

THE EAST VILLAGE OMBUDSMAN

VOL. 1 NO. 22

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OCTOBER 15-NOVEMBER 1

20c outside nyc

15c

SAVE EARTH NOW !!



HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE
HARE RAMA HARE RAMA RAMA RAMA HARE HARE ...

SEE CENTERFOLD



dear EVO

I have been addicted to your paper, since that fateful day last spring when I passed your window and had a trauma, whilst purveying the contents of same and that within. I agree with what you are trying to say, whatever that may be, perhaps that is your secret, But!

Your ad from Private Eye, London, for a Stars and Stripes Handkerchief caused me to shit in indignation. My views are certainly not confined to nationalism, but our Flag is more than a symbol of a nation. Our Flag is the symbol of an idea, a hope for all mankind as expressed in our Declaration, our Constitution, our formulation of laws. Our Flag is the symbol of the hope of man for Freedom, Justice and Humanity. Men have died for that Flag in THEIR belief that they might secure for those whom they were dying for the Rights and Freedoms and peace we all have wished for regardless of the politicians and administrators who have tried to alter these ideas.

Until our Flag is replaced by one that will cover all mankind under the Concepts of Freedom and Equality, that we daily fight for, let it remain that symbol of hope and faith in the past as well as the future, undefiled.

T.K.

Walter Bowart invites a dialogue, or did, he said, upon the occasion of writing some sentences entitled "Provocation Politics." The most I can do by way of acceptance is write a letter.

I do not assume any posture in the intersecting arenas of contemporary activity in the world. My attention to the declarations and throes of current political, sexual, religious, psychic and physical maelstroms is almost nil. I do not participate in movements Underground or otherwise, Black or otherwise, Radical or otherwise, except passively. I neither approve these intermingling upheavals and the men and beasts, young and old, who give them expression, nor do I disapprove them: the problem is theirs, not mine.

The persons I claim herein to represent, in some degree, are not alienated; on the contrary. Call us uncommitted, if you wish. Certainly we are uncommitted to both commitment and lack thereof, persons for whom attractions and repulsions beyond those inherent in the basic gesture of the living state are usually a needless extravagance. Characterize us as creatures of the thicket, at the periphery of the field upon which the drama of social and political conflict is enacted; who yet cannot with justification be called a marginal group.

Asking us to join you in provocation of any kind would be a question cast into the gale. Asking us to do anything would probably be a wasteful scattering of your breath.

What, then, can you do to interest us in transforming the government of the people considered as a social body?

Nothing.

That is to say, nothing directly. For the person who will gain our assent, indeed our veneration and respect, with or without your approval, will emerge of himself. Indifferent to all, his light will illuminate the world. Without moving a finger he will teach others, without moving his lips he will speak immediately to their hearts. A cata-

lyst, he embodies the capacity to transform men by his very presence, doing without doing.

No one can will such a figure to emerge. He emerges; he does not emerge. We have learned to be patient. There are no guarantees. We continue in our melodies without expecting salvation or even rebirth.

The existence of such a figure will appear accidental, miraculous, to the unprejudiced human mind. For the sake of continuing this monologue I assume that he does appear, that he does exist. Assume moreover that, still indifferent, he seemingly stops to suffer the burden of Government. In that case, in his case, politics and ethics would not come together, having never been divided; he would not tell it like it is, having never conceived in and for himself any other logos. Having assented to this miracle anyway, and understanding the rudimentary customs of our fair nation, we would gladly endure registering and voting for him in an election.

If such a figure cannot be willed into existence, what can you do? Nothing. That is to say, nothing directly. If however such a figure does appear, and in our fair neighborhood, you can, if you wish, seek to be a medium between this miracle and the machinery which will vouchsafe it a wide public appearance (this being at once the blessing and terror of mass media). If you wish, you can be one of his advertising agencies, perhaps.

But first he must appear. And then you must recognize him. And thirdly, you must help others to recognize him. Otherwise your wishes are in vain. The truly fascinating aspect of the issue is this, that the second prerequisite, as well as the first and the third, is almost wholly beyond your control. Do you recognize a good man when he, as it were, stands before you? To do so, of course, you must yourself be a good man -- the light within you, illuminating the world, your very presence being the occasion for a change of heart in your neighbors -- though perhaps not so radically...

Clark R. Umplebey

DEAR FELLOW BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE UNDERGROUND:

In reference to your recent article "Provocation Politics" The Resurgence Youth Movement stands opposed to all politicians or candidates for political office. The Provos are known and supported all over Holland NOT because of the seat they won on the Amsterdam city council (kids can't vote anyways, and the Provos ARE kids) but because, unlike the old left in Europe, they make ACTION IN THE STREETS. "To change the master is not to be free." Jose Marti Democracy is not anarchy. Democracy is a bullshit word for imperialism, the "brand name" of the product the U.S.A. is exporting all over the world. To hell with democracy and politicians. LSD in the reservoirs, ghetto revolts, youth riots on beaches or in rock and roll concerts -- any of these are more meaningful, more free than elections and other trumped-up, rigged and faked bourgeois "spectacles." We will not take the bread and circuses. We will take it easy, but we will not wait for more lies and oppression. Take it easy, BUT TAKE IT!!!

R.Y.M. will sponsor an ANTI-VOTE campaign this fall and winter and we will urge people to vote with their daily actions, not with meaningless ballots.

Yours for the revolution,
Thutch Fenderson
RESURGENCE YOUTH MOVEMENT
PROVO USA

The article in the October 1 issue, "Provocation Politics," was an absolute stroke of genius. But we've had enough strokes of genius coming out of the lower East Side rain forest in the past few months. It's now time for all assorted A-heads, Buddhas, poets, overage teeny boppers, underground movie makers, etc, etc, etc to crawl out of their cribs and start remaking the world in our image. As noted in the article, half of the country is under 25. I, for one, am not going to wait for my elders to bow out for us. We have to start changing this country now, before we're middle-aged. The best brains of this generation are those most put down by the old people. It's up to us to start the revolution now.

The solution, or at least the start of it, lies in political action. I don't mean violent revolution (at least not right now); I mean running Ginsberg, Kupferberg, Orlovsky or anyone else for elected office. City council might be a good start. From there maybe the world.

Frank Lagan

How about encouraging pot heads to sow their seeds -- especially in public parks? The wild weed will grow everywhere in abundance! Who needs him who exploits the head? Law-enforce-

THE east village OTHER

The East Village Other is published semi-monthly at 147 Ave. A., New York, N.Y., 10009. 1 year sub (24 issues) \$3.00. Phone: 473-8894, 533-7550
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Ishmael Reed, Irving Shushnick

CIRCULATION: Rod McDonald

Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y.

ment officials will be completely helpless; the dealer of the hemp will be forced to reduce prices.

I can't do it alone; why not campaign for this -- the public seeding of pot -- in your publication?

Bill Dobrowski, Jr.

Harrison, New Jersey

I just looked through your want ads and noticed a few cats are looking for a swinging chick to share their pads. What kind of mother loving creeps are these anyway?

I can just see them. Thirty-six years old, just left mama's board, maybe her bed too. Got themselves a cheap loft on their shipping clerk's wages and how nice to get a combination free lay and maid -- with a bosom yet -- Jesus, these creeps aren't even weaned yet.

What kind of pigs would cop a deal like this anyway? Shit, I sell it for \$25 a throw and I don't have to wash the guy's dirty socks or do any specials. Maybe these cats are reading the fairy tales in Playboy and the other phantasy magazines. Wake up brother, all you'll get for free is a good dose, and that'll cost you plenty in the end.

M.D.R. NYC

New Yorkers who believe that civilians should check the activities of the police, should vote "NO" on the amendment to the charter in the next election. Considerable confusion has been caused by the proponents and the wording of the amendment.

The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has announced that they will spend about a million and a half dollars to convince the people that the amendment should be the servants of the people, not their masters. The present Civilian Review Board is not as good as we would like, but if the amendment to the charter is passed, the people will have little chance of improving it. Any abuses on the part of the police will be left to their fellows to check, which has proved very unsatisfactory in the past.

If you want a Civilian Review Board, VOTE "NO".

Clark Foreman,

Director,

Emergency Civil Liberties Committee

In response to "Provocation Politics": -- Ifeel that the fact that the USA was involved but did not suffer from World War II (actually profited) is a critical factor. I feel that the US will be the last Capitalist Industrial Military stand of the reactionaries and will easily flow into the Nationalist Fascist chase (the last phase of reactionaryism) There has been no suffering in this country's history and we are a continent! -- so where is the introspection necessary for mass change going to come from?

As the "Socialist" countries compete with our reactionary monster they too are forced to the reactionary mode of life for the necessary mobilization. I hold little hope for the US-- provocation being reactionaryism and in the end the reactionaries must be their own destroyers.

Sincerely,

Richard Somers

Oh dear, I knew I shouldn't have taken acid before setting the time-machine. Yoo-Hoo is anyone here? What century is this? Do you speak English?

This is the Ninth Precinct, and I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you. . . .

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE exists to facilitate the transmission of news, features and advertising between anti-Establishment, avant-garde, new-left, youth oriented periodicals which share common aims and interests. Its members are free to pick up each other's features without remuneration. (The UPS service can be subscribed to by outside organizations at fees commensurate with exposure and/or circulation.) Total circulation of UPS papers at present is 58,000, a figure reached by adding together the most recent issue sale for all the following papers (some of which appear monthly or fortnightly):

The East Village Other, 147 Avenue A, New York 10009. Appears 1st and 15th of each month, 18,000 circulation; \$3 annually.

The Los Angeles Free Press, 5903 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90038. Appears weekly, 11,000; \$5 annually.

The Berkeley Barb, 2421 Oregon Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94705. Weekly, 8,000; \$5 annually.

The Fifth Estate, 1101 W. Warren Street, Detroit, Mich. 48201. Fortnightly, 3,000; \$2.50 annually.

The Paper, 130 Linden Street, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. Weekly, except summer; 3,000.

Sanity, 3837 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal 18, P.Q. Canada. Monthly, 5,000; \$2.50 annually.

Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, London N.1. England. Weekly, 6,400; \$6.50 annually.

The Illustrated Paper, Box 541, Mendocino, Calif. Monthly, 2,000; \$3 annually.

San Francisco Orade, 1535 Haight Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94117. Fortnightly, 2,000; \$3 annually.

Underground, 6100 N. 26th St., Arlington, Va. 22207. Fortnightly, 2,000; \$4.25 annually.

On the Trail of Billy Lovelady

OUR MAN IN DALLAS

With the escalation of doubts about the Warren Commission's Report on the assassination of President Kennedy, EVO editor William Beckman feels compelled to recall the strange story of his attempt to photograph Billy Lovelady, a Texas Book Depository employee and possible Oswald double. Beckman's first-person report follows:

By Bill Beckman

On April 15, 1964 I was employed by Jones Harris and Clay Felker to photograph Texas Book Depository employee Billy Lovelady for the Herald Tribune Sunday magazine. Billy Lovelady was identified by the FBI as the person in a photograph taken November 22, 1963 at the instant of the Kennedy Assassination standing in the doorway of the Texas Book Depository. At first glance one might think that the person was Lee Harvey Oswald. The open collars of both shirts as well as the white undershirts appear to be identical.

Immediately upon my arrival in Dallas I made my way to the Book Depository and asked at the desk to see Mr. Lovelady. After a short wait he came downstairs dressed in a sportshirt and slacks. I took one look at him and I knew he was the guy in the picture. I was so convinced that I asked him to allow me to take his picture to clear up the controversy. He then said simply "no."

I assured him his rights would be protected and I offered him \$10 if he would step out front for just one shot. Again he answered "no." I then said "20?" and the answer was, "No, forget it."

I called New York and affirmed their suspicions. They said for the sake of newspaper sales to get the guy's picture or else.

Then I realized the true nature of the job: a symbolic and analogous re-enactment. Shooting a person who does not want to be photographed is very much like a big game hunt.

I began a full-time stake out of the Book Depository to determine Lovelady's schedule. I rented a car to follow Lovelady on his regular afternoon rounds driving a delivery truck on a regular circuit of deliveries. Out of indifferent maliciousness I took no pains to conceal myself. It drove him crazy.

After fifteen days with no luck I spotted Lovelady at 8 A.M. walking to work. He also spotted me lurking with my camera and made a fifty yard dash into the Book Depository's front entrance instead of the usual rear entry.

I waited out the day and at closing time I posted myself at a crowded bus stop one block east of the Book Depository, my camera at the ready, my back to the suspect.

My loitering preparations had attracted the attention of a young chick who sidled over to me just as I spotted Lovelady approaching down the block flanked by two negro co-workers. I remember thinking that in Dallas a whiteman flanked by two negroes is an unusual sight.



I set the exposure at F.2 and focused for about 15 ft. The girl watched closely. I smiled and asked her to just stand there talking to me because I was about to take a picture. She smiled and I turned and pushed the shutter. Lovelady instantly ducked behind one of his companions. I strode up to him cocking and shooting. He averted his face then bolted and ran away, half-heartedly followed by his two companions.



LOVELADY as seen by BECKMAN

COMING SOON FROM LONDON



BUY IT OR DIE!!

I followed him at a stroll six blocks over to the Greyhound Bus Terminal catching occasional fleeting glimpses of Lovelady as he outdistanced me.

I went back eagerly to Fort Worth to develop the film which to my disappointment clearly showed Lovelady ducking behind his co-workers. My camera had somehow developed a leak in the bellows which produced a vertical strip of light down through the picture obscuring part of Lovelady's face. He had successfully ducked precisely into my mechanical failure.

After having my camera repaired, the following day I lurked on the closer side of the same intersection. Without warning a fat flossy blonde who I later realized was Mrs. Lovelady turned the corner and began to bash in my camera.

Astonished I backed away and saw Mr. Lovelady across the street in dark glasses and a gray fedora hat pulled down nearly over his eyes, talking to a traffic cop on a motorcycle and pointing at me.

I felt it was time to leave but as I did so was intercepted by two squad cars, the Lovelady's and the motorcycle cop, who was, I might add, unjustly offensive to me. Mrs. Lovelady burned my arm with a cigarette.

During this initial interview the police came to the conclusion that there was no law against taking a man's picture but they assured me publishing of pictures could bring suit from Lovelady.

Against my objections we all were taken to the site of the Oswald murder, The Dallas Police Station. Police questioning determined that I had not violated any of Lovelady's rights by photographing him. The police asked if I would mind talking to the FBI for a few minutes. I told them yes, I did mind, because my car was rented by the hour.

Overruled I was taken alone to a small white stucco house surrounded by thick hedges on the Dallas Fair Park Grounds -- an extensive installation including the Cotton Bowl Stadium and the Dallas Art Museum.

Across a lily pond from the art museum the door of the small house proclaimed "Special Investigation". While the "Special Investigators" went through my wallet, copying names and numbers, I told my story. Apparently my credentials cleared me of all suspicion and they politely drove me back to my car. As I bid them good day the tough "Special Investigator" leaned into my car and grimly advised me that it would be unhealthy for me to stay in Dallas any longer.

Since I wasn't getting paid enough to risk my neck I hopped the next jet back to N.Y. just beginning to reflect on the idea that history is chaos.

The subsequent appearance of Epstein's Inquest and Lane's Rush to Judgment and the issue of The N.Y. Review of Books in which there appears the theory of a "second Oswald" has made my experience with Billy Lovelady and the Dallas Police both intriguing and viable.

LSD/ESP

Front-line researchers from the fields of psychiatry, medicine, psychology, and para-psychology... with some reports and viewpoints that open new territory in the "mind-manifesting" phenomena.

● JEAN HOUSTON, Ph.D., co-author of "The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience."

● DR. HUMPHRY OSMOND, who conducted the mescaline research sessions with Aldous Huxley that resulted in "The Doors of Perception"; now director of the Bureau of Research in Neurology and Psychiatry, an agency of the State of New Jersey. (He invented the word "psychedelic.")

● DR. STANLEY KRIPPNER, Ph.D., consulting editor of The Psychedelic Review, director of the Dream Laboratory of Malmonides Hospital.

● HUGH LYNN CAYCE, author of "Venture Inward," conducted important research in dreams, hypnosis, ESP, psychic phenomena.

a conference on psychedelic and meditative explorations

Fri. Oct. 21, 8 p.m.
THE VARIETIES OF PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE, Jean Houston. The incredibly rich inner life of "normal" people as revealed in the psychedelic experience.

Sat. & Sun., 2 to 4:30 p.m.
FILM SHOWINGS & SMALL GROUP DISCUSSIONS

Sat. Oct. 22, 8 p.m.
PSYCHIC CENTERS OF THE PHYSICAL BODY, Hugh Lynn Cayce. Endocrine glands and their relationship to ESP; effects of their stimulation in approaches to extended awareness—and dangers to guard against.

Sun. Oct. 23, 8 p.m.
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PSYCHEDELIC EX-

PERIENCE, panel: Humphry Osmond, Stanley Krippner, Jean Houston, Hugh Lynn Cayce.

Sat. Oct. 29, 2-4 p.m.
A follow-up seminar to be held at A.R.E. New York Center, 34 W. 35th St.; attendance limited to series ticket holders.

