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THE MAN WHO TURNED THE WHOLE WORLD OFF



Harry J. Anslinger

JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY

BY JAAKOV KOHN

Good old Harry Anslinger did it.

Ostensibly retired since 1962, he recently reappeared on the scene and in a hushed up appearance before Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee he made a strong plea for the United Nations Single Convention of 1961. This treaty, which is basically a brainchild of Harry's twisted ideas, has become the main instrument toward an international ban on Marijuana.

The United States, by becoming a party to the Convention seems to have taken a grave step backward and thus foreclosed any possibility of ever coming to terms with the inevitable necessity to legalize pot. By tying its hands to an international treaty, a decisive step was taken toward the perpetual idiotization of its future policies.

True to form, good old Harry did not let the opportunity pass by without airing jubilantly an old routine so often rehashed during his thirty years as czar of the Federal Narcotics Bureau: "Another reason for becoming a party to the 1961 convention is the marijuana problem. The U.S. has gained support from all countries for international and national control of cannabis. Several groups in the United States are very loudly agitating to liberalize controls and in fact to legalize its use. In the convention it is very specific that we must prevent its misuse. If the United States becomes a party to the 1961 Single Convention, we will be able to use our treaty obligations to resist legalized use of marijuana."

All said in one swoop. Unfortunately our Uncle Harry had his way again. On May 25th, 1967 the United States has become the 57th signatory of the Single Convention.

It may be worthwhile to have a closer look at dear old Harry.

"To Harry Jacob Anslinger, Distinguished Citizen, in recognition of an outstanding record of achievement. In your dedicated efforts to combat the illegal traffic in narcotic drugs, you have applied unparalleled knowledge, skill, perseverance and ingenuity and have fashioned an effective organization to pursue this objective. Your noteworthy achievements in this field have earned for your the respect, gratitude and admiration, not only of your own country, but also of the world community." September 27, 1962 sig. John F. Kennedy

This noble proclamation, issued by President Kennedy when Anslinger's long-resisted resignation from the Commissioner-ship of the Federal Narcotics Bureau had finally become a reality, might be a good point of departure in our exploration of the highly interesting and gloriously heralded career of this distinguished citizen. In the history of the United States there have been few instances, with the possible exception of George Washington and J. Edgar Hoover, where men of such mediocre caliber as Harry J. Anslinger, have achieved a position immune to all faults in the gullible eyes of their peers. Seldom were so many mistakes, so much ignorance and such outright pigheadedness rewarded with such an unproportioned amount of praise and glory. No man has yet been able to get away with so much and for so long.

Never has such a man been implicated in penny ante thievery - that is if \$30,000 can be considered penny ante.

Seldom were so many myths created by and around a man whose fantasies made him a supersleuth with Batman overtones. Last but certainly not least - there have been few instances where the stupidity and meanness of spirit have made so many suffer for so long. It is extremely difficult to estimate the full scope of the blunders, and their ensuing tragedies, that Anslinger's thirty years of egomaniacal despotism of the Federal Narcotics Bureau have wrought.

No matter how diametrically opposite Anslinger's divergent views have been, the protective aura of infallibility, with which he managed to surround himself, has effectively prevented a sober analysis of the man, his motives and the archaic, senseless and often brutal theories he propagated with such zeal and demonic diligence. Again, with the exception of J. Edgar Hoover, no man has ever been able or allowed to create and nourish a myth and ride on its crest to comforts rarely attained by the average civil servant our Uncle Harry so selfrighteously claims to be. It should be borne in mind, that the time when Eisenhower's number-one-man, Sherman Adams, was forced to chuck it all for taking a vicuna coat, that distinguished citizen, who has earned not only our, but the whole world's, gratitude and admiration, was completely let off the hook in face of a serious allegation of conspiracy and theft.

There are indeed many peculiarities and complexities that stud our Mr. A's noble career. Descending from a Pennsylvania Dutch family, the beginnings of faultless Harry were rather dull and inconspicuous. Having somehow avoided the draft during World War I (at the very draftable age of 25), Anslinger launched his career in a nimble paper job in the War Department. Switching after the war to the Foreign Service, he served for a number of years in the consular service in Holland, Germany,

Venezuela and the Bahamas. It was a rather uneventful chapter that, having taken its predictable boring course, led Anslinger to have shot at the Treasury. His initial instincts must have worked for him, and it would be safe to assume that this was a step he never regretted. The last whoopees of the idiotic twenties were at their highest pitch, and, keeping in step with his times, dear Harry managed to peddle himself off as a foreign expert (stamping passports must have been the qualifying factor), and landed a job in the foreign control section of the treasury. His "foreignese" evidently did not hold up to previous expectations, and our expert, being a harsh realist when it came to his ambitions, started to cast his eyes for more lush pastures. We mustn't forget that this was the period when Coolidge did not choose to run, and Hoover promised two chickens in every pot... Prohibition and Alcoholism were rampant, and logic seems to have taken leave of this country. After a short spell in various minor jobs, our boy reappeared on the scene as an assistant commissioner of Prohibition. There is no need to go into the details of this gig, but it must be assumed that the corrupt and totally unrealistic environment must have aroused, in our very upright and uptight chap, hidden bloodhound instincts, that must have received their rewards in later years. It is inevitable that mammon, as in so many other law enforcement daydreams, must have appeared in Anslinger's fantasies, too. The ensuing third of a century must have borne out these, too.

Like in any other freaky periodic phenomena, the spotlight of public attention shone on many Elliot Nesses. Anslinger was not one of them. His insatiable appetites for publicity and personal glory remained unsatisfied. If there was a narcotics problem in the United States, in the late Twenties and early Thirties, it was a well-kept secret. The preoccupation with bathtub gin filled the front pages. Anslinger's appointment, as Commissioner of the newly-created Narcotics Bureau of the Treasury, was duly reported on page 23 of the New York Times.

The repeal of prohibition certainly lent impetus to Anslinger's hitherto frustrated ambitions. The field was, at long last, wide open to one of the most massive onslaughts of the American panic button. During the early Thirties, a shrill shriek of hysteria was launched, and its incessant harping on assorted menaces has not ceased as yet. The sinister pushers of Uncle Harry's fantasy were peddling their reefer wares near every school yard, to scores of innocent youths (the prime of the nation, mind you) and, thus, starting them on the nefarious road to vice, crime and violence. With a unique single-mindedness, Anslinger badgered politicians to such a point of submission, that the hearings that preceded the enactment of the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act were a mere mockery of procedure. Needless to say, the bill passed, virtually unopposed.

The sweet taste of victory, and the glory of notoriety, were all the hick from Altoona needed. With a rare sense of blustering scare-merchandising, A. proceeded to project himself onto the public scene, as that knight-in-shining-armor out to save the nation from the international dope conspiracy. At that time, it was the Japanese that were the main culprits. Twenty years later, this role was assumed by Red China.

If Hoover hit the bull's eye of the nation's adulation with the phony surrender of Dutch Schultz on 23rd Street, Anslinger certainly made an effort to match this performance, with his paranoid sleuthery in Geneva, where he represented the United States at the League of Nations Opium Control Board.

Even though the Marijuana Menace seemed to have subsided considerably, during the early stages of World War II, Anslinger did not let up, for a moment, his hungry groping for every opportunity to propel himself into the wide orbit of jingoist publicity.

The amazing part of it all is that Anslinger's public career has been, from almost its inception, criss-crossed with contradictions, hypocrisy, and massive know-nothingism. During the 1937 hearings, before the House Ways and Means Committee, that resulted in the passage of the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, Anslinger was part braggart and credit-grabber, and part phony prophet-in-the-wilderness, that gravely warned the already browbeaten and cajoled committee, that the "marijuana user is a violent criminal, with an insatiable appetite for rape, homicide, and mayhem. Eventually," Mr. Anslinger darkly hinted, "it (pot) renders the user totally insane." Poor us. Interestingly enough, the most important part of these hearings was an almost off-handed response of Anslinger's to the following question by Rep. Dingell: "I was just wondering whether the Marijuana addict graduates into a heroin, an opium, or a cocaine user?" "No, Sir," our hero casually, almost condescendingly replied, "I have not heard of a single case of that kind. I think it is an entirely different class. The marijuana addict does not go in that direction." Eighteen years later,

during one of his periodic recitations about the international drug conspiracy, the following exchange took place between Senator Price Daniel and our own Uncle Harry. "Now, do I understand from you, that while we are discussing marijuana, the real danger there is that the use of marijuana leads many people eventually to the use of heroin, and that causes complete addiction, is that correct?" Without a shred of doubt or hesitation, the bald, rotund shape of Anslinger nodded with excessive zeal. "That is the great problem, and our great concern about the use of marijuana is that eventually, if used over a long period of time, it does lead to heroin addiction."

On the one hand, Anslinger, whose name, by now, became synonymous with the whole concept of "war and dope," with all its inhuman ramifications, was always producing archaic theories and statistics to suit, advocating a policy of "toughness" ("Only the death penalty for pushers will solve the problem.") On the other hand, there was always time for the most archaic and unreasonable tirades against anyone whose approach to drug addiction, as a whole, was humane and sensible. The LaGuardia and the British System have been his favorite targets for years. The means he advocated were inevitably cruel, and injected the concept of criminality as major elements

in the official policy of the United States government towards the narcotic problem as a whole. Anything reasonable, medically sound, and humane, was fought with desperate zeal and without any holds barred. Those who oppose him were ridiculed, persecuted, and, more often than not, prosecuted. The Narcotics Bureau has, by now, become an entity unto itself, completely geared to serve every whim and purpose of its despotic ruler, the one and only Harry J. Anslinger. A never-ending campaign extolling the virtues and martyrdom of Anslinger and his cohorts, have been one of the boring burdens we all had to bear for years. The grafted inflexibility of the polls has allowed Anslinger, who, by now, has become a massive ball of bald, fleshy excess, with his fanatic pinned eyeballs, to cast his shadow far beyond the American scene. Through his bullheadedness and simple-minded egomania, the whole prestige of the United States was brought to bear, in enforcing Anslinger's anachronisms upon the international scene. This has resulted in such jokes as the ban of hash in Egypt and the outlawing of opium in Thailand. As ludicrous as this may sound, through his Machiavellian manipulations and the grafted acquiescence

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Dear EVO,

I must admit that I was not as shocked as you were, when I learned that no New York radio would cover your BREAD FOR HEADS campaign. Unfortunately, I was not informed of this fund-raising show, until after it was over. I believe that the 5-dollar Jade Companions membership cards are, indeed, a fine idea, and it gives me the long-awaited chance to stick my neck out for something I really believe in.

I have a folk and rock show on WHBI, beginning at 2 am, Monday through Saturday. My listening audience is valued at one-half million daily. Now, if it were possible to push the cards on the air, I'd try my damndest to get them sold.

As far as WOR-FM is concerned; they will NEVER plug anything connected in any way with nonviolence and pacifism. You, I am sure, know this as well as I.

Yours very truly,
 Peter H.S. Jacobs

Dear EVO:

I am a Marine, and if that isn't bad enough, I am in Vietnam, and that is definitely a BUMMER.

And I would just like to let you know one thing. Without grass, EVO, and the Free Press, I wouldn't be able to hack this place.

The squares in this place are definitely worse than Chief of Police Cahill ever thought of being. No one is safe from the prying eyes of this "free" totalitarian government in which we live.

WE wish to thank you for giving us something to groove out ON, live FOR, and return TO.

Your Fellow Dropouts (in arms)

P.S. We wish to remain anonymous, out of fear of reprisals by the military establishment.



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letters to the editor

Dear EVO:

Please help. — I wrote to you before, telling you how great a trip on Sominex was.

Now I'm here again, telling you and the East Villagers, STOP—Please, for all love of everything—Cut it Out. Don't use Sominex. It can kill, kill you. I have found some very startling information on this new wonder drug.

It can knock you dead as a dead man can be. It is worse than Acid. The effects and symptoms are the same, but the little, hidden fact is:—

If taken—8 mg. of the drug Scopolamine, you can pass into a coma—or die. This very old drug is also a truth serum, somehow. So be careful, IUV.

I really say it's great—but the drugs do not leave your system, as do acid, pot, etc.

SPACE—YOUR—TRIPS—this is very important. Two weeks or more is time, before another should be taken. If not, amnesia will develop, and you'll have a hard time. A real hard, bum trip. ECH—it's horrible. Then you won't know what the hell is going on. And a few more mg. will kill you.

PLEASE—HELP—stop it, EVO. If I can do any more, let me know. I love you—so much.

Love and peace,
 Richard Nelson

Wed. July 12, 1967

Dear EVO—

Since I am spending my summer working in Long Island, I have been corresponding with a friend who has been living "on the streets."

I would like to enclose part of this letter, because I feel it typifies (do I dare use typify?) the life that is being led on the Lower East Side.

The letter is dated Wednesday, July 5th.

"Monday night, I saw Nina Simone, and afterwards, I went to sleep at Galahad's place. It was wierd. First I went to the Psychedelicatessen, to find out the address, and there were about 30 people sitting around. I felt quiet that night, so I sat down in front and waited for something to happen. I finally asked these two girls where he lived, and they started kissing and hugging me, and telling me I was beautiful. It was pretty funny. They must have thought I had just come in from out of town.

Anyway, I found out the address was 622 East 11th, and I went there, where some cat told me to go to Apt. 24. I went up there, and it was dark and looked deserted, but, when my eyes adjusted to the darkness, there was a whole bunch of sleeping bodies, lying around on mattresses on the floor. I found an empty piece of mattress and went to sleep...

I woke at about 5 A.M., and left. I felt sort of funny, because I hadn't really spoken to anyone in all the time that I was there. I went to Tompkins Square Park, and it was beautiful. So early in the morning, the sun hadn't come up over the tenements; there was a cool breeze blowing around my face. I sat and meditated for about half an hour. It was so serene, not like the usual noise in the park...

The whole experience was very wierd, because this was a different side of life I had never seen before. Everyone was concerned for each other; it was a sense of community, but there were some bad points. Even though this is the "love" generation, there was a certain amount of hostile tension in the air. There were also a lot of burnt-out people, because of drugs. That was sad..."

I agree with my friend Justin. If this is the love generation, when you see somebody on the street, why don't you just say hi! Even if you've never seen the person before. I feel that, in doing this, everyone in the community will know each other. There will be less hostility, more friendship, and better understanding.

Peace,
 Wendy



Dear EVO:

While reading the interesting cover article of your July 1-15 issue I encountered a discussion of my work with educational toys. Although I was pleased both with the succinct summary of my ideas and the fact that you considered them appropriate to the more utopian society which you see evolving, I was disturbed by an error which appeared in the latter part of the discussion. I have never worked for Haryou, nor have I ever applied to them for support and been refused. My work with "disadvantaged" children from which the idea for autotelic toys and toy environments developed, was conducted at Christopher Speeth's Neighborhood Guild in Philadelphia. It was sponsored by the New World Foundation. I have recently helped form a small research and development company that shall attempt to sell toy environments to various private and governmental agencies. It is hoped that we will meet less resistance than you anticipate.

Thank you for exposing my ideas to your readers.

Sincerely,
 Sheridan Dauster Speeth, Phd.
 Director of Research
 Peninsula Research
 & Development

Dear EVO:

Occult Detective Foils Finks

In December, four young hippies, three guys and a chick, asked me if I knew where to buy an ounce of Pot. I had turned on many times with Mitch, and a few times with Sammy, and I did know where, so I took their \$20 and went and copped the o.z., brought it to them, and went my way. Twenty minutes later I'm in handcuffs.

I was booked for a sale of one o.z. on the very day—I had made no other sales... a few months in the Tombs and I'm free on Probation.

After my release, I learned of the arrest of Mitch, a few days after me. I see Sammy and ask him, did he fink on me—he says No. I learn, the fellow with the girl is named Elliot, and that people say he's the fink.

A few months pass, and Elliot sits down next to me in the park. He says he is not the fink; that Sammy and his partner, Kenny, did a lot of finking, and spread the lie on him, Elliot. That was a few weeks ago.

Now, my girl friend is an astrologer, and a student of the Occult sciences—I had her do a reading on Sammy and Elliot and my arrest—also on Kenny and where he's at. She will take over from here—

blip blip blip

I did separate readings on each of the three—Sammy, Kenny, and Elliot. In each case I asked: how is this person involved in the bust?

Sammy's reading said that he had finked. His motivation was self-protection and desire for power. The card of betrayal (the five of Swords, showing a man smirking as he collects the fallen swords of his friends) came up covering him.

Kenny was in on it, motivated by fear of the Man, and a freaky adolescent-type hangup on Sammy, and what he represented. The five of Swords came up in his reading, as the result of these influences—his reading also showed a faint chance for redemption.

Elliot's reading showed him to be a sweet cat, in heavy sorrow over the stories told about him. The cards for his motivation and history were good: the only bad things were the two cards of suspended judgement (two of Swords, two of Pentacles) hanging in his immediate environment, and over him, like a cloud. He was a victim of misunderstanding.

MESSAGE:

Fight the Man with OUR weapons, not HIS weapons. Our power lies in the Tarot pack, the I Ching, the astrologer's Ephemeris—our power lies in our consciousness of the Divine, and with these tools, we can sock it to them. If you are a student of the Occult, or know someone who does such things, use this power. Throw a change before copping. Check out your suspicions through the Mind Line.

Make sure, of course, if you are one of those who know Someone Who Does It, that the person is a good sort. There are Bad Astrologers, down-head Tarot readers, and when they do a reading or a chart, etc., the psychic energy used may send malefic vibrations onto the situation, whatever it is.

Make use of your local seer. It works.
 — Strider

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by Alan Asnen

Foundation for the Totality

In the home of Waldo Balart in East Hampton, Andy Warhol stood listening to his camera whirring off endless feet of the best footage he has ever taken. The act before the camera was called THE PAELLA-BY-CICLE-TOTALITY-CRUCIFIXION performed by a group of latin american artists working under the name of THE FOUNDATION FOR THE TOTALITY.

