

Thanks to the stupidity of some nations we are now starting World War III. Thanks to television's glorification of World War II your son, boyfriend, or husband may now aspire to wing his way into the big kill.

Pathologically Worried. What does Mao's latest purge signify? Has Red China finally been driven mad by the mounting U.S. military pressure in Viet Nam? Will a human wave of Chinese soldiers suddenly cascade into South-east Asia as it did into Korea 16 years ago?

1. The Chinese live in China. China is in Asia. If you look at your maps you are quite likely to see two Chinas depicted there. One — on the mainland — is called the Chinese People's Republic. The other — on an island — is called the Republic of China.



A FACE IN THE CROWD
AN AMERICAN PATRIOT WHO TARRED & FEATHERED A FLOWER CHILD



lett
ers

Dear EVO,

On Saturday at about 2 p.m. I was admonished by a close friend "You're crazy to go there, there are Green Berets roaming the streets and it's like Nazi Germany, with your beard and the way you look, they won't ask any questions, just break open your head." My friend was of course referring to the March "Supporting our Boys in Viet Nam." But I answered him, "There were a lot of people in the Peace March who believed in Love, well now is the time to show some guts for Peace. Sometimes you've got to fight for Love and all I got to lose is a camera, my custom \$75 leather jacket and my head." Off I went with camera in hand, wearing no slogans except a look in my eyes.

As I got to Fifth Avenue, Americans began crystallizing before my eyes. It was Ebbit Field, the Circus, High School, yet with a very solemn aura surrounding it. I never realized we have so many groups of people in this country who can march in perfect formation, that have full bands, bright uniforms, and guns. A lot of people were out there, and they all believed they believed in what they were doing.

Emanating from the parade and from much of the spectators was an awesome hostility to any that did not agree with them. Bigotry seemed to be the dancing Partner of their Patriotism. A few incidents were reported--a tar and feathering, an attack on a group of Love People that wanted to march also riotism which carried slogans that abhorred Communism was eagerly awaiting the chance to flex its brutal muscles on any dissenter. Maybe this can explain why American truth is at such a low ebb all over the world. We take our truths, wrap them in dollar bills, put them in a rifle, and self rightously jam the Bayonet of American "Democracy" down every throat that we are benevolent enough to bestow our charity upon. Our hypocrisy is so blatant that it's sickening. People at first sight of me uttered such open-minded Democratic concepts as "there's one of those Peace cocksuckers, let's get him", "there's one of those fucking Peacenik bastards", "you better keep your mouth shut fella."

My reply to all such glorious remarks was a certain look from my eyes which said "I won't answer you with words, nor will I move one iota away from you. I will look right thru you and if you attack me I will fight. I don't believe in backing down in the face of stupidity and prejudice." The look sufficed to keep me untouched during the many incidents which occurred. However, if I were a Flower Child wearing Lilacs and Love, most assuredly I would have been bleeding very early in the day. Let's just say that I was lucky and I understand that animals won't attack unless it's a pretty safe bet.

The marchers were a complete cross section of the population. These people, in the throes of this American Dream orgy, had no idea of the tyranny they were upholding. They marched for the freedom to silence all who do not agree with their conception of Right.

Max Schwartz

Dear EVO,

Saturday afternoon I was walking down Madison avenue and I saw the most disgusting example of "patriotism" I have ever seen. The crowds from the parade had spilled over into Madison avenue and blocked the street. I saw a crowd in front of a building at about 90th. st and I went to have closer look. I pushed my way through hundreds of old soldiers (who never die, but just think that way) and young kids with jackets covered with BOMB HANOI buttons and saw what was causing the excitement. The occupant of an apartment on the second floor had hung an anti war sign out of his window.

The mobs pushed and shoved and finally I noticed a man climbing up the side of the house. He made it to the ledge on the floor below and pulled down the sign. As he did the mob cheered and began throwing eggs at the windows of that house. The man climbed down and disappeared into the crowd and beer cans started flying. I was standing next to one of New York's finest, who just stood by and watched, when a man in an American Legion hat pointed to a bottle in a shopping cart in front of me and asked for it. Some one gave it to him and he turned around and pegged it through the window from where the sign was hung, setting off a tremendous cheer.


The cop just watched.

The demonstration reminded me of the silent films that I have seen showing the mobs on the streets of Berlin before Hitler took power. These people were not interested in fighting for the things America stands for. Free speech was not their main concern. These people were simply FASCISTS!!!

NICOLAS EYL E.



THE East Village OTHER



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COPS CRUSH COMMUNES

by
Lorraine
Glennby

Sharp knocking on the door in the middle of the night; police forcing their way in, intimidating, beating, arresting the occupants on false or minor charges, then holding them incommunicado for hours--this is no flashback to the Rhineland, Mister: this is happening in America, in New York City, in the East Village, right now.

We are told that when police are brutal and unreasonable, that citizens have recourse to a Civilian Review Board which will protect the innocent. We are told about rights of property, the sanctity of the home, the right of each man to the pursuit of happiness. If you are a member of a minority group, if you are black, or PR, if you have long hair and wear beads and bells, forget it. If you offend just one hair on the long arm of the law it will choke you and others like you until the American cries of justice and freedom fade like once-remembered echos on the other side of a barbed-wire fence.

This is where thousands of our nation's youth stand today; the heat is on the hippies, and summer is beginning. Hate and tensions are building all across the country in the metropolitan flower gardens they have cultivated out of ghettos, and whereas Love has only God on its side, Hate has the Law behind it. This is an account of recent battles between the two, and very possibly only an indication of what is to come:

At 622 East 11th St. there is a commune organised and run by a young man called Galahad. A commune (breathe easy there, Birchites) is one apartment which is used for the good of many; it is a gathering place for friends, a place for anyone who needs it to get some sleep, a meal, some human contact, or whatever he may be looking for on a journey in search of himself and a better world. Galahad's commune is one of the few, or perhaps by now the only working commune in the East Village, for two reasons: the others have been harassed out of existence by police busts, trumped-up evictions, and etc., and because of Galahad's policies of operation which include no drugs on the premises nor acceptance of anyone under the influence of drugs which would make him an unstable factor in the group. Galahad himself is an honest, open, religious and rather incredible do-gooder who, as Faulkner put it, endures.

In the last month Galahad's commune has been illegally entered and busted ten times by uniformed police and plainclothesmen in search of, well, extinction. There is no law against communes, but there are ways to get around that if the gendarmes don't like 'em. Here's how:

April 28 - police removed 8 people from the commune and took them to the stationhouse charging them with corrupting the morals of a minor. Basis for these charges were absurd. The charges were dismissed on May 5.

May 1, 3:00 a.m. - plainclothesmen arrived at the commune and threatened to break down the door if they were not admitted. They were admitted. Only casualty was a good night's sleep.

May 5, 11:00 p.m. - uniformed men banged on the door and demanded admittance, saying they were police.

May 6, 1:00 a.m. - uniformed cops pay another visit.

11:00 p.m. - plainclothesmen this time; when asked if they had a search warrant, one of them replied "we don't need one." They forced their way into the apartment,



A typical example of hippie harassment in Haight-Ashbury

taking fifteen people to the 9th Precinct with them when they left. The fifteen were subsequently released. When the attorney acting on Galahad's behalf phoned the Precinct he was told by an officer: "These people are bedbugs and should be exterminated."

May 7, 2:30 a.m. - police again forced their way into the apartment, presumably for another look around, and then left.

As a result of these repeated harassments, the lawyer acting on behalf of Galahad on May 9 submitted a complaint to the Civilian Review Board. Instead of stopping the barrage, this complaint may very well have been the cause of increased vindictiveness on the part of certain officers.

Things were quiet for a few days - impromptu searches must get boring when not so much as a potseed or a real corrupted minor is ever to be found - until Galahad did a good deed. A runaway girl, age 15, found her way to the commune on May 18. After talking to her for awhile, Galahad finally convinced her that she should go back home to her parents and took her to the stationhouse so that the cops could see that she got home safely. In return, he received a warning from them, saying "we'll get you", and they intimated that it would probably be on a narcotics charge. (Summer isn't here yet, remember--perhaps then they would have charged him on the spot with corrupting her morals on route to the stationhouse.)

Only one day after this act of goodwill, Galahad's was entered into THREE TIMES,

twice by detectives and once by policemen in uniform. The same evening the largest hippie bust in the community to date was carried out in one grotesque coup which included the arrest of 21 young men and women, the searching of two other apartments in the building on 11th St., and an hour's worth of baitings, beatings, and vandalism on the part of New York's Finest. (It should be stressed, in fairness, that the majority of the police at the 9th Precinct are decent men who are doing their job as they should; the outrage and the shame rests with a few plainclothesmen and narcotics police who are vindictive and irresponsible.)

At 6:15 p.m. that night, police came to the door of apartment 12, just next door to Galahad's digs, and demanded to be let in, claiming they had a search warrant. Some fifteen minutes later apartment 12 had a visitor, Jeff Heald, who was promptly thrown against the wall and searched. The apartment's owner (whose name is withheld since he is not yet 18) received the same treatment when he came home around 6:30. Not a thing was found; apartment owner, and friends were all clean. The fuzz, undaunted, had the good fortune to spy Nadine, a fifteen year old girl who is seen often around the East Village, and, noticing that she was underage, later charged the apartment's owner with "corrupting the morals of a minor". There is absolutely no evidence (nor any truth) to this charge.

Still greedy for more "filthniks", as one cop kept calling them, they began grab-

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Art: B Wilkie

TELEPHONE

By Bob Simmons

BULLSHIT.

Tension is building, war is imminent, our culture is crying. The Government is in a state of confusion and impotence; reacting in the only manner history has taught it in the face of a malfunctioning social structure: "When in doubt, go to war." Is there any other way? Maybe.

This article is a plea, an accusation, and maybe a tiny hint of what the solution to our present international and domestic dilemma might be. Therefore, excuse my polemics.

There's something rotten in River City. The stink of Senators who wash their souls like McDuck in his money, mingles freely with the odor of the seared, putrefying flesh of Vietnamese children. Lies don't have a smell, but you CAN taste them every time you take a drink of your artificially flavored, artificially sweetened, buy it...it's free, sweet juice cola. And just maybe you can SENSE a lie as well, when your light bulbs burn out after ten or twelve (count 'em) hours of hard burning in the socket. And you muse to yourself, "You mean we can conquer space, but we can't make a light bulb that won't burn out immediately?" And you curse, spit, and let your hair grow longer. You take some acid, you ball some chick, work as little as possible, and you practice the three chords you know on the guitar. Is anything wrong? Could anything possibly be wrong? You know what the answer is, but what you DON'T know is that if you don't find the answer in less than six months or so, it just might be the death of you.

A society is only as healthy as the sum total of the neuroses of its individual inhabitants. A healthy man or woman, if in no immediate danger of bodily harm, will utilize the tool of logic to rationalize frustration and thereby avoid developing a neurosis or psychosis, which are detrimental to the survival of the organism. However, logic is only as effective as its frame of reference. If the information that is being used as a base is untrue, then no matter how flawless the logic, the answers obtained will be untrue to the degree that the supposedly accurate information was false. This, then, is exactly where America stands in the middle of May 1967, the year of the jackpot. What is wrong is elementary, as is the cure. How to implement it is something else again.

The men and women who run our political and economic systems are in no way prepared to deal

with the fantastically rapid changes in culture brought on by technological advances, nor are they even prepared to examine themselves in anything that faintly resembles objective assessment. We have become a land of "things", not people. The protection of our material possessions has taken priority in all United States foreign and domestic policy. Man's happiness and whether or not he will live or die has become subordinate to the protection of our industrial handiwork and the markets where the junk is sold. Money, then, as the common denominator for all goods and services, has become the prime motivating factor behind men's acts, and in so doing, it controls man rather than vice-versa. Americans are at the mercy of their own machines because of the misuse of the most basic tool of survival other than language...MONEY.

If you want a quick argument against money, the next time you argue with a typical foolish businessman, who insists on how important money is, then just ask, "If I give you a million dollars, will you let me kill you right now?"

We are presently at war with a tiny impoverished nation in southeast Asia. We are engaged in a battle that can win us no honor, no love, no safety, and least of all, self-respect. The really disconcerting thing, though, is the complete sense of futility rampant all around us. Everyone you talk to agrees that we should get out, but they don't think that there is anything one person can do to GET us out.

Some time ago America was a democracy. Through a representational form of government the common sense of the common people decided the destiny of our nation. Today, the business community operates its OWN form of representational government embodied in the men who rule and the industrial-military complex, (the "Power Elite", if you will), and they control the mass media. They control the media because they control the purse strings for production costs. Big business, then, can and does control mass opinion through encouraging but distorted reportage of facts, often through deliberate news manipulation. They work hand in hand with the advertising agencies, indeed, if they can even be distinguished from one another, in encouraging that sense of insecurity in the public that will cause them to buy a particular product. (BAD BREATH???) Man makes his decisions according to the facts he has access to. If his facts have been slanted to

protect any one interest group, then his opinions and reactions will be one-sided as well.

Supposedly we have something known as the Federal Communications Commission to protect us from such abuse, but if we cannot even control our own legislative and executive offices, how can we expect to have any effect on appointive bureaucratic offices? At this point only the Supreme Court retains any relevance to its role as outlined by the Constitution. (And the F.B.I. has the gall to arrest us for burning mere draft cards!)

Here, then, is one part of the overall solution. We must have at least one TV channel for every major and minor population center in the United States devoted to nothing but accurate, unbiased reporting of events as they happen, 24 hours a day. Within this system must be set up an adequate legal framework employing "checks and balances" so that no one interest group can gain superiority over another. This MUST happen here in the United States and SOON. Otherwise democracy is dead in America, for the democratic system is, more than anything else, dependent upon truth.

The rapidity of technological advances and the resultant cultural changes have burdened us with yet another problem...How long should the electorate allow its elected representatives to stay in office if these representatives are unable to adapt to the shifting multiplicities of social, institutional, and economic expedience? Six years, four years, and even two years, have become too long, given the fantastic amount of flux that is possible in only a few months' time in the modern (?) world. Since it is now entirely possible, I submit that representatives should be IMMEDIATELY responsible to the electorate. If this seems wrong to you, ask yourself: if the facts had been presented to the voters so that truth was easily available, and if our representatives had been immediately responsible to the people, would we now be at war? This is a moot question, admittedly, but it bears some consideration.

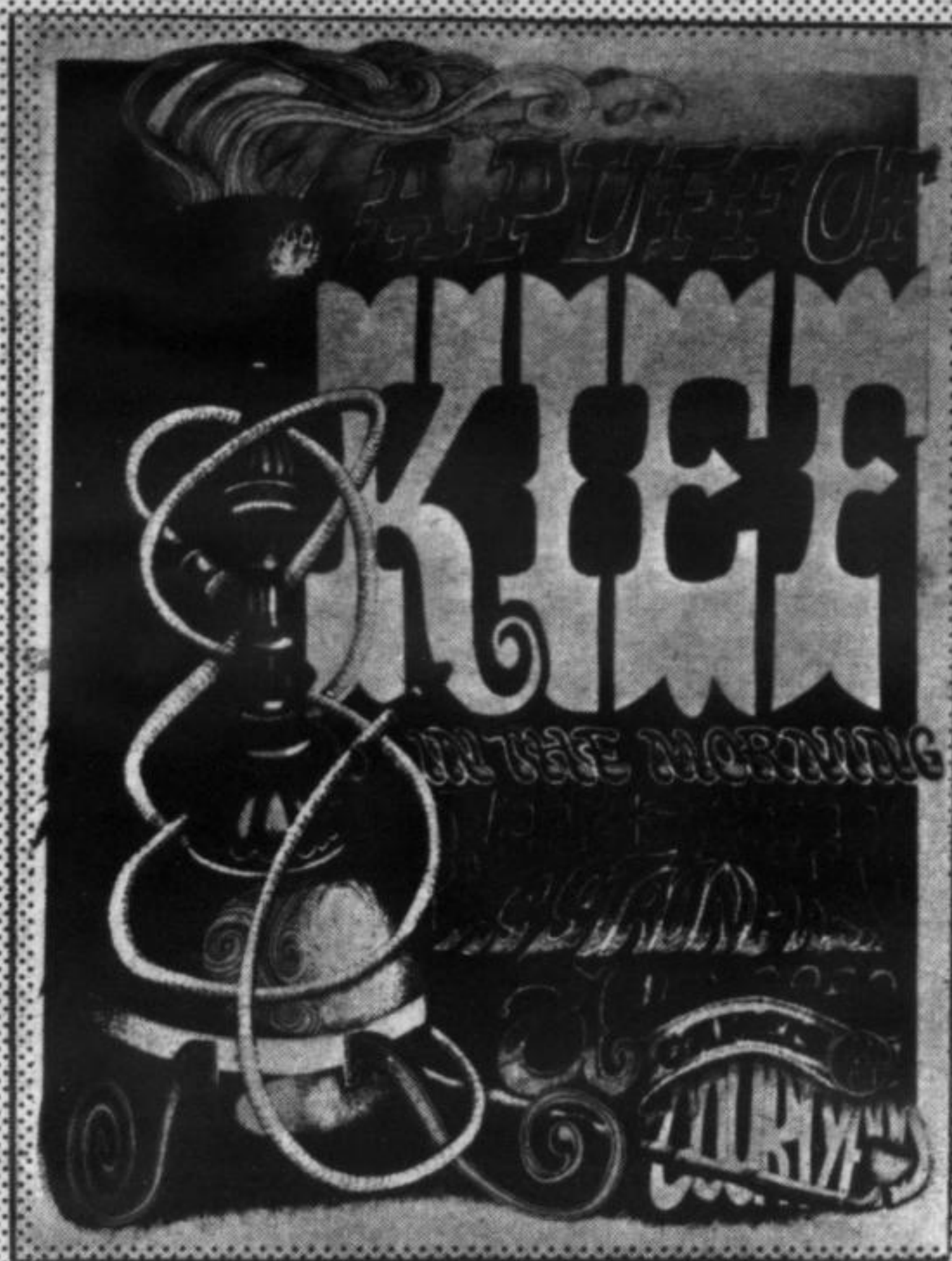
So here is the problem. Our form of government, by not implementing the new techniques of electronic communication, for reasons of self-interest on the part of the individual members of the legislatures of America, both on the national and state level,

continued on page 19

DEMOCRACY

Fin

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POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC



Gossip can be a pseudo-event of trivial things or it can sometimes be a simple revelation of human weakness. In most cases it never really happened that way, if at all, and in some cases it can become folk history where the simple basic fact becomes THE TRUTH mobbed by all sorts of literary devices. In either case, it is almost always buried or simply floats away.