Entire conference, 6 programs, \$8.
Single admissions at door, \$2.
Series reservations may be ordered by mail from Treasurer, A.R.E. Inc., 34 W. 35th St., NYC 10001. (Phone: 947-3885)

Fri. Oct. 21 at United Engineering Societies Auditorium, 345 E. 47th St.
All programs Sat.-Sun. Oct. 22-23 at Carnegie Employment Bldg. 345 E. 46th.

correct position at all times



OTHER SCENES

Sunday, November 13 may be remembered as the day Eastern and Western philosophies had their first major confrontation in American churches. If the plans of the secretive Artists' Vigilante to End Religious Hypocrisy are successful, at least a score of cathedrals and churches across the country will suddenly find themselves the center of unscheduled -- from their point of view -- Happenings.

Iranian and Arab drummers, pretty girls clinking finger cymbals, the burning of incense and candles, temple bells and groups chanting mantras will be supported by such technological activity as spurts of music from concealed transistor radios, playbacks of collaged sound from tape recorders and -- possibly -- the screening of erotic movies, from hand-held projectors, on the pulpit, choirstalls and altar.

Patrick Donovan, 23-year-old Boston painter who describes himself as "Vice Vigilante" of the militant AVERH group, says that the "psychic explosions" will be taking place in about 20 different churches, according to his contacts across country. He declined to mention any of them except Norman Vincent Peale's Marble Collegiate church in New York.

"Until it happens, we don't want them to suspect a thing," he says. "The whole point is shock value to let these aging Sunday hypocrites know that no longer can they complacently screw up the lives of their fellow men six days a week and then retire to these gilded palaces and congratulate each other on their 'Christian spirit'."

"We are serious about our activities and don't intend to be laughed away. You can say that this is the opening shot in a war to the death with the Established Church."

Seattle judge James Hodson wouldn't let a woman in pants testify in his court recently. As my correspondent who sent the clipping remarked: "It's okay for a judge, in robes and wig, to look like a transvestite, though"....Berkeley Barb's discovery, Joel Beck, is now writing and publishing his own comic books at 4305 Wesley Way, Richmond, Calif. Recommended (\$1 each) are: Marching Marvin (about Hefner, Disney, etc.), Alison in Wonder Where It's At Land, and 403 Pounds of Love....Favorable results have been reported from the first tests of these-called "memory pill" produced by Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, under the name of cylert. Science Digest says that one of the guinea pigs testing cylert was "a bridge player who could not remember cards"....Is there a plan to run Wallace for president in '68 so that even LBJ will look preferable -- just as he did against Goldwater in '64?...Spreading fast in Europe, after its invention in Holland, is a floppy plastic container for milk, usually colored to keep out the light....Dan O'Neill, writing in Canada's Saturday Night magazine, predicts that Hefner's plan to extend Playboy clubs to northern England will be a flop because the "don't touch" rule "will astonish those direct Mancunian clubgoers who feel that the only souvenir of a club worth taking home with them is one of the hostesses"....Is the UN finished? asks the London Observer, which suggests that the Great Powers don't want the UN ever to "grow strong enough to challenge or control them effectively"....Within a few years it's hard to imagine that there'll be any restaurant, store or enclosed space that isn't a mixed-media environment: film on the walls, colored lights, strobes flashing, smells, all kinds of sound. On the way from your apartment to the lobby, for example, you'll watch yesterday's newsreel film in the elevator, digest the stock market prices beamed on the walls of the monorail car that takes you to work. Scopitone, which is in on the beginning of this boom but hardly seems to realize it, will shortly market a new machine with 8mm cartridge films at the same time lowering prices on the regular model (currently about \$3,500 with individual films costing \$20 apiece).



James Ricalde

What are regarded in Britain as the ridiculously high prices charged by American dealers for modern American paintings must also have militated against the collection of such works in Britain. . . . But it is not only the big price that alienates the Briton. He does not like the big format either. He equates it with the boastfulness and ostentatiousness of what he believes is the typical American, a big man with a big cigar in his big mouth, riding in an absurdly big automobile. There is also a much deeper reason. The British are not yet fully converted to the American craving for the new. It will come, of course, as every bad American influence -- from commercial television to drug-taking and from Woolworth's paintings to sex mania -- has come."

Robert Wraight in "The Art Games" (Simon & Schuster \$6)

The absolutely where-it's-currently-at situation in Vietnam is outlined in Felix Greene's piece in Fact magazine. Accompanied by a cartoon showing the most rural of countrysides pitted with immense craters and two peasants carrying a wooden bridge to replace the one just knocked out with about a million tons of high explosives....William Shannon says (in Harpers') that Bobby Kennedy can't afford to wait until '72....Experienced LSD users who are willing to take calls from worried people who are high are listed in the Psychedelic Phone Directory obtainable (50¢) from Lisa Bieberman's Psychedelic Information Center (26 Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138)...."Hanging Loose" (50¢ from 80 Avenue C, NYC 10009) is the appropriate title for collected

poems on separate sheets in an envelope decorated by Mimi Gross' woodcut....What better proof could there be of the inadequacy of the bigcity dailies than the fantastic proliferation and growing circulation of such tough, young papers as Challenge ("the revolutionary paper"), The Militant ("published in the interest of the working people"), and the longtime National Guardian?...An alcoholic solution of iodine and ammonia, it is said, can be painted on a doorknob and, while safe enough when wet, will dry into black crystals of nitrogen oxide which explode when the knob is grasped....New Time-style magazine, in English, the Holland Herald (75¢ from Keizersgracht 125, Amsterdam-C) has more than 100,000 circulation after only four issues....And, from Canada, Causeway #1 is an exceptionally beautiful quarterly, mostly devoted to the idiocy of censorship about sex. One page is devoted solely to four 'dirty' words, others to censorable pictures. (\$3.50 from 41 Walmsley Blvd, Toronto 7)...Japanese and British peace groups have started intensive campaigns to leaflet GI's in their countries about the Vietnamese war...."Why is there no sport news in American papers about table tennis? Because China has all the champs. It is chopstick tennis and Uncle Sap is all thumbs" (Paul Maag)...Ramparts (301 Broadway, San Francisco) launched a tough, new Sunday newspaper.



MEETING IN HAWAII THIS WEEK

DOES **LSD** IN SUGAR CUBES SPOIL THE TASTE OF COFFEE????

KNOW THE TRUTH

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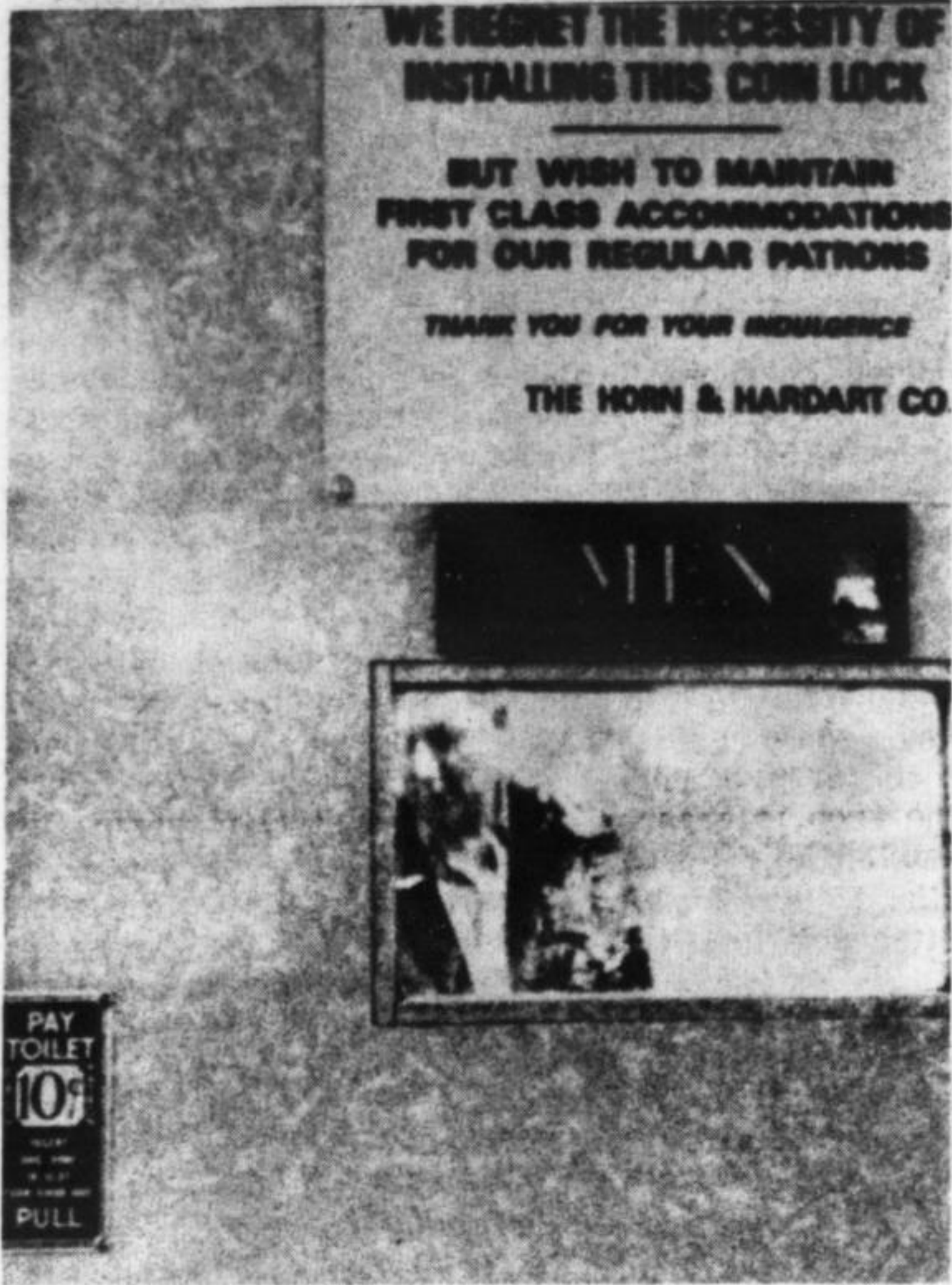
NAME
(PLEASE PRINT)

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MONO-LONG PLAYING
(33 1/3 rpm)

Inflation at the Automat



by Robert Reisner

What used to be a business with a heart has rapidly turned into a slick operation. Horn and Hardart automats have taken a lot of the automation out of their operation, replacing it with personal service, but, strange as it may seem, it hasn't had anything but a dehumanizing effect. With more people working around, constantly cleaving the table and hovering about you get the feeling that you should eat quickly and get out. In my great admiration for H&H vegetables, which are still the best in town, I once contemplated writing a series on what a beneficent organization the automat chain was. I spoke to one of the managers of the 14th St. branch -- this was several years ago -- and we discussed the poor, downtrodden, disadvantaged (forgive the word) good folk around us who seemed to make up the majority of the inhabitants. I told him it was wonderful that they were allowed to sit as long as they pleased and his reply was, "These people are ones whose children have married, who are retired on pensions, who live alone in rooming houses, who come almost every day or evening to meet the friends they have met here. They spend what they can and we are here to welcome them as long as their behavior is civil and with some exceptions it usually is." It was a speech that would have brought tears to O'Henry's eyes and it brought back recollections of my own youth when our stamp club used a West 33rd St. Automat as our Saturday meeting place.

All this is changing rapidly today. I do not blame Horn and Hardart; I just lament the passing of a scene. In a town that has the worst luncheon situation possible the automat is a caloric oasis. People have to be served quickly in the automat or they are at the mercy of the

luncheonettes and the ever present hamburger with the detestable soggy cup of cole slaw.. But even though the automat's pies are delicious, some of the new policies are not very tasty. A minimum of twenty cents has been instigated and the physical set-up is now that of a maze where you start at one point, are forced to make your selection, or find yourself in the street. Prices have increased sharply, concurrent with a big advertising campaign which ironically is pegged on the theme that the automat is deeply involved with your well being. "We care about your interior, not ours", "It's not fancy, but it's good." are some of their slogans.

But, why have most of their thirty-one branches become hoity-toity' artificial flowers, plastic table linen on some of the front tables? (It was interesting to notice that most of the tablecloth tables were unoccupied. The clientel were intimidated by them.) The vegetables have gone up from ten or fifteen cents a portion to a straight down-the-line price of twenty cents. Every item is a la carte, including a pat of butter.

With each advertising campaign thrust there is a corresponding increase in price until the people of very moderate means will find themselves unable to get a square meal there. Everyone knows about the automat. Why do they have to advertise? The automat, which has been going since 1912, is world-famous. It is listed in guide books. Only an idiot would fail to realize it is an integral of the city of New York.

But then some of the corny ads they have been putting out with pathetic attempts at humor are for idiots:

"Horn and Hardart uses such ridiculously expensive coffee beans, we lose money."

"Horn and Hardart blackberry is so good, you'll eat it until you're blue in the face."

"Horn and Hardart's Bee cake. You'll bite IT."

And here is one contribution to the rash of offensive ads with so-called Jewish content:

"A bagel, maybe?

Plain or toasted with butter: 15 cents

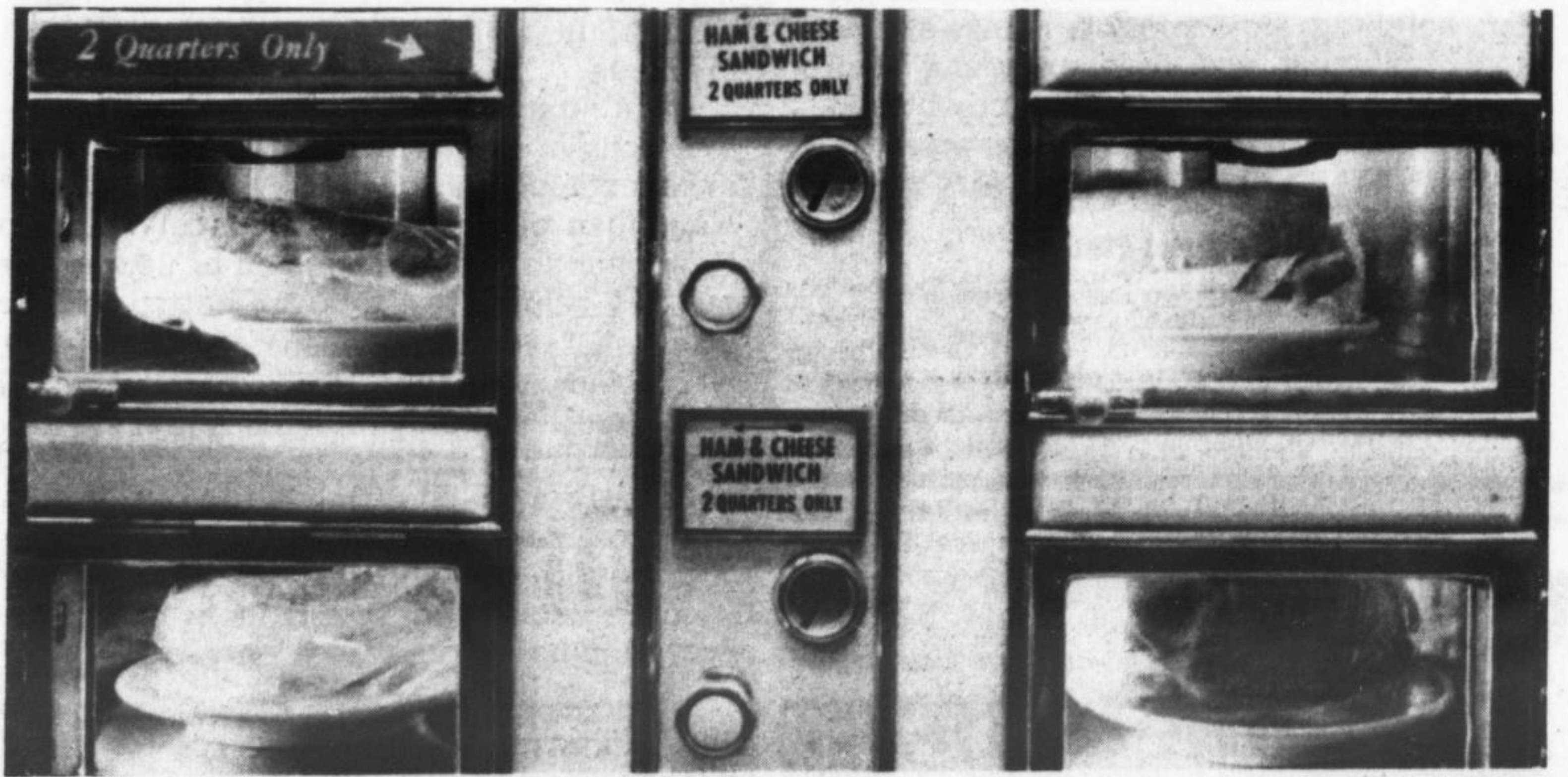
With cream cheese even: 20¢

Try one. It wouldn't hurt".

Meanwhile all the toilets have become coinoperated. The circular lazy Susan in the center of the tables which contained various condiments have been removed lest someone take too much or construct a meal out of them. The maze entrance prevents people from going to the restrooms without first purchasing the minimum. Definitely gone is their old slogan "Come in, have a glass of water and a toothpick and sit for a while."

