchy bursting all around them.

Towards the close of his month-long campaign (which had no difficulty raising the \$850,000 estimated as its cost), he addressed a breakfast meeting at the Grosvenor Hotel on London's swanky Park Lane. Sponsored by the magnificently pompous Sir Cyril Black, Tory MP for Wimbledon and unofficial leader of the House of Commons evangelical group, the \$1,000 breakfast was attended by about a score of legislators and members of the House of Lords plus "a cross section of London's official and public life."

There were ministers crowding every table, gazing rapturously at this dynamic Elmer Gantry who not only could declaim more meaningless platitudes than themselves but managed it with infinitely more histrionic finesse.

Graham's technique was skillful, beginning with a fairly good joke about a Baptist who, seeing four horses win races after being blessed by a Catholic priest, bet all his money on the fifth only to be told (when the horse lost) that if he'd been a Catholic he'd have known the difference between a blessing and the last rites. From these he segued into roughly the same

nebulous thesis that he has been presenting at his nightly rallies in the 40,000-capacity Earls Court stadium: "The bible says there is pleasure in sin for only a season . . . not calling today for a return to the old puritanism but I do believe we need a new puritanism . . . our generation has been living like parasites on the spiritual capital of its predecessors . . . let's go back to the morality of our forefathers . . . our generation is spiritually hungry. . . ."

He chose to illustrate his theme with passing references to the sword of Damocles hanging over us, the H-bomb, germ warfare, the balance of terror and U Thant's quote that "our world is rushing madly" towards a rendezvous with disaster—reasonable assessments of where things are at but carrying somewhat less weight coming from a man who feels that LBJ's role in the Vietnam war should remain unquestioned.

The BBC attempted to arrange a television confrontation between Graham and America's other leading evangelist Hugh Hefner, here for the opening of the new Playboy Club, but Graham turned down the opportunity. Hefner was disappointed and said that he thought Graham's views on miniskirts being sinful were "preposterous". "It is sex suppression which causes obsession with sex," he suggested.

The Playboy Club, near the Hilton, overlooking Hyde Park, has been giving a series of parties with drinks carefully restricted (one per cardboard key) and bruisers in dinner jackets mingling thickly in every room. One press party specified "black tie only" and as I'm not in the habit of travelling the world equipped like a Victorian nobleman, I went wearing an ordinary tie (a major concession for me, anyway) and was at first refused admittance after an ugly scene with a hardfaced bitch whose duty was to watch the entrance for such infractions.

This argument kept me in the lobby for long enough to see HH, surrounded by adoring sycophants, looking sallow and sick under

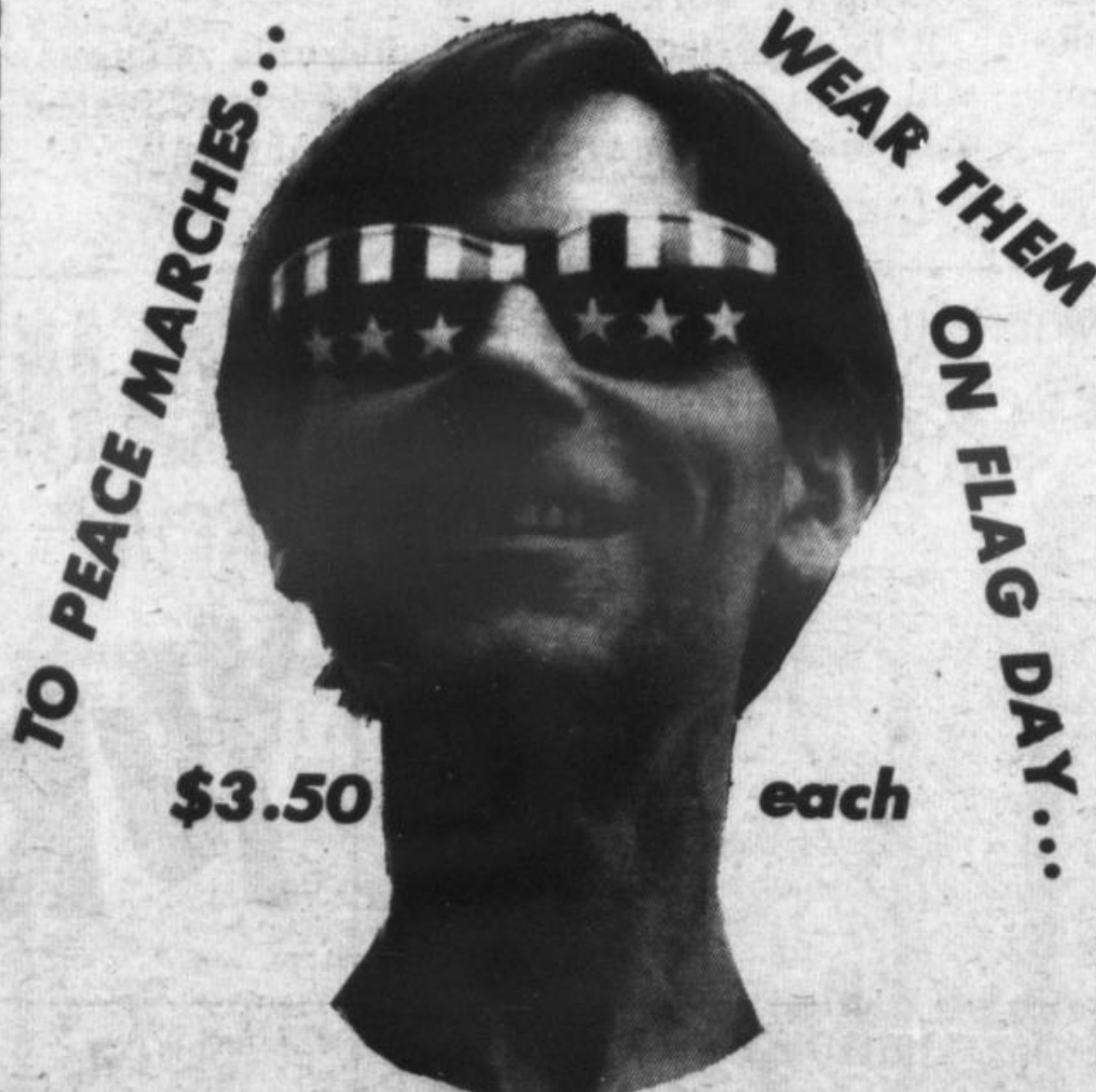
the glare of the photofloods and TV cameras.

When I went back for the big opening party the following night things looked brighter. The food was good (spareribs, southern fried chicken, shishkebab) and drinks were unrestricted. Everyone who entered was temporarily blinded by floodlights and at the mercy of a battery of photographers.

And outside, watching the guests come and go was a gawking London crowd at least as numerous as the celebs (Julie Christie, Nureyev, Brian Forbes, Roman Polanski, Ken Tynan, Woody Allen, Sir Ralph Richardson) indoors.

BRITAININBRIEF: Credit cards have finally hit London in a big way. There has been some criticism. In the Daily Express a columnist asks: "If shops can afford to pay a commission to the organizations issuing credit cards why shouldn't the cash customer get a commission, too?" Why should he help finance the other man's credit? . . . They're manufacturing marmalade with whisky in it. . . . One of the Provos, participants in the recent youth riots in Amsterdam, told London students about the "white bicycle" plan that Provos want for Holland: center of the city sealed off to use. . . . Yehudi Menuhin joined Ravi Shankar for a concert of Indian music. . . . Big fuss which illustrates one of the idiocies of present-day education policies: at a school in Hampshire 25 students sat down to take a history exam. But they'd been studying "Modern World Affairs" and what the exam concerned was just history in general. So, of course, most of them failed. They didn't know the right set of facts. . . . Britain's flag, the Union Jack, has become, says a columnist, a pop art symbol "that people find amusing now that we have lost our empire". Union Jack wrapping paper, dishcloths and oven gloves are already in the shops. . . . Before the Queen visits the Cornish town of Truro next week the cobbled streets will be resurfaced with tarmac in case she gets her high heels caught. After her visit the tarmac (cost \$2500) will be taken up again.

CAPTAIN AMERICA SHADES



Write: Bohemian Union Trading Co.
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GREGORY'S

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3 G.I.'S DEFY JOHNSON



Photo Credit: What's Happening

NEW YORK, July 7—The officers of the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee today accused the federal government of attempting to bribe a soldier to withdraw from a legal proceeding against the Vietnam war.

The soldier, PVT. David A. Samas, 20, of Modesto, California, is one of three draftees under orders to Vietnam who announced at a press conference here June 30 that they would not go. The others are PVT. Dennis Mora, 25, of New York City and PFC James Johnson, 20, of the Bronx. Lawyers for the three instituted legal proceedings on their behalf in Washington, D. C. Federal Court seeking to bar shipment of the youths to Vietnam on grounds that the war is illegal and immoral.

In a telegram today to Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara and Attorney General Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, Peace Parade Committee Chairman A. J. Muste and coordinators

Dave Dellinger and Norma Becker declared:

"We are reliably informed that on July 4 an officer of the Modesto, California police visited the parents of Pvt. Samas. The officer said he had been contacted by "higher authorities" and that if Pvt. Samas would rescind his action and his statement against the war, and in effect abandon his fellows, he would not be prosecuted and would receive an Army discharge. The officer obviously acted under instruction of federal agents in proposing such a bribe."