One such fact, which was recently given the full blown by almost every daily media in the country and might be aptly labeled "The End of the World Affair", is President Johnson telling his daughter Lucy Bird, "Your Daddy may go down in history as having started World War III. The fact becomes even more inescapable when it's surrounded by all the other happenings in the world which makes this piece of second hand gossip seem like a Delphic Oracle; Something like a summing up Gary Cooper style--YUP! It also hits closer to home because it could be YOU on HIS knee and HIM saying, "SON! I think your father goofed!" Whatever it is it cannot be entirely ignored because if one wanted to sum up the Vietnam war in such precise gossip one could whisper, "Hey, didya hear! Mr. Jones and Mr. Chan are having a go at it over the garden fence and their using Mr. Li's backyard as a battleground." One can easily substitute the race problem in America or any other suitable problem reported everyday in the national and/or international media.

What we have here is a strange reality. Something that might not be happening in your mind but happening nonetheless. It makes all sorts of media transcend its obstacle of daily reportage to that of prophecy. Gossip becomes more than gossip here. It becomes a consensus of opinion which builds up fear which motivates action, usually the wrong kind. It cannot be denied because everyone is going around acting that way whether consciously or unconsciously because they are aware of it. And awareness makes you realize that gossip is not the cause here but the effect. It even becomes more ridiculous when you realize that the FINAL WORD may come in the form of a piece of juicy gossip like "Psst, Hey Man, Did Ya Hear--It's all over!" And in our electromagnetic taped society that whisper can become a shout where the future is silenced in the form of a blank T.V. and radio and the past is paraded into history with absolutely nothing reported in 24 pages of paper and a front page headline which reads "FINAL". What a juicy bit of gossip that is for anyone who comes after.

An interesting quote by J. Edgar Hoover in the Christian Science Monitor: "I regret to say that we of the FBI are powerless to act in case of oral-genital intimacy, unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce."



A WANTED poster by the Heads of the Cleveland Underground has been circulated on Sgt. Burt Miller of the Narcotics Unit of the Cleveland Police Department. In the poster are included his picture, description, locale and associates. Also included is a Reward which states: "One Pound U.S. Grass For Anyone Who Can Drop 1,000 Micrograms of L.S.D. Into This Man's Live Body."

Talking of wayward policemen, Allen Ginsberg who had gone to Cleveland with the Fugs to raise money for D.A. Levy, the Cleveland poet who is being harassed by the Narco/Moral Fuzz Freaks, was surrounded by 52 of Cleveland's finest in a local coffee house. They insulted him and threatened him and were totally obscene in their remarks. Allen dispelled them with a basic mantra to scare away evil spirits. The Mantra obviously worked because he managed to raise \$1300 for Levy in a benefit that took place after the incident.

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Brooklyn will have its first Be-In on June 4th from sunrise to sunset at Prospect Park on the Long Meadow. It is being sponsored by the Jade Companions and the On Shop 8 Clarkson Ave. in Brooklyn.

Some of the Peace organizations in New York are trying to get a referendum entered on the city ballot for the next election. The referendum pertains to the Vietnam War and whether we should withdraw our troops. They are having trouble because the City claims that this is not a local issue. But the Peace organizations claim there is a precedent for such a referendum. It occurred in November of 66 in Dearborn, Michigan when the city council there put it on the ballot. Though it didn't win 41% did vote in favor of withdrawal.

Sixth Street between C & D is calling for a Clean-In. It seems when they were trying to empty a vacant lot of its garbage, the Sanitation Department told them they couldn't leave it on the sidewalk otherwise they would get a summons. No attempt was even made to cooperate with the neighborhood, a black eye for community relations and the Sanitation Department. Sixth Street is now taking things into their own hands. Anyone interested in participating in the Clean-In contact Kathy Von Hartz 982-7932.

Drop City, the Geodesic Commune in Trinidad Colorado, is having a Joy Festival June 9, 10, 11. Poetry - Paintings - Music - Bananas - Feds - Lite Shows - Dance - Films. BRING: Sleeping Bags, Tents, Food.

Haight/Ashbury in San Francisco has started its own Survival School. Classes are held every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 8 p.m. at The Trip Without a Ticket, 901 Cole Street. The series designed to save the newcomer as well as others from becoming a psychedelic casualty include: The Scene - where it's really at & what it is: Drug Lore - how to keep from getting killed for kicks: Policemanship - how to avoid getting busted & what to do if you are: Sex Lore - how to avoid gang-bangs, rape, VD & pregnancy: Health & Hygiene - how to stay alive & well: Street Wisdom - how to avoid beatings & starvation, how to survive without money: Haight Street Seminar - experienced hippies & others rapping, answering questions, filling newcomers in and telling it like it is.

Walking into Bill Accorsi's loft on 80 Jefferson Street is like taking a tour through the mind of Papa Giapetto - Pinnocchio alive in the East Village. Here sculpture reside like toys and toys like furniture. "O.K. Betty" stands tall; Betty is a brightly colored elephant fourteen feet long and eight feet high. One climbs into her through the back via a rope, sleeps in her stomach and exits by a slide between her tusks. In the corner of the room sits "The Best of Beds", a double decker with slide, and off to the side is a love seat rocker-for-two which Abraham & Strauss has begun to sell in their store as children's furniture.

Bill, a sculptor, born 33 years ago, taught grade school for seven years in Columbus Ohio to slow learners and brain damaged children before coming to New York. "I arrived here six years ago and headed straight for the museums and galleries," says Bill, "but found it to be all a kind of pretense." After having his one and only show in New York at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, he decided that "Art is something to exist and the last place it should exist is in a Museum."

If Bill hasn't made the Modern Museum of Art as yet at least he has made the Hallmark Hall of Fame. Seventy-five of his pieces are now on display at Hall's Department Store in Kansas City. (Hall's is a subsidiary of Hallmark greeting cards.) He has also started to manufacture his own things and sees it as a step towards making Art an active and integrated affair. (He believes that his sculpture teaches "a concern for things, a concern about living and relationships.")

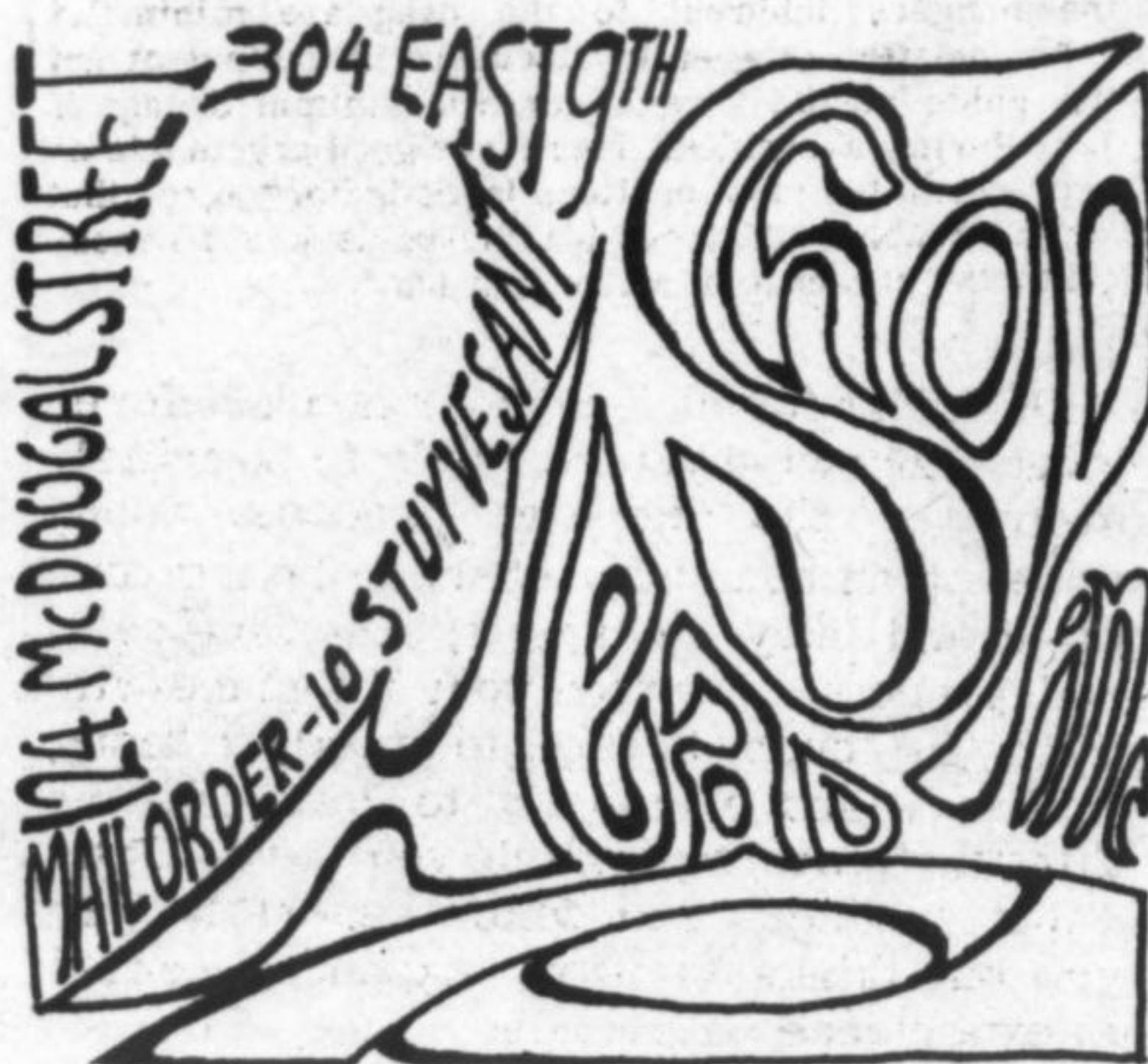
Bill's feelings towards his newly acquired commercial success in Department Stores in contrast to commercial success in galleries is relevant. "If you're going to sell something," he states, "it might as well be beautiful AND useful."

In the back of his loft he is presently working on pieces for the Parks Department and will have a showing at Union Square Park on June 1. His pieces consist of a see/saw swing that carousels up and down and around as music from hanging objects are set in motion by the movement. There is a trapeze toy eight feet high set into motion by the pull of a rope and a giant giraffe on wheels that adults as well as children can enjoy. His tinker roller coaster in which he uses a skate as a car is a beautiful and simple thing; a tribute to the creative ability of an artist to make something useful out of left over spare parts.

These are some of the many things Bill Accorsi has created out of his fertile mind. And it happens not in a museum or gallery but somewhere in a loft on the Lower East Side.

COLLECTIONS

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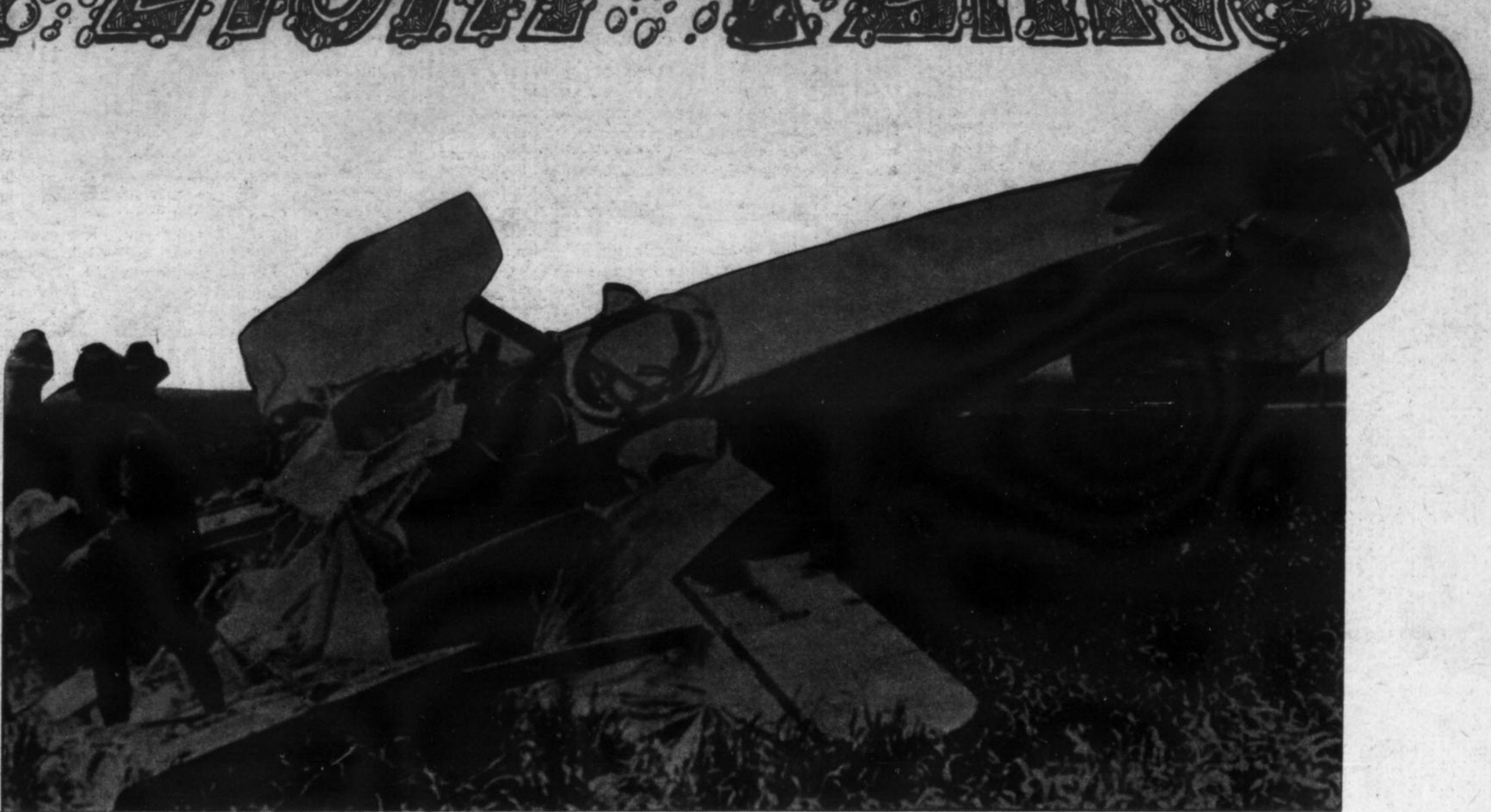
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FLIGHT PLANS



All drugs are dangerous, just like everything else, and, just as with everything else (almost), the danger lies not quite so much in the drugs as in how they are used. Even so, the drug scene--dealing, being flamboyant and furtive simultaneously, trying to be HIP, distrusting cops, etc.--is equally dangerous. But since we will take drugs, it behooves us to minimize the risks. The traditional and best way to do this is through knowledge. If you know what you're doing and doing it right, it probably won't hurt you.

ACID - LSD: Although acid has no value in and of itself--will not make you holy or good or wise or anything else except high--it can be used in a valuable way. It can be an educational tool; you can learn something from it.

Here is one of many proper ways to take your first trips:

Arrange to take the acid in a pleasant place (either a beautiful, comfortable room or somewhere out in the country) and under pleasant, peaceful, friendly, and loving circumstances. Ugly place equals ugly trip; bad state of mind beforehand (tension, anxiety, or whatever) or improper guide equals bad trip.

Arrange to take the trip with someone else, someone wiser and more experienced than you, someone who knows you very well and whom you trust. An ideal guide is one who is himself familiar with acid, and one with whom you are comfortable enough to be able to take off your clothes and not have to play sex games. If love and warmth are important to you, it is wise to choose someone who loves you, or who is a very close friend, with whom to take your first trip. Most of the reasons for this are obvious, but it does no harm to point out a few: under acid, a person is highly suggestible, and someone who does not know him well can unwittingly act in such a way as to cause him to become frightened or paranoid--a very bad thing, under the circumstances. Moreover, the 'guide' should be able to answer whatever questions you may be able to ask, to know what's happening, and what to do about it if something has to be done.

The book "LSD The Problem-Solving Psychedelic", by P.G. Stafford and B.H. Golightly offers some "guidelines to the use of LSD", among which are these:

"The dangers of LSD use have popularly been presented in bogey-man fashion--i.e. exaggerated and not fully explained. In almost every incident of failure, the subject has been left ignorant of basic facts. The guide has been careless in his duty and neglected to remind his ward that he must never forget that whatever is happening to him is simply the effect of a drug, and that the experience will terminate in a matter of hours. The subject must understand in advance that although he may feel capable of 'flying' while under the drug, he must not let himself be deluded in this regard. Properly prepared, his residual judgment will remain intact and keep him away from windows and other danger areas. Similarly, he must be reassured that the guide will not attempt to 'freak' him by misrepresenting realities. If the subject thinks he is in eternity and that the whole universe is in similar condition, he must be assured that on another level the old reality still exists and that he will be able to return to it when he wants to. Therefore, one of the main obligations of the guide is to provide the subject with a firm perspective, whenever necessary; if this is met the dangers inherent to the drug are minimal."

"A question frequently discussed is whether or not the guide should have at least a minimal dosage of LSD during a session. There are good arguments on both sides, but most cautious investigators agree that anything above 25 mcg. for the guide would necessitate the presence of a third person."

Don't eat for at least four hours beforehand, otherwise you're likely to be acutely aware of the digestive process. Spend at least an hour beforehand relaxing your mind and body and spirit, becoming calm and peaceful. Provide your tripplace with things to touch, to feel, to smell, to taste, to hear, and eventually to do...beautiful things, things for which you have particular fondness and which generally turn you on, things for your expanded senses to experience.

While you are high, then, use your senses; give them a real workout. Learn their yoga and their language. You and the guru you have chosen to travel with can teach you to be real again, undoing the System's years of teaching you to be unreal, unaware, unconscious.

That's where it's at. Be with a beautiful person in a beautiful place doing beautiful things and being beautiful, and you will most likely have a beautiful trip. Instead of thinking about yourself, be. Be what you are, what the moment dictates, experiencing yourself and the world without your intellect (which can't know anything about all this until after all this has happened) coming between you and reality.

No one will deny that there are some people who should not take acid, but there

is little articulate agreement of opinion as to who these people are. Ultimately, the decision is up to you. Stafford and Golightly have this to say:

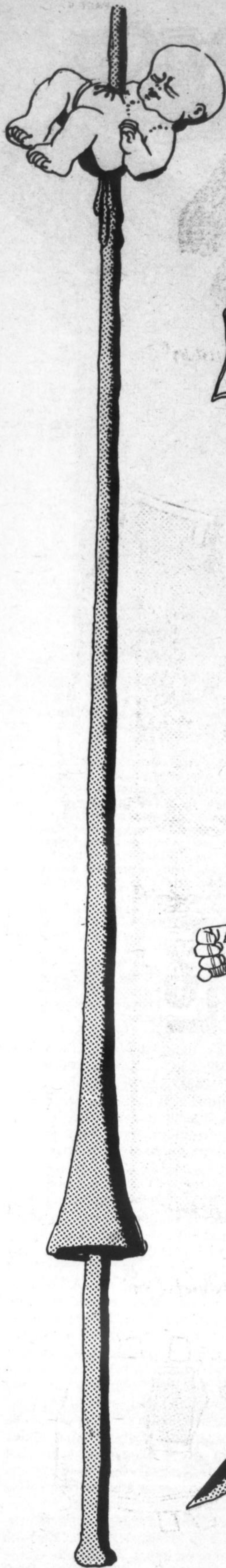
"The success of a psychedelic 'voyage' seems to depend less on the psychological label of the candidate and his personal history than it does on his willingness to surrender to the possibility of great chaos. 'Swingers,' those who enjoy wild, uninhibited activity, or those who can cope with a good deal of tumult, usually do well in their sessions. On the other hand, if flexibility is all pose, LSD can shred such protective facades, and at some point it probably will. Being unprepared and defenseless under a flood of confusion may give rise to shock and anxiety."