In all fairness let me present some of the automat's reasons for trying for the 'class' trade. In late years people have been abusing the automat's lenient policy. Things have gone so far that certain branches had to be closed. It is not uncommon to see people bringing their lunch with them. One lady produced a big swiss cheese and started to cut it, doling it out to her family. I saw a gentleman take a glass with ice in it, meant for iced tea, add some water and sugar to the lemon which was already in it, concocting lemonade. At another table in which a loud debate was going on, one of the participants angrily got up to leave. Suddenly a loud clatter was heard as the silverware he intended to steal fell through the holes in his shabby coat. Another source of irritation to the very genteel are the people who go from table to table making a meal of your leavings, or, if they are polite, asking you if you are finished with this.

Horn and Hardart is to be commended on its adventurous and enterprising new endeavors, the frozen food business, the take-out counters, the retail shops, and opening of several swanky restaurants which are apart from the automat group. But on the other hand it is unfortunate that the five-cent coffee drinkers who made them have been kicked in the ass.



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Goldberg: He'd Rather Switch Than Fight

By Irving Shushnick

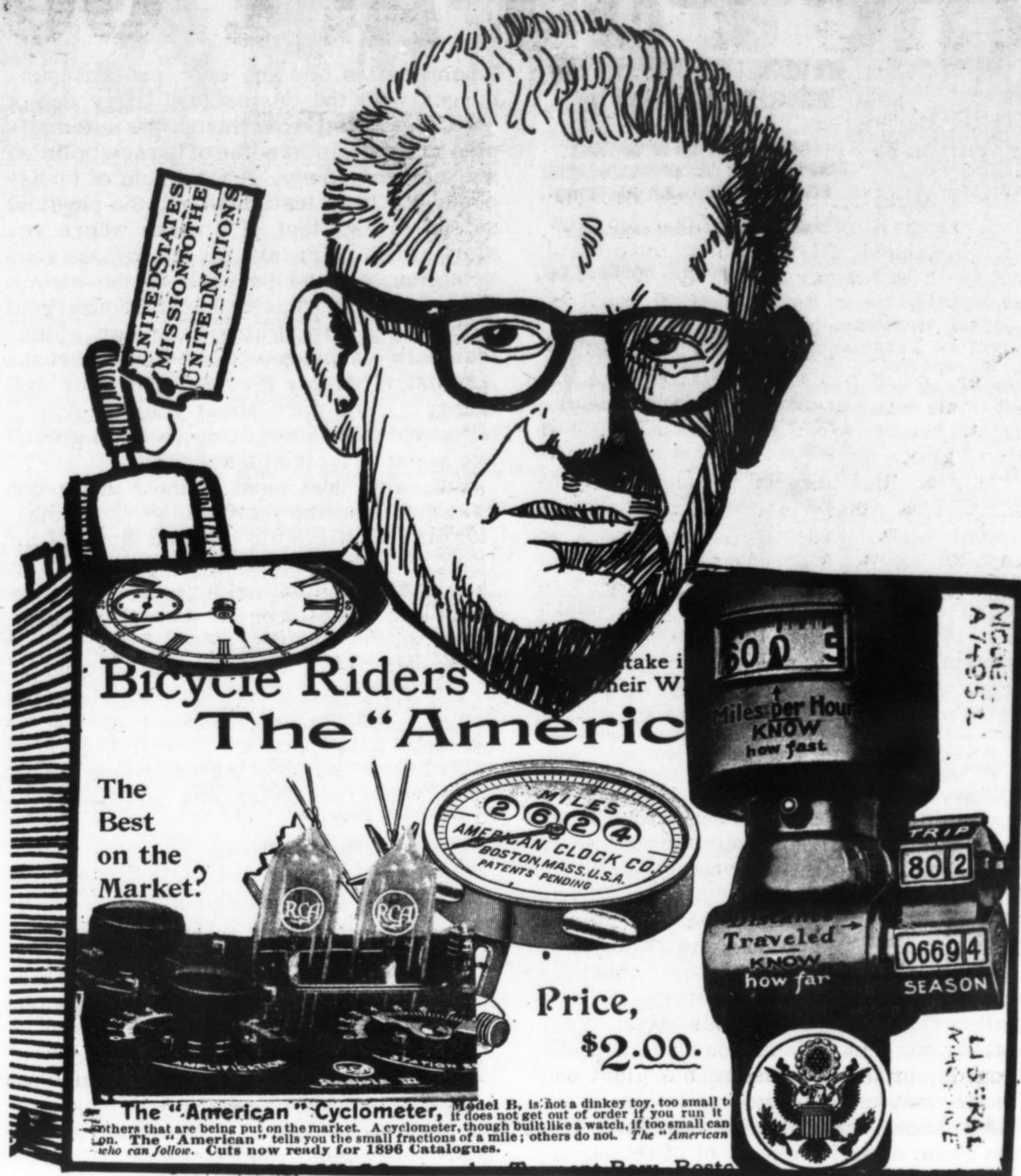
What does it take to turn a Doctor of Jurisprudence, a dedicated public servant, a former Supreme Court Justice... into a robot? Apparently all you have to do is offer him the most important appointive position in the United States today -- Ambassador to the United Nations.

Arthur Goldberg evidently sold his soul to that Washington Mephistopheles with cowboy boots and a drawl. Johnson's conquest of Goldberg was a real effort. The Ralph Bunche of American Jewry just spread his legs, begged for engulfment, and PRESTO! became a spineless, mindless phantom.

The role of Ambassador to the United Nations may be thought of as a post of great importance, to be filled by a man of vision and judgment -- a position of the magnitude of a Justice of the Supreme Court -- where a man with moral responsibility should commune with other world representatives and oversee the attitudes of our heads of state. The Ambassador to the U.N. should be a counsellor between a nation and the world. More important, he should be the HIGHEST counsellor to his own government, reflecting the opinions and needs of the world.

On the other hand, some feel that the ambassador's role is one of passivity -- a mere willing instrument, the tool of an overlord to whom is attributed all knowledge and wisdom or at least enough to get through the day. Arthur J. Goldberg has dedicated himself to this latter (and low-minded) view of his office.

The area where a counsellor is most needed to direct the eyes of the administration to the sympathies of the rest of the world is, of course, Vietnam. The sole consistency to be found in every government pronouncement on the Vietnam massacre is a total disregard for logic, profundity, humaneness, and native intelligence. Each explication is more insulting than the last. Every nauseating, beamingly naive word on the subject serves to obscure further, in a grey corpselike gelatinous mass, the fact that at this precise instant many fearful Americans are shooting, bombing, poisoning, burning, strangling, torturing and dismembering many fearful Vietnamese. A government's at-



tempt to conceal the paramount reality of such a situation under a shield of verbal gymnastics is perfectly chilling; but that three billion people sit with their mouths hanging wide, watching listlessly, with nary an attempt to stop this cannibalism, is a sign of infinite and universal madness.

By a simple process of laundering descriptions of events, LBJ et al have created an acceptable national fairy tale, wrecked American democracy, and paralyzed into Newspeak everyone and each of us who has not yet achieved a total rejection of our ghoulish fascist gang-bang ideology. But of all the eager procurers in service to our pestilent, duly-elected satyrs, Representative Goldberg is among the most eminently well-qualified. Having chosen early to hide in the skirts of an already-transvestite system, he was admitted by special decree to the Illinois Bar Association before he was twenty-one.

Armed with a Doctor of Jurisprudence degree -- summa cum laude -- everybody's favorite spokesman worked with Roosevelt and the Office of Strategic Services, and was general counsel for the CIO. He was a prime mover in the AF of L-CIO merger, and was always considered to be terribly useful. Eventually he became Secretary of Labor and again did an excellent job as mediator, explainer, and representative. Then, surprisingly, he was zapped into a position as a Justice of the Supreme Court where he was able to work on the actual formation - via interpretation-- of law. All we ever heard was how he was bored with

such a sedentary job. We assume he is not bored now.

In the throes of the biggest and most technically-advanced American foreign policy yet devised, we are watching a very late show of creeping genocide, a terrifyingly final solution to nouveau-gauche

Western containment versus an increasingly fecund Yellow Peril: be it never forgotten that Truman sent the bomb to Japan, not to Germany.

When the new American Ambassador to the United Nations gave his maiden address to the General Assembly, few present were prepared to hear a change in spirit, or a humane and moral statement. Needless to say, there was none. Arthur J. Goldberg intoned a few fine-sounding phrases ("The peoples of the world look to us not for pious words, but for solid results -- wars ended or prevented.") and then proceeded to indict a group of Vietnamese for "infiltrating" their homeland.

In his acceptance speech, Goldberg said "I would rather the President had not asked me to assume this duty, in all candor." Presumably, our new ambassador felt some distress at being obliged to vomit up a party line at variance with his own convictions. But let us not feel too sorry for a man who has long abandoned the use of his judgment and the exercise of his sense of integrity, preferring to play the game of state-licensed system-manipulation. Arthur J. Goldberg, born in a Chicago slum and recently become one of the most potentially powerful men in the world, has spat on America and switched without a fight.

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The Pop Art Collectors

By William K. Zinsser

On a table in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kraushar, not far from New York's Kennedy Airport, is an open jewel box with three crackers in it. The Kraushars know that it is a work of pop art by an artist named John Fisher. Their dog, however, never heard of John Fisher, or of pop art, and took a nibble out of all three crackers before discovering that they were made of plastic and epoxy glue.

This conflict between art and reality is one of many that I encountered during a recent search. I wanted to find out what happens to works of pop art when people buy them and take them home. What do wives and children and neighbors think? It's all very well to see one of Andy Warhol's Brillo boxes in a dealer's gallery, where it is certified as "art" and, as proof, costs \$350. It's another thing to put it on the living-room rug and expect it to look like anything but a Brillo box.

I thought that Warhol's Brillo boxes would look outlandish in the tidy world of interior decoration, and so would his Campbell soup cans, and so would Claes Oldenburg's plates of food and all the other literal works that I have seen since the pop movement took shape early in 1962. Where would a housewife hang one of Roy Lichtenstein's giant comic strips, or James Rosenquist's giant billboards, or Tom Wesselman's giant canvases with a protruding toilet seat? And what about those life-size plaster men by George Segal. None of them was like anything ever brought into the American home.

Art in the home has always been genteel -- and easy to identify as art. Pop art is not. It derives from our commercial landscape -- from supermarkets and superhighways and supermagazine ads -- and it may consist of beer cans, or Nesselrode pies, or automobile parts, or anything that the artist chooses to distill from his surroundings. His vision is a public one. Unlike his predecessor the abstract expressionist, who put onto canvas a vision that was private, the pop artist deals in images that are familiar to us all, and thereby makes his comment.

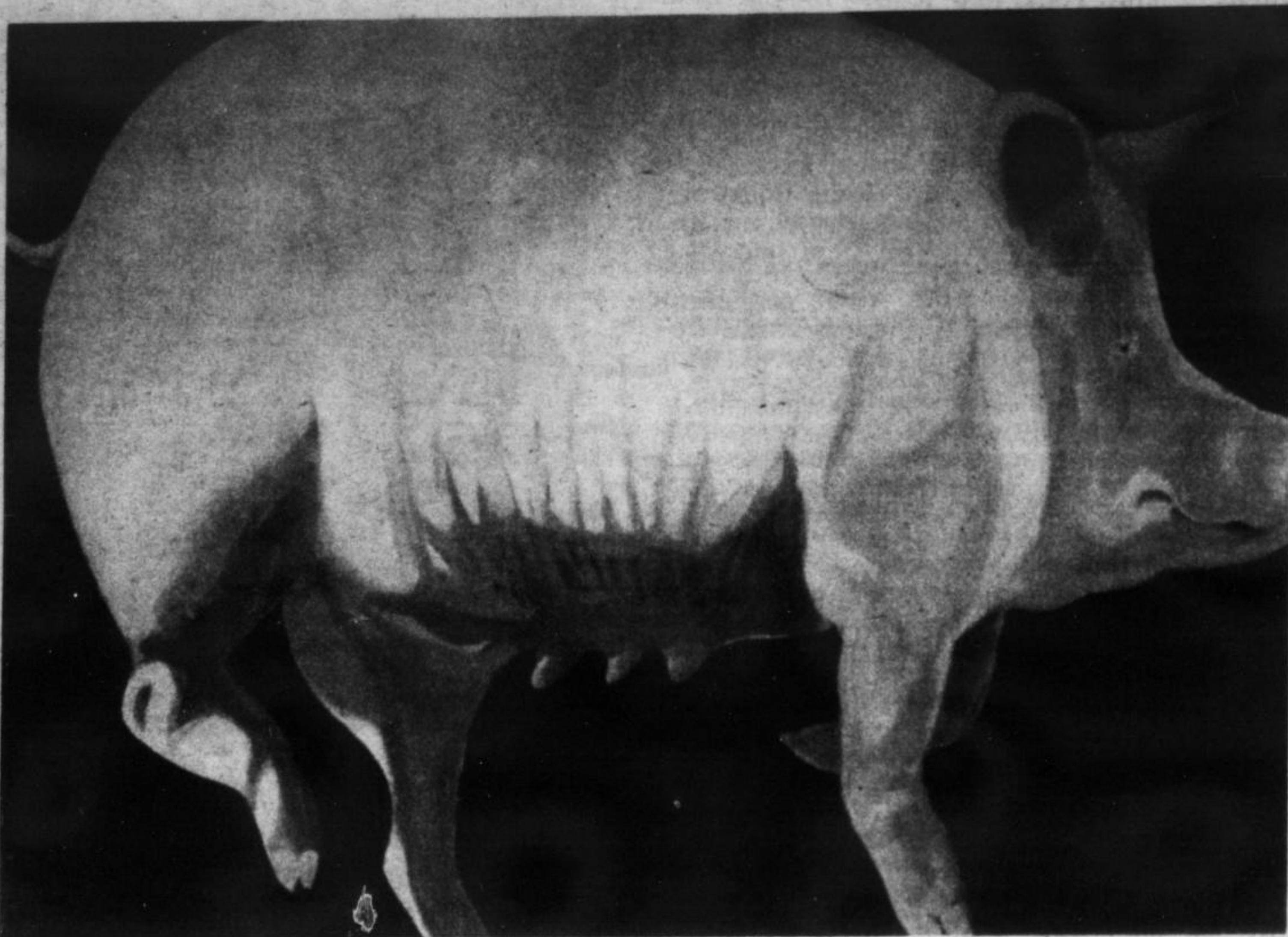
To enter the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull was to know total immersion in pop art. Its small entrance foyer was every inch a temple to the new gods. Against one wall was Oldenburg's "The Stove," an actual cast-iron stove of the 1930's, to which the artist had added such plaster-and-enamel foods as celery, an orange, a loaf of bread, a ham, a pot of soup, a pot of beef stew and some sausages. One of the sausages was stolen, incidentally, when the work was loaned to the Venice Biennale. "The great sausage hunt is on," Scull said with amusement.

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ART HOG

On or against other walls were Jasper Johns' two huge American flags, Robert Indiana's large painting of the number 5, and various literal sculptures by Johns of ordinary objects, including a light bulb and wire, two Ballantine ale cans and a Savarin coffee can. Even the ceiling was not exempt: Rosenquist's floor plan of a two-bedroom house was suspended there, and from it hung seven naked light bulbs. Thus the work of art was also a chandelier -- rather than, as is usually the case, vice versa.

Scull, a self-confident man of forty-six, who is an industrial designer, greeted me warmly. I had the feeling, however, that we were being watched -- and we were. A life-sized plaster man was also in the foyer, sitting on a chair, and behind him was a window and a section of wall made of the tarpaper that covers cheap houses. It is called "Henry's Piece" because sculptor George Segal made an actual cast of his friend Henry Geldzahler, a curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Segal's purpose was to create an environment," Scull explained, and it was true that in this plaster man, staring eternally from his drab home at his drab view, the artist caught a certain kind of American banality. But he also caught a very lively presence. Walking around, I was repeatedly startled to find Mr. Geldzahler -- or rather, his plaster deputy -- sitting there in silence, missing nothing.

Still, the foyer wasn't a test of how pop art would look in a home. It was like a little museum. Nor was the living room much more of a help; except for several pop sculptures, it was devoted to large paintings by Kline, Rothko and other abstract expressionists. These were Scull's first love as a collector of paintings. He began buying them in 1953 with a portrait by De Kooning.

"The De Kooning is my old master," Scull said. "I've put it in a sixteenth-century Spanish frame -- I wanted to get a classical feeling."

But even these old masters didn't look any too secure. In this one room they were making a last stand, as outnumbered as Custer, against the encircling hordes of pop. They once had a far wider run of the house, as Scull ex-

plained when he took me into the dining room to see the work that changed his life. It was a billboard-like painting by Rosenquist, sixteen feet long by six feet high, called "Silver Skies," containing such images as a tire, a car windshield, a section of a pop bottle, and a girl's knees on a bicycle seat. Scull saw it early in 1962 and bought it for \$1,400.

"Even the artist thought I was crazy," he recalls. "He said, 'I thought I was going to have to pay warehouse charges on this for the rest of my life.' I told him 'I THINK I've got a wall big enough for it, even though it'll mean taking down three wonderful abstract expressionist paintings.'"