THE FOUNDATION FOR THE TOTALITY is working in all media "to invade with LOVE and LIBERTY, the puritanical fields of the world (Mid-West, cruel steppes of Siberia, the White House... of the Wallaces, the stereotypes of Madison Avenue, all military dictatorships, the dynamite belicose expansion, the hate between Arabs and Jews, the pious Moral Re-armament, the latrines of West Point, the commercial ambitions of the Vatican; to make the CIA and all the spies of the world take off their masks) and to make Mao copulate with the Statue of Liberty so they may engender a hippie son."

Not only do they want to bring the straight people together, but also to bring together the many particed avant-garde. THE FOUNDATION FOR THE TOTALITY will work with a cosmological spirit eliminating small provincial sides. It will work to reach totality, and toward a union of different avant-garde leaders, movements and publications (such as "THE OTHER" in New York, "EL CORNO EMPLUMADO" in Mexcio, and "ETCETERA" and "CROMOS" in Venezuela and Colombia respectively, among others throughout Italy, France, England, Chile, Costa Rica, etc.)

A portion of the film Warhol made (which is only part of a 25 hour movie) at Balart's house is part of a total theater production the group is going to present called "THE ELECTRO-PLASTIC COSMOLOGICAL CRUCIFIXION" created by Rolando Pena. It will be performed in New York City, Paris, Caracas, Bogota, and eventually will tour South America in trucks.

(A short description of "THE PAELLA-BY-CICLE-TOTALITY-CRUCIFIXION":

... Those who never get scared, got scared
... Lord Godiva arrived on a bicycle, and was received in a shower of spanish rice, eggs, pepper whipped and shaving cream, apple sauce and ketchup, etc...

... Batman came in a green miniskirt
... The hosts of nearby parties fell asleep
... Cars turned around desperately

... A glass was also broken, because this is the civilization of broken glasses

... People began to dance still in bars and discoteques

... Gigantic cock-roaches flew through the skies.

The following observations were made by a number of people from THE FOUNDATION FOR THE TOTALITY. One of these people is Rolando Pena who is director and founder of the group. He is from Venezuela, and has been in the US for two years, in which time he has choreographed shows for Leary and Ginsberg, and others. He says: "I believe that the world progresses technically alot, but we as human beings continue with our question marks, problems, fears, doubts. Probably more refined, polished, cultured, but our basic nature un changed. People go to

space. People go to Mars. People come from Mars. People go to the moon. People come from the moon. They throw monkeys, astronauts, rockets, atomic bombs... but ultimately we remain the same. We may have more knowledge but we also are in more danger of a nut suddenly pressing the button and destroying us all. I accuse MacBird of being that nut planning our destruction. I propose to destroy him before he destroys us. South America will be the poetic kryptonite for Superman USA."

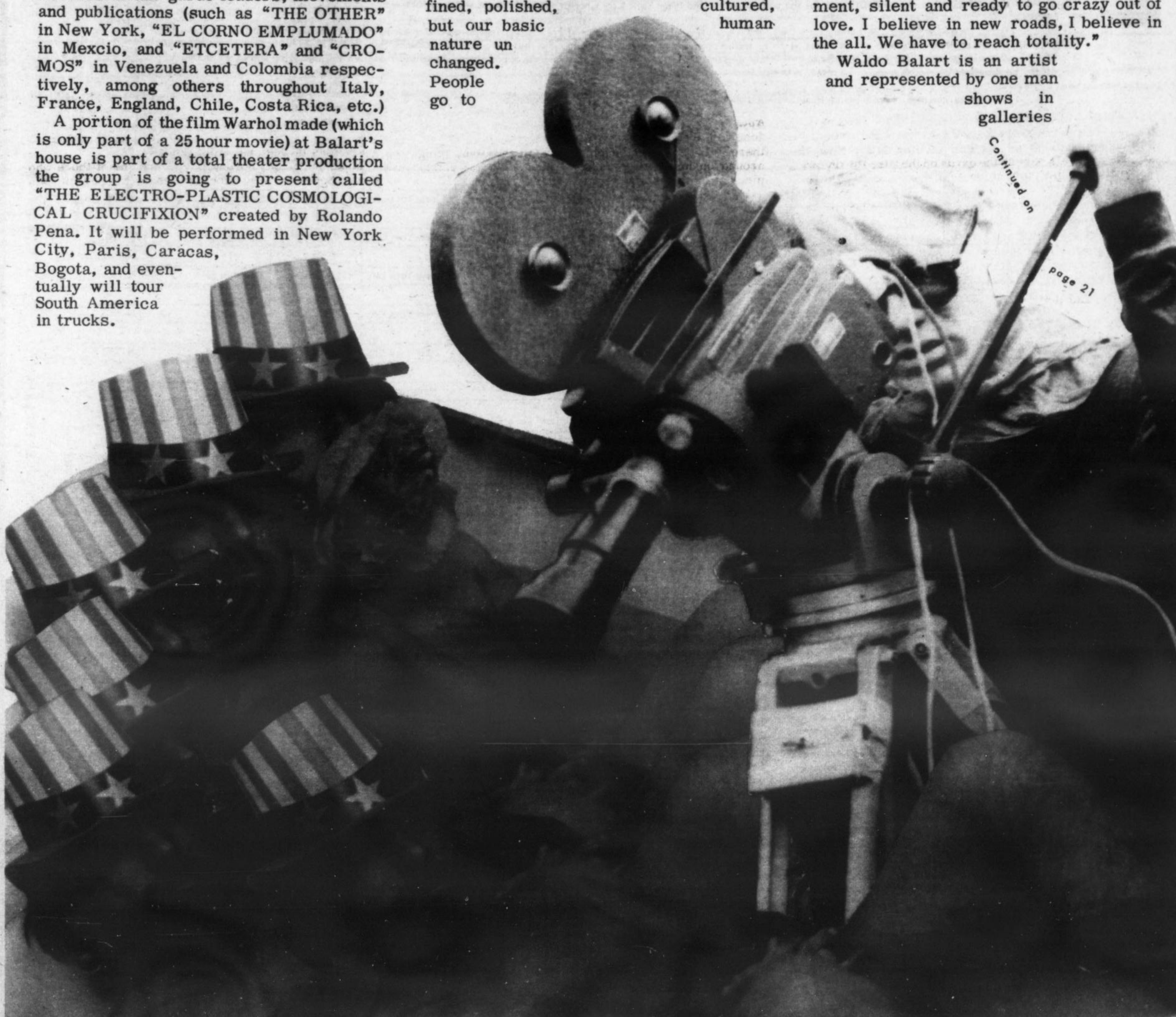
"And suddenly I believe in love and suddenly I believe in flowers. And suddenly I keep believing more strongly in what I have always believed and thought. I know that it will come, I don't know when; soon perhaps. The principal thing is that it is coming; nobody and nothing can stop it. I helped, I will help always, I will be ready, I believe in that. I have always believed, now more than ever."

"Vietman bothers me; I'm bothered and indignant; I run, scream, cry; I stay still, I concentrate and think; I have to act, I will act, I'm sure. I belong to a race of great snake-eaters, sensual, vehement, silent and ready to go crazy out of love. I believe in new roads, I believe in the all. We have to reach totality."

Waldo Balart is an artist and represented by one man shows in galleries

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WHEREAS THE IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL OF UNITED STATES TROOPS FROM VIETNAM IS IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY:

We, the undersigned, qualified electors of the City of New York, do hereby petition (pursuant to section 42 of the New York City Charter) for the submission to the electors of the City of New York at the next general election held not less than sixty days after the filing of this petition of the following amendment to the New York City Charter:

Section 1. Chapter 5 of the New York City Charter is hereby amended by inserting therein the following new sections under the heading "Officer of Anti-Vietnam War Coordination:"

96. Election; term; salary. -- The Officer of Anti-Vietnam War Coordination shall be elected by the electors of the City at the general election in 1968 and at each general election thereafter and shall hold office for one year commencing on the first day of January after his election. His salary shall be ten thousand dollars a year.

97. Powers and duties. -- a. The Officer of Anti-Vietnam War Coordination shall publicly demand at appropriate times and places the immediate withdrawal of United States troops from Vietnam.

b. The Officer shall make studies and periodic public reports on how money spent on the war in Vietnam could be used for such social benefits as school and housing construction, and improved hospital and medical facilities for the people of New York City.

c. The Officer shall take other appropriate actions to support the immediate withdrawal of United States troops from Vietnam.

98. Removal from Office. -- The Officer of Anti-Vietnam War Coordination may be removed or suspended in the same manner as provided in this Charter with respect to the Mayor.

Section 2. With regard to the above amendment, the expenditure of ten thousand dollars for salary and any other incidental expenditures and the plan to provide funds for the same shall be obtained from general taxation from real estate. This amendment shall take effect immediately.

Each of the undersigned petitioners for the amendment to the New York City Charter set forth above states as follows:

I, the undersigned, do hereby state that I am a qualified elector of the City of New York, registered and qualified to vote in such city at the last general election, that my place of residence is truly stated opposite my signature hereto, and that the place of residence from which I was registered at the time of the last general election, if different from my present address, is likewise truly stated opposite my signature. I declare the foregoing statement made and subscribed by me, is true.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand the day and year placed opposite my signature.

| Date | Full Name of Signer | Residence | County of | | Residence as of Nov. 8, 1966 (if different) |
|---------|---------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--|
| | | | Election District | Assembly District | |
| 1 1967 | | Borough of New York City | | | Borough of N.Y.C. |
| 2 1967 | | Borough of New York City | | | Borough of N.Y.C. |
| 3 1967 | | Borough of New York City | | | Borough of N.Y.C. |
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| 10 1967 | | Borough of New York City | | | Borough of N.Y.C. |

STATEMENT OF WITNESS

I _____ state:
(Name of Witness)

I am a duly qualified voter of the State of New York and now reside in the _____ Election District of the _____
(Fill in Number) Assembly District in the County of _____, in the City of New York in such
(Fill in Number) State, at _____ therein.
(Fill in Street and House Number and Post Office)

I was last registered for the general election in the year 1966 from _____
(Fill in Street and House Number and Post Office)

in the County of _____, in the City of New York in such State. The said residence was then in the _____
(Fill in County) Election District of the _____ Assembly District in the County of _____ in such City and State.
(Fill in Number) (Fill in County)

I know each of the voters whose names are subscribed to this petition sheet containing _____ signatures and each of them subscribed the same
(Fill in Number)

in my presence and upon so subscribing declared to me that the foregoing statement, made and subscribed by him, was true.

(Signature of Witness)

Dated: _____, 1967

Sheet Number _____

**FILL OUT FORM AND SEND TO : PARADE COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS
17 E 17th St.
N.Y.C.**



Keeping up with the Jones's

Paul Krassner was supposed to appear on the Joe Pyne show Sunday, July 16, but the tape was never shown. Paul had doubts that Pyne would show the tape even though his guest appearance was announced in the TV section of every paper.

As Paul tells it the producer of the show explained "If Joe don't like it, Joe won't show it!"

The reason it wasn't shown was that Pyne got a lot of his own shit thrown in his face and it was Krassner who supplied the pitching arm. During the middle of the interview with Krassner, Pyne reverted to his true form, an obnoxious pig posing as a human, and started to make horrible allusions to Paul's acne scars. It was really bad for a couple of minutes until Krassner calmly interrupted his venom and said, "Tell me, Joe, when you go home at night do you take off your wooden leg before you make love to your wife." Pyne has a wooden leg due to an injury in WWII. Always was under the impression it was his head. This exchange didn't sit too well with Pyne who for five whole minutes was catatonic to say the least. It looked bad for Paul when a couple of Pyne's followers started yelling, "That's not fair! That's not fair!" and Pyne had a look in his eye as if he were going to take off his wooden leg and beat Paul over the head with it.

But nothing happened and that's the inside scoop on how Mother Goose got her balls cut off.

Khadejha of Khadejha Designs Inc., 5 St. Marks Pl., will be collecting funds, food, etc. for the negroes in Newark, N.J. Anyone interested phone 777-9999.

Rising Sun Tribe, on the Lower East Side, has acquired a 75-acre farm in Miamisville, Ohio, 10 miles east of Antioch. If anyone is interested in working on the farm, call 226-5651. Trucks and farm equipment needed.

The second issue of Horseshit magazine is now available. One has to see it to enjoy it. Write: The Scum Publishing Company, Box 361, Hermosa Beach, California 90254.

Insiders Newsletter reports that FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has given up his late-evening walks in the nation's capital, because of Washington's rising crime rate (a 20 percent increase in serious crime in the first quarter of 1967).

It comes as no surprise, when you realize that more crimes than anywhere else in the world are perpetuated in the Pentagon and the Halls of Congress. Maybe Hoover will not only give up his evening walks, but his job as well, when he considers this problem.

What is piperidyl-benzilate?

"The Game" is just that. The rules are simple. Played anywhere, anytime. This is the way Hugh Romney explains it. "If you see a guy on the street, who has played 'The Game' before, then shoot him with your finger. The idea is to get the drop on him before he does. When he recognizes that he has been shot, he must die as violent a death as possible, at that exact moment."

"I know of guys doing 'The Game' in the weirdest places. It really freaks people out, and brings violence really home to them."

The recent conference of the Students For A Democratic Society passed a resolution to condemn the Jefferson Airplane, one of the best known rock 'n' roll groups, for broadcasting commercials for Levi Strauss & Co., maker of Levis, while company workers are on strike.

"The Life and Loves of Cleopatra" is a local sellout in the Haight/Ashbury of California. A book of pornographic proportions, put out by the Communications Company, it has already sold 5,000 copies by the local hippies, who hawk it in the street.

POOR PARANOID'S

ALLAN KATZMAN



Recent letter which I received, and quote for interest:

The purpose of this letter is to find out if it would be possible for your publication to include information about two subjects that I feel would be of interest to your readers: a regionalized health facility for the Haight-Ashbury; and a semi-annual publication, PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS.

A non-profit medical clinic has been in operation since June 9th, and has been providing service to about 70 patients a day. The primary objective of the clinic is the treatment of acute medical problems, with emphasis on drugs and drug problems. In addition, we hope to establish educational facilities, group confrontation for individuals, and provision for sociological, psychological, and physiological research. The atmosphere of the clinic conforms with the accepted standards of the new community. Promotion of appropriate architectural motifs, use of community resources for non-medical positions, and involvement in existing projects are in effect. At present, the clinic is in a five-room suite of offices at the corner of Haight and Clayton Streets, 558 Clayton, phone 431-1714.

The purpose of the publication, PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS, is to compile and disseminate objective information on the use and abuse of psychedelic drugs of the LSD and marijuana type. The publication is geared to provide information for the lay public, but it will be assumed that the reader has some basic information in the field. A bibliography of suggested reading is included, at the end of the publication.

The theme of Volume 1, Issue 1, is Psychedelic Drugs and the Law. The theme of Volume 1, Issue 2, is The Religious Significance of Psychedelic Drugs. Future journals will deal with such subjects as Marijuana, Past and Present; and Psychedelic Drugs and Communication. The cost of a subscription for one year is \$4.00. Individual copies cost \$2.50.

Thank you,
David E. Smith, M.D.
Medical Director, Haight-Ashbury Clinic

University of California
Department of Pharmacology
Medical Center
San Francisco,
California 94122

Police seized about 100 copies of The Canadian Free Press, a member of UPS, and arrested two teenagers who were selling the newspaper in Ottawa, Canada, charging them with "possessing an obscene publication."

A new bill being considered by Canadian parliament, contains a clause which would make it a crime for anyone to "promote" the use of LSD. Presumably, this would include "psychedelic" music, and other strains.

QUESTION: Is Canada a testing ground for American Fascism?

There is a legal way of pro/rating and deducting all expenditures that the government has spent on war materials.

Make up your tax form as required then take the fiscal budget the government issues which states the amount of money spent percentage wise on the dollar and deduct from your tax that percentage with a written statement on why. Submit a check for the balance. This forces them to get a court injunction to put a lean on your bank account or to garnishee your salary.

They will collect the money but it will take time and expense. If enough people did this, it would be an even more involved and expensive process because they would have to issue separate injunctions. So get your money's worth.

The new acid from California is purple... in color.

Tranquilol is the new comed... STP freakouts.

On July 23, a Sunday, all day long, the first Ferry-In will be held. This summer love-in, loosely organized by the Sheepshead Bay Diggers, will consist simply of people doing their thing on the Staten Island Ferry. Ride back and forth (it's only a nickel), chant love mantras in the middle of New York Bay, give flowers to tourists.

The Bond, a nation-wide anti-war newspaper, whose aim is "to assist GI's in radical organizing," has begun publication in Berkeley. Subscriptions are free to servicemen, but are three dollars for six months for civilians. Write to The Bond, 2056 Emerson, Berkeley, California.

The Bread For Heads benefit, which was reported in the last issue of EVO, introduced two new light projection artists. They were Jacques Kasszemacher, from France, who did the geometric slides; and Tony Johnopoulos, who did the liquid projections.

There seems to be a big crackdown on pot in Vietnam. A recent victim is Pvt. Jeffrey Bowerman, who is now serving four months, for possession, in an army jail. Anyone interested in writing to him, (he has asked me to give his address because he needs to know that someone cares); write to: Pvt. Jeffrey Bowerman, US 51582445, Building 10 Hall Road, APO Box 96491.

A poem by Gary Snyder was recently refused by the San Francisco Oracle, because of content (strange for the Oracle, since it is a beautiful poem no matter what it says). It is entitled A CURSE ON THE MEN IN WASHINGTON, PENTAGON.

OM A KA CA TA TA PA YA SA SVAHA

As you shoot down the Vietnamese girls and men in their fields
Burning and chopping,
Poisoning and blighting,

So surely I hunt the white man down
in my heart.
The crew-cutted Seattle boy
The Portland boy who worked for U.P.
that was me.

I won't let him live. The "American"
I'll destroy. The "Christian"
has long been dead.

They won't pass on to my children,
I'll give them Chief Joseph, the bison herds,
Ishi, sparrowhawk, the fir trees,
The Buddha, their own naked bodies,
swimming and dancing and singing
instead.

As I kill the white man
the "American"
in me
And dance out the Ghost Dance:
To bring back America, the grass and the streams,
To trample your throat in your dreams.

This magic I work, this loving I give
That my children may flourish
And yours won't live.