The three soldiers were enrolled in the 142nd Signal Battalion, Second Armored Division in Fort Hood, Texas where they received orders to report on July 13 to Oakland Army Terminal in California for final processing and travel to Vietnam. They are now on 30-day leave. The three say they will report to Oakland as ordered, but will not board ship for Vietnam. If their injunction is not granted, they say, they are prepared to face court martial.

BAD HUMOR VS GOOD HUMOR SLUMGOD STABBED

GOOD HUMOR MAN KNIFED

Good Humor didn't help James Martin June 26—nor did the people in Tompkins Square who watched while the local ice cream vendor was set upon, knifed and robbed of \$30 about 6:30 p.m.

Five days later Martin, 62, remained on Bellevue's critical list. The three-inch knife wound was enlarged to 12 by an exploratory operation.

A \$100 reward for information leading to the assailants' arrest is offered by Harold Reynolds of the Tompkins Square Assoc., 149 Ave. A.

Ninth Precinct Desk Officer Trake would not disclose any leads the police may have as to the identity of the thieves but he ascertained they are investigating.

Martin's attackers made off with his receipts from the sale of 15 cent Good Humor Ice Cream bars.



SPERM FROZEN

Sperm kept frozen for as much as two and a half years has been successfully administered to 29 women, resulting in pregnancies, a University of Michigan biologist has reported.

In one experiment 11 women had conceived and nine had borne children. Another now in progress had resulted in ten out of 44 women who received frozen sperm becoming pregnant—six of them were still carrying their babies, and the remaining four, who had lost theirs, had all had miscarriages before.

Describing the second experiment to the Michigan Society of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, Dr. S.J. Behrman said that all the women, who had their husbands' consent, had

to meet certain physical and psychological standards. The donors were chosen for physical and intellectual resemblance to the husbands.

He added that a future when the genetic legacy of an Einstein or a Beethoven could be preserved was still a long way off, but there was every reason to believe that the suspended animation of sperm could be prolonged indefinitely.

The Ford Foundation and the National Institute of Human Development have been supporting the work.

It is reported that a considerable religious and legal storm is arising in the United States over this form of artificial insemination.

MAGBAG

Yeah: a satyric excursion. 381 E. 10th St., \$1.00.

Yeah: stinks. All the editor does is cut up other mags & then paste them up into his & then he thinks he has a magazine. The only poetry Yeah prints is by the editor. The editor writes from an assumed moral superiority over 5/4ths of the human race. He either beats dead horses or is so obscure that no one can find the horse. The type is too small, the editor obviously being under the illusion that not one gem of his wisdom must be left out. He is smarter than thou too. Holier, smarter, poeticer, sexier than thou! He should be locked in a room with nothing but Yeahs for a thousand years.



SEE THE LITTLE COCKROACH AS HE CRAWLS ACROSS THE FLOOR!



KILL HIM!

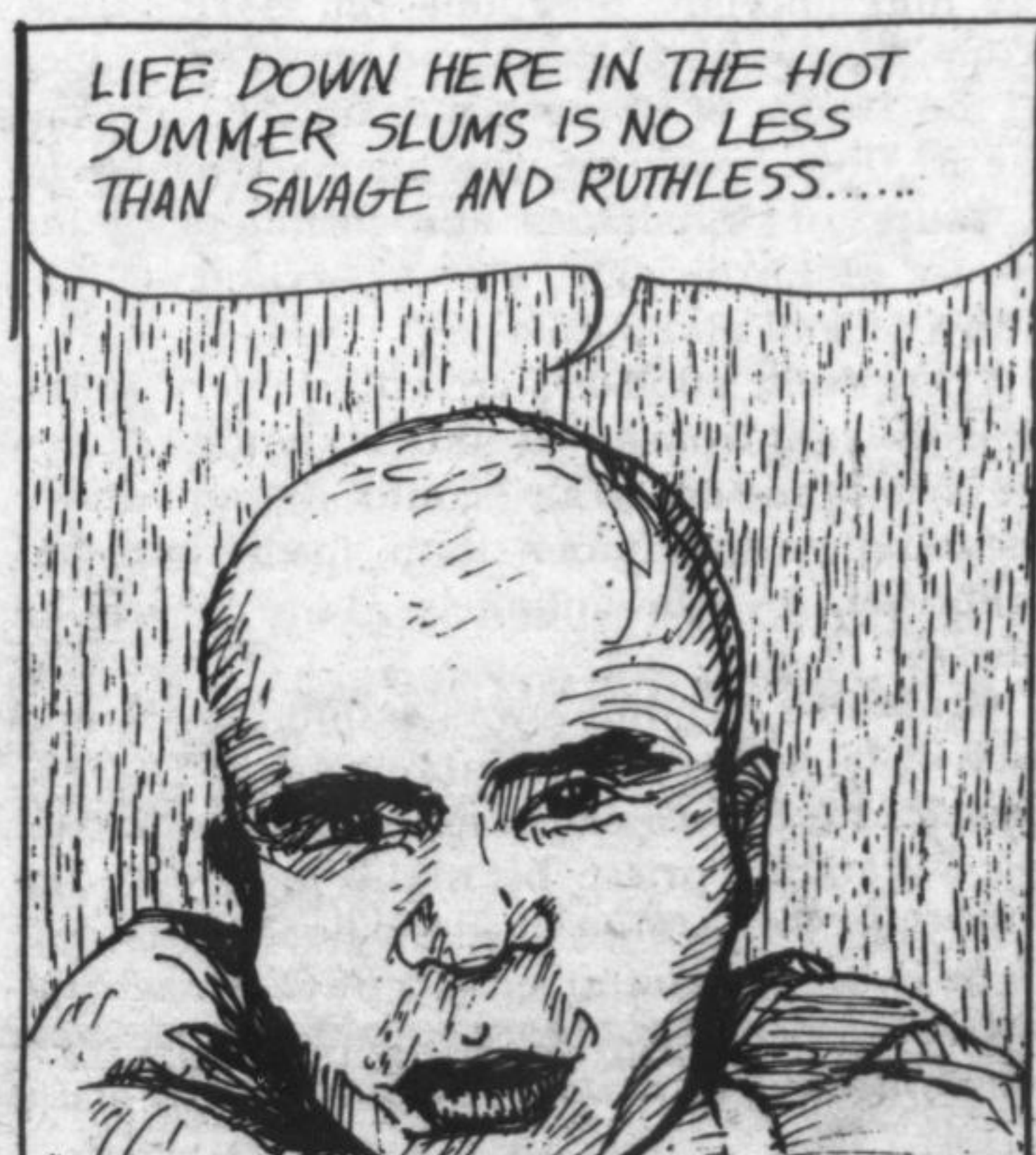


WATCH HIM POP AND OOZE BETWEEN YOUR TOES



UGH
BARPHEE
YUK
SICK
ECHH

WRITTEN BY D. CALLAWAY



LIFE DOWN HERE IN THE HOT SUMMER SLUMS IS NO LESS THAN SAVAGE AND RUTHLESS.....



SLUMGODDESS



Underground Mommy and Daddy

Dear Dad,

I was hanging out in a place called Gregory's Waffle Shop and found all the gitts were stupid and acted the same way. They always look like they'll come across and they do. Sexually, that is. But that gets to be boring, what can I do about it? I want to get married.

Answer: (1) chop it off (2) to avoid further use—be philosophical or (3) try chock full o'nuts.

Dear Mom,

I just came from the coast and ran into the Evo and your column. My immediate problem is this: I met a real sweet guy on the west side last night who wants me to move in with him rather than find an apartment of my own; I'm not especially against this kind of thing but he is so insistant that it scares me. What should I do?

Answer: The only thing we have to fear is fear itself...contact Dr. Sanger and move in.

Dear Dad,

I've worn long hair for two years in Detroit where I come from. I would guess you once did the same thing. I enjoy it but it keeps me from getting a regular job in a square place. I don't yet know the in places where they wouldn't care. A delicatessen on 2nd avenue said they needed a waiter but wouldn't hire me because of my hair. But if I cut it off I feel I would be coping out on my true feelings in life. Is this wrong thinking?

Answer: not if you have some weight to spare.