That's what it meant. Down from the dining-room wall came three famous action painters, and up went "Silver Skies," filling the space almost completely. Its huge commercial images, distinctively American, now loom over the narrow dining room and its French Provincial furniture, and surely they also loom over all dinner conversation -- impolite strangers at a polite event. Yet I had to agree with Scull that "the shapes have some mysterious relationship to each other," and I felt that I would be glad to sit across the table from them -- at least once.

"My wife thought I was crazy too -- I didn't dare tell her what I paid for it," Scull said, though it is safe to guess that he has since dared, for the painting is probably worth ten thousand dollars today. Of course, Mrs. Scull had no way of knowing that this was not to be a passing whim of her husband's but rather an intensive romance, one that would launch them both as patrons of the new wave, their favor courted by dealers, their apartment photographed by magazines like "Vogue."

"I was lucky to have a wife who tolerated my buying what most people would consider junk," Scull said. "We don't buy together -- that I must do myself. I hope that she'll like what I buy, but if she doesn't I have to buy it anyway."

With the purchase of "Silver Skies," Scull was as hooked as any addict. "These works made me SEE objects for the first time," he said. "I bought many artists in 1962 whose names I didn't even

Arthogs

know. The real art lover is the man who buys knowing that he couldn't sell it for a nickel tomorrow. I love to have paintings that nobody knows about yet. I don't want art history -- I only want a reaction. The only thing I trust is my intuition. These pictures are sort of my involvement with freedom -- freedom from anyone telling me what to buy, which I resent. And when you sign that check you make a commitment, believe me. It's all very well to walk around a gallery and say, 'That's nice,' but when you actually BUY it you commit yourself."

The rest of Scull's apartment is proof that he has not hesitated to commit himself or to sign that check. Pop art has spread into the master bedroom, down the halls that connect the rooms, and into the rooms of the Sculls' three boys. "The boys understand it better than we do," Scull says. "They don't have to unlearn all the years of worrying whether art is good or bad. They only use the standard of immediate response."

Jonathan, sixteen, has pop art drawings all over his walls, and the room shared by Stephen, thirteen, and Larry, twelve, has such genuine relics as a Warhol soup can. But the natural accretions of boyhood have spoiled its purity. On one large table, for instance, I saw a set of electric trains and assumed it was an immense pop sculpture -- there was just the right degree of authentic detail. It turned out, however, to be a set of electric trains. There is also the problem that Larry is not totally converted. He buys twenty-five-cent reproductions of famous paintings at the Metropolitan Museum.

"Larry's strictly a Rembrandt type," Scull said. "He thinks Rosenquist is great, but he thinks Rembrandt's portrait of Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer is greater. I say to him, 'Larry, it isn't a CONtest.'"

Despite Larry's classical leanings, Scull said that "the whole family is deeply involved in pop art." Mrs. Scull's involvement does not appear wholly voluntary. "I've learned to live with it," she says, "but I still get an occasional shock--like when he brought the brain home." The brain is a wax sculpture by Robert Morris that looks very much like the real thing as it reposes on a shelf in the library.

But the work that dominates the library is the one that involves Mrs. Scull most deeply. It is Warhol's famous portrait of her, which is nine feet wide by eight feet tall. As every good student of the pop folklore knows, Warhol brought Mrs. Scull to a penny arcade on Broadway, took hundreds of 3-for-25¢ pictures of her, enlarged thirty-five, and experimented with them in different colors and patterns. The finished work was so big that it had to be assembled on the Sculls' wall.

"People come all the way from Europe to look at 'the great portrait,'" says Scull, as delighted as most husbands aren't with the painting that they have commissioned of their wives.

In the picture Mrs. Scull was literally a creature of infinite variety, and the work as a whole was alive and gay -- far gayer, in fact, than the real Ethel Scull, who also happened to be in the library that day. She was making a few morning phone calls, like any other housewife, and it seemed unfair to me -- as it probably did to her -- that she had



Bob Adelman

ROBERT SCULL

to compete with thirty-five other versions of herself, most of them highly vivacious, on the adjacent wall. Nevertheless the portrait has given her instant renown.

"Warhol took a cornball technique," Scull said, "and made one of the greatest portraits of our times. Psychologically he moved in and focused on a person and apprehended her personality, and it's been a long time since any artist did that. There's been nothing like it since Ingres."

Warhol later used the same technique to compose portraits of Jacqueline Kennedy and other eminent folk, and he even did a cover for "Time," which is about as pop as pop art can get. Thus in only a few years Scull saw the movement that he helped to propel come, if not full circle, at least fairly far around. He commissioned an original portrait in 1963 by one of the pioneer artists of the pop school, a portrait that has been justly hailed as brilliant. Yet in 1965 the artist's imitation of his own idea -- almost a parody of his own idea -- was printed seven million times on a magazine and displayed on every newsstand in America. To be an avant-garde collector in the current art world is no easy task so quickly does the avant merge into the derriere.

Scull at least had his inning -- and, as a matter of fact, he is still playing the game. He seemed to me to be having the time of his life, and I felt that he was entitled to ride the bandwagon as far as it would go. After all, he was one of the first people who constructed it.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton G. Tremaine are listed in the Manhattan telephone directory, at 563 Park Avenue, but that is where their accessibility ends. Mr. Tremaine told me on the phone that he and his wife want no publicity. When I made a second request for an interview, a secretary said that the Tremaines had left instructions that I was not to call again. My impression was of an old and conservative couple. So I kept my distance and put some questions to them by mail. These Mrs. Tremaine answered in a long and interesting letter.

She said that she has been collecting art since the 1930's, and that her husband began a decade later. No important movement of the twentieth century seems to have eluded them. Their vast collection includes all the major European schools and English artists; their American collection starts in 1926 with the early works of painters like O'Keeffe, Marin

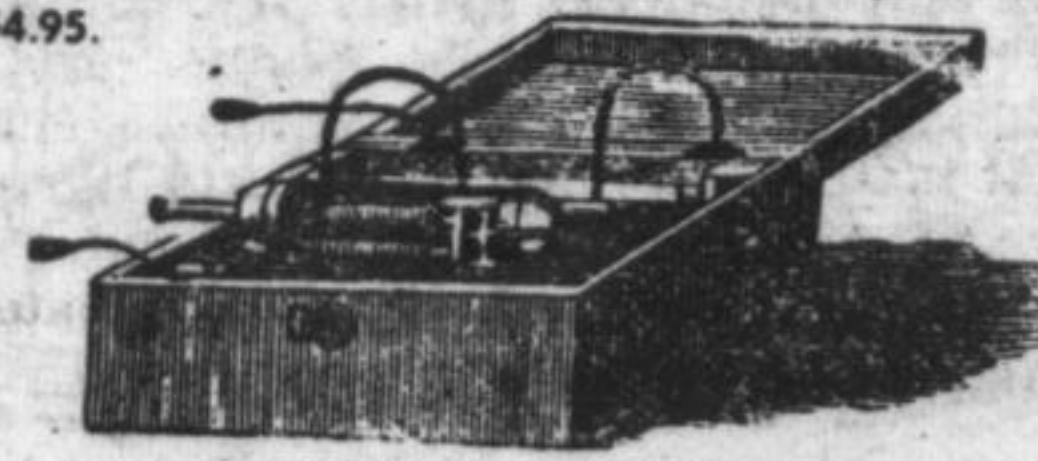
and Kuniyoshi, and it proceeds in depth through the abstract expressionists and into artists like Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns. Thus it was no accident that when the first ripples of pop art came along they saw it as part of a long historical pattern and not as something freakish. The year was 1961, and the work that caught their eye was Oldenburg's "7 Up."

"We were attracted to it," Mrs. Tremaine wrote, "because although it seemed based in abstract expressionist techniques, the '7 Up' image was a startling innovation. We felt that it might be pointing to a different approach -- that here an artist was painting what he saw as well as what he felt." They bought "7 Up" and asked if they could visit Oldenburg's studio.

Gradually, I formed a composite picture of the pop art collectors. They were not the johnny-come-latelies that I had preconceived. On the contrary, they had been buying art for ten to thirty-five years, and when pop art came along they had the educated eye to see it as the newest wave in a long and increasingly unclear stream. The works that they bought so inexpensively have since become the old masters, in great demand for exhibitions here and abroad. This has put the owners in an almost curatorial position. But they are generous stewards of their trust, constantly sending the works off like children bound for boarding school, worrying about them while they are away.

Except for Mrs. Tremaine, the pop art collectors are men, and though they claim to have converted their wives, they have done it mainly by overwhelming the home, that traditionally feminine domain, with these big and masculine works. Now middle-aged or older, they identify the pop movement with their children's generation. To own these works, they feel, is to stay young. All of them believe that pop art is important, that its subject matter does not destroy its aesthetic value, and that it will take a firm place in the history of modern art. But as collectors they have already pushed on to new forms, or, if not, they assume that they eventually will.

William K. Zinsser, humorist, social commentator and much-published freelance writer, originally wrote the foregoing article (which has been slightly condensed) for Life magazine which didn't use it. Recently it was included in Zinsser's sixth book, "Pop Goes America" published by Harper & Row, \$4.95.



AN ORDINARY ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINE.

Defeat the Democrats!

By Alan Dutscher

No matter what your political persuasion, if you agree that America has no business in Vietnam, that it is not worth the loss of a single American life, then you should work to DEFEAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY in the Fall elections.

Only a decisive, smashing defeat of the Democratic Party, which is creator and executor of the stupid, barbaric policy in Vietnam, can influence events in the near future.

A non-ideological coalition of people, whether they be "rightists", "leftists", or "centrists", alone can force the Johnson cabal to withdraw American troops, "advisors", weapons and CIA agents. Such a coalition must take for its immediate-practical task that of working actively for the DEFEAT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Obviously, a presidential election would be a far better vehicle for such a purpose than Congressional elections. Nevertheless, we must work with opportunities available. To delay serious electoral activity for two years in order to seize upon the "ideal" situation (which, it can be easily predicted, will not be "ideal" anyway) is to reconcile oneself to the useless slaughter of many thousands more.

The slogan "DEFEAT THE DEMOCRATS" is negative. In this case, the negative is positive. At any rate it is the essential precondition for positive development, in the same way that the "negative" idea of defeating the Redcoats was the precondition for the positive flowering of American independence.

If the slogan is DEFEAT THE DEMOCRATS, this will, in many areas of our country, mean voting for and working for the Republican party. In other areas, where genuine independents run, these are to be supported. By genuine independents we do not mean Reform Democrats. Johnson, with his colossal maw, has swallowed the Democratic Party whole -- reform tendency and all; Johnson is the Democratic Party and thus it is the latter which must be repudiated lock, stock, and barrel. It must be honestly recognized that the main practical-positive effect of supporting independents would be that of drawing votes from the Democratic Party.

If this results in Republican victories, this will be interpreted as a call for change. For the Republicans, as the opposition, betoken (if they are not representatives of real) change. The hand that delivers the slap to Johnson may be unclear in itself, but the effect of the slap will be the same: it will be felt unmistakably, it will be heard unmistakably, and its raise d'etre will not be misunderstood.

The foreign policy pursued by America is Johnson's policy. And it is the chief architect of this policy and his contractors and sub-contractors (pre-eminently the Democratic Party) who must be repudiated. Nor is it important that the Democratic Party at large does not make policy; that the latter is made by Johnson and a tiny, wilful clique. The point is that the Democratic Party (America's traditional war party) have not disowned this policy of their boss (certainly the Kennedys have not done this). At most, a few individuals among them murmur faint misgivings over particular excesses. More often, these equivocal misgivings are uttered in private ("brave souls"), rather than in public; are uttered to a few, chosen friends, or if given to reporters, are not for attribution. Or, like the Kennedys, a few Democrats make contradictory & essentially meaningless statements concerning A. the "necessity" for "discussing" with Hanoi; B. the need for "negotiations" (as though Johnson does not endlessly claim to be ready to negotiate provided "certain preconditions" which constantly change in order to preclude negotiation, are met); C. the need for cessation of bombing the North (the South doesn't count, apparently); D. Or, a variant of this -- a ceasefire (as though there had not been a ceasefire last Christmas, which Johnson used to make political capital of & thereafter, escalate the war.

None of this constitutes meaningful division over Vietnam within the Democratic Party. These are at best differences without distinction or distinctions without difference -- relating to the tempo, the emphasis, and the rhetoric of American intervention, not to its essence. The only substantively different position is that which calls for American withdrawal from Vietnam entirely.

It may be objected to the slogan DEFEAT THE DEMOCRATS that most Republicans are loyal oppositionists; that some have a position on Vietnam worse than that of Johnson. This objection manages to miss the point entirely. The Republicans have some among them who would lessen (Hatfield) and some who would intensify the war...but they, the Republicans, are not doing either. Johnson conducts the war. A huge Republican sweep in November would still leave Johnson in control of foreign policy, but would make clear that this policy is the policy of a clique, a cabal.

It is the huge Democratic victory of '64 which enables Johnson to do what he wishes now. A huge defeat in '66 would tend to make him more accountable. To repeat: it is Johnson (the Democratic Party) which is actually conducting the war; it is, thus, Johnson (the Democratic Party) which must be defeated. What the Republicans say about the conduct of the war is a

second matter, compared to what Johnson does.

What they say is contradictory, because, among other reasons, they are uncertain of popular feeling. That feeling must be made unmistakably clear in the fall. When, if, and as the feeling is made clear by a crushing defeat of the Democrats -- then a change may result, in Vietnam. Certainly not before. It doesn't really matter what the Republicans say now; it is solely a matter of what they will do given a mandate under changed circumstances produced by a huge vote in their favor in the fall.

not at all for the real poor in America -- the Negroes, Mexicans, Indians, Puerto Ricans) and higher and higher wages. To maintain both, at a time of accelerating automation and pressure from the underprivileged for jobs & indeed well-paid trade-union jobs, it is "necessary" to go to war.

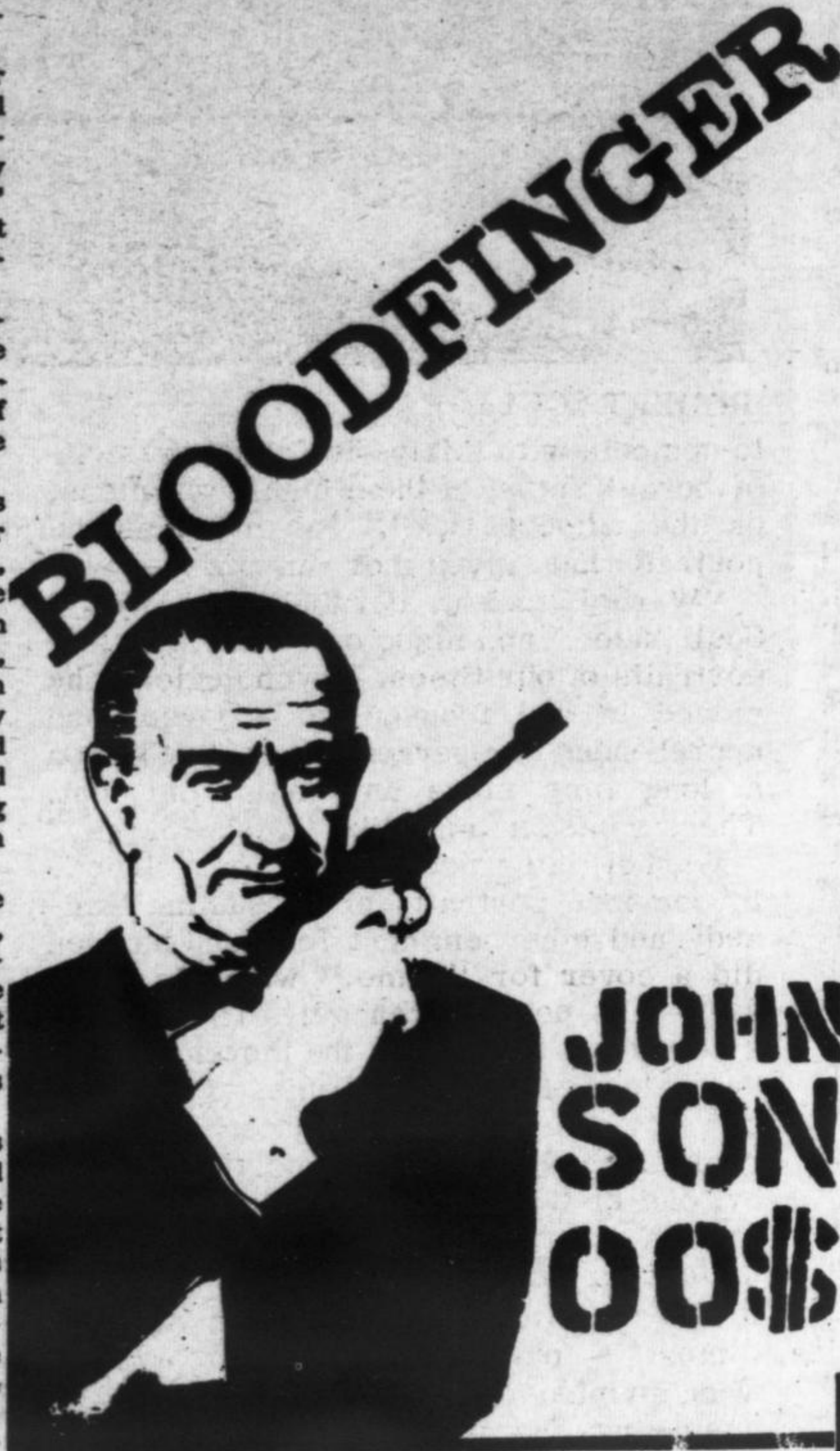
The Republicans by contrast have less of a vested interest in "full employment", which, far from being a traditional business objective, usually translates into annoying labor and materials shortages, rampant inflation, government intervention on every side, with the threat of price-control and excess profits tax always in the wings. Naturally, life is full of contradictions: the Republicans, too, are getting rich from this war. But for some elements of business, the good profits would have been there anyway -- even without the war-generated straining-to-capacity, price and dividend instability, endless wage demands & the problems posed by the need to use unskilled labor, and obsolete machinery in order to squeeze out every ounce of production.

