

THE EAST VILLAGE OCEANER

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**SYNCHRONIZE
OR DIE**

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Hey EVO:

The following is my contribution to ANGRY ARTS WEEK. This song was written originally while sitting in front of Happy George's candy store high on grass was I, (cause the fuckin' guy wouldn't sell me glue and he likes Lydon Burp Johnson). It is to be sung to the tune of Eleanor Rigby (by the Beatles). Lydon Burp Johnson lives in a house that he stole from some poor family FROM VIETNAM. Look at him working picking his nose while recounting his pennies and dimes SEVENTY TIMES
 chorus: All the cats on Fourth Street are better than LBJ. When will he realize We're in a mighty bad way?

Liddy Burp Johnson drinking the blood that flows freely from wounds of the war LOVER OF HATE
 Look at her humping sniffling a vapor that she believed to be grass IT'S HUMPHREY'S ASS
 Chorus: All the cats on Fourth Street are better than LBJ. When will he realize We're in a mighty bad way?

Lydon Burp Johnson died and was thrown into the River of East WASN'T IT FUN?
 Look at his bitch waving at no one while her hair she is setting DEPORTED SHE'S GETTING!
 Chorus: All the cats on Fourth Street are better than LBJ. Now that it has killed him it is a sunnier day.

If this THING is too late for Angry Arts Week (I just realized it ended Feb. 5), please publish it anyway. Thank you. This song was written by Ollie Jones with the help of Smokie Pie the L and Jigso. You can make some minor adjustments if necessary. Emmett Lake: that was a tuf story on Janice Ian. Maintenance, Baby.

Sincerely,
 Ollie Jones

Dear EVO:

Well, now...it has finally come to the head of the class. The "underground" (?) is now officially exposed to the masses of America. Newsweek reporting quite favorably on the new cinema, the now famous Be-In, etc.: Time and Look following in similar lightened paths, and now we have Mr. Ed Sanders' face appearing on the front cover of Life magazine. The almost obscure, impossible, is now staring every good old red-blooded American in their conservative little minds.

So what's it all signify? Obviously, the transformation of many more squares to our side, (rah-rah-sis-boom-bah) which is basically good; but this will also bring the pseudohip, who are already too numerous. And now the trouble will start. History repeats itself, they say. Remember what happened when "they" discovered the kids' discoteques, and the mod clothing, etc.? "They" watered it all down so much, that now it is all a senseless babble. Can you imagine a person such as Cecil B. DeMille attempting to make a movie like "Hold Me, While I'm Naked"? All good will be turned to all bad bullshit. Of course, this can't be avoided; or then again maybe anything can be avoided. Now the Sanders, Kupferburgs, Zappas, Jones, Mekas, Ginsbergs, and others will have to realize the fact that preservation of this new, turned-on culture mustn't let "them" dilute it.

Since this letter is going nowhere, I only plead that the now-established establishment stay the hell out, unless they really know what this is all about. Amen.

Thank you for listening.

Michael Rapp
 Swarthmore, Penna.

ZEN LESSON

The Rev. Shunryu Suzuki, head of Zen Center of San Francisco, and the first Soto Zen Buddhist Master to work in this country with American students, will speak on Zen at the Community Church, 40 East 35th Street, on Wednesday, March 8th, at 8 PM. Suzuki Roshi is Abbot of Zenshin-ji, the first Zen monastery in America, located at Tassajara Hot Springs in the mountains behind Big Sur.



Dear EVO:

I read Walter Bowart's "Interview With An Anarchist" with great interest. While the "anarchist's" intentions and plans would be laudable and effective under conditions of a true Totalitarian Technocracy, he has missed the boat with respect to today's society. Individual freedom is in peril because of Government, not Business. Bell telephone won't cut off your telephone service for using the phone to make an appointment with your friendly neighborhood whore, but the Government might try. Could you be jailed for reciting "Howl" over the phone? Does Con Edison care if you smoke pot or turn on with acid? The Government is the guilty party and this is because of several principles held by the Government and most of the people. The first of these pernicious ideas is that the government has the right to legislate to "protect one from himself." This leads to such things as a compulsory helmet law for motorcycle riders and anti-pornography laws.

Then there are laws for what they call "the social order." Under this category come the Sunday "Blue" laws, anti-topless ordinances, anti-pot and acid laws. They loudly proclaim that there are necessary to "preserve our way of life." What they are actually doing is inventing this unreal entity called "society" and giving it rights independent of the rights of its members. It is philosophically absurd to say that anything but a human being has rights. Especially when the so-called rights of the aggregate suppresses the rights of its members. The effect is to reinforce the Protestant ethic by law. The Constitution guarantees freedom of religion, but in many states, an act contrary to the common ethic is punishable. In other words, "it's o.k. to be an atheist, but you better not act like one." (!!!!)

Violence has a place in our fight to regain our freedom. But it must be directed against the Government. Parking meters are fair game. But violence isn't the key to our fight just yet. We have to fight them on their own ground as well. By contributing to the ACLU, by reading such journals as "Rampart Journal," and "Left and Right."

Be able to argue your point effectively. But not with the old people. They're pretty much beyond salvation. Convert the young. It won't be long before we can out-vote the old farts, then we can vote the whole government out of existence.

In closing, I will be glad to agree with his statement "there are signs of hope...But we must provoke." Agreed. But against Government, not Business.

Yours truly,
 William C. Beinert

Dear EVO,

The interview with the unidentified but well informed anarchist, in contradiction to the disconnected and directionless frenzy of Frank Zappa in the Feb. 1-15 issue of EVO, illustrates why Zappa's kids are as unlikely to "get together and take over the country" as any other group--underground, sub-cult or on the level.

Those who know what they're talking about, in terms of action that would compel a re-thinking of government and corporate police, are simply not dug by the hedonists and non-activists whose main mission is a kick a minute at the sacrifice of provoking needed revolutionary change.

I regret that we cannot know the identity of the electronic engineer-anarchist, for he has an intriguing program capable of giving intelligent and ballsy rebels an outlet calculated to produce results that protest and persuasion cannot evoke.

Like the French revolutionists who turned on themselves in the manner of narcissistic cannibals and consumed much of what they created, today's revolutionists may become fragmented by pluralism. Some--and one hopes their number will not increase--drift in an intellectual haze in search of such pointless and self-centered rewards that they might as well sign a pact with the cop outs. They have deserted the hippies capable of giving cohesion and coherence to the dialogue.

This does not, of course, make the confused dialogue uninteresting or the basic thrust unjust; it just threatens to make it futile in terms of real accomplishment, which is what your anarchist proposes. I'm with him.

I urge you to keep in touch with the intelligent anarchist and to give EVO readers a digest of his program to fuck up the punchboards of the utilities, deflect electric current past the meter, shake up the telephone company, rattle the walls of the Pentagon and castrate the monster which television has created. This is constructive stuff. A revolution that threatens only inconvenience to our stultifying institutions, rather than pushing them off their foundations, is--fun or not--a waste of time.

William Rodgers

Dear EVO:

In retrospective examination of your espoused enlightened cosmic-philosophy as exemplified by the script "You are a God, Act Like One," in which all manner of men are heraled as beautiful and shall one day live in harmony with the universal energy flow, it seems pragmatically that your publication is oozing with the trappings of the bourgeoisie. For if love and beauty as you propout, indeed does encompass each consciousness how is it that your monthly "Slum Goddess" is a persistently pulchritudinous damsel? Are not less physically and facially endowed women goddesses also? Or are some gods more godly than others?

L. F. R.
 S. E. L.
 Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Editor,

Clay County, Kentucky is the second poorest county in the nation. Its average income per family is \$500. It has no doctor, no dentist, or even a drugstore. The only industry there is mining, (which is now automated, putting many out of work), and some tobacco growing.

Since winter set in, the people of Clay County are living a terrible existence, in shacks without heat or light, except for a few wood-burning stoves. Warm clothing is a rarity, and food is needed badly.

To assist these unfortunate people, the Monmouth County Progressive Society, is embarking on a food and clothing drive. The society is a non-sectarian social and educational organization founded to serve the people of Monmouth County by providing opportunities for occupational and educational advancement. We have started odd job programs for young people, carried through a successful drive for a food and clothing project for Tent City, Mississippi, and are currently working on a slum clearance program.

We ask your help in this endeavor. Contributions of food, clothing, and toys are needed. Toys and clothing, may be second hand, but should be in good condition. All inquiries should be addressed to the above address. In Contributions of food and clothing should be brought to:

Catholic Worker
 175 Christie St.
 New York City

All telephoned inquiries should be made to:

201-988-0942

Sincerely,
 Gene Kettner

Dear EVO,

Lou Delpino's article, "Hanging by a Hair," brings up a good point about the System: it is selectively authoritarian because it is afraid. Take the school system. Sure, they stomp on long hair, Beatie haircuts, and beards, saying these are signs of "rebellion" and "offensive" to the community. But Nazi insignia doesn't seem to piss them off overmuch. In one school, the students seem to have a mental-organic thing over the whole Nazi dominance-submission Gestalt: many references to Hitler, jewelled iron crosses, swastikas drawn on notebook covers and inked on hands. Now, this is "rebellion" and it is "offensive." (It offends me, although I would, on general principles, defend to the death their right to be offensive.) But the authorities don't seem to think so. At least, they haven't said anything--although they were quick enough to defend the community against the sight of "rebellious" long-haired students.

(The fact that one rebellion is creative, while the other, implying self-hatred turned inside out, is pathological, escapes them.) But why the double standard? Obviously, because they are chicken. Banning hair styles will draw few complaints from Mom or Dad, but banning hate symbols might stir up a wasp's nest. (The little Wasps obviously got their ideas from some place.) So, for all their pious yowling, the educators stifle creativity and let pathology pass.

Or--perhaps the school system unconsciously feels that the students' preoccupation with the Nazis' sado-masochistic forms and norms is a good and useful one for future middleclass citizens of our Great Society.

Your paper is more than great--it's necessary.
 Sincerely,
 Enid Osten

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The east village OTHER

BOX 571, PETER STUYVESANT STATION, NEW YORK



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WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF OPPENHEIMER

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the mysteriously diverse man who was the father of the atomic bomb and considered a poor security risk by the U.S. during and after most of his work on that project, died at the age of 62 on February 18. Although he will be remembered for the bomb and discussed because of the security scandal, his most important contribution to science and mankind was probably in the field of education and research. He was the head of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study from 1947 to 1966. As such, he was a central and often guiding influence on the development of the science of physics and the shaping of the scientists of tomorrow. Much of his trouble with the U.S. government stemmed from his moral opposition to the actual development of the hydrogen bomb.

By John Brock

Oppenheimer has retired from the world of the breathers; news menopausal flash indicates they loathe to let him secure in free-flight moulder; sharp blades of horrified metal pray as they approach man Oppenheimer who knew the truth of the day; scalpels shudder as they feel unfeeling rubber gloves housing hands joined to the evolutionary phase-out of the healers doctors; metallic instruments scream as they are unwillingly motioned to advance speed of breather-Oppenheimer's planned mergence with earth that he hoped would forgive him, if not A. Einstein; F.D. Roosevelt; frozen Jap War Lords; and The insignificant Death of Buddha, who, for first mind-crackle absorbing pain-death-joy-life-rich-poor-sane-China-in--your-neuronic-crackle-of-pattern-no-pattern-China-is saved, failed to hear.... THE SOUND was too great, the children too many, the screams too high pitched, the atomic-death-scream arrived sans warning, Buddha died...Japs in effort to conceal the damage done assure us that Buddha lives (for the love of God, listen to Buddha, your God too is dying, dying, damn your processed soul); yet Japs admit that Ju-Jitsu is no longer content for all weight/size/packaging of neutral outward directives and directoids, and smash eonic skill into big and small categories...Buddha is dead, I repeat, dead, damn the blind spots of your eyes, you I'sss---

Scalpels scream, I repeat, scream, with gradually cooling protest as scattered old foreigners, small children, madmen, solitaires, and other weepies hold dry eyes in head, pulling, pulling, pulling to recover the screaming soul of man, Oppenheimer, who, as Western Predicate, gazed at White Sands Assassin billowing into what we saw years later in Life magazine, etcetera, Zenith, Philco, etcetera T.V. screens and saw pretty pictures (God is dead, Buddha is dead) we saw only pretty pictures, the black blind spots of eyes grew yet more blind, damn your eyes; Oppenheimer, I repeat, Oppenheimer, gazed at our atomic-death-scream monster, there was no protection, only metal, concrete, glass, and shades, gazed and quietly screamed: "I am become Shiva, God of Death."

Died that day.

was 1st mannikin to see that India had won, that India did not want to win, that nobody wanted to win, that there was no such thing as winning, simply only always making losers of all else, all humanity, you winners, you do not exist, and we ate the places in your body where your soul won, and fled, in horror of the act of the assassin, you winner, you.

.....subliminal news crash...winners uniting at all points...ultimate world horror, winners uniting, they have lost our souls, Buddha and God further evaporate; the fused forms, the statuaries, the cruciforms, the toys, the rembrances, the icons, they ralll but fail, all circuits operating on abstract degradation spiels, all circuits oriented to anticipation of atomic-death-scream; mexican guitars weep, there is



hope, where; pot plants shudder, all trips are good; acid screams, they take good trips; madmen mount to electric machines of death, saying here is help; electric chair in California prays, let them come, they are trying to fry for you, you bastards who live in weather; THE MAN is dead, there is no man, there are no seasons, there is only unfelt atomic pulse in achronitic time of blind spots in eyes and all points of bodies and forms...end of news crash...

Oppenheimer was Shiva. He saw for us. We are Oppenheimer. You are Oppenheimer. They are Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer. Take Oppenheimer, for example. Take Oppenheimer. Take him in aspirin. Take him in music. Take him in sight. Take him in cars. Take him in pot. Take him. Take Oppenheimer. We are Shiva.

It is not too late. It does not matter that we would not let him tell us we are all Shiva.

It does not matter that he took the U.S. Govt. off of Security Clearance.

It does not matter that men, not Shiva, see the abstract secretions of sanitary napkin minds. We are Shiva, they are men. Men hold the power of our blind spots in outward palpables.

Men hate us.

We are Shiva, dancing in the streets. We are Shiva, walking in the night. We are

Shiva loving the bodies we love. We are Shiva, drinking coffee. We are Shiva, clothed in all clothing, all places all times. We are Shiva, all live forms, here and vanished. We are Shiva, and men plan our death in the strictured, mind-prisonic, man-perpetuate activities.

We are no longer human, damn your eyes, we are no longer earthmen, we have doomed ourselves to Shivahood; Buddha crackles, sputtering, in the burnt, pained re-circuiting of his vanished East; God's circuits fuse and crackle, his friend Buddha, and all other god-manifests of our collective circuitry fail to connect. We are drugged, by food and water. Our bioelectric systems are sucked by machines and screaming manufactures.

We know each other's name. We know each other's numbers. We know where we live. We are secured.

Meanwhile, Mitch Ryder screams out of Detroit, electrobio-chemico-physico-magnetically configured by the unheard complaints of world's metals and goods as they travel to Detroit, hands on head, marching, marching goods, prisoners of the War Against The Elements, carried in categorized shapes and numbers toward American Gas Chambers, American Bullets, American Bombs, American Hate, but one place on the American Elemental-Hate map grid, Detroit.

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BUNNY PEDIPHILE

By Dean Lattimer



Oh wow...All these bunnies, yum, a whole warren of wee tight cottony pastel cock-teasers with picket signs, milling round about the sidewalk before the Playboy Club. All these pissed off teeny little female voices...Hugh Hefner is getting the shaft at last, from the very ladies themselves, I never would have thought it...I have this compulsion, you see, that seizes me most every Saturday night, and it drags me down through the park to the Playboy Club. The dump's come-on is a voyeur's wet dream, a couple closed circuit teeveescreens flanking the entrance, broadcasting the inside shenanigans live to the sidewalk without: all gossamer buttocks and feathery thighs and enormously punctuated tits, you know the scene. Pathetic. So I generally loll around on the sidewalk without, leering whiskers and nicotine at the display with the raunchiest vagrant abandon. The Beautiful People pause, on the way inside, and stare at me, manifest horror and revulsion, it's wild. The fancy ass purple postillion doormen have had words with me, but they can't nothing' I'm just digging the production, that's what it's there for. Tonight though, (this is three nights after Groundhog Day) tonight the teeveescreens are dead, grey. The bunnies are revolting tonight--and much less revolting than usual.