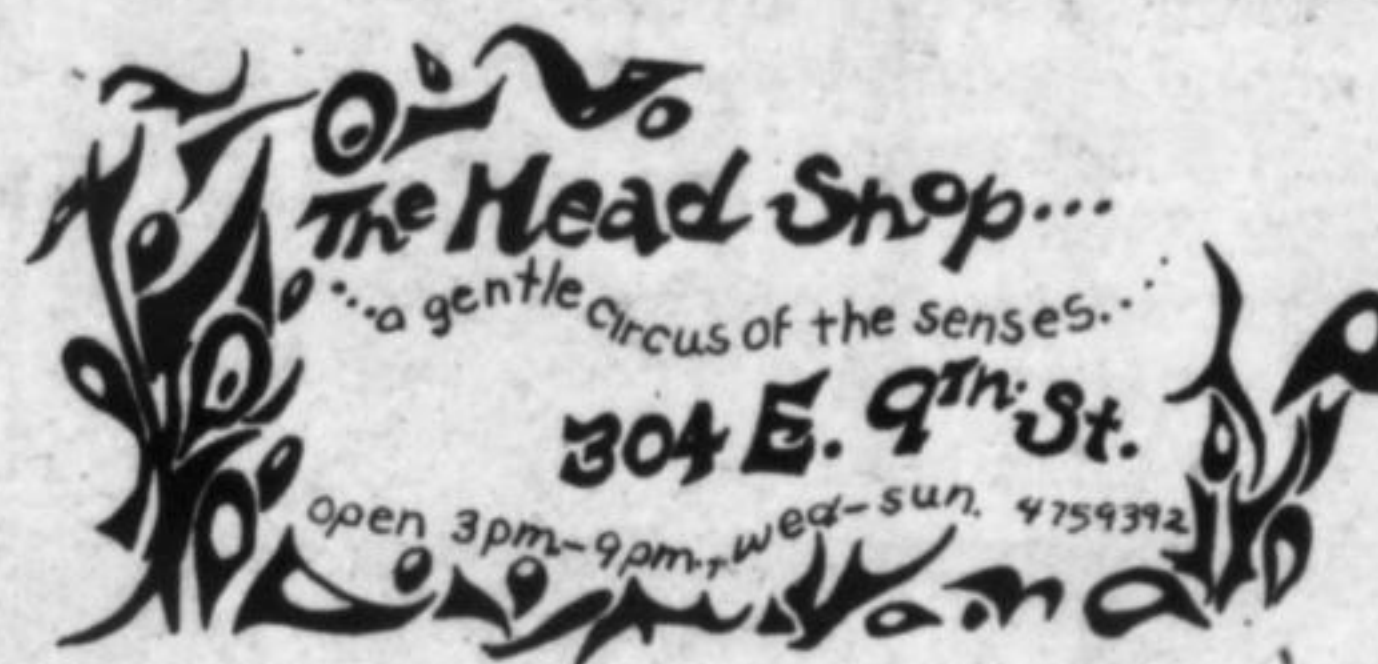
Dear Mom,

I think I'm pregnant and don't know which one. what should I do.

Answer: Put ad in Evo.

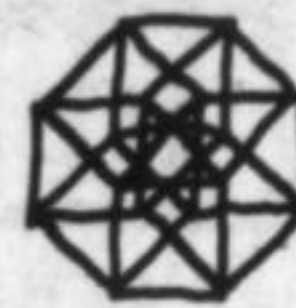
My own wandering falls somewhere between Odysseus' and Frodo's. The burgher of the shire works with old wood and velvet in her shop on St. Marks. They wanted a name so she called it Variorum. Odysseus answered Polyphemus better, but he was closer to the harmonies. Sometimes—you know—I am almost there. The approximations come in many modes. Here: I meet you. I am that nearer.

Leslie Albaugh



Walter Bredel Photo

IN TO THE OUT



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Turn On/Tune In/Drop Out

By Timothy Leary

syndicated by EVO for L.A. Free Press, Berkeley Barb, Fifth Estate, & The Paper

Turn on! Consciousness is energy received and decoded by structure. Waves and particles.

There are as many levels of consciousness as there are levels of energy and structures for decoding.

There are as many levels of consciousness available to the human being as there are anatomical structures for decoding energy.

Consciousness is a chemical process. Learning, memory, sensation, perception—every aspect of learning are all chemical.

The language of psychology is chemical. The instruments of psychology are psychochemicals.

Man could not understand the external world until he deciphered the messages of different levels of biochemistry. Through understanding and control of chemicals and man-made symbols (artifacts), man deciphered and controlled the energy of seed, cell, molecule, atom.

Man cannot understand and control the internal world (consciousness) until he deciphers the different levels of body chemistry.

Education in the future will be based on the judicious use of chemicals. What books you read is an irrelevant question. What molecules do you use to turn on?

Chemicals are the language of your nervous system and sense organs.

Chemicals are the language of your cells.

Chemicals are the language of your molecules.

There are five broad levels of consciousness available to man. To use your head, to "turn-on" wisely you must know how to contact and recognize these levels.

1. Sleep-stupor
2. Symbol
3. Sense
4. Cell
5. Molecule

Chemicals are the keys that unlock these five levels.

1. *Sleep-stupor* is caused naturally by fatigue or can be induced by narcotic drugs: opiates, barbituates, tranquilizers, alcohol. Narcotic drugs (including alcohol) are physically toxic, addictive and eventually lethal.

2. *Symbolic awareness* is produced by chemicals like seratomin which "fix" consciousness. Normal awareness depends on chemicals. You are all "hooked" on symbols.

3. *Sensual awareness* is consciousness located in the sense organs. This state can be produced by a variety of methods: breathing exercises, visual exercises (mandalas), sound, yoga, meditation. The drugs which "turn-on" the senses are the mild psychedelics: marijuana, small doses of mescaline (100 mg) and LSD (25 gamma).

4. *Cellular awareness* is produced by moderate doses of psychedelic chemicals—mescaline (300-500 mg) or LSD (50-150 gamma).

5. *Molecular consciousness* is produced by strong doses of LSD (300-1000 gamma).

Psycho-active chemicals are instruments for changing consciousness:

1. Narcotics are like blindfolds—used to escape reality.
2. Symbols are normal vision.
3. *Marijuana* is like the corrective lens, sharpening and intensifying reality.
4. *Mescaline* (300-500 mg) is like the microscope—turning you on to cellular messages.
5. *LSD* (300-1000 gamma) is like the electron microscope—reducing all structure to a meaningful dance of shimmering particles and waves.

Do not turn on until you know what you are doing.

Tune In! You exist in an ocean of energy undulating and pulsating in tidal waves around you. Your state of consciousness determines which levels of external energy you are aware of. If you are in a stupor, you are turned off—look at the lush, the junkie. If you are trapped at the symbolic level you tune in to the symbols around you. A dead robot world.

If you are turned on to senses, you tune in to the play of energies—light, sound, air pressure—that continually bathe your senseendings. The world is alive and pulsating.

If you are turned on to cellular energy you can tune in to the ancient play of seed energy—unlimited in unfolding manifestations.

If you are turned on to molecules you tune in to the basic energy dances. Vibrations.

Training and practice will teach you how to arrange your environment so that you are exquisitely tuned in—hooked up to the unity of energy.

Drop Out! You cannot turn-on and tune-in if you remain addicted to symbols. You must detach yourself from the pressure of insane symbols. Kick the symbol habit!

You must have a room in your house which is secluded from symbols. You must plan your life so that you gradually detach from symbols and move steadily within. Quit your job-school. Leave the city. Cut off your relationships with members of the symbol-addicted species.

Everything, every second, every person, every movement is pressing you either to stupor, or to symbol, or to sensual awareness, or to cellular infoldment, or to molecular awareness.

Do not routinely and blindly expose yourself to stupor-producing, symbol-addicting environments.

Drop out.

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan and Don Katzman

Economically speaking, among nations and corporations, one man's profit is another man's loss, but the truth in the area of taxation, is one man's tax is another man's welfare. The welfare of the middle class rests on the control of prices and wages. The fight in the Twentieth Century has always been between labor and management . . . with the consumer left to his own devices.

It is the concept of "Consumer" that has been left untapped as a source of control: as a starting point for making decisions, executing them, and bearing the full responsibility of their outcome. The legislation of power by the consumer to his representatives has somehow failed to bring about what is most needed in a democracy. Not everyone belongs to a union and not everyone can be boss, but everyone is a consumer. True democracy is a democracy of the majority.

One of the main causes of the American Revolution in 1776 was taxation without representation. It is ironic that this injustice has never really been alleviated. America's legislation rests in the hands, of not so much the elected officials, as the power brokers and the lobbyists who cajole and squeeze every ounce of profit out of a supposedly democratic institution.

The consumer is pictured as a horse to be ridden but given little fuel or consideration from which he must draw his strength for that long haul ahead. His food consists of nothing more than bones, throwaways and old standard cliches such as "what's good for General

Motors is good for the U.S. of A." The truth of the matter is that few large corporations profits find their way into the hands of the Internal Revenue. The corpus of any enterprise must be protected.

A hundred and eighty years after the revolution the injustice perpetrated against the consumer has come to a head. He cannot find any satisfaction in giving the power of the purse to a few elected officials. The source of his strength must come within an organized front. The Consumer's Union, so to speak, must handle its own affairs. It must itself, either decide or pressure those officials who decide, as to how taxes are to be spent.

The pressure that people apply every four years is not enough. The power will then rest in the hands of those who buy not sell. They will indirectly be responsible for the output of production; for the saleability of any product. They will be a gauge whereby business men, the government and the individual can measure their propensity to consume, the availabilities of a market, and the stress and strain of money and their institutions.

Another factor of control is the mass media. Too many programs of poor quality are presented to the public without their consent. The consumer's union can directly influence the quality of programs and the passing of information which otherwise is deleted from the airways either through government interference or a sponsor's political beliefs. If a show is of poor quality, the union should contact the sponsor of the specific show and advise him that if the

quality does not improve then the consumers union will put a ban on the buying of his products.

In the area of news and other information media, the union can bring economic pressure on these shows. The specific political beliefs of a consumers union are bound up with its economic beliefs, i.e., the Consumer's Union will be geared only to a butter economy. War is a waste of money because it consumes both the buyer and the seller.