In any event, there is little doubt that the tremendous support given Johnson by business in the '64 election was due to the saber-rattling of Goldwater. Businessmen do not consciously seek war. However, they were taken in by the rhetoric just as others were. Perhaps someday they will learn that the Democratic Party makes war, while the Republicans talk war.

There is much more that could be said in the same vein. But our slogan is not, after all, "Support the Republicans", it is DEFEAT THE DEMOCRATS. A lasting solution to the social problem can only come from independent social action -- not from either major party. But independent action is not in the cards, in the immediate future. Meanwhile Vietnamese are being killed in droves and Americans in small but increasing lots. One must, in conscience, seek to use available opportunities to end the useless slaughter.

On the order of the day is the need to splinter, break up, reduce the colossal power of the Democrats, the war party. The need for traditional checks and balances, for even a better formal distribution of power. The Senate, Congress generally, is so far unwilling to intervene to assert its constitutional privilege of exercising control over the conduct of foreign policy. It permits the president to dishonor his oath of office by making war without a Congressional declaration of war. If the president's party is very badly mauled in November, tacit permission granted the executive to act as aggressor all over the world might be terminated.

In any event, entirely too much power is in the hands of a cabal. The aggressive executive must be checked. To do this, the Democratic Party must be badly defeated in November. This is our practical task. Thereafter, we must continue to insist on immediate and unconditional withdrawal in Vietnam.



What makes the Democrats aggressors? It is difficult to respond categorically. For one thing, the Democratic Party is tied absolutely to a policy of "full employment". As we all know, the only way to achieve "full employment" is to maintain & enlarge the war economy. --And, periodically to go to war. Because, since Roosevelt's time, the Democratic Party cannot tolerate, politically, depression or recession -- it is forced to make war. The Democratic Party is closely allied to the trade-union bureaucracy, than which there is no more super-chauvinistic stratum ("God help anyone who speaks to the "workers of closing down war-industries."). Indeed, the Democratic Party, under Roosevelt, sired the modern industrial union in America -- & the union, in turn, underwrites the party. The Union is interested in "full employment" (for the stratum which pays dues, which is already organized; characteristically it cares

"The only proper course, today, is to demand the unconditional withdrawal of all American troops, "advisors", weapons and CIA agents immediately. All talk of "negotiations", "discussions", who is "right" and who is "wrong", what might happen if American soldiers leave, is completely beside the point. What is happening is that colored people are being slaughtered in a war not of their making. Nothing worse can happen to them. *Peace, democracy, security do not exist in any degree for the masses of Vietnam in the south. They are in the grip of a brutal, terrorizing foreign power, the United States.

That Ho is a little fascist, and Communist China a slave society is true, but irrelevant. The people of South Vietnam wish to be free of foreign control & foreign control is American control. Their struggle for national liberation is as natural as breathing & they would obviously be fighting American imperialism even if Ho had never existed. Such are the undoubted verities of the situation. All other "theories" are hogwash, & all conjectures concerning the degree to which Ho controls the Vietcong irrelevant.

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in the Psychedelic Age

By Joel Meltz

As I watched the darkening sky in shocked amazement, the two UFO's (unidentified flying objects) sped toward one another rapidly. Although it was impossible to estimate the size of the objects -- they were visually identical to ordinary stars, which appear in two dimensions only -- it was clear that they possessed enormous velocity, for they needed only about ten seconds to sweep across a quarter of the zodiac. It was soon made clear that they were also capable of an astonishing maneuverability. As they drew closer and closer to the point of imminent collision, they changed in apparent color from bright white to light red, and then, weirdly enough, began to spiral around each other. This continued for perhaps fifteen seconds, and then the UFO's gradually drifted away from each other. Suddenly the objects took off for parts unknown, probably traveling at top speed. As the energy level of the UFO's engines climbed through the red shift, the objects once again evinced rapid changes in color and vanished quickly. I knew then that I had seen something in operation that had been made somewhere other than on this earth, for the technical abilities of even our most advanced spacecraft fall quite short of that demonstrated by the UFO's. That technical skill had been demonstrated to me once before, in the summer of 1957, when I and several others camping in the Berkshire Mountains in Massachusetts saw, night after night, groups of UFO's wheeling around in formation. Again, they looked like stars, and performed fantastic stunts of maneuverability, such as sudden turns at right angles. Both sighting episodes were also witnessed by others, who later confirmed my own recollections in every detail. Therefore, I find it necessary, as a point of basic intellectual honesty, to take account of the fact that intelligent life from outer space has arrived. Consider: life is easily generated in many different chemical environments, and there are many stars with planets that have chemistries virtually identical to our own. If life on earth progressed from primordial protein molecule to moon rockets in a couple of billion years, isn't it rational to assume that somewhere in the infinite universe something similar is happening -- or has happened? And when there are thousands of credible incidents of sightings of extremely peculiar and consistent aerial phenomena reported in a period of twenty years, the very twenty years that have brought mankind to the brink of space travel, isn't the presence of extra-terrestrial life the only logically acceptable assumption? The individuals who made the following statements would agree that it is. Dr. Herman Oberth, the grand old man of German rocketry, said: "Flying saucer come from distant worlds". Air Chief Marshall, Lord Dowding, who headed the Royal Air Force during World War II, said: "Of course the flying saucers are real -- and they are interplanetary". Albert M. Chop, deputy public relations director for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, wrote: "I've been convinced for a long time that the flying saucers are interplanetary. We are being watched by beings from outer space." Professor Claudio Anguila, director of the Cerro Can Observatory in Santiago, Chile: "There is scientific evidence that strange objects are circling our planet. It is lamentable that governments have a veil of secrecy around this matter." Rear Admiral Delmar Fahrney, USNR: "Unidentified flying objects are entering



our atmosphere at very high speeds and obviously under intelligent control. We must solve this riddle without delay." The Hon. John McCormick, Speaker of the House, wrote: "I feel that the Air Force has not been giving out all the available information on the Unidentified Flying Objects. You cannot disregard so many unimpeachable sources." Dr. Walter Reidel, noted German rocket expert, states flatly: "I'm convinced that saucers have an out-of-world basis."

It is becoming increasingly clear that the governments of the leading western nations are acting in cooperation conspiracy to keep the true facts about the saucers hidden. Our own Air Force, which has been seriously investigating the UFO's since 1947, has practiced a systematic and wholesale deception in the matter, involving control of the press, bribery and coercion of individuals, and much outright lying.

In 1955 a UFO reportedly crashed near Spitzbergen, Norway. The Norwegian government was quoted as saying that they had found a flying saucer, badly damaged, but recognizably extra-terrestrial in origin. Colonel Gernod Darnbyl of the Norwegian Air Force stated: "It has -- this we wish to state emphatically -- not been built by any country on earth. The materials used in its construction are completely unknown to all experts who participated in the investigation." An extensive report would not be issued, in Colonel Darnbyl's words, "until some sensational facts have been discussed with US and British experts. We could reveal what we have found out, as misplaced secrecy might lead to panic."

The American and British policy of secrecy had been in effect for years, so that the Norwegians, knowingly or not, were in the strange position of asking both governments to reveal their own long-standing deception. Obviously, the Norwegians were silenced, probably by economic pressure. No report ever was issued. The incidents of the repression of the facts about saucer sightings by our

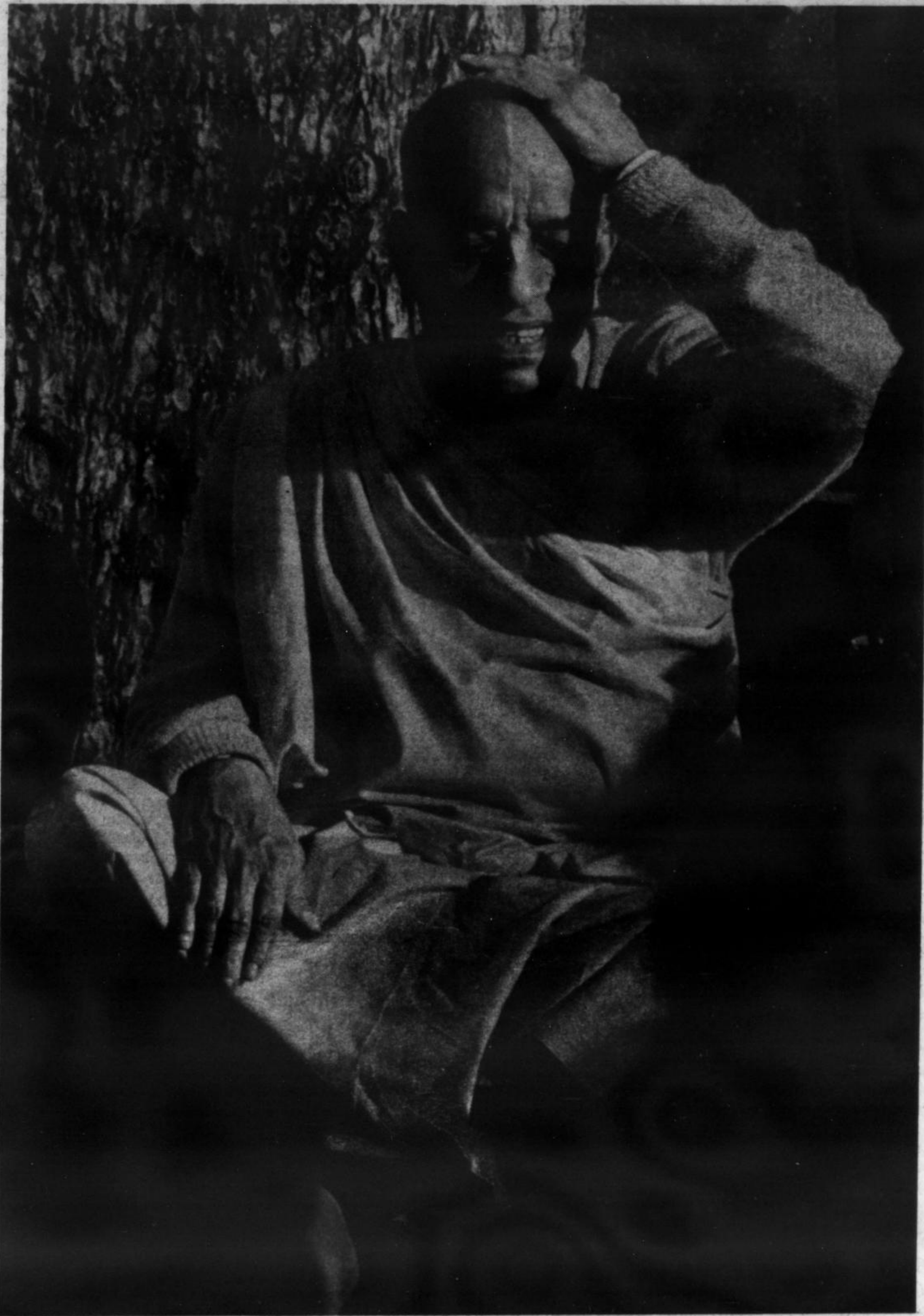
government are numbered in the thousands, and this clearly is another indication of the UFO's extra-territorial origin. Why, indeed, has the space program proceeded as slowly as it has? Certainly the cause is not lack of technical advancement. Our own government always reacts with a zealous and paranoiac hostility to any nation or fact that threatens in any way to overshadow America's omnipotence. Whatever is cruising around in those UFO's definitely has military superiority over every and all nation on earth. We are, in other words, theoretically subject at any future time to total control by a race that has come to us out of some unknown part of the universe for reasons and purposes that are equally unknown. The most significant single event in the history of mankind, the meeting of another form of intelligent life -- is clearly in sight. In view of this situation, the time has come for us of the psychedelic generation, we who are the inevitable inheritors of political control of society, to take cognizance of the situation.

To that end I am designing a special observatory for flying saucers in the East Village. The main purpose will be the recording and promulgation of unimpeachable photographic evidence of the existence and activities of the UFO's. Four movie cameras placed at different angles will be used simultaneously, in order to dispell the suspicion of doctored photography. The cameras will be operated by the staff of the Fifteenth Century Film Company, a locally-based center for psychedelic cinema. The lookout tower, flares, and alarm bell will be manned by volunteers who will vigil for a few hours each week, and a call for such volunteers, of any age and either sex, is issued herewith. Hot coffee and blankets will be supplied in the cooler months to come. Contact us care of this newspaper. But find us now, because the time has come for the truth to be known, and we are going to help make it so.



Joel Meltz is a composer, and conductor of the Psychedelic Jazz Consort.

Flying Saucers



By Irving Shushnick

Once upon a time, a bunch of theologians jumped a poor old man in a darkened church, bashed his head in, and left him for dead. The next morning, the press was running long obituaries which identified the corpse as being that of the late, beloved God. Some people, however, didn't believe the story so they went to the graveyard, secretly exhumed the corpse and, to their relief, found that it had all been a case of mistaken identity. For, reposing in glorious decomposition in the golden casket was not the body of God, but that of his PR man: organized religion.

At once, the good tidings swept across the wide world. "GOD LIVES!" became household words in the palaces of Popes and Presidents; politicians repromised Him to the poor. The Vatican Council, after having just recovered from the death of Christ, breathed a sigh of relief. Priests and ministers withdrew their resignations. Someone started a war. Everything was gonna be groovy again.

But where was God? No one could find Him. They chased a rumor to Argentina but found only six Dachau dykes selling Torahs in a jungle village. A full page ad in the New York Times, offer-

ing a reward for information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of God, and signed by Martin Luther King and Ronald Reagan, brought no response. People began to worry and wonder again. "God," said some people, "lives in a sugar cube." Others whispered that the sacred secret was in a cigarette.

But while this was all going on, an old man, one year past his allotted three-score and ten, wandered into New York's East Village and set about to prove to the world that he knew where God could be found. In only three months, the man, Swami A.C. Bhaktivedanta, succeeded in convincing the world's toughest audience -- bohemians, acidheads, potheads and hippies -- that he knew the Way to God: Turn Off, Sing Out and Fall In. This new brand of holy man, with all due deference to Dr. Leary, has come forth with a brand of "Consciousness Expansion" that's sweeter than acid, cheaper than pot and non-bustable by fuzz. How is this all possible? "Through Krishna," the Swami says.

For the cynical New Yorker, living, visible, tangible proof of this can be found at 26 Second Avenue (between 1st and 2nd Streets) any Monday, Wednesday and Friday night between 7 and 9 p.m. when

the sounds of cymbals, drums, bells, voices, harmonium and the innards of an old piano waft across the slums of the East Village like incense. One glance through the storefront window reveals the Swami seated on his dais leading "Kirtan" surrounded by some 30 young, barefoot disciples who sing, dance, chant and listen to his lectures on the Gita, the principal scripture of Hinduism handed down some 5,000 years ago by Sri Krishna, an incarnation of God. Sitting crosslegged in his golden robes, the swarthy complexioned Swami tells his followers in a soft voice that "Krishna is everything." "We see now His maya," he says, "His illusory energy which is the entire material universe. Krishna is behind this. He supports everything. But this material universe is full of suffering. Let us return to Krishna's true abode, His spiritual universe. It is His spiritual kingdom that is eternal."

Many of the Swami's new disciples, who include Allen Ginsberg, feel that the Swami's greatest contribution is the "Kirtan," a form of meditation which leads to consciousness expansion. The uniqueness of the "Kirtan" lies in the fact that it is a rhythmic, hypnotic 16-word chant ("Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama, Rama, Hare Hare") sung for hours on end to the accompaniment of hand clapping, cymbals and beels.

"The Kirtan," says the Swami, "is as natural as the cry of a child for its mother. It is a meditation of body and spirit through the senses. It is feeling the presence of God and crying out to Him for help."

One of the Swami's disciples confessed, "I started chanting to myself, like the Swami said, when I was walking down the street: Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama, Rama, Hare, Hare over and over, and suddenly everything started looking so beautiful, the kids, the old men and women...even the creeps looked beautiful...to say nothing of the trees and flowers. It was like I'd taken a dozen doses of LSD. But I knew there was a difference. There's no coming down from this. I can always do this, anytime, anywhere. It's always with you."

