

east
village

THE ONE YEAR

VOL. 3, NO. 1

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25 cents outside N.Y.

15c

NOV. 15- 30

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Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE
 OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate)

The East Village Other is published semi-monthly at 105 Second
 Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$4.00 (24
 issues). Phone 228-8640.

JAYE AND THE KID.

New Species

Dear EVO:

Let the juice flow to the mind and act accordingly. It's there, it's all there. Many are invited but few are chosen. Have you been chosen? Only YOU know. It's not up or down or sideways, simply because up, down and sideways are only the transcendents of gravity. The tragedy of gravity. Funny thing that Sir Isaac Newton saw an apple fall and calculated gravity. Imagine the impact on history if he watched himself take a shit! Yes, shit always falls down because it is constantly being replaced.

But minds are sensing something—a Giant bigger than us all! This giant has the mind of all of us and one heart. All you have to do is plug in.

We are all standing in shit. All of us. Yet some of us are reaching for the sun. Some others are sinking-sinking into the shit to die. What a way to go. Speaking of going, are you gone? Why not? Go. Follow the Giant. Christ said: "Follow me, and leave the dead to bury their own dead." (Matt. 8/22).

It's all there and within you. All your fears, aspiration, ideas and loves are within you. How much have you been using your love?

If you are aware of what you love, the rest is work and dedication.

Hold up your arms, take a deep breath, and think of it all. And when you do, don't feel alone, millions of spirits and forces, within bodies, and without bodies, on this planet and on countless others are listening to your thoughts. If you listen, you can feel their vibrations. So look inward. Yes, turn on (with or without drugs), tune in (to the vibrations which suit you best) and drop IN (into yourself), because that's where it's at. And the only way to redeem it is a tedious process called love.

So let us all sit on our spiritual toilet bowls and release all that shit that's been building up over the centuries, because we are rising higher.

Love and flush,

Blade, alias Frederick F. Caruso

P.S.: "I dare a man to say I'm too young, for I'm going to try for the sun" — Donovan.

Cock Power

Dear EVO:

First let me say that DC was beautiful. I felt sorry for the SS Troopers, because the evil beings in the five sided outhouse had taken control of their brains.

I also propose a monumental and amazing show of flower power, war resistance and cock power over this coming Christmas vacation. We can take about seven million bodies and clog up the Midtown Tunnel in Queens. We could stop the wheels turning in the big money city.

Love,
 The Red Hornet
 (The King) and
 Also known as the
 Electric Solar System

Warning

Dear EVO:

Beware of that letter from L.A. inviting us all out to Highway 81 Iowa for the annual pot festival. Bad vibrations.

Four acquaintances of ours cruised out there during first week of September. They were ambushed and busted by off duty fuzz who "just happened to come by" (with some off duty news photographers to record the heroic exploit).

Our letter is sincere. The bust story was carried by the Rockland Journal News, Nyack, N.Y. and was heard on the radio.

Crusader Rabbit
 Super Jew



Psilocybin

Dear EVO:

Random Thoughts about Psilocybin and the Benefits of Growing it at Home

1. PS presents no chromosome danger—also, since indians have used it for 2000-3000 years with no observable bad effects, it will be difficult for the government to exaggerate its alarmism.

2. trips are: shorter, less fear, less fragmentation, smoother at the beginning, etc.

3. PS doesn't have a "bad press" yet—maybe to those who are hung on words, a 'new word' psychedelic would be a means of taking a new approach to the subject.

4. 'home grown' PS would give a standard amount, uncontaminated by 'A', LSD-24, etc., It would also be better appreciated (home grown food always tastes best, etc.)

5. characteristics which make PS preferable for home-growing to any other known psychedelic are a 12-14 day growing cycle, and the absence of a need for light (which means that it can be grown in complete concealment).

6. PS would eliminate time wasting dealing and copping and associated paranoia, burning mistrust, and money drain from people who could really use it (or do without having to work for it). The necessity of dealing with an unnatural heirarchy of suppliers is the prime obstacle to the achievement of heaven on earth, or at least sanity in the East Village.

7. elimination of this heirarchy of connections will make it impossible for the police to penetrate, infiltrate, spread, discover, bust, etc., since everybody will be self-sufficient. Also, they will have no cause for ever getting search warrants.

8. scare stories about and scarcity of LSD have contributed to a vast increase in the use of Methedrine, which is a terrible drug. The tide of 'A' must be rolled back before more people become 'victims'.

9. fungi-farming is much less likely to arouse public indignation than possessing drugs. It would be hard to write an indignant newspaper story about someone growing mushrooms. Mushrooms are inherently comic. 10. the only way, it seems, that we can obtain physical freedom for ourselves is to convert others by turning them on, since the authorities wont listen to reason and let us alone. Home-grown PS will greatly facilitate the revolution.

11. about the mechanics of growing the mold—a full introduction to the subject is needed, along with a very basic programmed text on the techniques of cultivation, storage, transfer, equipment required, etc. (perhaps head shops could sell kits containing a pressure cooker, tubes, jars, agar, distilled water(?) 'transfer loops', methanol, dextrose, yeast, etc.)

12. but the most important thing that could be done, which would radically alter the nature of the current (somewhat bringdown) scene, would be the distribution anywhere in this country of some 'mother-mold'. Within 6 months of that event, everybody would be making their own and giving it away, and society would no longer be able to intrude in our lives—in fact, recognizing the hopelessness of their situation, they might even be able to sit back and enjoy things (an added bonus!) If you personally don't feel like splitting to Mexico to get some mushrooms, at least pass this on—maybe you'll hit someone who will. Don't let society spoil our trip.

Press Address

Dear EVO:

Mr. Katzman's article "UNDERGROUND PRESS ADDRESS," contained in the latest issue of the EAST VILLAGE OTHER, had some important references to a very interesting operation known as the "Advertising Council."

This organization has an office over at 25 West 45 Street and it was created during the early years of the Second World War as a non-governmental agency (also tax-exempt) to promote rationing, war bonds, etc. Along with "public service messages," it promotes, these days, "BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS," "SUPPORT THE UNITED NATIONS," and a large variety of other things besides Smoky the Bear.

Fact is that it is a front operating group of a much more powerful organization called the COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS uptown at 58 East 68 St. on palatial Park Avenue. To this eminently respectable operation belongs just about everybody running the Vietnam war: Westmoreland, the military leader, Henry Cabot Lodge, past ambassador and none other than Robert Strange McNamara. Also in this club are the present ambassador to Vietnam and just about any other international financier and high level diplomat in the United States.

Well now, this is interesting. What does it all mean? It really puts a new light on the Vietnam

war, on the Korean war and also on the Congo war and World Wars I & II. The Council on Foreign Relations is in back of the United Nations and got it off to a start in 1945. Could it be that the very proponents of international peace are themselves the most avid napalmers? We shrink from the thought. But we leave the thought with you just the same.

Sincerely,
 Harold T. Chalfont
 INTERPLANETARY NATIONALISTS

Mother of Us All

Dear EVO:

I would like to correct a mistaken impression on the part of many disciples of truth and freedom who are pledged to redeem those that scorn to bow down before the beast. They believe that in the true religions the pentagon is held to be a symbol of evil in itself and thus should be exorcised. They have misunderstood the meaning of the pentagon, which is in fact sacred to the five-fold great goddess and mother of us all, known variously as the magna mater, the white goddess, kali, mary, the three fates, and eve—she is the mother of mankind and the dark womb that will receive us again at death. She will care for those who glory in life, but her revenge will be grim and relentless against those who have profaned her image and her children. Therefore we need not think of the pentagon as an evil thing, but we should help her by prayers that it should be purged of the blasphemers and the sacriligious. She will take care of the rest in her own time, and the warmongers shall eat their own flesh and roast their own seed in her avenging fire. She is all-powerful, but for those who love her, her service is perfect freedom. Until she comes, trust, hope, pray and let us worship life.

Love, love, love,
 Catherine
 Washington, DC

Boston Bullshit

Dear EVO:

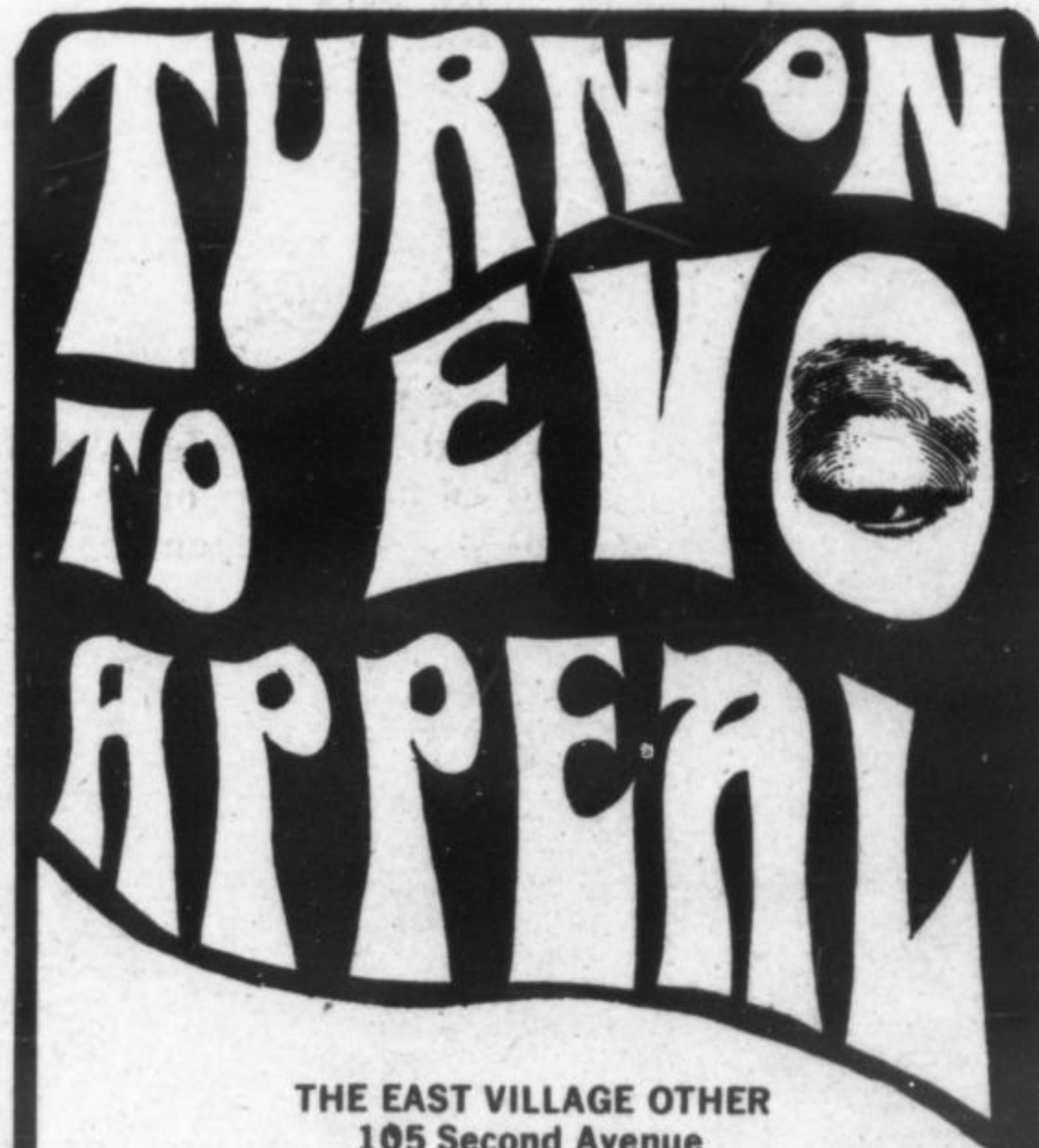
This past Sunday (Oct. 22nd) we held a "Feed-in/Love-in" on the Cambridge Commons, just outside Harvard Sq.—all was in protest of Mayor Daniel J. Hayes, Jr., of Cambridge, because of his "war on hippies." Sponsoring the Feed-in (where free food was given to 850) were the following groups:

Boston Diggers (Catalist Unlimited)
 (a) Cambridge Communications Comapny
 (b) Ad Hoc Committe Against Extreme Ignorance
 (c) Committee for Sensible Marijuana Legislation
 a,b,c, were all formed about 1 month ago, when the Diggers got busted, and Mayor Hayes (the asshole) declared his "war on hippies"—at the same time—Sunday Oct. 22nd—a massive smoke-in was held at the Boston Common, with 1,000 turning out—no arrests.

One thing that Mayor Hayes of Cambridge has done is to bring all hippies of the Boston area together in a tight bond—for this we say thank you Mayor Hayes (otherwise he's just a big fucking asshole who doesn't even know how to fuck!)

Charlie

ED GLICK & KEN McLAREN were inadvertently omitted from the photographers' pool credits for the previous issue.



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OF A COMMUNITY BUILT AROUND THE HUB OF A
CHURCH THAT IS THE NUMEROLOGIC WORD/IDEA
PROGRESSION REVEALED THRU LANDSCAPE

by Richard Gosselin

THE BUILDING

1. The church lies in the center
2. On the hill where people stand
ushered out of the wind

3. The real numbers are like flowers
and the dawn breaks smoothly upon the mind
4. The relation of stars, the musical tides,
drift into warmth of day . . .

17. The purple tablecloth
and the purple gloves nearby
reminds you it is after the funeral,
with a bowl of the planetary soup,
and bread.
Outside, the sun illumines the blood & fire of
the leaves.

5. The sun shines thru the open dome of the
church roof
6. It is morning that moves over paper & grass
7. & the body growing luminous thru the
symbolic hole in the eye.

16. The chair creaks beneath you.
You look around but where are you?
You study the lines of the room to perceive some
pattern known to you
But no voice comes or body moves
as you sit surrounded by motionless physical
objects.

8. Up from the bottom of the ground
a drum of light
is beating in the circular dark
rings without-change
Bringing about the Soul

OF A CHURCH

15. Down the hall, noise of guns & ravaged
hulks of steel and huge clatter of seas,
finds its way into the silence of the steaming
soup

9. Then the real sky opens
and once again the sun
glows from the center of the one atomic calm.

14. The noise of guns & ravaging hulks of steel &
huge
clattering seas at war
goes on for a long time, then
drops away as easily as it came

10. Your turn. You turn, and the soft morning
turns
the window . . . You are seeing the house where
you were
born is the place where you have died
between the rhythm of glass hours.
And you knock upon the door of an archway

13. His turn. He turns and says: 'Not only cold
but alone' in a room full of ghost ships
in a curious naval duel;
shooting the dark waves with ice
boats above the heads of Evil's Captain rowing . .

God is home, and answers: 'Who are you?
I am the strange one, homeless. Then come in
come in . . . the walls being lined with unborn
diamonds
and the extra centuries of creation. You sit on
the side of the familiar planet
sip quietly from a cup and say: Isn't it cold?

IN THE MORNING

AMERICA'S TROJAN NIGHT



MARE IN SIKKIM

THE AUTHOR

Mr. Ady, a British-born Orientalist who lived in Asia for 22 years, made his first acquaintance with Central Asia as The Rangoon Times representative with the Vernay Anthropological Expedition to Northern Burma in 1935. In World War II he served as a British intelligence and counter-intelligence officer in India and S. E. Asia. A member of the Royal Central Asian Society and a contributor to its Journal, he has also written for other publications on Asian affairs. He now resides in Los Angeles.

TIMETABLE FOR TAKEOVER

In a series of moves that are fraught with yet greater danger for a world already threatened with uncontrolled escalation of the war in Vietnam, the United States appears to be bringing to fruition in Sikkim a scheme which could well have been set in motion in 1963, with the marriage of Washington debutante Hope Cooke to Palden Thondup Namgyal, the then Crown Prince, now Chogyal (King), of the strategically situated Himalayan kingdom.

Signs have recently appeared which presage a sudden acceleration of what seems to be emerging as a delicately laid plan to wean Sikkim away from its protectorate tie with India and establish over it an American hegemony, and, this done, to invest the country with U.S. nuclear weaponry poised to strike at either or both of China and Russia.

Gateway to Chinese-controlled Tibet, by which it is bordered on the north and east, and connected to trade routes with India to the south, Bhutan to the southeast and Nepal to the west, 2,748 sq. mi. Sikkim, much of its area more than two miles above sea-level, is in a dominating position at the edge of the "roof of the world," to which China proper and the USSR are contiguous. From nuclear sites in Sikkim, could be hit with optimum accuracy western China's principal cities and nuclear installations, as also strategic targets in Asiatic Russia.

If the signs speak correctly, the American timetable and the MODUS OPERANDI for implementing it are approximately as follows:

(I) the persuading of the Chogyal to renounce the 1950 Treaty of Protectorate with India, and declare Sikkim a sovereign independent state, thereby opening the way for direct U.S.-Sikkim diplomatic relations (1967).