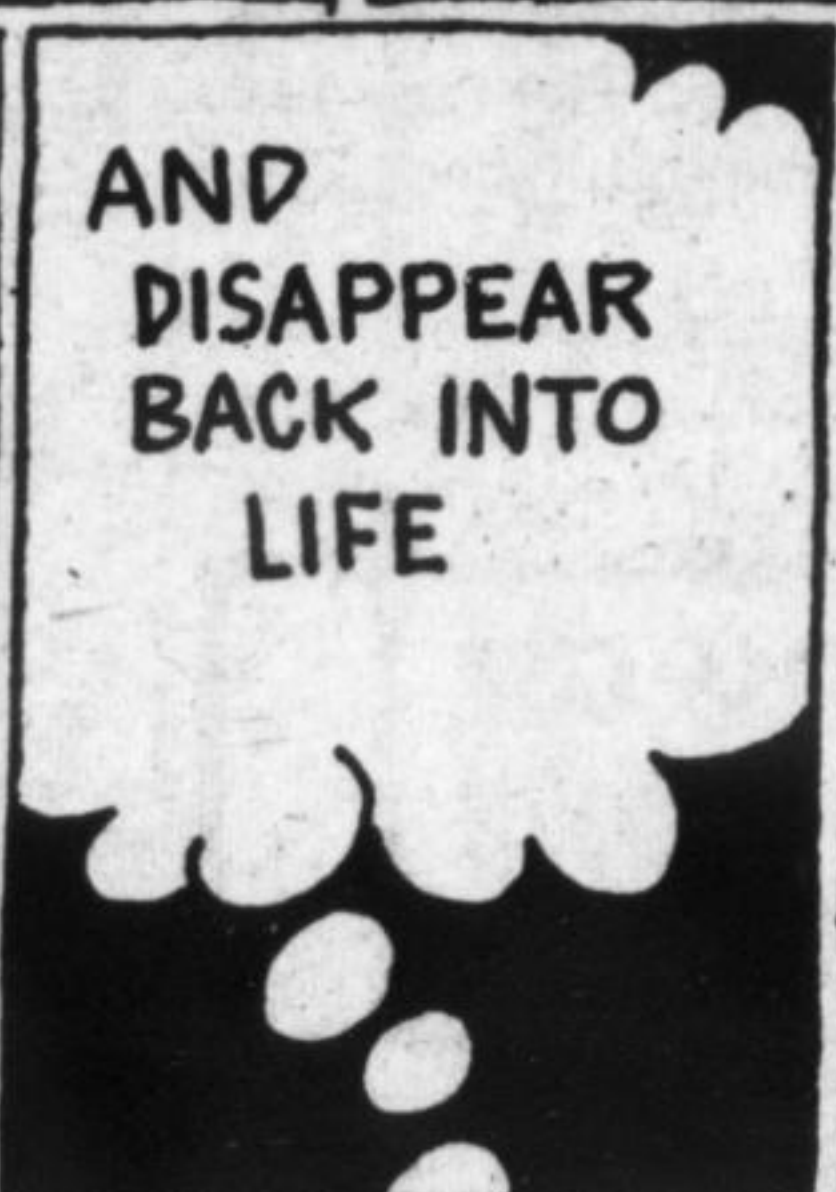
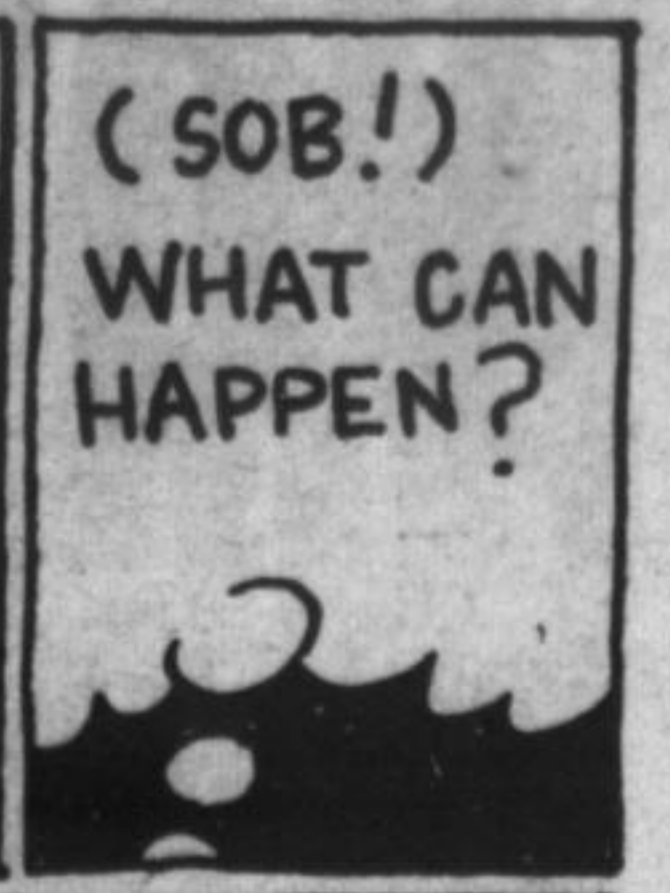
The consumer organized and unionized will become other than a mere worker or boss, capitulated or communized, but a new principle and myth which falls neither in the capitalist nor communist myth but a totally new creation.

The principle which says you work and sweat and I'll eat it, whether it comes from a king who seeks to prescribe to his own country or a nation as an excuse for enslaving another nation, is a tyrannical principle and no longer applies in an age where production to meet the basic necessities of existence can be solved by machines, and by giving back to man his rightful inheritance of a natural economy.



LIFE

BY TED BERRIGAN AND JOE BRAINARD



QUEER BAR

BY KENWARD ELMSLIE
DRAWN BY JOE BRAINARD



VOYEU



RAMA

THE MARK OF ZORRO at the St. Marks Church in the Bowery. Murray Mednick, script; Ralph Cook, direction; Harold Arnoff, film; and Steven Gross, choreography, have all combined their talents to conjure up the fantasy world of "Svevo", a young man on a trip.

The play begins with a film of images, some distorted, some grimly realistic, with a narration in the background. The narration is garbled at first but the film is fascinating. It becomes apparent soon that we are seeing a very high mind projected on the screen. This brain collage doesn't rely on repetition but there is just enough for us to get a grip on what's happening. The images are not all lucid but together they have their own logic. And they are almost always striking, like a black leather-gloved hand, with a Jewish star painted on the palm, opening a switch blade. Gradually the narration becomes audible and we start learning some of the pertinent facts about Svevo's life.

Solly, played by Richard Hoag, who is probably Svevo's father, operates a movie projector in a theater and Svevo seems to perceive everything in terms of the movies. So when his mind wanders into its past, instead of finding Tom Sawyer or the Count of Monte Christo, it finds Zorro. The following generation relates its childhood experiences in terms of Captain Video.

Then the narration and the film fades away and we are left for a moment in darkness to do our own hallucinating with what has just passed before us. Very little has been done thus far to utilize the potential of complete darkness and the visual residue that striking images leave.

But then the lights go on and Svevo, played by Don Barshay, with a smashed out look of super awe that is almost to good to be put on, appears. Barshay is beautiful. He says very little but his face lights up the theater. We soon realize that the movies are more than just childhood memories to Svevo. He sees his entire life as a movie. A strobe light effect and stills project this feeling to us.

Then a cop appears. Whether its a real cop or a hallucinated cop, is unimportant. But the big dumb brutal cop has become a stock

figure in the new theater. It's a cliché in what is otherwise a very fresh play. Patrick Sullivan as a Nazi styled commandant is original and funny.

Together they try to terrorize Svevo but Svevo is too high for them. He grooves them into confusion. And right in the middle of their grade-B movie interrogation, Svevo has a great sex fantasy in the form of Barbara Young who does one of the hottest dances I've ever seen.

Once he gets the knack of pulling characters out of his head nothing can stop him. He clutters the stage with his head people such as Psychedelic Man amusingly played by Lee Kissman, who stones out the police; and other undescribable weirds. The scene is wonderful but the stage is too small to contain seven or eight people at one time.

Zorro . . . is a composite effort but everything fuses together organically. As straight comedy the play works fine. It is fast and funny and all the actors show a committalent. But it is more. It is a play about a young man living in a very real world coping with life and grooving with what he is (the sum total of what he has been). In this sense it is a very psychedelic play.



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THE KITCHEN/ 81st St. Theater/ SW 9-3010 . . . Tragic-comedy written by
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THE MAD SHOW/ New Theatre/ PL 2-0440 . . . A musical review based
upon Mad Magazine. Written and directed by Alfred E. Neuman.
a/cond.

MAN OF LA MANCHA/ ANTA Washington Sq. Theatre/ 674-5600 . . . A
musical drama based upon Sancho Pancho and friend. (Homosexual
relationship between two Spaniards who sing). a/cond.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE/ Delacorte Theatre/ LE 5-5630. A play by some
Englishman and it's free. Ticket distribution begins at 6:15. Natural air
conditioning. (includes rain).

POCKET WATCH/ Mermaid Theatre/ RE 6-4073 . . . A comedy drama about
a Jewish family, in English, written by Alvin Aronson. a/cond.

THE RAPISTS/ Gate Theatre/ 982-2570 . . . All sex in a concentration camp
drama. Very camp. a/cond.

RODALE'S REVIEW/ Theatre 62/ 982-0610. 12 comedy actors float down-
stream as the circus performs in Newark. Free clowns.

UNTIL THE MONKEY COMES/ Martinique Theatre/ PE 6-3056. Black comedy
drama with sex. What else is there? a/cond.

UNDERGROUND FILMS/ The Bridge Theatre/ OR 3-4600 . . . OK, what is
this? Where it all began in this beautiful theatre done over in the East
Village cave.

UNDERGROUND FILMS/ Film-Maker's Cinematheque/ 564-3818 . . . Feat-
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VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA



Robert Downey

photo by Dick Preston

THE GREAT AMERICAN COMEDY
Come the revolution, the first thing that's going to hang from my street corner lamp-post is money. Its got to go. It's ugly . . . useless . . . and a moral danger to the world population. You can't eat it, smoke it, make love to it, build a house or a bridge with it. A pile of it a mile high is less than dust when compared with something of value, like one breath of one unborn child. As a matter of fact it's not even worth the paper it's printed on.