There are also those orderly, cautious personalities who require an explanation for everything, who are most comfortable in a static set of circumstances, and who are compelled to maintain a favorable self-image--those in this group tend to find the LSD experience terribly upsetting, if not devastating. This need not always be the case, however, if the pre-session briefing has been intelligent and thorough, and if the guide is astute and gifted."

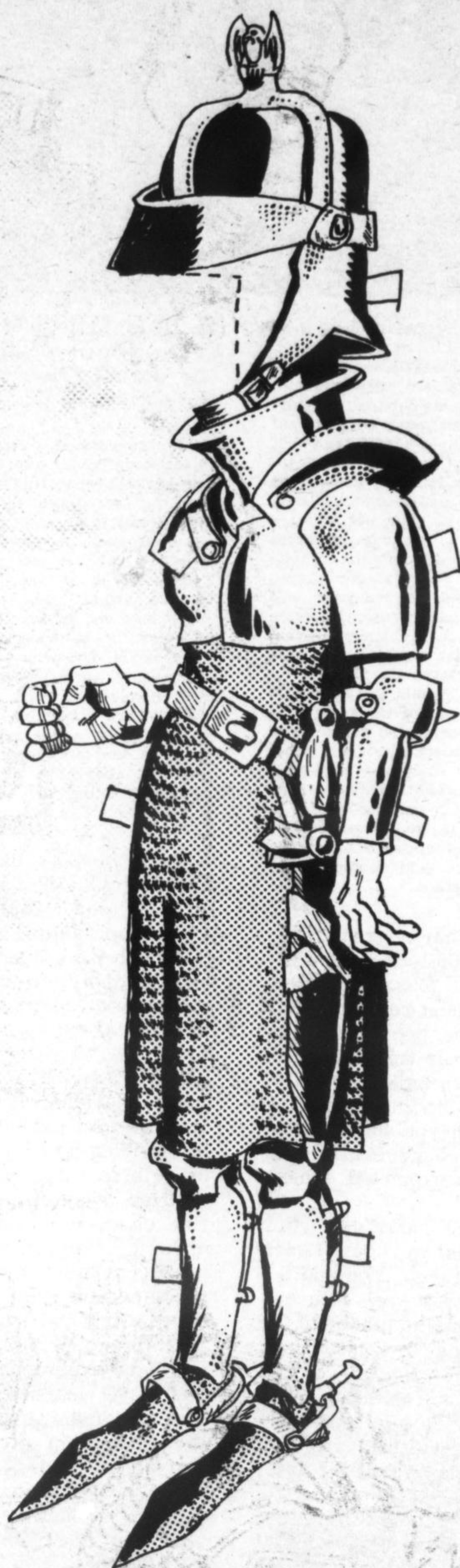
There are as many variables as there are individuals, and no amount of words on acid can ever even approximate the experience itself; it is entirely subjective (although the guide is an essential factor), and the choice to take it, except in clinical/therapeutic circumstances, is purely an existential one.

BUMMERS - if you're having a bad trip, there are several things you can do about it. You can get out of a bad trip simply by waiting until you come down; it may be distressing, but it is not 'real', it will go away. Unless you are a borderline case, or incipiently paranoid/schizophrenic to begin with (you, or some competent person whom you trust will have to determine this beforehand) the effects of the trip will wear off in a matter of hours, except for the memory of what you have experienced and, of course, what you have learned from it. So when it's bad, remind yourself that you are under the influences of a drug, and that what you are experiencing is only temporary. Finally, learn from your bad trips, or else stop taking acid.

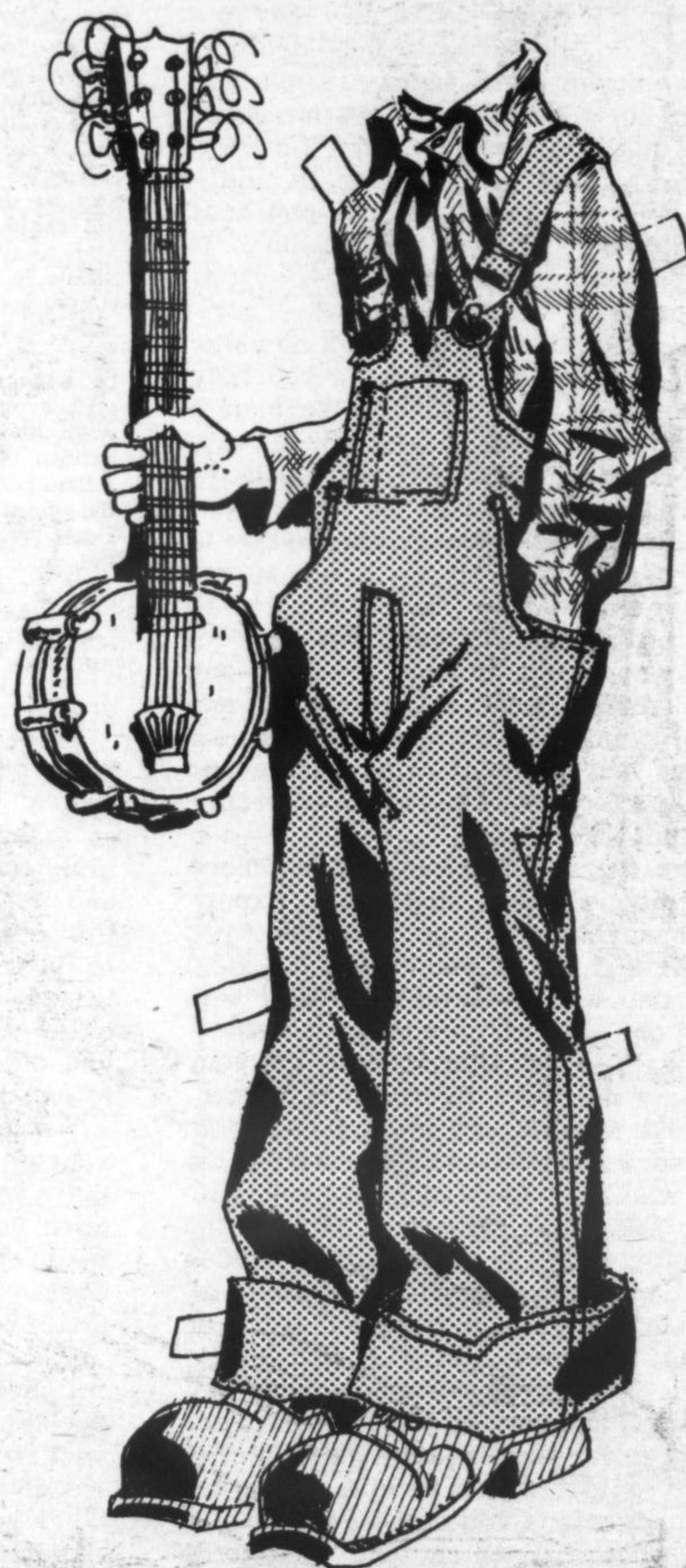
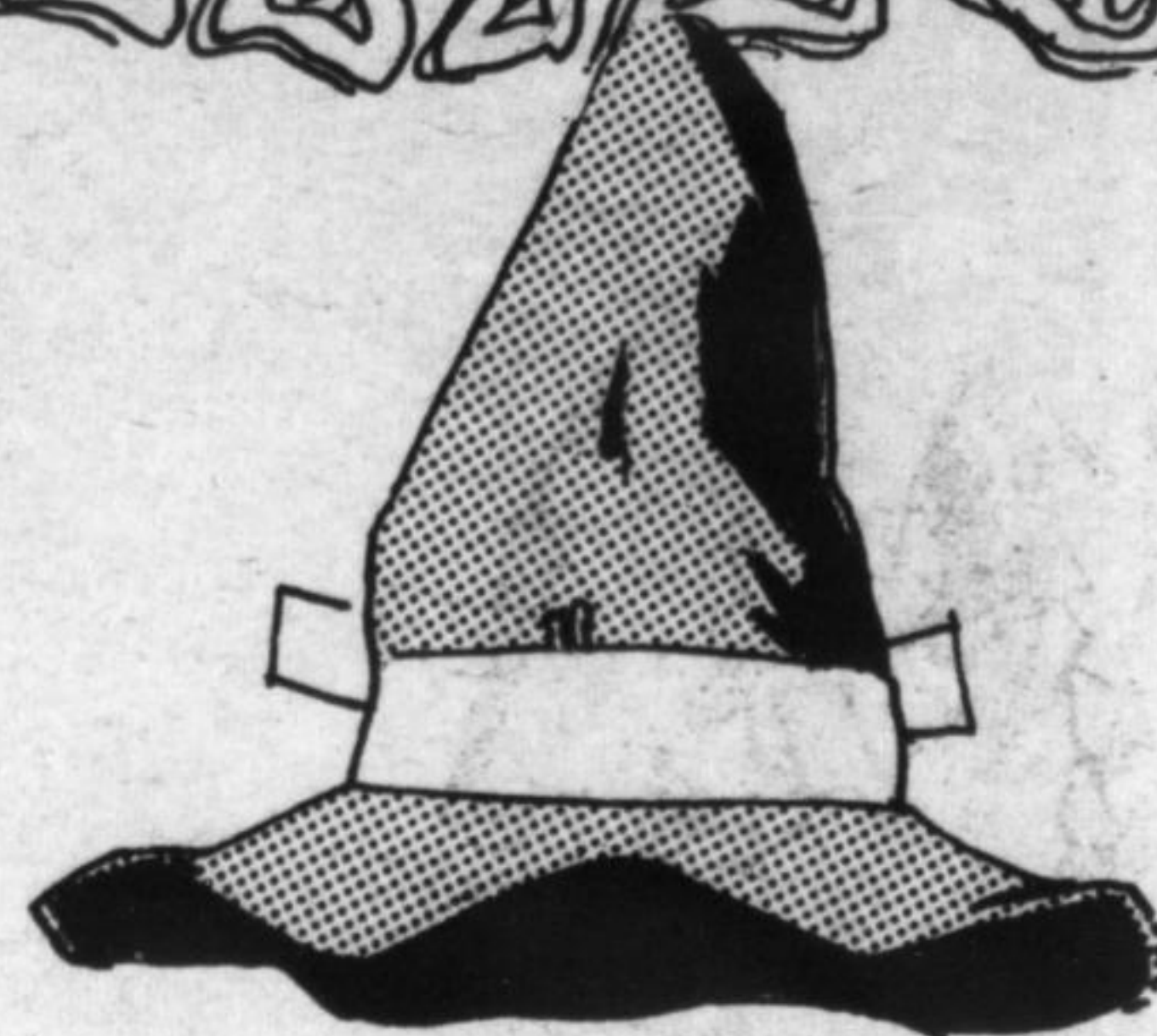
If you need lots of help in a hurry, call the Meditation Center (9899289) which has 24 hour service, or The Jade Companions (number to be published in EVO in the following issue). The staff of The



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

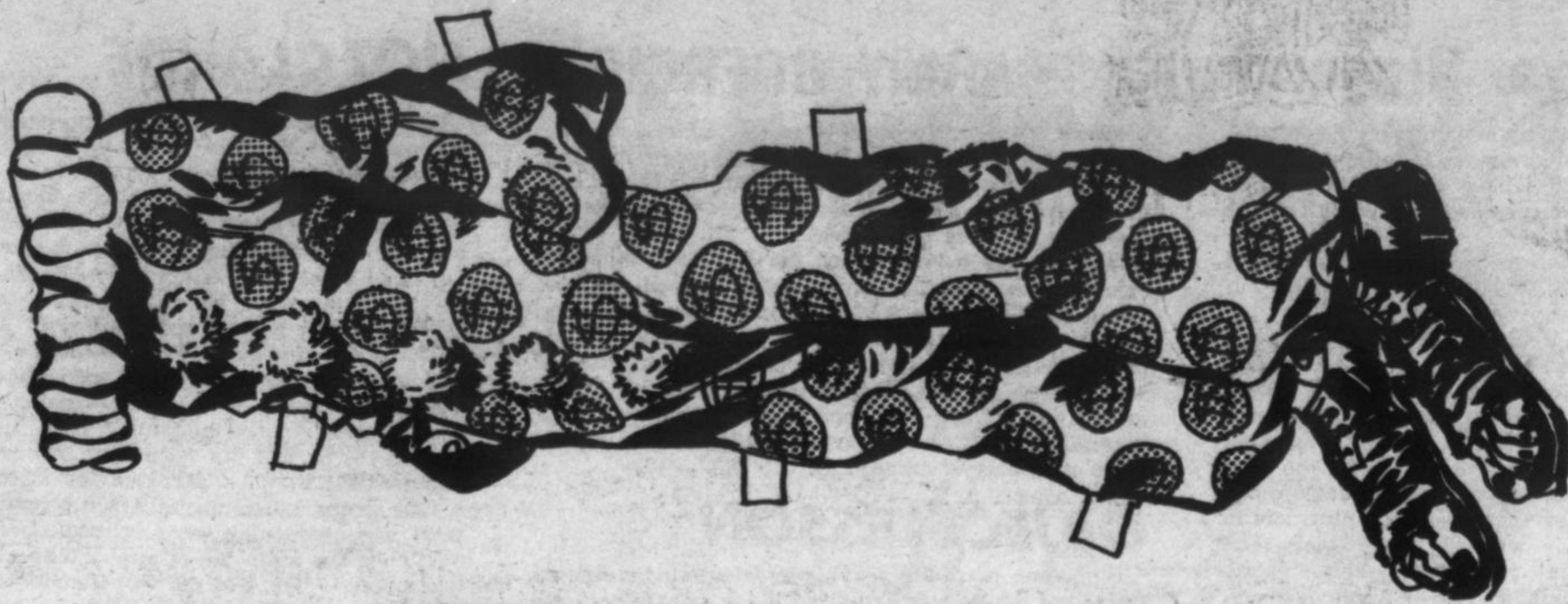


The "White Knight"



The "Down Home Special"

Rodriguez



Yose President

The "Credibility Clown"



The "Great Leader"



The "Cardinal Sin"



The "Honey yash Daddy might have started W.W.III"

Seventh Ave. Diggers?

A nationally known clothing manufacturing company has donated 3,000 cut dresses to a new sewing cooperative run by two Lower East Side groups, Fuerza Unida Puertorriquena and Comunidad Hispana Activa, at 643 East 6th Street.

The company, Stacy Ames, Inc., a division of Bobbie Brooks, recently found itself with 3000 cut but unsewn dresses, when the design for a new line was suddenly changed. Reading about the formation of the sewing coop in the *New York Times*, company officials decided to donate the dresses to the new group.

The sewing coop was formed with financial assistance from Mobilization for Youth, the Lower East Side anti-delinquency, anti-poverty agency. In the new enterprise, neighborhood women teach each other how to sew so that they may obtain employment in the garment industry or with the coop itself. The clothing is sold to local residents at only slightly above the cost of materials. The Stacy Ames dresses, for example, normally priced at \$18 to \$25, are being sold for \$2.50 to \$4.

Stacy Ames plans to make similar contributions in the near future.

Iroquois Land Rape

by Allan Edmonds

According to an official report made in 1920, nearly eighteen million acres of New York State are being wrongfully withheld from the Six Nations Confederacy of America (The Iroquois Confederacy). The report, compiled over two-and-a-half years by a Commission appointed by the New York State Legislature to determine the title claim, was submitted by Clinton Rickard "Loud Voice", a chief of the Confederacy. Excerpts from the report reveal the following facts.

When the white man settled in North America, he found that all the tribes from Quebec on the north to the Cumberland River on the south, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, were paying taxes to the Iroquois Confederacy, in return for protection. Each confederate tribe in time of peace regulated its own affairs insofar as these affairs did not nationally affect the Confederacy. "But when the time of danger came, all state's rights were subjected to the Federal, and all affairs were looked after as the common weal demanded."

England, Holland and France sent ambassadors with the authority to purchase land in the New World, but they found they could purchase no land from subject tribes; all lands had to be purchased from the Six Nations Government. In 1775 George Washington sought an alliance between the Iroquois Confederacy and the soon-to-be-formed Continental Congress, and he promised that "the U.S. would guarantee them in their title to their lands forever." The Treaty of Fort Stanwix (1784) guaranteed that no Confederacy land could be sold unless the dealings were made directly between the United States Government and the Government of the Six Nations. In other words, neither individual States nor individual confederate tribes could transact land sales.

In spite of the Fort Stanwix Treaty, the State of New York has purchased millions of acres of land from the individual states of the Confederacy, in no instances through the Six Nations Government and never even asking the consent of the U.S. Government, even buying it over the written protest of the U.S. Government. "This outrage has continued until there remains today only 78,000 acres of the original eighteen million."

The Commission concluded: "That the said Indians of the state of New York as a Nation are still the owners of the fee simple title to the territory ceded to them by the treaty of 1784... Treaty-making power is vested only in Nations. No one state has or ever had the power to make a treaty with a separate state or a Nation. All the so-called treaties between the State of New York and the individual states of the Iroquois Confederacy are of no force and effect, and have no standing before any judicial body or Commission. Any transfer of land made in such agreements is void and the title to all such land is still vested in the Six Nations. The peaceful possession held by early settlers and their heirs or assignees for a century has no legal effect, as the statute of limitations cannot run against any nation or people who are forced to procure a jurisdictional act to sue for rights in the courts of another country. The Six Nation Indian is not bound by any proclamation, court decision or statute made by any other country or authority existing outside of the territory belonging to the Six Nations."

Chief Loud Voice laments that "nothing was ever done about this great wrong." Apparently the Empire State bureaucracy in Albany has been snowed under with paper work since 1920.

EXPAND YOUR TASTE BUDS
BAGS END
 SANDWICHES CREPES ICE CREAM
 342 East 6th Street
 COFFEE \$6 WITH THIS AD

U.S. ARMY COERCION

Soldiers of the U.S. occupation in Vietnam who refuse to plow back portions of their meager pay into U.S. Savings Bonds are given extra work, and some of them have been made to forfeit three-day passes as a penalty for their obstinance.