(II) the signing by the Chogyal of an agreement to accept U.S. economic and military assistance, followed by the rapid influx into Sikkim of U.S. Government agencies with the avowedly altruistic purpose of assisting in the country's transition from a constitutionless monarchical oligarchy to a constitutional monarchical democracy (1967-68).

(III) the urgent appeal by the Chogyal to the U.S. Government to provide all possible military assistance to defend the country against alleged Chinese "border invasions" and "threats of invasion" (1968).

(IV) the successful culmination of American diplomatic blackmail of India into permitting the passage of U.S. forces and armaments across Indian territory to Sikkim, under threat of cutting off desperately needed food shipments and financial aid, and of supplying Pakistan with the means to attack India (1968-69).

(V) the continuing build-up of a U.S. military concentration in Sikkim, complete with B52 bomber bases and nuclear missile installations (1969-70).

The American militarization of Sikkim would serve the dual purpose of, firstly, presenting a counter-threat to western China against any threatened Chinese move toward entering Vietnam in the event of the war's prolongation, and, secondly, of establishing yet another peripheral base in the arc of encirclement which now threatens China from South Korea as far as Thailand. Not only could American ICBMs from Sikkim easily destroy the cities and military installations of western China, but U.S. ground forces could, by intruding into Tibet and inciting restive elements in the population to rebellion, necessitate the enormous reinforcement by China of its army of occupation in Tibet. For the achievement of America's purpose, it is not necessary that either of these courses of action actually be taken, it is only necessary that the imminent possibility of their being taken be held as a pistol to China's head. Or so the U.S. Government appears to believe.

U.S. BLACKMAIL OF INDIA

The most serious impediment to the U.S. plan is India. But India's resistance, whether to the unilateral revocation by Sikkim of the Treaty of Protectorate, or to American pressure to permit the traversing of Indian territory by the U.S. military, or both, has little chance of surviving American economic blackmail. This has already been exemplified by India's submission to U.S. pressures, not to give expression to her sympathy for North Vietnam by trading with that country. Declared V. K. Krishna Menon, former Indian Ambassador to the United Nations and trusted lifelong friend of the late Jawarhalal Nehru, speaking of the U.S. Food for Peace Act of 1966, which restricts trade with North Vietnam and Cuba for countries receiving free U.S. food shipments:

"It is the worst humiliation that the country could ever face. It is the total surrender of our own self-respect and the humble submission to a calculated humiliation imposed on us...It is a clever game of politics by applying pressures on our stomachs."

And the defenselessness of India's monetary system against U.S. economic blackmail is well illustrated in the following excerpt from the June, 1966 issue of EXPORT, official Journal of the British Institute of Export:

"It seems that the Americans have, at last, secured their pound of flesh from India, in the form of the 36 per cent devaluation of the rupee, announced on 5th June. The India-Pakistan war, last autumn, provided the opportunity to suspend American Aid and, presumably, to make its restoration conditional upon 'sound,' 'orthodox' financial and fiscal practices, as prescribed by Washington."

It is, with further reference to the India-Pakistan war of 1965, worth noting that, as a by-product of U.S. skulduggery, Pakistani forces sank to such a level of amoral savagery as to use napalm against Indian

civilians (as officially admitted in Rawalpindi in September, 1965). Napalm is one of the benefits of American democratization, of which Sikkim has yet to gain first-hand knowledge.

THOROUGHBRED TROJAN MARE

The part which is being played by Hope Cooke in the American subversion of Sikkim is likely to unfold as one of the most intriguing ever written for the stage of international diplomacy. For it could well transpire that the Americans contrived to introduce their thoroughbred mare into Gangtok as did the ancient Greeks their wooden horse into Troy, and for the same strategic purpose.

Descended from an ancestry that goes back to the "Mayflower" Pilgrims, Hope Cooke was born in San Francisco, June 24, 1940, the only child of John J. and Hope (Noyes) Cooke. Soon after Hope's birth, her parents were divorced, and, with the death of her mother in a plane crash two years later, she entered the custody of her maternal grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Winchester Noyes, prominent socialites of Massachusetts and Seal Harbor, Maine. Their deaths put her, at the age of 14, in the guardianship of her aunt, Mary, wife of diplomat Selden Chapin. In 1955, when Chapin was appointed U.S. Ambassador to Iran, Hope accompanied him and his wife to Teheran. Her schooling there discovered in her a predilection for Eastern cultures.

How Hope Cooke came to meet the Crown Prince of Sikkim is a subject which has become so confused in the reportage of the news media and in the gossip of the Washington circles that make the news, as to invite speculation as to whether the trail has deliberately been covered or falsified. The official, preferred version - to which Hope herself elected to give substance, in a story she had published in McCALL'S magazine of September, 1963 - now seems to be that they first met in the Himalayan hill station of Darjeeling, India, in the summer of 1959. However, several early accounts, as well as Hope's story in McCALL'S, make reference to a two-weeks visit to India which she made with her Aunt Mary in the summer of 1957. Exactly where it was that they went in India, Hope herself conspicuously omits to say, but in earlier issues of NEWSWEEK, TIME, LIFE, and other media, there occur references to her having visited "the Himalayas" - with which, according to one report, she came away "enchanted." As a two-weeks visit to the Indian subcontinent would hardly have afforded time to go elsewhere than the remote Himalayas, it may be assumed that the Himalayas were the express objective of the trip. Was it, in fact, inaccessible Sikkim to which Hope and her aunt went? And, was it the express purpose of the trip to introduce the blossoming, auburn-haired, blue-eyed girl of 17 to the newly-widowed 34-year-old Crown Prince of Sikkim? That the Prince's wife, an hereditary Tibetan princess, had died - in childbirth, it is said - early in 1957, is mentioned by Hope in her McCALL'S story (though an item under "Men and Events" in the LOS ANGELES TIMES of April 11, 1965 has it that she died in 1959, which would have



The most significant consequence of The American illusion has been in the area of judgment. Illusion paralyzes reason; in fact, it is not love which blinds but illusion. Modern suggestive techniques have intensified the illusion and have created false values, and interests which people have to defend. In other words, illusion fosters a kind of resistance to new ideas, typically a stereotyped public opinion. It insidiously worms its way into the root and stem of democracy and freedom, because when reason is blurred, freedom loses its meaning, and when the power of judgment is blurred, democracy loses its meaning. In a democracy, judgment is even more important than freedom.

Furthermore, illusion creates double standards and values and develops in people a kind of "double-thinking," which breeds misjudgment and cultivates contradictory attitudes in man, which, in turn, contribute to schizophrenia and other maladies. For instance, suggestive techniques are used to intensify the negative qualities of the enemy (in the illusory period Soviet Russia was the image), then the community gradually develops a kind of invisible fear, out of the hate of such an image. Society or groups in society feel that the hostile image is pursuing them; they avoid the image, build resistance toward it, and if the opportunity arises they attack it. One can equate this condition to that of a paranoid individual, with the one difference that it is possible to unstitutionalize the individual but a paranoid group, once it gets under way, can seldom be reoriented, and often circumstances give it prominence in history. The origin of every social revolution, the beginning of religious wars in Europe and the two World Wars must be understood, in part, as the culmination of paranoid tendencies in a group of people. When such a human situation relates itself to fanatic beliefs, as in Nazi Germany, it becomes very destructive and darkens the whole historical epoch.

Fortunately, the prevailing paranoid atmosphere toward the Soviet Union has weakened greatly since 1952 and in the case of China has not yet received emotional support from the politically awakened youth, whom politicians cannot fool as easily as youth of a decade ago. Therefore,



DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

the balance between suggestive psychological warfare and the state of youth's awareness provides an outlet for constructive action, a development I shall discuss in the next two chapters. Here I wish to emphasize that when mass public opinion is formed in any society, people unconsciously consider it as truth and prepare to rise to its defense. Under such an illusion their weaknesses justify their cause. The intensity of a group's belief in an illusion determines the extent of their sacrifice. The Aztecs are supposed to have sacrificed 20,000 men in one day in order to protect themselves, and we all know that the Germans slaughtered millions to justify Hitler. Now Americans are wasting their youth, wealth and energy to prove that de Gaulle and the French were wrong. The current view is that Hanoi is wrong, China is wrong, the Buddhists are wrong, the people of South Vietnam are wrong and only a puppet government and a handful like McNamerra are right. In actuality, however, the situation of the Vietnam people is like that of the lamb who was attacked by a wolf: A hunter saw the helpless lamb and saved her from the wolf. But at night he sharpened his knife to slaughter the lamb, and in her last breath, the lamb cried, "Fellow, I did not know you were my wolf!"

When a group of people must defend themselves irrationally, they gradually fall into a condition where their aim is to justify their hostile destructive acts while at the same time claiming self-righteousness and innocence. They accuse the enemy of great destructive force; they exaggerate his power in order to justify increasing their own power. They make the enemy appear as a devil. For instance, people in the East even today do not differentiate the interest of Western industrialists and profit makers from the creative and visionary men of the same society. They do not differentiate between the government's policy and general hard working peaceful people. Likewise due to this historical illusion Westerners often feel that whatever comes from the East is inferior and whatever comes from people related to the unkind image should be disapproved of. In America such a

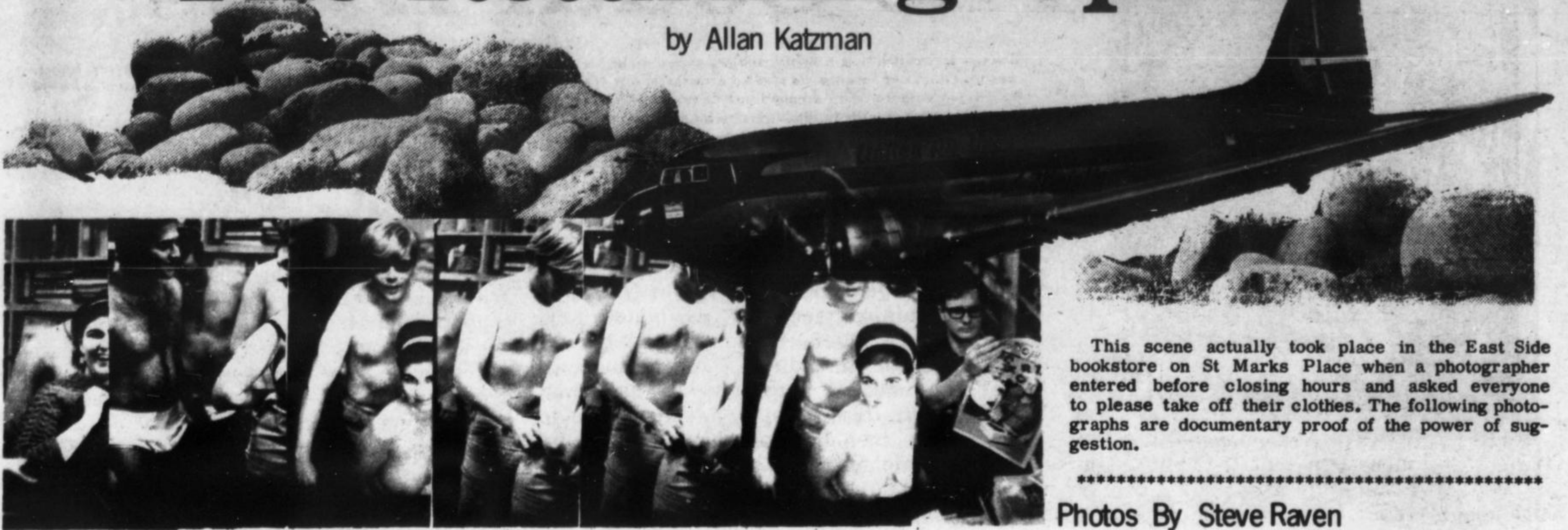
stereotypic public opinion has also been intensified in recent decades by the feeling that the American way is the best, and that Americans are working for a noble cause and defending people's rights. Such one-sided views seek to divide the world into black and white and breed mistrust—a state which can never contribute to a situation where one can communicate without fear. It obstructs the preparations for peace. It also contributes to a lack of security, the result of defensive characters who must lie, double-think and double talk in order to succeed.

Furthermore, the rise of illusory clouds in the clear sky of the United States in the period 1946-1960, blurred the American sense of prediction and did not permit them to anticipate the rising historical revolution in Asia and Africa. In fact, the U.S. has been the most reactionary force, not only concerning this movement but also in supporting brilliant ideas from the age of Renaissance in the East. The U.S. has been as conservative and rigid as the Soviet Union, although in terms of her historical heritage she should be the champion of rising nations. Is this due to a sense of historical pre-decay? Or is it due to a lack of desire for required change? Or due to lack of trust in such a change? Whatever the causes of these attitudes, they have been the unconscious forces which have made the U.S. lose the greatest opportunity for leadership in the world. Only now can we clearly see the historical trends of the twentieth century and also see the events which have claimed error as truth and therefore failed. It is only now that the age of further awareness is unfolding itself, and at the same time revealing the consequences of the illusion which Truman and Eisenhower left as a legacy.

It was the lack of motive power of this illusory mechanism which finally brought Kennedy to the attention of the people. The rise of Khrushchev, de Gaulle, and Kennedy to a certain extent, brought the U.S. face-to-face with reality, although the champion of this American national realism was lost to eternity.

PP's The Returning Sphere

by Allan Katzman



This scene actually took place in the East Side bookstore on St Marks Place when a photographer entered before closing hours and asked everyone to please take off their clothes. The following photographs are documentary proof of the power of suggestion.

Photos By Steve Raven

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH — The flower bed outside Salt Lake City Hall was going to pot, city officials discovered Thursday. A team of rather grim reapers — headed by Mayor J. Bracken Lee — dourly supervised removal of three marijuana plants from amid the city's well-groomed blossom patch.

Quito, Ecuador — A controversy is raging because a foot powder named Pulvapies was elected mayor of a town of 4100.

A foot deodorant firm decided during recent municipal election campaigns to use the slogan: 'Vote for any candidate, but if you want well-being and hygiene, vote for Pulvapies.'

On election eve, it followed up its advertising with nationwide distribution of a leaflet the same size and color as the official ballot reading, 'For Mayor: Honorable Pulvapies.'

When the votes were counted, the coastal town of Picoaza elected Pulvapies by a clear majority and dozens of other voters in outlying municipalities had marked their ballots for it.

The estimate of 40 per cent of soldiers sympathetic with the demonstrators quoted by LNS recently may have been an underestimate, according to the two GI's who made the original estimate (EVO Vol 2 #4 Interview with Paratroopers).

"The two GI's returned here to report that, in their barracks, very few of the men agreed with the one who said 'We should burn hippies and not draft cards,' and many were now openly sympathetic with the peace movement.

On the Wednesday following the demonstrations, all of the troops who guarded the Pentagon were assembled to be commended for the job they had done and the restraint they had shown, the two soldiers said.

The troops were read a telegram from Chief of Staff Harold K. Johnson which said, 'Each and every one of you (is congratulated) on the outstanding job that you accomplished this weekend during the Washington demonstrations.'

"Wouldn't it be a pisser if he found out that everyone was for the demonstrators,' one trooper commented."

Senator James O. Eastland recently inserted copies of correspondence and documents into the Congressional Record which were stolen from Convention Headquarters in Chicago and the National Conference for New Politics in New York. In so doing, he announced an intention of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee to investigate the National Conference for New Politics and its local, state and regional chapters and affiliates — and may include organizations represented at the Convention.

NCNP and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party have as a result filed a half million dollar damage suit against the Senator and his associates.

Anyone interested in having a mailing list of organizations opposing the War in Vietnam, 50¢, write to Central Committee of Correspondence, P.O. Box 307, Pennington, New Jersey 08534.

Anyone going from New York to San Francisco can get spiritual assistance, a place to stay and help in straightening out of their east coast uptightness, once they arrive in S.F. Just write I. Power & FRIENDS, L)%% Fell St., S friends, 1055 Fell St., San Francisco or tel. 621-1663. They are sincere but would rather not be troubled with interstate runaways and other law hangups.

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 - 1 Bill of Particulars for the Impeachment Trial of President Lyndon Baines Johnson by the United States Senate
 - 100 Personal Impeachment petition post cards to the Speaker of the House of Representatives
 - 20 "Impeach 'Bomber' Johnson" buttons
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To use the kit all you do is distribute the petition post cards and sell the buttons for 25 cents and the bumper stickers for 50 cents. State and city sales taxes have been prepaid by Peace Machines, Incorporated. You take in \$10.00 leaving you a profit of \$2.50 over the single kit price of \$7.50. The petition post card can be filled in by anyone and they give people who are too young to vote or who are discriminated against or foreign citizens a chance to "vote" for impeachment of President Johnson for the price of a 4 cent stamp. Order your kit by sending a check or money order for \$7.50 each or \$5.00 each for quantities of 10 or more.