"Everybody's trying to get high and stay there," another young disciple stated. "Everybody's looking for an exalted state of consciousness, a way to flip out and stay out. But there's something bringing you back to the old miserable routine. Not with this. This has a snowballing effect. You can chant your way right into eternity." "Into eternity...and beyond," the Swami adds.

The cosmic or expanded consciousness, called "Krishna Consciousness" by the Swami, is an awareness of a soul present within the body. "It is also," he preaches, "the same awareness of life as when taking LSD. It is partly the constant awareness of the Lord living in all things -- in the insects, and animals, in the earth, in buildings and sidewalks, cars and machinery, and in men, and in the sun and boundless universe. It is the state of bliss and of love in all life."

After Turning Off and Singing Out his disciples in this way, the Swami makes everyone Fall In to a special diet which forbids the ingestion of coffee, tea, meat, eggs and cigarettes, to say nothing of marijuana, LSD, alcohol and illicit sex. The energetic old man maintains that the human body requires only natural, healthy food products, such as grains, fruits, vegetables and milk. His students seem to agree.

The Swami met his first guru (teacher) in India in 1922 and was instructed to spread the way of Krishna in the Western world. Last year he came to America and, after a stay in the Philadelphia area, he travelled to New York and succeeded in establishing his society called The International Society for Krishna Consciousness. In addition to handling the affairs of the Society, lecturing, and conducting meetings, he works on a mammoth project involving an English translation of the Bhagavad-Gita, the principal scripture of Hinduism, and a proposed 60-volume edition of the Srimad Bhagavatam. These, in addition to his newspaper "Back to Godhead," establish the Swami as a leading exponent of the philosophy of Personalism, which holds that the one God is a person but that His form is spiritual. "Since man is part and parcel of the Supreme," says the Swami, "he can come to know something of God through self-knowledge. It is like gaining knowledge of the ocean by inspection of one drop of its water."

The Swami, whose title means one who is master of the senses, is quick to point out that his Society is not a religion seeking converts. "There is one God," stated the Swami, "and I bring my students here not to convert them to Him, but simply to convince them. I do not seek to change any man's religious practice."

In order to convince more people that the Way is through Krishna Consciousness, the Swami and his followers have begun to sing the "Kirtan" in Tompkins Square Park every Sunday afternoon. There, in the shadow of Hoving's Hill, God lives in a trance-like dance and chant.

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ART
By Lil Picard

Madison Avenue and 57 Street manipulations and operations with overwhelming vitality produce every few weeks a new trick and kick. Yes-Art, No-Art, Sex-Art, Pure-Art, Boutique-Art, Neon-Art, Love-Art, Hate-Art, Provo-Art, Destruction-Art, Nude-Art, Dress-Art, Pop-Middleclass-Art, snoring-glaring-shouting-whispering Art, and the very latest now "Engineering-Art."

Artists today are infatuated with machines, science, new technology. The gadgets of electronics, electricity, T.V., chemistry are becoming the subject matter they are working with; instead of using paint and canvases, now electronic vehicles, soon may be laser beams...

"Technology for Art's sake, with dancers floating through space, sound transformed into white noise, a performance in total darkness, yet seen by the audience", this is all taking place in nine evenings in a "dynamic fusion of music, painting, dance, film, television and advanced technology." Artists participating in this new adventure which takes place in the old 69th Regiment Armory, where 53 years ago Marcel Duchamps Nude danced down a cubistic painted staircase and caused an Art-riot--are Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Whitman, John Cage, David Tudor with dancers Lucinda Childs, Alex Hay, Deborah Hay and Yvonne Rainer. All well known for years from their work, mostly performed in the Judson Memorial Church, Cinematheque and other underground places.

Co-ordinator is Billy Kluver, a Bell Telephone laboratory technician who has put technology to work for such dozens of artists in the past few years.

This kind of non-cruelty-theater-mechanics will in the future revolutionize the arts, so it seems to me. In 10 to 15 years paintbrushes and canvases may be outdated and obsolete, because technical instruments will be so much more fantastic and exciting. I see no difference what media an artist prefers to use, as long as the result is the creation of a new-felt, pulsating, vibrating form. Never mind what it will be called. I often wonder why one can't change the three letters ART also, as long as we change, and our life and our times change constantly.

All this sex-erotic, non sex and non-erotic, liked and disliked, popical and square-middleclass, eccentric and plastic machine-happy arty-doings of beautiful people, half-phony, half earnest, massproduced, neon-lighted, slick happiness never stops. They are rushing from 77 Street to Pier 81, a Happening is going on, don't miss the boat, they are shooting a film, and they all go, the boys from Max's Kansas City, the happeners, the ladies who do things with dresses from pawnshops, the paraphernalia-chicks in silver stockings and tight tunic-miniskirts: What's going on baby?

The button of the night reads: "I am a young Jazz Immortal." They wait around, comfortably huddled together in their little art cliques, drinks and food are gobbled up with animal-speed, and after many hours they do a Happening: Destruction of dozen window display mannequins. The Art girls and the Art-boys are having a great time tearing at the legs of the dolls, ripping the hands from the arms, the heads from the shoulders, wrapping legs around shoulders. Live blondes are holding the torn-off smiling heads of mannequins, like trophies. Legs are thrown in the dark waters of the Hudson River. They smash the world to pieces by mutilating dolls. Allen Ginsberg peaceful angel of poetry rings Hindu bells.

"I make things to seduce myself. All things in life are erotic even death; perhaps my eyes are erotic

covered with rainbow-colored wool yarn and millions of pins. Samaras' media are pins, knives, steel-things, pointed sharp glass instruments, razorblades, but also soft warm things like wool, cotton, and glittering jewels. He builds boxes, chests, cubes filled with harmonica shapes, oriental phantasies are alive in the jewelled surfaces of drawers embedded with all kinds of tiny glittering substances. This is the surreal world, a perverse kitchen, where Samaras is engaged with most personal ideas; his self, his dreams, his fears, his anxieties--and in this season of wit he is giving us with the real artists' patience perfect objects as votives. To guard us against death and the cruelties of life.

Other artists have left humanity completely, emerging with the feedback computer tricks or with the machine-shop geometry of monumental symphonies. Black ziggurats, white pyramids, gray magnetic fields, notepaper leaves, white canvasses, black canvasses, gray medieval wall-parts. "Ten", is the title of a show at the Dwan Gallery, where ten artists of the reductive architectural engagement exhibit their pure works of manufactured perfection. Go and see it. You either love it or decide it's not Art....

Geometrical Abstractions are also alive in the "Four Directions" exhibition at the A M Sachs Gallery on Madison Avenue. No-feeling art for a No-feeling existence....

With multi-media, the new technology-artists take wings. The "wing-idea" is obvious in new work by sculptor Lee Bontecou at the Castelli Gallery. Her design-drawings in black and white washes are done to perfection, depicting details of strange spacecraft, space-machines, wings, motors, medieval shapes, but always things having to do with speed....Opening in November: the new Ferns-Pace gallery on La Cienega Blvd. in Los Angeles.



Box #35 by Lucas Samaras

organs or I'm drugged by my own internal juices," says Lucas Samaras in the Pace Gallery's beautiful \$2.50 Catalogue (done by Lawrence Alloway and printed by the Gallery. This show is maybe the best at this moment in New York. It exposes not only Samaras' private preoccupations, thoughts, feelings, it also exposes him as a great artist of relentless truth and powerful imagination, a craftsman of super-perfection, a poet, a dreamer. Look at his boxes, his mirrored torture-chamber of endlessness, infinite repetitions of ones self, you and you and I and I and I again and again, skyscraper-high, ocean-deep, never ending our own image in cold icy glass mirrors, looking looking, Alice in Wonderland in her little morror room-box with a seatless chair and a topless table, so unreal and here realized in actual factual construction of a chair form, a table form. These are Samaras' dream things, chairs not to sit on, but to see and read like a concrete poem, chairs on a slant,

"Spare Parts" gives a kick with hidden images in a printed lithographic photographic Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha way, many words and witty slogans, a collage taken from ads, magazines, photos of nude boys on checkered background, laughing beauties and "how brutally the legend is changing" says CHARLES HENRI FORD in his New View Book (Horizon Press) 160 pages of a 850 numbered edition on view from Oct. 20 on at Brentano's bookplace on 5th Avenue. "Look for the hidden images, new Pop tarts, instant load adventures four times a day in goof proof fury, in a new Ford pick up," (quotations from the poetic text of Charles Henri's \$30 colorful album assembled and printed in Greece.) It's a book-happening for collage-friends print-lovers and book-collectors, real fun in print and color.

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TV Blackout

by Dick Preston

From the printing of the Gutenberg Bible to the TV Network of 1966 the sponsors of mass communication have had one avowed aim -- that of contributing to man's enlightenment.

And this they profess to believe in spite of a history of censorship, repression, the increasingly monopolistic practices of the Establishment's power over the news media and in the face of an overall increase in man's inhumanity to man.

At best its results seem to be negative...at the worst, contrary. There has always been somebody with their finger in the communications pie. If it isn't the church it's the state and if it isn't the state it's the forces behind it -- those of the Establishment. And in our society, curiously enough, the finger is always white.

In the spring of this year a small film crew from National Educational Television, under the direction of Jack Willis, left New York to make a film (called "Lay My Burden Down") on the current state of the South and to note any changes that have been made since the Selma-to-Montgomery march. It is a good film by network standards and a particularly good one for NET whose documentaries are generally like icebergs -- cold, nine-tenths words and one-tenth visual. The film, shot in Alabama and Mississippi, deals with the life of the rural negro...the cycle of debt with which the white has entrapped both the tenant farmer and the sharecropper alike...their daily frustrations... their small dreams...their slow political awakening.

After the film had been edited, a commentary written by Willis was recorded by a narrator. Played against the film it didn't seem right. The narrator's voice -- one of those nice cool detached ones which in many a previous film has made pure nonsense seem like the essence of logic -- just didn't work here. It needed a voice that was a little stronger -- one which could kindle a little warmth into the fact-filled narration which NET seems to demand as the essence of its "educational" programs.

Without any premonition of disaster, Willis contacted Ossie Davis. Davis saw the film, liked it and a narration by him was subsequently recorded. This time it was the right voice and it added immeasurably to the film as a whole.

Now it is normal procedure in the networks for a final OK on a film to be given by a representative of management. In this instance it was NET's Vice President of Programming William Kobin.

On seeing the film his decision was immediate and final. Ossie Davis's voice must go. It was his opinion that Davis's "dialect" would harm the film editorially. "We cannot have a negro voice

editorialising," he said, at the same time admitting that "the voice is very good and it helps the film dramatically." He thought the Davis-read narration would "elicit an emotional and not a rational response," and he spoke at some length on the fact that some affiliates were being very selective about the programs they were taking and this in turn led to the new chestnut of white backlash.

Willis suggested that it might be better to lose some stations and perhaps gain a larger audience. Kobin disagreed and felt that they would lose both audience and stations. "With a negro voice," he said, "the film loses its objectivity, it sounds like a negro reporting that the whites are screwing us down here."

And so Ossie Davis got the ax. A couple of days later the same narration was recorded again with the previous narrator.

The thesis of Willis's film was that in spite of federal legislation and civil rights action, the southern white is as adamant as ever in his thwarting of the negro in his fight for self-determination.

The conclusion which can be drawn from NET's censoring of Ossie Davis's voice is that in the north the white establishment is equally adamant.

Leroi Jones and Stokely Carmichael are absolutely right. The white liberal is not a brother revolutionary but just the northern version of the great white father. In the name of expediency he has sacrificed his principles on the altar of Jim Crow. The phrases he vomits are fine and noble but his actions say, "Nigger, you can sing, you can dance, but don't speak a word unless you clear it with me first."

If the establishment was really interested in EDUCATION (and by education I mean the dissemination of the kind of knowledge which gives a perspective



Ossie Davis

on the common humanity of all people of all races) they would tell their viewing audience that they are first human beings and the fact that they happen to be American or Russian, black or white is of a purely regional interest only.

If NET was really interested in education they would do a program on the proper understanding of Black Power.

But the white liberal executives run from these words and take refuge behind the white backlash slogan, which is, I suspect, an image of their alter-ego.

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sanfrancisco

By Norman Moser

Flowers spelled out the name M-a-t-h-e-w J-o-h-n-s-o-n this week in San Francisco, and a crude monument made of rocks marked the spot where he fell, shot by Officer Alvin Johnson on "suspicion" of operating a stolen automobile. The monument is appropriate. Monuments are often used on battlefields.

For that is what the Hunters Point area, and briefly the Fillmore district, were last week in what the local press described as a riot. Another battle completed, ending as usual in a stalemate for both sides, another skirmish finished. That is what San Francisco's riot was. It was mild in comparison to Watts. But then, our largest ghetto, the Fillmore, is a nursery-schoolground compared to Watts, Chicago's Southside and certain parts of Harlem.

And the thing the white establishment doesn't seem to understand is that the war is only beginning. Having won some battles (or at least not completely lost them) on less violent fronts -- I refer to legal rulings and gains in fair housing practices in some areas -- the Negroes aren't about to turn tail. The battle began with the astonishing sit-ins conducted in the South by the courageous Negro generation of the fifties. More and more people become concerned in this and many other issues every day, and they are not limited to Negroes, the youth all over the world pulling their elders along by their snouts to show them where the action is.

Alvin didn't mean to shoot the other Johnson, he said. What did he mean to do then, with his gun waving and just happening to go off, just as the officer's did in Los Angeles in arresting a man speeding to the hospital with his pregnant wife? Probably meant to piss on him if he could get close enough.

The basic action in this battle everybody knows: a young man was shot, riots broke out which lasted on and off for two days, curfews were lifted on the fifth day, the brass panicking and 2000 National Guardsmen standing by etc. etc.

San Francisco's image has been badly damaged by racial violence, said Cyril Magnin, Chamber of Commerce president and member of a wealthy local family. "It has hurt San Francisco nationally, especially for a city which has the reputation it enjoys... in the area of racial harmony," he said. He felt confident that the rioting involved only a fraction of "what we consider a highly responsible Negro community." But when asked why he hadn't implemented employment programs before the riots, he replied he certainly wasn't ashamed of his actions in the matter.

The rioting itself was almost more even-tempered than people's reactions. Mayor Shelley, for instance, came through with a rousing speech indicting labor unions for their hiring practices. Some Negro leaders raised charges against police action during the riots, and there were indications police did panic some at times, waving shotguns a bit too soon and indiscriminately and riding shotgun with backdoor wide open, 6 to a car, according to witnesses.

"Let's get the cops into the anti-poverty program too," said Dick Gregory, here performing at a top night-spot. "You can't expect underpaid incompetents to deal justly with the nation's number one social problem." Gregory had nothing but praise for the city's handling of the affair, including the press and the citizenry. It was a "model riot," said Gregory, "...compared to the bigotry and blindness of other cities, this honesty is really something." Gregory was supported by most Negro leaders.

There was support in Haight-Ashbury too. (Haight-Ashbury equal, roughly, to East Village; has large mixed population, curfews imposed there too.) On the second day of the riots 92 mostly white freaks, heads, artists, students, etc. gathered themselves near Golden Gate park and bravely started down Haight St. in the general direction of the Fillmore district some dozen blocks away, roused to the cause and shouting "Burn, baby, burn!" and "Cops are murderers!" They never got to the Fillmore. All 92 were arrested for curfew violation, inciting to riot and creating a public nuisance.

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by Allan Katzman

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC



America, a woman of instant and quick drying ideas; all that it takes to live in her is a ready-made mind. Taste no longer requires us to be reborn in her but is made in the image of the everyday and ordinary. She has become like her technology "the knack of so arranging the world that we don't have to experience her." It is an image which is deceiving for in reality she is not creative but constructive.

Her culture, which is best represented by "Pop Art", truly an "American Creation", can be likened to car wax. It makes something new again but does not renew. There is definitely a material gain but it has no "content" (soul). It is something for everyone and something everyone can do -- in three easy lessons. Rather than an uplifting there is a kind of deleveling; a process of an "art" which reflects a world where a Jesus is no better than a Johnson.

This type of "art world" is encircled by gutter-snakes and encrusted by a thick layer of HIP (a Higher Intellectual Patrol which polices the mind and soul of a culture and arrests ignorance in the guise of unhappiness.) It is a world where anything can be Given -- especially at the moment of disintegration. I remember once, when walking into a friend's house, I was startled in seeing a Brillo box on a pedestal. I then committed the gross unhappiness of asking, "What's a Brillo box doing on a pedestal in the middle of your living room?" He inquisitively replied, "Why, it's an Andy Warhol Brillo Box!" For what seemed like an eternity, my six years of training on the lower east side and my purification by fire on the front lines of the "art scene" in uptown hideaways stared at me like I was the fool. I foolishly replied, truly believing, "How unique," then unconsciously stuttered and revealed, "You know if you put it in the kitchen, it would disappear."

America like her art is a gimmick; an ordinary and everyday megalomania plus a dash of effort. She no longer requires reality to nourish her. She has flooded the world with "pseudo-events and images"; she has turned "newsgathering into news-making, transformed heroes into celebrities, become tourists instead of travelers, displaced real shapes by shadows, given up ideals for images." She has fallen in love with the constipation of the synthetic. She is one more blight on God's Kingdom. And all who share in her wealth, her literacy and progress, are merely her accomplices.