Their groans have reached the Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights of Sen. Sam J. Ervin (D-N.C.), who was already busy drafting a bill to protect civilian government employees from similar pressures. Ervin's new bill, prohibiting coercion of servicemen to buy U.S. Savings Bonds, will make such Army strong-arm tactics punishable by court-martial under "general article" 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

OBJECT LESSON

If you are currently serving a sentence in the Armed Forces of the United States and if you are not entirely happy about it, then do not abandon all hope. Do you ever ask yourself why you didn't conscientiously object when Uncle sent his greetings? Well, even if you joined up out of your own glorious patriotic zeal, and if you now have second thoughts, NOW YOU HAVE A SECOND CHANCE!!!

Men on active duty or in the reserves have the right to apply for C.O. status if they have changed their attitudes about the glories of war, since they enlisted or were drafted. The Federal Law of the United States Government provides that all such applications shall be processed. Applicants cannot be disciplined for submitting applications, and they cannot be forced to bear arms in the meantime. While their applications are being duly considered, they shall be given non-combatant assignments.

You do not have to belong to an organized church to qualify as a C.O. Our Supreme Court regards religious beliefs as having a personal nature. Thus, any firmly held belief may be considered religious for the purposes of the Law. In the words of the late President Kennedy: "War will exist until that distant day when the conscientious objector enjoys the same reputation and prestige that the warrior does today."

However, in spite of the Law, you may meet some resistance from the Military Establishment. Therefore, it is important that you contact one of the organizations listed below before you apply. They will gladly send you more information, and they will provide free counselling by experienced individuals and lawyers when you are ready to apply. Contact:

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE,
 15 Rutherford Place, New York, N.Y. 10003
 (212) 777-4600

CENTRAL COMMITTEE FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS, 206 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103 (215) LO3-1480

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE, 5 Peekman Street (Rm. 1025), New York, N.Y. 10038, (212) CO7-4592

Sunshine Girl
 DAUGHTER OF GOD ~ SAVIOR OF MANKIND

WELL, TODAY'S THE BIG DAY!
 YES, THAT GIRL OF A THOU-
 SAND WONDERS, SUNSHINE
 GIRL AND HER FIANCÉ ONLY
 BUTON (FORMERLY THE
 GIANT GREMLIN) ARE HERE
 IN THE NEW
 YORK AREA!

BOY! SUNSHINE
 YOU GOT US
 HERE IN
 RECORD
 TIME

WOW!
 LOOK
 AT THAT
 SKYLINE

PIER 6

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING
 HUH?

OUR PAIR SIGHT A FEARFUL
 APPARITION!

GOOD LORD!

BEFORE CONTINUING, LET US TURN THE CLOCK BACK
 A FEW HOURS, WHERE AT THE TOMB OF RAMA HOTEP,
 WE FIND THE ENCHANTED SARCOFAGUS OF ZOROASTER
 THE MAD, TRAPPED HERE ALIVE FOR TWO MILLENNIUMS

DOES THE
 WORLD THINK
 IT CAN STOP THE
 POWER OF
 ZOROASTER
 MERELY BY
 IMPRISONING
 HIS MORTAL
 FORM? HA!

THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY,
 AT A CERTAIN PUBLISHING FIRM

MARBLE COMICS INC.
 YOU CALL
 THIS A COMIC?

INTRODUCING EDGAR ARLINGTON,
 A STRUGGLING YOUNG ARTIST.

GET OUT!
 AND DON'T COME
 BACK UNTIL YOU
 HAVE SOMETHING
 WITH A LITTLE
 PZZZZ!

BANK

ALWAYS IT'S THE
 SAME. NOBODY
 WANTS MY COMIC
 STRIP IF ONLY I
 COULD GET AN
 IDEA THAT WOULD
 PUT IT OVER

HO HO!
 MY
 FIRST
 VICTIM

DON'T DARE
 MISS EPISODES
 SUNSHINE
 DOWN FOR
 THE COUNT

KIM
 DETICH
 3/25/67

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NOT CLAUDE

Claude Douglas Jones, 18, son of the first Secretary and political officer of the U.S. Delegation to NATO political headquarters in Paris, faces up to seven years in prison for turning on. Young Jones was initiated into the DANK UNDERWORLD OF NARCOTICS when he began smoking hashish with friends in Paris. Curious about the effects, he began using other psychedelics after he returned to the States last fall. He was captured last November after Franklin Miller, an informant for the police, enticed him into getting capsules of LSD and selling them to an undercover agent. But after his release on personal bond, Jones steeped himself deeper into crime. On March 16, he and his roommate, a confirmed marijuana ADDICT, were arrested for attempting to use a fake prescription to get 1,000 stimulant pills. His trial and sentencing were scheduled for early May, but Jones has split. An official of the State Department commented, "Oh, God no. Not Claude."

CO-OP COUP

The East Village will be having a Summer Festival in Tompkins Square Park and environs, from May 28 to June 10. Artists, craftsmen, and neighbors of all backgrounds will have the chance to meet and work together in this community effort to capture life's vitality, reflecting the pan-ethnic, creative achievements of the Lower East Side.

The Festival will include displays of artwork and crafts in all media, fashions, films, dance, theatre, food, costume, and anything delightful that anyone can think of to add. Everyone is encouraged to come in costume, and to contribute anything he thinks may be helpful (eg. lumber, beads, flowers, typewriters, food, skilled or unskilled hands as volunteer workers, etc.) Anyone with any creative or individual offering who would like to either have a display or participate in the Festival entertainment, along with all those who have any items or time to contribute to this effort, are invited to contact Mr. Leon Queen at 677-0400 (ext. 522 or 523), days.

THIS HIDEOUS, CRUEL, HORRIBLE WEAPON... THEY TAKE A
BAMBOO, SHARPEN IT... 'N SMEAR ON SHIT!

EAT HERE, GET GAS

by JAAKOV KOHN

A pamphlet dealing with Chemical and Biological warfare, issued by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, described its subject matter as "Public Health in Reverse." The main objective of CBW is the intentional use of living organisms and their toxic products to maim, permanently disable, or cause death to man, animal and plants. Judging from information obtained from highly reliable sources, results achieved by Americans in this field over the last few years have been, despite some minor setbacks, highly satisfactory. Just what CBW can do is evident in the following testimony, submitted to the International War Crimes Tribunal currently in session in Stockholm, by Dr. Nguyen, a North Vietnamese physician who had been nearly blinded by chemicals:

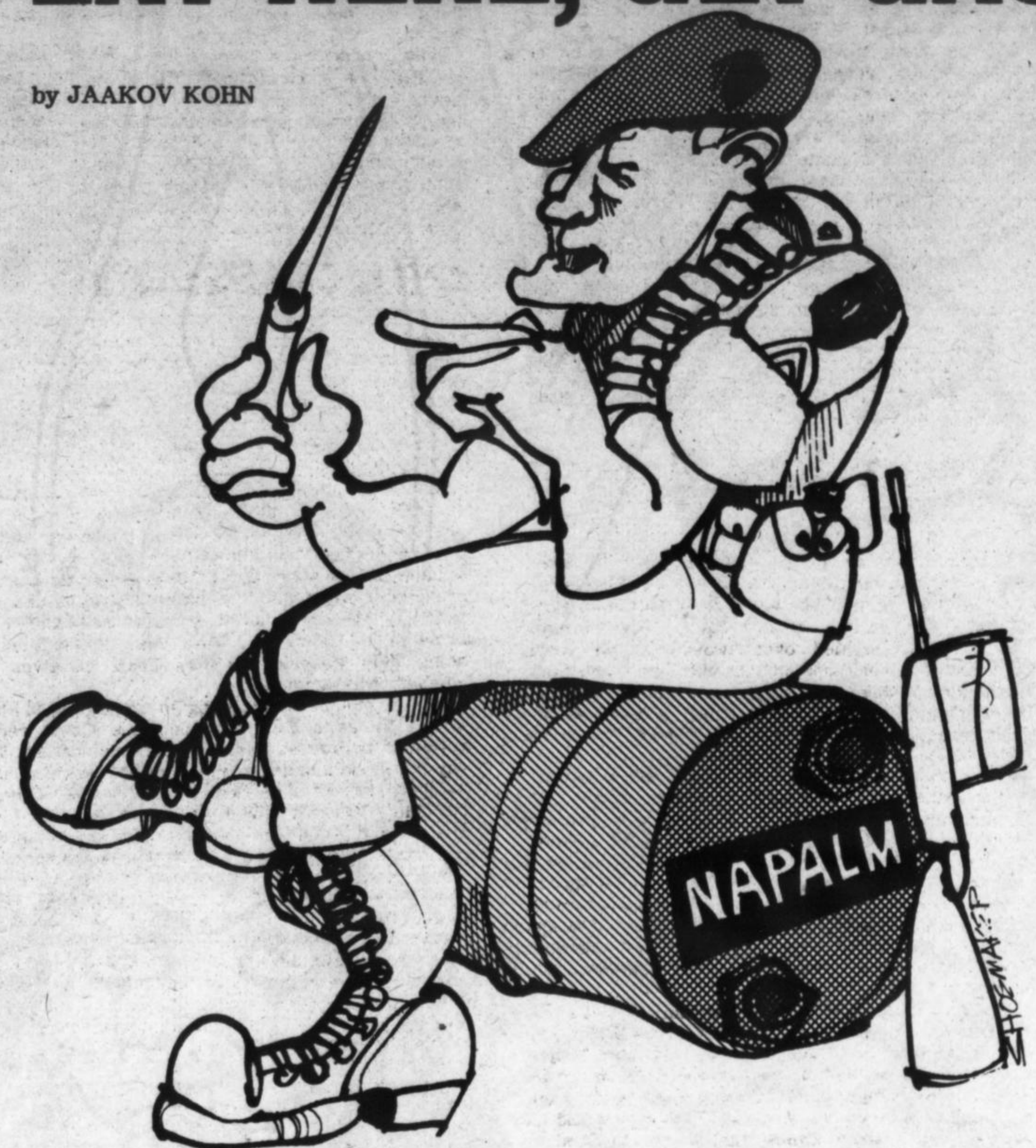
"After an air attack by two U.S. planes and a helicopter on the North Vietnamese province of Lamdong in November 1964, the smell of chemicals was unbearable. It was very sharp and burned the nostrils. It had characteristics of chloroform. After five minutes, leaves of sweet potatoes, rice plants, and trees became completely dessicated. Domestic animals would not eat and almost all died. People in the area experienced extreme headaches. There was a second attack fifteen minutes later. The next day all our poultry were dead. The fish in the streams and lakes were floating on the surface of the water, discolored. All crops were without leaves and burned. The unburned vegetation was rotting. All the women that were pregnant and all pregnant animals had miscarried on the spot. After the third attack ten days later people were unable to work or do anything for weeks and months. I was unable to move. I vomited all the time. My mouth, throat, stomach and bowels were painfully inflamed."

Never in the history of chemical warfare, dating back to the World War I Western Front gassings, through Mussolini's gas raids in the Ethiopian war of the middle thirties, to the gas chambers of Auschwitz and Treblinka, has there been such a massive effort in research and production of lethal agents as the one currently sponsored and financed by the Pentagon. The fantastic scope of all this is projected in the phenomenal rise in the budgetary allotments, figures which undoubtedly do not reflect the real sums spent for the various CBW operations.

CBW first appeared as a separate item in Pentagon budgets in the early fifties with an initial sum of \$35 Million. By 1961 this rose to \$57 Million. By 1964, the last year in which any mention of CBW was made in the Pentagon budget, this figure has almost tripled to \$158 Million. With the subsequent escalation of the Vietnamese war, a heavier emphasis was put on the accelerated use of gasses, and the most recent estimate exceeds \$250 Million. Again it is important to bear in mind that these figures do not reflect the total expenditures. An important part of this project was subcontracted and scattered under devious and misleading labels among private industries.

The Pentagon currently concedes that it produces these seven chemical agents:

- 2 NERVE GASSES - (GV*) SARIN & VX - These are colorless, odorless and tasteless. VX is thirty times more toxic than phosgene and is very slow in evaporation.
- Blistering Agent - HD - Mustard gas - needless to elaborate.
- 1 Incapacitant - DZ - Experiments with LSD25 as an incapacitator have



been a source of great frustration since all their experiments with it have failed to produce desired effects. It is peculiar, but CBW researchers seem to have an obsession with acid as a war agent. Little do they know.

- 1 Vomiting agent - DM - In its specification, the Pentagon emphasizes that the use of DM is "not approved where death is not acceptable."
- 2 Riot Control Agents - CN/CS. Both of these are basically tear gasses with the additional function of serving as an irritant to the respiratory system. The latter is ten times stronger than the first.

There are currently six major Army installations in operation devoted exclusively to research and production of CBW munitions. The biggest of these is FORT DETRICK, MD. This mammoth installation, being probably the largest experimental animal farm in the world, is almost wholly devoted to intensive research and experimentation in aerobiology - airborne infection; the main process used toward this end is the suspension of infectious particles in the atmosphere. The number of people currently engaged in Fort Detrick cannot be determined and as in all other such establishments the goings on are most fervently guarded by the government as top secret classified information.

Similar activity, but on a smaller scale is going on in Edgewood Arsenal, Md. DUGWAY PROVING GROUNDS, UTAH is used primarily for testing purposes. PINE BLUFF ARSENAL, ARK. is a 15,000 acre installation second only to the Dow Chemical war factories in their record output of toxic chemicals used as riot control agents.

ROCKY M'T. ARSENAL, DENVER, COLO. is the prime source of personal incapacitators and a variety of nerve and mustard gasses (blistering agents.)

The one that tops them all, however,

is the huge manufacturing complex in NEWPORT, INDIANA. This one seems to be the proverbial apple in the Pentagon's eye. This factory, which currently employs more than 500, operates on a 24 hour a day, 7 day a week basis. Its current annual operational budget exceeds \$4,000,000, and its exclusive product, SARIN, is probably the most lethal of nerve gasses.

The number of universities and affiliated hospitals with research contracts in Biochemical warfare is endless. Considering the uproar the Michigan State Vietnam adventure caused, it seems peculiar, that with the exception of two isolated cases, hardly a word has been said or written about the undeniable involvement and obvious responsibility our universities bear for these horrors.

JOHNS HOPKINS and its affiliated hospital has currently a \$1,000,000 annual grant for research in "Diseases of potential significance in Biological warfare."

THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA specializes in depth research in infectious fungal diseases and their specific relation to CBW.

DUKE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER is involved on a program dealing with the immunization of "our boys in Vietnam" - the dispensers of gasses. This has obviously become a major problem to the CBW researchers. The main premise in biochemical warfare is that the attacker or dispenser of CBW agents must at all costs avoid contamination. Even though most of the products produced by us have proven to be successful to an extent, the large number of those suffering from "back contamination," has been a major problem to the Pentagon.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND MEDICAL CENTER is engaged in a similar project. From all accounts this is at present one of the major tasks before the CBW scientists and as yet no sat-

continued on page 21



AMERICAN PREMIERE THURSDAY JUNE 1st
BLEECKER STREET CINEMA AT W. B'WAY ■ OR 4-3210
SHOW TIMES: 2:00, 3:45, 5:30, 7:15, 9:00, 10:45, MIDNIGHT SHOW FRI. & SAT.



FROM SLUM TO SUPERFLUITY



by Lil Picard

Lower Eastside style of living: Groovy. Jack Klein finds lofts for artists, manages buildings, takes over flophouses, reconditioning them into artist studios and helps creating a completely new kind of life downtown around the Bowery, near Canal and Houston Street and eastside of Tompkins Square. On East 14 Street one building features really the most advanced kind of studio-elegance. Here lives and works on the top floor Larry Rivers, on the next floor, a city-block long and spacious, are Claes Oldenburg's headquarters, one flight up, Kusama and Herbert Aach are working. When Christo got Oldenburg's old studio-loft on Howard Street he used his unusual architectural talent to change a typical old-fashioned loft into a living construction with open kitchen sector, a spacious front living-space, bedroom, and a room for his child. The studio occupies the floor above, all the way from front to rear, where Christo is able to arrange his large store-front architectural sculpture-constructions. In the same building works Elaine Sturtevant doing her Pop on Pop Parodies (PPP). Oversized factory-lofts lend themselves better than any other quarters to produce the gigantic works that painters and sculptors are dreaming about and doing today. Space ideas need space and create space. The scene of "Art-Loft-City" has space appeal. No wonder easel painting and easel painters are more and more vanishing from our Manhattan scene. The downtown-Eastside Loft-City way of existing has taken over. But all those successful downtowners are wheeling and dealing uptown, where the Galleries and the Museums are. Downtown creates and uptown sells.

Rauschenberg's studio is situated on East Lafayette Street. But the "Revolvers", his latest motorized art invention, rotate at the swanky Castelly Gallery, East 77 Street. What are the Revolvers? "They are Objects with 5 revolving Plexiglass circles carrying images electrically controlled by the viewer," explains the catalogue. Push a button and get your Rauschenberg served rotating like a record, images change, from Ingres to cats, from mermaid to missiles, from tennis players to skylines, everything genuine Rauschenberg -- but this time in motion and colored in Jello tints of sweet fashionable bonbon primaries. Two of the Revolvers are black and white, but all five are moving inside gray-silver-metal stands.

Les Levine, most prolific Loft-City dweller, orders his Art molded from translucent Polyurethane by telephone. The new material he uses is called Acrylite. At the moment, Les Levine's "bubble-sculpture-environments" can be viewed in Moma, at the Finch College Museum of Art, and the silvery "Slipcovers" are still on view at the Architectural League on East 65 Street. Les Levine works on downtown Broadway, is 31 years old, Irish, wears black horn-rimmed glasses, sometimes a clear white vinyl shiny suit, especially designed for him. He has his way with the plastics which he controls. He is New York's fastest plastic wonderboy and believes in quickness and technical "know-how". He thinks before he tinkers, and his ideas are getting transformed by the "Plastic-Engineers" in no time -- fast-fast-fast... No wonder wonderboy Levine is everywhere seen, at the Fischbach Gallery with "Disposables", at the

Museums. Girls walk like "angels" on wings through the translucent passage at the Finch-room, it's magic, and at the Moma the sun vibrates in "Star-Garden", the weightless 40 square foot bubble giant. All the skyscrapers reflect in the round forms, painting patterns, and the sun creates the prismatic colors: it's "Future-Art".

Following the "soft-sculpture" trend is Jean Linder, girl Loft-City dweller on Howard Street, showing now at the Graham Gallery. She is at the same time sexy, erotic, inventive, and kind of fleshy anatomical. A white light is created with white vinyl and translucent plastic material. One thinks about space-cabins, bathrooms, bidets, bedpans, the most intimate things of femalish hygiene, mixed with pearls and tinsels, painted pink and silver, capricious... elegant...

Alex Hay, the dancer also painter, living near Canal Street, has his first coming-out show at the Kornblee Gallery. He is excellent, a new star. His things are things to write on: note books, pads, writing-paper, scratch-pads, labels. He enlarges them, makes stencils, and creates with fine blue or beige lines a new object. Sculptures on the floor are crumbled scratch-pad papers, giants of those thrown-out crumbled witnesses of writers' "Despair", eternalized by Alex Hay to sculptures. He is a new name to watch.