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A summary and analysis of the New Immigration Regulations by the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, 658 Spalina Avenue, Ontario has just been published by the above. Anyone interested in Draft dodging should contact them immediately to clarify their status under the new Canadian immigration laws.

Interesting letter from one of our readers:
"Thought you best warn readers about Rudyard Kipling's ACID days.
"Material"

...
I run eight hundred hens to the acre
They die by dozens mysteriously...
I am more doubtful concerning my Maker.
Why has the Lord afflicted me?
What a return for all my endeavor —
Not to mention the L.S.D!
I am an atheist now an for ever,
Because this God afflicted me!...

from "Natural Theology," p.396, Rudyard Kipling's Verse, (1885-1918), Doubleday, Page & Co. (1919).
Hang on tightly,
Robert M. King
Antioch Student Union
Yellow Springs, Ohio
September 28, 1967"

The new mid-town Digger free stre is located now at 34th Street & 6th Avenue. Macy's now features free food on the 8th floor of her food department. Anyone interested in a succulent palatial fare would do their stomachs an injustice if they passed it up.

The "EYE," the new Hearst 'Hippie' publication has run into title trouble. It seems that "EYE" is the trademark and copyright of Yale Universit. The school has seen fit to bring injunction proceedings against Hearst.

A Runaway Fund has just been recently established for needy desparate runaways who need free cash. Write to the Runaway Fund, Box 246, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

Last week I was riding in a cab (a rare treat) and the driver had a radio which was tuned to WINS, the all news station. The reporter told of a man in New Jersey who, that morning, had shot his wife and three or four children and then himself. This elicited no response from my temporary chauffeur. The newsman went on to say that the police had found the family dog in the basement, shot thru the head. At this point I commented that the fellow had been quite thorough. The driver then said, "he hadda be crazy. Nobody shoots a dog!"

The Modern Utopian, a UPS member, has just published their Directory of Social Change which includes names and addresses of intentional communities, psychedelic churches, scientific mate-matching and social change agencies. Send \$1 to the Modern Utopian, Tufts University Post Office Box 44, Medford, Mass. 02153.

Paul Krassner, off off Broadway realist, is looking for a girl head-high, romantic, rebellious, and able to make laugh. Paul will be taking off in a couple of weeks from his unofficial duties to write a movie. Any beautiful, sensual, intelligent girl need apply. Holding his hand is unnecessary. Write to Paul, Box 379, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York 10009.

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David Antin, Autobiography. At the title suggests, these are informal recollections and collages by the well-known Brooklyn poet. \$0.80

George Brecht, Chance-Imagery. This 1957 article remains the basic one for the techniques and philosophy of chance in the arts. \$0.80

John Cage, Diary: Change the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse) Part 2 (1947). The latest in a series of essays in which Cage reflects lyrically on social questions. Printed in two colors structured by chance by the author. \$1.50

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Wolf Vostell, Berlin and Phenomena. Two characteristic Decollage-Happoning scenarios by Europe's best-known Happoner. \$0.80

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Swan's Way: The South Dives

(DAVID LLOYD-JONES is a British subject who until last month was a resident of Toronto. He studied architecture at the University of Toronto, then dropped out to take up writing and travelling. He has written film and television scripts, the latter for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, and reports for the Canadian Department of Industry. He has also been published

in several Canadian magazines and was involved in the founding of the controversial Toronto journal, *This Magazine is About Schools*. He is 24 years old. This article was written for Liberation News Service, Washington, D.C. for limited distribution in the U.S. to member-owners of the service.)

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas — It is a truism of journalism that it is not meant to report events, just the way events and people react to being watched. This is nowhere truer than in the rural South. To spend a week in Arkansas and three days in the village of Strong near the Louisiana border, is not to be able to tell what these places are like or how their people think. It is merely to be able to write, with whatever objectivity one can manage, how their people react to a long-haired stranger who drives a car with Mississippi plates and speaks with a strange accent.

And what objectivity one can manage is problematical. To visit and talk to the people of a small Southern town is to suspend normal logic, normal thought processes. For a Canadian who has been working in the U.S. only a few days, Strong, Ark. is bizarre, an exercise in the surrealistic, a step into a different world.

The logic of Strong makes it normal for people to carry handguns, and occasionally wave them in one's face. I had guns pointed at me twice in two days in the South, but did not notice until I got back to the comparative normality of Little Rock that there was something odd about the fact. At the time, it seemed in keeping, not odd or shocking, and certainly far from frightening. It is only on reflection that it occurs that "equalizers" are good for nothing but shooting people.

The logic of Arkansas is such that one has two separate conversations with every black person one talks to. The first is ordinary, introductory conversation: "We is making good progress... The white folks never done me no harm. 'Sep the Klan, there ain't no bad white folks, and there's good and bad in both races."

Rap Brown is ceremoniously equated with the Klan, and one is dutifully thanked for having passed the Civil Rights Acts. After a while, one gets to the second conversation, one that, for all I know, is as arbitrary and contrived as the first; bitterness, resignation and discouragement replace deference and optimism as themes, the affectations varying with the speaker's assessment of the listener.

"In 1968, they said that by 1967, we'd be all done with this mess. Now it's 1967, and we're still just chewing at the cud. The negro have been patient, and the negro have been willing to forget the past, but it sure is mighty hard sometimes. It sure is mighty hard."

This is an example of the second kind of speech: it would be pretentious to say "after the establishment of trust."

The speaker is the Rev. G. L. Evans. He works in the Georgia Pacific plywood plant a few miles down the road from Strong, "truck patches" a few acres of peanuts, can and greens for food and a little cash, and preaches at the Christian

Methodist Episcopal Church. As minister of the church he gets \$38 a month, for preaching Christ, salvation, and civil rights. The first two get rather more emphasis than the third, for Evans has a tight grasp on reality.

His home is a four- or five-room unpainted shack, a little larger than the average two-car garage. It is a Negro custom that houses are left unpainted on the outside to the white man's eye, but kept clean, comfortable and functional on the inside. His home, like that of other blacks I visited, had a crucifix on the wall, a television set blaring for the kids, and a kitchen: shelves and fixtures built by the man of the house.

That the man builds and woman keeps clean in the face of the all-pervasive delta dust and endless train of children running in and out, is not to say that the place is livable, really: a two-car garage is a two-car garage. But the best had been done with it.

That one can talk to any white man at all, is probably only possible because of the suspicion that anyone who drives a rented car is "in the government bizzness." "Ah went up to the top of the hill and radioed a two-eight and a two-nine on that car as soon as you got into town," the local cop told me a couple of days later. "If it was a stolen, I woulda had you in jail before you woulda known what a happened."

J. U. Nash, the policeman, is what is known to the "culud folks" as "one sure sorry whiteman." That each race has a full catalogue of typecastings for the other, is one of the symbols of the profundity of accommodations made to the Southern Way of Life, which is to say racism, church going, and suspicion of outsiders. That there is less suspicion among blacks than among whites, is indicative either that the present way of life has less hold on them, or that they are resigned to anything that comes their way without any interest in being suspicious.

The first is more likely: the ubiquitous television set brings the outside world to both black and white, but to the black it brings news that the world is changing. All the white finds out is that the outside world is as threatening as he suspected, or as he was told in church.

The first time I saw Nash was within seconds of arriving in Strong, as I drove down the main street looking for a phone book to check out the names I knew from HEW dockets in Washington. He was sitting in his car in front of the Corner Cafe (Meals, Drink Coca Cola, Snacks), a cigar in the corner of his mouth — his expression that of passive suspicion, uptight but sedentary.

Not the least among the reasons for his generalized unhappiness with the world, I later learned, was the fact that the town council only bought him a 379 cubic inch Ford. Anybody he would have any reason to chase in Strong packs over 400 cubes. Two or three hundred dollars a month and a .38 to wave at strangers are the other trappings of his status.

Merchants have these small towns incorporated in the hope of attracting business to broaden the tax base. Policemen are one of the encumbrances they tolerate.

In a pinch, they call the state troopers or use their own guns.

For the next few days, Nash earned his salary as a communicator: within a couple of hours, he knew every place and person I visited and put in on the grapevine. By the time I got around to meeting the town liberal, he was able to ask me why I took so long to get to him.

When I finally spoke to Nash, it was with the courage of liquor in me. Old Forester with Orange Crush chaser, proffered first in the back of the hardware store, later with friends, black, sitting on the front stoop of a gas station. Nash drew up in his car — across the road — and I sauntered over.

We shake hands and he smiles a welcome. The social gavotte is such that smiles cover everything. I join him in the car and we chat about speeders, bootleggers and the like. Protocol dictates that neither of us mention schools, which is a subject the whole town knows I've been asking too damn many questions about.

But he enjoys paying out the mythology of the town. An important item of faith for Arkansans, is that the state has more REAL millionaires than anywhere else. A "real" millionaire is supposed to be someone who owns a million dollars' worth of bonds or land, as opposed to a Northeast millionaire, whose value is based on stocks, capital gains, earnings, and other such ephemera.

As I walked away from his car after a few minutes of socializing, he made a gruff Pooh-bear-like sound. I turned and he was standing, leaning on the car door. "That's a big rented car you've got there. I'd advise you to get it back to Little Rock right quick tonight." He pulled out his gun and swayed it vaguely in my direction. "And if I catch you doing anything, I'll fetch you in right quick." He was smiling, and I grinned back. "I'm sure you will, sir," I replied, in the phony Southern accent I was picking up despite myself.

We shook hands with an exaggerated friendliness, and another unnecessary gavotte had been danced.

II

The schools of Strong, Ark. are about a mile and a half apart, the white one on a paved road at the east end of the village, the black one on a clay-dust road just outside the western limit. As with everything else in this incredible little world, the differences are so obvious they astound, while being so taken for granted they seem natural.

To the vice-principal of the black Gardner school, nothing could be further from mind than the idea of school desegregation. His main moment-to-moment worry is keeping kids from fighting in study hall and shouting in the corridors. As a counsellor, he is called up to read "free-choice forms" to semi-literate parents. These forms ask parents to indicate school they wish to enroll their child in, and they form the basis of the school superintendent's claim that "We've opened up the door to the culud folk. Now all they've got to do is walk through it."

"I just tell them what the form says,"

PHIL OCHS

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS... there really are no words to be wrung from an adman's skills to decorate the art of a poet who dyes his mind in music and makes it sing and dance to the meter of humanity's joys and follies. PHIL OCHS is a poet who has stretched his art beyond the accepted limitations of the industry of recorded sound. There are few words now...nor next week. Nor ever. PHIL OCHS (and what and who and why he is) is all there in the album; even the word "album" is inadequate. What PHIL OCHS has created is a movie without pictures. See it in the nearest drive-in (which is your own mind).

Look outside the window—there's a woman being grabbed.
They dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain.
But Monopoly is so much fun—I'd hate to blow the game...

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain...

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops—

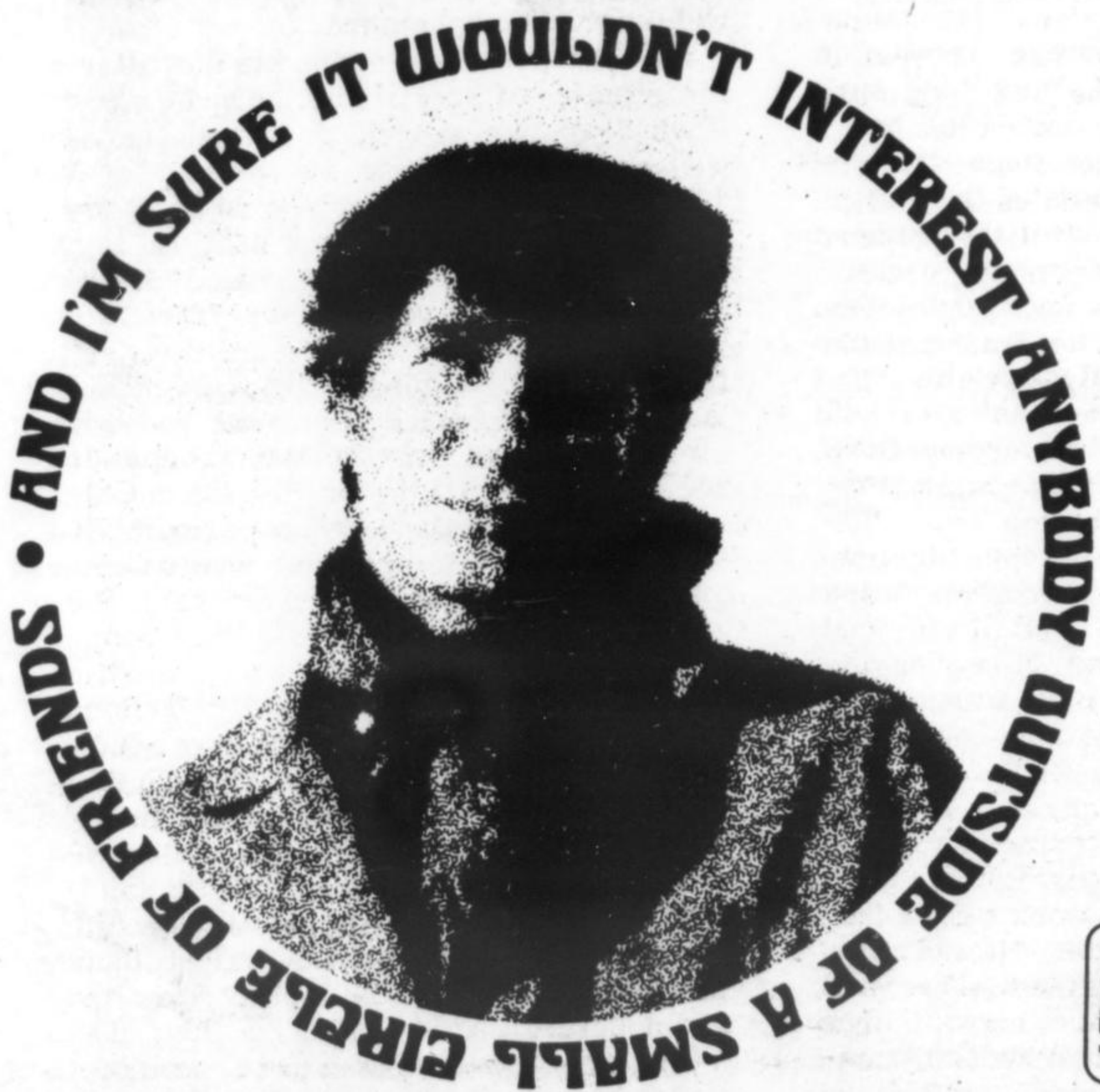
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops...

There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times...

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why—
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high...

But outside of the small circle of friends is a large rhomboid embracing most of the people of the world who are waiting for friendship, praying to belong, aching for comfort. PHIL OCHS' album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" is like the coming of a Dawn—it is not an Answer, but it offers the opportunity of an Awakening.

The album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" (and the songs within its tracks; "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" is one) is tossed into the rhomboid in the hope that a few more minds may be spun inside the small circle of friends and, thus, the circle may be enlarged.



PHIL OCHS

REVOLUTION STAGE-IN

THE MIRACLES OF ST FRANCIS



by Robert Hurwitt

"You can't be a radical for just one season," R.G. Davis, director of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, told this reporter. "You have to be able to sustain yourself—you can't stop investigating what is the truth." The Mime Troupe has sustained itself as radical theatre for some eight years now—investigating the truth in its workshops and performances. It is now engaged in climactic, perhaps last, tour of the United States to bring its art and ideas to as many people as possible.

Ronnie Davis describes the Troupe's work as "guerilla theatre"—guerilla in the basic sense, not only of radical opposition to the vested interests in this country, but of "operating on a very thin margin of survival." The Troupe, Davis explained, has to "adapt to its environment," taking advantage of various opportunities to get money, to attack, to withdraw—"We want to attack and win." Peter Cohon, an articulate Trouper describes the Troupe's work as a "life act," as opposed to a "point of view." When you buy a ticket to see even the most radical show," he explains, "that ticket makes the show part of the profit system, only a vaguely disturbing point of view. In this way dissent is the delusion of freedom." The Mime Troupe has recently completed its sixth season of doing free shows in San Francisco's parks. This is the Troupe's life act, taking theatre out of the Lincoln Centers and bringing it where the people are.