INDIAN AFFAIRS: If You Can't

By Bob Rudnick



Beat 'Em, Buy 'Em

Collage by The Group Image

Washington's sips

The United States Government has begun its final solution to the Indian Problem. If the Senate passes the "Indian Resources Development Act of 1967" (Omnibus Bill), the "savage misfits" will be forced through economic and social submission, to become assimilated into the cesspool of capitalistic defecations — "the melting pot."

The bill is at best an incredible example of confused intention. It could also be a rotten scheme to steal the Indian land; to break the last vestige of communal tribal life.

As the machine increasingly dominates our lives, replacing trust, love, and sense of community, Uncle Sam finds it necessary to remove the Indian heritage and plug its people into the system. The Indians are not a resource to be developed! America has turned into a coerced illusion, forcing the Indian into completely relinquishing his real heritage, as it has done to most minorities.

Keep in mind, however, that the American Indians are not minorities of the United States, but sovereign nations surrounded by Americans. An analysis of the Omnibus Bill was prepared by Techqua Ikachi (The Traditional Indian Land and Life Committee), with the help of several attorneys. They made it quite clear that the Indian Resources Development Act of 1967 is actually a termination act for Indians: "It increases control of the Bureau of Indian Affairs over the lives of the Indians, . . . and it does not provide adequate technical or financial assistance." Most Indians are, indeed, desperately poor and without opportunity in respect to modern American life, but this bill offers a trap-door into more misery and oppression, not a way to carry forth their destiny.

According to Senator Gruening, "It (the Omnibus Bill) strengthens and perpetuates the authority of the Secretary of State to regulate and dominate the life of the Indian." All Indian actions would still be subject to approval and management, by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It will make the Secretary of the Interior the Big Chief of all remaining Indians, on reservations. The Federal Courts and the Bureau of Indian Affairs will replace the necessity for an occupation army.

This analysis of the proposed Bureau of Indian Affairs "Indian Resources Act of 1967" first appeared in a recent issue of the San Francisco Oracle, a member of the Underground Press Syndicate.

"The individual loses such land, and is not compensated for it . . .

"Similarly, the following sections, 302-310, permit some Indians (only 25 per cent of the total, when eleven or more own the property in question) to force a sale or partition of ALL such land. Although the owners who object to such sales or partition have a right to purchase the property, under certain circumstances, THEY WILL NOW HAVE TO PAY FOR THE LAND WHICH THEY PREVIOUSLY OCCUPIED WITHOUT CHARGE. If they cannot pay, as most will be unable to do, they will lose their land (unless it is capable of being partitioned in kind, and the Commissioner decides to partition it.)

"Thus, Sections 301-310 make easier the loss of their land by the Indians; Sections 311-315 are even more drastic, in permitting the involuntary break-up and loss of undivided Indian restricted or trust land, for they permit the Secretary of the Interior, on request of only 25 per cent of the owners, no matter how many there are, to acquire such land (at its 'appraised value' — the method of appraisal is not specified — plus a 'bonus,' which, in most cases, will be nothing, and can never exceed \$1,000.

"Under these provisions, the United States shall hold such land up to ten years, during which period, it is to be used 'to the best advantage of the United States' — not the Indians. While Indians may purchase the property, during this period, if they have the funds to do so, the land 'may be disposed of by sale, added to the public domain, a national park system, or devoted to any other use which the Secretary determines is in the best interest of the United States' (Sec. 313(c)) — not the Indians. Undoubtedly, the Indians will derive great satisfaction from knowing that visitors to these national parks will listen with interest, when the park rangers speak of the Indians 'who used to live here.'

"The title of this bill, 'The Indian Resources Development Act of 1967,' is not without irony, considering that it will have the effect of permitting or causing many Indians to lose their only asset, land. Furthermore, it is rather bizarre that a bill supposedly designed to assist Indians economically, requires them to purchase the very same property which was previously held free (in trust or restricted status) for them. Yet, that is the effect of Title III (Heirship), as the Secretary himself admits on page 26, in his explanation of the Bill. If there is any doubt that this is a termination act, one need only read the 'Relinquishment of Tribal Membership,' among provisions on livestock trespass, soil conservation, and employee trading. Section 505(a) provides an incentive (or bribe) to terminate payment to the Indian for his share in the tribal assets. Why it should be necessary to give up all Federal rights and status as an Indian, in order to obtain one's share of his tribe's assets, is not altogether clear.

"If termination meant truly preparing Indians for participation in the mainstream of American life, they might well think it desirable. But, in the past, and under this Act, it means abdication of responsibility by which the actions of the BIA have been judged.

"The Omnibus Bill increases the control of the BIA over the lives of the Indians. The principal way in which this law would increase BIA interference in the lives of Indians is its authority to withhold, grant, condition, and revoke 'land management certificates,' all without any standards by which the actions of the BIA may be judged.

"The entire act embodies a philosophy of paternalism, which limits and degrades the Indians, but contains no checks to assure that the BIA is accurately performing its duties. Section after section bestows on the Secretary of the Interior unlimited discretion (for example, Sections 101, 108, 113, 201, 205, 301, 302, 311, 401) with no means of administrative or judicial review provided.

"Thus, the Secretary of the Interior can 'adopt rules and regulations governing the use of Indian lands whenever he concludes that such are necessary to conserve, protect, or promote the interests of the Indians (Sec. 113). And 'A (corporate) charter issued under this title may be revoked by the Secretary, in accordance with such rules and regulations as he shall proscribe,' under Section 204. The constitutionality of such broad delegations of legislative power to the Secretary is dubious.

"The foregoing analysis touches only some of the most serious defects in the proposed Omnibus Bill. There are numerous others, both of substance and procedure. Underlying the entire Bill is a continuation of the BIA's policy of dominance, without real assistance in becoming self-sufficient. In fact, rather than helping to make the Indians self-sufficient, a number of factors in this act, such as the fragmentation and forced sale of land, and inducement to relinquish tribal membership, weaken such resources and unity as the Indians now possess."



DON STRACHAN

Buffy Saint-Marie To Hippies



Reprinted from The Los Angeles Free Press

Long black hair, cowboy hat, yellow dress, Ovaltine—Buffy Sainte-Marie felt these were the externals that told who she was today. What showed even more vividly was a tabula rasa, a blank slate absorbing all that touched it. Her conversation with me revealed a natural poetry guiding every feeling and an eloquent use of the imagery available in her "other language," English.

Details: born on 300-family Cree reserve in Canada's Qu'Appelle Valley 24 years ago. White education (U. of Mass., Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst) makes her half-breed. Three albums. In LA on way to Hawaiian vacation before returning for July 9 Santa Monica Civic Auditorium concert.

Mention in her presence of Indians or hippies is a verbal trigger. She contends about both that they are what they are and one cannot become the other.

FP: Do you want to talk about civil rights or the war?

BUFFY: My feet get tired after I march more than half a mile. I don't even know Vietnam exists. How could I? I know Indians.

FP: I was thinking about civil rights in terms of Indians, not blacks.

BUFFY: The Indian has no civil rights. The Indian has almost nothing left—no land, no country, no chance, no

past that is admitted by the Great Society, no future...he has one thing left—his soul. The white man cannot tolerate an alternative to his way of life. To him the Indian is all right if he will just disappear. He cannot tolerate darkness—a dark soul, a dark mind, dark love—anything foreign to his whiteness.

FP: This, you say, is why he has mistreated the Indian—for religious reasons? Is your Indian soul a dark soul?

Buffy: I'm dedicated to Satan and Jehovah—my God is Abraxas, the god of evil and of good.

I began my life this morning by existing in a state of prayer—grateful to some unknown girl who was my soul in the last life—and she took very good care of it.

I went through the Oriental religion phase in my teens (note: she has a degree in it)—but it was just a toy, just a coloring book. White man's religion is just a coloring book, as are his neuroses and conflicts. Indians don't have time for them—they have to eat.

What the white man calls religion is an aesthetic experience. That is very nice; I like aesthetic experiences—but they are just toys, not religion. The most staid people go to Church looking for a 'high,' a good performer. They should go to college, or buy records and sleep on Sunday morning.

I believe in saints, and their yellow velvet robes and stained glass lives; and in a skinny gray Christ who hangs dripping through Eternity like a used towel.

I believe the Church might know something that I don't know.

FP: I think it's a mistake to equate white religion with the Church; the new religion (if there is such a thing) appears to be the property of the hippie movement. The hippies seem to be trying to borrow a lot from the Indian; there's a cult among them of semi-worship of the Indian. Does this encourage you, or do you view them as heirs of the fair-weather liberal in the Negro civil rights movement?

BUFFY: It's a very white state of affairs.

FP: Well, does the Indian have anything to offer the hippie?

BUFFY: First let me say that I can't speak for the Indian because I'm not the Indian I sing about. I'm of the level of a white prostitute—I'm split with a razor; half white, half Indian. And neither half is inferior. If I see two hippies, one in a sweatshirt and the other loaded down with 300 pounds of Navajo jewelry, I don't think of them as Indian or white; they're just two guys to me.

But speaking for me, a guy in a Tuesday Hallowe'en costume is not helping the Indians, nor is he getting any closer to being an Indian or like an Indian. The first fact a white man has to face is that he's white—just as the Indian has to face the fact that he's Indian, or the black man that he's black.

I'm looking for a New America—a new White Man who can admit and accept the fact of his infamous heritage, and make something out of that.

An Indian wears feathers and bells not to make him an Indian but because they're beautiful. To the hippie who wears feathers and bells because they're beautiful, I can tell him nothing. I say to the hippie who tries to identify with the Indian—you're never going to see me in your mirror.

I made the same mistake these hippies make when I was about 17. I tried to look like "17" magazine. I dyed my hair and cut it; I used white makeup—I looked horrible! I tried to accept this heritage of a people to whom I owed nothing, and who owed me nothing—I had no business doing it.

FP: You're pretty rough on the hippies. Don't you think, whether or not they are on the right track, that they are imitating out of admiration?



"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME IN YOUR MIRROR"

BUFFY: The Indian has one thing left; his soul. The hippies are after the Indian's soul. They're vampire children of their parents. I call them soul suckers.

But I am being harsh. I don't hate them—they're like a poor kid pounding his head in.

FP: And I didn't mean to infer that all hippies were following the Indian. There is a kind of person who is labeled hippie who has "found himself," who doesn't try to be an Indian, or a hippie, or anything else—just himself. He thinks it's impossible to mend the mess; you've got to start over.

BUFFY: Oh, hippies are a gas, I really like them. Hippies are a flower garden. But a lot of them—the ones you're talking about—have RETIRED. There is still a lot of work that needs to be done—and it needs to be done by flower children; it can only be accomplished by saints. I'm waiting for the Saints to Go Marching In!

The world still has cruelty. I say to these children—there are other children really catching it from the Establishment. Remain involved—think of the persecuted.

Do you know that it is three times as dangerous to be an Indian under 18 in this country as a soldier in Vietnam? I live in a room where more children have died of disease since the beginning of the war than soldiers have died in battle.

FP: Then the idea of each person saving his own soul, cultivating his garden, is too idealistic for the world as it presently exists.

BUFFY: There are two kinds of Buddhism—himalaya buddhism, in which each person saves his soul and takes off for the void, and mahayana, which is a larger boat, beside which the saints stand blissful and waiting—remaining until every last one of us is in the boat and ready to cross.

I can't drop out—I'm not stuck as adhesive tape; I AM adhesive tape.

FP: Do you consider your singing as your contribution, your form of involvement?

BUFFY: I'm not helping the Indian by singing to white hippies. I've written three protest songs, but only three out of hundreds of songs. I'm stuck between two cultures. Born on the reserve, but I've lived somewhere between 10 and 24 years of a white life. I love Chanel number 5 and shopping, lots of white things. Some day I may have to kill half of me. If I go back to the reserve, I'll be an Indian. If I marry a white man, I cannot return to the reserve—it's going to evict someone wonderful no matter which I do.

My work right now is talking to people the hippies don't consider—people of another ilk—and this is not pleasant. But you must be an alchemist; you must turn crap to gold.

FP: If you go back to the reserve...?

BUFFY: I'm thinking of moving back and teaching a class of 50 or so. Right now there are about 250 in the school, taught by four white teachers. They're teaching them history without a mention of the Indian! Imagine!

I'm working with the teachers now, trying to bring Cree material into the classroom. It's a question of shyness more than anything—I'm trying to get the teachers to visit people in the village, and have Indians bring handwork into the classrooms, and perpetuate Cree culture.

FP: The best example of such an attempt in Western white culture was the Irish Renaissance, which failed. Do you really think you can save the Cree culture?

BUFFY: I can save the culture.

FP: Are conditions satisfactory on the reserve?

BUFFY: Oh, it's beautiful, with lots of space between the houses, and lots of grass and things. But no one works. There is no work. They're building a road right through the center of the reserve, but they won't hire Indians to do their work. They're going to come in and ruin our reserve with their bars and motels and all the other things they like.

A bill was introduced in the United States not long ago which would have allowed a factory to be built on a reserve and pay no taxes for a number of years, so long as it employed the Indians. The AFL-CIO killed it.

FP: If the Cree doesn't want the road, why does he want to be able to help build it? Why doesn't he refuse?

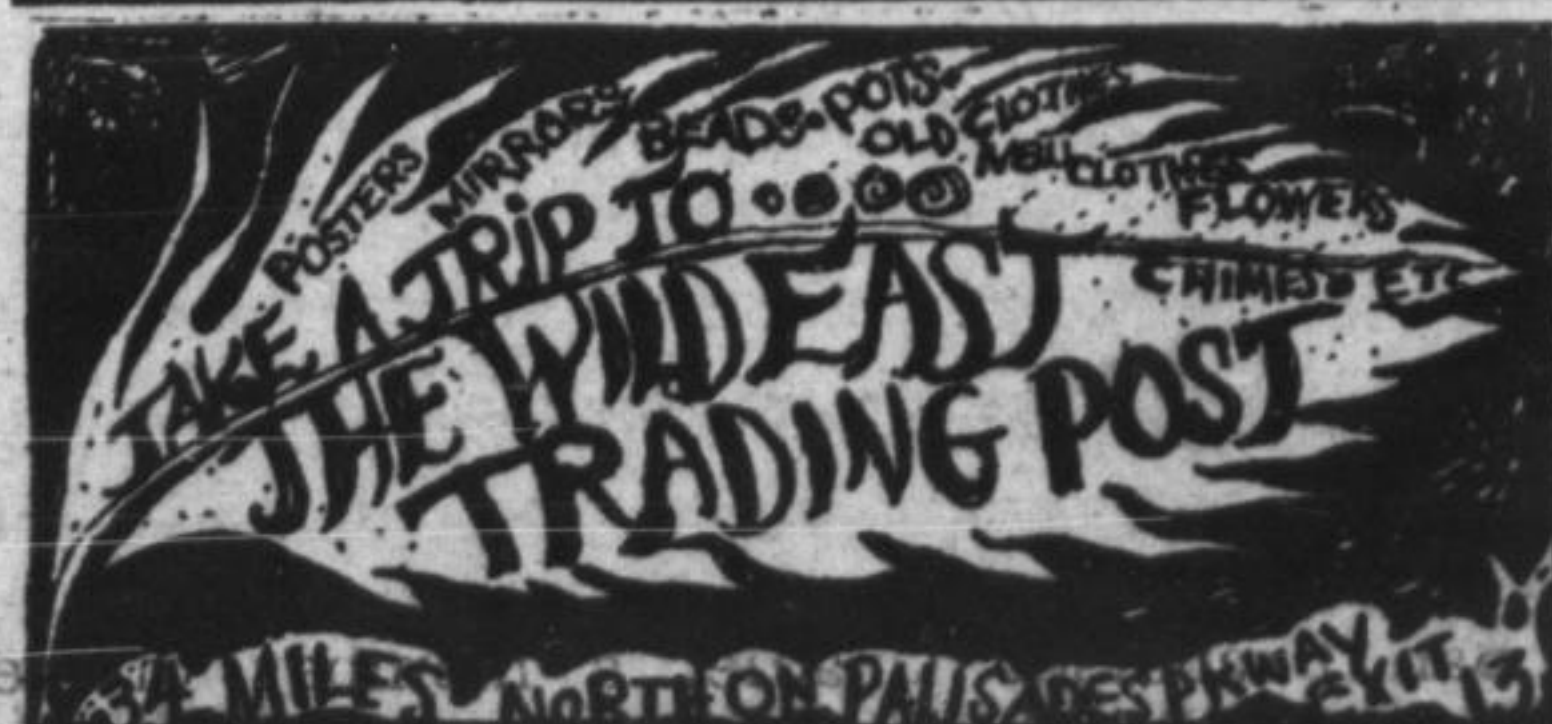
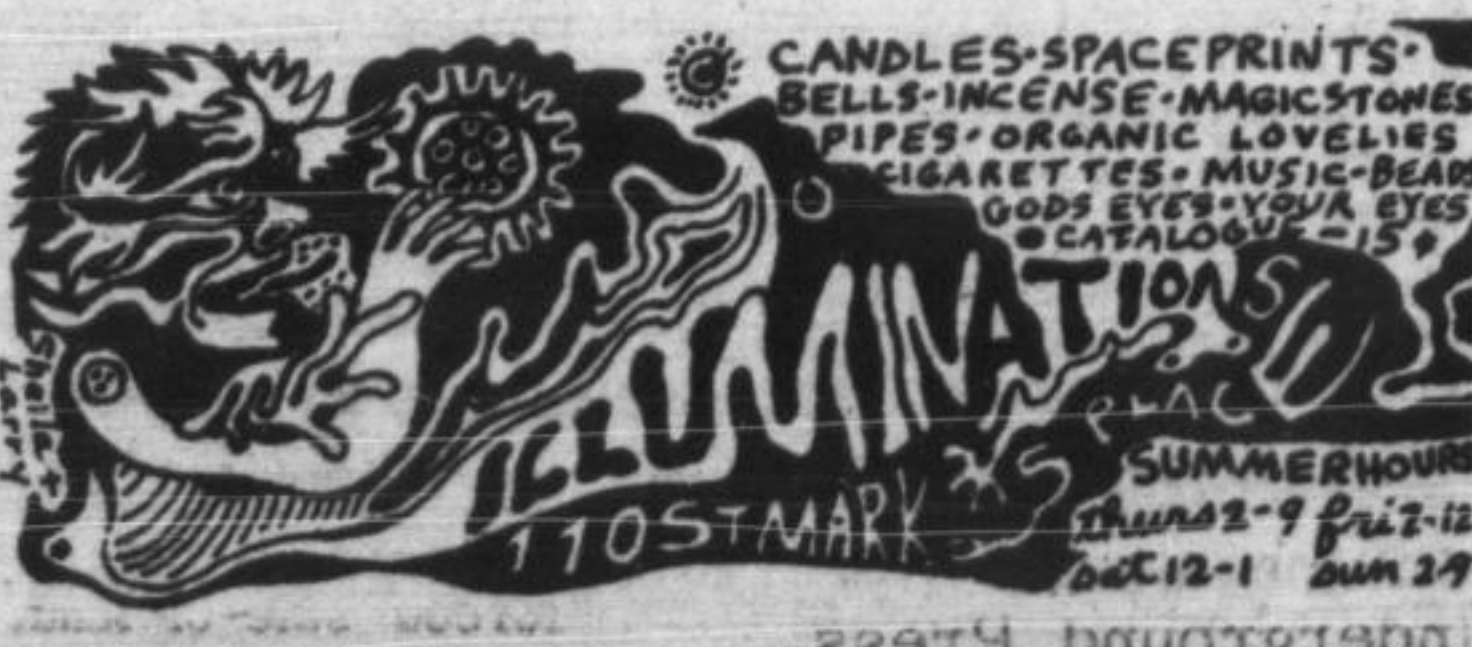
BUFFY: Political commitments are a luxury of the white man.