The living assemblage of artists, all working, living, or doing both, downtown in Loft-City is overwhelming. They moved downtown in the last years, and many "arrived" to fame uptown, also in the last few years: Sol Lewitt, Michael Steiner, Tom Doyle, David Novros, Bob Beauchamp, Perle Fine, Eva Hesse, John Grillo, John Oppen, Larry Bell, Marjorie Strider, Paul Thek, Robert Mangold, George Sugarmann, John Bennet, Joe Johns, Tadasky, Wesselman, Indiana, Nevelson, Rosenquist, Marcia Marcus, Nam June Paik, Roy Lichtenstein, Adolf Gottlieb, Lowell Nesbitt, Claes Oldenburg, Jean Linder, Alex Hay, Christo, Kusama, Larry Rivers, Mike Goldberg, Gerald Laing, Robert Watts, James Lincoln Viner, Antonakis, Bob Reimann, Red Groom, Bob Whitmann, Bob Huot, Hans Haacke, Jud Yalcut, Bob Wirtschafter, Mark Brusse, Swen Lukin, Ann Wilson, Lucy Lippard (critic), Neil Williams, Wynn Chamberlain, Marc de Suvero, Agnes Martin, Larry Poons, Paul Gideon, Alven Dickstein, Steve Poleskie, Robert Morris, Yvonne Rainer, Robert Mencher, Ray Johnson, Kanowitz, Charles Hinmann, Will Insley, Al Jensen, Ronny Elliot, John Ashlock... the list could go on and on and on... too long to mention all the many creative spirits who have made New York the most vital international Art-City, with a New York special Art-Loft-City boom.

Charles Henri Ford showed Ektachrome color film "poem posters" in the Cinematheque, with some of the loft city artists as actors actively participating. Ford's technique is schooled, colors attractive, compositions new, especially the Rohrschach twin frames are inventive. Best, the portraits -- shots of artists (Marisol, Oldenburg, Indiana, Roselyn Drexler, Ray Johnson, Malanga, Lichtenstein). Al Hansen busy hammering and putting together "Poem-poster" show at the Cordier Ekstrom Gallery, where the film was originally started with Ford's one-man poster show. Charles Henri acted as M.C. for this New York Art-Collage.

Group 212, P.O. Box 96, Woodstock, New York 12498, invites artists to visit the project site during the period between June 1 and June 11, for as many days as helpful artists want to be cooperative. Bring own bedding, blankets, brooms, mops, paint rollers, hammers, pans. No food, but cooking facilities plus outdoor barbecue pits.

No napalm,
mortars, mines, M-14's or B-52's.

Just the sublime ao-dai:
the traditional Vietnamese dress.

Vietnam Protique
312 E. 9th (off 2nd)

HEAD HOME

prana

12-9
2320 Broadway at 84th St. 874-3710



FILM-MAKERS' CINEMATHEQUE

125 W. 41 St. 564-3818

SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
FILM SERIES

SAT., MAY 27: CALIFORNIA FILM PROGRAM I: BRUCE CONNOR

"A Movie," "Double Breakaway," "Vivian," "Hunting For Mushrooms," "Cosmic Ray," "Report."
PLUS: Special Benefit Showing of Edward Owens: "Autrefois J'ai Aime Une Femme" & Tomorrow's Promise." Showing times: 8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

SUN., MAY 28: THE FILMS OF BRUCE CONNOR: 7, 8, 9, 10 & 11 P.M. \$1.00

MON. & TUES.

MAY 29 & 30: CALIFORNIA FILM PROGRAM II: THE FILMS OF JOHN & JAMES WHITNEY, JANE BELSON, JORDAN BELSON, & HANK STOCKERT. 8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

"Lapis," "Yantra" — James Whitney
"Celery Stalks at Midnight," "Hot House & Mozart Rondo," "Untitled." — John Whitney
"Early Films," "Film Exercises 1-5" — John & James Whitney
"Logos" & "Odds & Ends" — Jane Belson
"Raga" — Jordan Belson
"Scope Two" — Hank Stockert

WED., MAY 31: CALIFORNIA FILM PROGRAM III:

ROBERT BRANAMAN: The Early 8mm Films (Complete)
PAUL BEATTIE: A Thimble of Goodbye, The 8th House, & O
GUNVOR NELSON & DOROTHY WILEY: Schmeer-guntz
MICHAEL MIDEKE: Search for Icarus
LEONARD LIPTON: We Shall March Again
Showings at 8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

JUNE 1, THURS: Herbert Jean deGrasse; Killman
Max Katz: Wisp
Richard Patton: Kleenex
John Vicario: Shoppers Market
Lee Richmond: Yo-Yo
William Ault: The Movie Set
Showings at 8 & 10 P.M., \$1.50

JUNE 2 & 3: THE FILMS OF BRUCE BAILLIE

Fri. & Sat.
Castro Street Yellow Horse Mass
Quixote All My Life Tung
Show Leader
8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

JUNE 3 MIDNIGHT: WORLD'S PREMIERE OF JOSE SOLTERO'S The Voice
Starring Meredith Reid. \$1.50

JUNE 4, SUN.: THE FILMS OF ROBERT NELSON

Plastic Haircut, Thick Pucker, Oily Pelose and the Pumph Man, Confessions of a Black Mother, Succuba, & Oh Dem Watermelons
Showings at 8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

JUNE 5, MON.: THE FILMS OF BEN VAN METER

Poon-Tang Trilogy, Colorfilm, Olds-Mo-Bile, Up-Tight... L.A. is Burning, S.F. Trips Festival, An Opening, & Some Don't
Showings at 8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

JUNE 6, TUES.: Jerry Abrams: Slash & Subgum

Dave Bennett: Snickersnack
Earl Bodien: Portraits 1 & 2
Tom DeWitt: Atmosfear
Robert Feldman: 3834 Opal Street, Hey, Stop That!
Peter Nicolopoulos: Black Mantra.
Showings at 8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

JUNE 7, WED.: Will Hindle: Pastoral D'Ete
Loren Rehbock: Chrysalis & Emily
Michael Wiese: The Gift & Luv
Dave Bennett: Photographing the Figure
Edd Dudas: The Burning Ear
Leonard Lipton: The Ineluctable Modality of the Visible
Sheil-Kama Prod.: Feeding Time
Showing Times: 8 & 10 P.M. \$1.50

JUNE 8-15: More California film programs including the films of Larry Jordan, James Davis, Bob Branaman, Jerry Katz, Hy Hirsch, & many others. Shows to be announced. 8 & 10 P.M., \$1.50

THE CANADIAN FRONT

DRAFT DODGE CITY

by Petrokosky

The current interest in Canada develops primarily from Canada's role as a haven for draft evaders. Any person in good health with proof of a skill or university degree and proof of financial resources can present himself at the border with a reasonably good chance of being accepted immediately as an immigrant. It is wiser, however, to apply through a Canadian consulate and also to contact some friendly organization in Canada. One in Vancouver is the Committee To Aid American War Objectors, Box 4231, Vancouver 9. Besides a publication on immigration law and an excellent guide to blue collar jobs, the Committee can also be of assistance in locating houses, advising on educational opportunities, and introductions to other draft dodgers.

The draft evaders thus far have not been primarily the hippies or the radicals but semi-straight boys who could not bring themselves to stay in or go on in school, and with compunctions about faking the physical. Their numbers have been exaggerated in the press; there are not more than 1,000 in Canada, 150 in Vancouver. For most of the draft evaders it was not an easy thing to leave the United States. A condition of shock is characteristic of the first few months after arrival; the draft evader spends most of his time in his room reading and the event of the day is the arrival or non-arrival of mail from home. Very few, if any, however, regret their decision to leave. Eventually they return to school or get jobs, often attaching themselves to a University. A few are attracted to the frontier life of Canada; and get jobs in construction, logging, or mining. One economics graduate from Berkeley is earning \$250 a week as a laborer on a big dam off the Alaska Highway.

Compared with the States most of the draft evaders find Canada a simpler, quieter, saner society. The difference stems from political and social structure, history and world role. Canada is 10 provinces and 2 territories joined not so much by a common history or even by a common language as by a disinclination to become American. It is the country of the loyalist, the country of people who are content with their private traditions. It is a country of immigrants, even more so than the United States. 10% of the labor force immigrated since World War II. It is not, however, the country of the melting pot, despite complaints from Quebec, partly because of a large autonomous French population. There is more cultural differentiation in Canada than in the States, and at the same time, less pressure to conform, more tolerance, more sanity, and in some ways, more freedom.

Perhaps, above all, Canada, particularly western Canada, is the country of the frontier. Canada is a vast country, the second largest in the world, but has a population of only 20 million, 50% of whom live within 75 miles of the U.S. border. The economy is not yet primarily manufacturing or service oriented but in a broad sense, extractive of natural resources. But it isn't just in terms of geography and economy that Canada is a frontier country; it's the men and their experience. Hitch-hiking in the States one is picked up by soldiers, students, and hippies. Hitch-hiking in Canada one is picked up by men who have worked in and who talk of the mines, the railroad, the sawmills, the oil fields, and the forest. The exceptions prove the rule. The doctor who stops for a hitch-hiker in a pulp mill town turns out to have convinced himself to leave England by singing "Little Boxes" to himself, and to spend his spare time hunting bear in the Rockies.

What I have written generally of Canada applies to Vancouver, the usual first, if not permanent habitat of the draft evader from the West Coast. It is a processing and distributive center rather than a manufacturing or even an office or political center. (Vancouver is the largest dry cargo port on the Pacific coast.) There is a constant feeling of being on the edge of vast open spaces. The mountains come down to the edge of the city in the North, the Pacific stretches westward, and on clear days there is the Coastal Range and Mount Baker in Washington to the east and south. Again there are the men. Men in for a weekend of big spending. Men in for a month or two of quiet living. Men asking questions and buying boots before going "out" for the first time.

Vancouver is not, however, simply a frontier town. The metropolitan area has a population of close to a million. There are ethnic communities -- Chinese, Italian, German, French, Ukrainian. There are two major universities, one, the University of British Columbia, fairly staid and established, the other, Simon Fraser, two years old but already with an enrollment of 5,000, experimental, innovative.

The town, of course, has problems. It rains almost continuously in the winter (but summers are good). There is a shortage of rental housing. It is perhaps too quiet. There is a certain suburbitis -- the two universities are at opposite ends of the metropolitan area and there is no university off-campus area on the Berkeley model. The bookstores are scattered all over the downtown area as are the clubs. Because of absurd licensing laws there is no such thing as a good neighborhood bar.

A good sign, perhaps, is the development of a Haight-Ashbury-like district in an area of older houses near downtown and adjacent to a good beach. Within the last few months, the hippies-beatnik community has shifted its focus of activity from the benches outside the public library, conveniently located near the German delicatessens and French bakeries, to this area (Kitsilano). The community itself is small, rather unorganized, and young in the sense of both the age of its members and its traditions. It is still dependent on San Francisco and Seattle for its ideas and models though things are changing fast. Unfortunately Canadian tolerance does not extend in all its force to the hippies. Marijuana busts are all too regular and the penalties are high. A law on LSD will soon be on the books. Men wearing their hair long are hassled by the general public and, more politely, by the police. Still, the lines have not solidified to the extent that they have in the States. LSD will be classified as a dangerous drug, not a narcotic. Words of reason are heard from respectable sources with some frequency. There are still opportunities for discourse.

As for me, the writer, the draft evader, the laborer making \$1,000 a month on a dam off the Alaska highway, I am glad I came. It is a time to try new ways of living, to try new faces, to think, to remember. I am not committed to remain -- I might move on to Montreal, or Toronto, Paris or the Orient, but now it's where I want to be. Things are building. It's a good country for young men.

R.C.M.P. ROUNDUP

by Melinda McCracken

A funny thing happened on the way to universal love in Montreal on Sunday afternoon, May 7.

The Canadian government, you see, has decided to make LSD illegal. Minister of Cultural Affairs, Judy LaMarsh, put the finger on LSD as the cause of political apathy among Canadian Youth. (It couldn't be because Canadian politics are just plain dull.) So all the usual uncomprehending discussion began, leading up to the pre-concluded punch--WIPE IT OUT! "It's a problem," the senate gasps in asthmatic agreement. "Don't understand it, just don't understand it. (hack hack) Can't allow it to go on... (wheweeze)... got to stop it... pass a law (cackle) yes a lovely law, with beautiful penalties... heehee... throw 'em all in jail... get 'em outa sight... that's what we used to do in the old days... whitewash our nice Clean Canadian World... spray it with Northern Pine Disinfectant... kind you wash dogs in... scrape up the dirt that's squeezed out the edges of Our Big Machine and put it in the clink where nobody sees it... heehee... Gnarled hands caress the curve of canes in agreement. The canes tap in staccato senility and white heads bob as the happy boys file back to the bar. Something has been accomplished. That takes care of that...

Well, it hasn't happened yet, but the hippy world of Montreal is aware of the Damoclesian sword of justice hanging over every acidhead. Hence on Sunday afternoon, under the grey skies of a cold spring, a Be-In was held on the greening grass of Fletcher's Fields, a meeting of liberated minds, which turned into a flashback to the "Battleship Potemkin," produced and directed by the Montreal Police Force.

It was peaceful for a few hours, the followers assembled with the traditional gear--guitars, auto-harps, a Tibetan talking drum, finger cymbals, lots of incense to incense the insensate, the Hare Krishnans, chanting and singing, painted faces, Arab headdresses, flowing robes. Everyone was there, that is anyone who cared enough to send the very best--himself. It was light, fun, a bit self-conscious, a friendly gathering of the clan. No antagonism. Simply a lot of people. Hairy ones. And there are a lot of them, enough to make a big black flowing crowd covering the grass. A sign, LOVE, graced the Georges Etienne Cartier monument, which contains the figures of a mother cradling a child.

The hazards of public friendliness are well-known. Lots of spectators "oooh mommy, look at all the funny people." And funny people draw fuzz like flies. There are three kinds of fuzz-flies--the Common Bluebottle, with a single row of silver buttons, on foot; the Mobile Unmuffled Hummer, on a three-wheeled silver motorcycle, with leather skins, knickers and a globular white head, wearing goggles, and the Threatening Deadly Centaur, who dwells in the forest of Mount Royal, mounted on a series of palomins with blond flanks and sweeping tails. All three varieties ringed the crowd, studying and strategizing, trying to be invisible. The Centaurs emerged slowly from behind their coverage of trees, and gazed grandly across the crowd, judging it. They began to close in, telling everyone to move on.

So everybody started jumping up and down, the whole crowd, heads bobbing, hair flying, joining hands in chains and dancing around. All fun. Some kids chanted, "We Love Cops" but that didn't alter the intrepid expressions on the face of the police, or their horses, for that matter, who are, like police dogs, rather brainwashed. (Who'd have believed that Trigger was a fascist?)

The police began to move in, and the real Thing happened. The Centaurs charged the kids, scattering them and knocking them over under iron hoofs. With a flick of the spurred polished heel, the restless hand on the Trigger, the horse nudged people with its nose, and the satisfaction this was giving the boy in blue in the saddle was painted all over his face. The LOVE sign was torn down, and its defender arrested.

Some kids were knocked over by the massed phalanx of galloping horses. One was arrested trying to get up, and dragged off by four cops, like walking bedposts. The mood changed from Good Clean Fun to Flight Before the Equestrian Danger. One woman, who was with her daughter, got so mad at the police that she ran after them, throwing marbles. They got her too--for assaulting a policeman. Everybody was quite incredulous as 16 people were carted off into paddy wagons, asking for lawyers. A token take, like a Buffalo hunt. The police got their quota for the day and hauled them off charging them with refusing to move and resisting arrest.

The police gave everybody 15 minutes to leave, but who was leaving? They said, to the effect, "D'ose demonstrations, dey h'are not h'allowed in Mon'real." That's news. "We want to keep our city clean for de h'Expo," the boys from number 14 explained.

The uniformed party-poopers cleaned off the grass in about 10 minutes. Mission accomplished.

How can you love a cop who comes charging towards you on a huge snorting Son of a Trigger? The next time, the suggestion arises, we could bring lots of loaded sugar cubes to melt among the yellow teeth of those nags, and get them a bit psyched up. Then instead of a Be-In, we might end up with a spontaneous bit of Bronco-busting.

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THE AUDIENCE IS THE ACTOR

Jack Tatarsky

For those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, the outline of the New Theater is evident. People who know the old theater are aware that it has long been a dead horse, well beaten. That dreadful duo, an on-stage minority of egotistical performers and an off-stage minority of passive spectators, sitting quietly on their frozen asses, is on its way to a burial long past due.

It is the recent Be-Ins which have indicated the form that the theater of the future will take. The New Theater reveals itself as an EVENT, a sort of combination of Be-In and Happening, where the line of division between performer and audience is in process of being eliminated. The Be-Ins are characterized by a certain organic form which expresses itself in random activity, spontaneous organization, and lack of formal leadership, and results in an unplanned and always potentially novel program.

The Be-Ins moreover present us with exciting new life-processes of a social nature: people turning other people on and people doing their own thing. These processes are strictly non-utilitarian, that is, they exist simply for their own sake. People turn each other on with colorful dress, costume, make-up, body-decoration, incense, music and chants, bananas, balloons, and flowers. People have been doing their own thing with circle games, serpentine dances, string sculpting, music-making, and building junk shrines. And then there is the Giving. People are experiencing (instead of just lip-serving) the fact that Giving can turn on both he who gives and he who receives.

The New Theater will take these elements and, as a conscious force, will bring them to the community. It will counterpose to the grimness and false seriousness of everyday life a new loving, giving, joyous spirit of fun. It will go to the community with the purpose of turning people on to this new life affirming reality. Typical Events in the New Theater might be:

A Yellow Submarine down Wall Street, colorfully dressed beings accompanied by music, giving away pages from the telephone book, winding up cheap alarm clocks and setting them off, some carrying tiny American flags, others pushing a baby-carriage full of bananas and giving them away.

Underground Marshmallow Roller: the same bit through the subway trains giving out marshmallows. (These first two Events should naturally take place during the morning rush hour, when people are most uptight about the dreadful obligations of their dreary lives.)

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A Mass Pop Art Sculpture: which would create a various and sundry-formed mountain of electrical appliances -- all the junk of our present-day culture.

Marriage of a Cat and a Dog: with attendant religious ceremony, wedding march, and five-tiered cake -- all the solemn nonsense of this fantastic occasion.

Such Events would give expression to the new forms which have reached their most advanced articulation in the Be-Ins, and at the same time promote their extension into daily life. More and more, people are going to realize that these art-forms must become part of their day-to-day living, rather than some special activity for Sunday leisure.

And more and more, people are going to refuse to play the Establishment's game; witness the increasing number of school, acid, and other dropouts. People are going to insist on functioning according to their own life-pulse rather than according to a set of obsolete standards handed down from the dead past. This idea of functioning according to your own life-pulse implies the destruction of the customary acceptance of organizing your life in terms of money-value and clock-time, compulsive work and sex-negative morality. It also implies the feeling that the previous forms of social libertarian struggle, such as the civil rights movement and the peace movement, are becoming increasingly obsolete and self-defeating, because they struggle with the power structure on its own terms -- they play ITS game. The new life is concerned with discovering its OWN game, developing its own rules, and spending its precious life-energies in exploration of the dimensions of its own possibilities.