R.G. Davis originally organized the San Francisco Mime Troupe within the Actor's Workshop of Irving and Blau (recent flops in New York) in 1959. The Troupe performed a Mime Show for free after regular performances at San Francisco's Encore Theatre. In 1962 Davis left the Actor's Workshop, realizing the impossibility of having radical theatre within a company depending on establishment doles, and started from scratch—with an ad in the papers announcing tryouts. For the next four years the Troupe resided and performed in The Abandoned Church

in San Francisco's (Mexican) Mission District. In that theatre the Troupe launched its series of controversial productions, from "The Root" (a Commedia Dell'arte adaptation of Machiavelli's Mandragola" a first of the Troupe's free outdoor productions) and "Ubu Roi" (which won the Troupe some international recognition) to a series of underground films and the Troupe's own Minstral Show "Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel." However, the Mission District couldn't support a theatre. The Troupe decided to get out in the streets more, rent theatres when needed, and, in 1965, it moved to its present offices at 924 Howard St.

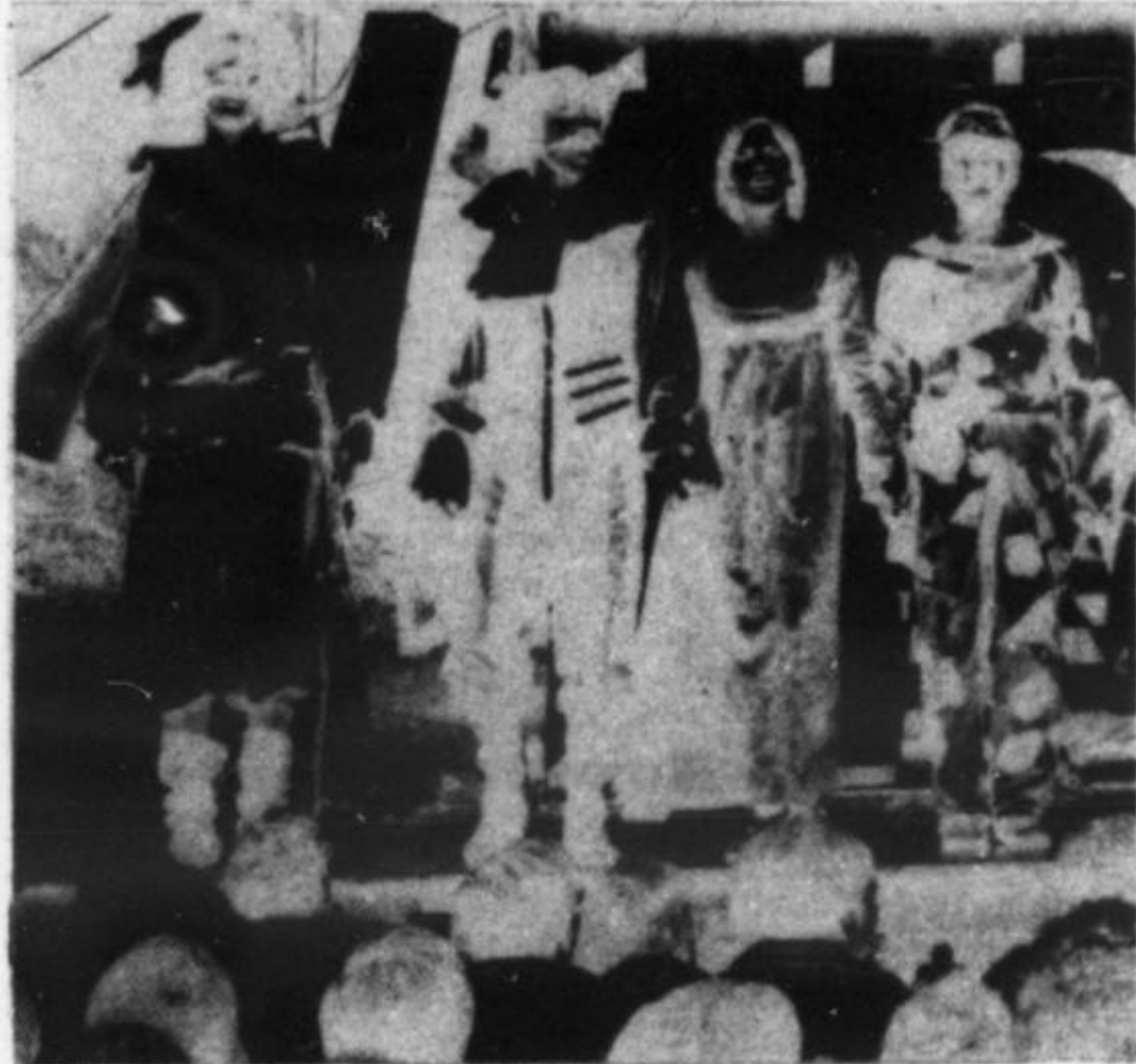
Mime as practiced by the Mime Troupe, should not be confused with pantomime. Davis describes the difference as that between the work of Charles Chaplin and Marcel Marceau. In pantomime the artist uses no props, but creates, as Marceau does, the illusion of working with these props. The mime is more concerned with



the clash of ideas than with technical gimmicks, and uses any and all props, including his voice, to portray these ideas. Mime differs from ordinary theatre, explains Cohon, in that it is "a ballet of ideas. We don't want people to empathize but to judge." The productions of the Mime Troupe, not surprisingly, have embraced many forms. The Troupe has presented established radical plays such as "Ubu Roi," Brecht's "Exception and the Rule," De Ghelderode's "Chronicles of Hell," it has adapted plays by Moliere, Machiavelli, and Goldoni as Commedia productions; it has written its own plays. The Minstral Show, written by Saul Landau and Ronnie Davis, was an extremely provocative and exciting use of the minstrel show format to raise disturbing questions of black power before CORE began considering the phrase (and when SNCC only mumbled it.) In 1961 the Troupe took the idea of happenings into the theatre and staged a happening with real actors and technicians, calling it an "Event in the theatre." Lights as well as acting were improvised. In one scene five people and various stuffed arms and legs rotated and gyrated on a bed talking in everyday tones. Much of the Troupe's material has grown out of improvisation, and the Troupe has continued to work with a variety of forms. In 1966 the Mime Troupe was performing two Commedias, several one-act cabaret shows (dealing with drug lineups, nazi POWs and mental automation), puppet shows of two varieties (hand puppets and 12 foot street puppets), a modern dance, and the Minstral Show, and had a rock band. In the spring of 1967 the Troupe launched a Vaudeville



Show, two more Commedias, and staged Jean Paul Sartre's Condemned of Altona, adapted as "The Condemned" and presented with appropriate Vietnamese film clips. But the Troupe's importance far exceeds the quality (higher this year than in the past) and controversiality (undiminished) of its productions. The Troupe has been an important seedbed for radical activity. Saul Landau's film series in The Abandoned Church gave S.F. its first showing of Genet's "Chant D'Amour" (and ACLU a defendant). Luis Valdez left the Troupe to join the grape strike in Delano and organized El Teatro Campesino, the farm-workers own theatre, which produces skits based on improvisations of standard situations between stock characters (the worker, the boss, the scab)—the basic ingredients for a modern commedia. More recently, in the winter of 1965-66, the Mime Troupe ran a series of rock dance benefits (two at the Fillmore auditorium) with light shows. Bill Graham quit as the Troupe's business manager, leased the Fillmore, and went into the rock business on a grand scale, becoming the manager of the Jefferson Airplane. At the first Mime Troupe benefit another group, including Troupe member Phil Lesh, decided on its name just in time to have Ronnie announce The Grateful Dead. The Troupe was the moving spirit behind the formation of the Artists Liberation Front, whose only notable achievement was a series of beautiful Free Fairs—small, groovy, decentralized Be-ins in scattered minority areas of S.F. Around the same time, August 66, a minority faction in the Troupe began distributing its position papers around the Haight-Ashbury and picked up support on the street: The Diggers.



Tours are not new to the Troupe. In 1960 it took its first show to Reed College and has been touring periodically ever since. Last year the Troupe's comedias toured much of California and the Minstral Show went on a nationwide tour, receiving rave reviews from Seattle to New York and an obscenity bust in Denver. The Minstral Show had one subsequent tour before being retired. On that trip three members of the cast, including Mr. Davis, were busted on pot possession charges in Calgary, Canada. It took the Mounties three searches, with what one Troupe member called their "instant handy pot implanter" to find "residue" in Davis' jacket pocket. The Troupe is now touring with its two current commedia productions, OLIVE PITS and L'AMANT MILITAIRE. OLIVE PITS is a short commedia about a poor farmer who tries to beat the system and gets screwed (so does his daughter). L'AMANT MILITAIRE, one of the Troupe's finest productions, was adapted from a play by Goldoni. It concerns a young Italian's dilemma, being drafted to fight for the Spanish army which is settling Italy's internal problems. It is an excellent anti-war play.

Film Makers Cinematèque (80 Wooster Street) has booked the Troupe for two weeks beginning November 23rd.

GOD CALLING

by Hugh Romney

"God always has a custard pie up his sleeve"
georgie girl

Arrived in L.A. juiced behind one gin and tonic at fifty thousand feet which is an instant lush—not my usual event, however helpful in my anxious N.Y. apple quince...saw two sirs with loves and ate a tasty movie of a steak. The airport was full of hogs all costumed up and breaking soft commuter brain drains out between their eyes. I sucked my own wifes face. Hello Paul Foster, wearing honest ! ice skates on the marble floor. I have adjusted to this, the past couple days watching him cut figure eights more slippery than sonja henie's cooze.

Today the whole Hog Farm visted the draft induction board in downtown Los Angeles. Two of ours had been ordered to physical examination so we got them wacked beyond the quack, complete with gold paint on their peepees, faces glazed with day glow measles—they passed out "no more war" to dazed marines taking in Paul's ice skates. There had just been a large demonstration against the draft and some of the hard core doves joined us in a gong bong. (Join hands in a circle, squat to breathe in deep 14 times...hold the fourteenth breath...stand up...hands up to heaven...let the breath out all one sound... AHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh together!) It really freaked the military who quick locked the door with several bolts and even pushed a table up against the glass.

The Hog Show getting together with the donation of Magic Mushroom in North Hollywood for Sunday afternoon church lerch in about three weeks. Older flowers remember back to living swing, cathedral of then.

"The flower, the gorgeous, mystic multi-colored flowers are not the flowers of life, but people, yes people are the true flowers of life; and it has been a most precious pleasure to have temporarily strolled in your garden."

Lord Richard Buckley

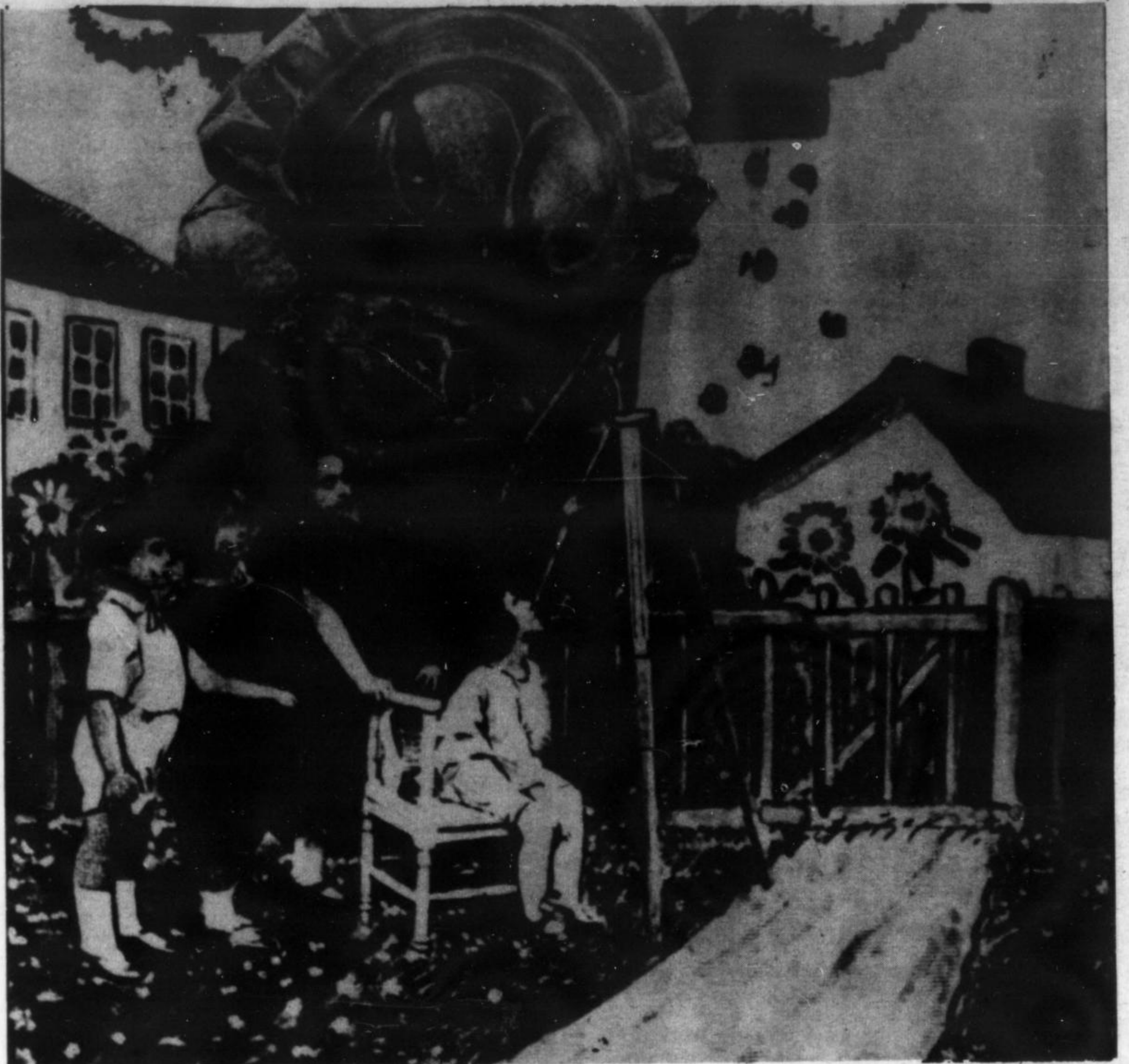
The Image

Heaven within the mountain:
The image of the TAMING POWER OF THE GREAT.
Thus the superior man acquaints himself with many sayings of antiquity
And many deeds of the past,
In order to strengthen his character thereby.

MISTER ECKHART met a beautiful naked boy.
He asked him where he came from.
He said: "I come from God."
Where did you leave him?
"In virtuous hearts."
Where are you going?
"To God."

Where do you find Him?
"Where I part with all creatures."
Who are you?
"A King."
Where is your kingdom?
"In my heart."
Take care that no one divide it with you!
"I shall."
Then he led him to his cell.
Take whichever coat you will.
"Then I should be no king!"
And he disappeared.
For it was God himself—
Who was having a bit of fun.

KHJ radio FLASH: I leave the column finished... make my way to outside can a bliss when a cretinized news announcer speaks audio-verbal hershey bars between slices of raga rock to the effect that, "What the Los Angeles demonstration was missing in numbers it made up for in zanyness...as costumed protestors performed what they call a "GONG-BONG," crouched in a circle (I hear our heavy breathing as he spews)... and made strange hissing noises...while a spotted puppy licked them on the nose."