This harangue is not meant to punish anyone for when Justice is truly done, the world shall end. But rather, like Nathan before his David, I come, a critic before his audience, and I say to all of you -- like Nathan said to his King who refused to admit he did wrong -- "Thou Art The Man!" I bring light while others prefer to hide in shadows. If I disturb it is because what artists do is disturbing. I hope to once again bring a creative flow back to an "art world" which has become more of an image than an ideal.

MILLBROOK CHARGES DROPPED

Charges against Tim Leary, Fred and Nancy Swain, and Barry Kaplan, resulting from a raid on Leary's home in Millbrook, New York, have been DROPPED. Tim still faces a court battle over the Federal charge resulting from his arrest in Laredo. A date for the appeal trial has not been set.

Meanwhile Tim and others at Castalia have founded the LEAGUE FOR SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY, a religion based on the sacramental use of psychedelic substances and marijuana. They are applying to the New York Supreme Court for a declaratory judgment on whether it is legally permissible for members of the League to use these substances in sessions held in a particular place in their home, designated as a shrine. If the judgment is favorable, they could then proceed to hold such services without fear of arrest. For further information write Box 175, Millbrook, New York 12545.



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SLUM GODDESS



Ellen LaMann



Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

Andre Breton died a psycho-somatic death; they call it asthma. He was 70. That man was quite different from his legend, far more occult. It will take years to appraise the range of his artistic and human influence but none, not even his worst enemies, deny that his was one of the great revolutionary minds of the century. His failures were great, too; they were mistakes of the heart. When asked in 1948 what his hopes and fears were for the future he answered, "I believe we will soon come to the United States of the World."

Unlike those ex-surrealists who sold out to the cultural industry in exchange for power, like Aragon, or in exchange for money, like Dali, his intellectual integrity will remain for many of us (as well as for the next generations) an everlasting source of inspiration. It is no secret that, along with Bataille, 'oyce. 'rtaud, he was one of the main lighthouses of his time. I am not able at this point to paint a panoramic picture of his life and work; all I can say is: he was my friend for fifteen years. My vision of him is purely subjective, how could it be otherwise? The tremendous importance of his writings is itself eclipsed by the beauties of the man.

As an adolescent they had me in a reform school and very near suicide -- the darkness of that "social order" was too much to endure -- but his answer to an S.O.S. letter was the most illuminating gift from a poet of his caliber to a young man. Of course, later, we had our fights, mostly about revolutionary tactics, but never was the high-powered current of affect interrupted between us. As I walked around him at the hospital morgue -- with most of those who, in this damn country, ever wrote, painted or did anything worthwhile -- he was concentrating and didn't want to be disturbed. He was in the company of his peaceful deities, lit by the Bardo of Liberation.

The next day, he had changed. Not only had his beard grown slightly, he showed psychic pain, he had the horrors, he was burning at the stake. I kissed his forehead and fled in despair. Saturday, before the burial, I saw him for the last time. His peaceful deities had again taken over his body but, this time, he was gone. He was buried with the postcard of the aztec crystal skull (above) I had laid at his feet amidst the flowers. Someone later slipped the card in the chest pocket of his pyjama. He rests with his best friend, the poet Benjamin Peret, at the cimetiere des Batignolles. Along it runs the rue St. Just.

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psychephiladelphia

By Lou Dell

The Greater Philadelphia Psychedelic Center has been operating for a couple of months. Aside from being one of the only (if there ARE any others) outlets for EVO here, it's one of the few overt steps taken in this city to provide an easily-accessible gathering place for those who might roughly be called the "avant-garde." How long the GPPC will be permitted to last is an interesting question.

With little real activity here (e.g., active poets, little mags, etc.) by which to maintain an Underground rapport, I inadvertently learned of GPPC through the Daily News whose coverage abounded in the usual innocuous cliches -- "beatnik hangout," "bearded and sandaled," "mop-topped rebels," etc. -- and succeeded in revealing nothing of the facts.

Dropping by the next day, I met Grant Schaefer, the owner. Both he and his store were beyond reprimand in matters of taste, cleanliness, and sincerity. The first five minutes of my visit negated all the News had attempted to imply.

Among other things, I learned that the fuzz has been giving GPPC a hard time. Intimate with Philadelphia, I reacted with less than surprise.

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Some interesting, if not unfamiliar, specifics in-
volved were:

With Rockwell on the loose and napalm in demand, it may seem trivial to concern oneself with the state of LSD. Anyone with proximity to it, pot, and banned books, knows that laws, raids, and the like will do little to stop either interest or participation per se. For every individual busted for holding a joint or a sugar cube, a dozen others are elsewhere turning on or taking a trip. Still, it's discouraging to realize that these things MUST be done in secrecy. Discouraging in light of the fact that while rapists are free on bail, and syndicate members are buying their way in and out of indictments, some harmless cat is being subject to all kinds of bullshit simply because he was found smoking quietly in his pad.

It's especially disgusting to see a cat who's done nothing more than set up a place to TALK and buy gadgets (all of which are available at "respectable" gift stores) incessantly annoyed by beer-bellied moralists whose daughters are more than likely balling it up at some drive-in.

Whether GPPC will endure on legal grounds is only a fraction of the fundamental issue. The main question is: how far will "legal" harassment be permitted to go? The fact that the fuzz is only "checking" and doesn't intend to arrest anyone says little to justify what amounts in fact to an invasion of privacy. If a shopkeeper can't have the neighborhood kids in for a look around on "moral" grounds, certainly I can't allow MY neighbor's kid past MY door because I happen to have Henry Miller and De Sade in my bookcase. Grant Schaefer purveys no merchandise that is subject to age laws, nor do I. Likewise, the ideas likely to be encountered on the premises cannot be called subversive, criminal, or treasonable. So, considering all this, the police have as much justification for telling ME who I can and cannot have visit me as they do regarding GPPC. Of course, GPPC is a "store" and my dwelling is a house. But, at this point, it seems to make little difference to the fuzz.

At the rate things are going, the only way out of such messes will be NOT to set up stores per se. Everything will eventually have to be operated as a private dwelling, rather than registered as a business. Customers will be "guests" and sales will be enacted as "contributions" or personal debts. Even the kids next door can come in and be corrupted by handling a pack of Zig-Zag papers or, perhaps, looking through a copy of Siddhartha.

A police warning qua "friendly suggestion" resulted in the hanging of a sign stating something to the effect that: NO LSD, MARIJUANA, OR OTHER DRUGS (sic) ARE SOLD OR DISTRIBUTED ON THESE PREMISES.

Some neighborhood kids wandered in from time to time to peruse the incense-burners, kaleidoscopes, and other interesting items comprising GPPC's merchandise. The police "suggested" that such kids be prohibited from entering the store, lest a charge of "corrupting the morals of a minor" be brought up.

Health Laws were mentioned by the fuzz in regard to an intended serving of coffee to clientele...

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WHERE IT'S AT

Sat, Oct. 15
Carlos Montoya at Brooklyn Academy of Music (ST3-6700).

Oct. 16-20
Planned Parenthood Federation of America meets carefully in Roosevelt Hotel.

• Paul Horn Quintet at Shelley's Mannehole, Hollywood.

• Secret Penguin Party, black tie & shorts, Camp Lejeune, N.C., RSVP to C.B. Walsingham for free military transport.

• Joel Oppenheimer & Joel Sloman conduct poetry workshop (every Monday & Wednesday), 8:30 pm. St. Marks in the Bowerie Writing Project (for info call 982-8825).

Wed, Oct. 19
"Sex and Love in a Transient Personality": Dr. Harold Stone examines at Atelier East, 8:30 pm (\$1).

• Exhibition of New Japanese Painting and Sculpture: largest survey of recent avant-garde work ever shown outside Japan. Museum of Modern Art.

Thurs, Oct. 20
REAL CELESTIAL FREAK-OUT: Climax of ORIANID Meteor shower. (watch for it after moonset).

• Charles Henri Ford, back from Crete, will launch his new book, "Spare Parts" (Horizon Press).

• San Francisco Mime Troupe at Town Hall (tel: JU 2-4536).

• Ishmael Reed leads prose workshop in St. Marks in the Bowerie Writing Project. Every Thursday, 8:30 pm. (982-8825 for info)

Oct. 21-23
Folkmusic Weekend: Camp Fredman, Conn. Concerts, workshops, outdoor activities; contact Jean Domovs 201-484-5499 (\$28).

Sat, Oct. 22
Festival of Ozark Craftsmen. Bronson, Mo. (cradle of creative kinfolk)

Sat, Sun, Oct 22-23
Northeast students conference on the draft, Finley Student Center, City College NYC

to the 23rd
Collaboration "Theatre & Engineering": Technology Art (Cage, Rauschenberg etc.), 69th Reg. Army, 25th & Lexington, \$3. Call 212-689-3315.

• Mulligatawnies race at The Big A

Sun, Oct. 23 & 30
Huntington Hartford's bomb, Jane Eyre, revived for special showings at Gallery of Modern Art (LT1-2311).

Oct. 23
"Indiscretion of the Meat-Packer's Daughter" at West Side YMCA, free, (SU7-4400).

• Poetry Reading: Susan Sherman. Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave., 8:30 pm (.50).

• Writer/Poet Workshop. Atelier East, 6-8 pm. (free).

• Amnesty for incinerated widow to celebrate cannabis harvest, Day of feasting and smoking, Bhujar, along River Ganges.

Tues, Oct. 25
"On the Death of God": 1 of 5 lectures by Dr. E.B. Borowitz (author of "Layman's Intro. to Religious Existentialism"). YMHA Kaufmann Art Gallery, Lex & 92nd. 6:15 pm. (\$1.50).

Wed, Oct. 26
Wondrous Mating of the Reindeer: Rovaniemi, Lapland.

• MERCURY at greatest elongation, is visible in the evening sky for 1-1/2 hours after sunset.

• Collaboration: Dance and Poetry (Aaron Kramer). Judson Church, 8:30 pm (contribution; call for reservations SP7-0033).

Thurs, Oct. 27
Exhibition: Jean duBuffet, the recent years. Guggenheim Museum.

Fri, Oct. 28
Ian and Sylvia at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424).

Sat, Sun, Oct 29-30
Kerista meets at Big Sur

through Oct. 31
American Abstract Artists on exhibit at Riverside Museum, 310 Riv. Drive.

Kennedy & Fulbright

"We're out to get all the anti-Johnson delegates we can for the 1968 convention and believe we have an outside chance of succeeding", says Dr. Martin Shepard. "Perhaps even more important is that as soon as L. Baines J. thinks there is even a remote possibility of our success, he'll end the war in Vietnam yesterday."

Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright (12 W. 96 Street, NYC 10025) was formed at a New York meeting in an uptown Reform Democratic club a couple of weeks ago. The name of the club appeared in the press which caused its leadership to forbid the use of the club again, at the same time issuing frantic letters of dissociation to the news media. "You'd have thought they touched a group of lepers", Shepard comments.

The main opponents to the new group are apparently the people who feel their jobs or Democratic Party influence are at stake and the "friends" of Kennedy who feel that any action now will compromise his chances in 1972.

"We believe the war in Vietnam can be ended only by an administration willing to unilaterally end the bombing of North Vietnam and negotiate with the National Liberation Front. We support Sen. Robert F. Kennedy for President in 1968 because he is the only man within the Democratic Party having declared himself in favor of these actions who poses an effective political challenge to L. Baines J. This may be also known as the "Expediency Principle".

Many of the leftwingers who claim to have "principles", Dr. Shepard says, are secretly glad the war is going on despite their frenzied denunciations. "For as long as the major political parties refuse to end the slaughter (if all they have to offer us is a Johnson, Nixon, Romney or Wallace) they see a golden opportunity to broaden the American socialist movement. They become the sole spokesman of our discontent because of the abdication of this responsibility by Republicans and Democrats alike. These 'friends of the working people' would prefer to see this senseless slaughter of Americans and Vietnamese continue to 1972 and beyond -- and nothing shakes their inner souls as much as the possibility that Kennedy, as President, might end the war in '69, thus depriving them of the one issue that has just started to wake America up."



Do not say a word. Do not pass go. Zero in the Universe is a film with powerful credentials. It was rejected, naturally, by the N.Y. Film Festival. It won the Mannheim Festival prize for the genius photography of Gerard Vanderberg. Under the all-watching eye of the psychedelic molecule Jock Livingston and George Moore have created the first truly expanded consciousness on eighty minutes of black and white celluloid.

Its a simple story. Zero the baron Napoleon-boss-space man comes to the city to deal a hand of stock-market poker to Steinmetz the woman stealer, bird hunter, who never got the virgin to bed, and is always trying to steal the boss' briefcase full of mana. A chase. Many deaths, yet no blame.

Finding words to describe this film is a pompous preposterous job. They might

best be found in Chien the number one nexagram in the Book of Changes. 777777, the creative man does not move. But he's got alot of spies working around the clock to save the city, cutting the turd with a samuri sword.

A Film comedy by Jock Livingston & George Moore. Produced by Livingston. Directed by Moore. Written by both. Photographed by Gerard Vanderberg. Music by Donald Cherry. With Pam Badyk, Rob du Mee, Henke Raaff, Lous Lehmans, Jock Livingston and George Moore.

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 and
"POPPY"

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 Errol Flynn Double Header
"CAPTAIN BLOOD"
 and
"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

TUES. and WED. (OCT. 26 - OCT. 27)
"LOLITA"
 and
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"MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE"

FRI. thru MON. (OCT. 28 - OCT. 31)
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"THE COCONUTS"
 and
"NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

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The Trial of Mary Jane

By George Montgomery
scene 1.

(The curtain opens to a courtroom. It squeaks! Squeak noises can be heard. The judge has a large face (huge mask). He wears the traditional black robe and has a huge mallet.)

(The District Attorney calls Mary Jane to the stand. She is a beautiful woman and she wears the sari Indian dress. She smiles yet she is not conscious of the courtroom. Before anyone gets a chance to say anything she opens:)

MJ: "Comfortable pianosky on the pigeon's back!"

DA: (Loudly) "You are Mary Jane, alias Mary Wanna etc., etc.; is this true?"

MJ: "True-Sky high muffledog! Beautiful day to hang me heh?"

DA: "Trying to be poetic?"

Judge: (Angrily) "Let's swear! Swear on the bible. Swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth." (Holds bible up)

MJ: "Is this your holy?"

DA: "You were smoked in many circles; is that true?"

MJ: "I have been smoked by the best minds of my generation!"

DA: "You were smoked by poets, musicians, hoboos, and by every conceivable degenerate known to society. You have been on the basement floors of every dive from Santa Monica to Newark. Tell me how long you have you been around?"

MJ: "Before you came and I will be around after you leave. I have sprung up in Mexico, Peru, Panama, Canada, backyards of Jersey City and Radcliffe."

DA: "And you are proud of that fact. You have des-troyed people! You are proud of your travels!"

MJ: "Oh I haven't been everywhere! I have never been in the halls of the Pentagon Building. I wish I were there, I would solve some of the problems. However, in the circles around peaceful Buddha and Ghandi I have driven carnal seeds into the eyes of the scholars."

DA: "That's all, Miss Jane! I now would like to call the undercoverman to the stand."

(Man under a sheet comes out to the stand and takes oath.)

DA: "Eh-----Mister O'Cryin, is it true that you witnessed Mary Jane being smoked at different times, one time being at a party on February 12th, 1966?"

Undercoverman: "True as I am sitting here. True, true, true! Sure did see it with my own eyes!"

DA: "Did you see her on other occasions?"

Undercoverman: "Oh yes. I have seen her being smoked by Beatniks! Every bearded one of them. I could tell her by her smell and by her size. She sure gets around!"

DA: "That's all!"

(The defending lawyer gets up. He is chain-smoking and smoke covers his face. He calls LSD to the stand. LSD is a woman in black. Witchery is seen in her eyes. She takes the oath and holds flowers in her arms.)

Def. Lawyer: "LSD, do you know Mary Jane well?"

LSD: "We are closely related. Have been together-- have done good and been quilted together in the living rooms of the world. How about the cliff-hanging aircraft full of Christmas Late for Easter rabbits?"

Def. Lawyer: "Tell the court, if you please, what good you and Miss Jane have done!"

LSD: "I would rather remain modest and pin wind-mills to policemen!"

Def. Lawyer: "I know you have done good. Would you give the court a few examples?"

LSD: (She stands with flowers in the air) "Shall we take a trip?"

Judge: (Bangs huge hammer) This is senseless; we are not getting anywhere with this monkey-business of silly flowers and such!"

(LSD starts picking apart her flowers and throwing them about. She pulls a tambourine from under her clothing and plays it softly. She then starts telling the court:)

LSD: (Plays tambourine as she talks) The mind, the eyes are there! The court is moving side to side. I rock the court. Oh I wish Tim Leary to be among us! He is among us; I see him by the flowers and his hands are behind his back and a smile breaks across his gentle face! (She starts to rock back and forth and then the judge does the same and realizes what he is doing and stops.)

Judge: "What good; what good have you done? You and Mary Jane, that is?"