LSD TESTS

Tests made with LSD on 122 patients with various emotional disturbances at Veterans' Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, indicate that the drug is beneficial. The report on these tests was released by a team of VA psychiatrists at the 12th annual conference of their colleagues at Denver early last month. Too little mention of the report has appeared in the otherwise LSD-vociferous megalopolitan press.

In no cases were there any harmful side effects, either physical or mental. Ailments treated ranged from personality disturbances, through mild and serious neuroses and psychoses, to chronic alcoholism. Favorable response was noted even after the first minimal dosage. The higher the dosage, the greater the improvement reported. The average age of the patients was 42 years.

The LSD sessions lasted 8 hours. Six patients attended session in a pleasantly appointed room surrounded by personal mementoes and with a background of varied music. For three days before each session no other medicines were ingested. For a week after they continued group therapy.

One important result of the psychiatrists' report is that it "diminishes the frequently pessimistic conviction that alcoholism can never be cured." The theory is that alcoholic symptoms are emotional disturbances arising from the patient's inability to experience and use feelings. LSD enables him to tune in, it appears.

A comparison of records a year before and a year after the treatment with LSD showed fewer arrests, fights, AWOLs, more total abstinence from alcohol and more gainful employment.

Strange Phenomenon

Here are some responses to the question "Would you let your daughter date a hippie?" in a survey conducted two weeks ago by the San Francisco Chronicle:

"Heck, no. I'd shoot them if they did. My wife's a good housekeeper. She'd never let them in the house. I don't want them around. They're bums. They've got no ambition."

"No. Hippies don't strike me as the type of boy I'd like to see going out with my little girl. They look like a bunch of phonies. They're always begging for money. They're all bumming."

"That would be up to her. I'm not going to run my daughter's life. Oh, if he were a hoodlum, I'd object. But the average hippie, I wouldn't mind. As long as he was a working hippie."

"No. They're irresponsible. They're not clean. They go overboard on free expression."

"No. I'd raise the roof. Hippies have no regard for the laws of society. They laugh at laws. They think nothing of getting arrested or begging on the streets. It's a strange phenomenon."

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INTERVIEW WITH A SPIDER

"Spider" John Koerner has a couple of albums out on Electra -- "Spider Blues" (with the shades and cigar), and some "Koerner, Ray and Glover" affairs. Carolyn Hester says he's "potent". Bob Shelton raves. Paul Nelson reviews. The Spider weaves his thing and people get caught up in it. He was over at the Gallery Gwen one night, and we did a little rapping, some of which follows:

by Emmett Lake

EVO: What do you think about the VietNam situation?
SJK: Well, I think it's pretty stupid, you know. I don't like it. I think it's probably a mistaken thing somehow. I don't really know who to blame for it, but...I heard an interesting theory on that, or rather, read an interesting theory on that, the other day. Not about the VietNam war, but things like that, in general. You ever heard of Richard Buckminster Fuller?

EVO: Yeah. I can't think of where, tho.

SJK: Well, he's a rather amazing person. He's most well known, I think, for his development of this thing they call the Geodesic Dome. But that's not the greatest of the things he's done, I guess. He's really involved in a lot a...all kinds a shit. He's coming out with a book on a completely new system of mathematics. He's just into all kinds of things...But he said something about it being the people who keep things like this going, like arms races and so forth, rather than having very much to do with the big people at the top of the pile, most of the general push in that direction comes from the local politicians who are worried about savin' their skins. In local elections. And that, it's a good point to be able to say that you're with your country, you know, and to say that things need to be done, you know, enemies need to be fought, and all this kind of shit. And this general feeling, you know...And the more I think about it...And you can see it with cops, too. If a cop wants to stay in business, he makes a bust, you know, wherever he can find it, or create it. You know, that kind of thing. And the same thing: if you can build something to fight, and say that you're the man to fight it, you know...and fighting commies in VietNam is much more impressive than, to those people, fighting poverty or something like that. It's not so concrete; to the voters, you know what I mean?

EVO: Have you written any songs incorporating these notions?

SJK: No, I never have. I've kind of avoided, uh, things like that. For a number of reasons. You know...I've had to do a lot of thinking about this because people...I hang around with a lot of people who are very interested in these things, and I kept away from them. So, I sort of take a distant view of the human race as a kind of crazy thing, you know, rushing in all kinds of directions and when they're stopped up in one hole, well they come out another one. You know. And, I guess I feel it's more important for me to try and change myself than to try and fix somethin' up. That's part of it. Another thing is, the times that I've been involved with groups that are working towards something, I find that there are a lot of people in the groups, maybe even a majority, who I don't care for, and the reasons that they're in there, you know, doing these things, are very often reasons that are not mine. And I can't quite bring myself to believe that poking at the symptoms...the VietNam war and all these other things are kind of, you know, symptoms of something. And a man with the very same sickness is liable to be fighting these things. I'm not AGAINST these people that are working on these things, and I really hope they make genuine progress. It's just that I find myself more interested in doing other things. At the same time, I think I really personally have made progress in changing other people, in the way I think they should be changed. SMALL progress. Not thru my music, but just by looking like a person who might be either side, and going in and talking with somebody, who you know is against a lot of things that you're involved with, and letting them see that you can get along with them really well. Like you go into a bar someplace which is a working man's bar, and there are a lot of guys in there that are...don't care for the kind of person that you might be, or for the kind of people that are friends of yours, that kind of thing. And to be able to go in there and really get friendly with a lot of these people. That really pleases the shit out of me. And it widens things up a bit.

EVO: Yeah.

SJK: just a little bit. But I've done a lot of that. I spent time in bars all across the country. Doin' that.

EVO: You ever, uh...sort of picking up on a theme that seems to be underlying what you were talking about... Do you think that there's any sort of help to be found for people's heads, on a psychoanalyst's couch? Or, on the same theme, do you think that Leary has anything to offer, or Ginsburg, or, uh, Zen Buddhism, or any religion...Do you think there's any organized help for people's heads?

SJK: Well, I don't know...I know a little bit about the psychiatrist thing, because I spent about 9 months with a psychiatrist, myself. And I feel it was the beginning of a very healthy change in me. But at the same time, I've known a lot of crazy psychiatrists that I wouldn't trust with a friend of mine. So I think it's kind of chancy. But I wish it wasn't. As far as Zen Buddhism goes, I think probably that any person who gets into Zen, who actually latches


on to is, has something amazingly good. I believe in Zen, what I know of it. But at the same time, I don't think I know very many people who have gotten into it. Very far. As far as Leary goes, it's hard for me to say. I have a friend who is staying at this place where they are...I don't know where it is, anymore. Guy named Bill Berlin. Don't know if you've heard of him. Anyway, I have my doubts about Leary. You know, the objectives, when they're put into general words, seem to be alright, but, I don't know. I have my doubts about things like that. Maybe if it expanded to everybody, it would be alright, but, I don't know, I feel like, you know... Huh! I'm a drinking man, and I like to go out and watch baseball games, and all that kind of stuff, and so are most of the country like that, and I don't think they're gonna latch onto a thing like that. I just don't think it's gonna happen. But I may be wrong. Because, I guess it is the kids who are doin' it, aren't they? Who knows, maybe another 15 years... I've seen some people who have been on acid, who I think have improved during that time. I don't really don't know enough about it to say very much at all. EVO: Do you have any kids?

SJK: Yeah, I got a couple of them, actually. I shouldn't have, but I do. I got one...heh! I got one, well, the reason I married this girl one time was because she was pregnant. And the kid's, well, he's about 6 1/2 years old now. I guess he's a pretty good kid; I haven't seen him in quite some time, now. I have another one who I've never seen, and I may never see, out in Ohio, somewhere. Less than a year old.

EVO: Think there's any hope for amicable relations between the sexes?

SJK: You mean between men and women?

EVO: I mean, like true love, and stuff like that. Married love.



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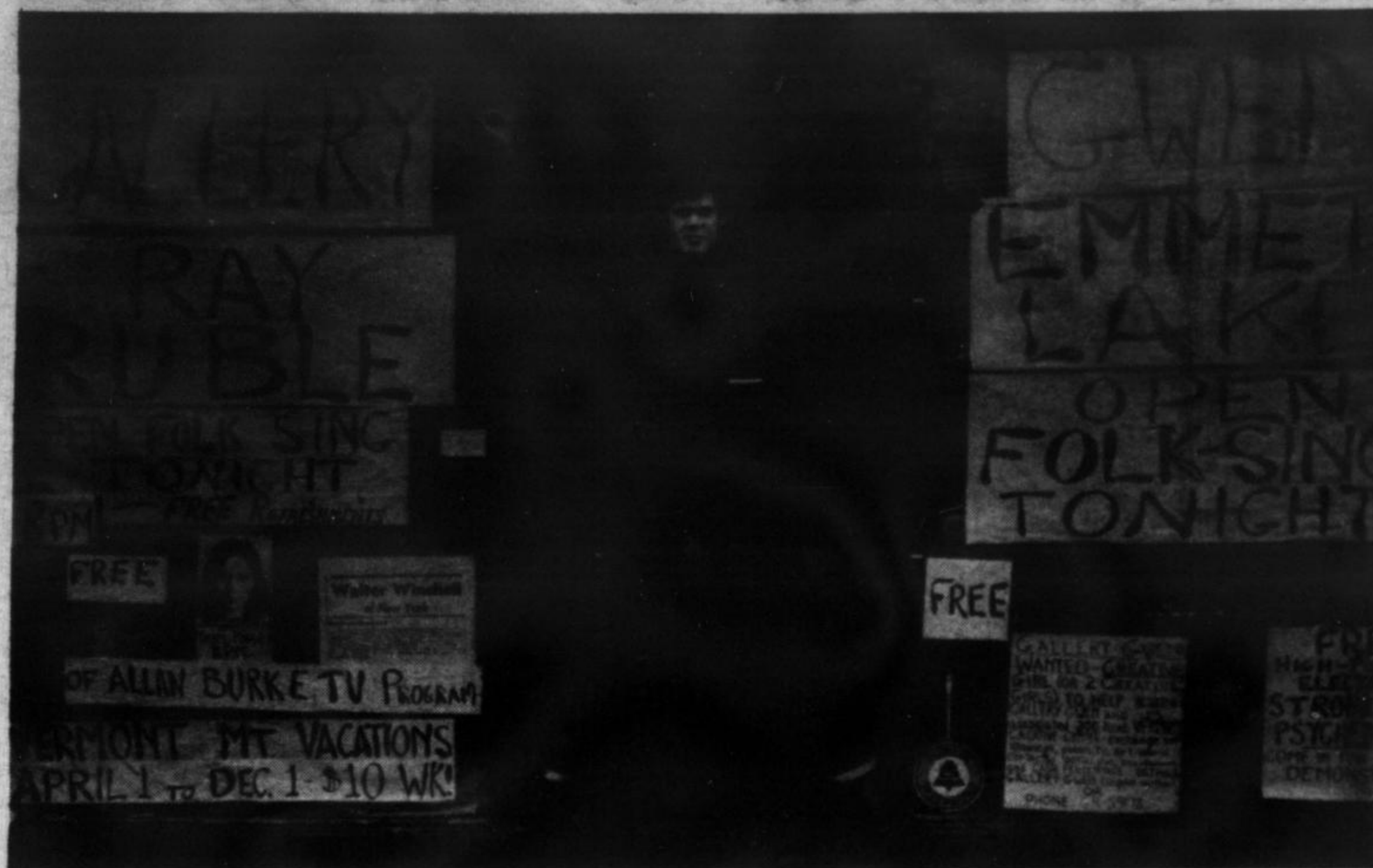
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SJK: Yeah. I bin tryin' to find some way...Matter of fact. Sure. I think it's, well, I think people have to be pretty much in control of themselves to have it really work solid. And it makes me really sad to see, and I HAVE seen an awful lot of the people I know, married couples, of whom I like both people, wind up separated. And it's kind of painful to me to see that. I really don't like to see that, cause I want to see them stick with it. Not in the face of all kinds of adversity, you know, but... keep on really diggin' each other. It seems to be getting more and more difficult for people to do that. Some how. You gotta know yourself pretty well. To get along with somebody.

EVO: How much formal education have you had?

SJK: Oh, about three years of college.

EVO: What did you major in?

SJK: Well, the last thing I was majoring in was mathematics, and that was pretty, well, fucked-up, by the time I got to where I quit. It was a mess, and it was makin' a mess out a me. I spent about 8 years getting those 3 years.

EVO: That was all at the University of Minnesota?

SJK: Yeah. Dylan and I were all a part of a big complex of people there, about seven years ago... Lotta crazy goddamn people, all in this group that was runnin' around, everybody gettin' in trouble all the time. Yeah, it was hard to believe...It was really amazing. Every week somebody'd get pregnant, or run off, or attempt suicide--nobody ever killed themselves, I don't think anybody wanted to die--or somebody'd be in jail. All the goddamn time. It was really amazing. And it all floated away somehow.

EVO: Have you been in touch with Dylan recently?

SJK: No, I don't think anybody's in touch with Dylan, really.

EVO: What do you think about his situation: what's happened to him, his career and all?

SJK: Well, I'm impressed, you know. It's a very impressive thing. Especially if you knew him just before all that happened. Also, I was pretty much impressed with the last kind of music he was doing before...I really kind of liked the things, you know, with the electric band.

EVO: What was Dylan like in Minnesota?

SJK: Well, pretty much like he is now, except that it's all been amplified and expanded. There was a number of people out there that knew him that didn't like him very much...but I like him quite well. Helped get me out of jail once, out there.

BOO HOO BUSTED

Jim Ewan was serving as Boo Hoo of Wichita State Univ. for the Neo-American Church when a young man joined the church who said he was a prospective church member. These two persons asked Jim to set up a session for them, and Jim instructed them according to church prescriptions and prepared them for the sacramental experience.

These newcomers had no source of the sacramental substances, so they asked Jim if he could procure them two "doses" of LSD; he said the only way he could do this was through the usual black market channels, and he accepted a contribution to cover the cost of his doing so.

A session date was set, and Jim's room in a college dorm was set up as a supportive setting. That morning, Jim received a warning from a friend in the church, and, in accordance with the advice it contained, he asked the 2 newcomers to affirm that they were not agents, informers, etc.--in front of a witness. They did so the day of the session.

That evening, the two came to Jim's room; shortly, Jim brought out the LSD he had obtained, and the two would-be communicants arrested him: they were FDA agents who had joined the church for the purpose of thus entrapping him. A search of the room turned up a small quantity of marijuana as well, and Jim was charged with possession, sale, and delivery of LSD, and possession of marijuana.

The case comes up in mid-May for a pre-trial hearing; the Civil Liberties Union has pledged support on the appeals level. In the meanwhile, Jim needs legal and support...and financial support wouldn't hurt either. He was dismissed from school, and has taken up residence at a country retreat.

If the psychedelic churches are to hope for any legal acceptance of their use of these sacraments, they should realise the importance of this case, the best test case at present.

A defence fund is being setup, and contributions will be most welcome. Although there are many cases of merit, and many people we would like to help, this one case seems to merit our support more than the others. If Jim can win this case, we will all benefit...

Legal aid or advice of any sort would be helpful, as well as any form of moral support: facing a prison term as a result of one's clerical duties is a fairly depressing prospect. Jim can be contacted c/o J.D. Kuch, 2323 Nebraska Ave., Wash., D.C. 20016

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Down my hearts highway
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Accidentals corrugate my coruscating cock
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Leave everyone. They will leave you too
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I fall am fall
& spring by imperceptible degrees
Heavenhellward
I reach you mine hand
My foot & heart are in it
Do you have (a) grabag of peace for me?
I need my love before all other things
Here is my heart hid in my head my hat
My loadful of bombs
Dear child of the farthest--East
I am killing you--myself
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O Lord
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We might have an armistice
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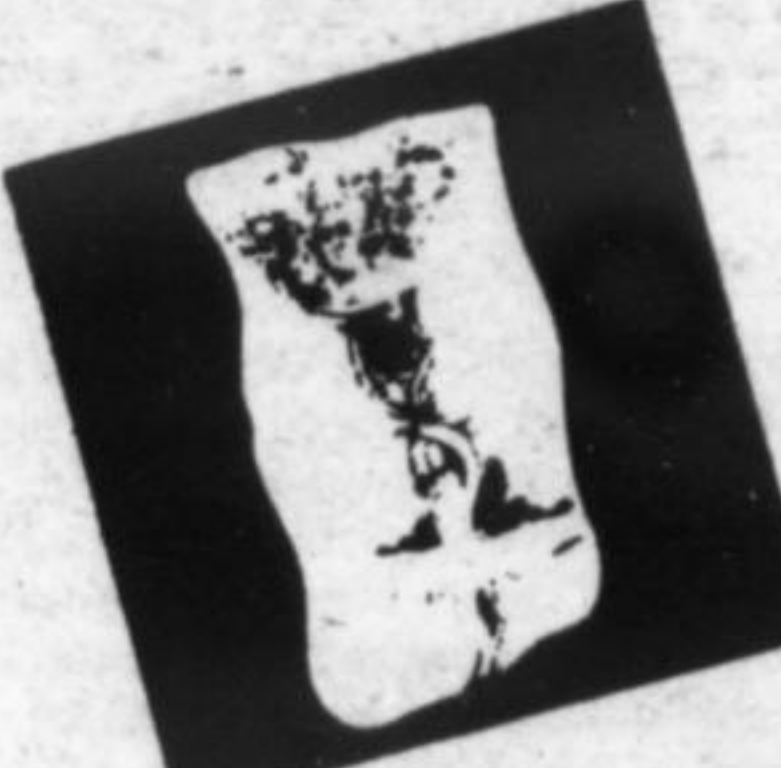
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Entries are now open in the special "Miss Don't Make Waves" beauty contest which starts Saturday afternoon, June 3rd, at Palisades Amusement Park, N.J. for single girls 17 through 25 years of age who are American citizens. The beauty who wins the title of "Miss Don't Make Waves" at Palisades Amusement Park, N.J. will receive an all expense paid trip to Hollywood, California, and a role in the new Filmways' CES-TV Fall Show, "Dundee and the Culhane". She will also receive a complete leather wardrobe by Hyland Sportwear and she and her runners-up will receive the new MGM Playtapes.

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Free entry blanks for this contest which offers an opportunity for stardom may be had by writing to: "Miss Don't Make Waves", Palisades Amusement Park, Palisade, N.J. 07024.