Because tonight they're female, none of this pneumo-plastic Hefner billboard schlock. Not a cottontail in sight: they've all wound up in brown corduroy and black fetishleather and Navajo skipatterns, and they look fine that way, frankly. Casual threads--a bunch of particularly young and comely whiskey wenches, rather than the usual asexual dollar-sign faggot goddesses. And the fuzz is all over, this is the happiest precinct in the greater metropolitan area tonight. One of them, he looks like a Wesleyan dropout, all tall and innocent, he's talking clandestine with a little pile of blonde bands and eskimo parka, in the snow, it's touching. The rest of the department is standing around, all

big and blue and bashful...the reporters are here, too. One of them is a huge eightfoot columnist from a national daily, and he's nodding down seriously at this enormously tiny hiplength redhead...She's using a Mandala mouth God obviously designed for fellatio to carry on indignantly about tips and teamsters.

The Playboy presbytery has its representatives on hand, too--yeah, the blonde in the miniskirt, and the February frostbite blue is glowing right through her textured nylons. The reporters are prone to stuff her back into the teevee set; she won't let the bunnies get a word in edgewise. SHE's fortified by the corporation lawyer or something, impeccable heather hopsack sort, and the bunnies won't let him open his mouth. He's getting really uptight. Fairly frantic--something's happening here, but he don't know what it is, exactly.

Me, I only dropped by to ogle the teevee, and here it is right here three-dee! I'm turned on for real for once, this here is the medium that grabs me. One smoky little brunette is giving me the eye, or I'm a virgin. I just might...

"You better move along now." One of the bashful fuzz, apologetically.

"Aw, c'mon--there's more'n enough for everybody."

"Can't be blocking the sidewalk, son. Come back tomorrow night."

Sunday night the teeveescreens were lit, all was dead. I was pissed--turns out whoever owns the New York franchise had fired all the bunnies, forty-two of them en masse. Then they no shit girlifted a hutch of bunny-scabs in from clubs all over the country. So said the Monday newspapers. Visions of contraband cunt tenderly everywhere descending over Manhattan, all snowflakes and eyelashes...

The altercation arose, dig, when the club operators assigned the whole staff to a Diner's Union Local unbeknownst to the fralls themselves who have since professed a preference for the Teamsters union. On top of that, the administration actually

abolished tipping, in favor of a fifteen-percent 'service charge'; from which gratuity would be extracted a certain stipend for the bartenders, among various other, less certain stipends. The upshot of this arrangement left the girls obligated to hustle some eight bucks of hooch every hour--great for the establishment--in order to haul in any cash beyond the Hefner salary. Since the club hands them a lousy \$68 a week, this arrangement was hardly bound to keep the hired hands docile. To mention only their hands.

Docility, though, that's the first thing any Playboy philosopher expects from his femlings; so who's to blame the bunnies' bosses for legislating all this themselves, without a word to the scullery staff? A bunny's not supposed to be interested in labour-management mechanics--hell, she don't even know how to fuck yet. Which brings us to...

The Playboy Pedophile

Hefner and his foldout virgins...You know the little blonde coppertone girl, the one with the puppydog hauling her bikini briefs down away from her perfect little embarrassed ivory butt? Stick falsies onto her, have the pup chewing on a cottontail, and drive a staple into her kidney--send that portrait around to a few thousand Hefner congregationalists, and that sweet rosy thing will be obliterated in spilt sperm. No shit, that's how it is--Hefner has a thing on Little Miss Markham, he's a sublimated pedophiliae, and he's propagated that disease all over Western culture.

Playboy is gravid every month with overblown eight year olds, playing little obsessive erotic party games, frolicking skinny dip-style in the playground sunshine, and simply getting the little pink panties charmed straight down their tangerine thighs by shiny Playboy party trinkets.

Oh, it turns me on, to be sure. But I have a personal predilection for little girls. I'm perverted; Playboy happens to be perverted too, in case you hadn't noticed.

Occasionally, Playboy's idea of fun sexuality verges the grotesque. The current issue, for instance, features a florid display of promo stills pushing Woody Allen's latest camp flick "The Girls of 'Casino Royale'". The photo-article is camp culture incarnate, and all the shrill anti-femininity that epithet implies. The photographs are really sick shit. If you fancy yourself a well-adjusted mature male, and this crap turns you on, then you've been conned right out of your scrotum. The thing is infested with whole regiments of babyface girls in abbreviated togas, bristling with .007 burp guns and lumberjack boots; not a brain to the lot of them, just tits and tommyguns. Ursula Andress, who happens to be the most extravagantly female teenybopper extant, she's hung up in it, erased by it, naturally; And my God, the things you can do with a woman--smother her in soapsuds, strap her naked to a recliner, paint her all over gold with saucy little nipple-pebbles...It buggers the mind, literally.

But if you like you women by the brainless busload, painted and dieted and shaved out of recognition, fresh from the shower on a leopard rug with a big yellow teddybear (ref. Miss February) then, yup, you're a playboy, God help you. Because the whole Hefner horseshit, it's just good old American homosexuality carried to its logical extreme. Which brings us to...

The Playboy Pederast

What it is, the Playboy ethos, it's faggotry. The Disarmed Woman is the Playboy ideal, and her ikon is the femling. There she is, the femling, a tiny whiteness all hair and stockings tops cavorting atop

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CHARLOTTE MORMON'S BUST



by Dick Preston.

Scene 1: In a sickly green room in Police H.Q. the Chief is discussing an assignment with his Plain Clothes Man.
CHIEF: See here, tonight you go to the Cinematheque on 41st Street and bust Charlotte Moorman.

Plain Clothes Man: Bust who?

CHIEF: Charlotte Moorman.

P.C.M.: does she make obscene movies?
CHIEF: No, fool. She plays the cello - obscenely.

P.C.M.: You mean she uses it like a dildo?
CHIEF: Worse than that..she plays topless.

P.C.M.: Wow..you mean she plays with her tits showing?

CHIEF: Yeah...both of them.

P.C.M.: Wow...how'd you find out about it, Chief?

CHIEF: I got a hot tip. She's been doing this sort of thing all over the world and you know what - no one has busted her yet.
P.C.M.: No kidding. I guess it's up to us to show the world that N.Y.'s finest know right from wrong.

CHIEF: Yes, we're not going to have our daughters debauched by a topless cellist.

P.C.M.: But there's one problem, Chief.
CHIEF: Oh?

P.C.M.: I'm supposed to be hanging around Tompkins Square Park tonight. There's a whole stack of reports on muggings and like incidents by teenage hoodlums. The citizens are getting very uptight about it.

CHIEF: Listen son, there's always been hoodlums in parks...there'll always be hoodlums in parks. Screw the hoodlums tonight. Obscenity is much more important.

P.C.M.: Gee, I understand, Chief. I bet

ni sguq no bsuifno3

they're charging plenty to get into that joint.

CHIEF: That's another obscene thing, they're not charging at all, it's by invitation only. God, these people have no understanding of basic American Morality. Those clubs that tried to pull this topless gag did at least have the decency to bleed the customers. But tits for free, that's the obscenist thing in the world. Now split and make the bust.

SCENE 2: Inside an overcrowded Cinematheque, the PCM sits, eagerly waiting.
P.C.M.: (Thinks) Christ, I wish they'd start the show...all these people...I bet if I hung around long enough I'd get them all on some pervert charbe...at least on drugs...too bad I have to blow my cool later...golden opportunity here for a little entrapment...like to fuck that chick there with her skirt half way up her cunt...probably hasn't washed in weeks though...Christ, it's disgusting...I'm sure none of them wash...they're all hair and no morals...half of them are probably addicted to L.S.D....off to an orgy offer this no doubt...not her, though...she'll cool her tits in the Tombs tonight...they're starting at last...can't see a damn thing except a couple of flashing lights...one on each tit maybe...she'd better show more than that...what sort of a freak show is this anyway...they call it music?...my five year old kid...that's the end of the first act...ain't nothing in that...Christ, that chick going for a piss has a nice pair of knockers...bet her bra's dirty though...I wonder what hers look like...maybe I should give them a tweek when I bust her...must get a bath when I get home...bound to catch something here...here we go again...Christ, what a pair...

nipples as big as my badge...God, hope I brought it..Phew, here it is...I'll grab her as soon as she's finished.....

PAIK: (on stage) Mister Policeman, can you hear me? Is this alright, or would you like us to cover up? Mister Policeman, can you hear me?

P.C.M. : (thinks) ...the fresh bastard... trying to embarrass me, eh...(aloud and grim) She's gotta be covered up. (thinks) ...That told 'em...might spoil a good case though...No it won't, she's refused...Well, I stay to the end and get a good eyeful... like to get a mouthful of them too...so this is how beatniks get their kicks...at least she's playing something I know this time...now she's putting on a mask... you're putting them on the wrong place, lady...should be covering up those two beauties...Christ, now she's trying to play with a bunch of flowers...she must be out of her fucking mind...this ain't got nothing to do with art...there people are full of shit...I thought I'd seen everything...what's that, she's sticking propellers on the end of them...that's really obscene...couldn't get away with that in a burlesque house... so that's the end, eh...well, here we go... I DON'T CARE IF THEY DO HATE ME...

PHOTO/PRESTON

Gregory's

11 St. Mark's Place

475-9191

HATE ATTACKS LOVE BRIGADE



Large pig-of-a-cop shortly before he sticks large greasy thumb on EVO camera.
by Irving Shushick.

An act of love, The Human Be-In, ran head-on into the authoritarian hostility of New York at the crossroads of the world, Grand Central Station. Feathers, smiles, incense, flowers, young bodies milling about among hustling commuters, beneath a huge Kodak photomural of the pepsi generation.

"What's going on?" The question took off and bounced off the costumes, smiles and children who had come to Grand Central Station to express their love of life. The blue gestapo, lurking in the shadows, could not believe that the daily routine of hectic coming and going had turned into the stasis of souls.

It was brought about by a word-of-mouth rumor. No posters were printed, nor ads run. But the police have their sources. Members of the 104th, 114th, and 5th precincts formed a blue wedge of belligerent beef and stalked the premises. There were several arrests, officially made by the rail-road police. One of the arrested was Janet Fried, 19, who was charged with disturbing the peace. Her disturbance in the sea of humanity was created by her blowing of bubbles from a bubble hoop.

"What is this? A peace demonstration?", one friendly cop was heard asking.

"No, it's a Human Be-In, an act of love", a young hippie replied.

"Is it going to break up soon?" enquired the nice cop, "I want to go out and get drunk."

A large, pig-of-a-cop, with glasses walked up to a photographer taking pictures of the police. The photographer had long hair and a flower in his lapel. The cop grabbed the camera, being sure to put his finger-prints on the lens and growled, drooling, "I'll stick that camera down your throat if you take any more pictures." The young man smiled.

"What's going on here?", a commuter in a grey fedora asked. The beatnik

standing next to him replied, "A Human Be-In."

The man asked for an explanation. The young man said, "Well, we thought we'd

come here to turn you on with love and flowers and incense."

"Incense?" the man asked, "what's incense?"

The young man handed him a burning stick, waving it's sweet scent under his nose. The commuter took the incense, smelled it and gave it back. "But what's this all about?" he asked.

The young man explained further. "Well, we wanted to show you we care. We're strangers and we wouldn't be talking to each other of it weren't for this."

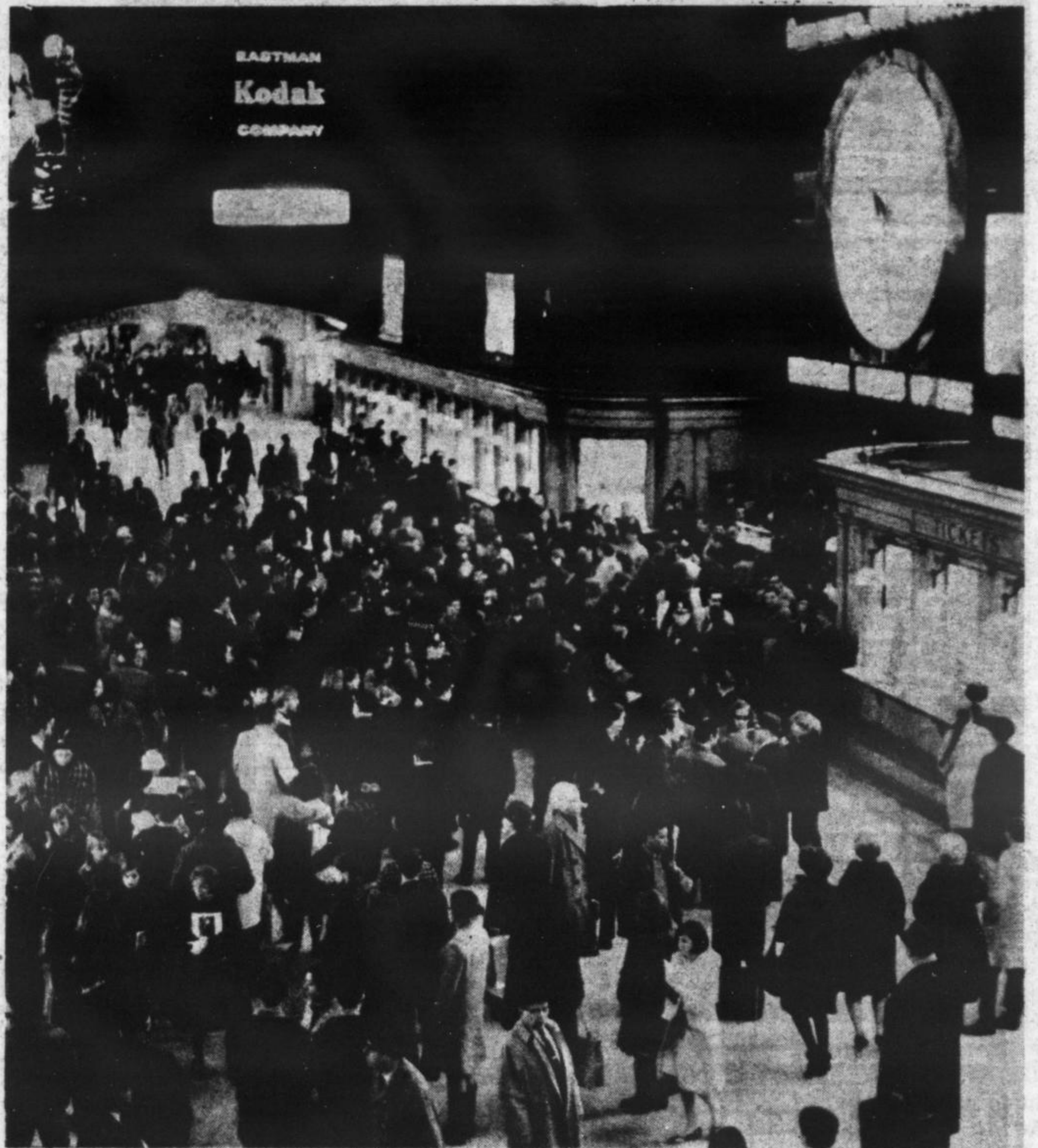
The commuter couldn't grasp the idea and suddenly became offended, and walked away as if a ruse were being pulled at his expense.

The police thickened. By about 4:30 the word was being passed to go to Bryant Park. The station thinned out. The cops followed to Bryant Park and cordoned it off. There would be no demonstration of love, no sir, not when New York's finest were on duty.