FP: In the United States, sociologists have pointed to the Negro's inability to get work as creating in some cases an attitude of shiftlessness and dependence on welfare or the woman to bring home the bread. Has any sort of similar demoralizing process, if I may use the term, hit the Cree reserves?

BUFFY: Respect is another white man's term. The concept of self-respect does not exist in my thinking; respect is just assumed. And as for the respect of others, the Indian does not look to the white man to give him respect.

FP: How do the people on the reserve view your success in the white man's world? Do they frown on you?

BUFFY: They don't even know about it. To them I've just left the reserve and return to visit periodically and they're happy to see me. If I return to stay, they'll be happy about that too.



TURN OVER, TUNE UP AND DROP IN

by Hugh Romney

OR WILL YOU WEAR MY PUDDING?



Photo by Phil Garvin

Hugh Romney used to work the Gaslight Cafe back in 1961 when things were really happening on MacDougal Street. Paul Krassner called him "the abstract Lenny Bruce."

He dropped out of New York for the greener pastures of California where he ran into Ken Kesey and joined the band of Merry Pranksters traveling with Kesey across the open road in the fully wired, intricately

painted, International Harvester school bus named Furthur.

Finally he wound up living on a mountain top tending a hog farm which was harrassed by local Birchers for being too much fun. The following is his account of living with the Intergalactic World Brain which he affectionately calls "the puddin".

This cement apple used to be my year-round rappin' smokin' eatin' freakin' sleepin' new york tongue-dance till they close the Living Theatre so i pack up my tongue and move to california.

Years later i got very high and met this pudding that i used to hear about in my kiddie mind but it never grew up with the rest of my meat; yet there it was—this pudding, and it's in me and around me, and i'm happy and i'm scared—but mostly i'm scared—so i run down my scared and into my meat and smoke a lot of cigarettes.

Two weeks later i get very high and here comes this pudding again and it never stops coming till i say that it's mine; then it throws me into this cigarette and splits. So i come down smoking and i don't talk for a long time.

Then i feel this voice push me out the door and into these people and into these books and into this music and i know it's the pudding talking without words, so i go to school on this hog farm in Sunland, California, and i meet this schoolbus named Furthur and this guy named Ken Kesey, and he knows all about the pudding.

So we go to work for the pudding and it gets very hard, but the harder it gets the better it feels, and all this stuff starts coming into my life, like the hog farm, and my wife and my friends, and i get this job teaching these children who are brain-damaged how to play.

And i begin to realize: all things are part of the pudding—people are better than movies—silence has muscles—american cheese looks like rubber butter—my father's mush has many rooms—war is a very complicated way of getting acquainted—having discovered i had drawn wings upon my ankles i quickly bought some socks—leave no stone unturned—as i said to the mirror the other morning, it's all done with people—

and these people keep coming, and i figure we're all the same person trying to shake hands with ourselves.

and these books keep appearing like the i ching and the bible, the wind in the willows, the book of the hopi, the secret of the golden flower, stranger in a strange land, and siddhartha, and the rest of hesse, and the last of jung, and all of evans-wentz, and mt. analogue the urantia song consummate all and everything, and still they keep coming, and the music of tibet and sonny rollins, balachander, tiny tim, the beatles and bach and the people, the books and the music get me very, very high with the help of the sky and the wind and the grass: i get high on this hog farm in sunland when suddenly—

I get married and all of these people come up to the hog farm to celebrate the inauguration of the shoulder-built balloon theatre and sing the full ring ceremony after buddha and roses to our wedding shower (an actual shower in this field of yellow mustard—dress to bathe) and these people, my friends, come up

TURN OVER, TUNE UP AND DROP O

IN

in their hair with flowers and cars burning rainbows, while down in the valley all these straight people start picking up on this river of hairiest rainbows coming up to the hog farm and they think about hippies and acid and orgy and commie and kill-our-daughters guitar, so they send up the police and they call this big meeting and they ask me what i have done to help build the empire and they talk about a big old flag we hung up for this hog rodeo (pretty people painted piggies ride around with music months before) and the flag gets wasted with wind and with rain, and they sneak up at night and snap this picture of some pigs digging this tattered flag so they tell us to burn it, and we burn it, so they call us flag burners and they close our road with these chains and these guns and threaten with phone calls the ninety-years grandmother of the man who gave us the land.

This man, claude doty, salt of the planet, free-lances his tractor and raises his children down in the valley, 'cause the wife says the life up the mountain's too hard, but his heart's at the hog farm, and

the more that they threaten and flourish their weapons the more we can stay on the farm, and that's the kind of a guy claude doty is!

The next day is memorial day and they close their road so we find another road still ungraded but groovy with yuccas all over. Then up comes the paper of sunland-tujunganga so we greet them with flowers and help us make music, so they hug us and kiss us and say not to worry.

The next day in the paper they tell us we're hippies and commies and orgies and acid and a whole bunch of other shit. The i ching reads revolution so we hang out—except for the people who never washed dishes or handled a hoe and they split at the drop of the first cop who came in the morning and said that he couldn't relate to my bedroom so i showed him the door to the kitchen and coffee.

That night i step on a kitten—just one of the twenty that covered the floor of our bedroom at dark—and he's gasping and broken and my wife calls a doctor at two in the morning; he'll meet at the base

of the road, so we ride down the mountain with the kitten that's broken till we come to the guard and the chain. My wife gets out all crying and shows him the kitten and he lowers the chain with a sympathy smile.

Just then thirty guys with cowboy hats and guns come out of the creek bed and where are you going and where have you been and this guy that builds empires says LET THE CAT DIE so i start to get angry and angry more angry and the guys, most embarrassed, let us go to the doctor's, yet follow us down to see if we skipped on our bill!

The next morning we are invaded by video and radio and provo and freepress and friends up our own road just graded by doty. So they study our commune and we study their cameras and they say that we're peaceful and they feel that we're people and they say so and see so all over the country and our people get closer and the kitchen gets painted and tomatoes get planted and horses and chickens come out of the void and i feel that the pudding is pleased...

DIVORCE: newyork style

by Dick Preston

It would seem that we are all suckers for marriage. We are brought up (conditioned?) to view this hollow institution as something that contains a magic, which will, with the aid of a bureaucratic incantation, solve all our romantic problems. No matter the ruins that surround us, nothing deters us from entering into a holy and legal contract which, in New York State, changes a ring on the finger to a shackle around the toes. It's bad enough to be human and fallible, but for the State to punish us for our fallibility in human affairs, is a humiliation we could well do without. And the new New York State Divorce Law, which comes into effect in September, '67, is, in fact, just another cruel legal joke, at the expense of the human condition, and, in one section, may even be unconstitutional.

The 'souls' of politicians are of water... they run downhill, and follow the line of least resistance. Whenever they feel

a subject to be controversial to a majority of their humanoid electorate, the issue, regardless of its rightness in broad human terms, is avoided, subverted, compromised. In Cardinal Spellman's home base, New York State, one of the strongest sources of reaction is the Catholic Church. At least 50% of the legislators are Catholic, and 23% of the electorate.

To overcome the conditioned prejudice against divorce, our representatives would have had to take a slightly stronger stand than they usually do, in matters of controversy. As usual, they chickened out.

Under the conditions of the old law, (originally drafted by Alexander Hamilton), the sole grounds for divorce was adultery. Incidentally, this is still on the books, as a criminal offense. However, it was still possible, if one had the money, to obtain an out-of-state divorce in Mexico, Reno, etc., providing you met the residency requirements of the state in which you were getting your divorce.

The new bill, whilst it increases the number of grounds for divorce, also includes some cunning pieces of legislation, in which, it seems to me, a compromise to the Catholic Church has been included.

The new grounds are as follows:

- Adultery. (Still a crime)
- Cruel and inhuman treatment. (not defined)
- Abandonment for 2 years or more.
- Confinement to prison for three years consecutively.
- Separation.

It is in the Separation clause, that the legislators could have shown some leniency and humanity. Unfortunately, in their compromise action, they added a rider, which states that a separation must be proved by filing notice of it with the county clerk, and couples must go through compulsory conciliation. It should be noted that,

under the old bill, a separation could be made legal, by merely signing the agreement in the lawyer's office. Moreover, after the separation agreement has been filed with the county clerk, one has to wait 2 years, before one can sue one's partner for divorce; plus another 120 days, before one actually gets into court. Under the old law, one could get a divorce in about 35 days, if one was prepared to lie about one's adultery.

To expedite conciliation, the State will set up Conciliation Commissions in each District, which will be headed by a judge, and will, no doubt, be staffed by an army of assorted lawyers and social workers.

Since most people will probably be using "separation" as their grounds for divorce, one's fate will be in the hands of the Conciliation judge. Heaven help us, if he's an orthodox Catholic and/or a tyrant!

Moreover—and this is the bitterest clause of all—out-of-state divorces are now illegal! As the law puts it, if a person lived in N.Y. State, during the 12 months prior to starting divorce proceedings; and resumed residence, at any time within 18 months of the out-of-state divorce, his divorce would be illegal. Neither can he retain a residence in New York State during this period.

It would seem to me, that the illegality of the out-of-state divorce is unconstitutional, as it interferes with the free movement, and rights of citizenship, and passage between states. The Constitution explicitly states that the judicial acts of one state must be recognized by the others.

And so, the new law is not only going to make divorce more difficult, but it also is going to make it more expensive. Owing to an increase in paper work (!) due to the existence of the Conciliation Commission, the cost of divorce is expected to rise, by about 50%. That means that, if you shop for a bargain, the price will be about \$700.

If you're poor...? Well, no one forced you to get married. Maybe Legal Aid, or some other social agency, will help you—

if the Bar Association gives its O.K. But, if you're not in a hurry, you could sit and wait for the next divorce law reform. Let's hope you don't have to wait another 170 years.

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"Sheep Who Die Silently Are No Use As Victims."

by Lionel Mitchell

America is such a land of "facts" that in the course of hoarding, reporting this huge quantity, perhaps the important FACTS get trampled upon, lost, buried, confused...

Perhaps the older malcontents remember quite vividly certain costs for demanding humanity out of the "men" who run, control, and SUPPORT our organized society. One thing is palpably obvious...our generation has small experience in this matter. Our experience is small, in that we do not understand the rapidity with which our neighbors are willing, ready, and able to turn on us, and the absurd grounds which they consider fair basis for glibness, complacency, and outright inhumanity. Take Newark as the place, for instance, who would think that, here in the most affluent society on earth, that an armful of grocery, a case of beer, was sufficient to warrant the loss of one's life? One doesn't need an overbearance of "facts," to understand this reality; a mere reading of the official reports, coupled with medium intelligence, is sufficient. It is not even necessary to be too studied in geography...in Los Angeles, on June 26, Police Chief Redding called a surprise assault on 20,000 people, "a perfect police exercise," and the fact that elderly women, children, invalids in wheelchairs, blacks, whites, hippies, clergymen, professionals, and the unemployed were protesting the U.S. war in Vietnam in the presence of the president, made not one damned bit of difference—the clubs fell, without regard to race, color, sociology, creed, or, for that matter, varying levels of defenselessness! The same and much, much more can be said with regards to Newark. In Newark, a new level was reached, in the growing confrontation of the American civilian population with the armed brutality of societal might, or the old existential truth of violence on the rebound from the Vietnams and foreign interventions. But people are still treating Newark and Vietnams and clubbings as isolated incidents—that is, when they don't go the whole hog, and develop comforting euphemisms, such as "law and order," and "non-involvement," for them.

Americans, whether white liberal, leftist, dropped-out, black nationalist...tend naturally to believe what is palpably not true, and contradicted by all the available evidence—that, somehow, the worst cannot happen here...that, somehow, the growing odor of oven-fire is (with great quixotic regrets) for the next guy to worry about. But the growth of police and troop freedom, at the cost of civilian life and limb, is, for all non-suicidal men, an ominous development. What was learned at Watts was used as routine procedure on anti-Vietnam be-inners who left home, no doubt, with some pretty solid illusions concerning the Bill of Rights.

Here is an interesting quote from Col. Rex Applegate, printed in ORDINANCE, the magazine for systems for national defense. Applegate is a retired infantry officer, who is recognized as an authority on close combat and riot control. He is the author of "Kill or Get Killed," a text used by military and civil police forces throughout the world:

"Heretofore, American tactical and weapons-development programs have been largely guided by modern battlefield requirements and the higher concepts of military nuclear strategy. More recently the national counterinsurgency program has been pointed towards combatting the guerrilla in the jungle and rural areas. In the future, however, the most vital phase of the battle may be fought against civilian mobs in the streets of urban areas where the centers of government power and communications are located."
(ORDINANCE, May-June 1967)

Since, in most cases, the police choose the when and where to fight, and since they have the power to decide what constitutes a serious "disturbance," one need not have too much imagination to foresee what lies (as the man says) in the future. In the interest of personal survival, every American should read Col. Applegate's book, "Kill or Get Killed."

The establishment press showed a knowledge of what it was expected to do in the Newark situation, bordering on the natural talents usually attributed to lackeys. The New York Times repeatedly showed itself to be interested, mainly, in the "tragedy" of the businessmen who were so busy making money that they forgot to see if their policies covered what Gov. Hughes (acting in the interest of insurance companies) prematurely and hurriedly called an "insurrection," which many policies do not cover. Gov. Hughes, the liberal who put into practice what Ronald Reagan said but had not been given the opportunity to do; for his part, was repeatedly appalled by the death of some trooper, but remained equally academic about some Negress slaughtered in her own home when it was strafed by troops unable to get at the snipers who were shooting at them. This was, at least, consistent with the visual difficulties shared by liberals, in that all niggers look alike to them, too, and furthermore, liberal humanism clearly provides that the good suffer for the bad niggers. Quite clearly, the purely academic divisions in the black community between "moderates" and "extremists" have meaning only to the blacks who remain divided along lines of the "correct" and the "incorrect," since obviously they do not have any meaning to the troopers. This cashes in with that statute of Southern social thinking, that all too many

blacks cannot get through their skulls...to wit... A NIGGER IS ALWAYS A NIGGER. Here is an eyewitness account from Joseph Browne, a resident of Newark:

"Two women, one said to have been pregnant, were killed as they sat in their homes. The sniper slipped away across the roof of their apartment house, while, across the street, a young guardsman told me that he was sick of having to open fire on buildings containing innocent people, in an effort to catch one or two snipers, that usually got away anyway."

By contrast, in Plainfield, where, in the early hours of the disturbance there, 46 M-1 rifles were stolen; riots were averted when the defenders of the law took a more realistic view, because of what the Post reported was sufficient to make them consider the West End section, "a formidable garrison." As result, the Post reported, Plainfield acquired "two governments." In short, the middle-class blacks were immediately drawn into the fray, by the lunacy of the defenders of law and order...their presence did more to undermine law and order, since it became obvious that it did not matter whether one was looting or just sitting at home; the over-riding consideration in the minds of the troopers was that one was black. This will have a considerable hardening effect on the population concerned, and on the whole black community. One might say that the so-called moderates in the Negro community lost their argument at Newark. In the words of the street, therefore, one might safely say, THE SHIT IS DEFINITELY ON.

The whole nation, including the blacks who were the snipers, have reached a moment of truth. The police, the politicians, have demonstrated far more eloquently than Leroi Jones or any of the so-called extremists, that violence is the corridor, down which the American nation rushes madly. The snipers were far inferior to the troopers, in training, and, more importantly, in AIM. The vast differences in the casualty lists between the military and civilians dead, points up the fact that someone was pretty cynical in drawing military fire on civilians, without a corresponding preparedness to defend those civilians with accurate aims. The inability of the snipers to claim any more than two military lives, gives credibility to the theory that the Black Nationalist movement is fostering a death wish in the Black community. The poetic outbursts against "whitey," in the last two years, have had their essentially protest premises revealed. Leroi Jones, himself, was reportedly brutally beaten and subsequently arrested by police, while packing not one, but two guns. There are but a few conclusions that can be drawn from these facts... (1) that the so-called riots were not insurrections, but were essentially protest demonstrations gone wild, since, obviously, the Black population and militants were not prepared to oppose the military occupation. (2) If, in fact, Newark was an insurrection, then it is in fact true that the poor planning evidences a suicidal impulse. (3) If, in fact, the true character of the Newark rising was unorganized frustration ranging

aimlessly, then, in the light of what happened with regards to the troops, all the evidence points to a need in the future for some means of organized, planned, trained self-defense.