...TELEPHONE

continued from page 4

has become like a shiny new automobile capable of 150 miles per hour with a steering mechanism out of a Model A Ford. It is no wonder that we find ourselves running off the road and thumping through the bushes (jungle?) at every turn. To give an example of the incredible HUBRIS which our duly elected representatives demonstrate in the face of change, only six states in the union have electronic tallying devices in their own chambers of assembly. They prefer the anonymity of voice votes and shows of hands, thereby escaping responsibility for many of their acts.

What, then, do we do? It should be obvious. If television is to be the new politician's podium, and the living room the meeting hall, then the ballot box becomes nothing more or less than the telephone.

Democracy was formulated in the city-states of Classical Greece. Plato's REPUBLIC placed the ideal size of a city at about 200,000. Probably he chose this particular figure because it was the approximate size of Athens, but he claimed it was a good figure because, beyond this population number, communication on a solely oral level becomes too cumbersome, and unity breaks down. Unity goes because power polarizes toward the hands of those who have access to more information than others. In Greece, then, the aristocracy was founded on nothing more than the ability to read and write. Which also explains the long romance of church and state through the middle ages up to the modern era. It was not until the Gutenberg Bible and the invention of the printing press that literacy had anything but indirect importance to anyone besides the aristocracy and the church. Control of the media, primitive as it might have been, meant the same thing then that it means today: exploitation and lying in order to gain power over people and things.

Man, as a creature of nature and a living thing, is just as subject to the laws of 'natural selection' or survival of the fittest as the next animal. And, though down deep in the Freudian Id and Ego each man must WANT to survive as much as the other, some humans are born better equipped for survival, and, by virtue of more intelligence, strength, or beauty, one man is able to gain ascendancy over another man in the eyes of the female of the species. The strong, the smart, the beautiful, reproduce their kind and die. The weak, the stupid, the misshapen reproduce also, but not so well. Equality comes only with death.



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Unless a society's institutional framework is set up to allow for this natural life process, it will sicken and die in purgative violence. According to a United States Government report on our gross national product, our economy's six-year expansion definitely came to a halt in the first quarter of this year. Like Bob Dylan says, "He who is not busy being born is busy dying."

Is, then, Viet Nam the prelude to an inevitable catharsis? Is Lyndon Johnson leading us to light the Phoenix fire again? ("Hell, boy, it's good for you!") And the REAL question... Can we afford to light the fire if it is atomic? Science has pushed us to the wall. Our own curiosities may be our undoing. Either we come of age and learn to love, or we will die, one and all.

To come of age means several things. It means a completely honest look at ourselves as egotistic, self-seeking animals, and the ability to recognize this as a positive life force against the forces of death in the universe. Ultimately, it is THE value judgement from which springs all notions of good and evil. Life is good. Death is bad. Life is movement and change. Death is static and inert. Life is a heart. Death is a rock. Mankind has to realize that his real war is with the second law of thermo-dynamics, which states that entropy is increasing in the universe. Entropy is the force of stasis and disorganization. Entropy is chaos and death. "Things fall apart/The center cannot hold." The Yin and the Yang, Apollonian and Dionysian, black versus white, red versus blue, hot versus cold, etc... It is the only REAL and final battle, going on. Wouldn't it seem rather silly if we did ourselves in long before entropy even had to confront us as a serious threat?

The beauty of the United States Constitution is that it is a set of laws and rules designed around the philosophy of flux. The free capitalist economy has the same advantage, in that it allows for change, and the freedom for a man to "do his thing". Unfortunately, because of polarization of information, usury (A big 4% at the First National!), and the worship of things as represented by money, the forces of conservatism, stasis, and death are in the ascendance. Did not Christ kick the money lenders out of the temple? Must we not do the same?

Youth is life because it accepts change. It has no vested interest in a philosophy, generally has no treasure and gold, and is usually in the process of trying to make love in order to reproduce the race. Simple aging, however, does not necessarily indicate an inability to accept new ideas or change. ("But what will I do when all the young girls have gone?") To not become old, he must simply be honest, and know what the goods are. And what is that good but the idea, "I'm not me, I'm you."

It is, then, us, the youth of America, who may have to fight a different kind of war than the one our parents and elders would have us fight. Rather than fighting other young people, we will fight old people. If they are so damned hot to fight to protect their things, let them tote their own guns. There's no reason for them to live, anyway, now that they have had their children. Our fight is that we won't fight. We must look to the Myth of Sisyphus rolling that big goddamn rock (Rock and roll) up that hill over and over again, and we must say, "Dad, pushing this boulder around all day is bad enough without you climbing on top of it. Get off, or I will dodge aside half way up, and it will crush you all to blood."

They cannot fight a war without soldiers. If we go limp and loving there is nothing they can do but kill us, but who is going to pull the trigger? Act now, give chemicals to every soldier you see. They have to realize where their allegiance really lies, and they have to know that what they are doing is not dishonorable. The politics of love means, take the dumb-ass by the hand and show him where it's at. We don't have much time to make the world safe for telephones.

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...FLIGHT

continued from page 7

Head Shop (982-6972) or the Psychedelicatessen (477-7127) also can and will gladly tell you what to do or who else to call. (If you call the cops, they're likely to hospitalize you for a while, which isn't really necessary).

If you feel you have to terminate the trip, Vitamin B3 will bring you down safely. Take five tablets, and if that hasn't worked in 30 minutes, take five more.

If you have any doubts about whether or not you ought to take acid, there are presently two simple tests available which are designed to indicate personality defects which would make tripping inadvisable, except in therapeutic treatment. One of these is the Mulvarian Factor, a simple litmus test which indicates whether a person is incipiently schizophrenic; the other, the Hoffer-Osmond test, is a written test which gives fairly accurate proof of paranoid and/or schizophrenic tendencies. Either of these can be obtained by writing to the New Jersey Neuropsychiatric Institute, Box 1000, Princeton, N.J. This may sound a bit extreme, and it is, in most cases. But it's your head, baby; don't waste it.

COMMON SENSE - rest a few days afterwards; it takes an average of three days for your blood chemistry to recover from a trip. If, during this time, you are disturbed by feelings of nervousness or anxiety, a combination of Vitamin C and Niacinamide will straighten you out. Take 500 mg. of both on first dosage, and 250mg. of both twice daily after that, for as long as you feel you need it. These are both inexpensive and can be gotten without prescription at any drugstore.

Don't exceed the standard dosage (250 micrograms) until you've learned to handle the standard dosage. Also, avoid crowds until you're used to acid; they can overwhelm you if you are not prepared for the experience.

Speed kills. It really does. Methedrine and amphetamine etc. can and will rot your teeth, freeze your mind, and kill your body. The life expectancy of the average speed freak, from first shot to the morgue, is about five years. What a drag.

Don't do anything to your body that your body can't veto. No needles. Consider the psychological and symbolic implications of sticking a needle into yourself. Do you really want to do that?

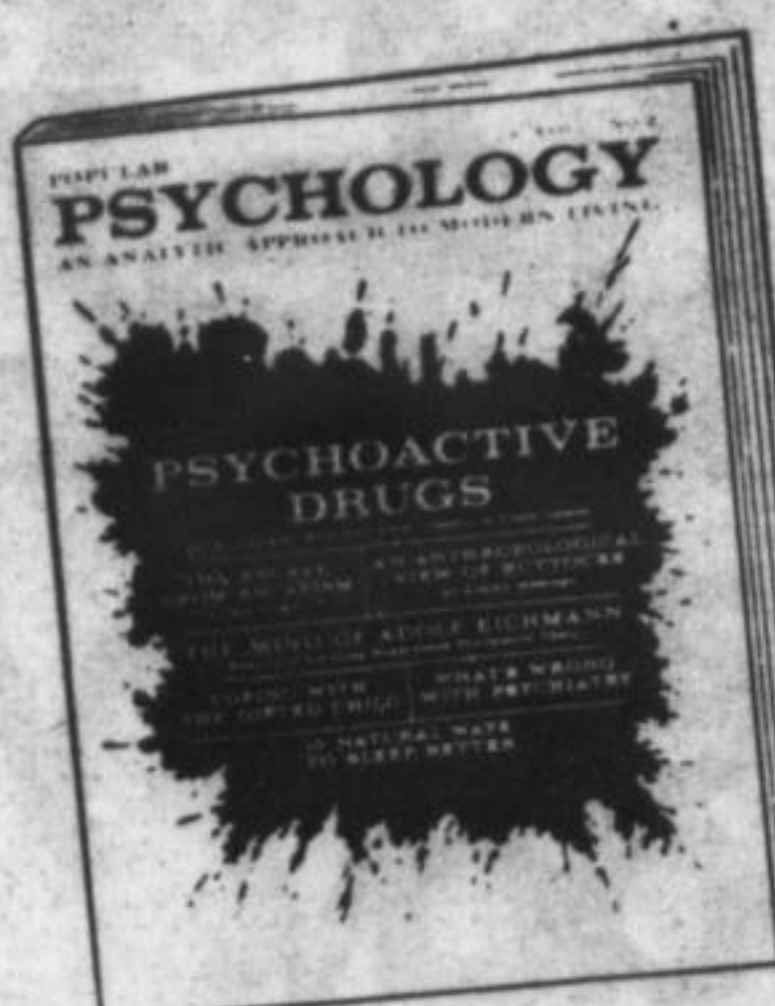
Don't become a dealer. It's messy, dangerous, and a drag. Dealing tends to interfere with living, and it doesn't make you enough bread to be worth what it costs in paranoia and hangups. At least, it never has. Lots of people get into dealing to insure themselves a steady and free stash, but dealing automatically escalates until it's all you're doing.

Don't let drugs be the only thing you do, or the most important thing in your life. That's the quick way to be bored with having fun, which is a drag.

--Reprinted from The Communications Company with addenda by Lorraine Glennby

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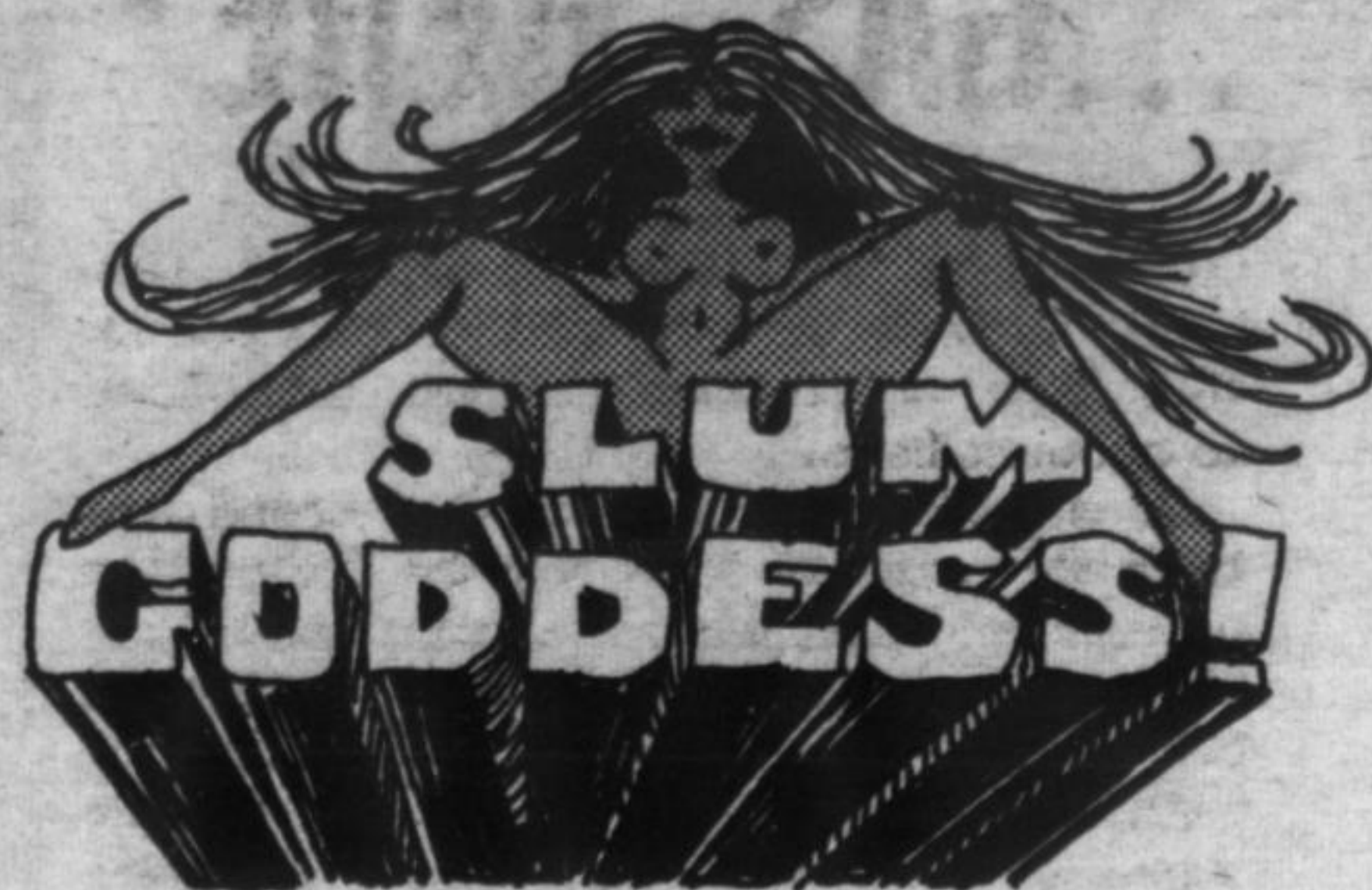
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isfactory results have been achieved. The total number of universities engaged in this type of research is too numerous to account here.

A significant change in this trend has been the case of NYU and the University of Pennsylvania, where the administration had to give in finally to faculty and student body protest and terminate their participation in these projects. Even though these are isolated incidents, it is to be hoped that more will follow suit.

Experimentation is being done on humans as well as animals. Among the former is a large number of Seven Day Adventists currently serving in the Army as non-combatants and prisoners in Federal Penitentiaries, who supposedly "volunteer" as guinea pigs for these experiments. It is hard to imagine how anybody would volunteer to have the shit gassed out of them, yet it is equally inconceivable that supposedly ethical and decent scientists would devote themselves, their knowledge and energies to this horrifyingly inhumane research.

Never in history had there been such emphasis put on biochemical warfare as now. There seems to be no limit to the venom and idiocy to which the Johnson Administration has committed itself. If victory is to be achieved with the aid of nerve gas and blistering agents, it seems indeed meaningless - not to mention the depravity of it all - to continue blabbering and breast beating about Liberation in the name of freedom and democracy.

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bing anyone they saw on the stairs heading towards Galahad's commune, pulling them into the apartment across the way, then searching, questioning, and insulting them. Finally, at 6:45, they caught someone just as he was being admitted to the commune and barged in behind him. When asked if they had a search warrant, one cop replied "we don't need one".

Then it began. They ransacked the apartment, pushed the occupants around, burnt a hole in one of the mattresses. No luck; the commune was clean as were all of the people in it. Then one of the plainclothesmen saw a young man throw something out of the window. When he would not say what it was he had thrown, they pulled him into a back room and tried to force a statement. I spoke to the "suspect", Bill Nicholson, the day after the bust. It was a little hard for him to talk; his nose was still red and congested from "kind of a karate shot" they gave him to start with. They hit his stomach and kidneys also, but of course that didn't show. "After a while", Bill told me, "the cop started telling me 'hit me back, go on, hit me back', but I wouldn't do it".

Before they left, the avengers made the apartment upstairs, looking for one Dan Greenberg, whose name they had gotten from an undercover informant. (It is not uncommon for some narcotics police to bust a guy with, say, a wife and child, threaten him with 2-5 years, then tell him that he can be let go on a suspended sentence if he agrees to do undercover work for the force which involves, let's face it, informing on his friends.) They found not only Dan, but two friends who were visiting him, one of them a girl, and also a pocketbook containing grass seeds.

The paddywagon was jiggling with the weight of young flesh by 7:30 p.m. when it set off for the 9th Precinct. All 21 were held there for approximately nine hours, during the greater part of which they were not permitted to make any phone calls. Fortunately, various neighbors and samaritans on the street who saw what had happened got word to friends of the accused (and there were many) who called in a lawyer to act in their behalf.

After leaving the precinct, the group was treated to an hour and a half in a cell at the Center Street Tombs. They



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were then removed to the court, where, lo and behold, they found a Be-In! Friends with flowers, friends with smiles, friends with moral support, just being there, talking with assorted cops, sounding little bells, blowing small minds. When some of the smile squad were thrown out of the building, they brought back some coffee to the officer who'd issued the order.

The judge examined the charges:

16 had been charged with a misdemeanor, #1533, for loitering inside a building with intent to use narcotics. Interesting. Nary an aspirin had been found on any of the accused, and one of the "loiterers" had been found sitting in his OWN APARTMENT at the time of the arrest. All 16 charges were promptly dismissed.

The young man into whose apartment Nadine had unwittingly stepped was charged with corrupting the morals of a minor.

Two were charged with a misdemeanor, #3305, possession of marijuana. Horrors.

One was charged with a dark horse rap: prior sale of a barbiturate to a policeman. (Don't the cops know buying sleepers is illegal?) The origins of this charge are cloudy and unsubstantiated.

One was charged with a felony: sale of grass.

Of these five, one of the possession charges was dismissed at the arraignment and the other four are pending hearings. The entire incident is presently being investigated by the New York Civil Liberties Union, which is very much concerned with the waves of police harassment which have been engulfing the hippes. I recently spoke with Paul Chevigny, an attorney for the N.Y.C.L.U., who told me "I've been studying police abuses of all kinds for one and a half years, and this is the most systematic harassment I have ever encountered...it makes Mississippi look like a kindergarten."

As I am writing this the situation is worsening. Early in the evening (Wed., May 24) the commune was busted again and Galahad was arrested. The charge was corrupting the morals of a minor. The moral putrefaction underlying the entire concept is bad enough; its application to the man in question is enough to make one puke.

Thanks to the efforts of his many friends, Galahad's bail bond of \$500 was met and he is temporarily out of danger. But our society as a whole is not. As long as bigotry has legal sanction, as long as civil servants are let free to act like civil stormtroopers, we all sink deeper into the dark night of the soul in our country. Let us only hope that we can end it soon.

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TAROT - Complete set of the 22 greater trumps based on the Tarot of Marseilles. Can be colored or painted in the symbolic tradition. Send \$6.00 to RA PUBLICATIONS, 1222 18th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94107. Dealers inquire.

APHRODISIACS - Make love a joy, not a job. Materials and free samples \$2. To: Coman Research, Box 352, New York, N.Y. 10011.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC and over 100 more original button titles. Wholesale and retail. A Big-Little Store, 1738 Polk St., San Francisco. Send us your button dealer's name and we'll send him a catalogue too.

ZONK! POW! Blast your mind and destroy your optic nerves with this super psychedelic double-barreled stroboscopic light machine. Only one hundred ninety five American dollars (would a kilo of grass turn you on as much?) or let's negotiate a trade. Bill 228-8640 or write EVO, Dept. BP, 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003.