The kids ran back to Grand Central from the park, carrying signs which said LOVE. In the station the police milled about looking tough, but they were weakening. People stood about. The older uniformed travelers exchanged philosophies with the young-gypsy visitors.

The police could make no arrests as long as everyone kept moving. People were talking, the gypsies were giving out candy and smiles. The police would make a move to break up a group of people, but soon the human sea would part and form again in another area of the great hall. Frustration dripped like goo from their straight-jacket blue coats. The Be-In dispersed spontaneously, as it had begun. Force had no effect.

The next Human Be-In, rumor has it, will be on April 30th, in Central Park.



EYE SAW THE BEST MINDS.....

By Walter Bowart

A sixty two year old Pakistani man named Kuda Bux can see without using his eyes.



Placing two wads of dough over his eyes,

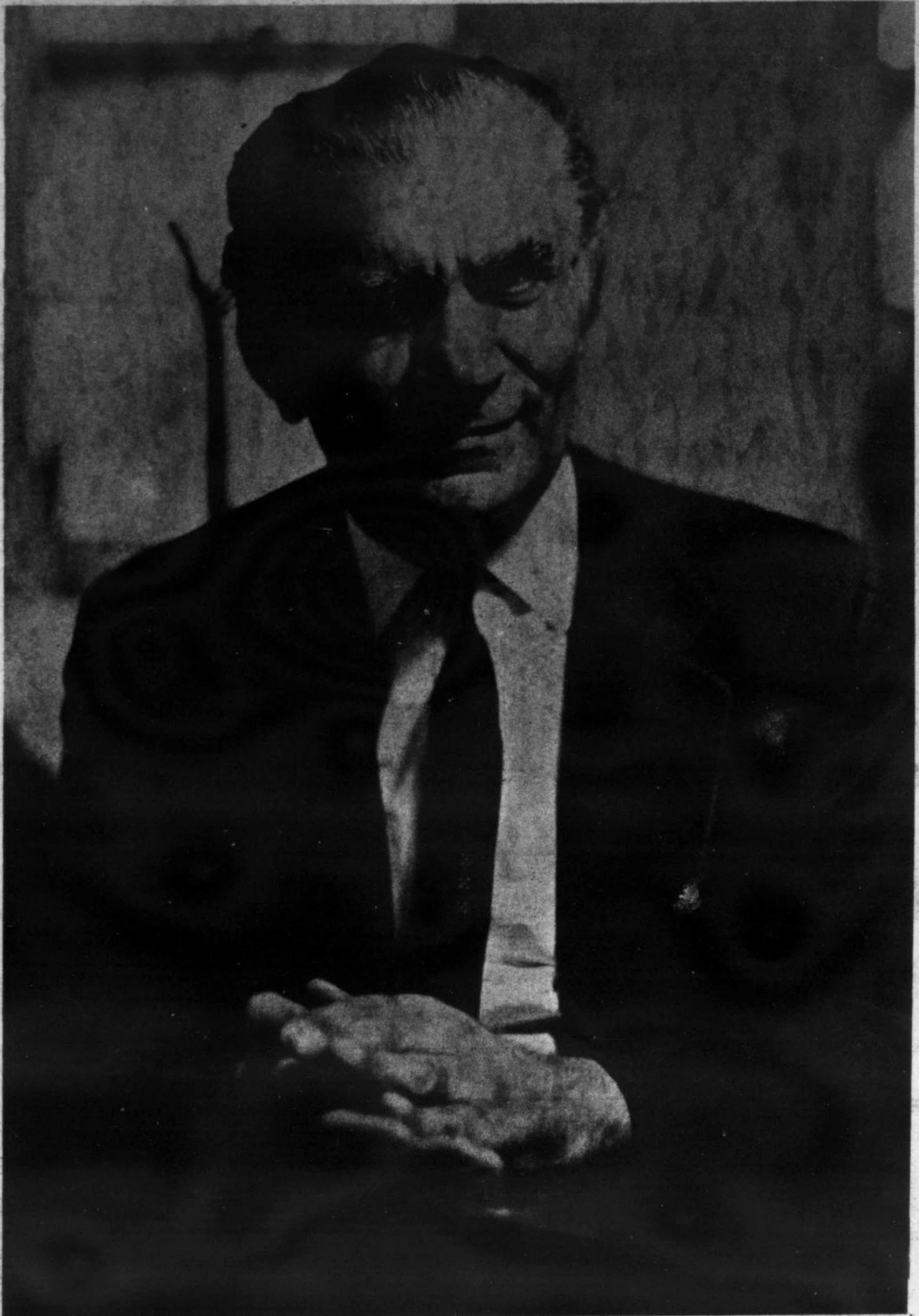


then two giant pads of cotton, then gauze, then six flannel scarves



covering his entire head Kuda Bux began the exhibition of extra sensory perception.

He gave me a pencil and ordered me to write something on paper. I wrote simply a giant OM. His head fully bound, he quickly snatched the pencil from me and



wrote OM beneath mine saying, "that's too easy". I wrote the line "Now is all time" which he copied below.

Then he said why not draw something, complicated line or figure. I drew a club. He quickly recognized it and asked if I liked to play cards. He copied the lines tracing them. He then asked if I would like to play tic-tac-toe and we played the game until the cat won.

"Science today is far beyond the possibilities of the human mind or the occult. It comes from the human subconscious, which has so much stored up. We get the dictation from the subconscious then we make inventions", Mr. Bux explained.

"I don't believe in incarnation. I'm a Muslim. I don't believe in other forces outside the human mind. Your own mind is so strong that you can't be controlled by outside forces. As soon as you are you're mad."

I asked him if he was seeing with his pineal gland the supposed "third eye" of tibetan and occult beliefs. Kuda Bux replied, "It depends upon the mind not on the pineal gland. It's a development of the sixth sense, an inner faculty of the mind. Science calls it the mind's eye. It has nothing to do with the optic nerves of the pineal gland."

"If one person can do it any other can. It might take you two years of practice to develop it. I have been doing it since I was 13. I thought of the idea myself and began to practice. In the beginning I had the idea that I could do something for the blind, but it seems your normal faculties have to be alive before you can do it."

"I am the only person in the world that can see this way. I can drive a car from here to L.A. blindfolded. I can see absolutely clearly. You have five outer senses. Each outer sense has a duplicate inner sense."

I asked him if he had ever had contact with the Duke University ESP experiments. He flew into a mild fit of discontent exclaiming that the Duke Experiments were a money scheme. "I am far beyond their tests. The only person I respect in the field of the scientific study of ESP is Andrija Puharich. I engaged in experiments with him in Maine involving telepathy, and the use of the magic mushroom. The mushrooms clear the faculties, but you cannot pinpoint how it exactly works. The mind is like a radio and you have to be able to tune it to the right wave lengths."

Every Friday evening Kuda Bux demonstrates his miraculous talents at 133 W.4th St. The psychic proceedings begin at 8:30.

MISS CAMP AMERICA



by Lorraine Glennby

There ought not to be any mystique, aura of glamor, or charming fun about Camp, for at bottom what Camp consists in is the exploitation of human unhappiness for the enjoyment of others. Although the dynamics of Camp are often subtle anyone who cares to look closely at its various forms will find in them the essential quality of a cruel practical joke.

I was present at Town Hall on Feb. 20th, along with Andy Warhol, Larry Rivers, Edie Sedgewick, BabyJane Holzer, et al to see "The Miss All-American Camp Beauty Pageant". Translated, this was meant to be a parody of the Miss America contest, using the Camp Apostles as part of a panel of judges to select a winner from a group of drag queens on the basis of their ability to disguise themselves as women. Since the Miss America sponsors threatened to sue if this title was used, the Camp followers came up with the above. But they got back at their detractors -- and the promoters who put them there in the first place -- by singing a song one of them had written. It began:

"American mothers, here your sons are
All dressed up in your best dresses..."

The contest began with a lineup of all the "Queens" in bathing suits. They were to be judged on the basis of such points as most effective concealment of the penis and 'projection'. One by one, as their name was called, they paraded for the onlookers, trying to walk gracefully in high heels and at the same time to 'project' some image which would single them out from all the rest. They tried mouthing "thanks, thank

you" and smiling, lowering eyelids and opening wet lips. The judges sat back digging, amused, approving. This was Camp, the empire they created, their message of art and freedom to the new world.

The message was - Torture, created in their own image. After the contestants had reappeared in gowns and gone through the same routine, they were narrowed down to five finalists who were put on display before the closed velvet curtain. The judges couldn't make up their minds; they wanted to hear the contestants talk, be clever. They asked them all the same question: "What will you do with the MONEY (\$1500) if you win?" One of them answered: "I'd use it for mothers' education". Everyone laughed. Then one of the judges got a good idea--have each one of them walk, separately, down the stairs to the aisle without knowing why. Keep em in suspense. There was a movie camera rolling, they could really Camp it up for the camera. "Will number two contestant please step forward and walk down the stairs", a voice intoned over the microphone. Number two jerked forward: what? do what? he whispered to the MC, half-realising he was almost chosen, that it all might depend on how well he did this one bit. This was "Harlow", just-turned-nineteen year old drag queen, thin, skin and hair and dress all tinged a pale bluepurple, looking like Nico only animated with the excitement of tension and the desire to please. Harlow worked so well the judges had all four others do the stairs bit. One of them, "Miss Crystal", did an unintentional parody of Gloria Swanson's exit scene in "Sunset Boulevard". All of them tripped

at least once and one almost fell on the stairs.

It was Harlow they finally chose, of course. It was fitting: 'she' best symbolised the whole Camp clan's ideal of womanhood. But while everyone waited for the winner to be announced, Jack Dorowshow, Chairman of the Board of producers of the contest, acted as MC in the person of "The Flawless Sabrina".

"The Flawless Sabrina" kept trying to get through to the audience while all along they KNEW he was really putting them on, saying things like: "Remember, the boys take contests like these very seriously. They come here from all parts of the country, get up on this stage and endure the pain of corsets, high heels, false eyelashes, for the opportunity to be chosen 'the winner'. Only one of them can win, but all of them deserve your understanding and appreciation". To illustrate what he meant, Sabrina sang a song called "The Joker". The joker turned out to be one who feels he is laughing with a crowd when he suddenly realises that it is he whom everyone is laughing AT. He ended the song with the line "the Joker is we". I looked at the program notes in my lap. They included a quote from George Washington, saying "...Do not express joy before one who is sick or in pain, for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery. Scoff at none, although they give occasion."

It was a plea for pity and compassion. But then, I realised, that was what had brought all the contestants there in the first place; it wasn't Camp at all.

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THE FATAL PIGEON

By Richard Jaccoma

Leonid Garibaldi Lipshitz was nine years old. One fine, sunny Hiroshma Day his parents, who were independent liberal third-campers, took him to the 5th Avenue Peace Parade. As their contingent passed by the equestrian statue of General Forrest, at 79th Street and 5th Avenue, Leonid looked up at the General thoughtfully.

The March passed on. After several minutes Leonid tugged at his mother's sleeve and said: "Mommy, I think I have an idea that could end the war quick."

"Oh really? What is it, Leonid?" asked his mother. But at that moment the contingent with which they were marching, The Young Mothers for Peace, began chanting their slogan again: "Young Mothers Want Boys Without Guns," and Leonid's reply could not be heard. His own mother was soon chanting as loudly as the rest, and in the course of things she quite forgot to ask her son to repeat his solution.

But Leonid had not gone completely unheard. The Anarchist Crazies, an underground control committee whose extensive influence in countless groups, political and very much otherwise, cannot be fully revealed even now, had sent a Casual Agent to infiltrate the Young Mothers. Actually the agent was not a mother or even a woman at all, but in reality a transvestite spider-worshiper named Mik.

Mik's assignment, given to him personally at Head Control, had been to follow Leonid that day; and his vigilance was rewarded, for even during the chanting he was able to read Leonid's lips and so discover his Solution. What Mik read shocked him, even though he was not one to be easily shocked.

He left the March instantly and returned to Head Control, somewhere below Avenue D. Mik was immediately ushered into the presence of a withered, ancient figure clad only in a holyman's diaper, the leader of the Head Control for the entire Western Operations Sector of the Anarchist Crazies, a person known by only to a handful of the most trusted Operatives as Bela the Wolf-Boy. Bela the Wolf-Boy listened to Mik's entire report with no sign of surprise. When Mik had finished, Bela smiled slightly and gave the necessary orders.

That night after everyone was asleep a lone dark figure lifted a window and crept into Leonid's darkened bedroom. It was Mik the Spider-Man, dressed in his ceremonial furs. He went silently to Leonid's bedside and bowed reverently.

"Who are you?" asked Leonid curiously but without fear.

"I come from Bela the Wolf-Boy," said Mik.

Leonid dressed quietly and soon the two left together.

When Leonid entered Bela the Wolf-Boy's presence everyone was surprised to see the latter rise from his mat for the first time in countless years and bow reverently with hands clasped.

"You have been expected," said Bela.

"So've you," said Leonid.

They got down to business at once. Bela asked Leonid to repeat his Solution and Leonid did so. When he had finished, Bela rose and bowed still once more.

"I recognized you from the first instant," he said. Orders for Phase I of Leonid's plan were issued that very night.

At the next meeting of the Young Mothers for Peace, Mik made a suggestion. To avoid suspicion he issued the suggestion through Big Mother, an android going under the public name of Bea, whom he had installed in a position of Leadership.

"As a symbolic gesture of our peace wish," Big Mother said, "and to counter the rising tide of militarism in our country as reflected in its public memorial statuary, we should have a huge peace dove erected jointly with other peace organizations and put in a public place.

"I have investigated the matter," she replied to the first objection, "and the cost need not be prohibitive.

"To maintain his liberal image," she replied to the second and only other objection, "the Mayor cannot but provide us with a suitable street location for our statue." The motion was passed unanimously.

The leadership of the Young Mothers met with other peace organizations and actualized the plans. Radical Artists and Writers for Sublimation of Aesthetic Drives elected a sculptor to execute the work. Of course RAWSD's choice was none other than Harvey the Tit-Man who, under the public name of Dave, was an Irregular Operative of the Anarchist Crazies. Harvey inquired at the Memorable Statuary Company Inc. and found that a suitable piece of marble could be purchased wholesale for only 15 dollars. (This price was hardly startling, since the president of Memorable Inc. was none other than Lucy the Baby-Eater, the Lesbian ex-shepherdess and leader of the Materials Section at Head Control.)

The marble (suitably hollowed out through Harvey's secret orders) was brought to his studio. He began work at a feverish pace and, after 72 hours of labor uninterrupted except for an occasional repast of holy mushrooms and coke, the dove, with a short passageway opening on a secret chamber in its belly, was completed.

Finally the completed Dove statue was removed from Dave's studio and under a covering tarpaulin, installed at the proposed site, on 59th Street and



Bela the Wolf-Boy's prayer of Call finally approaching its zenith.

At 12:55 p.m. the sky was filled with a clatter. Those who looked up saw a huge government helicopter surrounded by numerous other, smaller helicopters, each holding two sunglasses men. The whole affair looked like swarming bees around the queen. The queen bee set down in the middle of the street and from it emerged the President of the United States. He hopped from the helicopter and stood still, staring at the Dove. The drones touched down too and Secret Servicemen leapt from them, guns at ready. They proceeded to cover the crowds, the police and each other. The President did not move.

Below the street, Leonid slowly removed his hands from the sparkling prayer wheel. The wheel remained suspended in mid-air, spinning brightly.

Back at the Dove, Rinty the Dog-Tweezer had transmuted into a spotted terrier-spaniel. In this form he suddenly appeared near the top of the pedestal. He smiled at the throng, lifted his leg smartly, and urinated in General West MoreLand's upturned face. Then he grasped the Dove's tarpaulin in his teeth and leapt out of sight, instantly unveiling the Dove. And deep within the white-breasted edifice Bela finally began his chant, the one Undeniable Command.