Characteristically, Time magazine ludicrously contented itself and its readers with the statistics... "\$277 per capita on repairing urban blight—the highest annual figure for the nation's 50 biggest cities..." as if it is a matter of fact that this sum was finding its way to the Negro population in Newark, and as if the story of public spending were going on in an atmosphere not like the unprecedented graft, scandal, and bureaucratic inefficiency typical of public monies and morals since Billy Sol Estes. But this is the same Time that tried to isolate the hippies by calling them a strictly middle-class happening, and "objectively" pointing out their lily-white complexion, or quoting a hippy (perhaps the only one in the world) who couldn't understand how Negroes could possibly drop-out. Time, as usual, was able to use its liberal veneer for the desired results, which can be read today, July 20, on the front page of the New York Times... RIOT BILL VOTED BY HOUSE. That is to say, the establishment that, in part, consciously provoked the riots, and otherwise allowed the conditions to prevail which foster riots, now aims to hoodwink the civilian population, and milk it further of its rights, by stampeding civilians to give the government greater leverage in restricting, hoodwinking, and brutalizing them under the guise of law. Let no one think that a new riot law will be used only on Negroes. On the contrary, anyone with unpopular views can be ruled a riot inciter. Any person traveling from state to state championing a point of view, will be open to persecution under these new laws awaiting Senate approval. Think of the many unpopular points of view that could be interpreted out of existence by these new, repressive laws. Their chief result will be to establish something very close to a passport system, for anyone with an unpopular or unconventional point of view, whether right or left. This does not exclude people who want to gather from all over the country for be-ins, marches on Washington, or, conceivably, mass exodus to any given section of the country. Also on the front page of the New York Times today, is an article reporting a house-to-house search for the stolen guns... HEAVILY ARMED TROOPERS ACT WITHOUT WARRANTS, UNDER PROCLAMATION BY HUGHES... which is another way of saying that the Bill of Rights, or the due-process clauses of the Constitution, have no meaning in our lives, and still, people bother to get worked up by flag burning. In Plainfield, New Jersey, today, on July 20, the governor of the State of New Jersey proclaimed the right of troopers to trample a cardinal article of the Bill of Rights, and, perhaps, the Magna Carta, and in profound contempt for Anglo-Saxon Common Law, to boot. In short, there are no indignities which citizens of the most powerful nation on earth may not suffer, in a society that calls itself "democratic" and "light of the world."

COMPUTERS IN THE GHETTO

by Robbie Robot

The Real Great Society, which derives its name from LBJ's propaganda proposals, is designing the University of the Streets. They hope to channel the turbulent elements of the Lower East Side community into creative courses, reducing the tension by providing the needed growing space for people who can't find it in their natural environments. They plan to accomplish this through their store-front computer. The computer would also plan, if provided for by the city, state or federal governments, a more interesting, spiritually and economically profitable life in the community. If it works there, maybe it would work in Harlem or Bed-Stuy, or even the suburban "co-ops" out on Long Island; and if it could work in these places, it could work anywhere.

The computer—as part of an electronic data-processing system—would act as a market-place, increasing the flow of goods and services on the Lower East Side. It could inventory the unmet needs and unused resources of the area. In this way, responsible persons could pinpoint problems before they become catastrophic, and at the same time they could recognize significant opportunities for socio-economic development. That is, it would be much easier to coordinate the activities of public and private agencies. Individuals could find out how to obtain needed services and goods, i.e. babysitters, furniture, specific types of advice, etc.; and businessmen could uncover opportunities to benefit themselves AND the local economy. Moreover, as a data-processing apparatus, the computer would serve a time-sharing function for the businessmen in the area. The availability of low-cost data-processing, for routine operations such as inventory control and accounting, would be a definite business asset.

Also, the computer would be an educational instrument. The public location of the data-processing center would serve to acquaint residents of the area with the new technology. People might be given instruction in computer operations and programming, at the storefront. By means of the operation, the University of the Streets could be coordinated; people could come together and learn from one another, according to their genuine interests.

To facilitate the operation, it is essential that the staff (whose salaries should be paid from funds made available through government appropriations) of the proposed data-processing center live in the area they are serving, so that they can be genuinely concerned with local problems and potentialities. Insofar as the center proved beneficial to the Lower East Side, it could serve as a model for the establishment of similar community service agencies in other sections of New York City, and in other sections of the country, as well.

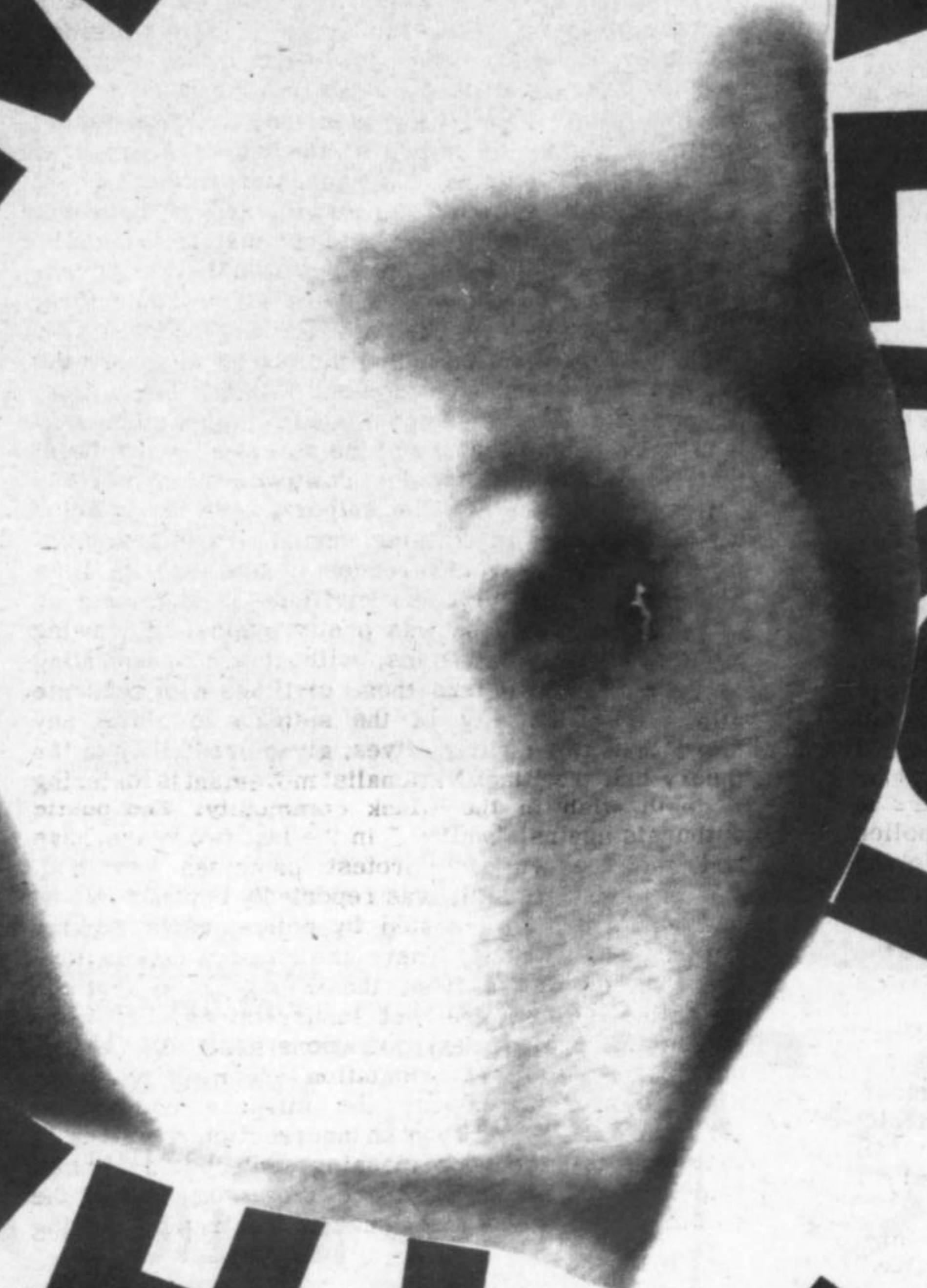
The history of the Real Great Society indicates, quite clearly, that the able young men in the ghettos, who have been deeply involved in violence and crime, can become much more deeply involved in creative pursuits almost overnight, if they are encouraged and allowed to move ahead in ways that are meaningful to them. With the aid of this facility, the Society proposes to develop a community in which people can cooperate effectively, to solve the basic problems which arise daily — inadequate housing, pollution, poverty, social conflict, inadequate opportunities for education, and a generally unattractive environment. They propose to accomplish a metamorphosis on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, with a minimum input of financial and technical assistance.

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by Michael Blair

LAST OF THE MAYAN

The Lacandons are one of the few remaining pure-blooded representatives of the classical Mayans of Mexico, and they are slowly becoming extinct. The Mayans, whose great civilization fell centuries before the Spanish conquest in 1532, once numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Today, their entire population numbers in the tens of thousands, and among these there are about 200 Lacandons. Information about them was obtained first-hand in February, 1966, from the Zashen-Maax (pronounced "zashen-maash," a Mayan term meaning roughly "the monkey that laughs without much enthusiasm") expedition in the State of Chiapas.

Situated deep in the rainy tropical forests of the Yucatan Peninsula and the State

of Chiapas, are the two isolated villages of the Lacandons. (There is some aloofness between them; those of the southern village consider the northerners cannibals although there is no evidence for this charge.) Since the jungle growth is thick and lush, the only sunlight is that which manages to filter through the trees. At times the jungle is filled with the cries of birds and monkeys, but often it is deadly quiet. Countless streams and rivers wind their way through this green, mysterious land. Like shadows, moving quickly and quietly on their bare feet, the Lacandons are able to travel through the tangles, hardly using their machetes. The rivers in which their crude canoes navigate are often laced with dangerous rapids. Both villages possess crude air strips, hacked out of the

jungle 17 years ago by an American missionary, who had converted some of the Lacandons to a simplified form of Protestantism. To fly into these jungles in an antiquated plane with a wooden fuselage, aimed by a carefree pilot with a pint of Johnny Walker in his hip pocket, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience; and the faint of heart are advised either to walk or to stay at home.

All Lacandons have beautiful faces and clear, bronze skin. The men wear shoulder-length hair, an old religious custom, and many of them wear bangs. The men average 5' 4" in height and the women about 4' 11". They all speak Mayan, and some of the men speak Pidgin Spanish. The women speak no Spanish; in fact, they are very timid and never speak to outsiders at all. Newly-married women wear feathers in their hair. A girl may be married at the age of 12, but she may remain a virgin until she is 13 or 14. Polygamy is practiced, and the entire family—husband, wives and children—all live in one "house." The northerners wear long, plain shapeless robes, actually body-length sacks of crude cloth which has been traded to them. This group sometimes assumes a patronizing attitude toward outsiders, but neither group is really unfriendly. They are both usually quite reserved and aloof, and they are very proud.

The Lacandons probably were once the priest class of the Mayans, and they live in peace in their small villages. Those in the north are less influenced by European civilization than those in the south; however, tourists and traders make regular contact with both villages. The Lacandons trade tobacco and bows and arrows, and they sell information on the whereabouts of old carved stones ("piedras"). Once they have been paid their silver pesos ("platas"), the southern group will gladly pose for pictures. Like many superstitious people the world over, the Lacandons distrust paper money and accept only hard currency.

Both groups have rifles, bows and arrows for hunting, and spears for fishing. Their diet consists of fish, birds, turtles, monkeys, anteaters, corn, wild fruits and some chili. Most of them still worship the Mayan gods, and at religious ceremonies the men make offerings of food and drink. They consume a mild but terrible-smelling alcoholic liquid made from sugar cane; an entire day of drinking makes them slightly drunk.

The resistance of the Lacandons is very low. For instance, a bad cold may kill a man or make him so weak he can't hunt. Inbreeding within the tribe is lowering the resistance. Every year or two several of the young men may leave the tribe to begin a new life in the towns or cities, but this is the exception, not the rule. Now the Lacandons are facing the necessity to change from a life of hunting, at which they excel, to an agricultural life, for which they lack both desire and skill.

The onslaught of advancing "civilization" has been accelerating the disappearance of the Lacandons. Prior to and during World War II, "chicleros" (traders who take the "chicle" sap, the base of chewing gum, from the zapote tree) invaded the area, killing many men and raping the women. Women who contracted VD from the cultural exchange were banished from the tribe.

In the face of their diminishing numbers and the unwelcome changes in their hunting habits, the Lacandons are intelligent, fatalistic, and proud. They feel that when they all die out, the world will end since then there will be no one to chant correctly at the time of an eclipse, and the Moon will devour the Sun.



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OR NOTES ON THE AMERICAN ACTOR

by Allan C Edmands

American Established Theatre, especially Broadway, is merely one other aspect of American capitalism—the producer is the entrepreneur, the angels are the stockholders, the icy ticket bookers are the sales corp, the bourgeois theatregoers are the consumers, the writers and directors are the managerial administration, and the union actors and stage hands are the blue collar labor force. It is virtually impossible for the actor to win his bread and butter by acting unless he joins this labor force and becomes "professional." Thus, theatre becomes for him just a job, and mediocrity is preserved. He has become a craftsman, a skilled laborer, a routine aping prostitute of the theatre art form. His roles, his source of subsistence, lie generally outside of artistic criticism; and the "criticisms" of the Established Press lie generally halfway between consumer grading reports and Better-Business-Bureau findings, and they become useful only for advertising. The professional actor's reward for his toil is his paycheck, and the chief fringe benefit is fame. The amateur works only for fame. Fame, however, is a valuable commodity—a necessity for "advancement," to secure roles in future productions.

But the further the American actor, professional or amateur, advances beyond mediocrity, the more insecure becomes his job. He becomes a worshipped and envied idol, but his reputation hangs upon a thread. His honor, prestige and position are forever politically subject to the whims of the theatregoers. This public cries for new blood, and yesterday's fetish is ruthlessly cut down for today's star. According to Frederik Schyberg in his lecture "The Actor as Phenomenon:" "What does it benefit an actor to have years left to live, if he is not able to create the art which is his life (at least, his job). The theatre...is...a place of execution. Even today human sacrifices take place. In a figurative sense it is the art which devours people!"

Much of the responsibility for the actor's transitory security lies with the critics. In Europe drama criticisms are rarely taken seriously; at most, they are understood for what they are—OPINIONS. But American productions, even the reputations of individual actors, are at the mercy of critics. On and off-Broadway critics are known to make and break plays within a week after opening, and many readers believe their opinions are Holy Writ. And unless a producer can book audiences into his hit for a long run, he has no business sense.

But even bad reviews are free and effective publicity for the production as a whole. Still the actor takes these press notices seriously. He pastes good notices into scrapbooks to make his resumes impressive. Panning notices, even when offered constructively, are assaults on his self-image.

Like most of the "information" in the Established Media, theatre reviews are generally mere political reflections of the prejudices of the consumer—the theatregoer (distinguished from the public-at-large, the 98 per-cent that have nothing to gain from American theatre). The base taste of the press is identical to that of the bread-and-circus Midtown audience, the "public."

(This "public" is taciturn in its censure. An American actor, accustomed to the polite domestic house, could not deal with a traditional booing, cabbage-throwing European audience. The most ill-mannered Broadway crowds will only throw up a proscenium glass wall of attentionlessness while they carry on mundane conversations in groups of two and three.)

As Schyberg said, "the public is conservative. It wants to see its prejudices confirmed, not done away with. The public is ungrateful. The public's memory is short. The public is faithless and lacks good judgment. The actor is judged more often according to his type than his talent. He must satisfy the fickle, naive nature of public taste. But, as we know, taste is stamped always by ineradicable prejudices and irrational personal aversions."

In television and screen, as well as legitimate theatre, a reasonably talented actor risks, after a successful production in a certain typed role, being judged as that type for years to come. Thereafter his talent and accomplishments are to no avail. An eternal confusion prevails between the role and the actor. "A talented performance of a difficult role is never valued as highly as a cheap triumph in a popular part."

With the cutthroat competition on the stage, talented players may lose out to lesser talents who have mastered character stereotypes.

Thus, actors can be categorized into blurry, overlapping classifications. The syndrome roles include the hero, the lover, the comedian, the character actor (Bottom in MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT'S DREAM), the paramour, the soubrette, the raisonneur, the simpleton, the funny old codger, the tragedian. There are "interpreters" (supporting the cast of a dramatist's opus) and "self-asserters" (placing themselves in the center of the action). There are "showman artists" (whose real work is done in advance, before the performance, and who now exhibit the product) and "penetrative artists" (who spontaneously project themselves, according to the Method, into their roles before the very eyes—and sometimes very ears—of the audience). There are "versatility specialists" (appearing in various disguises and metamorphic incarnations) and "personality actors" (remaining the same in every

role, playing every character with their own personal melodies). Finally, there are "natural actors" (creating in a hypnotic trance, using individual personality as starting points) and "artistic actors" (creating consciously with calculated aesthetic purposes).

Since their work hours—rehearsal and performance time—are devoted toward perfecting these syndromes, actors often have difficulty leading natural lives. Although their work is usually mere professional craftsmanship, their world is play and illusion. The game of social intercourse that everyone plays is carried to extremes by the actors. They seek effects perpetually. It is easy to understand why ordinary people see "personal prostitution, licentious futility and frivolity, shamelessness and heartlessness" in the actors' Weltanschauung.

Outside of the theatre factory, who is the actor really? Schyberg has listed numerous personality traits. He, the player, is a self-assertive, self-gratifying exhibitionist. In his appraisals of other actors, he is intolerant and jealous. He is touchy of criticism, public and private, and morbidly suspicious (i.e., others are always responsible for stage or press embarrassment). He is superstitious, vain, coquettish and naive. Finally, he has delusions of grandeur. The famous actress Siddons is reputed to have said: "Well, here I am. Look at me carefully, for you will never see my equal." The great Baron once observed: "We see a Caesar or an Alexander every century. It takes 2000 years to produce a Baron. And since the time of Roscius, I am not aware of anyone else but myself."