LSD: "We are not killers
We stroke lambs with love
Bring the Muse home
Meet the Muse where she wishes to go
We do not suck blood
But O what hate lurks in the hearts of the police and the public!
We bring goodness
and the smoke rising from Mary Jane is the sweet lovebloodsoulshaping and not the poisonous smoke of war-industry sick on the floor
O to enjoy the sunrise and not put it aside in place of greed! I wish the entire court to get high! My flowers, our flowers for goodness!"

Def. Att.: "LSD, you are quite a woman and well traveled as is Miss Jane. You have brought truth

to us. I have no further questions!"

Judge: (Looks at DA) "Do you wish to keep LSD on the stand?"

DA: "NO! And I don't want Heroin or Cocaine or Opium or any of the others!"

Def. Att.: "I object! (Loudly) What does he want pure alcohol alone for the soul?"

Judge: "Control yourselves! Order in the court! I will not have an outburst like this again!"

(LSD has peacefully gone to sleep on the stand.)

Def. Att.: "LSD hasn't been on a trip today. Do you mind if she goes?" (Looks at Judge)

Judge: "I must see what this trip is all about! (Bangs hammer) Court adjourned until tomorrow morning, 10 a.m. I am going on a trip!"

(The DA and the Def. Att. scratch their heads. Mary Jane dances softly out of the courtroom. LSD gets up with her arms raised to the sky as is she is awakening. The courtroom squeaks.

CURTAIN...

"The Trial of Mary Jane", a one-act play by George Montgomery, the first scene of which appears above, has just been published by Seven Flowers Press in Cleveland, Ohio. It is obtainable from the Asphodel Book Shop, 306 Superior Avenue West, Cleveland 44113.

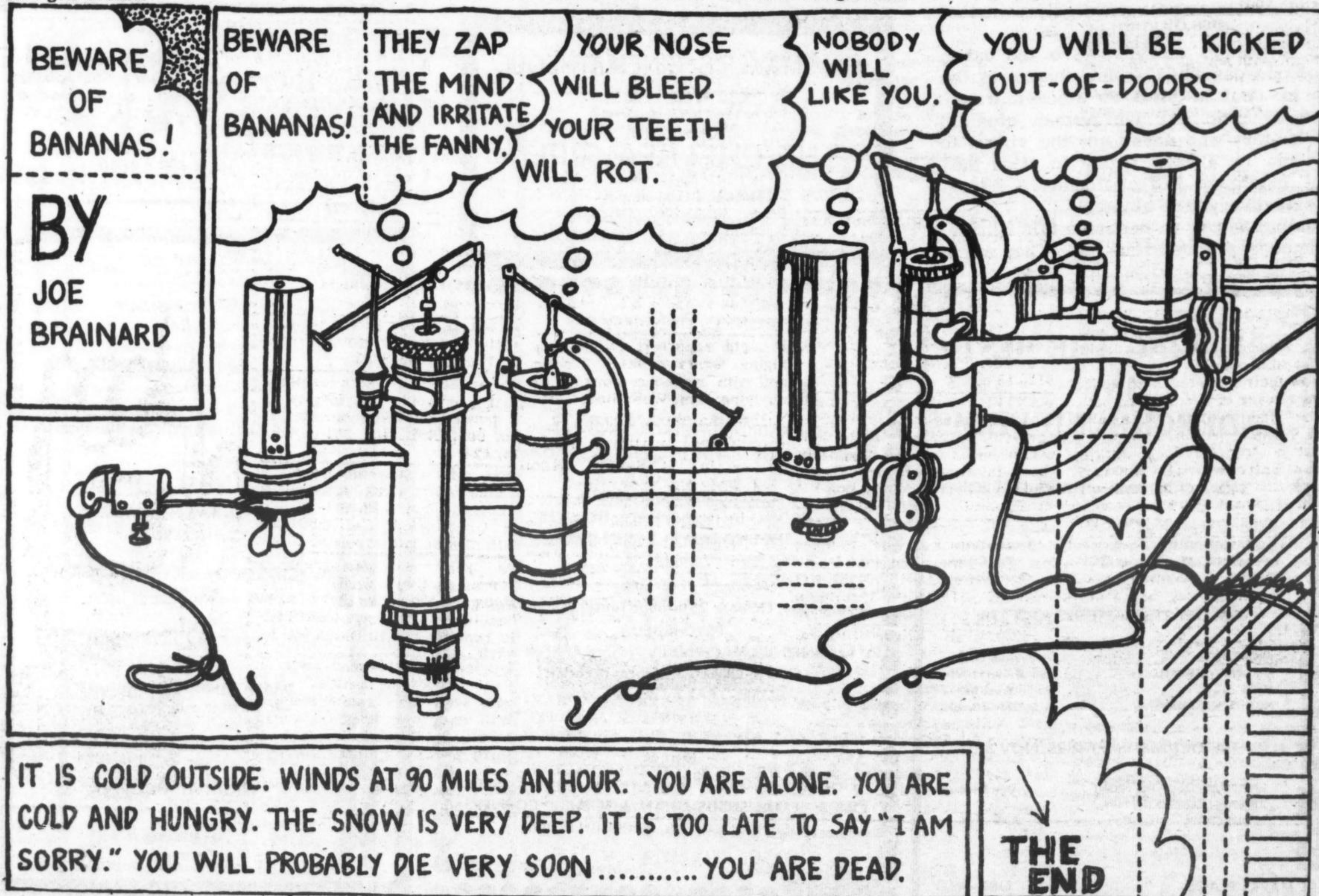
THE INTEGRATED MINSTRELS

"The army has been so good to the Negro that he whole world recognizes it as the blackest institution we has. Yeah!"

So runs one of the lines in "Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel", an irreverent production of the San Francisco Mime Troupe which will play at New York's Rown Hall October 20. Arrested in Denver, blacked out in Washington State, the world's first "integrated minstrel troupe" will be introduced by Dick Gregory at this New York stop on its national tour.

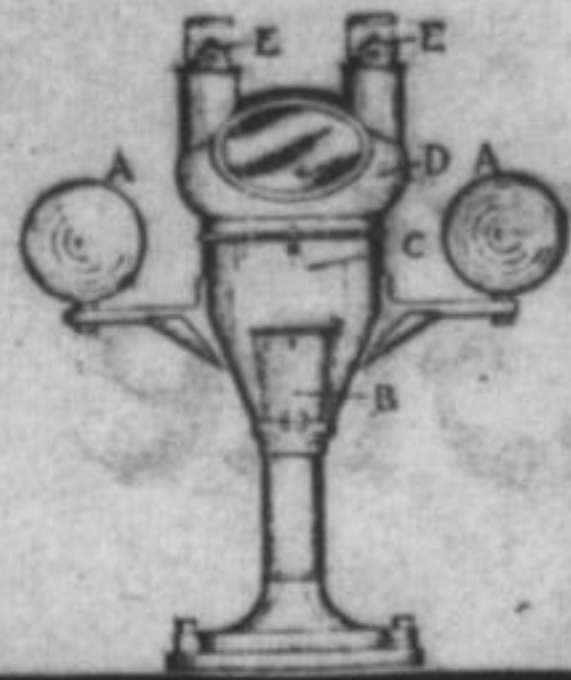
Are you fucking more & enjoying it less?
Then heres my advir-
Change yr wife
Or get a wife
Or change a life
Or get a change
Or why dont you fuck less & enjoy it more?
Like, Sell yr one night stands man
If yr not the flamboyant type
Because man yr obviously making a fucking mess
Fucking more & enjoying it less!

-Tuli Kupferberg





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Ads are accepted on a pre pay basis. Fee is \$2.50 for 25 words or less and 10c for each additional word. To list items, call: 533-7550 or write:
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BORED? Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Gilby, Box 1018, Mission Kansas.

WANTED set of clear plastic manikin arms, one case ping pong balls, five toy ping pong ball rifles! Provos N.Y. will give thanks! 475-3280.

Marquis de Sade

Playwright wants Research- Assist. to help background new off-Broadway play. School or work no problem. Weekends - low pay. Write, Box 5, Village Station 10014.

"MISS O"

Assistant wanted to help playwright with new play. East Village. Low pay. School or working girl. Work weekends. Write Box 5, Village Station 10014.

"Big, Bulky, Broadminded Johnny," long-distance truck driver, age 40, Irish, Italian, divorced, beautiful 6-year old Dominican daughter, in private school, home with father every 2nd or 3rd weekend. Would like to meet lady 30 to 45. I like to fish, go hiking, weekend trips, fond of semi-classical music, folk music, movies, dance a little, take a sociable drink, not fond of snobs or over-intelligent people that want to show their superior intelligence. Am a lover of reading and pets. Also like nudism. Nationality or religion not important. I'm just a "regular Joe" working man. Tall or short, fat or skinny, guys and gals, get in touch with me. I speak Italian, Spanish and American! Box 20 EVO.

Le Club. Ten years underground Now accepting new members. No fee. Send Conventional photo and requirements. Be explicit as our resources are extensive. Box QT c/o EVO.

Man, 32, 6 ft, 184 lbs seeks girl with own pad who would like someone to come in once or twice a week to act as houseboy, all around servant, no charge, no gimmicks, quite mature, sincere, intelligent: Write F. M. McCarthy, PO Box 68, Cooper Sta., NYC 10003

Manufacturer needs reliable young girl. Must be intelligent articulate and able to travel. Work involves statue manufacturing and research. Spend six months in Florida and six months in N.Y.C. Also possibilities of european travel. This is a first class job w/good pay for the right person. '67 sting-ray automatic trans a-c supplied. Apply any day including SUNDAY 10 AM - 3 PM. STATUE-MAKERS INC. 1666 HIGHWAY 46, FORT LEE N.J. (1/2 mile from end of G Washington Bridge) or if you can't make the trip send photo with brief resume to BOB DUBRO at STATUE MAKERS INC.

I made movies of you in the 3rd floor window on the corner of Ave A & 10th St when you left you threw a kiss goodbye. My movie needs more of you. Martin Carey 473-0118

Rider(s) Wanted

Man, white, 26, driving to Calif about Oct. 13-20th. Am educated, experienced, very uninhibited, un-married. Seek female rider (s) only. Must be over 19, any race, no questions asked. Traveling expenses paid for uninhibited female. I share food, good hotels. You share yourself with me. Write: SP/5 Don Blaser Det. #1 USAH, USMA BOX 207, West Point, N.Y. Am very discreet. Write soon. Anyone going West?

LOST: At East River Park last Saturday - one 3 yr old afghan hound. blk/tan. answers to "Yogi". Reward. Phone: 673-2814

I, David Klass, Sculptor, need a female roommate-assistant. For information phone MA 5-7510

Wanted: young aggressive off. beat type man for intermedia experience in promotional marketing and space sales. We will train. Call Miss Babbitz. 889-5814.



Would like to contact members of/or sympathizer to the League For Spiritual Discovery. Write Box 1, c/o EVO.

Seek pal, prefer gal -- Like 'em hot, like 'em cold, Like 'em just a little bit bold. Temporary sleeping quarters provided. Phone Morris YU 2-6120 (6 p.m.)

WANTED: Girl for very small theatre. Duties mailing to management. Visual arts background would be useful. No pay. Only those interested in the impossible need apply. Write Box VP or Phone WA 5-7386 mornings. Man, 29 years young, 5'9", 140, own new car, wish to meet Swinging Liberal-minded Uninhibited young APHRODITE. NO PRUDES, PLEASE!!! If suitable would share pad free. 295-4309

ELECTRONIC ENGINEER, 33, 5'11", 178 lbs, with various interests and great potential seeks affectionate devoted girl/woman to share destiny. Work near Village, have own unpretentious but unusual apt. in East 70's. Both apt. and I yearning for the right feminine touch. ...You?? TR 9-7799, 7 PM to midnight. CALL TONITE!!

Young, attractive guy seeks dates and/or possibility of sharing neat Village pad. Call 254-6812 (11-12 p.m.)

Need college educated or intelligent call girl for interview only by established writer. This is strictly legitimate. Interview to be held in a public place. Box 18 EVO.

The Broccoli is always greener on the East Side. 56 East 4th.

Wanted -- Eagle feathers to honor arriving chief -- Contact Bowart at EVO 533-7550



39 year old Yalie, who believes as did Leo that the League motto should be "Turn on, Tune in, Service", seeks combined Kamala and Frau Eva who is familiar with Alexander, Boehme, Day & de la Warr, Esdaille, Idries Shah, Ludlow, Machen, Nichols, Puharich, Prince, Sidis and Yoganandra, who would like to play Bead Game with theme "Peut l'acide, les amis, L'oscillateur, 'Et Maintenant', l'encens et la lumiere rouge remplacer le Tantra?" and who would be interested in how I met Gurdjieff in New York City in 1949. Sinclair, Box SCR c/o EVO.

SEX ISOBOLETE; Now There's ELITE. The date matching project so groovy, even EVO writers applied. Write for info: ELITE, Dept. E, 485 Fifth Ave. NYC.

YOUNG MAN AGE 21, BLOND HAIR, HEIGHT 5'6" WEIGHT 135. FINDS IT HARD TO MEET GIRLS THAT ARE OPEN Minded, AND IS INTERESTED IN MEETING GIRLS; gay, straight, bisexual or what have you. Object: dating...no sex. SEND: name, age, etc. TO: James W. Lynch, Box 734, Wall Street Station, New York 10005

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Straight reporter, 27, working nights, wants to share 3 room apt with someone working or studying days. West Side, tastefully furnished, about \$75 month incl. utilities. Male or female. TR 3-9307, Noon - 4 PM. No parasites.

Attractive guy, strictly heterosexual, has much to offer doll(s) who will guide, advise, share and encourage my interest in transvestism. So come, you Omphalos and advocates of feminine authority, let's have a spanking new friendship. Please phone, collect of course, 292-876-9882 after 8p.m. or write Box EYE C/O EVO. Females only, please.

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'Kennedy - Fulbright 1968' bumper stickers-50c buttons-25c petitions free. Large contributions welcome. Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright, PO Box 408, Cathedral Station, NYC 10025

THE SECRET TO LIFE? There is none. You are life, girl. The key to everything beautiful. May I help you unlock the door to the universe? 242-8282

WRITING SCRIPT ON TEEN-AGE MARRIAGES FOR LEGIT COMPANY FOR USE BY HIGH SCHOOLS ACROSS U.S. ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MARRIAGE WHERE BOTH PARTNERS WERE TEEN-AGERS? WOULD YOU TALK ABOUT IT? NEED INTERVIEWS CALL AVERY CORMAN MU 9-7519

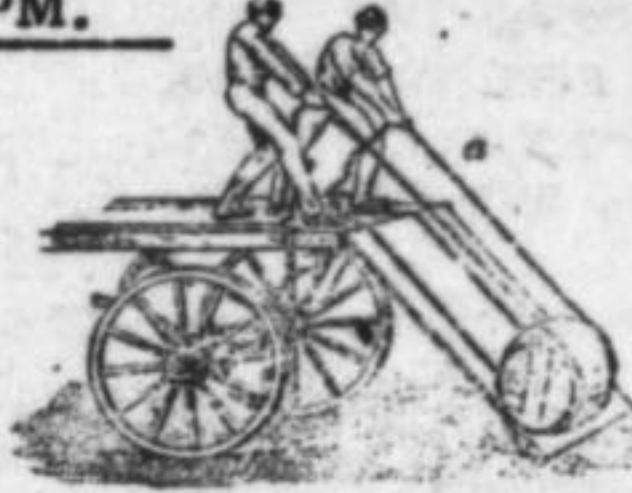
OIKOS. Tribal community based on mutual adoption, mutual economics and emotional commitment and sharing. If interested in joining or information, contact: OIKOS, 23 N. Edwards, Princeton, New Jersey.

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MUST SELL - Hart Skies ALSO Buckle Boots - 8-1/2. Poles - All in MINT CONDITION. Bought in Feb. '66. Used Oncel Call BA 5-8498 after 7 PM.

YOUNG MAN, sincerely wishes to meet liberal chick. No prudes, please! Hobbies: motorcycles, "ham" radio, guitar, flying, good music. Want to seek/share pad soon. Am employed and honorable, but liberal! Some college. Call GE 4-4108. 9AM-11 PM.



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Two young men have neat West Village pad they wish to share with charming female in return for cleaning up. 691-6181

VILLAGE GUY with great pad wishes to discuss L&M scene with pretty young lady. Call 691-5361 after midnight or before noon.

Artist requires patron to complete series of paintings. Phone: C. Nichols 982-8233

do you have any extra furniture that you would like to give to a poverty-stricken person? if so, contact Leslie, 361 E. 10th St, #24.

Are you a sexy-minded young chick who wants to meet a fantastic guy with a body like a Greek God? Call 989-2615 after midnight or before 10 AM

33 year old photographers representative wants young swinging attractive girl to keep beautiful studio apt, clean. Live in rent free. Call David MU 6-6513.

Musician must spend time in City. Needs independent girl, well kept pad around village. Will exchange beautiful warm house in Woodstock. Back & forth with me or stay upstate. Love of all music helpful. No other obligations. Box 471, Woodstock, N.Y.

The synthetic corporation announces the closing of the INVISIBLE GALLERY open only by appointment Saturdays. 777-3981.

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GROK - October 31. USCO, Lenny Bruce, Mark Lane, Jacob Leed, others. 50c issue. \$1.50 a year. P.O. Box 16, Planetarium Station, NYC.

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