SUPER KEEN CATALOG. BIGGEST SELECTION HEAD ACCESSORIES, MANY GOODIES -- WHOLESALE & RETAIL. SEND 25¢ TO: P.O.T., 1448 NO. CRESCENT HEIGHTS BLVD. LA, CALIF 90046 - DEPT. EVO

EVO is building a dark-room. If you would like to sell us some equipment (enlarger, trays, lights, etc.) write EVO, Box DR, 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003.

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES -- posters, bumper stickers, wildest and grooviest selection of buttons in US at the lowest prices. Dealer request invited. Send for free catalogue. Philip Dru, Administrator Underground Distributor, 15 Christopher St., NYC 10014.

Opening Psychedelic Shop in Chicago, Ill. Would like ??? on consignment or cash basis. A.S. Rosenfeld, 421 Melrose, Chicago, Ill.

Psychedelic Posters: #1 "FURTHER", #2 "BANANA POWER!", #3 "MORNING GLORY"; \$2.00 each or all 3 for \$5.00; 5¢ stamp for brochure. JOHNSON, Box 13, Mt. Sinai, N.Y. 11766.

Store for sale, now antique and gift shop. Ideal location East Village, 8th Street bus stop, opposite Tompkins Square Park, beautifully decorated, suitable antiques, boutique of any type. Living space facilities, basement work shop storage. Call 254-2136 7 to 10 p.m. and weekends.

SPECIAL SERVICES

I PLAY ELECTRIC BASS. In from Wisconsin June 3. 201-WI 7-1182.

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY CHINESE! 'Mandarin' (Northern) Chinese, Peking dialect. \$120 for 30 2-hour lessons; small classes, individual attention. Includes Yale textbooks. Apply before this EVO goes off stands. Phone 471-7454 most evenings. Alternate number 255-9828. Ask for J. Jaffe.

For the deceased & the rare, music withers in a cherubs dare/and implosions of mirror & flicker/
ARRANGE our hands with a snicker.
Orpheus Jr. YU 2-4471.

We will move ANYTHING (from a chair to a whole apt) ANYWHERE (continental USA) ANYTIME (24 hours a day, 7 days a week) at "Insane Hours" for "Insane Prices". Long and short term storage space available. Call for free estimate, 477-5626 or 477-1767. Village Trucking, 66 West 10th St., NYC 10011.

Wanted: Single home for two small kittens. 673-0106.

Outrageous catalogue 10¢. The Mad Peck, Dept. A, Box 2307 East Side Sta., Prov., R.I. 02906

Am psychologically hung up. Want to try group therapy - either join an existing group or help form a new one. Have you any advice? Call BE 3-5949, ask for Mr. Shelly, and leave your name and number.

The SPHINX and the BLUE flame/ embrace the frozen rue of claim/ with an envenomed banquet of death/ and the unlined wave of FIRTH.
ORPHEUS JR. YU 2-4471.

A meat-buying club to serve Lower East Side residents will begin operations at noon, Saturday, May 13, at 611 East 6th Street, under the sponsorship of the Negro Action Group, Inc. The club was formed because Lower East Side residents usually have difficulty buying high quality meats at prices they can afford.

The NAG storefront plans to be open Wednesdays and Thursdays from 3 to 8 P.M. and Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Only members are eligible to make purchases, but new members are welcome to join the group.

NAG spokesmen hope that the meat buying club may eventually turn into one of the co-ops that have recently been springing up on the Lower East Side. Puertorriquenos Unidos, at 320 East 4th Street, already runs a Successful food-buying co-op and Comunidad Activa-Fuerza Unida at 643 East 6th Street, began a sewing co-op several months ago.

MEET BROADMINDED girls, couples, men through "Response". Also models, marriage sections. Photos galore. Current 32-page issue \$2.00 -- RAM ENTERPRISES, 550 Fifth Ave., New York 10036.

Stashed in between the downtown and the uptown headshops is the... ZOK SHOP. 404 East 69th Street is where it's blossoming.

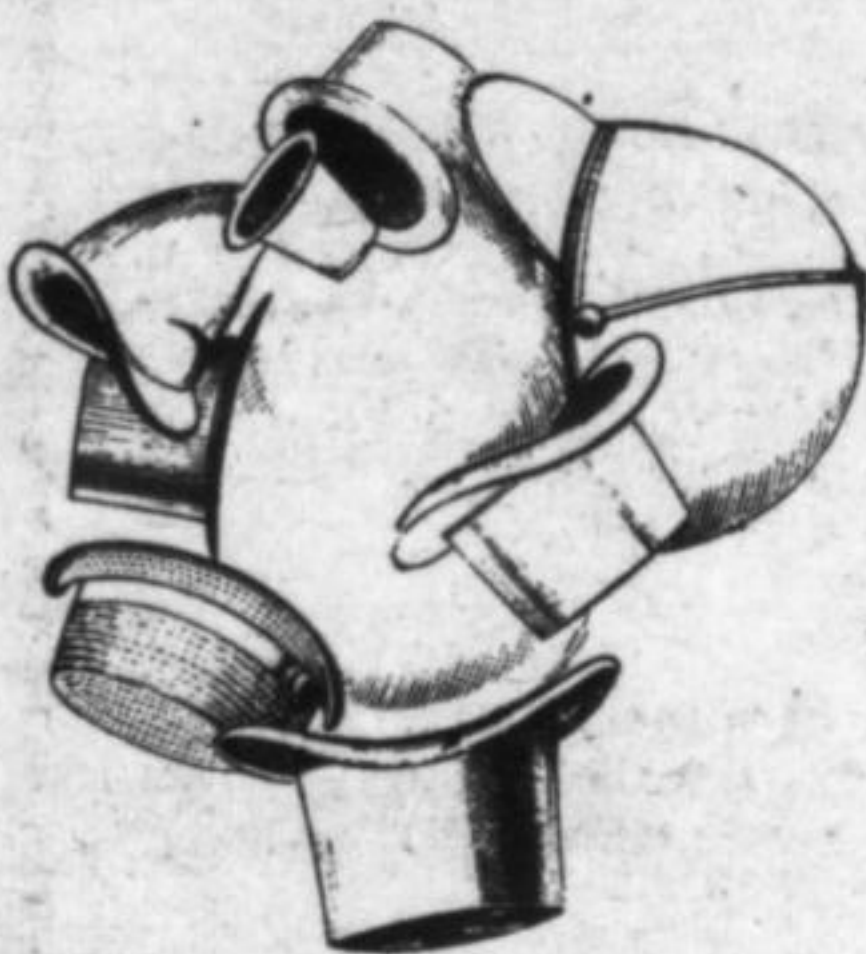
MAIL AN EGG - Mail one of our beautiful fried eggs (in floppy plastic, bright yellow yolk with tempting white) to your loved ones. Send 75 cents for each egg along with your own name and list of recipients to ELEPHANTS ARE CONTAGIOUS - 50 Stuyvesant Street - New York, N.Y. 10003 - We do the rest.

VIENNA STUDIO. Swedish and medicinal massage. Facials and skin care. Experienced cosmetician and masseurs. 1264 Lexington Ave. (85 Street.) SA 2-7353. License number 424199.



PUBLICATIONS

OUT OF YOUR BODY. The original "psychedelic" experience of Consciousness Expansions! Easily learned, safe, legal Occult Techniques bring Freedom from physical limitations, bring Intensified Awareness, Perception of Inner Worlds, of Color and Symbol experience. Your Extra Senses are developed, you learn to PROJECT your Inner Self out of the physical body, to take an ASTRAL TRIP, to obtain new understanding and knowledge. Full instructions, nothing else needed. THE ART AND PRACTICE OF ASTRAL PROJECTION by Ophiel, \$5.00 postpaid. The Gnostic Institute, Box 3383-EVO St. Paul, Minn. 55102.



SPECIAL EDITION of "The Personal Approach" lists 200 ads, many photos, from broad-minded 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, NY 10024.



SUBSCRIBE to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals for those interested subject of discipline, TV and other unusual diversions plus newsworthy articles on allied subjects. 52 Thrilling Issues \$7.50 Cash or MO - JUSTICE, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, NY 11231.



ART EXHIBITION.

Pretty as a Picture.

FREE ADMISSION.



PERSONAL

Attractive gal - late teens or twenties - If you are fun-loving, uninhibited, and want to join an attractive bachelor in swinging parties, call 249 - 0158 Evenings and weekends

Gals only - If you love sex, a fun life, and desire an attractive effective partner - call RH4-9483 - 9:00-3:00 Except Wednesday.

Uninhibited Party? Man, 25, white, would like to take part in co-ed doings. Call Rex, early evenings, at 873-9307.

Young man in thirties seeks to exchange ideas with distinctive female GR 5-6936.

Within a forest of mist and dew / a pair of wings awaits its due / and across the sands of NEPTUNE'S youth / fascination laughs with murmuring phantoms of truth / ORPHEUS JR. YU 2-4471.

Graduate Student 30, handsome, Jewish. Science directed, but also very well informed in the arts, worldly, well traveled and "in". Looking for girl 20-28 that could dissipate his disappointments since in New York. Call 249-0566.

Ex-serviceman (Marine) would like to make scene with ex-servicewoman. Call evenings, 434-4753.

FEMALES ONLY-- White male model available to females only of any age or race. Beginners welcome. Will pose in nude for females who wish to snap pics with polaroid, to sketch, other art media such as sculpture and painting, or to study in your home or studio. No charge or fee for my assignment. It's my pleasure. No time limit. Available anytime. Am young, single, good-looking, wiry and refined. Guaranteed fast reply to all females. Sincerity and discretion assured. No phone please. Write FRIEND, Box 97, Times Sq. Sta., New York, N.Y. 10036.

DEAR GAIL, please call us. We have checks and mail for you. Don't worry, all is O.K. Jessie and Clara

Jack and Jill met thru D.A.T.E. and haven't come down yet. Questionnaire - 509 Fifth Ave. MU 7-0890.

MARY WALKER - PLEASE PHONE DICK PRESTON WA 5-7386



PERSONAL

Mature-youthful male swinger. Gentle, witty, Francophile. Wants letters from fun-loving gals with varied interests. P.O. Box 594, General Post Office, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Boston - Fun loving male, 22, seeks young attractive, uninhibited, affectionate female for mutual good times. Are you the right one? Send photo and write P.O. Box 96 Newton, Mass 02159

Boston - I am seeking a sensitive docile female who is eager for instruction. P.O. Box 96, Newton Mass. 02159

Pseudo - straight cat seeks groovy cream cheese Boston Area. Write P.O. Box 96 Newton, Mass. 02159

Boston - Male exotic undergarment enthusiast seeks uninhibited female possessing such wardrobe to pose for fun and enjoy mutual fun happenings. Write, enclose photo. P.O. Box 96, Newton, Mass. 02519.

I'm up to here with bland blondes who dive into bed. Attractive, young, very solvent, bright male interested in equally bright, young attractive females. I couldn't care less about your virginity or the lack of it -- I do care very much about your prettiness and imagination. Box 640; Grand Central Station; NYC 10017

Young man 25, who enjoys sports music, photography, the sun and sand and life in general would like to meet intelligent, sincere woman of mutual interests who also has difficulty finding congenial companionship WA 43147



To BEVERLY & a magicians PNEUMA.

a voice came to thee from mystery. & moisture inscribed a tongueless sea. with embryonic words of unadorned clouds. & pitiless torches of matchless shrouds. that awakened your liquid expectation. To a selfish purity of distant restoration. ORPHEUS JR. YU 2-4471.

Wanted: Intelligent young lady to join me in enjoying the arts and outdoors - theatre, concerts, ballet, opera and worthwhile causes. To enjoy being at the seashore, boating, country, etc. Should be free to travel. I am a cool, cultured, successful gentleman with interesting midtown pad. Telephone anytime weekdays CI7-5812 and let's dine.

Girls - Are you non-conforming enough to come to Forest Hills? Good looking guy wants girl to clean apt. - will pay carfare and give lunch if you have small appetite. Call Phil 459-2489

NUDISCOVER Meet interesting people near you who love nudism. Any age, male/female, married/single send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOC. Dept. E, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083. GUARANTEED

Fugitive from squaresville would like to correspond with Villagers on all subjects. Main interest is poetry. Statistics: 30, white, married, a mother, and curious. Write "Poor Susie" 127-176th St. E., Spanaway, Wash.

Not bothered by prurient phone calls? Send \$1.00, time and no. to M.C. Client Co., 463 Hazel, Brooklyn 11212.

PERSONAL

Male Caucasian, 27, well endowed, would like to attend uninhibited parties, films, etc. Utmost discretion. Only a 10¢ call . . . 201-941-2191. Girls reverse charge. Henry John.

Reward given to anyone who can help this party locate Miss Jumbima Cantarida in the East Village. Please call (212)855-4193 anytime.

Grad Student, 29, finds that sexual tension interferes with effective living. Would like to meet girl to develop mutually convenient and satisfying sexual relationship. Believes that there is no sin where there is also mutual respect for each other's needs. Write to Box 597, 365 West 125 Street, N.Y. 10027.

WANTED: Young Caucasian swinging female to accompany swinging guy 27, to uninhibited parties, or couple who seek guy for threesomes, discretion assured. Call anytime (212) 597-5205, if no answer, please call again.

Handsome and Revered Dynamic young prince from Pakistan, 28 (Lives in Beekman Pl.) Harvard and London educated and worldwide travels. Referred to as "Astonishing Phenomenon", "Young Virtuoso" (Time Magazine) and "the Pride of the Pakistanis" (Pakistan Embassy). Artist (exhibited MOMA, New York), lawyer, art historian (Ph. D. course under Prof. Seymour Slive) Former Graduate Editor: "Harvard Art Review". Is writing a book on aesthetics. Requires a finely educated, beautiful, intelligent young lady as assistant. No salary but a chance to Become History. Phone: J. IQBAL 355-1230 (late evenings).

NYC PRIVATE MEMBERSHIP CLUB, invites you to meet its many smart sophisticates. Club membership list (incl. descriptions and listings) and club dance invitation \$1.00. Write: SPC CONTACTS, 130 West 42 Street N.Y., N.Y. 10036



Young, personable exec. seeks mature, liberal-minded young lady as secretary for Manhattan office. Typing, some steno. Also interested developing friendships with conversant women from Manhattan, Westchester, Conn., N.Y.C. visitors also welcomed. Phone, etc., appreciated. Prompt interviews, reels assured. Box 2236 Glenbrook, 06906.



Bachelor - 26 wants girl 18-22 for fun filled weekend at Jersey Shore. Have own house (secluded). All expenses paid. Reply including name, phone no, interests etc. Include photo if possible to: Box 261, Park Station, Patterson, N.J. 07513

Young film producer director seeks attractive, intelligent woman 20-30 as a companion and assistant to share apartment in Lincoln Center area. Call late evenings. 362-4897.

Want stardom? Talented? Send resume and photo to casting director, seeking exp-non exp dancers and topless dancers, actresses, singers and models for new film company, location, NY. T.W. ROTH Co., 11 West 42 St., NYC 10036.

BUY AND SELL



"PEYOTEISM" - "BLOW YOUR MIND" - The Huichol (wee-chool) Indian ceremonial "PEYOTE BAGS" from the Central Mexican Highlands. Harmoniously incongruous, multi-colored, quasi-patterned, super far-out bags. Each one individually happening: joint bags (holds from one to an infinite number of joints, depending, of course) - \$2.00; small bags (holds about 4 fat lids) - \$8.00; medium bags (holds about one lb. of whatever) - \$10.95; big bags (put your head in it) - \$14.95; bigger bags (put your head and one fat ki in it) - \$20.00. Send check or money-order to: High-Lands, P.O. Box #596, Venice, California 90291. Allow up to 2 weeks for delivery, then sue.

Wanted - donations of desks, chairs, typewriters, bookcases, bulletin boards - for EVO.

Try this Bibliotherapeutic Booklist of 9 acclaimed paperback novels and social critique. One comes to see both himself and his relationship to a threatening society. With such insights possible, honest decision can't be far off. It's the trip that lasts. Forward \$1 to P.O. Box 17015, Phila, Pa. 19105.

ARE you a swinger? If perchance you -- like the astronauts -- want to get into orbit, then you need a good booster vehicle. \$1 brings you the latest hardware. SERENDIPITY, 152 W. 42 St., Suite 536, NYC 10036. Don't dream -- act!

PSYCHEDELIC COLOR ORGAN -- Plugs into your stereo and reproduces music in pulsating patterns of colored light. \$25 to \$100. Call 242 - 8196, J. Weintraub, 305 West 18th St., N.Y.

Handmade leather belts with handmade, one-of-a-kind, brass buckles. (Or buckle to your design.) \$10.00 up. Send for free brochure of these and other crafts goods; handmade saddles \$7.00 up, jewelry, leather garments, etc. to CANAAN CRAFTS, RFD #1, W.CANAAN, N.H. 03741.

Tabla, Indian drums, made in New Delhi. Call 658 - 7160 evenings after 4 p.m.

Blow your friends' minds. Send them POT POSTCARDS. 10 for \$1. Granny's Garden, Box 947 Main Station, Seattle, Wash. 98111. "Thank you, sweetie" - Granny.

ACCOMODATION

LIVE YOUR REVOLUTION. Meetings, visiting intentional communities in the country, discussion groups, communal apartment in the city. The idea is intentional community. The group is Communitas. Call CA 8-8873.

PERSONABLE YOUNG WRITER SEEKS NATURE-GIRL to share groovy penthouse, co-host sunbathing parties on huge secluded terrace. TR 7-0534 8 AM or Midnight.

Working girl looking to share Village pad with other girls or girl. Call GL 4-7258.



CENTENNIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Wake up, States!
Uncle Sam, Shell Out Lively!
Patriots, Bear a Hand!

PARTY

PARTY

Sam Hirsch is running for district leader so we want to make another party for him. But Sam says no one comes just to see him. We tell Sam, so what, as long as we make money. Sam still thinks everyone comes just to meet each other, but he wants to try again: Saturday, June 10, 9 pm, Roosevelt Independent Democrats, 253 Henry Street. \$1.00 contribution. Info: 233-0035, GR 3-8660.



Photographer leaving for San Francisco June 30 desires the company of young girl over eighteen, good opportunity for Go Go girl or girl with good figure for job as topless dancer. Have good connections on west coast, will pay all expenses for trip and in San Francisco. Any takers please call Lamont any morning up to 10 am. Phone 274-0439.

A/C D/C male arriving D.C. via 67 auto on 6/17. Staying week then Miami. Want male or female A/C D/C for fun and games. Under 28. Your only expense your booze. Write Rogers 610 W.Kew #3 Inglewood Cal. 90302 to arrive before 6/9. After, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, D.C. Label "Hold for Arrival." Picture helps.



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SHIN EYE

Quintet Revolutionary
SHIN CHORAL

music by the
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"The Most Far-Out Psychedelic
Fashion Flash you've ever seen"... E.V.P.

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8:00 PM

admission \$1.00

2nd Ave & 6th St
Phone 475-8400