The dramatist Diderot could see nothing in actors "to distinguish them from their fellow citizens except a vanity which might be termed insolence, a jealousy which fills their company with trouble and hatred. Perhaps of all associations there is not one where the associates' common interest and that of the public is more constantly and more clearly sacrificed to wretched little pretensions." Jarno in Goethes WILHEIM MEISTER declares that the player's every fault springs from "self deception and the desire to please. If he seems not something to himself and others, he is nothing. To seem is his vocation... he must try to glitter, he is there to do so." Nothing glitters like a star.

Indeed, by virtue of his playing personalities other than his own, an actor may perform aspects of these personalities. He seems to possess at the same time all the vices (and even the virtues occasionally) of everyone; he is a Twentieth century Homo universalis. A servant describing Ajax in Shakespeare's

Continued on next page

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Continued from preceding page

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA supplies a portrait of the actor: "He is a very man per se... This man... hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions. He is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauc'd with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attainment but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause and merry against the hair. He hath joints of everything, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight." Hands without use and eyes without sight are certainly the baggage of the American actor inasmuch as he lacks control of his body instrument.

And inasmuch as the Established Theatre and the star system are intertwined, few virtuosos and many conceited peacocks are produced. The actor remains a competitive, selfish, mincing coquette. Since preserving individual excellence is an endless cutthroat battle (which becomes simplified to showbiz politics: bowing to the trite tastes of a small middle-class "public") and since the star system gives us little excellence anyway (everybody can't be a star), domestic Established Theatre has become a mediocrity-security business enterprise, a machine including producers, actors, the press and even the audience.

Only recently have a few companies attempted to disregard the system with an emphasis on ensemble, rather than individual, histrionics—on galactic, instead of stellar, theatre. AMERICA HURRAH, developed out of La Mama Experimental Theatre Club and now playing at the Pocket Theatre, is a chief example. There are no personal wars carried to the stage; all the actors are in ensemble—playing the production for the sake of the production, not their respective egos for themselves. But it isn't necessary to neglect characterizations as AMERICA HURRAH does; individual excellence does exist. Still the company ought to be involved in the production as a whole. Too often we see displays of vanity at the expense of the play. Living theatre is a community effort, and ensemble performances of even such historical plays of one dominant characterization as RICHARD III are possible.

An ensemble production of Shakespeare's KING JOHN is still being produced by Joseph Papp in the open air Delacourte Theatre (Central Park—W. 81st St. entrance) nightly at no cost to the spectators. (You have to wait, however, in a long line for tickets hours before the performance time of 8:00.) Surprisingly, as a historical play, many of its comments are applicable to our times—especially concerning political cynicism about such symbolic abstractions as war and diplomacy created by real and frail human beings. The performers capably utilized Elizabethan stage conventions (asides, etc.) to make the play a moving theatrical experience for the audience, and nothing was lost as a result of linguistic obscurity. The players move the stylistic grace, especially in the battle scenes. Greater audience-performance interaction could be achieved,

nonetheless, by using the lighting of sunshine and the naked human voice (sans electronics) for poetic articulation.

MACBIRD, a Barbara Garson polemic piracy from shakespeare (MACBETH, CAESAR, HAMLET, RICHARD III and probably others), T.S. Eliot ("Love Song") and the SF Mime Troupe's Minstrel Show has recently moved from the Village Gate to Circle-in-the-Square. In spite of the unoriginality of the opus, the production is brilliant. We are invited to take part in the high-level sell-out antics of Our Presidents (both the incumbent ass and his predecessor), Our Maverick Senator, Our Chief Justice, Our First Lady, etc. Nobody has clean hands—including the guffawing crowd who bears ultimate responsibility. The Shakespearean collage has provided a medium by which is presented a scalding censure of the cynicism of a recognizable ruling clique and the material social machine it dominates. The script is at best clever, but the acting and effects make the play exceptional satire.

The irony of MACBIRD in breaking out of our Established Theatre mold is the Clustration of our capitalistic Society as a macrocosm of the Established Theatre. The CHARACTERS, but not the actors who play the characters, of MacBird and colleagues are prototypes of the typical American actor. (Does not LBJ really possess the characteristics of the actor described above?) The fact that a screen actor can become a state governor illustrates that our national politics is really an enlarged version of the star system.

ASHAMED

A hearing on rural antipoverty programs before the House Education and Labor Committee has been the scene of a domestic-like tongue-lashing and hand-slapping. Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman chastised Iowa Representative William J. Scherle "disgraceful" and "totally misinformed" for his unorthodox opinions.

Sherle had questioned every "achievement" of the Agriculture Department since Freeman took office. "I sometimes wonder," he said, "if the Administration isn't hoping the war will bail out you people and your farm problems."

Without defending the Administration, Freeman told Scherle his statement "demeans your personal stature. It's disgraceful. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Well, I'm not," said Scherle.

"Then you don't have enough sense to be ashamed of yourself," retorted Mr. Freeman. Why should the Administration wish to divert attention away from domestic issues with a foreign war? The very idea!

THE TOMPKINS SQUARE SMOKE-IN

Several hundred people gathered in Tompkins Square Park July 16 to demonstrate their support for the legalization of marijuana.

The Sunday morning rain disappeared just before 1:00 PM, leaving the area in front of the bandshell dry and sunny for smokers to taste the joys of banana hash (or whatever else anonymous benefactors might have contributed for the occasion). Negroes, hippies, Puerto Ricans, and undercover police spent the afternoon smoking and making music, first on the concrete then on the grass. Participants sang a familiar mantra, substituting "Marijuana" for "Hare Krishna".

Sponsored by New York Provo, a group of psychedelic revolutionaries, the event was intended to bring together and to turn on people from all groups in an atmosphere of peaceful defiance.

In spite of the fact that the promised rock band couldn't make it, the smoke-in was a success for the people in the park. One girl said, "I thought this kind of thing could only happen in Haight-Ashbury." Sunday afternoon made it clear to everyone on the grass that they could come together in celebration and overcome New York paranoia. If they were together they could smoke in the park without fear of harassment. That is what the smoke-in demonstrated.

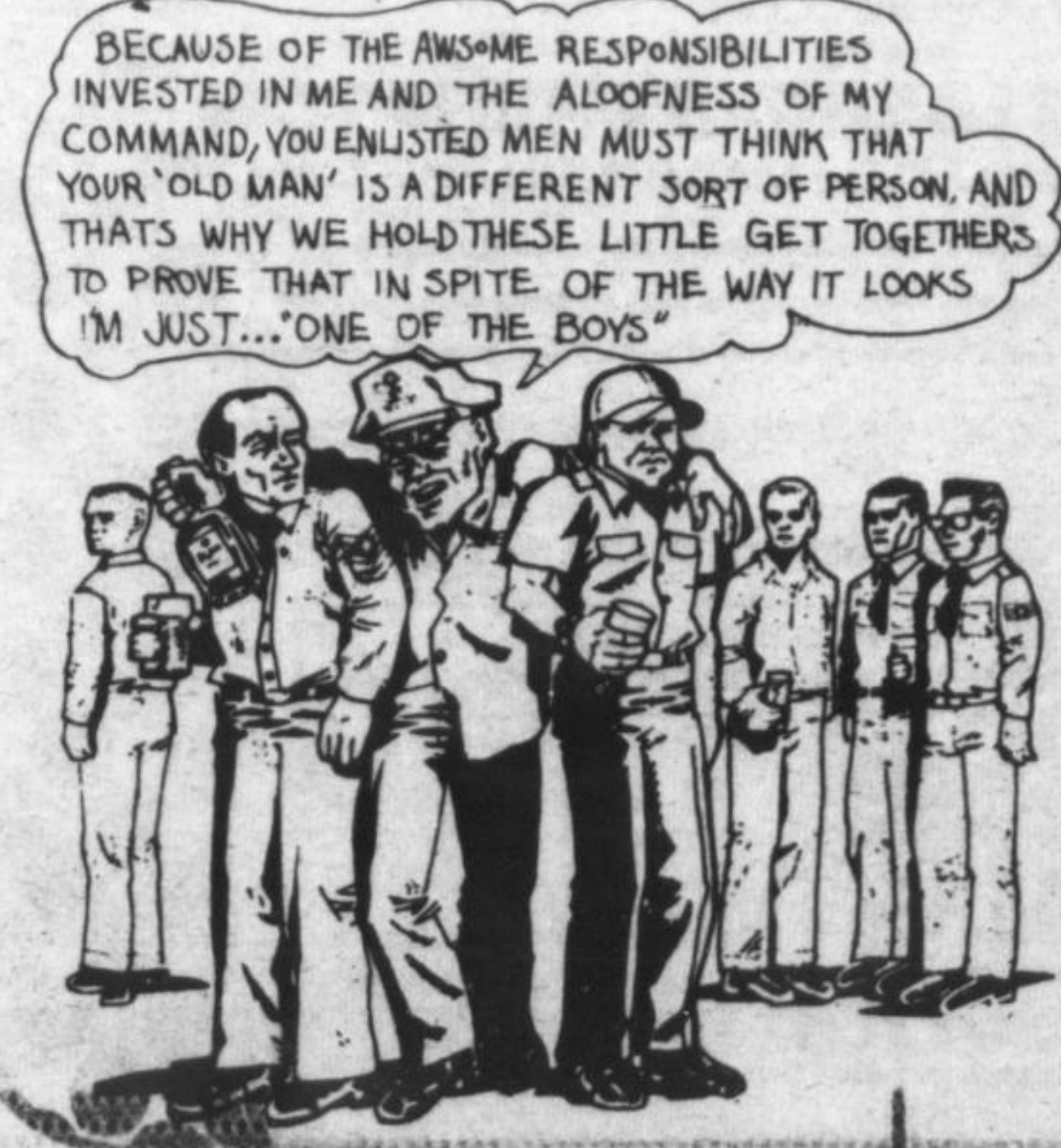
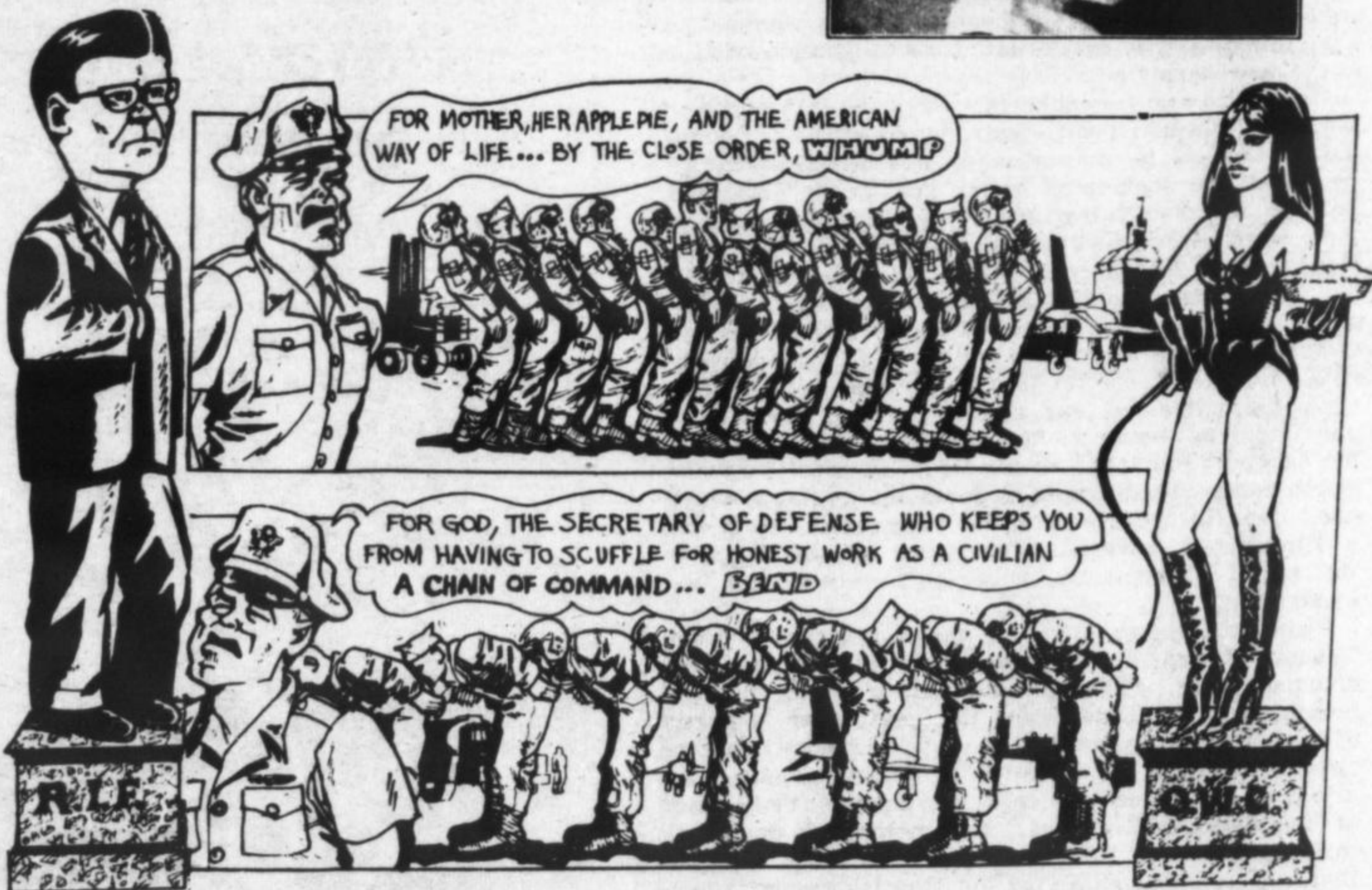
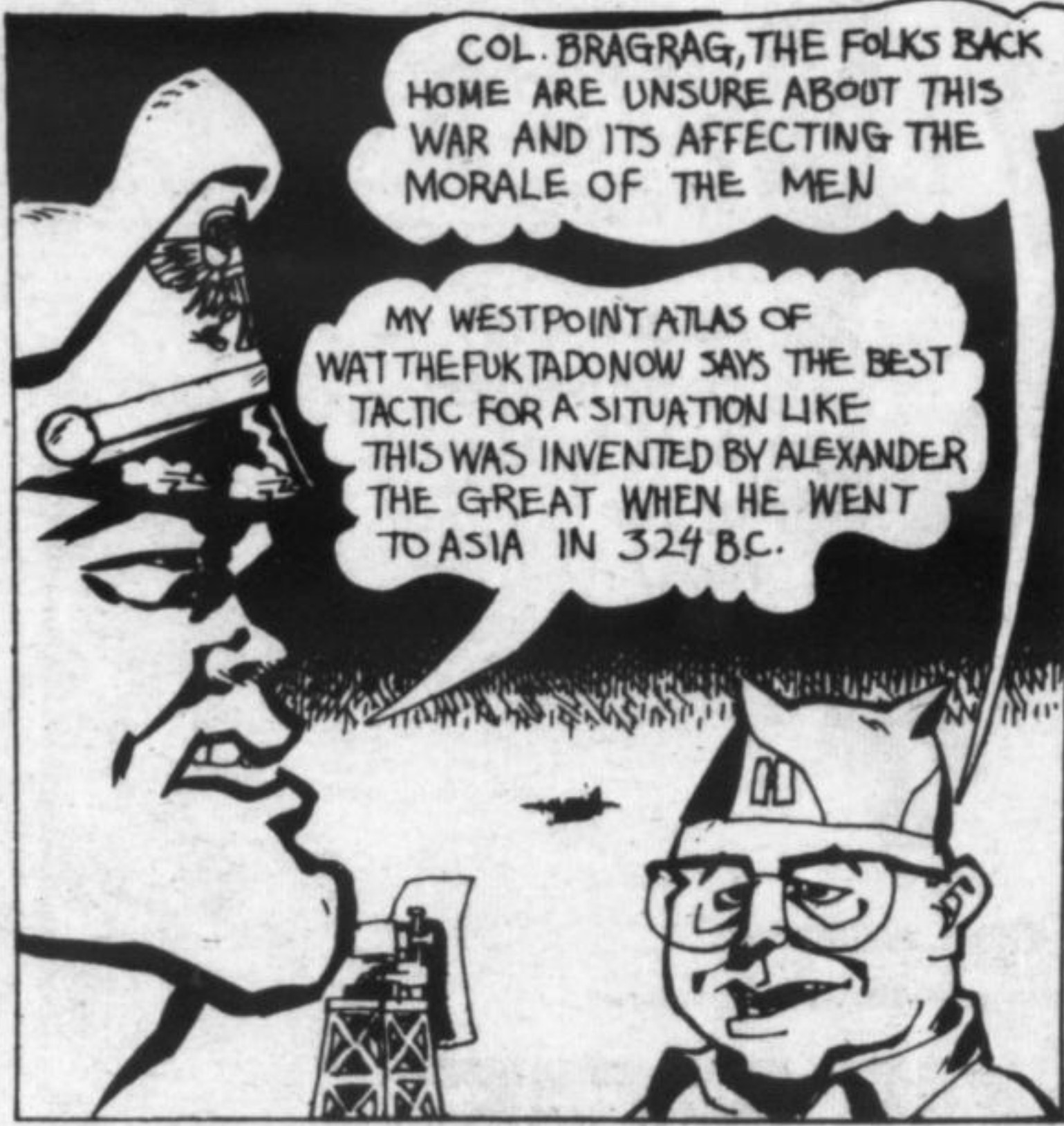
In the absence of the rock band, eight conga drummers kept the afternoon alive with music. Many were reluctant to try banana hash, but sometime after 4:00 PM the real stuff magically began to appear in the crowd, and everybody—Negro, hippie, Puerto Rican and maybe even a backsliding police and maybe even a backsliding police spy—turned on together.

Memories of Memorial Day terror disappeared in puffs of smoke and the sounds of drums and flutes. The police had no choice but to leave people alone. Tanks were in the streets of Newark about that time.

Provo is planning larger, more elaborate smoke-ins for the future. They could become a weekly event if people get together.