However, until a genius comes up with some simple plan which will make money passe we'll just have to go on lying and begging and stealing to make ends meet.

So, when Robert Downey said to me "Jesus Christ, all I need is for someone to pay the rent," I knew exactly what he meant.

"I've raised \$25,000 to make my film" he continued, "and yet last week I couldn't get the cash together to pay off Con Edison. We tried to beat the system by using candles but the babies milk kept going sour."

Downey has just about completed what may very well be the Great American Comedy. It's called "Chaffed Elbows" and is about a young man who sleeps with his mother and who has adventures that will make the ghost of Sophocles turn pink. He is also responsible for the discovery of the Bald Headed Man, one of the most astonishing actors in either the New or the Old American Cinema.

Downey first met him when he was working as a cleaner at the Charles during that golden period when it was home of the Avant Garde filmmaker. "Oh, that beautiful bald head . . . I just had to touch it . . . and after I'd touched it I knew I'd use it in a movie some day."

In casting the female roles Downey used his wife, Elsie, to play all ten of them. "Chaffed Elbows" is undoubtedly the best film Downey has made to date, and is a much needed satire on our life and times. Of course, as he is honest enough to admit, its appreciation is going to be limited.

"I'm going to put up a sign" he told me, "saying that there will be no admission to anyone over 40 . . . whats' more, if there are any doubtful looking customers, the onus will be on them to prove that they are younger than they look." I asked him if he felt this selective about the critics.

There'll be a list at the box office of those to whom I'm not even going to sell a ticket. I want to be selective about critics just as they've been selective about me in the past. I want critics to come who are either going to love or hate it. I don't want those who are going to be either condescending or polite in a middle class sort of way."

Just then an urban nut walked by, one of those poor souls who have cracked under the weight of social lies and Coco Cola commercials. The nut stopped and searched for God in a crack in the sidewalk.

"See that", said Downey, "more and more people are flipping out every day . . . if I'd have made 'Chaffed Elbows' a little bit sooner, he might have been saved!"
There's a little bit of the Messiah in every sane man.

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VOYEU



RAMA

Electra Twice (coming and going)
Paul Butterfield Blues Band: ELK-294
Love: ELK-4001

Paul Butterfield, get out your bar of soap! Having been so used to the inept Mod-horseshit of white blues performers (e.g., The Blues Project); the duplicating stylistic irritations of John Hammond (especially); and the second string jukebox genre of popular music which has the increasing tendency to faithfully (?) copy change for change, voice inflection for . . . etc., the original recordings (as none other than Dave Clark commented, "The groups today seem to have a blacker sound."), the idea of hearing Mr. Butterfield really put me off.

BUT! BUTTERFIELD'S BETTER! The work at hand in this lp, cuts directly through surface attempts to capture the uncanny and powerful emotional authority which is the basic principle of Chicagoan Blues energy. Butterfield is for sure "his Own Man." His brilliant and totally individual style of harmonica playing and voice are backed up by as powerful, swinging and together a group of musicians as one might hope for. Musician is the key word. It's such a relief to hear a group who are actually musicians, who can improvise with ease—who know what they're doing.

Listen to the harmonica and guitar (Mike Bloomfield) move out on "Mystery Train." The first time I heard this tune, I was (literally) up and dancing brain-scrambles across my room. Bloomfield's accomplishments and additions to this album, are numerous. He is even (on fourth hearing as of this writing) startlingly imaginative and unparalleled among the guitarists which now abound on the plentiful Blues recording front.

Suffice to say, these men are musicians and that's something you don't get on the scene today.

Now, LOVE, a quintet of what is purported to be the "acid sound," I suppose, is what is the counterpart to flashing colored lights, movies on four walls, knee deep fog and animal screams over the dance floor.

This group in their first recording abounds (and is actually immersed) in influences. The most obvious combinations of Byrd's guitar and voice, multiple word pileups, acid-terminology and other muddled unlistenable spices. Aping style aside, the mess and babble I get from this recording makes me tempted to suggest that LOVE, forget it. The "Acid Sound," my ass!

But wait till you hear Butter . . .

THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS, by A. B. Spellman, Poets Press, New York 1965. I was ready to like this book because it is written by a friend, I had waited for its appearance, my copy is inscribed to me. Well, we know who some of A. B.'s other friends are: Joel, Ed, Gil, Paul, Roi . . . and of course they are all part of this book, since our eyes always reflect what we look at. But the man's own voice is sharp and clean. I opened the book to the middle, I like to see the view from the bay window and it should be as interesting as from the doors. Opened to "after reading tu fu" and was nettled by the voice. A modern man who speaks with today's language and gestures with it toward the past, it is all one line, the then and the now, and Spellman is a knowledgeable contact point. This book goes like a clear line through our histories; it has reference and depth; this is his value: his sense of the line and the language. An undelicate (firm) sense of the politic: Charles' place. I took A. B.'s book to a hospital, to show to a friend who had just barely come through meningitis. An eye is formed by those who have been that close to death. To re-cover. The life spoken from these pages excited by stricken friend. I keep coming back to how he turns a line: "as love ignited the air. as the skin/shines . . ." and I would like to quote entire the poen "john coltrane an impartial review," and also "after reading tu fu," but instead I commend them to you to illuminate the rooms you are in.

Carol Berge

CAMOUFLAGE: 22 Poems by John Perreault, introduction by John Ashberry, Lines Press, \$1.00

Sunsets, streetlights, flowers, pills, armpits, intersections and campsites fill these poems. Layer upon layer of consciousness is bent around, thrown-off, heated, cooled, increased, or absorbed. The poet's identity noiselessly changes into a pony, a cancer, a planet, or the word "beautiful."

It is as if the poet was made of glass. The glass is shattered, each piece is actually a piece of POET. Each piece feels, smells, tastes and thinks with the exact sense of full original body. One moment, a glass of water! Shatter! the next moment, a piece of fungus. These poems are like that. Perreault incorporates everything, everything that can be a piece of himself, is! FLASH!! a piece of wire is thinking! it is thinking of a cool drink of water beside a mountain pool. Like we are told the Cubists could/or were able with their paintings, to make an object, four sides plus the color plus the texture plus the atmosphere, the air touching it. The wire wants a drink, while being a piece of wire.

The first publication in book-form, of this poet's works, fills one with nothing but complete and total awareness of how terribly good these poems are.

-J. Brodey

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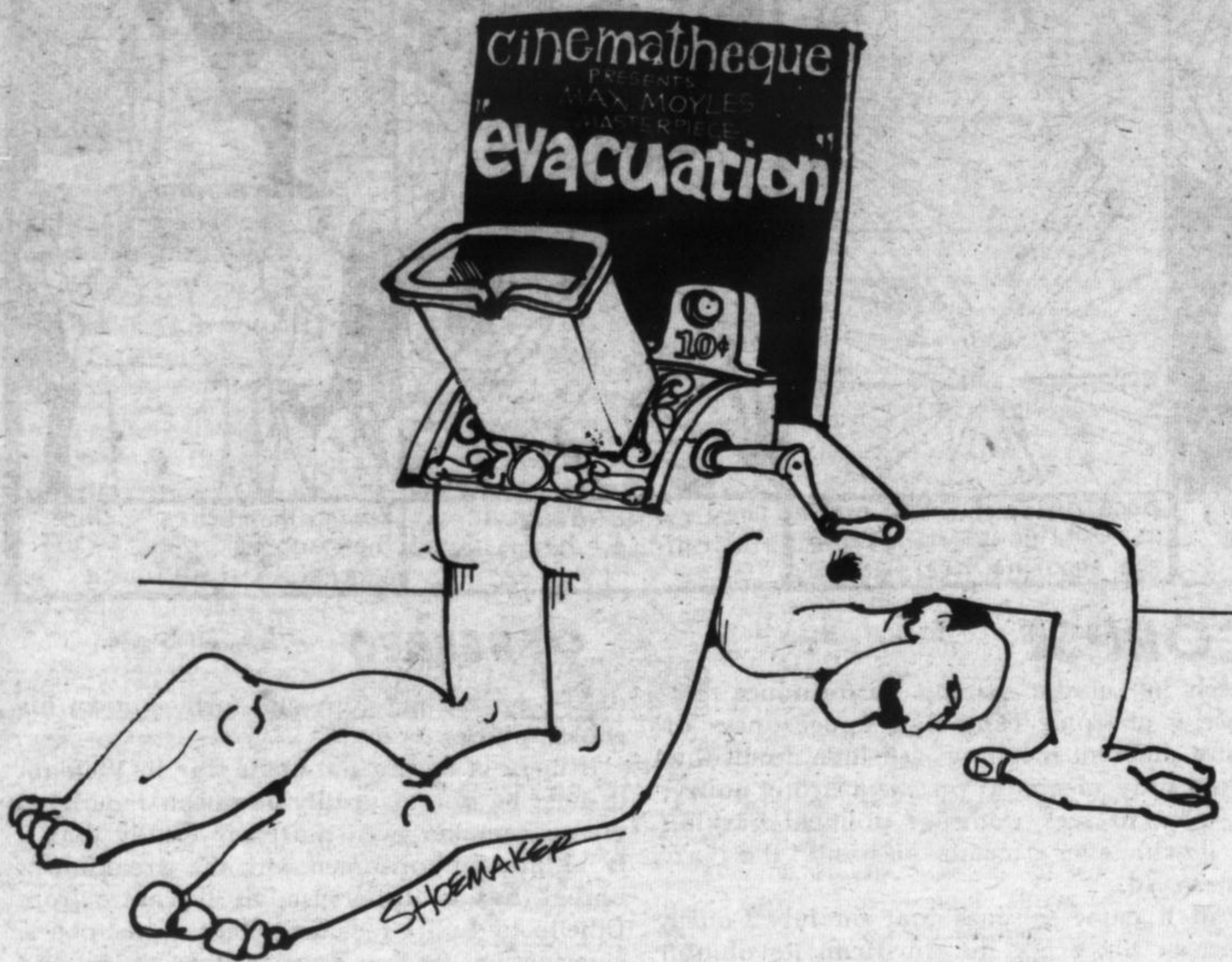
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NIGHTBOOK

by Tom McNamara

Fudge & Company, Ltd., Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W. C. (Water Closet?) 2, England have been kind enough to send a recent number of their "Book Exchange," a monthly compendium of some of the shit that finds its way between hard-covers even in these modern times. You will, of course, be thrilled to know that recent new books include: "Review of The World Wheat Situation," "Inside Dorset," by Monica Hutchings, "The Diaries of Thomas Tweed Higginson" by T. B. Higginson and similar items of importance. It is good to be reassured that busy minds are never idle.