Below the street Leonid's hand reached out and grasped the fluorescent lever. At that moment the President's face turned beet-red. Flecks of spittle formed on his distorting lips. His fingers trembled towards his belt buckle. Suddenly he bellowed "SHHHHHIT!" and flung himself towards the Dove. The chanting stopped, the crowds fell back, but the ranks of the officers seemed suddenly to come to life. They all pressed forward. General West MoreLand too came alive. Oblivious to the urine on his face and uniform he began clambering up the pyramid, unbuckling his pants. Then the President was next to him, his tent-like pants about his ankles, shit beginning to dirty his legs. He scrambled up the pyramid, clambered onto the Dove's back and squatted. Immediately General West MoreLand was beside him, squatting and shitting, a look of mad joy on his swollen, contorted face.

And now the ranks of the officers surged around the statue. Pants dropped, bodies strained and suddenly the Dove was covered with an enormous scrambling, shitting horde. The effluvia cascaded from it, coursed down the pyramid and out into the gutter. The few remaining passive on-lookers fled as before a torrent of lava. Several were engulfed. A dank miasma rose into the air.

At that moment Leonid made no sound, but plunged the lever home. Instantly trap doors opened along the sidewalk on a street next to the Dove's. From the darkness thus uncovered, a huge red arm with a black fist and a red extended middle-finger, soared. The fist was exactly two blocks from the Dove; its fulcrum arm-base exactly one block. The gleaming fist rose swiftly, seemed to pause momentarily at its apex and then screamed downwards at lightning speed. The impact made a horrendous noise -- a huge crash and a splat all at once. The front lines of the peace people, barely safe from the path of the fist, were pelted by a great torrent of blood, shit and tiny brass stars. Those behind them were merely besmirched. Where the Dove and all its admirers had been, was nothing but a deep, fetid crater.

Leonid Garibaldi Lipshitz' parents often remarked on the amazing resemblance between their son (or rather, his android alter-ego) and a certain child rock n roll star known as Bela the Wolf-Boy. This Bela was an unprecedented, hysterical success among teenagers as well as many long past their teens.

The war zone soldiers, bereft of the inspiration and direction of their wise leaders, had all misguidedly befriended their former enemies. But they were quickly repatriated, and they came home dancing and humming the tunes to Bela's latest hits. There was even much talk of making Bela President of the world. He humbly vowed that his first act as President would be to abolish the office. Central Park South. Meanwhile, below the street only one block from the Dove statue, the Anarchist Crazies had themselves begun and completed Phase II of Leonid's Solution.

As the day before the Dove's unveiling arrived, Head Control was a mass of feverish activity. Bela the Wolf-Boy himself had activated and teleported an android alter-image of Leonid to the latter's home, so that Leonid could devote all of his time to the personal direction of his Solution. Meanwhile Bela withdrew to the holiest Place to prepare himself for his part. No one else, not even Leonid, was allowed entrance to the Place and so the actual forms which Bela's Preparation took have not been recorded except in vague and not particularly helpful reports. We know only that the Preparation consisted primarily of meditation and communion.

But the effects of Bela's part began almost immediately. That very afternoon the major field general of the war, a certain General West MoreLand, unexpectedly boarded a private jet to return Stateside. More would follow.

Continued on page 14



"There is not any prohibition in the Immigration Act or Regulations against the admission of persons who may be seeking to avoid induction into the armed services and, therefore, provided they meet immigration requirements we have no basis in law for barring their entry." (Tom Kent, Deputy Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, in a letter of Sept. 26, 1966, to *Ramparts* magazine.)

External Affairs Minister Paul Martin told a press conference in September, when asked about draft dodging: "We don't feel under any obligation to enforce the laws in that regard of any country." (*Weekend Magazine*, Nov. 26, 1966.)

The War in Vietnam raises a moral dilemma for many young Americans. Many face the prospect of being drafted to fight in a war which they may not understand or may deeply oppose. A limited set of alternatives are available to them. If they are pacifist they can apply for conscientious objector status and perform alternative or non-combatant service. Most Western religious thought on war is not pacifistic, but holds that the individual can participate in a just war. U.S. Selective Service law, however, makes no provision for an individual who, in conscience, judges the Vietnam war as unjust. These Americans have 3 alternatives. Some stifle their objections and serve in the forces. Some refuse induction and subject themselves to a serious prison sentence. Some immigrate to a country not involved in the war. Those who take the last alternative, and are subsequently declared delinquent for failure to heed orders from their draft boards, cannot return to the United States without facing induction or imprisonment. They are, however, able to remain in a number of countries with little fear of being returned to the United States. One such country is Canada. Anyone considering immigration to Canada should have the information presented in this pamphlet.

Any citizen or resident of the United States may enter Canada if he does not fall into a "prohibited class." The prohibited classes are discussed in section I below.

There are 3 relevant statuses that a non-Canadian may have in Canada: Landed Immigrant, Student, or Visitor. The best status by far is Landed Immigrant, which is a permanent status. This status is defined in II-A. The questions on the application are listed in II-B. The criteria by which the application is judged are described in II-C. II-D is on the procedures to follow when applying.

Someone who cannot become a landed immigrant immediately could obtain permission to stay in Canada temporarily by attending a Canadian college or university. Graduation from a Canadian college or university would improve an individual's qualifications in applying for landed immigrant status. The meaning of a Student Entry Certificate and the ways in which it can be obtained are covered in section III.

Many people want to enter Canada temporarily as visitors (IV) before acquiring one of the previous 2 statuses.

Section V consists of some comments which apply regardless of the status aimed for or the procedure used.

AN AMERICAN WHO IS CLASSIFIED I-A, OR WHO HAS RECEIVED A NOTICE TO REPORT FOR HIS PHYSICAL, OR WHO HAS RECEIVED A NOTICE TO REPORT FOR INDUCTION, HAS NO GREATER DIFFICULTY - FORMALLY, AT LEAST - IN ENTERING, AND REMAINING IN, CANADA, THAN DOES ANY OTHER AMERICAN. (VI)

Some Americans who have become landed immigrants have subsequently renounced their American citizenship. They are then not obligated to comply with Selective Service regulations. Preliminary information on renunciation is given in section VII.

An American who violates a provision of selective service law cannot be extradited for that reason. (VIII)

Furthermore, a foreigner in Canada cannot be deported for failure to submit to compulsory military service in his home country. One should be familiar with deportation grounds and procedure, which are outlined in IX.

The names and locations of relevant agencies of the Canadian government are indicated in X.

See section XI for further services available from the Committee to Aid American War Objectors.

It must be stressed that the immigration policy and procedure dealt with in this pamphlet are subject to change.

I. PROHIBITED CLASSES

There are certain classes of people that are prohibited, under the Immigration Act, from entering Canada. These include:

- Persons who have ever been members of, or associated with, organizations subversive to democratic government, and persons "concerning whom there are reasonable grounds for believing they are likely to engage in or advocate subversion . . . or to engage in subversive activity." (The application of these clauses is likely very limited and somewhat inconsistent.)

- Persons who are known to have been involved with drugs, the definition of which included marijuana. If 5 years have passed since such activity, one may be admissible.

- "Persons who have been convicted of or admit having committed any crime involving moral turpitude." (The term "moral turpitude" is not defined.) There is a possibility that admission may be granted despite such a conviction if: The applicant was convicted when younger than 21, and 2 years have passed since the completion of his sentence; or, if the applicant was 21 or older when convicted, and 5 years have passed since completion of sentence. It appears (but is not certain) that people who have convictions on minor charges of the type involved in most peace or civil rights demonstrations should not have this held against them when they apply for landed immigrant status. This may not be true if they have been convicted several times. (In some U.S. jurisdictions a person can petition the authorities to have his record erased.)

- The remaining clauses prohibit from entry prostitutes, homosexuals, chronic alcoholics, "persons who are . . . or are likely to become public charges," mentally or physically defective or seriously diseased persons, and persons who have been found guilty of espionage or other political offenses of similar magnitude against "Her Majesty or any of Her Majesty's allies."

With the possible exceptions of involvement with marijuana, conviction of a crime, and being a public charge, it seems unlikely that anyone would both be acceptable to the army and fall into a "prohibited class."

TO AVOID

Screening process

The Immigration Department determines whether or not an applicant for landed immigrant status is in a prohibited class through information in the application forms and through a check with American authorities.

Generally, there is no thorough inquiry made to determine whether a visitor falls into a prohibited class; such a screening process would be impractical. Occasionally, however, an immigration official may have suspicions about someone attempting to enter as a visitor and therefore may question him fairly extensively and perhaps refuse him entry.

Americans who have been uncertain as to how Canadian immigration law applies to their particular situation have found it wise to consult a Canadian lawyer familiar with immigration law prior to applying for immigrant status.



There! G-d d-n you take that!

II. LANDED IMMIGRANT

A. Definition

A "landed immigrant" is someone who has been lawfully admitted to Canada for permanent residence. A landed immigrant differs from a citizen in that he may not vote in some elections, he cannot obtain a Canadian passport, and he can be deported for certain fairly well-defined offenses. After 5 years as a landed immigrant, he is eligible for citizenship.

Becoming a landed immigrant does not affect one's American citizenship.

B. The Application

The following questions are asked on the application: 1. Name. 2. Sex. 3. Birth - date, place, country. 4. Country of citizenship. 5. Ethnic origin. 6. Marital status. (If divorced, a copy of the decree is required; if separated, a copy of the separation papers; if widowed, a copy of the death certificate.) 7. Religious denomination. 8. Country of last permanent residence. 9.-10. Intended occupation. 11. How much money will you (a) have on arrival in Canada, (b) transfer later to Canada. 12. Closest relative in home country. 13. Have you or has any member of your family suffered from mental illness, tuberculosis, or been convicted of a criminal offense, refused admission or been deported from Canada? (If yes, give details.) 14. Family and dependents - name, relationship, date and place of birth, citizenship, ethnic origin. 15. Addresses in Canada: (a) your intended address in Canada, (b) name and address of person in Canada willing to assist. 16. Passport number, country and date of issue, expiration date. 17. Present address. 18. Telephone number. 19. Height. 20. Weight. 21. Describe any physical disability. 22. (a) Why do you wish to migrate (b) why did you select Canada. 23. Languages. 24. Education - kind of institution, years attended, degrees or diplomas awarded. 25. Practical training: Answer these 3 questions - trade or skill, number of years completed, standing obtained - for each of the following 3 categories: trade apprenticeship, special training in industry, special training in a particular skill. 26. Experience-employment summary: period of employment, title and kind of work, initial salary, salary on leaving, location. 27. Management experience in business or farming: (a) years, (b) positions held, (c) type of enterprise, (d) experience as an owner-operator - years, type of enterprise. 28. Former addresses and employment: (a) for the last 10 years, or (b) since 1939 if you have resided in Germany: give dates, home address and country, name of employer or firm or military division, occupation. 29. Previous surname if changed, date of change. 30. Maiden name of wife, date and place of marriage. 31. Are you a permanent resident of the U.S.A.? If not, complete the following additional questions (which deal with status re the U.S. Immigration Department.)

The application must be accompanied by passport-sized photographs of the applicant and his wife.

A check is made on the validity of information given in an application and any falsification is grounds for deportation.

C. How the application is judged

When the Immigration Department judges an application for landed immigrant status, it does so on the basis of 4 concerns: (1) that the applicant is in good health, (2) that he does not belong to one of the prohibited classes, (3) that he shows evidence that he will have no trouble getting and keeping a job - that he's likely to be able to establish himself successfully in Canada, and (4) that he has sufficient means of support to sustain himself in Canada until he becomes established.

On item (3), each application is judged individually, and several factors contribute to the decision of the immigration official. The official has here a fair amount of discretionary power, and evaluation of the same set of qualifications may vary from one official to another and from one time to another.

The current employment situation in Canada is relevant. It is more difficult to be accepted in the winter than in the spring or summer, since the weather curtails the number of jobs available in the winter. Education is important - a minimum of eleven years of school is required, but on the other hand a bachelor's degree may not necessarily be enough (particularly if one applies by mail - see below).

The question is raised as to whether one's education has given him any particular qualifications for employment. A good employment record can provide evidence of skills or abilities. Training for a skilled occupation is of course relevant. Intention to settle or work in an underpopulated area is an advantage. An offer of a job in Canada can be helpful; the more skilled and permanent-looking the job, the better.

For item (4) above, one must have some money at time of entry. He should have at least several hundred dollars and should have proof of access to it if he is not carrying it all with him.

If the applicant is married, medical examinations of his wife (and unmarried children under 21) must be evaluated. Provided no member of the family is in a prohibited class for medical or other reasons, then all members automatically can become landed immigrants when the application of the head of the household is accepted. (Some American family units have moved to Canada because of the parents' sympathy with their son's draft dilemma.)

An applicant must be a bona fide immigrant, that is to say he must intend to take up permanent residence in Canada. The only question on the application form which relates to this is the question why the individual has chosen Canada. If the individual has no positive reason for coming to Canada but only negative reasons for leaving the U.S., there may be a question as to his bona fides as an immigrant.

D. How to apply

There are 3 procedures by which one can apply for landed immigrant status.

1. **In person, at the border:** One can have his application judged at the border. Both the application and medical examination forms should be obtained from a Canadian consulate, filled out, and then presented at a border immigration office. Immigration officials can waive the requirement that the medical examination be completed prior to entry, but they can also deny the applicant entry for this reason or make him return to the U.S. to have it done.

If the immigration official has indicated that the application is not acceptable, individuals have withdrawn the application rather than having it officially rejected, and have considered what they can do to increase the probability that a subsequent application will be found acceptable. In complex situations it has been found advisable to contact a lawyer in Canada familiar with immigration matters or an individual Canadian who has been counselling war objectors.

Some people judge it necessary to improve their qualifications for landed immigrant status before re-applying or before applying for the first time. Some have done so by entering Canada as a visitor, and investigating the possibilities of employment and even getting a letter from a prospective employer. People who have felt that this would not be enough have further improved their cases by investigating night school possibilities and having available specific information on courses which they planned to take to increase their employment qualifications. They have subsequently applied for landed immigrant status at the border.

It has proved a very good idea for an applicant to bring to the border various documents and letters which might be relevant. These might include school transcripts, diplomas or degrees, recommendations from former employers, occupational credentials, bank statement (if he will be transferring money up later), a letter from parents (or other close relatives) stating that they will provide him with money if he needs it, evidence of any bonds or other assets which he has, etc.

Married couples should come to the border together to avoid delay in the husband's being officially landed.

2. **By mail, from outside Canada:** One can get the application form either from a Canadian Consulate in the U.S. or by writing to an Immigration Department office in Canada. The completed form should then be mailed to the regional office nearest the city in which one plans to settle. Medical examination results can be submitted with the application but are usually sent in only after the applicant has received word that he has been tentatively approved. If both the application and medical report are approved, the applicant is sent a "Medical Certificate - Letter of Pre-Examination." When he presents this at the border he will become a landed immigrant. The process of applying by mail normally takes a month or two. If a person does not enter Canada within 6 months of having been approved, then he must re-apply.

People who have applied by mail have at times encountered problems:

- Several persons whose qualifications for employment would probably have been judged sufficient had they applied in person have been turned down by mail. If the immigration official interviews an applicant he has the opportunity to size him up personally, and thus has more basis for confidence that the applicant will "be able to establish himself successfully in Canada."

- Applicants have encountered complications which are difficult, and sometimes impossible, to straighten out by mail. The result has been delay, which sometimes seems that it will extend indefinitely, in the processing of the application. One frequent type of complication: one's ability to get a job in Canada in his "intended occupation" (item 10 on the application) may have to be concretely established by mail.

- If the application is rejected, one cannot in the short run re-apply for landed immigrant status.

One should not apply by mail unless he is fully confident that he will be accepted as a landed immigrant and that the wait necessary for processing will not be inconvenient.