ROBIN BRAGRAC



WRITTEN BY JUAN D'NORMAN DRAWN BY RODRIGUEZ

Raga Sutras

by Ron Mitra

On my right, there was a woman, her lips half closed, softly drumming her fingers on her arm. Behind me, a young boy was moving his head in subtle appreciation. In the row ahead of me, two little girls scribbled their feelings on the program notes. But, halfway down the hall, an elderly Indian gently admonished a neighbor for keeping time to the music. A few frowning ladies left the hall, in contempt for the whole scene. An Indian diplomat played the announcer, and quoted Shakespeare, to illustrate the grandeur of Indian music. Somewhere up high, an ensemble of shrill voices applauded at the wrong places, because spontaneous response is a part of Indian concerts. And the self-conscious group seated on the stage tried to be casual, since it was forced to be a part of the exhibit. Yes, during the concerts given by Ravi Shankar and Bismillah Khan this month, there was an unmistakable sense of someone trying to apologize for the imposing formality of the surroundings. And the bright house lights of the Philharmonic Hall revealed this discomfort.

Of course, classical Indian music is no longer unfamiliar here, and certainly not unacceptable. Even the skeptical keepers of our culture have realized that. But the performances are being pathetically pushed into a domain of confused stuffiness, and the performers, if they are conscious of this attitude, may find it hard to relate to their audiences. Ravi Shankar's approach to the Western audience turned out to be quite different from Bismillah Khan's. Shankar's familiarity with the American listeners allows him to play to the crowd. He knows exactly what his listeners want, and startles them pleasurably. He is glamorous, ingenious—a marvelous showman, and sweeps the audience into dazzling adventures. But the overwhelmed listener is still out there. Bismillah Khan, the greatest shehnai virtuoso, plays his instrument as he has always done, fondly courting the listeners' sensitivity. He INVITES the audience to make the journey with him, and he does not anticipate its response. Those who care to join him, find themselves lifted to a realm of new perceptions, until Bismillah chooses to deliver them to a sense of deep gratitude.

Needless to say, both Ravi Shankar and Bismillah Khan are grandmasters of their instruments. But Ravi's introductory comments left me anticipating the game which was about to follow. On the other hand, Bismillah's spokesman, the Indian Undersecretary, read from notes, talked about himself, and left the music to Bismillah. That, and the relative unfamiliarity of the audience with the shehnai as a virtuoso instrument, created the difference of mood in the two concerts.

Shankar's recital included two of the less common Ragas—"Bhupal Todi" and "Vachaspati." "Bhupal Todi," which is a variance of "Miyani-Todi," excludes the augmented fourth and the seventh, and belongs to the morning repertoire. The music evokes a sense of emptiness sustained only by nostalgia. The mind plays tricks with events in time, confusing the past with the future, and both with a lonely present. The gat was played in ardhajal—six and a half beats to the cycle, which sounds deceptively like rupak or teora tal (the seven beat cycles) until even the untrained ear discovered that there were only thirteen beats to the double cycle, instead of the expected fourteen. Shankar's "Vachaspati" was the North Indian rendition of a South Indian Raga, which uses the full octave with an augmented fourth and a diminished seventh. The spirit of the Raga is the spirit of romance, hovering between union and separation.

Shankar's finest piece of the evening was Raga "Kaushi Kanada." He played this in the classical dhrupad form, which is used more often in vocal music, and demands from the performer a purity of tone, texture and articulation. This purity has to be retained through the variation of dynamics and punctuation, as the theme develops to a synchronic realization of the mood of the Raga. The theme was developed through the traditional structure of alap, jor and jhala. Alap is the name for the slow invocation, where every sound is important, and unfolds out of a meditative state of the mind. The audience, too, has to listen with deep introspection. Jor is the part where notes are played in pairs, and the first signs of rhythm are seen. By then, the sad mood of the Raga has been clearly established, and the patterns of sound have become intricate. In the final movement—the jhala—the rhythmic strings of the sitar play a vital role. The tempo quickens until the music bursts into the final crescendo. "Kaushi Kanada" is one of the Ragas which give this form and structure their full values. It uses a pentatonic scale, which includes the diminished third, sixth and seventh in the ascending scale. In the descending scale, the fifth and the second are also used. "Kaushi Kanada" is played at the dead of night, and Shankar's sitar explored spaces of existence from that dark, motionless core, evolving a sombre and melancholy mood. Unfortunately, it was during this piece that the audience seemed least comfortable. The effect of the music was considerably diminished by frequent coughing, wheezing and squirming. I suspect that the appreciation of Indian music may still be limited to the sitar (or sarode) and tabla duet.

Continued on next page

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There were two exciting features in Ravi Shankar's last piece: a dhoon based on Raga "Pancham-se-Gara." One was the exact imitation of the rhythmic variations — and as far as possible, the tonal quality of the sitar by the tabla, and everyone seemed familiar with that. But the more interesting aspect of the dhoon was its Rigmala (garland of Ragas) form. Toying with the common features of the theme and the second Raga, Shankar moved on to improvise on the second Raga. In this way, within a number of rhythmic cycles, he passed through a cycle of different Ragas, finally returning to the theme. But this identification needs a little groundwork.

Some of these happenings are common to the shehnai, though the shehnai presents a different insight into the music of Ragas. Built like an oboe without keys, and somewhat resembling a sophisticated recorder, the shehnai, with its weeping, wailing sound, touches another core of our perceptions. The ensemble, too, is different. No longer is the virtuoso and his drummer reinforcing one another's sensitivity, with the droning of the tambura in the background. For the shehnai, the tabla (the right-hand drum) is replaced by the khurdad, which is very subdued, and assumes a minor role during the performance. Instead of the tambura, now there is another shehnai, which keeps the tonic (and occasionally the dominant) unbroken during a whole piece. In addition, there are repeaters who repeat the theme after the master, and sometimes get a chance to improvise on their own. In Bismillah's group there was also a continuity man, who was sometimes silent, sometimes a third repeater, and sometimes a second drone. With the progress of the concert, the hierarchy in the ensemble becomes clear.

Bismillah Khan began his recital with Raga "Yaman," which is one of the first Ragas a student learns to sing or play. "Yaman" has all the notes of the regular octave, with only the fourth being augmented. There are hundreds of songs based on this Raga, and several of them, around the adulterous love of Radha and Krishna. As Bismillah's shehnai vibrated through whispering patterns and sad glissandos, images of rivers at sunset and the pangs of unfulfilled love came and disappeared. Meanwhile, the slow ek tal (a cycle of twelve beats) had given way to the faster tin tal (sixteen beat cycle) on the drums — as if the setting sun had lost to twilight, and the lover's expectation, to despair. And, through it all,

the drone of the tonic reverberated within the walls of the mind, interrupted only by an occasional applause, which Bismillah acknowledged humbly.

"Yaman" was followed by two short pieces, both played in the light rhythm of kaharba (eight beat cycle). First came "Mirzapuri Kajri," essentially a folk melody sung by village women, in anticipation of the monsoon rains. This time Bismillah's shehnai became the flirtatious woman, who sings to please a hidden lover, or who simply glances at him invitingly, at the market place. The other improvisation — a dhoon in Raga "Pahari" (literally: of the mountains) was formally similar to the sitar dhoon of Ravi Shankar. Dwelling briefly on several Ragas, Bismillah combined the richness of tone with the levity of style, until flitting glimpses of distant mountains were obscured by the ecstatic applause when he ended.

The spontaneity of Bismillah's performance was heightened by his consenting to play requests from the audience. The last two Ragas he played were what listeners had desired. After intermission, he returned with Raga "Malkaus," similar in mood to Ravi's "Kaushi Kanada," using the same pentatonic scale, without any variation in the descent. But the mood of that evening was evidently different, and though the solemnity of "Malkaus" was present through the rhythm of ek tal, with the change to tin tal, the sound of the shehnai became a feminine supplication, transforming grave shadows of the night to luminous dancers. And, if the puritan classicist were to say that "Malkaus" evokes more seriousness, I am sure the audience would not care to listen to his complaint.

By the time Bismillah began Raga "Jaijwanti," he was running out of time, and had to cut this piece short, to get to the final item. In "Jaijwanti," the regular octave is employed with the exception of the flatted seventh in the ascending scale. In the descending scale, the sudden advent of the flatted third brings with it a sudden sadness to the character of the Raga. Unfortunately, Bismillah did not explore the full possibility of improvisation around the "Jaijwanti" theme. The concert ended with a "Bhairavi Thumri." Bhairavi is both a popular and a difficult Raga. It usually belongs to the morning. Since in this country, however, concerts are never played in the morning, it is worth breaking the rules for the sake of the Western listener. "Bhairavi" is another full-octave Raga, with the second, third, sixth, and seventh all diminished. In the descending scale, the natural second can replace the diminished, and sometimes, in the course of an improvisation, the natural sixth adds to the rich texture of the Raga. In the style of the thumri, "Bhairavi" becomes romantic and lyrical, as Bismillah's shehnai made evident. The lover parting at dawn, reminiscences of the departed love, entreaties to prevent the separation — all mingled in the wailing atmosphere of "Bhairavi," on Bismillah's shehnai.

In talking about these concerts, and some of the general characteristics of Indian music, there is a

question which is almost inevitable. What, in a Raga, relates it to a season, or a time of the day, or a particular feeling? Does a certain combination of tones have an intrinsic reality, in relation to sense perceptions, or is the familiar talk about moods a matter of convention? I am unable to judge, because I cannot help thinking of a still night, when I hear "Kaushi Kanada," or about a new day, when I hear "Bhairavi." I know that the Western listener does not feel the same way, yet I would hate to concede that such deep-rooted feelings are mere effects of a cultural environment. I do not know when Bismillah Khan is returning to New York, but it seems that Ravi Shankar is in town. If he can play very informally — somewhere, out in the open — then, we may have some answers. And we know that, in Central Park, there is a meadow where sheep used to graze.

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UNCLE HARRY

Continued from page 3

of the system, an international atmosphere was created, that permitted the adoption of such melons as the UN Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961, a carbon copy of every one of Uncle Harry's ideas—suppression rather than legalization, the "evil to be fought relentlessly," and the totally inflexible approach to the newly discovered mind-expanding agents. It has become another addition to the United Nations' many impractical rhetorical jokes that hinder rather than help, in the solution of what has been a manufactured bonanza to begin with, designed to enrich its chief architect. Enrich indeed.

Probably one of the biggest hush-ups was a court case that resulted from a twelve-count indictment handed down on March 25, 1956, against one Frank F. Lilly, in the United States District Court, in the District of Columbia. The following are quotations from The New York Times of March 26, 1956.

"The former chief of supplies for the Federal Narcotics Bureau was indicted today on twelve charges of issuing fraudulent purchasing orders. Frank F. Lilly, 56, of Edgewater, Maryland, was accused of issuing false purchasing orders to obtain cash from suppliers. Fred J. Smithson, assistant to the United States Attorney, said that Lilly had apparently obtained as much as \$30,000.00 over a period of years. He declared that the same scheme involved suppliers who could not make immediate deliveries of paper and other office supplies. He added that Lilly told the suppliers he would use the cash to buy the supplies elsewhere, and the suppliers received fraudulent orders to collect for supplies the government never received. Lilly resigned as head of the office services section of the Bureau of Narcotics, three months ago."

New York Times, November 14, 1956: "U.S. AIDE DENIES LINK. Fraud suspect says Narcotics chief is involved in case.

"An attorney for Frank F. Lilly, a former government employee accused of a \$30,000.00 purchase voucher fraud, said today that Harry J. Anslinger, Commissioner of the United States Narcotics Bureau was involved in the case. Mr. Anslinger called this statement completely false. Paul F. Leonard made

the assertion about Mr. Anslinger, in asking for delay in the trial of Mr. Lilly. Judge A. Holtzoff denied the motion, and commented that the counter-charge did not affect the guilt of Mr. Lilly. Mr. Lilly is accused of putting through fraudulent vouchers for the purchase of paper and office supplies."

The case was eventually tried; the defendant was allowed to plead to one count, and the other eleven were dropped. Sentence was suspended, and the defendant put on probation. Mr. Lilly at this time has a suit pending against the United States government (F.F. Lilly vs. U.S.—Court of Claims, the District of Columbia). The defense attorney who made the original assertion about Mr. Anslinger's involvement abandoned(?) private practice, and is currently on the legal staff of one of the regulatory agencies. He has refused to comment on anything relating to this case: "Absolutely no comment on anything, specific or general." Quite understandable. Mr. Lilly's current attorney has equally excused himself from making any comment, pleading counsel-client privileges. Equally understandable.

Not quite so understandable, is the fact that America's and the world's savior from the Marijuana Menace and many others, was allowed to get off the hook with one short, evasive cry of "Falsehood." Thirty thousand dollars may indeed be just petty cash for one who, over a third of a century, has been wheeling and dealing with the real biggies of the narcotics traffic. "I could have retired to Paris or Rome or London, but this is the most beautiful country in the world." Indeed it is. But why, then, was poor Sherman Adams kicked in his ass for a lousy vicuna coat?

COME AND GET IT, 10¢.

THAT'S RIGHT THE MAD PECK IS STILL DISPENSING HIS FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR ONLY TEN CENTS. IF YOU ARE REALLY INTERESTED IN SEEING SOME GOOD STUFF, SEND YOUR DIME TO THE MAD PECK, 805 E. 125th ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11236. THIS OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR TAXES APPLY.



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NEWARK SPECIAL
JULY 19, 20, 22

One Performance only at 7 p.m. daily. \$1.00

SEE WHY NEWARK DESERVED IT
Robert Muchover & Norman Fruchter's
Film shot in Newark with Newark Negro Community.
JULY 19th: WED.: 8 & 10 P.M.

SPECIAL NEW, PREMIERE FILM PROGRAM

"Valley of the Cosmic Flower, The"—Jack Cole.
"Process Red"—Hollis Frampton.
"Mandarin Orange Matrix"—Robert Feldman
"A Room"—Rafique.
"Pierre 67"—Ron Mottran.
"203"—Ed Bergman & Allen Soffin.
"The American Jewish Tragedy"—Norman Kagan.
Admission: \$1.75

JULY 20 - 25: THURS. - SUN.: 8 & 10 P.M.

SPECIAL CANADIAN UNDERGROUND & AVANT-GARDE FILM PROGRAM from the Canadian Film-Makers Distribution Center and direct from the Cine-city Film Festival, Toronto, Canada.

"Redpath 25" & "Black Zero" by John Horsos
"Hyacinth Child's Bedtime Story" by Burton Rubenstein
"Chinese Ball Game" by Michael Hirsh
"Transfer" by David Cronenberg
"Revival" by Don Shebib
"Lords of Creation" by Gerald Robinson
"Portrait of Lydia and the Banishes" by John Stratten
"Plus" by Terry Melon
Admission: \$1.75

JULY 24 - 26: MON. - WED.: 8 & 10 P.M.

FILMS ON INTERVIEWS WITH ARTISTS & POETS

MONDAY: "Frank Stella & Larry Poons: The New Abstraction"
"Frank O'Hara & Ed Sanders"
"Robert Rauschenberg"
Plus a Special Screening of Warren Sonbert's latest film "TRUTH SERUM" \$1.75

TUESDAY: "Allen Ginsberg & Lawrence Ferlinghetti"
"Phillip Whalen & Gary Snyder"
"Jim Dine"
Plus **SPECIAL PREMIERE SCREENING** of Gerald Malanga's "PRELUDE TO INTERNATIONAL VELVET DEBUTANTE" starring International (Chelsea Girls) Velvet, Rene Ricard, Chaso Mellon (30 Min) \$1.75

WEDNESDAY: "Allen Ginsberg & Lawrence Ferlinghetti"
"Robert Duncan & John Winters"
"Brother Antoninus and Michael McClure"
Plus **SPECIAL PREMIERS SCREENING** of Gerald Malanga's "PRELUDE TO INTERNATIONAL VELVET DEBUTANTE" \$1.75

JULY 27: THURSDAY: 8 P.M.

OPEN HOUSE: OPEN HOUSE: OPEN HOUSE:
Bring yours, your friends, anyone's films for public screening. \$1.75.

JULY 28 - AUGUST 3: 8 P.M.: \$1.75
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mother says, "Switch to POT... and stop fighting."

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Continued from page 5

Dallas UPS Busted

DALLAS, JULY 12. Today police arrested Stoney Burns, a co-editor, and Scott Hammon, a staff member, of Notes From The Underground (ups) for selling their newspapers in a public place. Police had "tolerated" the selling of the papers for many weeks at Stone Mall Plaza in downtown Dallas, the sight of Saturday afternoon "hippie gatherings." This is the latest in a series of "crackdowns" to force the flower children and the fundamentalist preachers, who traditionally preach in the park, from meeting there. A bill is presently before the city council to prohibit all gatherings at Stone Mall without a permit to be issued by the Chief of Police.

Burns and Hammon were charged with City Ordinance 43-123, Article 4... selling merchandise without a permit. Several dozen hippies collected money at the Mall to post bond for the pair. Dalford Todd, an attorney and part-time Stone Mall preacher who is leading the fight against the "permit to exist" bill, also came to City Hall with the hippies and convinced the fuzz to release Burns and Hammon without bond.

Several other lawyers and persons in the know said they thought this bust was a flagrant violation of Amendment One of the Constitution—Freedom of the Press. Police were disturbed with this issue of Notes From The Underground, which said nothing but "FREE POT details inside" on the front page. Inside were instructions on how to get to a field of marijuana which the FBI is watching.

Earlier in the day Burns had talked to one of the officers who was later to arrest him. Officer D.F. Roach (appropriately named) mentioned the fact that they had no licenses to sell on the streets. Burns told him that none were needed and that he had talked to almost every office in City Hall and they told him that selling was legal. This was all said in the course of a regular conversation between Burns and Roach. Later Burns and Hammon were busted without any warning by Roach and another officer and taken to jail where their papers were confiscated.

---U.P.S.

FOUNDATION FOR THE TOTALITY

in Paris, New York, and even Alexandria, Va., as well as in group shows throughout the US. Recently he has developed the concept of PROPOSITION: "The importance is not only to know and to accept yourself, but also to stand yourself. I consider totality one of my propositions as much as Park Avenue from the Pan-American building to 57th Street, and my time-space-solitary conceived work."

Juan Downy had great success as a painter in Barcelona, Paris, and Washington, D.C. Presently living in the East Village, he is dedicated to electronic environmental sculpture, of which he has had a group show in Martha Jacksons gallery, New York, and a one-man show in gallery "252" in Philadelphia: "With my environmental sculpture I want to involve, to strike human beings as a community. The activity of the public sets free a series of electronic reactions. The only thing that counts is communications."