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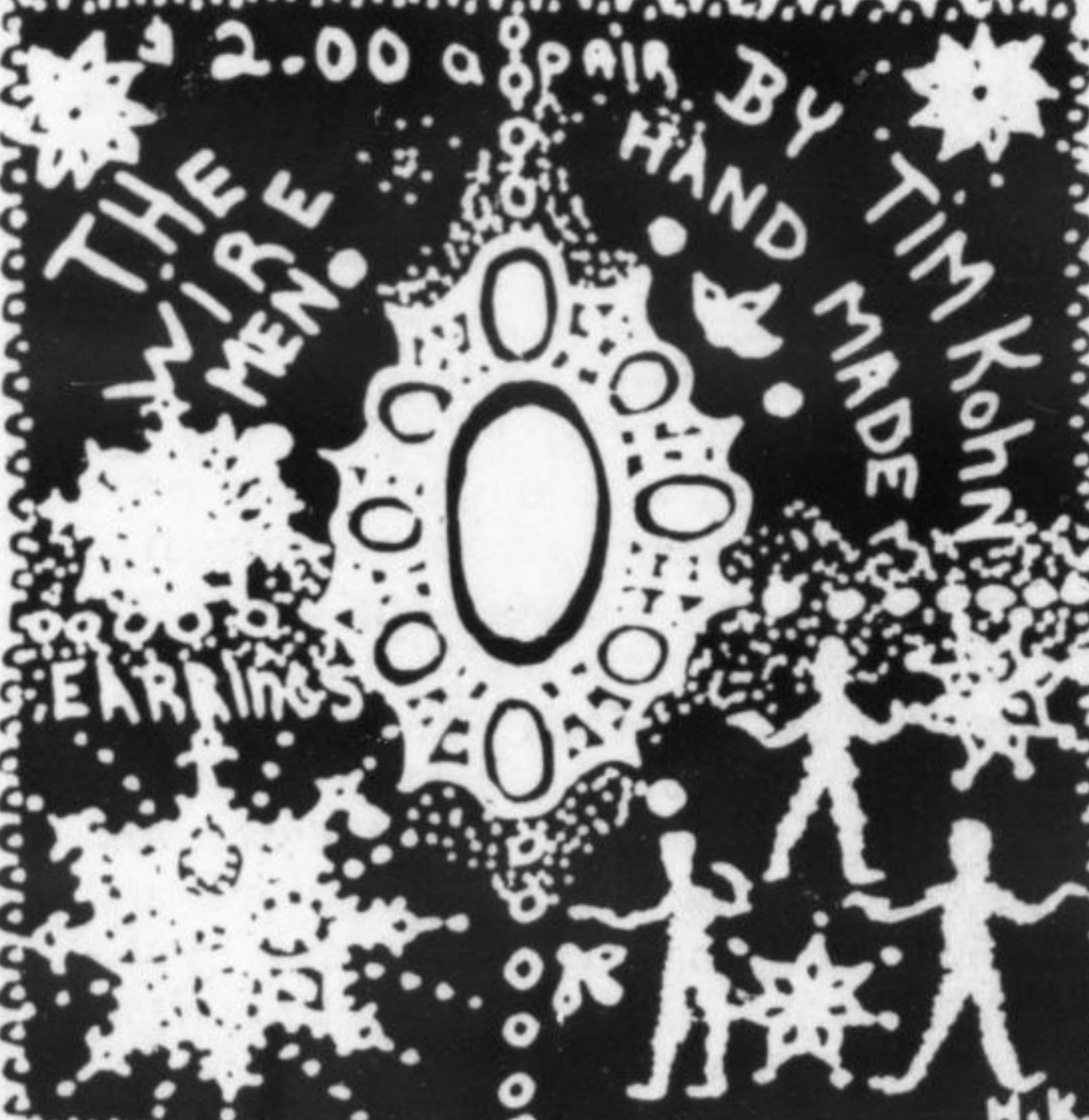


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JOHN



BAT

MAN

Anyone who says that the USA is the most fucked up place in the world hasn't been to Australia. It's a land which has been living in fear of the "Yellow Peril" since the late 19th Century when a few thousand Chinese were slaughtered in street riots here.

Australia's second largest city, Melbourne, with over two and a half million people was founded by BATMAN. John Batman, a Victorian counterpart of today's TV hero founded this city of good guys and bad guys as if he knew a hundred years in advance what the TV viewers would want for their Batman.

This week Australia opened up as a leave and rest center for GI's in Vietnam and the first group were welcomed at the airport with Kangaroos and freepasses to the Zoo along with a new law which makes the possession of LSD an offense of three years in jail and \$1000 fine. This is also the land of the censor where films are out and books are seized as if it were 14th century Spain. "Fun and Games in Bed," a book of mind games for sick children was banned here because of the title. Another book, a who du-it, was banned because the opening line said; "I got off the plane and felt a little queer..."

In Queensland if you want to destroy an orange crate you must have a permit, which takes up to three months to get, and then they send an inspector out to supervise your doing the job. If you do it without the permit you're subject to fine and jail, and the law is enforced. If you want to have a demonstration, you must pay a fee of \$1.00 per placard and apply 14 days in advance. And a new law makes it a criminal offense with a penalty of six months in jail to demonstrate with the permit.

Where does this all leave the youth of this middle-class nightmare country? It leaves them frightened, hung out in limbo, waiting for Godot who they think will arrive sometime within the next twenty years. Some acid is available here, but the quality is poor. Police informers are everywhere. In many of the Universities, the right wing students are very active and supply the police with the information they want in order to bust the anti-Vietnam 'pot smokers and acid heads'.

Last week a show opened here in Melbourne called "The Flower Children," a good presentation, but most of the kids were afraid to attend because the vice-squad was hovering all around.

In many ways Australia could be a right wing community in the mid west of the USA, only here it's the whole country. The sense of isolation from the rest of the world is great and by the time "new" things reach here they are old hat in Europe and USA...For the young, it's like a gigantic prison and most of them can hardly wait until they can get out—go to Europe or the States...The energy which could stabilize Australia flows out of the country, leaving the country in the hands of those who want to conform. One result is violence, a greater degree of violence than in the USA. It's not the overt violence which you might see in a race riot, for non-whites are not allowed to enter this country. But you see it in the bars, at the football games, and at the hostility shown toward beards and long hair. When I started this piece I intended to write on the Hippie movement here and spent five weeks looking for it—perhaps there is too much fear here for love to get a hold. They have a saying here in Australia, it's a sort of blessing, "Good on you mate," and I guess that's where it's at.

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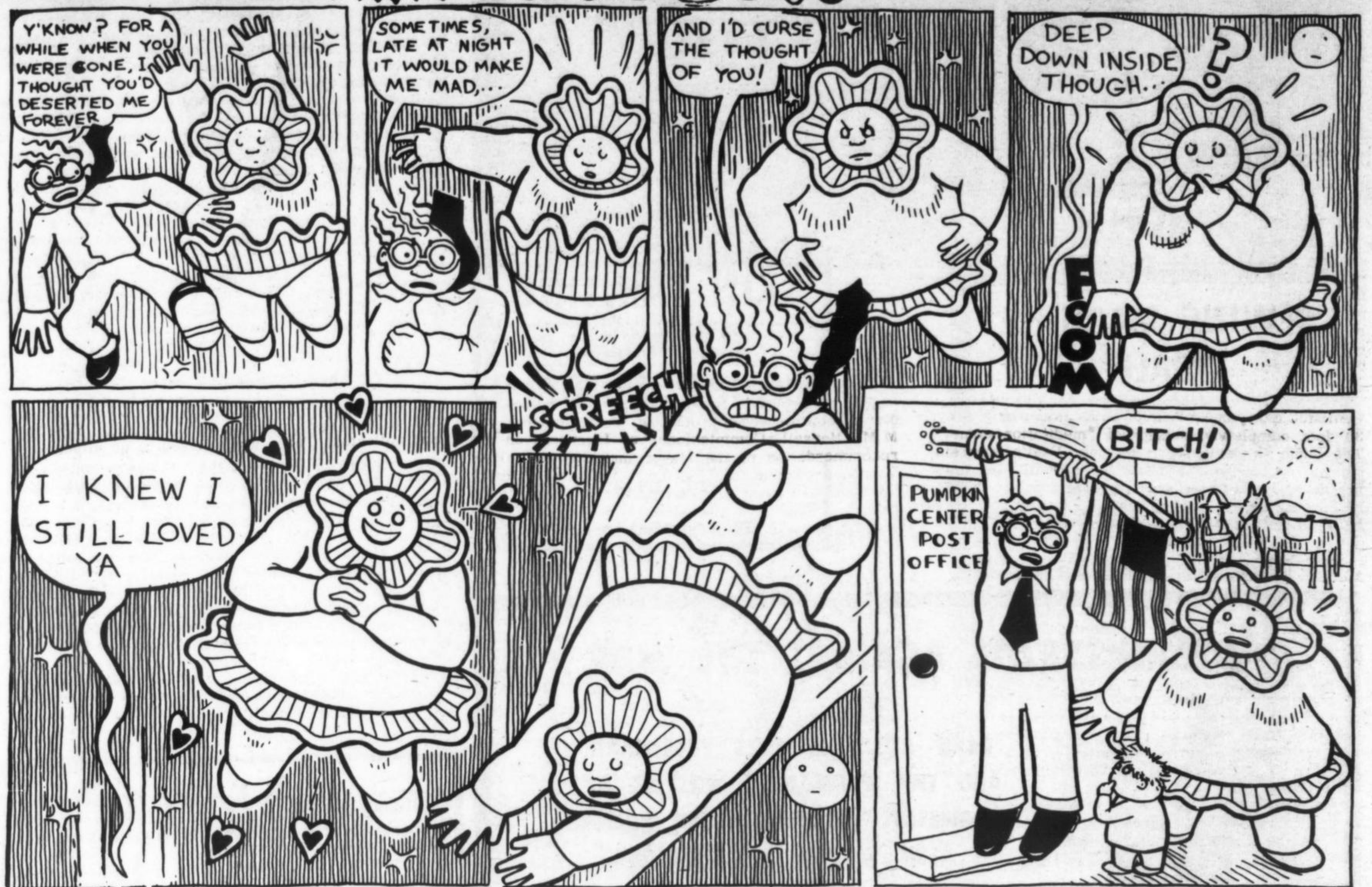
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The UPS Report:

Phlegm From The Coffin's Crypt



by Bob Rudnick

This month's bandwagon jumper is the Steven Lewis Company of 6565 Sunset Boulevard, advertising a new cologne in the current issue of Esquire. The ad copy reads this way: "DISCOVER YOURSELVES...TUNE IN the music, TURN ON to the mood, and DROP OUT of reality together! You and she will both discover a complete sensual awakening with L.S.D. ...the COLOGNE, that is!" LSD Cologne joins three other colognes (Jet Set, Da Vinci and Ocean Mist) in the Steven Lewis line.

Paul McCartney spent \$30,000 on a custom-built 14 by 30 foot completely soundproof "meditation dome." The dome is designed to fit over Paul's concrete garden sun lounge. No outside noise will filter into his meditation lounge, and a moving platform inside will be employed to heighten the entire effect. It is believed that the Maharishi has approved.

Open City

Multimillionaire showman Billy Rose's burial was delayed 20 months by a hassle between his sisters and executors of his \$50 million estate, over how much should be spent on the mausoleum. Final figures, about \$125,000, which includes a 4,000 square foot plot, and \$20,000 for perpetual care and maintenance. No mention in the establishment press on preservation of body for almost two years (Jews don't embalm).

Anti-American demonstrators in Auchland, New Zealand tossed a police inspector over a 120 foot cliff during a protest against the Vietnam War. He wasn't hurt.

A California narcotics agent said, "If I had a 17 year old daughter, I'd rather see her on heroin than marijuana."

"And when we win this war," I said to a whole platoon of Marines, "we'll go onto the college campuses and beat the hell out of all those dirty, long-haired kids." Statement by America's dullest obseques comedian, Georgie Jessel.

A study of Haight-Ashbury LSD users showing no chromosomal changes appeared in the October 27, 1967 issue of SCIENCE. The researchers were Loughman, Sargent and Isrealstan of UC Berkeley's Donner Laboratory.

Big Brother is at it again, protecting the citizen who didn't know he needed protecting. On September 29th, M.M. Harrell, Commissioner of Licenses, on the recommendation of the Mayor and City Council of Vancouver, suspended the business license of GEORGIA STRAIGHT, Vancouver's Underground Press Syndicate paper. The reason given (later) for the suspension was "gross misconduct." Without a business license, the paper cannot be sold.

The editor of the STRAIGHT, Dan McLeod, acted immediately. He issued a flyer through the Vancouver Communications Company, explaining the ban and announcing that until sale was again legal, the paper would be given away, and contributions accepted for the Georgia Straight Defense Fund. At the same time, a petition was issued to "REINSTATE the business license of GEORGIA STRAIGHT and to allow ANY FURTHER RESTRICTIONS on the freedom of the press to be determined according to the judgment of the courts of this land which men deem to be honorable." On Monday, Oct. 2nd, application was made to the British Columbia Supreme Court for an injunction nullifying the suspension on constitutional grounds of prior restraint on the freedom of the press.

Surprisingly, both the Vancouver SUN and PROVINCE, apparently able to see a threat to all free press in the suspension, came out editorially in favor of the

STRAIGHT. The SUN: "Free speech and the right to publish are more worthy of protection than our sensibilities." The PROVINCE: "We don't need the City Council to protect youngsters from the hippies — particularly if the Council can only do it by denying the hippies the freedoms of speech and press that we teach our children to cherish."

Meanwhile, Vancouver's finest have been busy. "Distributors" of the STRAIGHT were ordered by policemen to hand over the newspaper. Several were told to turn over the contribution money which they had collected. Those who refused to do either were left in peace; those who did not refuse never saw the papers or money again. When the editor of the paper attempted to lay charges of theft against the police officers concerned, he was prevented from going into the building by the officer at the information desk.

On Friday, Oct. 6th, the Canadian Post Office Department in Ottawa ruled that the Georgia STRAIGHT was not obscene and could be distributed through the mails. Until the Supreme Court rules on the constitutionality of the City Council's action, the paper will be available by subscription only.

Harassment, in Vancouver, is not an activity restricted to the police. Several persons associated with the paper were expelled from the Sportsman Restaurant; when they returned to the restaurant to question the expulsion, several of them were manhandled. Editor McLeod was dragged into a back dining room and beaten, a camera was smashed, and the police were called, ostensibly because the Straighters were attempting to steal silverware. Two, including McLeod, were held for some time by police before being released on bail. Their case is pending.

Helix

It's all done in a language so down American. Jason emerges familiar archetype in the hip hotel rooms of the decades.

Allen Ginsberg

Some will find him groovy, others may prescribe vegetotherapy or LSD.

James Stroller, Village Voice

Jason, with his unutterably poignant recollection of skipping rope as a child while his gambler father watched disgustedly, is no more insane than the American Skyraider pilot in "Mills of the Gods" who chortled with delight - "Look at it burn! Look at it burn!"

Joseph Morgenstern, Newsweek

Shirley Clarke's

portrait OF jason

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Life Stones Death

by Elliot Blinder



At least 50 people, some afflicted with terminal cancer but others students at local colleges, are being administered LSD in hospitals associated with Boston's largest universities -- legally and otherwise.

Studies going on here with and without FDA sanction center around these like: "A patient suffers from two diseases -- inorganic and organic. The organic we can treat therapeutically -- by use of drugs. The inorganic is the action of the inner-self, like a person's emotional state.

"A patient can be healed organically but inside still be very, very sick. . .we think if there is a way to control those inner emotions, through some medium, psychologically a patient can help himself to be healed.

"One such medium could be LSD."

The source of this information is a doctoral candidate, hereafter referred to as Smith. He has a masters degree in chemistry and is a teaching fellow at a local university. The experiments he discusses were done at a noted medical school in the Boston area, in cooperation with six MD's and two PhD's.

Smith labelled the purpose of his experiments "to find the differences, if any, on patients in hospitals, under emotional stress, due to the influence of barbituates."

During the period from October 1966 to April 1967 he administered lysergic acid diethylamide (received from the FDA or made 'illegally' in the lab through the 'known method of hydrolysis') to 30 patients suffering from terminal cancer.

The role of the hospital, he said, was "to insure a happy ending" for dying patients "and we found that hallucinogenics like LSD did this." He continued: "Patients who know they are dying don't care anymore about living. We try to erase death from their memory...so that they'll think about something else."

As a control for this experiment, Smith used 20 volunteers "from the underground" with diseases. Most were students at Boston University, Radcliffe, M.I.T., and one from Harvard.

All patients were given 200 micrograms of LSD.

"The potency of one capsule of the stuff made in the lab we found equivalent to three capsules obtained from the black market," he added. The patients in the hospital were not told what drug they were receiving.

"What we did, basically, was to record three phenomena: blood pressure, pulse rate, and heartbeat during the LSD experience. We evaluated these figures against those of the 20 known (the control)...and we found that emotionally we could control the in-patients.

"Some of course had bad trips at times, but we were always able to talk to them or give tranquilizers to bring them down.

"We found that to a certain extent we could relieve the fear of death in terminal patients," Smith said.

A second experiment involved what Smith called "kinetics and enzyme study." Two volunteers, one male, one female, were given 250 micrograms of lab LSD four different times between January 1967 and May 1967. The two were allowed to do their thing freely during the session which took place in a private home; and blood samples were taken every three hours during their supervised trip.

"The first hour there was a resistance to our taking the blood sample. By the third hour there was less, the sixth they didn't care, and afterwards we could have done ANYTHING with them," Smith said. Blood samples were taken at 0, one, three, six, nine, twelve, fifteen and eighteen hours.

The blood was then frozen, brought to the lab where the serum was taken out in a known amount, and tested for a particular enzyme Smith would describe only as "an esterase of the phosphates."

"Through the structure of LSD, and the structure of this enzyme we were pretty sure there would be an

effect."

The result was a curve showing a drop every hour in the amount of this enzyme in the blood during the "LSD psychosis", from the normal 10 units to zero units after 15 hours. The curve then levelled off and would eventually climb back to its original 10 units.