3. **Nominated immigrants:** Persons who have a close relative who is either a Canadian citizen or a landed immigrant, and who lives in Canada, are admitted as landed immigrants quite easily. In this case, the sponsoring relative is the one who submits the application, in which he declares that he is "willing and able to provide care and maintenance" for the person who wishes to immigrate until the immigrant "has established himself successfully in Canada." This procedure is possible if one's relation to a potential sponsor is one of the following: unmarried orphan nephew or niece under 21 years of age, parent, grandparent, husband, wife, fiancé, fiancée, brother, sister, son or daughter.

III. STUDENT

A. Definition

One can, almost automatically, obtain a "Student Entry Certificate" from the Immigration Department if he has been accepted by a reputable school and if he can show that he has access to the money

THE DRAFT

to pay the school fees and his living expenses. This applies if one will be attending "any university or college authorized by statute or charter to confer degrees" or taking "some other academic, professional or vocational training approved by the Minister" (i.e. the Immigration Department). A person in Canada on this student status can generally work - during vacations and part-time in session - if the job does not interfere with his studies. A student's wife, if she accompanies him, is issued a "Temporary Entry Certificate": she can work while in Canada. After graduation, one is in a very favorable position to become a landed immigrant.

B. Procedure

Regardless of the way in which he applies, the student will need (1) a letter of acceptance from the university or college, and (2) evidence of adequate funds - i.e. proof of any financial assets which he has and/or a letter from his parents stating that they will provide him with funds. (Students often have not needed to draw on these sources of money, since they - or their wives - have been able to work, but one is nevertheless supposed to show that he can meet his expenses without working.) It may prove helpful for him to have a letter from a "responsible member of his community testifying to his character and background."

There are 3 ways to apply for the Student Entry Certificate: (1) by mail: if one has sufficient time, he can submit his application to the Regional Director of Immigration nearest his destination. (2) at the border: if one has the documents mentioned above when he first enters Canada, he can present them at that time and receive the Certificate. (3) from within Canada: one can enter Canada as a visitor and subsequently gain admission to a school and apply for the Student Entry Certificate (he may have to return to the border to get it).

C. Comments

The foreign student advisor at the school has often been able to simplify and facilitate dealings with the Immigration Department.

A person whose landed immigrant application has been rejected for reasons other than belonging to a "prohibited class" could probably obtain a Student Entry Certificate if he were accepted by a Canadian college or university and intended to become a bona fide student.

IV. VISITOR

Americans can enter Canada quite easily as visitors, or tourists. The encounter with the border immigration official is generally brief: he asks for identification, the purpose of the visit, and the expected length of stay. One should be prepared for the possibility of further questions. One may receive a card which states that he can only stay in Canada as a visitor until a certain date.

The visitor also speaks to a customs official, who may want to look at his belongings. If he has a car, a permit for its use in Canada will be issued for a specific period - never more than 6 months.

A visitor is not supposed to work or attend school without adjusting his status with the Immigration Department.

V. MISCELLANEOUS AND GENERAL COMMENTS

Citizens or permanent residents of the U.S. do not need either passports or visas to enter Canada. They should have papers establishing their identity and citizenship (a birth certificate is best).

If any complications or difficulties arise, a good lawyer who has experience in immigration cases can be very helpful. One should get the name of such a lawyer shortly after entering Canada, so that he can be seen as soon as the need arises, if it does.

Generally, Canadian immigration officials are much more human and less coldly bureaucratic than one might expect on the basis of experience with American officials. Good will is generally reciprocated.

Appearance and attitude may be important factors in any encounter with immigration officials, regardless of whether one is attempting entry into Canada as a visitor, student, or landed immigrant. The individual who has been respectable in appearance and straightforward and co-operative in manner, has had a much smoother crossing than the individual who presented another sort of face.

Persons who have acquainted themselves as thoroughly as possible with Canadian immigration policy and procedures, considered carefully how these relate to their individual situations, and then made all advisable preparations, have found themselves well-equipped to handle the process of entering Canada and acquiring the desired status from the Immigration Department.

VI. RELATION TO THE DRAFT

It is the present policy of the Immigration Department that the fact that the granting of landed immigrant status will have the effect of permitting an individual to evade the U.S. draft is not relevant to the question of his suitability as a landed immigrant. Although Canada does not encourage draft evasion, it is no bar, in itself, to entry. However, due to the range of discretion allowed an immigration official, it is possible that his personal feelings on the question of the draft may influence his decision. Some officials may view with favour the fact that an American seriously intends to become a Canadian citizen and in light of that does not consider that he has an obligation to serve in the army of the country he was born in but has chosen to leave. Other officials, however, may consider that military obligation morally binding and may question such an American's character. Therefore, applicants subject to the draft have generally considered it advisable not to mention their status unless asked. There is no question relating to this on the form, so persons who apply by mail are not asked. If one applies in person it is likely that he will be asked; he should react honestly.

An American who has already received his notice to report for induction is apparently in the same situation, as far as the Immigration Department is concerned, as someone who has not yet received the notice. He may, however, encounter the following problem: if the interviewing official is skeptical about those who decline to fight for the U.S., he is apt to be more disapproving if he knows that the applicant received his notice to report than he would be otherwise.

It is the present policy of the Immigration Department that a person who has already been inducted into the armed forces is not eligible for landed immigrant status until he has completed his military obligation.

VII. RENUNCIATION OF U.S. CITIZENSHIP

Since United States law holds that citizens living outside the U.S. are subject to U.S. selective service law, many Americans with landed immigrant status in Canada have received notices to report for a physical examination or notice to report for induction. An individual who fails to report as directed would be subject to arrest if he subsequently visited the U.S. However, an individual who is not resident in the U.S. and is not an American citizen is not subject to U.S. draft law. A number of Americans who have immigrated to Canada have renounced their citizenship and have thereby voided their selective service obligations. However if a breach of U.S. law has occurred before the renunciation is confirmed by the U.S. State Department, renunciation does not erase this breach and one is still subject to arrest upon return to the U.S. Any U.S. citizen has a right to renounce citizenship, irrespective of motive. An American can renounce his citizenship by swearing an oath of renunciation before a U.S. Consular Officer in a U.S. Consulate in Canada. Renunciation should not be considered unless one is already a landed immigrant in Canada because this may make it impossible to obtain landed immigrant status.

One cannot obtain Canadian citizenship until he has completed 5 years residence in Canada as a landed immigrant. If one has renounced U.S. citizenship he will be stateless for the interim period. He has permanent status in Canada, but, unlike a citizen, is subject to deportation. (See IX). His being stateless would cause difficulties if he were to be deported. Being stateless he will not be able to obtain either a U.S. or Canadian passport, though he may be able to obtain a Certificate of Identity from the Canadian Department of External Affairs which would permit him to travel.

One should not renounce citizenship without more precise information than we have provided here. More information is being gathered about this matter and will be available from the Committee.



VIII. EXTRADITION

Extradition is the surrender by Canada at the request of the United States of a person presently within the jurisdiction of Canada who is accused of or has been convicted of a crime committed within the jurisdiction of the U.S. One can only be extradited for crimes listed in the extradition treaties between the two countries. The treaties do not include any offenses connected with the selective service laws. Further, an offense can only be listed if it is a crime in Canada as well as in the United States; Canada does not have a draft and it is unlikely that one will be introduced in the foreseeable future.

It is specified in the treaties that "no person surrendered by or to either of the high contracting parties shall be triable or be tried for any crime or offense committed prior to his extradition, other than the offense for which he was surrendered..."

The treaties are American law as well as Canadian, and so should be available in any law library.

IX. DEPORTATION

Deportation is an act of the Canadian government returning a person resident in Canada to the country from which he came.

Any non-citizen, except a landed immigrant who has been in Canada for 5 years, can be deported if he is found to have been a member of a prohibited class at time of entry into Canada, or if he has become a member of a prohibited class since admission to Canada, or if he gained entry by fraudulent or improper means.

A person with a Student Entry Certificate can be deported if he remains in Canada after the Certificate's time expires or if he ceases to be a student - provided, of course, that he has not adjusted his status with the Immigration Department. A visitor or student may be deportable for violations of other provisions in the Immigration Act and Regulations.

A warrant in the U.S. for an offense which is not extraditable will not subject a person to deportation.

A landed immigrant who has been resident in Canada for 5 years but has not become a citizen is said to have acquired domicile. A person with domicile can be deported only if he is found to be a

member of a subversive organization or engages in subversive activities, he has been convicted of an offense involving disloyalty to the Queen, he has - outside of Canada - engaged in activities detrimental to the security of Canada, or he has been convicted of certain offenses under the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act.

A Canadian citizen cannot be deported.

At a deportation hearing, one has the right of legal counsel. There is an Appeal Board and, finally, a review of the Board's decision by the Minister of Immigration.

A person about to be deported generally has the opportunity to leave voluntarily for the country of his choice.

X. CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AGENCIES

Further information and application forms can be obtained from any Canadian Consulate. Four consulates have immigration personnel on their staffs: in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Denver. Other consulates are in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Seattle and Philadelphia. In Washington, there is the Embassy.

At the Consulates one can pick up brochures on Canada. In a few cities information offices are maintained by one of the provinces or by the Canadian Government Travel Bureau; one can ask about this and other sources of information at the Consulate.

If one is applying by mail, he can write to the Department of Immigration at one of these addresses:

If one is headed for the Province of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island or New Brunswick: P.O. Box 129
Halifax, Nova Scotia

For Quebec: 305 Dorchester Blvd, West
Montreal 1, P.Q.

For Ontario: 175 Bedford Road
Toronto 5, Ontario

For Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Northwest Territories:
83 Maple Street
Winnipeg 2, Manitoba

For British Columbia, Yukon Territory:
Foot of Burrard Street
Vancouver 1, B.C.

XI. FURTHER INFORMATION

The Committee will be printing supplementary material in the following areas:

- Changes in the Immigration law or regulations: The Immigration Act is due to be revised - probably sometime in 1967. There may be, in the meantime, changes in, or additions to, immigration regulations, which are enacted by the federal cabinet.

- Immigration Department policy: In many areas the Immigration Act provides only a broad outline of decision-making criteria and of procedures. This outline is fixed and binding. Department directives - which are not available to the public - fill in the specifics. A new directive involving a change in policy can be issued fairly easily. On some questions individual immigration officials are left with a fair amount of discretionary power. As time passes, we will be learning more about immigration policy and practices, and thus periodic additions and amendments to this pamphlet will be warranted.

- Canadian colleges and universities.

- Other relevant information.

This material will be available from the Committee. Inquiries involving questions beyond those dealt with in printed material will be answered individually.

The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors is planning a publication presenting further information - primarily on American law - which should be read in conjunction with this pamphlet. Their address: 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

The introduction to this pamphlet mentioned the various alternatives before an American eligible for the draft. Several American organizations provide information and counselling on one or more of the alternatives. Names and addresses (national and local) of such organizations are available from this Committee.

Those who come to Canada will find it useful to write to the Committee or to contact:

in Vancouver - Benson Brown, 738-4612 (telephone)
in Toronto - Student Union For Peace Action
658 Spadina Avenue

Our address is: Committee to Aid American War Objectors
P.O. Box 4231
Vancouver 9, British Columbia
Canada



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When the Underground Was Young

BY Lil Picard



THE STATE HOSPITAL/EDWARD KIENHOLZ

SEX SUPERMARKET

If it's sexual satisfaction you're in the market for, you can shop for it at your leisure in Germany's new Sex Supermarket, the Beate Uhse. Sort of a Woolworth's for the libidinous, the shop is arranged with all the merchandise wrapped in colored paper and placed in bins on which a full description including brand name and a photograph or representative drawing of the product is displayed.

The stock provides for both pleasure and prophylaxis. Almost every brand and variety of birth control can be purchased there with the exception of the pill, which cannot be sold without a prescription. But the store also arranges for medical consultations by which prescriptions can be obtained. They carry a full line of phallos which makes the garden variety dildo practically obsolete. These include auxiliary pricks with special water chambers to simulate orgasm or air pressure devices to increase size at will. A popular "Special" is a series of ten condoms all in irregular shapes and textures which are designed for re-use. They come with a tube of lubricating cream and a bow of powder (to help dry them). An extra few cents buys a properly shaped drying rack and a powder sprinkler. For the fantasy-minded, there are various stimulants in the form of books, bedclothes, and unguents and liquors which are advertised as aphrodisiacs.

We probably won't be seeing any stores like Beate Uhse here until the Papal Estates comes to terms with Margaret Sanger and Ralph Ginzburg is elected Chairman of Lady Bird's Beautifying Campaign, so all those who want to chance it may send for their catalog by mail to: Versandhaus Beate Uhse, 239 Flenburg, Gutenbergstrasse 12, Postfach 185, Germany.

PENTAGONOPOLIS

U.S. Defense Department reports total value of its real and personal property: \$183,600,000,000.00(B). This represents about 53% of total value of U.S. Government's property anywhere, in the U.S. and abroad (total: \$347 billion).

Pentagon property breakdown: \$87.6 billion, military equipment in use; \$37.7 billion tied up in supplies; \$38.4 billion in real property; \$10.7 billion in plant equipment; over \$9 billion with other operations.

One-fourth of Pentagon property is at sea or overseas, including 3.2 million acres of land owned in Europe, Asia, etc.

Army, Navy, Air Force own more than \$87 billion in military equipment, including 30,000 planes, nearly 1000 vessels. Pentagon controls over 31 million acres of land around the world, including over two million each in California, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Montana, and Utah.

Payroll affects about fourteen million people directly or indirectly and spending affects 55 percent of all jobs in Seattle, Washington, etc., etc.

Contracts to some 18,000 corporations for some 90 percent of all business of the aircraft industry, 60 percent of shipping, almost 40 percent of radio communications, 20 percent of scientific instruments, over ten percent of iron and steel output.

In addition, the Pentagon is one of the world's biggest real estate agents, having collected over \$50 million in rentals during 1966.

Foregoing from official Pentagon report published last week.

304 E. 9th.
Mail Order,
Rental From:



124 MacDougal
10 Stuyvesant Pl.
New York City

That's a lot of frustration, we have to deal with. It's the frustration kick. From Light - Orbit to Underground - Plastic - Decorations, Prism's and Ism's, face and legpainting, psychedelic-fashions, Beardsley erotic designs and the latest at Huntington Hartford's Renouveau - Art Nouveau. The girls cute - nude in the mini's love to look at the Lysistrata illustrations, it's damned perverse, says the Times, and Aubrey Beardsley did it all in the beginning of this century. At the Cinematheque breasts cause police trouble. That's frustration - about nothingness, man. The establishment went Underground around Madison Avenue and the Uniforms from St. Marks Place are showing up at the most "in" cocktail-parties. It's really Yellow-Fingers Underground-Establishment kicks, snobism-Underground frustration with Life Magazine Other Culture Coverage: "They made it with culture, the other culture. Too much talk kills the real action.

When the Underground was young, it had the sparkle of freshness. Now they are on the verge of selling out to the Dollars. Too much psychedelic advertising all around, too many headshop fashions, Harper's Bazaar-Boutique-Are-New Bohemia-Elegance-talk. Dirty is chic. Girls paint freckles on their faces and Art-Fashions get boring. Art survives only when it breaks the rut, the game, the tradition. Success kills ideas. When superficiality takes over Art dies. Underground is in the danger of getting fashionable. Orgy Art Frustration Mannerism raises its ugly head, with Happenings and Strobolights in Department Stores, swinging in windowdisplays, Nothing but Artfashion-business-orgies, that's the establishment turned as Underground.