Miscellaneous Masterpieces: Steve Richmond, who runs the only hip bookstore in the L. A. area has published his second book of poems, "Hitler Painted Roses." If you're tired of poems and poets who say mainly "nothing" but sweetly, pick up this one. Richmond is on a track all his own and something in this collection is bound to shock you to awareness . . . from "El Corno Emplumado," a fine magazine printed and published in Mexico in English and Spanish comes a collection of Jerome Rothenberg's called "The Gorky Poems".

The name in the title refers to the painter, Arshile Gorky, not the writer and the work is of Rothenberg's usual high standard . . . a couple of people have asked me why I don't review certain magazines. It's simply because nobody sends them to me. I am not prejudiced, only too broke to buy them . . . there's some really fine graffiti appearing around and about these days, particularly since the "Magic Marker" (which I call the "speedy graffiti writer") has become so popular.

One is "A Nobel God Is The Highest Work of Man" which is to be found on the wall of the subway station on Houston Street. Another interesting collection of wall writing is in the Engage restroom, where, it appears, the nimble feltpenwriters of Le Deux Megots have migrated. There, some anonymous demi-deity has writ: "Wouldn't you be surprised if it turned out that I was God?" Frankly, yes!

Some good things—Money couldn't buy it, even . . . but a thing called "The Eight Pager" arrived containing stuff by d.a. levy, who singlehandedly upsets most of Cleveland with his steam-operated mimeo. It is not for sale and is available for love only. And just as I finished Part 1 of this "happening in 8 parts" called "The Orange Satori" (because that's what it is), Part 2 arrived which is a restaurant happening with John Montgomery, Kent Taylor, Tuli K. (like the F. B. I. he's everywhere!) and Doug Blazek and a real-live kookie to munch on while reading the poetics.

This seems to all have something to do with a guy named D. R. Wagner and seems to emanate from around Niagra Falls way and—so help me!—I don't know how the hell, at this point, to tell you to get it. . . Hors Commerce Press in Torrance, Calif., forwarded Lou Reddewit's "The Road To Oblivion" which is a fine one-poem folder . . . Louie lives out in the middle of Iowa and is not only a good poet, but one of that small, but important band who encourages other types . . .

I don't know if "Grope" is in the stores yet, but their manifesti are great: "The Groping process can take on two forms: Groping out of fear and anxiety or Groping out of love. Groping out of anxiety can bring the initial rebellion around to a full circle, to return to the security of some convenient "bag"; or to the disillusionment of an even more severe withdrawal from one's self and others; but with the new level of intensity, the experience is also resulting in a frenzy bordering on insanity and self-destruction.

Frightening: the conclusion of many is becoming, "fuck it." "Grope," (Box 419, Cooper Station, NYC 10003) say the editors, Dale Richard Pon, Tom Bayston & D.M. Marra will be concerned with "the search, the Grope, tiself". Sounds Grope, or Grrreat! Seeya.

end nightbook . . .

The New Album by the Beatles lifts them right out of the rat-race of "Is Elvis Still The King?" & "Len Barry Naive?" and into the rat-race of art.

A facile thing to say, but upheld by this new collection of tracks. They are the work of more than two months solid writing, research and recording. The tracks are all unusual and contain new techniques.

For example, one normal jumpy Beatle-music number is broken by two solos of organ with counterpoint & harmony, the tune itself going through some very unusual changes. Another uses a melodic background planned out with drones from an amplified sitar on loop-tape so that the time-span can be infinitely varied. More can be layed on them or removed to build up a complex musical structure or to change from one image to another.

A children's song uses water-sounds and tape dubbing to achieve a chorus "sing a-long(?)." They utilize time changes for every bar, fade-outs which are not fade-outs which include up to 3 key changes and so-on.

Modern British jazzmen: Ian Harmer, Les Conndon, Eddie Thronton, Alan Branscombe & Peter Coe provide orchestrated backing to one track and an Indian tabla drummer replaces Ringo on another.

The most beautiful track cannot be described but takes the Tibetan Book of the Dead through reversed sitar tapes, voice extremities lopped off to show the musicians as a class of Rig-hdzin.

This album is music, modern music, in one of its highest forms. A form as yet as nameless as the area between George Russell & Luciano Berio, or Stokhausen & Ayler, Cage & the Beatles. The music has naturally numerous trace elements from American Beat music to Indian, (mainly through the use of Indian instruments in proper perspective, as part of the musical spectra of the late 20th c rather than trendy new gimmick), and many electronic devices which will prove difficult to perform live. They are fortunate in that the Scylla of art and commercialism no longer effects them, and amazing in that they do not stagnate with success but rather explore and break new ground with every new work.

To visitors to London in late summer: INDICA BOOKS has moved to 102 Southampton Row, WC.1., where we are preparing the 2,700 square feet for coffee-bar, film shows, books magazines and the like. In mason's yard we retain the art gallery where the Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel de Paris are showing. Julio De Parc, one of the group, has just won the Grande Priz at the Venice Biennale for painting. He fainted on hearing the news.

Signals Gallery at 39 Wigmore St. have now opened another floor so that they now have 4 floors of paintings and art-works. Their magazine "Signals" is worth seeing if op art is your ouvree. Robert Frazer is showing Bridget Riley's drawings and sketches for works which are more interesting than the final works in that the creative-process is exposed to the observer.

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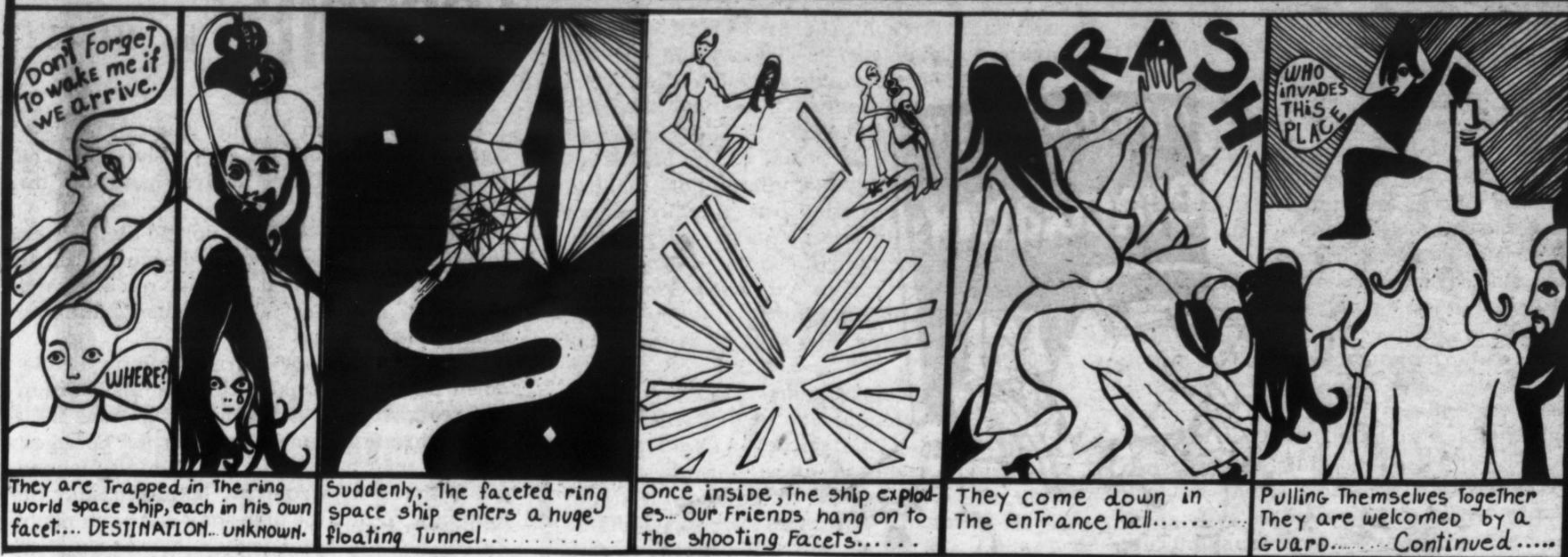
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PRESS

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

Underground, a word which usually refers to the black market, also applies to the illicit or socially taboo.

Underground does not apply, however, to the little magazine *La Plume*, an advertising media which deals in the sexual fantasies of individuals who seek excitement in rubber garments, discipline, flagellation, and other forms of sexual deviation. *La Plume's* primary interest is in advertising correspondence between couples, singles, or groups. There are many females who advertise themselves as being interested in "domestic" discipline. Transvestitism, leather fetishism, voyeurism, exhibitionism abound in both the male and female sections of *La Plume*. Tiny photos, often obscured, accompany many of the ads showing men in girdles, and girls in sexy costumes, old ladies in girdles, and middle age men in silken undergarments.