According to Smith, "the metabolism and breakdown of LSD seems to follow other patterns of breaking down energy barriers in the human being. In order to complete its own energy reaction LSD must draw energy from the body."

When asked if the enzyme tested was an important one, Smith answered yes. However, when questioned further he also admitted that since LSD, when injected, is usually dropped on some other substance (such as aspirin, vitamin C, or a host of other drug combinations), it could easily be given in conjunction with this particular enzyme -- thereby replenishing the body's supply as it is used up.

Smith also admitted to the possibility of the so-called "chromosomal damage" being similarly counteracted, either before or at the time it would have occurred due to the injection of LSD. He then drew an analogy between studies now being done with lysergic acid diethylamide, and those previously done with the birth control pill. Only after all the effects were tested, the ill-effects solved, and the drug labelled safe, could the information and the pill be released to the public.

"What I plan to do through these (and other) experiments is to show that the action of LSD on the human system can be and is almost the same as actions of other drugs, but that LSD has a potency so that immediate effects are well-noted and well-defined," Smith concluded. "This is my doctoral thesis and I must convince 'them' that what I did was sane. Right now it's insane, and I have a feeling that when I go before them, it'll be five to one."

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FILM

By Dick Preston

"Titicut Follies," produced and directed by Fred Wiseman and now showing at the Carnegie Hall Cinema is more than a great surreal documentary, is more than an expose of Bridgewater Hospital for the Criminally Insane (a maximum security prison)... it is a glimpse into the purgatory of this world... the bad trip, which for many has turned into an endless agonising journey, terminating only at the grave.

Few of us know the face of madness. We see a few movies which dish it up in a highly spiced manner and on an imitation silver plate. We read books on abnormal behaviour, but print is print. We all knew a weirdo, whom we saw very occasionally and of whom, one day, someone said, - yeah, that cat flipped right out, and that was the last we heard of him. Gone. Forgotten. Where did he go?

If he or his family had any money, they went to a home for psychiatric care...a place, no doubt, with flower gardens and pretty nurses.

If he was poor, alone and had run afoul of the law, he may very well have ended up in some place like Bridgeport.

The film image of this institution is like something out of the darker pages of Dickens and very much of that period. When you're a certified madman, love, care, and treatment are things that only money can buy. And here, they are in very short supply. In the great Protestant tradition only cleanliness is abundant. The real crime that most of them have committed is that their madness is not in accord with the mores of our society. Had their madness been channeled into political ambition...had their paranoia led them to join the police force...their pyromania to Vietnam, they would have been able to lead "normal" lives.

But now they live in the MadHouse, and from here on in, things can only get worse. It is not surprising that the Massachusetts Legislature was a little upset over the film...it would seem that their feelings of guilt are not without justification. And so, with the logic that is peculiar to the political animal, they consider it more important to try and suppress the film than to change the conditions in the institution.

Having received an OK from the Head of the Hospital, the Attorney General of the State of Massachusetts, and the Commissioner of Correction, Fred Wiseman, went ahead and made this film only to find upon its completion that the aforementioned gentlemen had reneged on their agreement. The Head of the Hospital who had been very enthusiastic about the film before the ruckus did an about face when confronted with the wrath of his superiors and declared that the film "had no artistic or clinical value." "They seem to think that I'm a bigger rogue than Rasputin," said Wiseman.

Some of its inmates, like the man who sings a song against a singer on a T.V. set, are derelicts who were picked up 20 or 30 years ago for vagrancy. Having no-one in this world who cares about them, they have been there ever since. Naturally, too, after so long an incarceration, their mental health has become further impaired. And the Bridgewater Madhouse is considered to be one of the best in the country. One wonders what it is like in Mississippi.

But how about those who are in for life...naked men in naked cells, raving against an only dimly perceived injustice...stamping on metal floors in a vain attempt to attract the attention of a sleeping God. How about the man who raves intelligently against the institution of organised religion? ...how about the man standing on his head next to him singing a hymn?...how about the man with the trombone serenading himself with "My Blue Heaven?"...how about the priest forgiving the feet of a dead man for leading him into temptation?...how about the doctors and social workers who will not look in the mirror to see the black hoods of the executioners over their own faces?...how about the men in the Massachusetts Legislature who cannot see themselves as the principal characters in this surreal charade of horror? ...how about redefining Madness?

If we take away the titles from the characters in this film, titles such as Inmate, Priest, Warden, Doctor, we must arrive at the conclusion that all their behavior is eccentric.

If this film does nothing to remedy the plight of mental patients in government institutions throughout the U.S., it should, at least, spur us to inquire as to what is really meant by the word "madness."

THEATRE

by Allan C. Edmands

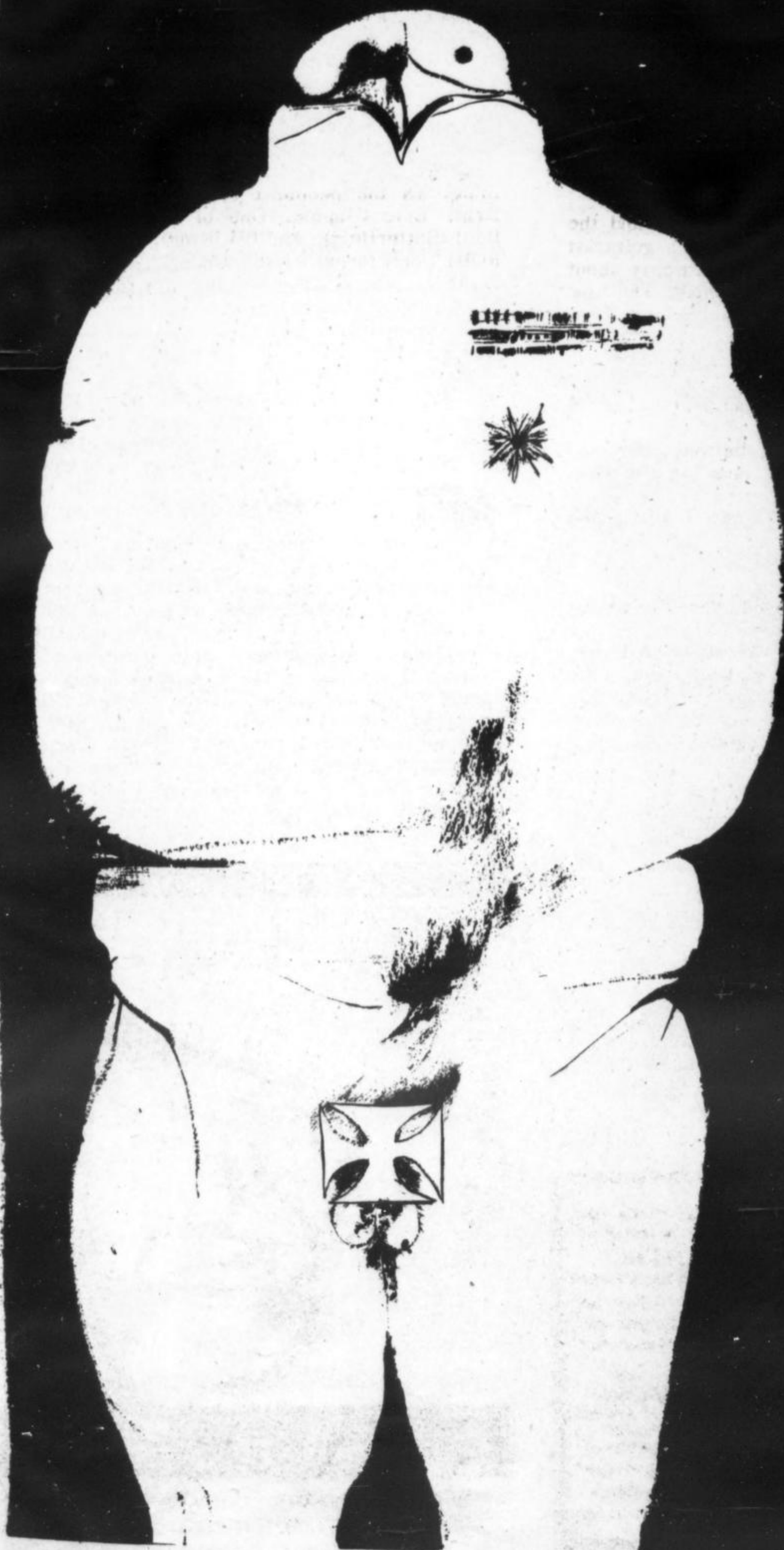
The air was so cold that the breath of the hap-hazard and loosely-gathered audience was clearly visible. They had been drawn together by the chanting-singing and tambourine-beating of the San Francisco Mime Troupe which set up its portable stage (a platform and canvas backdrop) last Sunday afternoon in the Sheep Meadow. One actress, in full costume make-up character, asked someone in the crowd to put away his microphone—the Troupe was bringing live theatre to New York. The play, OLIVE PITS, is a broad commedia about the poor being screwed by the rich (specifically about a poor farmer's family—especially his daughter—being screwed by an agricultural speculator and contractor). The stock commedia characters—the fool Pantalone, the lush Borracho, and the hustler Scaramouche—are true to form. With broad slapstick the obvious point was stressed and restressed, even over-stressed, for an hour-and-a-half. More varied broad humor, I believe, could have been realized by a greater use of Bacchinalian Borracho. Stereotyped characters can bring a new freshness to the decadent American theatre. According to author Robert F. Sayne, "to the park audiences—parents and kids and the dropouts and rejects who have always been the inhabitants of city parks in America—Pantalone, Scaramouche and the lovely busty maidens mean a great deal more than the new night-club wit. A sophisticated theatregoer will see these stereotypes as remote and historical, while a park-goer simply recognizes the types—the cheating businessman, the loan shark, and wronged and angry girls. And the basis of such a recognition is the growing knowledge—of enormous political potential—that we are, and are surrounded by TYPES, of which the commedia ones are a good, popularly usable index. Commedia can thus flow into our public consciousness as an improved way of seeing." The acting was unquestionably brilliant and fresh; all the performers were having fun. You can't beat the System by joining it: the play was free.

Columbia University's McMillan Theatre played host to the Troupe's other touring commedia L'AMANT MILITAIRE last weekend. General Garcia of the Spanish armies of light, liberty and the pursuit of the Spanish way of life is determined to righteously pacify Italian "aggressor" rebels (who are trying to subvert the Italian puppet government with an Italian Civil War to solve Italian internal problems) if he has to "kill every wop in Italy." There is an ominous and obvious familiarity (including even a Mayor Pantalone whose profits depend on the prolonged continuation of the war. "Don't win the war," he counsels the general, "but I don't say lose it either.") of theme in this adaptation of Goldoni's play (written in 1752) for modern American audiences. Spain has never had a revolution, says Garcia, because "we have free speech." It is ok to criticize, to debate, to take issue with problems in society, says Ronny Davis who plays Garcia, "as long as you are not effective—and as long as you gloss over the issues in such a manner as to leave the door open to that soft-petal phrase: "There are two sides to every murder." And if the audience could conceivably be so blind as to miss the parallel, they cannot escape the commentary interludes or hand doll Punch who ultimately leads the crowd in a chorus of "Hell No We Won't Go" (complete with a pom-pom cheerleader). But the production is more than a leaflet or a picket sign—it is a full-length play with integrated classical sub-plots of amours and comic shades of George Farquhar's THE RECRUITING OFFICER. The laughing-singing-dancing troubador style of the players—exemplified in this production—has made the Mime Troupe a delight from coast to coast as well as in the city parks of San Francisco, and this play strikes home with a wallop. New Yorkers needn't take my armchair word for it; L'AMANT MILITAIRE will run at Film Makers Cinemateque (80 Wooster) in two weeks. The Troupe has brought to us the improvised burlesque of classical commedia ("loud voices, stereotyped characters, exaggerated gestures and easily followed plots" is a handy definition) with clear and direct relevant community comment and without the confusion of 'art' or 'aesthetic distance.' If you don't like the System, change it; if you can't change it, destroy it.

Continued on Page 19



The showman let the curtain fall;
The puppet-play was done,
And many a merry childish laugh
Ceased with the old-world fun.



Art by Lil Picard

Is the Protest and Hope Exhibition organized by Paul Mocsany in the New School for Social Research a good show? That's the question, asked by many artists, writers, critics and viewers, who are involved with the predicament of our times: Peace or War?

The show consists of the works of invited artists, more or less known in the New York scene. The only outstanding contributions are done by George Segal, Red Grooms, Andy Warhol and Elaine de Kooning.

The most interesting piece in my opinion is Elaine de Kooning's. Because she did a kind of booth, assembled poster-work in screen-print glo-color, which contrasted sharply with the work she does as an artist.

Elaine jumped on the bandwagon of mixed media, but she did a very good jumping, and somehow she became young, inventive and alive. Her attack and comment to our times of despair, anger, dissent and anti-war-involvement is stronger than most of the traditional drawings, oil or acrylic paintings in the show.

Segal shocks with dead-white bodies in his "Execution," Red Grooms is hilarious, pure, cartoon-parody-American-Pop, with his "Patriots Parade," making us shudder inside with "Miss Napalm" being a cute kid, flags waving red-blue-white, Johnson in the middle, a cartoon-nightmare. Warhol screen-printed already 1964 his black and white canvas after a news-photo, "Birmingham," he has his say to our time the Warhol way, very direct, clear without fuzz and sentiment. That's the way it was...Baby, in this time of ours. He gives historical Reportage, and is the artist, who dares. Never mind what his personal enemies gossip, his work will stay, as a proof of his involvement, his critical attitude, his keen observations.

AT A SYMPOSIUM ARRANGED a few days after the Protest and Hope opening, some younger listeners became very critical about the show. They thought that today, artists have better and newer means to express their anger and dissent than to paint traditional works in any of the accepted styles of uptown establishment business - Art- industry. They can go out into the streets, for instance, with Happenings and performances involving the public; they can use intermedia to give stronger meaning to fight for peace, -- and the photos taken before the Pentagon were really better works of Art than most of the paintings shown in the New School of Research.

But it seems that new expressions to the critical aspects will come along...the Finch College will sponsor, in Spring, 1968, a Destruction in Arts Exhibition, and artists are working on Protests in new forms to express their indignation, as humans, to the inhumanity of modern War, Fobs- attacks looming above our planet, & doomsday as an apocalyptic future...if we don't change the world...

Theater

Newest adventure downtown: The Playhouse of the Ridiculous," Director John Viccaro. 330 Bowery, opening November 15th, with the performance of the Play, "The conquest of the Universe," starring Taylor Mead, Sex Queen Beverly Grant, Ondine, Rene Riccard, Mary Waranoff, Jean Phillips, - An Underground theater surfacing in the Bowery Lane, Charles Ludlam the writer. It's a science fiction Comedy dealing with the futility of war, futility of talking about peace, a play full of ribaldry and a mixture of chaplinesque wit and Barnum & Bailey circus. Prices \$3.50 and 2.50.

John Giorno's new poetry appeared in a small volume with a cover by Robert Rauschenberg and a frontpiece by Les Levine, published by the "Mother" Press. Giorno writes pop-poetry-language more poetic than invented phantasy-language. The Poruo-poem on Cuban officers strikes like a thunderbolt, hits one's guts.

November 10 to 19, the School of Visual Arts, 209 East 23rd Street, presents Fall Gallery Concerts. Les Levine, John Giorno, Elaine Sturtevant and Rauschenberg, Steve Reich, Paseton, Simone Whitman's Delby Hay perform. Contribution \$1.50. Call 674-0646 for reservation.

William de Kooning has, after seven years "retiring from the scene," his one man show fraud scale with \$25.00 entrance fee benefit for Channel 13 and \$50

THEATRE

Continued from Page 17

GRAHFER GROOOOR GRAHHR OOOOOH! GRAYOHH GRAH! Love, Lion, Lioness—the Kid and Harlow—Man, Woman: "Before you can pry any secrets from me, you must first find the real me! Which one will you pursue?" asks she of him and then he of her in Michael McClure's *THE BEARD* nightly repeated at the Evergreen Theatre (53 E. 11th). This harliquinade play is a duet of sweet oral graffiti exploding from an eternity of blonde hair and blue velvet, set in parentheses by a prologue-epilogue USCO total environment of leonine beastliness with the accent on the tongue. Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow, each with an Assyrian lion's beard, lash point and counterpoint in a ballet of tongues: which is the real me and which is the "big sack of shit?" Am I meat or am I spirit, or am I all the me's in one and is there any difference? Their tongues miss one another: there is no understanding between Man and Woman except in the forever-instant of Orgasm. But first there must be the strutting carnivorous love play of word games (in coy coolness or in roars), hair combing, toe biting, stocking ripping, panty tearing, boot licking, cock touching. They meet in cunnilingus, and all the words become "STARS STARS OH STARS," and the stars explode out on all the walls of the theatre, and the velvet eternity is filled with the Hallelujah Chorus. The Kid and Harlow may well become recognizable stock characters like renaissance Pierrot and Columbine. Acting and aesthetic effects combine to make this production a classic of Total Theatre. GRAHHR!