But Edward Kienholz from L.A. got a bright and powerful idea. At the Dwan Gallery in the middle of fiftyseventh Street's art-activities, he exhibits a series of "Concept-Tableaus". He speaks his mind with remarkable wit, irony, with earnestness, courage and conviction. I liked especially the concept-tableau of "Mayor Sam Edsel". For \$15,000 an aspiring art collector may buy this idea, printed on a small sheet of white paper and neatly framed. Part two costs \$1,000 more, it is a drawing sketch executed as a collage, and if the idea of the artist has to be executed as a concrete tableau the buyer has to put down cost of material and wages for the artist in addition. Some of the concepts cost even more than the five figure \$15,000. Kienholz is expensive and knows what his ideas are worth. He stresses the importance of the spirit of an artist. No ArtOrgy-Frustrationbargains with Kienholz are possible. Only one Tableau is executed. It's "The State Hospital". Kienholz writes to this assemblage-construction:

"This is a tableau about an old man who is a patient in a state mental hospital. He is in an arm restraint on a bed in a bare room. (The piece will have to include an actual room consisting of walls, ceiling, floor, barred door, etc.) There will be only a bedpan and a hospital table (just out of reach). The man is naked. He hurts. He has been beaten on the stomach with a bar of soap wrapped in a towel (to hide tell-tale bruises). His head is a lighted fish bowl with water that contains two live black fish. He lies very still on his side. There is no sound in the room. Above the old man in the bed is his exact duplicate, including the bed (beds will be stacked like bunks.) The upper figure will also have the fish bowl head, two black fish, etc. But additionally, it will be encased in some kind of lucite or plastic bubble (perhaps similar to a cartoon balloon), representing the old man's thoughts. His mind can't think for him past the present moment. He is committed there for the rest of his life. Price: Part one \$15,000.00 Part two \$1,000.000. Part Three, Costs plus artist's wages, signed with Kienholz' fingerprint. He has also put down in a no-fooling legal lawyers language a "contract for the purchase of a concept tableau.

What Kienholz drives at is that the concept of the artist is his truth and most important contribution. Art is an idealistic enterprise and not a fashionable frustrating nothingness. He says this with twelve type-written concept-ideas, all of them social-critical, sharp, aggressive. There is also one called "Art Show". It's biting, and refreshingly witty. The show at the Dwan Gallery is to the point. It is without frills, decorations and superfluous stuff. These are no lies. Artists today often hide their frustrations and their anger behind all kinds of "stuff" and "Things". There is no more stuff around than Art and Truth. Life and truth exists in the mind. The mind never rests, -it breeds, it creates something that's not stuff but Art, sometimes, -not very often, -we get a glimpse of it.

EVO ART SHOW

The Art department of EVO wants to give unknown artists the opportunity to speak out with photos of their work. Send them in, EVO will select and print them in an Art-Collage-Art show. Address to EVO, c/o Lil Picard.

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Detroit, warehouse. Detroit, home of cars. Detroit, home of Ford, G.M., and other motion manors of abstract (let's do it abstract) monsters.

Workers roll home in company ambulances, America makes/owns more ambulances than all the world, we love our ambulances, they express our specific-personalities very well, like my Mustang, Panther, G.T.O., Rolls-Royce, Bentley, T-model ambulance, huh?

Huh, indeed.

Workers, workers taking it head-on, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, breathing elemental screams; the stressed manufacturers, the high-intensity processes our spirit-dead minds vomit forth in work, God once knew what happens in the Arsenals.

Mitch Ryder, he knows his name, his name is Detroit, he says "sock it to me, baby," he heard the Detroit-Scream; caring children assemble at radios, parks, halls, pouring forth from their all-absorbant minds, their pain, their fathers' pain, their mothers, their brothers, their sisters, their wheelchairs, their brain-blasted youngers consulting deaf psychiatrists at the age of three, the age of two, the age of one, the age. Mitch Ryder writhes and screams for more; electronic apperatti-working like dogs for the assembled-shudder--having barely saved the Mitch Ryder Creature from being burned like a bug under the focused rays of the sun, the children, their hurt.

The Mitch Ryder Ambulance Case rolls on screaming in only-apparrent delight, his brain damaged by Detroit, his brain damaged by America, his brain damaged by Earth Sanities, his brain damaged by thalidomide forms in 20-digit land, his brain damaged by wheelchairs, his brain damaged by workers, his brain damaged by electronic pitch.

Mitch Ryder, brain damaged, Oppenheimer, brain damaged, Earth forms, brain damaged, People, brain damaged, I repeat, America.

Dear EVO,

First, I would like to say that I think that your paper is really great. I have read every edition since you came out, and never found an issue that didn't have at least one interesting article. Second, and most important is information on your Jackson Illusion Pepper. I think it would be to the benefit of all your interested readers if you ran an article on the method that should be followed. As far as I know you can't get into trouble for telling people how to turn on with perfectly legal stuff. In the article you might include what type of peppers are to be used, type of cigarettes, and the method that the peppers should be administered. I am very curious to know all I can as the Pepper creates a legal high which is very hard to find nowadays. If you decide not to publish an article on the Jackson Illusion Pepper I would welcome a letter with the above information included. Again I would like to thank you for your interesting, informative, and mind expanding newspaper.

PEPPER HEADS UNITE

Sincerely,
John Burt

Dear Sirs:

congrats on your article "Hanging by a Hair" in the Jan. 15 issue.

In my school (a typical W.A.S.P., clean cut high school) I have been labeled all sorts of rot, most of which is bullshit, because I am the proud owner of the longest hair in school. I've made several attempts to get articles of protest printed in the school paper but have been turned down with these words "Get a haircut, dress properly, burn your boots and we'll print it!" I told them where to go and received a suspension, but the hair remained. I'm not a strong kid, and the gym teachers know it, but because I dress "Mod", have long hair and look like any clean cut kid shouldn't, I have had to do 45 minutes of constant pushups while the class does 5 minutes and plays basket ball.

There is no sympathy out here. Some people in my neighboring city (Philadelphia) read this paper and they should know what goes on in suburban schools and maybe we will receive some help.

Thank you,
Paul Kurrey
Plymouth Meeting
Penna.

Dear Friends,

I am presently writing & assembling data for a book on *Mantric Poetry*. This will include sections on the use of hallucinogenic & stupor-inducing drugs as aids to creative writing. Also non-chemical systems, methods & techniques (contemporary & historic) used to nurture & guide mind-expansion into a comparatively purer creativity. Plus automatic writing (Surrealists), spontaneous prose & creative communication in states of clinical schizophrenia. The book will, of course, concern itself with many other literary aspects which are, in some part, related to its theme. Its impetus & direction is an attempt to clarify the poet's true position as a medium transmitting creative energy from the essence, source; as a power focus centre directing the magic sacred Word to & from the centre of things. Any material, information, ideas, suggestions, in & of any areas relevant to such a work, will be most welcome & suitable acknowledged.

p.s. Mantra as a fluid, alive poetry, vital force today, rather than a traditional, formal, confined, static system, is central to the book. Meditation upon word power forces, as opposed to creative sound vibration, will be central to the book. The rest will be included as 'related'. The Word is seen as within the language, albeit esoteric, confined to the 'initiate, & as a symbol whose sole function is to assist both poet & reader to transcend such symbols as words & Mantric Poetry.

Love, Flowers, Oxygen,
Dave Cunliffe, 11 Clematis
Street, Blackburn, Lancs,
England.

Dear EVO,

In reference to article by Albert Ellis p.9, 2/15-3/1 issue. If Californians are so hip, how come Reagan is the new Governor?

Martin L. Lebowitz

Dear EVO:

Concerning your letter from Robert N. Harris: Is calling L.B.J.'s policies FELATIO-BRAINED aluding to the fallacy that the ugly Texan's skull houses a BLOWN MIND?

Art Raveson

Dear EVO,

Just digested your latest ream of obnoxious barf (this, a second and also futile letter from the establishment; for EVO hears no voice but its own!) and OF COURSE the sensational cover, which reads, in case your myopic readers missed the point: "Fuck Hate", whereby on this day we able minded creators hereby tell you, the Establishment: FUCK YOU in the mouth. The last not quite hidden; and a sad commentary on the angry arts. I am familiar with a number of the "angry artists" and I am sure that very few of them would want to "fuck me in the mouth" despite their various sexual curiosos.

On the interior pages, you presented a number of brilliantly written articles: "The Human Be-In" and the "Turd Eye" were of especial interest; however, "20,000 Miles in America" was an incredible piece--what did these assholes expect, driving through fundamentalist country in freak-out gear, "cunningullis" bumper sticker, and the rest of the "hippy" bit--open arms? Those farmers ain't never seen no hipsters, and they don't want no strangers (i.e., communists) in their midst! The best piece of all was the interview with the freak-out type called Frank Zappa, man-in-charge of the Muther-Fuckers or whatever: he cleared the air on many counts, and sounded like Barry Goldwater through most of the interview (now will you give us establishment-types a few column inches?) but then everyone sounds like Barry Goldwater these days, including the most advanced hipsters.

The only idea advanced in your latest issue is the plan for a protective league in the East Village--any why did not the "hip" community think of this plan before? Frankly, the East Village is either badly disorganized or is populated by a group of feeble-minded mothers who cannot plan the next day's meal. Take a page from the establishment book--thing ahered!

Love,
R. Wolter
Box 163
Wilbraham, Mass.
01095

*As the Quaker Gentleman once said, "Fuck Thee in Every Orifice!"

Dear EVO,

I have been reading with horrible fascination in your newspaper and in the Berkeley Barb of the growing harassment of hippies and free people everywhere by the police.

Many of the busts seem to be based on illegal search and seizure practices, which the police should not be allowed to get away with. Furthermore, many of the victims don't seem to know their rights, before and after arrest. I suspect that many a cop, if informed that the victim was not going to willingly give his assent to a search of his apartment or person or car, would shrivel up and hunt for a more ignorant victim. (I do not mean to imply that the cops should be physically resisted. They should be merely informed that they do not have permission to search.)

Many people do not realize that evidence uncovered without a search warrant and without permission, is inadmissible as evidence in court.

What we need in this community, as well as in others, is some sort of defense organization. We need the following:

1. A distribution of wallet-sized cards listing what the cops can and cannot do. Information re: search, warrants, what questions they may ask you, what questions you should answer and a summary of the recent Constitutional decisions affecting the above.
2. The names and phone numbers of good hip ball-bondsmen and turned-on lawyers. Remember, you have two (2) legal phone calls coming to you at the station-house if arrested.
3. An Acid Rescue Squad with a 24 hr. telephone. Members would know which tranquilizers would bring one down from a bad trip, keeping one from Bellevue and notoriety.
4. A large, urgent campaign to make all acid connections sell one tranquilizer with each acid cube. Connections who do not have antidotes available, should be boycotted.

Sincerely,
James Claymore

Dear EVO,

I've found a way to get the most out of grass: smoke it through a waterpipe filled with sherry. After some use, the sherry can be drunk, and cigarettes, if soaked in it and dried, have a suddenly unique effect. Try it.

L.T.

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Lorraine Glennby, EVO's own managing editor, is a redhaired ex-bullfighter who stands six feet tall in her highheeled boots. When she is not hard at work she plays the harp to her Buddha, dreams up new chapters for her book "Paradox Window" and commutes on the back of her old man's Honda.



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I guess one could call the ultra conservative concert-opera field the Great Artistic Desert.

It's basic form hasn't changed for a couple of centuries and very few people want to do anything about it.

Opera has become the musical equivalent of the academic painting...a tax deduction for the less adventurous rich...a cultural night out for squares, art historians and drag queens. Never mind saving the Met--they should blow it up.

And the concert hall, as it is today, is archaic and decadent. On the right is the rubber plant. On the left, the accompanist. In the centre, the soloist. The house lights are half on. One only gets the message if one closes one's eyes. Might just as well spend the admission money on a disc and listen to the sound at home, unless one wants to use the occasion to bullshit to one's friends about "having seen so and so".

It is to this scene that Charlotte Morman and Nam June Paik bring their considerable talents and creative imaginations.

After having seen their interrupted performance at the Cinematheque it's impossible for anyone to sit through a concert performance without realising the dreary pedestrian burlesque of manners that makes up the whole concert scene.

In mocking the whole concert convention, Charlotte Morman adds to her stature and dignity as an artist. More than that. The shadow of her performance will creep into, and haunt, every concert hall in the world. That the Police Dept. should find her obscene is an outrage, however it is also an indication of the damage she has wrought in the hallowed halls of the cultural establishment.

Probably the most satisfying mixed media show in a long time was Ken Jacobs "Thirties Man", produced recently in a backroom at the Museum of Modern Art.

It is a shadow play with electronic assistance. The shadow images are of the Thirties Man, his Girl, a rubber plant, and a phonograph, seeming, peculiarly to spring from what we all suddenly discovered to be collective and romantic images of the period. It was as if Ken Jacobs had tapped our mass unconscious. Every movement, every gesture made it into a period piece filled with the essence of Bogart, Fitzgerald, flappers, pulp magazine images, Daily News Crimes, and the desperation of the Depression. And like a diviners rod the whole thing pointed to the present. Jacobs tells us that where we are today is where we were at in the Thirties. The show needs a wider audience and a bigger theatre.

Also on the same program was Ed Emshwiller's pyrotechnical "Body Works".

Being an almost wholly visual thing it becomes very difficult to write about, except in relationship to his work as a whole. And that's a subject I'm saving for later.

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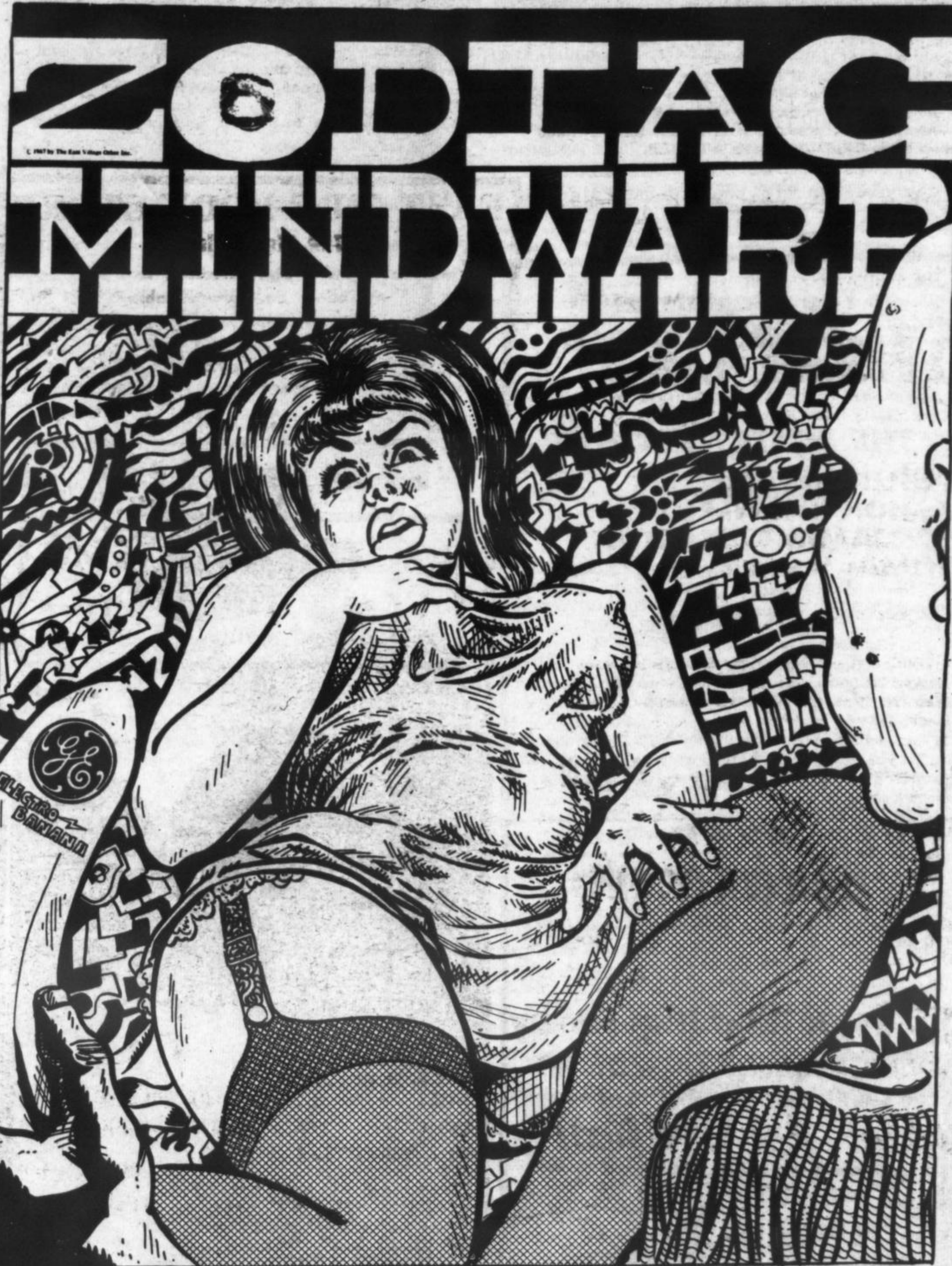
"The Deer Park" is now playing at the Theater de Lys on Christopher St., and I urge you to get down there and see it. If you despise the theater, for its dullness of mind, its shabby insight, its failure of nerve, try it just this once more. You might hate "The Deer Park" but I guarantee this: it certainly will not insult you." — Pete Hamill, N.Y. Post

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ZEN LESSON

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The next time you commit an unnatural act on an envelope, beware. The T-men will get you. It happened to Chuck Papke, a graduate in Zoology at UC. On the front of his VA envelope he drew in the form of a postmark an emblem which read: "Johnson's Vietnam War Makes Americans Puke". Then he sent it in.