Fetish advertising is a large phenomenon in Canada in magazine and tabloid form and is just developing in the U.S. Psychologists often attribute these attitudes of sexual deviation to boredom.

"This sort of publication allows a healthy outlet between remotely separate, exotic imaginations," said Psychologist Eugene Berstein who is making a current study of this media. "It allows release for the fantasies which are generally subject to disapproval by the mass of society. If these needs were not fulfilled they would be repressed and seek outlet in other, possibly more harmful forms of self expression, leading to violence or psychological illness."

* * * *

The Thunderbolt, a monthly newspaper published in Atlanta, Georgia proclaims itself "The White Man's Viewpoint" and prints such headlines as, "Arrest Exposes Johnny Cash's Negro Wife."

Below the masthead the paper's editorial position is stated as, "Workers and farmers, fight Communism and race mixing. Read *The Thunderbolt*, the official 'White Racial' organ of the National States Rights Party."

For subscribers *The Thunderbolt* offers two free books entitled, "Gallery of Jewish Types."

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CORPSE

continued from page 1

speech in Omaha"—stump performance reminiscent of some campaign appearances of vastly different meaning—left little doubt that he not only means to pursue a strong policy, but also to seek domestic political backing for it with every means at hand," the N. Y. Times said.

And it came to pass that on July Fourth Nineteen Sixty Six the American Revolution came to an end.

The buttons in their lapels read, "IMPEACH LYNDON JOHNSON." American citizens, the young and the angry marched on the U. N., not knowing what else to do.

The rest of the nation was at the beach in the 106 degree heat. The fat Puerto Rican threw fire crackers at passing autos, while the plastic faced millions shoveled pre fab food into their toothless mouths without looking away from the blue glowing gobblebox. Ans they all died.

And so the "IMPEACH LYNDON JOHNSON" buttons will drop from the lapels and the lapels well drop . . . dying from FBI.

On July Fourth Nineteen Sixty Six America's greatest technologic discovery was birth control; a spermicide, FBI-CIA-FDA-FCC, used to annihilate the sperm of the American Revolution.

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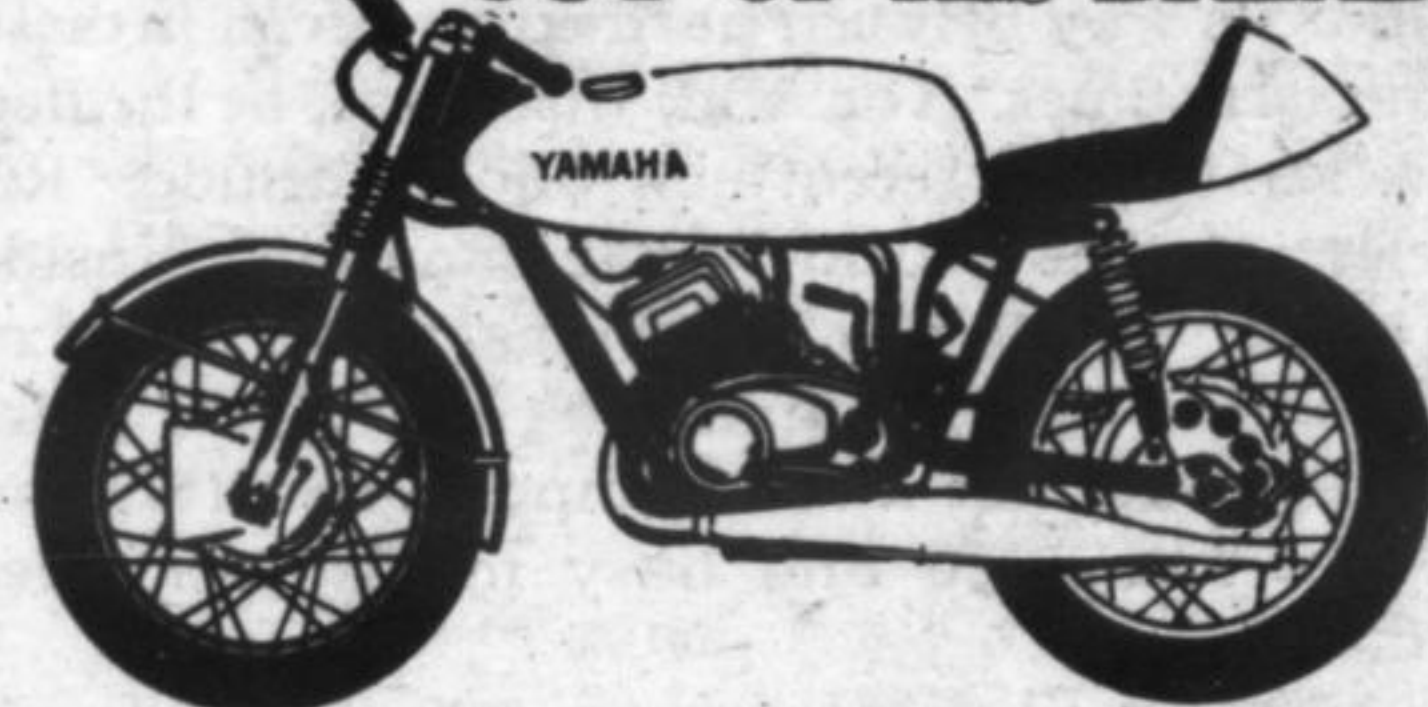
OBSESSED

continued from page 3

only aggravating him still further down his chosen path.

If there is a way out of the war in Vietnam it must be one to gratify Jomnson's vanity as the peacemaker even more powerfully than it is at present consumed with the wreaking of unreal havoc. Otherwise, as literature from Othello to Lolita repeatedly tells us, the obsessive fantasy feeding on ever more violent and unsatisfying images can only lead in the end to total disaster. It would perhaps, however, be not the least suitable epitaph to the age in which we live. For the link between the obsessive fantasy of Lyndon Johnson and that of Ion Brady is not in fact as obscure as it might seem.

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Oh, Steven Jesse Mahalma: Where are you? What are you? How are you? NO ONE CHASETH YOU. Clair is very sad. Get in touch with one or both of us. All my love, Carol

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Advertise in the East Village Other or die! Call Eve, 533-7555 or come down and we'll discuss it.

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Babysitting in my friendly home. 8-6, M-F, \$20—or hourly 75 cents. Also evenings Mon-Thu. Stroll-in ground floor, First Ave. nr. 2nd St. YU 2-4219.

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Prime East Village East 95th. Between Ave A and First Ave. 1-1/2 & 2-1/2 newly remodeled rooms. LF 3-5353 or OR 4-8670

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Photographer doing book on female nude, looking for natural beauties. \$50 a day. Call Arni Hendin 563-3513.

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Young man seeks bookkeeping employment. Part-time c/r, c/d, and payroll. Call 533-7550 and ask for Allan Katzman.

Figure models part time for photographer. Work at own convenience. High rates. Experience not necessary but good figure a must. Phone and photo please. Box Y, c/o EVO.

FIGURE MODEL WANTED—to run studio, free place to live. Call Mr. Gioconda. 586-3727. Before 1 P.M.

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Wanted: Female swinger for exciting experiences and communication. Interested in all innovations 18-28. Write: Arn Pyne, 1101 Teall Avenue, Apt B2, Syracuse, N.Y. 13206.

Compatible girl wanted by unmoneyed man, 28, intermittent graduate student, 5' 11", who likes socialism, folk music, off Broadway theatre, experimental films, poetry readings, history, philosophy, tennis. Call 737-7126. Keep trying.

Guy, 27, needs friepds. Male or Female. Call Steve PL 02 9-1918

Man wants large simpatico chick share floor thru E. Vill Apt. 473-6490.

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Guy with neat village pad seeks chick to share. Expenses paid. Dates also invited. Call Jerry at night. 254-6812.

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Apartment to share. Wanted groovy intellectual chick, age, looks, weight, unimportant to share air conditioned auto with guy 32. Call: 877-0363.

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BOOKS

ILLUMINATIONS 2—a special edition. Sherman Songs/Visions by Fowler, Moser, Foster, Hannou, Bullins, Melton. Sold at East Side Bookstore, Tompkins Square Bks (so good can't be sold in the W. Village). Meet the editors N. Moser/Haddasah (ed of 'The End') reading their poems/ July 19, 9:00 PM. St. Marks Church-in-the-Bowarie.

Dear East Village Other: Why don't you fall up & see me sometime. Sammy

The most UNIQUE Bookstore in N.Y.C. is TOMPKINS SQUARE BOOKS at 97 Avenue B, just off 7th St. Thousands of quality paperbacks, underground journals. Buy your EVO, Voice, Berkeley Barb, L.A. Free Press there. Come in anytime from noon to midnight and have a cup of coffee while you look around.

100% off! Yes—100% Howz this possible? Simple. We were originally to charge \$2 for the DEPRESSION SURVIVAL CAN but our older brother said, "who da hell payin \$2 for sill ole can filled wit nonsense?" So it's \$1 plus 25 cents for mailing. Blot On Your Intelligence Products, Inc., 220 E. 54 St., NYC.

In a strange palace of battlefield enticements/ A musical dictionary of scented curtains/ invokes the one everywhere/ who envisions the luxury of blasphemy of orphan wings/ Assaulting the untouchable yield of isolation blossoms. YU 2-4471 Priapus.