Manuelvicentepena, poet of Columbia, has published works in avant-garde publications in the US and Latin-America. Soon, he will publish his book "Invasion Matinal de Besos" ("Morning Invasion of Kisses"): "...capitalism, communism, catholicism, judaism, K.K.K., Mafia, etc... are all one, and their enemy is: that insignificant atom of forgetfulness, that combination of blood and flesh, that being that in olden times was human and individual; and that today isn't more than \$0.89, price paid by chemistry for his fetid remains, that has defined him as another physical experiment.

MAN!

To this annihilation of feelings in the computerized perfection, I interpose to the civilization of the broken glasses, from my absolute reign of insignificance, an endless revolution of the orgasm.

Megatonic cock-roaches will stomp us if we don't spray them now with love.

Commune movements have to be united. A merging, a total union—as foreseen by P. Theillard de Chardin—must be reached."

TRANE PULLS OUT

by Phil Morris

A major force in jazz is dead.

John Coltrane died Monday, July 17, in a hospital near his home in Huntington, L.J. The untimely death of the 40-year-old composer-musician was attributed to a liver ailment.

Born in Hamlet, N. C., on September 23, 1926, Coltrane began to play at the age of 15. The list of people with whom he played reads like a history of the past twenty years of jazz. He was certainly a master of his instrument, with proper musical credentials as well, and he was probably the greatest single influence on young avant-garde tenor men.

Never an indifferent performer, Trane lived as well as played with passion and intensity. He believed that life had meaning, and he was always on hand to assist and encourage young musicians.

The absence of John Coltrane will be deeply felt in the jazz community. He is survived by his widow, Alice, four children, and his mother.



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| Corsican Sciatelle Rouge, Nicolas | 1.99 | 17.15 |
| Don't overlook this red wine. The best \$1.99 bottle we have tasted in years. The Algerians who make it in Corsica really know how—this bottle proves it. | | |
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PERSONAL

Male swinger, white, 30, wants to meet docile female for mutual fun. Send photo and phone no. to M. Krupin, 788 Arnow Ave., NYC 10467.

Young man, 24, East Indian descent, seeks attractive, intelligent young lady, marriage minded. Call Ron, 943-2740 Ext. 209 bet. 6 P.M. to 9 P.M., Monday - Friday.

HELP! I am a semi-hip, 22-year-old male, hung up socially and psychologically, by the evils of the establishment. I need and want a loving, understanding, hip young female, to rescue me from this paranoid bag. "Jay," P.O. Box 96, Newton Center, Mass. 02159.

Are you female? Constructive? Warm? Exotic? Turned off by hippies? Freaks? Leeches? All-Americans? Prigs? Prudes? Hate scenes? Crowds? Want to relate? I'm creative, individualistic, attractive male loner. Call 673-4706, evenings.

FREE WEEKENDS or longer, in Fire Island. Males in large, 2-story house in Ocean Ridge need uninhibited young females, for mutual sexual companionship. Take ferry from Patchogue - then walk left (east) to "West House," corner Leeward and Spindrift. Or call Bob or Natie, 675-8933.

NUDISCOVER. Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female. Married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-1, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

The violin hides in the volcano while the panther dances with the oboe - and the sky jumps into your fruit - through the blind ballerina of a flute - O.J. YU 2-4471.

In the snuogering moon of LEBU-DE-LA-RUE/ LAMIA & OBEAH cloy at CINDERELLA'S curfew/ in the graveyard garden of SILVER & GOLD/ with a bewitching exchange of EXILE & MOULD/ O.J. YU 2-4471

Two adventurous men - erotically oriented - frantically desire to meet like-oriented girls. Satisfaction guaranteed. 392-6042, Evenings.

Special edition of "The Personal Approach" lists 200 ads, many photos, from broadminded adults, eager to meet YOU! World-wide correspondents will exchange pix, experiences. Rush \$1 today (give age) and swing to new pleasure. REMSON Suite 69, 116 W. 87, NYC 10024.

Cultured, Attractive executive, 35, Mozart loving, well traveled, with luxury East Side apartment, seeks curvaceous bi-sexual but non-kooky roommate. MU 8-3619, evenings.

Does the daughter of God slap it down? Does she tend towards tribadism (FF) when Delicious is near? Only the Rosicrucians know for sure.

Happy Birthday to that swinging chick, Gussie Kanowitz, even if she does wear a tight girdle. Rocky C. & Stet Moonbeam Joel

PIGGY - I still hate you - won't you call and find out how much?

I'm just playing games. 28, 5'8", professional union organizer, classical and jazz pianist, considerate but thoroughly masculine guy, desires a real woman. Possibilities unlimited. I'm not afraid to use my mind, heart, or body. If you are, don't call 362-3270. Best time is midnight to 3 A.M., or weekend mornings.

JOBS

Performers: Folk, Blues, Rock, Raga, etc., et al. First annual Brooklyn Folk Festival at Prospect Park. Audition appointments, call evenings, HY 8-7705; days, 516-MA 1-7910.

Photographer needs models, experienced & non-experienced, caucasian, negro, etc. for illustration of dresses, etc., pin-up, figure, for magazines. Call between 3-6: George Sova, GRAPHIC HOUSE, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

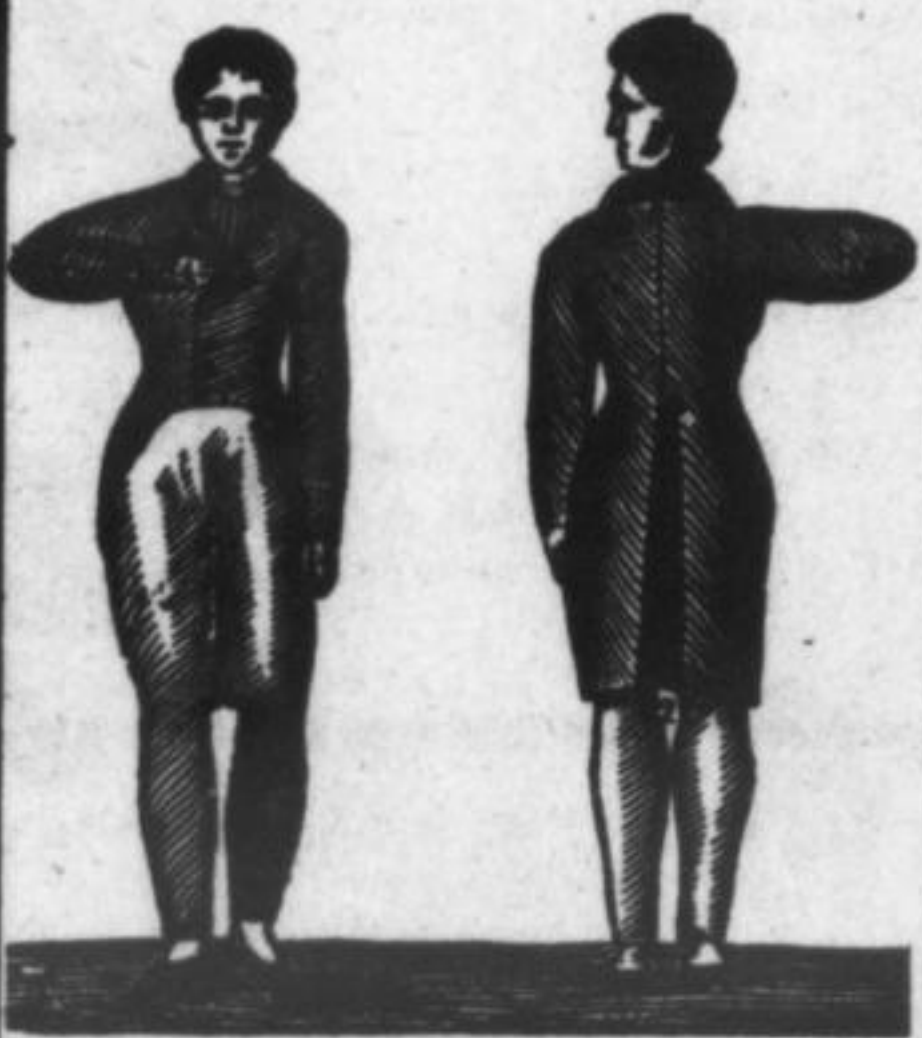
College Student - GALS & MEN (6) Over 18, for challenging sales job. Days or Eves. No car or exp. nec. Great opportunity. Good salary & pct. OR 4-5288.

GIRLS - N.Y.'s newest figure modeling studio opening soon. Need figure models. Good pay. Future film work. Send photo to Mr. Stewart, J.K. Enterprises, 830 - 6 Ave., New York City, 686-2616.

GIRLS NEEDED FOR FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL, WELL-BUILT PIN-UP TYPES; ABLE TO ACT, NUDE, IN FRONT OF CAMERAS. \$50-200 per day. Kirtman, LO 4-3250.

Nudist Housekeeper, nature girl type, health enthusiast, (no drugs, smoking or drinking), one who would enjoy nudism, indoors and out, all year around. Live with us in a very secluded country place with pleasant surroundings. (Not a camp.) Enjoy fresh air among the pines, nude gardening, swimming, our own fresh eggs and vegetables and finest food. Easy work, liberal time off. Girl with children possibly considered. Photo helpful. Room, board, small salary. P.O. Box 822, Freehold, N.J. 07728.

Girl Friday wanted, to assist EVO publisher. MUST know shorthand & typing. Salary is \$50 a week, with a chance to learn publishing. Have a head for organization. Informal, sweatshop environment. Call ACTUNG-0 for appointment.



(Help Wanted Female) Attractive young ladies wanted for sophisticated glamor and pin-up photography work. No exp. necessary. Excellent pay. MU 5-1541.

FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour, for prof. photographer, for magazine and experimental work. No Exp. Nec. Call Robert's Studio, 255-2711.

girls needed for feature films. must be beautiful well built pin up types able to act nude in front of cameras. 450-200 per day. Kirtman LO 4-3250

Gal Friday to busy guy running own business. Prefer bright, pretty Negro gal with personality, good phone voice. Job can range from addressing mail to yachting, weekends, in Conn. Call evenings, 673-9406.

STUDENTS WANTED. Earn up to \$4 for an hour's participation in a small group study conducted at Columbia U. Call 870-4084 from 4-8 P.M., Mon.-Fri. Ask for Miss Johnson.

Musicians - Singers wanted, for funky, freaked-out rock group. Major record contract, TV, and all the goodies guaranteed. One drummer over 185 lbs., one bass or lead guitar player over 250 lbs., must look mean as hell, and play out of sight! Call LT 1-6689, 9-5 PM weekdays.

Two young commercial photo assistants seek young, well-endowed girls for glamour photography. \$7 a session, 1/3 commission, enlargements for your portfolio. Help us! 565-5131.



Models wanted for Pin-up and Figure Photography. Caucasian, Negro and Oriental. Experience Not Necessary. Rate \$5.00 per Hour minimum. Call 254-5202, for appointment, 2 PM to 9 PM.

Free lance photographers available for assignments. Reasonable rates. Call 254-5202, 2 PM to 9 PM.

Wanted: Female models for glamour and figure photo work. New Registry. Experience not necessary. Call Jon Van Linden for appointment and interview. 267-2912.

Attractive Female models for record album covers, etc. Send resume and photo(s) to Lee-Myles, 40 W. 57th St., New York 19.

Topless Go-Go girls wanted for bookings in and around New York. High salary. Also needed: Female singers and exotics. For appointment, call CO 5-4675.

Female photographer's assistant - must be industrious and aggressive. 11:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. Weekdays. F.P.A., 142 W. 44th St., PL 7-6287.

New theatre group wants actors interested in experiment, improvisation, and an ensemble spirit. Send resumes and pictures to Knowhere East, 736 Broadway. Telephone 777-7254

Women - Men 18-45 - N.Y. is a big city, and there are many individuals who like to draw and paint, but do not like to go to the expense of hiring professional models found in tel. classified directory. Forthcoming special "Not in the Classified" directory would like to list under "Services Offered," non-professional, inexpensive models for these people. Need not have glamorous figure. Please write brief description, if you would like to participate in this means of making extra money. Address: Directory Compilers, 150 Broadway, R. 915, NYC.

FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour for prof. photographer for magazine and experimental work. No Exp. Nec. Call Robert's Studio, 255-2711.

College Student--GALS & MEN (6) Over 18 for challenging sales job. Days or Eves. No car or exp nec. Great opportunity. Good salary plus pct. OR 4-5288

(Help Wanted Female) Attractive young ladies wanted for sophisticated glamor and pin-up photography work. No exp. necessary. Excellent pay. MU 5-1541

Anyone going to (or thru or towards) Colorado the first week in August? Me and my kid need a ride. Will share driving and expenses. Call Sugar at 939-5896, evenings & weekends.

Young man seeking ride to Seattle area end of August; round trip preferred. Will help with driving and expenses. Leave message at 925-6522.

EVO employee would like ride, in private plane, to Seattle at end of Aug. or beginning of Sept. Round trip preferred. Call ACTUNG-0, and ask for Edmands.

Writer, 27, seeks woman (women), 18-35, for motorcycle trip(s) to Stratford, Tanglewood, Marlboro, and Expo, and/or one with informed wit, who eschews sham, and who possesses a hippy's WELTANSCHAUUNG, alloyed only by a certain grace, as well as rue for the human condition and a concern for its elevation, and who, in exchange for mere love, ET AL., and, possibly, in time, love, is willing and able to cajole, inspire, plead, or whatever, me to produce scripts, articles, films, drawings; and to channel me away from simple-minded dissipation, like advertising. 838-2514, 301 E. 62, 14G.

Two photographers driving to EXPO and surrounding area on camping trip two weeks in Aug. Desire two attractive girls as companions, to share expenses. Call Dave, TR 9-2440 evenings, or write 98 Riverside Drive, Apt. 10G, NYC 10024.

FREE TRIP TO LA. KHAT to have driver to coast with him. Only expense to you is to share driving time. Unusual Ethiopian fruits for the mind provided. Jeff, MU 4-1683 after midnight.



Prospector with travel trailer going back out west to work claims. Want (outdoors type) female partner to assist and share in rewards. Write: Raymond H. Maynard, R.F.D. #2, Butts Bridge Rd., Canterbury, Conn. 06331.

Young man seeking ride to Seattle area end of August; round trip preferred. Will help with driving and expenses. Leave message at 925-6522.

Anyone going to (or thru or towards) Colorado the first week in August? Me and my kid need a ride. Will share driving and expenses. Call Sugar at 939-5896.

Film and theatre director, 35, driving Expo, San Francisco, Hollywood, Taos, New Orleans and back, seeks female companion. PL 7-2177 after 7:00 PM.

straight cat macro - bio zen oriented seeks ride to provincetown July 29 - have pad need roommate for succeeding four weeks - AL 5-0973

BUY & SELL

The East Village Other needs desks, chairs and typewriters that are in good condition. Will exchange ads for above items. 228-8640.

wheel and deal

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES - Posters, Buttons, Incense, much more. "The wildest and grooviest posters yet to be seen." London Bond-Tribune. The best selection of buttons at the LOWEST PRICES. Immediate delivery. Dealer inquiries invited. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE. Ramse Co., Box 5294, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Are you left sexually unsatisfied by your husband or lover? A woman should be satisfied many times during a single sexual act. If you are over 21, send \$5, and find how true ecstasy can be yours. Everything sent in a plain wrapper. Lawrence's Service, Box 20860, Long Beach, Calif. 90801.

Man wishes to sell his mind, body, and/or soul, to the devil or any other interested party. Write Preston c/o EVO.

WHIPS, ANYONE? COLLECTOR OF EROTICA WILL TRADE FILM, BOOKS, TAPES, PHOTOS ETC. NO PORNOGRAPHY, PLEASE. JG, 4421 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo. 63108.

UNDERGROUND BUTTONS - Lowest prices anywhere. 6/\$1, 14/\$2, wholesale too. Huge selection. Write for free list: Underground Enterprises, 16 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

HIPPIES! PEACENIKS! CIVIL RIGHTERS! UTOPIANS! ACID HEADS! FREE LOVE ADVOCATES! The DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, which guarantees your right to pursue Pleasures, to Equality, to dissolve Governments. Looks and feels old. A classic of Revolution. A must for all who Dissent. \$1. Sayles, M.D. #15, Newburgh, New York.

Wanted - old BOB & RAY records (LP or single) for purchase or taping. Call 421-4693.

Improve your outlook. Send 25¢ today, for a stunning Sunshine Girl Button. Kim Deitch, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003.

HARE KRISHNA Swami Bhaktivedanta suffered a stroke, several weeks ago, and was hospitalized. He is now much better, and recuperating in San Francisco. However, his disciples, of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness, are faced with hospital bills totaling over \$1,000. Welfare aid cannot be obtained, because this would jeopardize the Swami's position with the Immigration Department, which now threatens to deport him. Please send any contribution you can afford. We are tax-deductible. Or, you can help by buying the HARE KRISHNA record album. Send \$3.25 to ISKCON, 26 2nd Ave., NYC, 10003. Temples are also in San Francisco at 518 Frederick St. in Haight-Ashbury, and in Montreal at 3720 Park Ave., near McGill University.





A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other

subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A U.C.L.A. professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An expose of an operative who is said to be paid \$1 million to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of Avant-Garde.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

The Implications of LBJ's Dependency Upon Tranquilizers

Censorship Under De Gaulle—Entitled "Is Paris Yearning?"

The Burgeoning Field of Space Law

Man, the Food's a Gas!—Shell Oil's development of a delicious protein made from methane.

The Weird Personal Life of J. Edgar Hoover

Anti-Aggression Pills—Biochemistry's answer to man's self-destructive tendencies.

Twiggy's Baneful Influence on the Eating Habits of American Women

Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox

The Love Goddess of Kerista—An interview with the lovely young queen of New York's sexual utopian community.

Kenneth Tynan on Bottoms

The Black Muslim Cookbook

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L. A. Free Press, N. Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley.

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of magazine publishing's most fertile minds: Herb Lubalin, America's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever*.

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