Soon afterward, two brave agents of the Secret Service came calling on Chuck, armed with a Xerox copy of the letter. They said that drawing the postmark was an "unnatural act", and that they thought Papke was an "unnatural person".

They explained that it was their job to investigate such people as threaten the life of the President.

Papke pressed the pair as to the relevance of the postmark to Johnson's life. Larry Sheafe, one of the agents, said with a straight face, "If enough people puked on Johnson, it would kill him".

As Papke sat in stunned disbelief, Agents Griswald and Sheafe questioned him on his student status, membership in antiwar organizations, and possession of weapons.

The subject did not cooperate wholeheartedly, they commented that they would have to use "other means" to investigate him.

Papke has since been having trouble with his phone.

LONDON NARCO

London is losing its cool in response to reports that the addict population in England is growing and that the government is planning to add some restrictions to its previously lenient system, whereby the right of narcotics prescription will be limited strictly to clinics. Announcement of the coming curb on narcotics distribution caused a lively rise in the price of drugs on the London black market. Heroin, formerly stable at about \$2.80 a grain, now sells for \$4.00 or more and there is no top yet in sight. (It is still less than one third of the going price here at home.) Some British police officials think that the price rise is a sort of marketing test instituted by England's pushers to see what the traffic will bear and whether large scale illegal commercial operations may be feasible. This is just what the English system was designed to avoid in the first place.

American critics of British narco leniency have little reason to gloat however, since the number of England's addicts, although it has tripled over the last seven years, amounts to a quaint total of 1,300 as opposed to 150,000 or more in the U.S.

L.G.



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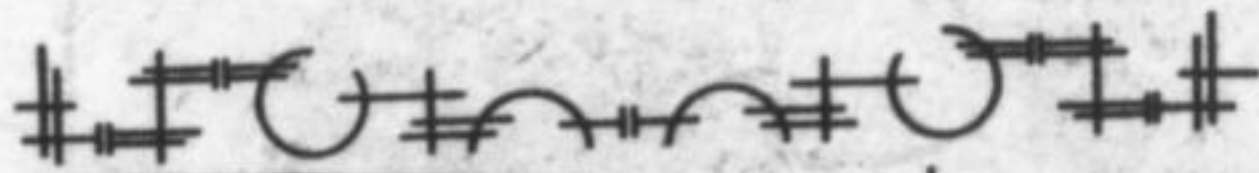
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DIALECTICS OF LIBERATION

By Lorraine Glennby

In London this July a group of respected experts on the mind and society will gather and try to draft a cultural emancipation proclamation to free man from the bonds of his increasingly complex technology and overly structured society. Calling themselves a Congress on the Dialectics of Liberation, sponsored by the London Institute of Phenomenological Studies, the main concern of the group is with the quality of life as it is experienced in societies that nurture all sorts of dehumanizing patterns of thought and behavior. As a spokesman for the Institute described it:

"All men are in chains. There is the bondage of poverty and starvation, the bondage of lust for power, status, possessions. A reign of terror is perpetrated and perpetuated on a global scale."

From the very start of our lives we are made the focal point of various systems of influence: family, school, 'higher education', government, and mass communication. Before one has a chance to think clearly for himself he is automatically installed with a mass of preconceptions like printed circuits manufactured under the brand names "ideology", "morality", "religion", etc. The individual is so processed that the original source of his PERSONAL being is drowned out by the static; he is left totally mystified as to who and what he is, what he is doing, and what is being done to him.

This tendency of modern culture to turn us into automatons also tends to undermine our sense of security, happiness, reason, and, as Dr. Erich Fromm has noted, to destroy our capacity for love. We become conditioned to live in a vortex of violence, illusion, perversion, hostility, and pretense. The greatest horror of the systems that induce this reduced state of existence is that they set up their victims in ways that condone all kinds of atrocities. What else can one call the bloody suppression of colonial peoples struggling to assert their independence; the herding into ghettos and systematized exploitation of the negro, the immigrant, and the poor; the pseudo-scientific selection and indoctrination of school-children; or the invalidation of a whole category of persons who refuse to conform, labeling them "criminal", "subversive", or "insane".

The insanity lies not with the 'deviants' but with the so-called "normal" millions who live without fuss in a profoundly abnormal society to which, if they were fully human, they would be UNABLE to adjust.

What can be done to turn off the robot and release

the man within so that he can fulfill his potential as a HUMAN and INDIVIDUAL being? An awakening has already begun in the West whereby whole segments of the youthful population have revealed a spiritual hunger, a recognition of the need for self-knowledge, and a consciousness of the universal bond or Oneness which underlies all things. But the time is ripe for humanisation everywhere.

What this involves is the stripping away of all the preconceptions and conditioned responses that have kept us from recognizing the true nature of things as they are and can be. Following this we will probably have to undergo a process of radical re-education bringing us close to the original principles of life and man's relation to the world around him. Perhaps we will have to begin with the rediscovery of our toes.

This then is the aim and the importance of the Dialectics of Liberation: to clarify the dynamics of our present condition and then, with this knowledge, to begin to search for ways in which to overcome or reshape it in the interests of humanity.

The Congress will convene for two weeks, from July 15-30, during which there will be a series of lectures in the mornings followed by discussions and seminars in the afternoons. Evenings and weekends will be taken up with various programs and productions such as poetry readings, films, and workshops in the arts as liberating media.

A partial list of the participants includes: Paul Goodman, sociologist and author of "Growing Up Absurd"; David Cooper, psychiatrist and director of the experimental unit "Villa 11" at Schenly Hospital for the treatment of young schizophrenics; poets and writers Allen Ginsberg, Allan Katzman, Ishmael Reed, and Jacob Lind; Jules Henry, Professor of Anthropology and Sociology at the Center for Advanced Studies at Stanford University; John Gerassi, Assoc. Professor of Political Science at NYU, journalist and specialist in Latin American Affairs; and Mircea Eliade, Professor of Comparative Religion at the Univ. of Chicago and a world authority on the mystical experience.

Anyone who wants to attend the Congress may do so by writing to the Institute of Phenomenological Studies, 65A Belsize Park Gardens, London NW3. There is a registration fee of \$45 to cover the costs of the Congress, which are presently being met by the Institute alone. Fee reductions will be considered for those who cannot afford it but who really want to be there, and it is also possible to pay in installments. Pretty reasonable for an apocalypse.

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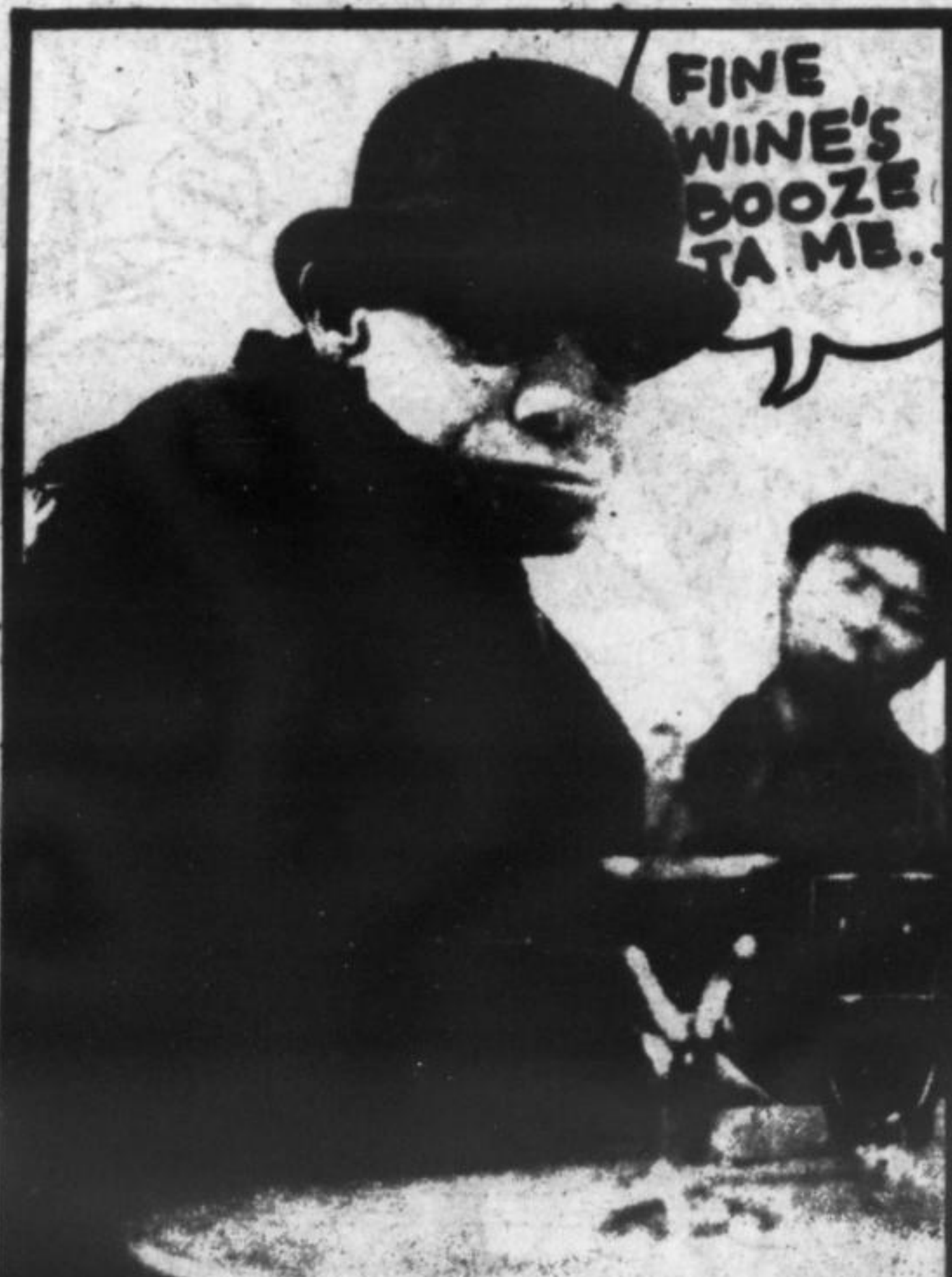
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EVERY Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday nite at 9PM. 50¢. Jon Talbot, late of Webster's New Word, rumored to be the famous Juan Moreno who disappeared from the flamenco scene 2 years ago, is heading in the stead of the capricious Emmett Lake, who is off in Ontario, or Miami with several hordes of teahoppers and camp followers. See recent issue of Broadside for "Westmoreland's thing", derived from infamous EVO article by the illusive Torgen Juul. Come to the Gallery Gwer.

The New York Kerista Club is meeting at the Wilkie Memorial Building, Feb. 27 at 8:00 P.M. 20 W.40 St. for the purpose of forming study enclaves. Dues: \$1.00