Attention Philosophers, Theologians, Sociologists, Writers and OTHER INTERESTING people. Come and join in our friendly and informative conversations. That's right, we are dedicated to reviving the art of conversation. Listeners also welcome. FREE ADMISSION plus coffee, Sanka, punch or tea. Every Friday after 8:30 P.M. SWEED-ENBORGHAN READING ROOM= 187 Ave A at 12th St.

IN TRANSIT-A DREAM by Marty Wasserman, a book of poems radiating coruscations and midnight-visions, now available at the Gotham, Phoenix, Paperback Gallery, 8th St., East Side, Tompkins Sq.

WHERE IT'S

Every night, approximately now Richard Alcroft's proleidoscopic light. 125th Marks Pl. Donation (what you can afford).

Every Friday night starting July 15 Jazz Interactions, Inc. New Jazz concerts, showcase for young musicians. List Institute, 43 W. 39th St. 7-11 P.M.

Wed—Sun Fugs at Players Theater. 115 MacDougal St.

July 16-24 Gion Festival at Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto. Largest celebration observed in ancient capital, dates back to 9th Century.

July 13 Judith Dunn & Bill Dixon. Jurson Dance Theatre. 55 Washington Sq. So.

July 19 English National Sheep Dog Trials. Blackpool, Lancashire.

July 19—July 26 Humor Seminar held at Loeb Student Center of NYC.

July 19—Sept 25 Paintings by Henri Matisse. Museum of Modern Art.

July 20 & 21 Stravinsky and Italian Music. Works by Gabrieli, Gesualdo, Monteverdi and Verdi. Stravinsky Oedipus Rex. Visual Presentation for Oedipus by Larry Rivers. Lincoln Center

July 20-24 Golden Days Celebration, Fairbanks, Alaska

July 20 Wilcock in Hungary, about two weeks. c/o KLM office, Budapest.

July 20th The Pogoent Players. Tompkins Square. 8:15 P.M.

July 20th Aram Saroyan. Poetry Reading at Folklore Center. 321 6th Ave. 50 cents.

July 21—Sept. 7 Summer Tropical Flower Show. Rockefeller Plaza.

July 21-24 Newport Folk Festival, Newport, R.I.

July 22 Chamber Music Program. Stravinsky. N.Y. Philharmonic. Lincoln Center.

July 22 The Blues Project, Jimmy Reed, the Dirty Shames. Central Park Music Festival. Skatink Rink. \$1.00. 8:30

July 23 Japanese Bon Dance, Riverside Drive and 104th St. A traditional Japanese Celebration, 7 P.M.

July 23 Stravinsky & Craft conducting, Marianne Moor, Narrator. N.Y. Philharmonic. Lincoln Center.

July 24 Sixth Annual Banjo and Fiddle Contest, Topanga Canyon, Calif.

thru July 24 Photographs of destruction of masterpiece by Le Corbusier. Museum of Modern Art.

July 25-26 Taos Fiesta and Corn Dances, Taos Pueblo, New Mexico

July 26 Bach: Mass in B. Minor with full orchestra. Loeb Student Center. Washington Sq. So. at West Broadway \$1.50

July 27 Lorenzo Thomas. Poetry Reading at Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave. 50 cents.

July 27th Dick Tappen, Marge Klatt, The Renaissance Chorus of New York. Tompkins Sq. Park. 8:15 P.M.

July 29 July Collins & Tom Paxton. Central Park Music Festival. \$1.00 8:30

July 29-31 Seminar on The New Morality: Situational Ethics and 'The New Theology' led by D.J. Barr and R.W. Cromey. Deals with ethics of sex, child development and creativity, et al.

July 29—August 1 International bagpipes festival. Brest, France.

July 30 Stan Getz & Kenny Burrell. Central Park Music Festival. \$1.00 8:30

thru July 31 Festival from India: concerts, film, exhibits. Philharmonic Hall.

July 31 Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet, Bayou la Batre, Ala.

July 31 Dick Gallup. Poetry Reading at Folklore Center. 321 6th Ave. 50 cents

August 1 Miriam Makeba. Central Park Music Festival. \$1.00 8:30

thru Oct. 3 Life Beyond the Earth at American Museum-Mayden Planetarium, Central Pl. W. at 81st St. Also sky shows several times daily.

This calendar is compiled by Eve who used to be a slum-goddess and is now some kind of wierd-freak. Send all calendar items to her: Eve c/o EVO, 147 Avenue A, NYC 10009

ST. MARKS CHURCH IN THE BOWERY



PRESENTS JAZZ IN THE CHURCHYARD

JULY 20th DAVE HOROWITZ QUINTET
JULY 27th BOB MOLLEY QUINTET
AUGUST 3rd FRANK SMITH ENSEMBLE

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING AT 7:30 P.M. ADMISSION FREE

POETRY

OPEN READINGS every TUESDAY 8:30 P.M. ADMISSION FREE

SCHEDULED READINGS every THURSDAY evening at 9:00 P.M.—CONTRIBUTION

JULY 21st DAVID IGNATOW & ROCHELLE OWENS
JULY 28th HAROLD DICKER & KAREN SWENSON
AUGUST 4th JACKSON MACLOW
AUGUST 11th TED BERRIGAN, PETER ORLOVSKY & ED SANDERS
AUGUST 18th ART BERGER & AARON KRAMER
AUGUST 25th FRANK MURPHY & GARY YOUREE

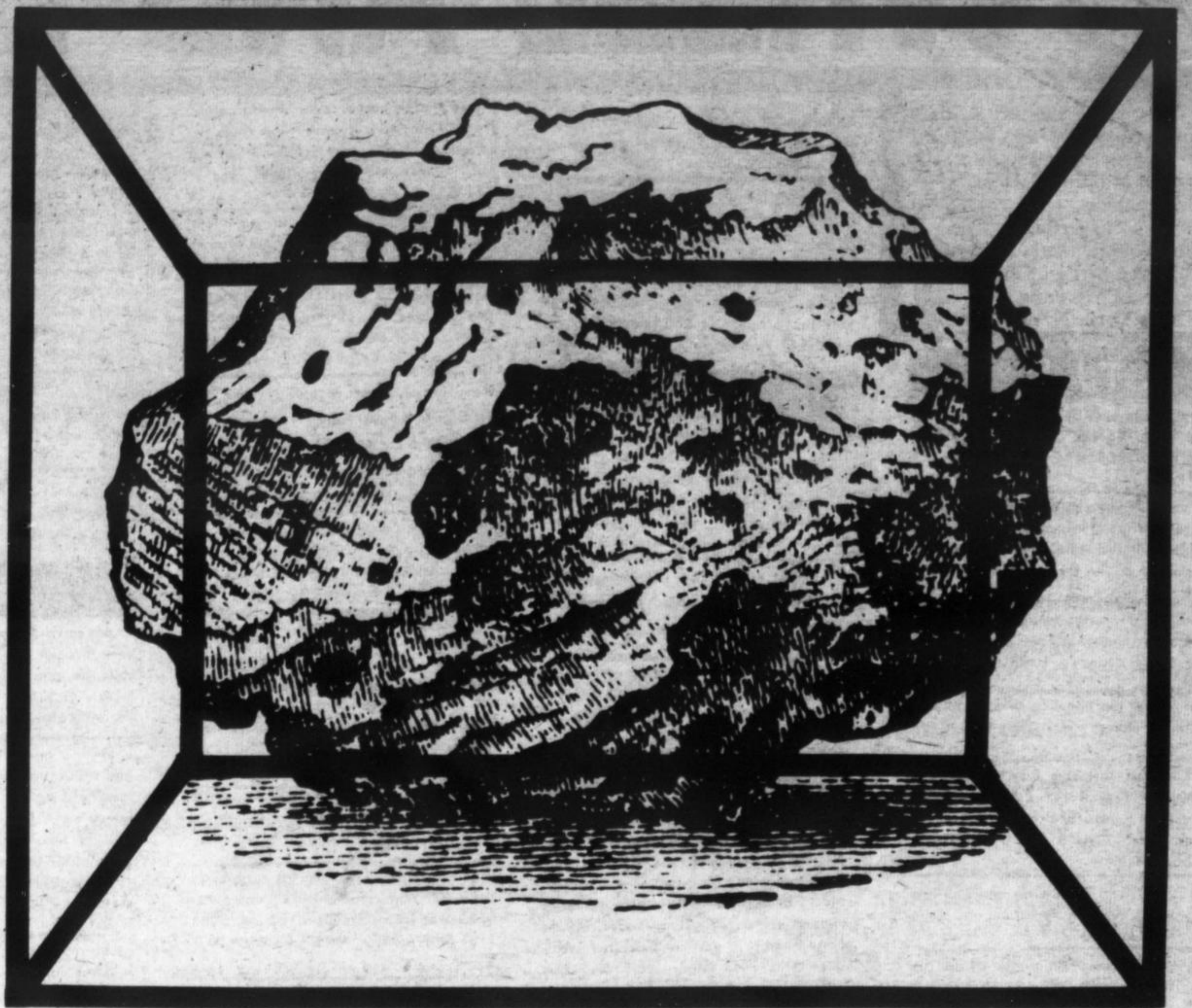
10th ST. & 2nd Ave. OR 4-6377

THE STONE

AT

THE

PARADOX



BY ANTHONY COX EYE BAGS BY YOKO ONO

PARADOX

64E7ST

SOUND FORMS BY MICHAEL MASON FILM MESSAGE BY JEFF PERKINS TECHNICAL DIRECTOR LUDWIG LANKO

64E7ST 1-11PM DAILY

TEL CA80052