HAIR, an Off Broadway musical by Jerome Ragni and James Rado, has recently opened at Joseph Papp's new indoor theatre (425 Lafayette). "We must be a modern theatre," says Papp, "engaged in producing modern plays dramatizing the potent forces of our times—events and history which shape history and man." *HAIR* is a confrontation of long-haired, unwashed, draft-card burning youth with the older generation. What has 1967 got that 1947 didn't—the answer is "Life, eyes, teeth, nose, ears, arms, ass, Life." Yet, in trying to squeeze this theme into the framework of the Broadway musical, the problems and struggles of this heterogeneous youthful combination of Hell's Angels, hippies, and protest marchers (which is not at all far-fetched—witness the Pentagon demonstration) have the same hollow ring of the bourgeois trite and mundane. *HAIR* is a dramatization of the Electric Circus; it has nothing to do with shaping history or man. The ensemble acting (especially in dying tableaux), however, reinforced by such props as wind-up Army tanks, leaves one with deep sadness: the System is all around you—in the grades at school, in the crappy air you breathe, and mostly in induction orders. Long hair won't keep you from drowning in the System, and the anger of the production is so feeble that it reconciles itself to the System.

When biting or satiric protest accepts the embracing arms of Establishment, it not only becomes "safe" but it often becomes stodgy and lifeless. Like the 1963 civil rights March on Washington, the sell-out Off Broadway hit *MACBIRD* has been a sell-out in another sense. The production has recently moved to its third plant (the Garrick) near the Bleeker-Thompson intersection since its successful opening late last winter. Although Barbara Garson's play comically questions the cynical machinations of the Great Society—especially the sordidness of the assassination and whitewash Warren Commission—and pokes fun at its chief architects (Johnson and cronies) and loyal "opposition" (R. Kennedy, etc.), her plaigiaristic and patched-together script (parodying at least six Shakespeare plays, T.S. Eliot, and the Mime Troupe's *MINSTREL SHOW*) seems more a polemic leaflet than good theatre. Yet the brilliant acting of the opening cast made the production glitter with polished professionalism. Now, after two plant changes and several cast changes (only two of the actors remain from the original cast), the professionalism is without freshness and the unspontaneous acting seems tired and frozen. *MACBIRD* has gone stale.

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POP, ROCK & JELLY

Continued from Page 15

FRANK: No, he didn't run away from home. His father told him it was time to get out of school and start earning a living. And, like, you can make more money playing bass...

SKIP: Big studio musician. All the Monkees' first records.

BOB: Larry plays bass on the Monkee records, Larry plays bass on the PJ Proby records, he's on the new PF Sloan record, Larry did that great Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart LP.

THREE MINUTES OF CONVERSATION ABOUT ALL THE RECORDS LARRY HAS PLAYED BASS ON.

BOB'S COMMENT: They all suck.

EMMETT: (deftly changing the subject) How about San Francisco? Does it suck, too?

EVERYBODY: No, good place, relaxing, good people, nice things, etc.

EMMETT: How about the people that walk up and down Haight Street?

BOB: Oh, well, they're assholes. I mean, most of them are just tourists, and 15-year-old runaways. The real hippies have split for Sausalito, Tiburon, Marin County. Across the bridge.

AL: Like here all the hippies have deserted the West Village for the East Village.

EMMETT: Ah, it's even more than that. They're deserting the East Village for Chinatown.

AL: Really?

EMMETT: Yeah, City Hall, New Jersey, Long Island; the East Village is...well, it's the same scene.

BOB: Tourists get too heavy and the originals move out. Whenever you find "head shops," you know the real hippies have split.

LARRY: That's all Haight-Ashbury is now, about four blocks of head shops, one after the other.

FRANK: It's terrific. It's a real gas. You can always get cigarette papers.

EMMETT: How about Country Joe and the Fish?

BOB: We've played with them in Hawaii. Great people.

EMMETT: How about the Cream?

FRANK: Eric Clapton (Cream) is really great.

LARRY: Yeah, he's too much.

AL: Eric Clapton is one of the world's foremost musicians.

EMMETT: BB King.

EVERYBODY: He's there, man. He's the one. He's the father.

BOB: But then there's always the guys that nobody talks about. Albert King, Albert Collins, Otis Rush, there's so many.

FRANK: Cecil Taylor.

BOB: Sucks.

FRANK: You suck.

SKIP: Richard Davis, I'd put that name in there too.

SOMEBODY: He sucks?

BOB: Henry Vestine.

SKIP: In L.A. and San Francisco, there is the whole musicianship thing. People watching musicians and being attuned to them rather than performance, vocalist, and show. Like at the Fillmore and the Avalon, they sit there, and they watch a guitarist do a lead riff for ten minutes. They don't care about somebody going through a whole show thing. The New York scene is totally different. The whole east coast is into the early fifties Shirelles thing.

BOB: The Young Rascals, the Vagrants. The two biggest groups. They're all show.

SOMEBODY: White soul: Janis Joplin. All she needs is a good group behind her.

?????: The only different thing between her and Sophie Tucker is that she won't have big tits when she gets older.

BOB: The group is very weak. Janis Joplin is the whole group.

AL: Yeah, she's a titanic vocalist.

EMMETT: How about Quicksilver?

FRANK: They haven't progressed. They're doing the same tunes they were years ago.

BOB: We love San Francisco. We're loved there. It's hard to tell here whether we're well-liked. Like last Friday night. One night we get a crowd that flips out over Tim Buckley and doesn't like us at all, and the next night they're yelling for us, and this

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Page 19

weekend really scares me because they're getting Odetta in here, and I'm sure that the people who dig Odetta won't dig us at all. I don't know. It's hard to say if we like New York. We come to the gig, we go back to the pad, get stoned, fall out, wake up.

VESTINE: I didn't like it until we all took acid and went out in the street, and, man, I liked it pretty much then.

BOB: Yeah, that was a pretty good experience. Standing up on our fifth-floor balcony palace at the Albert Hotel, just checking out the street below. It's a jungle. We watched two cats break into the grocery store across the street.

AL: One thing nice about New York is that it's cosmopolitan. People have seen a lot of groups. San Francisco, Boston, and New York are the top three cities in terms of knowledge. More so than Los Angeles. We don't work much there. We never got any support from the press there.

FRANK: We never get any support from the press anywhere.

SOMEBODY: How about the LA Times review. You'll never see anything better than that.

AL: When we were really little and needed it...

FRANK: We're still little.

AL: We're medium sized now. We played together for more than a year in Los Angeles, and nobody would hire us for more than three nights because we wanted to play our own stuff. There are no places to play in LA.

SKIP: My partner and I are remedying that situation. We're opening a place at the old Moulin Rouge (used to be called the Hulabaloo Club, too), called the Kaleidoscope.

EMMETT: (again, deftly) You guys obviously don't see any political solutions to the hassles of the world. Do you see any solutions to personal brain

hassles, in terms of, like, Maharishi Mahesh, or Swami A.C. Bhaktivedanta, or acid, or Erich Fromm, or psychoanalysis, or anything?

FRANK: I'm a Freudian.

AL: Yeah, I go for that, too.

EMMETT: Like, when you get rich are you going to get analyzed?

FRANK: I've been in analysis for two and a half years. Well, no, actually, just about two. And it's a good thing.

EMMETT: And, Alan, you're in it too?

AL: Yeah.

BOB: (the Bear) Freud sucks.

SKIP: The bear has no hangups. He might have had in his youth, but I think he's overcome them all by being a singer in a group that is gaining some recognition in the world. Henry Vestine has little or no hangups. Larry Taylor just wants to play bass.

FRANK: Do you have any hangups, Larry?

LARRY: Oh, yeah.

AL: Oh, this is definitely the life. Going around the country playing blues, and getting paid for what you would do anyway at home. That's it. Also, it's a great thing, all the people I have met here, principally Eric, Eric Clapton. One of the great people. And Paul (Butterfield). And BB (King). And James Cotton.

BOB: Don't forget Elvin Bishop.

FRANK: There is something for everyone in New York. You can always be satisfied.

AL: Any little kick you want to go on, you can probably find the largest society in the world here.

BOB: In that respect, New York DOESN'T suck.

AL: I've found certain books here that I haven't been able to find anywhere else. You can find phonograph records here that you can find nowhere else.

FRANK: They still don't import Cuban records, though.

ART

Continued from Page 18

Ball in Lincoln Center. The preview takes place at Knowler Gallery, 57th Street. In the Channel 13 Anniversary Magazine, Peter Hutchinson, the "Corners Right Angle" artist, writes an essay on de Kooning, labeling him as a "mannerist," and the most influential American artist, and "the painter in times of changing belief." Hutchinson's one man show opens Nov. 14th, at the New A.M. Sachs Gallery, 29 West 57th Street.

Spring, 1968, New York will get invaded by International "Art in Destruction" groups from Europe. The Finch College Museum will show Destruction in Art, artwork of American and European destruction artists will be exhibited.

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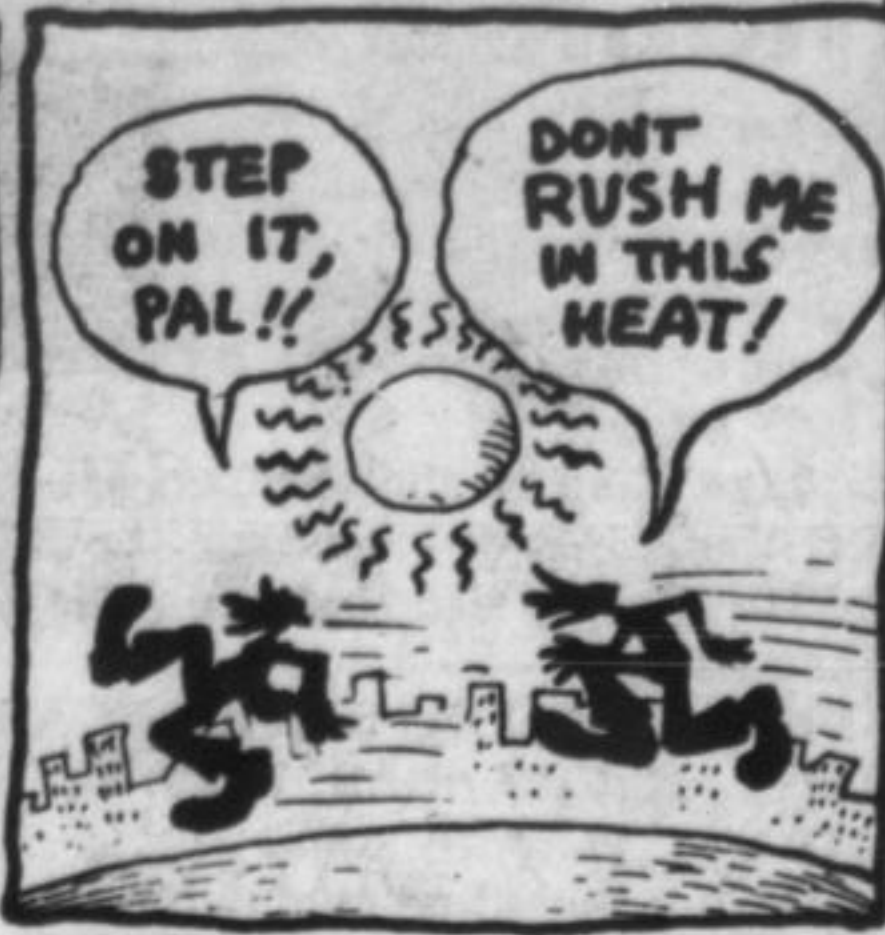


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FO The Observer



? MORE LETTERS !

OTHERS

Dear EVO:

On October 21st, the Pentagon rang with the sounds of peace and a new found strength! If only our voices could make its walls crumble into dust, perhaps its evil spell would disappear. But there it sits, the five-headed engine of destruction, with decay and horror eating at its roots—the heart of America. But we are strong and young, we can't let our future slide backwards into brutality and ignorance. For the sake of love and the world, a revolution is starting! Choose your sides, and watch the wheel of fortune turn!

Love,
T.H.



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גאר שענע:

Manifesta

Dear EVO:

Summer's all gone. Love is dead. I'm tired of crying. The flower children are murdered and screaming and there's blood on the floor of the palace of ahimsa. Groovy and Linda live on in the office of the daily news. My best friend is straight as straight as straight. The sky is purple, bloated, shot full of holes. The Buddha is dead once again in the heart of western man. Bang—the gun shoots real bullets. I'm tired of crying. The lost souls of the Haight-Ashbery. Black people cryin' too. Too long. Too long. Gotta burn, baby, burn.

Who can come out alive? Look up if you can. I have my friends, my art, my love to pull me through. I love you all. Gotta go. Go home, girl. Goodbye, love.

Les



Nation of Sheep

Dear EVO:

I attended the Peace Demonstration in Washington, D.C., on Saturday, October 21, and I am deeply concerned about the manner in which the press and other news media, for whatever their reasons, described what actually took place.

The estimates of the crowd obviously were made by people who have never attended a Colt game. Judging by a capacity crowd at Memorial Stadium, I would estimate the number to have been at least four to five times greater, placing the attendance somewhere around a quarter of a million people. The speeches represented a wide variety of both political and social philosophy, ranging from black power militant to pacifist sentiments.

The march was quite inspiring, as all types of people, old, young, "straight" and far-out were marching together with a purpose, peace. While many thousands listened to speeches at the far end of the north parking lot of the Pentagon, many more marched on to an awaiting line of M.P.'s, who bore night sticks, tear gas, and side arms. There was no attempt made to communicate with the marchers by the "defending forces." They merely stood there looking severe with their guns and sticks. The people elected to represent the American public were not on hand. There was no one to talk to. The action that ensued was a result of this silence.

It seems to me that the media have a moral responsibility to accurately inform and it did not. The expression, "A nation of sheep" is only applicable when that nation is no better informed than the sheep in its pastures. The distortion of the truth by the media, and the indifference on the part of representatives, can only encourage the apathy that is prevalent in this country today.

Very truly yours,
Mark A. Gordon

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SWAN'S WAY Continued from Page 7

says the VP. "I say where to put the mark for the Gardner school and where to put the mark for the Strong school. They got a free choice."

He makes no recommendations, but tradition dictates that black and white go to Gardner and Strong respectively. There is nothing overtly more than tradition to prevent immediate desegregation, although beneath the surface there may be considerably more.

One man had two of his children in the white school last year, but sent them back to the rambling brick shack called Gardner, because a car once trailed the school bus home. His wife walked three miles every day to meet the kids at the pick-up point. But the one incident was enough to remind him that a dead child is dead forever.

James Hicks, an intelligent 16-year-old, fills in his own free-choice form, as do all children over 15. A custom — a step in growing up, whose significance nobody can quite pin down. Last year he filled in the blank for the white school, but went back to Gardner after a semester. Unprepared for algebra, at sea with the physics taught at the white school, he knew that he must graduate with some kind of diploma before he reaches draft age.

Even the diploma he gets from the black school will keep him from being labelled a dropout, if he gets it before he gets drafted. But "they got different books up at Strong. They classes 'bout a year ahead."

A 13-year-old white kid, at one point, came up to me on the street, presumably sent to reconnoitre by his father, furniture dealer. "Excuse me, sir, but are you in the governmint bizzness or somethin'?" I told him I wasn't, and he pressed me all the usual questions about the arcane worlds of television, radio and the various presses who pay for my groceries.

I'm not sure whether there was pride or shame in his voice when he told me about the joke the kids in his school used to chant whenever there was a black kid in hearing range. "I smell a gar." "A ceegar?" "No, a neegar." He became apologetic when I looked disapproving. Both white and negro school children in the south are well drilled in the exercise of giving an adult the responses — words, attitudes, facial expressions and actions — that are wanted. "Course I don't feel that way myself. Me and my buddy run a bicycle shop, most of our customers are niggers. We don't mind them as long as they don't cause no trouble with us." A thirteen-year-old Rotarian, by Christ. His father has won trips to Hawaii and Florida for selling more General Electric appliances than anyone else in his zone.

Magnolia, Arkansas prides itself on being the home of Southern State College, an institution of just over three thousand would-be teachers, farmers and low-grade professionals. They've won a Fulbright and a couple of Woodrow Wilsons in their time, but Academic Dean Logan has no pretensions or self-delusions that he is running a university.

The head of the student body at Southern State is Sharon Smith, a blond twenty-year-old, as fine an example of southern womanhood as one could hope to find. She dresses well, modestly but brightly, has the peaches and cream complexion that all the commie beatnik racemixers are trained to destroy, and, but for her slightly shrewish upper teeth, is a first class Magnolia beauty.