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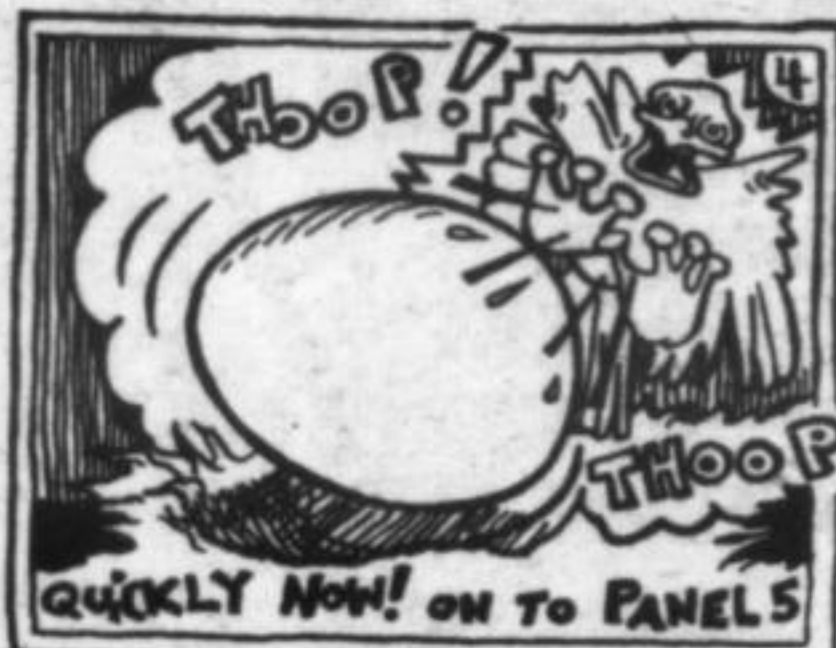
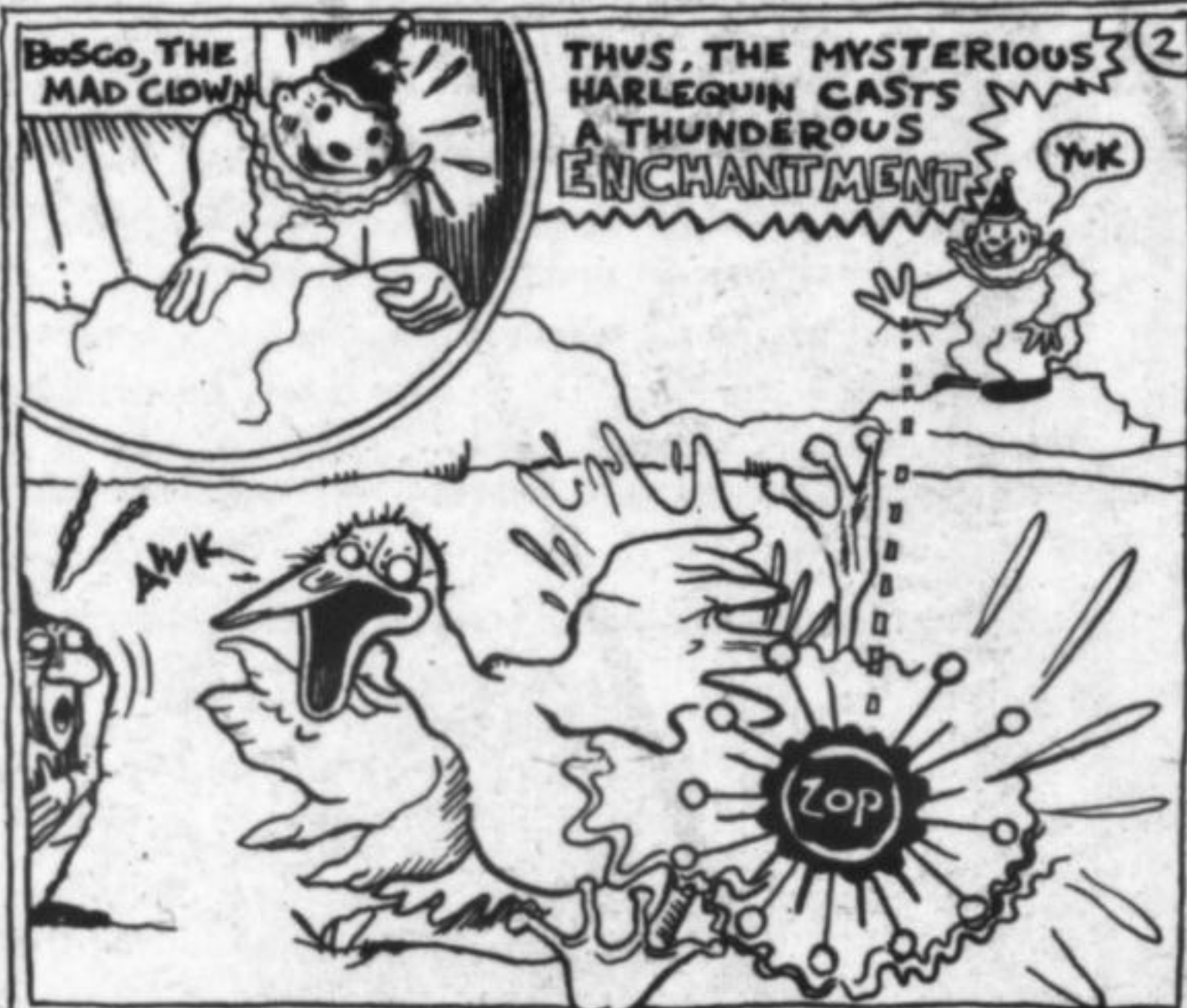
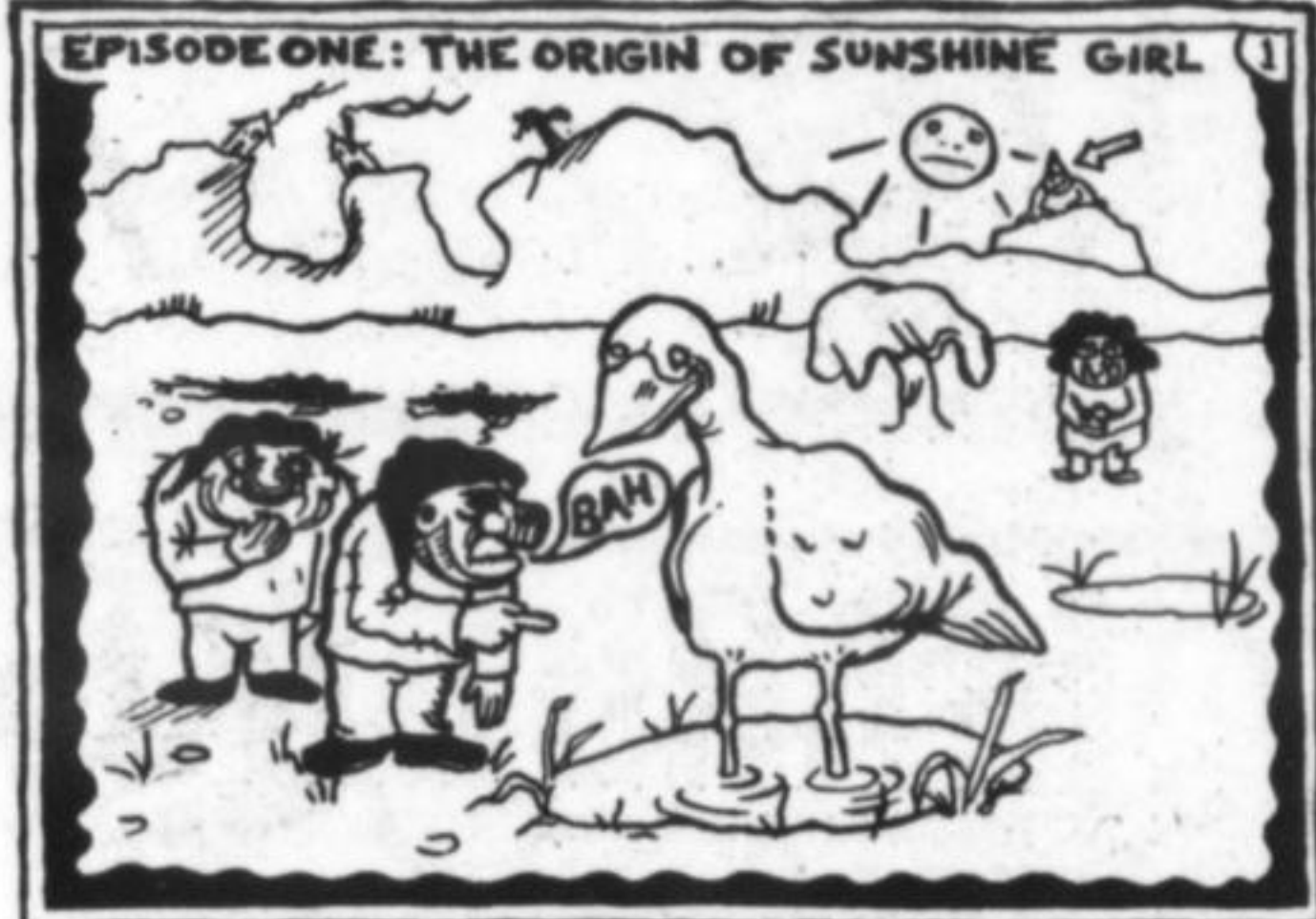
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To Be Continued Kim Deitch

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FREELOADER MONTHLY tells when each show breaks. B'way and off, art gallery opening parties, hotel cocktail/dinner INTER-TOAD, 200 W. 108, New York City 10028.



DEAL

STUFF

America's public welfare system will come under searching scrutiny at a "Teach-in" to be held from 1:00 to 9:00 p.m., February 26th, at the Ethical Culture Society (64th Street at Central Park West). Featured speakers include James Farber, formerly of CORE; Kenneth Clark, professor of psychology, CCNY; Robert Theobald, economist; George A. Wiblia University, Liberty, Columbia University, Aryeh Neier, New York Civil Liberties Union; and representatives of New York welfare recipient groups. Leon Hibb, the folksinger, will provide entertainment.

LEMPA, The Lower Eastside Mobilization for Peace Action, has moved its peace center to 105 Ave. B. It will be open every night for all souls, coffee, and. On Sat. afternoon, March 11, LEMPA is planning a Stop The Bombing rally in St. Mark's Church, and draft counseling will soon begin at the new center.

E.S.P. Kuda Bux demonstrates Fri. March 3, and Fri. March 10, at 8:30 and midnight, HELD OVER. 133 W. 4th St. Donation \$2.00. "Probably the most unusual thing you will ever see" of this strange Indian baffle medical science." Roald Dahl. Kuda lux is one of the most fascinating men we have ever met." Editors, Argozy Magazine.

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Is the answer to the question "What is the question for which the answer is the question?" "The question is the question?" "The question is what is the answer?"

THE SMALL PRESS REVIEW (quarterly) - news, features, reviews, quarterly "record" of small press / little magazine scene worldwide (3.50/year) / **LITTLE MAGAZINE DIRECTORY** (annual) - 800 listings (3.50/4 editions). **DUSTBOOKS**, Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif.

DO-IT! Ira au Canada, Alaska, et Californie du 15 Avril au 15 Juin. Cherchant 1 fille ymnopathique. Ecrivez a 1708 Race, Philadelphia. 1917?

TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP YOUR GUN. Send 10¢ for copy of "Uptight With The Draft?" or \$1 for "draft packet" that includes Handbook for C.O.'s. Write War Resisters League, Dept. C-1, 5 Beekman St, NYC 10038.

LSG-GUIDELINES Famous secret of 10,000 trips without mishap. A vest pocket Guru. Send \$1 to Box 397, Laguna Beach, California.



PERSONAL

GIRLS! WOMEN!--All shapes, ages, sizes; why be lonely, unfulfilled, dissatisfied with the men you now know or are unable to meet? For everyone there is someone (or more than one) who would meet your expectations, share your interests. The question is, where and how to meet him? If you are fed up with trying the "usual" ways and wondering when the guy is going to show up, you will be interested in an important new magazine in which you will leave the rest to us. We will send us your photo and give you a box number so you can screen your replies. Write Box P.M. c/o EVO, NOW!

P.S. I love you for what you're not, mostly. Your friend and mine.

AND

Couple, mid-30's, intelligent, relatively free of hang-ups, happily married, consciously aware of limitations of mutual creative relationships now seek their couples for intellectual enrichment and interchange of ideas. No nuts, please. Call CO7-2912 between 9 and 5, or write Bergman, Room 915, 150 Broadway, NYC.

Fun-loving Jewish girl wishes to meet attractive Jewish boy 20-22. Object: friendship. R.B., 59-11 Queens Blvd., Woodside, New York. Apt. 3E

Handsome artist, with bike and dig hip chick. Have traveled around the world, taught in several schools. Tired of New York-type paranoid hippy freak-out chicks. No strings attached. OR4-4132

Wanted: intelligent, beautiful girl, no hangups, to join me at the theatre, concerts, ballet, opera, and worthwhile causes. Cool cultured successful gentleman with interesting mid-town pad. Occasional travel to interesting places as my guest. Phone anytime and let's have dinner. C17-5812.

Male college student, 20, seeks female traveling companion for 3 month European trip this summer. My qualifications: attend name University, reasonably good looking (modest), read the EVO, interested in many things and seek new experiences. Your requirements: must be approximately the same age (more or less), must be interesting and possess a zest for life, good looks and intelligence are (need not say) definite assets, and must be willing to share expenses (on principle). While liberal (sexual, and so forth) and to me it's arbitrary whether this trip is high, medium or low budget. Interested individuals please write to: William Weston, 804 Kevin Road, Baltimore, 21229 Maryland

Intensely romantic music-lover (tschaikowsky, Chopin) 37, 6:10, 157, good job, seeks extremely bosomy, shapely, exquisitely fragilely feminine, quiet girl--marriage. Stan Berg, 2964 Brighton 12 St., Bklyn.

Bernie Klay's New York Folk Festival at St. Peter's Church, 346 W. 20th St., a Friday night occurrence, regrets the failure of Emmett Lake to show up on the 14th like he was supposed to. Would you believe he was in Barrie, Ontario, making a couple of thou a week? Neither would we. Catch Tony Saletan and Irene Kassoy on March 10th. One buck gets you in.

Struggling young film-maker seeking compatible chick. I'm a full-time postal clerk and I make and show 16 mm. films on weekends. I'm 32, 6'11", 220 lbs., attractive, highly intelligent and very talented, but it's true! My girl and I broke up after living together for a year-and-a-half and now I am often lonely and occasionally horny. (I am also a great lover, by the way.) I'd like to come home after work to a good woman. (I might as well try this ad in EVO bit, just for the hell of it. Who knows what may come of it?) Anyway, now is the winter of my discontent. Write to Marshall Anker, Box 1987, G.P.O., New York, New York 10001.

Joel Waldman Contact Art Fayer, American express, 6 Haymarket, London England re nothing at all other than love, contact and play.

Would enjoy welcoming charming woman (should probably be 25-30) to quiet Philadelphia weekends for insight into the life of a sparrow. Call 215-BE8-7366 (11-12 P.M.)

Young businessman seeks to provide financial support for creative, interesting girl, preferably active in or interested in the arts. Write: P.O. BOX 6, Cooper Station N.Y. 10003

Wanted: female figure model for photographer. \$5.00 an hour. Call 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. 295-4309.

NEEDED- Young girl models & girl go-go dancers--also young lady to help out in agency. Call--245-8086; 245-9886. Salary open--apply after 12 p.m. any day--144 W. 54th St. I flight up--Ask for Mr. Allen

Writer will rent acid or A-head not suffering from advanced paranoia, or too up tight to communicate. Object: book material. Call: 228-8891.

Would like to work for female employer. Call after 6 PM, Mon. to Fri. JE 6 - 5851.

I need several bright, dynamic idealistic girls to assist me with my creative enterprises. I'm the Chairman of THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE (one of New York's foremost literary workshops) and the founder of THE AGE OF FREEDOM, a brand new organization (which is dedicated both to attacking and reforming the SYSTEM because of its flagrant discrimination against creative writers and allied artists). I also use girls as hostesses at our fund-raising parties. Financial or other remuneration will depend primarily upon the individual girl plus my assets at the time she assists me. If you're seriously interested in my offer, please phone Herb Vernon at 473-5605.

Wanted: A voluptuous young harridan of neo-depravity orientation, preferably rich young African midget, though spiritual Americoid of equivalent revolting quality may be reconsidered. Temporary mutual body-loan is desired for revolting scheme involving projected motion to nearby spots which house chief points of Americoid sanity, D.C. and Boston, with counterbalance motion to more correctly warped areas, as Toronto. Body being offered for mutual aid plan is that of harmless paranoid-schizophrenic who shares N.Y.C., and is offering sequestration of East Village zoo unit, my apartment, with a graduated consideration of your no-good humanity, all appreciation of my worthless offer to be angled from the view point of the female applicant who has money to spend for purposes insane but not inordinately selfoid. Write or Telegraph box barf EVO 147 Ave. A N.Y., N.Y.



EMPLOYMENT

WANTED: Two Young Models A boy and girl within the ages of 9 and 12 with European or different type features. Both should have full head of hair and dark features. Boy's hair not beetle type but full-girl's hair preferably long. They are to be shot nude together for a workshop project of 1987--Project is to make a statement Purposes PLEASE CALL LT 1-3930 from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. ask for Mr. Manuel Gonzalez

Groovy chicks with faces and figures to match: why not model? IT'S GREAT! If you can qualify call 228-7965. Bashful or inhibited, forget it!

Answer the call to help plan Spring gathering in Central Park Phone: OR 4-2815 (Marion or Bill) after 6 p.m.

Wanted: female figure model for photographer. \$5.00 an hour. Call 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. 295-4309.

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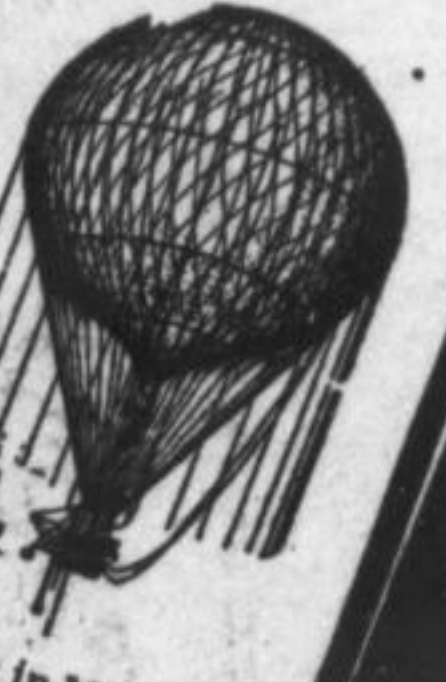
I'm leaving for Alaska in March. Would someone like to come with me? Steven O. Danielson. 516-AN 1-9429

Allen & Egor Remember Easter scene, Mahopac. Bring bedding and friends, cabins get cold. Take Rt. 9 to Route 6. EMO is coming with band.

Lower East side student would like female companionship on one two-week ski trip to Rock-les. Share expenses, driving. 203-661-8146 weekday evenings. Leave message.

FELLOWS--(over 18) (2) with drivers license for sales job. Day or evenings. Good salary plus bonus & advancement. Immediate: OR 4-5288

TRAVEL



ARE MENTAL



IMPATIENTS



INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP SKI JUMP IN THE HIGH ALPS, SHOWING RENE ACCOLA "TAKING OFF" IN

THE ENEMA?