In a way she is typical of a broad stratum of American students, for she is full of good intentions but somewhat puzzled by the insistence and urgency some people have about supposed important issues. She thinks the war ought to be stopped, but not because she has any compunction about bombing the hell out of

a country of thirty million people. She's one of those who used to say, "Let's go all the way or else get out," but now she thinks the US has been defeated.


When I wandered into her office, she was listening to Otis Redding (fee: \$6,000) on the record player with a fratnik who had suggested him for entertainment at a Southern State dance. Which I did not question, having read Ramparts on people who hate niggers but love Ella Fitzgerald.

Tip, the co-listener, is from Texas — "We got a quieter way of life in East Texas. A person from East Texas is more responsible than someone from Dallas or Houston." Of Houston's educated and professionals, brought there by the Manned Spacecraft center, he thinks "Those kind of people are flighty. They got no discipline." His world doesn't encompass much more than Dallas, Houston, East Texas and southern Arkansas, but the analysis seems to be: if you've got nothing and do nothing, call it disciplined action, and collect credit for going to the trouble. Southern radio programs back up this kind of ethic in some detail: Endless disputation can be heard on the superiority of grace to law, and revelation to logic and common sense. These are all useful reflexes for Nuremberg-Man, the well-trained robot. "Ah don't care if they're in a minority. If there's one man in Vietnam that wants his freedom, ah'll go there and fight for him."

The most astonishing thing to my ears is to hear earnestly used phrases that might be joking imitations of clichés if only they weren't intended seriously: "I don't hate niggers. In fact, I like niggers as well as anybody else. I'll even go as far as to say I love niggers. Why, out in East Texas we got some of the greatest old nigger philosophers you ever heard. Ain't got no education, but they sure do know about life." Or: "I treat culud folks right; ain't that right, Lenny?" "Shu nuff is boz. You done treated us good."



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SWAN'S WAY

These vaudeville idiocies really do get said. What is both astonishing and frightening is that after a few hours in the south, one finds oneself taking them for granted.

From all of this to Little Rock is a matter of about 120 miles — in my case, a little further, since my car broke down on the way back. Here was the opportunity for someone else to pull a gun on me, and it happened. After giving up on hitchhiking and starting to walk to the nearest town, a pick-up truck pulled up in front of me, driven by a man with shoulder flashes of the Arkansas Roads department and the eight-pointed star of a policeman. I explained my trouble and asked for a ride. "Sure," he said cheerfully, "Ah ain't afraid to pick you up." As if any normal person went around in a state of acute fear of every hitch-hiker in the world. "Ah got my little equalizer here, and ah ain't a scared of ya." His right hand dipped to his left hip as the truck weaved into the opposite lane, and he waved the gun at me idly and then replaced it. We drive into a service station and he dropped me off.

The 120 miles to Little Rock are a trip to some odd kind of sanity. For there are ways, despite profound local differences, in which America is remarkably homogeneous. People turn on in Little Rock. (I felt like Ginsberg in Czechoslovakia when someone offered me a joint.) And one can fall into conversations about Ravi Shankar and the Mothers of Invention.

The Dobbs House Restaurants in Little Rock are models of a world-wide genre: antiseptic chrome and Arborite, waitresses whose surliness has been tamed by the drilling of a determined chain owner, and the vinyl seats and walls the designer orders by number from Smiles' register.

It was astonishing, then, after the relief of getting back to civilization, to be sitting drinking coffee with friends at one in the morning, trying to talk over the din of a sixteen-year-old, five seats away, raving like a man insane, without any one of the thirty people in the diner raising an eyebrow. "I seen lotsa niggers and they all smell. Right?" Half a dozen high-schoolers with him nod in admiration of his performance, and he rambles on. "Stamp out all psychedelic drugs. Right?" "Bomb all those little yellow bastards. Right?" By this time, some of the other customers are enjoying the looks of amazement on our faces. "Send all the hippies to Veeyetnam. Right?"

The spell breaks a little as a rather mousy waitress whispers to the university professor with me. "Yes, start throwing a few flowers around and the war would soon be over." But she's not really serious, just trying to talk up our tip a little. Eventually the kids leave, to be replaced at the counter by three boozey Babbitts — men in blue suits, their wives in cocktail dresses — spreading another oppressive cloud of noise, elbowing, bad breath and racism. For some southerners, racist references are the height of suavity, relevance and wit at any occasion. "G'arn y'nigger lover," is a cheerful piece of banter, and any adjective or adverb can be made more vivid and cosmopolitan, it seems, by the addition of "like a nigger" to it. Puzzling.

French Canadians and Latins have a theory of cultural and economic imperialism, which goes some way toward explaining this kind of behavior. According to theory, it is natural for colonials — both the exploited and those who have risen from the mass to be assistant exploiters — to be demoralized, rude, inconsiderate, and so forth. In part this is because anyone from the south with requisite ability, manners and ostensible liberalism, will be drafted into northern structures. People with enough author-

itarianism to get things done will be left behind to run things at the local level, but those with the grace, style and congeniality to get along in a large administrative centre will leave for the larger — which is to say richer — society. And, while the best are drained off to the Empire's centre, in this case Manhattan, the rest left behind are left with the demoralizing knowledge that they do not hold the main functions of the society, that their culture is not the main stream. Tone is set by second-raters; culture dictated by the wives of hard-eyed businessmen, either on the way up or sent from the colonial centre — the north — to look after the big thing.

What it fails to explain is that there are people who stay willingly, who reject the larger culture, for reasons of sentiment. There are many people caught up with the Faulknerian ideal, a painful love-hate relationship with the south. (One feels, even as an outsider, an attraction for the conservatism — the ossification — which survives on the surface despite the industry which has been moving into the south since the war. One feels the urge to come here and settle, fit into a culture which will not move, which has no dynamic, which does not confront one with the necessity for continually finding new answers to new problems. Of course, change is stalking the south, and will come in many ways at many speeds, but it is possible to forget this, and many people do.

The most passionate denunciations of racism come from southerners. Northerners run the tired bureaucracies which can do so little to implement their anti-racist ideals.

The most thorough-going invective against the cult of the gun, the willingness to show one's manhood through violence, comes from those who were raised in the Zeitgeist they criticize.

There are people in the south who

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SWAN-DIVE

the love is contraindicated by the shootings of the Klan, and Muhammad Ali preaching, "We'll give the white man any love we've got left when we're through looking after ourselves."

Trust gives way before the incursions of the finance company and the corporate lawyer; nowadays one has reams of legalistic prose, all enforceable by the courts, deeply love the myths and the lore of the south, who could do quite well on the make in the northern liberal culture, but who don't want to, who are kept there by ties of sentiment and tradition.

Much of the tradition is under seige, though. The myth holds that whites and niggers love one another, that business is done on a handshake, that the southern way has a style and grace of its own. But before business is done. The heronial style of the plantation gives way to TV dinners by the swimming pool. The sureness of relationship, the trust, the style, all are threatened, yet the only alternative in sight is northern liberal culture, which is obviously patently unworkable and evil. The mental set of the old south, then, is paranoia.

It is customary in Arkansas, as in Harlem where so many southern blacks live, for the "culud folks" to carve each other up on Friday and Saturday nights. Friday and Saturday are economically dictated dates. One has money for booze, without the necessity of working the next day. Custom and social psychosis become one. It is customary for the police not to intervene. As in the British colonies, anything that doesn't affect the white man is looked on as a native rite.

That killings can be thought normal is symptomatic of the demoralization of a collapsing culture. Yet it is obvious to conservative southerners, that "our" culture is not working. We have all these beatniks and hippies and divorcees and

alcoholics and queers and communists and — the idea shocks — people who do not go to church. "We" are causing a war, while their boys are the ones with the guts to go fight it.

Historically, tory cultures give way to liberal ones, but the collapse of the tory south is happening at precisely the time when corporate liberalism cannot even win youth by osmosis or Vietnamese by force. How much less chance it has in the south, which has, at least, memories of a viable culture, before hospitality was a shared slug of bourbon, and religion became the ranting of fools.

It is not nice when a culture falls apart, but there is no going back. The appropriate quote, I guess, is the one from NO EXIT: "Well, let's get on with it."

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1. DATE OF FILING: **OCT 1 1967** 2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: **THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER**

3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: **Bi-weekly**

4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, city, county, state, ZIP code):
105 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10003, New York County

5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (Not printers):
105 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10003, New York County

6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHER (Name and address):
Walter H. Bowitz, 105 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10003

EDITOR (Name and address):
Allan Katzman, 105 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10003

MANAGING EDITOR (Name and address):
Peter Leggieri, 105 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10003

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been after, not before, the Hope-Palden romance presumably begun to germinate — a circumstance which, if true, gives rise to conjecture as to whether the State Department's private firm of Murder, Inc., the Central Intelligence Agency, might not have assisted in the Tibetan princess's demise, so as to clear the way for an American-Sikkimese matrimonial alliance).

But there were rumors, now glossed over, of Miss Cooke and Crown Prince Palden having first met at the "coming-out" party which the Chapins gave for Hope in Teheran in 1958 on her eighteenth birthday. How did it occur that the heir to the throne of an obscure Himalayan kingdom just happened to be in the Iranian capital at the time of Hope Cooke's coming-out party? Had the U.S.-subservient Shah been persuaded, through U.S. diplomatic channels, namely Ambassador Chapin, to invite Prince Palden to Teheran at that time, for the express purpose of making a meeting between him and the attractive ward of the Chapins inevitable? That the Prince would assuredly not be averse to such a meeting was deducible from the common knowledge that, while by no means a playboy, he had a keenly appreciative eye for the ladies. That Hope herself — as a diplomatic protegee, so to speak, if for no other reason — would already have been observed and vetted by the powers-that-be for possible future usefulness to the U.S. State Department can hardly be doubted, and it may have been decided — with or without her knowledge — that the well-born charmer, with the penchant for things Oriental, was just the lure to bring into the American creel the king-to-be of strategic Sikkim. It would not have been out of character for an intelligent, "very New England" girl of diplomatic upbringing, to conceive it a patriotic duty, and an intriguingly romantic one at that, to allow herself to be wooed and won in her country's service. On the other hand, if she had been kept in the dark, and at her coming-out party, had been allowed — with a modicum of deft pushing — to gravitate naturally to Prince Palden, and he to her, and if the strategem had taken, the resulting affinity would have been one tailor-made for State Department nurturing and exploitation.

In short, then, the question is: Did Hope Cooke fall — for Palden, or was she pushed — by the State Department?

THE DIPLOMATIC UNCLE

Following her coming-out in Teheran, Hope returned to the United States to enter the select Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N.Y. Said she, as told in McCALL'S, "By good fortune, Uncle Selden was just then transferred to Washington, and there I made my official debut at the Debutante Ball."

Precisely, Uncle Selden's new appointment was as Deputy Commandant for Foreign Affairs at the National

War College, Washington, a specialized post in which he would have been engaged in orientating senior officers of the armed forces in respect to the intricacies of the military ramifications of diplomacy. In fact, no ordinary diplomat was Selden Chapin. His record of service shows him to have held appointments in key areas at peculiarly sensitive periods. In 1947-49, at which time Yugoslavia was in the process of breaking away from the Cominform, he was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to neighboring Hungary, where his activities caused him to be declared PERSONA NON GRATA by the Communist government; in 1949-53, when Indonesia, beset by undermining Western intrigues, was endeavoring to consolidate its independence of the Netherlands, he was Ambassador to the Netherlands; in 1953-55, when Central America was a trouble spot and Guatemala's leftwing government was being subverted by the CIA, he was Ambassador to Panama; in 1955, shortly after Iran's radical nationalist government of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh had been overthrown by the CIA and Britain's M16, and the Shah had become totally dependent on the United States to keep him on the Peacock Throne and the Russians out of his country, he was appointed Ambassador to Iran; in 1958-60 he was at the National War College; and in 1960, when Fidel Castro's revolutionary ideas were beginning to take hold among the peasants of the Andes, he was appointed Ambassador to Peru (in which country, today, U.S.-advised forces are secretly napping leftwing rebels).

What emerges from this recital of his diplomatic activities, is that Selden Chapin was a man especially well-equipped, by training and experience, to appreciate the politico-military potential to his country of a ward like Hope Cooke, as well as being most advantageously placed to influence her in the bringing of that potential to fruition. From time immemorial, the MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE, or more properly in this instance, MARIAGE DE DIPLOMATIE, has been utilized to initiate or cement international alliances, to gain political, economic and military advantages, and in the case of Hope Cooke and Prince Palden, it must have seemed to Chapin that the crassly pragmatic objectives of the desired alliance were ameliorated by the possibility of a genuine attachment developing between the couple. In the event, he appears to have been right, and doubtless, this was one of the satisfactions of his career which he took to the grave when he died, of a heart attack, six days after the wedding date of March 20, 1963.

LOVE IN DARJEELING

In 1959, with several classmates and in the care of a professor, Hope went on a trip to the Soviet Union, but when, at the end of the official tour in Poland, the others prepared to return to the United States, she left at the Hotel Windermere, Prince Palden arrived, having motored the four-hour trip from Gangtok (pop. 11,000), capital of neighboring Sikkim (pop.

175,000). This, according to Hope's story in McCALL'S, was when she first met the Prince: "He is truly, truly handsome," she said. And in THE NEW YORK TIMES on April 5, 1965, she is reported as having said, "Call it love at first sight." This was in 1959, but, according to LIFE magazine of April 5, 1963, Miss Cooke met the Prince "during a 1958 vacation trip to India," so that unless the respected magazine had its facts wrong, there was at least one such intervening trip, and it subsequently passed from human ken. Later on, sometime in 1960-61, there was, according to another source, a tryst at a ski resort in Switzerland, but of this, apparently nothing more is known.

In her McCALL'S story, Hope says that after her return to Sarah Lawrence College at the end of that summer of 1959, there was no further meeting, nor even any correspondence, between her and Prince Palden until, in mid-1961, acting on an intuitive urge, she flew directly out from New York to Darjeeling. "I do not know how the Prince found out that I was at the Windermere Hotel," she said. But there the Prince was, and he wined and dined her and, a few days later, took her to Gangtok for a visit with his family, over which presided his father the Maharajah, Sir Tashi Namgyal. On her return to Darjeeling, Hope extended her stay into the autumn, and in November, the engagement of the American debutante Hope Cooke to Maharaj Kumar (Crown Prince) Palden Thondup Namgyal of Sikkim was formally announced to the world. Came Christmas, and, by what NEWSWEEK archly described as a "happy coincidence" but Hope referred to as a prearranged meeting, the Chapins and Prince Palden came together in Rome where he "formally requested," and received, their permission to marry her.

A 1962 wedding was ruled out as inauspicious by the Sikkim State Astrologer, who set the date for March 20, 1963, and the time at 9:03 a.m. Meanwhile, Hope had returned to Sarah Lawrence College, and, between her and Prince Palden's commutings between New York and Gangtok, she found time to take a B.A. in Oriental Studies. With their ceremonial wedding in Gangtok on the appointed date, Hope Cooke became, by Indian title, the Maharaj Kumari (Crown Princess) of Sikkim and, by Sikkimese title, the Lhachem Kusho (Consort of the Deities). In becoming a Sikkimese national, she lost her American nationality, for Sikkimese law does not permit of dual citizenship. While professedly sympathetic to the State religion of Buddhism, she elected to adhere to her Episcopalian faith.

Sir Tashi Namgyal, 71, died in December, 1963. By astrological decree, the coronation of the Crown Prince was deferred until April 4, 1965. With Palden's formal consecration as Maharajah or Chogyal, Hope became Maharani or Gyalmo — also known as the Denzong Gyalmo (Queen of the Hidden Valley of Rice). But, among her subjects, she is more familiarly called "Hope-La."

On February 20, 1964, a son, Prince Palden, had been born to Hope-La. She is also mother to her



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husband's children by his Tibetan wife, Crown Prince Tensing, Prince Wangchuk and Princess Yangchen. To them all, life is kind as lived in the royal palace of Gangtok, a rambling, two-story edifice that more resembles a New England country house than the general run of Oriental palace, though, to be sure, there is no sight in New England to compare for magnificence with that to be seen from the Gangtok palace windows—five-peaked Mt. Kanchenjunga, at 28,146 feet, the world's third highest mountain.

CIA FRONT ORGANIZATION?

More the pity, then, that the course upon which Hope-La now appears to be bent will inevitably transform Sikkim from the orchid kingdom of the Himalayas that it is, into the victim of American obscurity that Vietnam has become. For, if Hope-La can influence her husband, the Chogyal, into selling himself to the United States, the tranquility of Sikkim will, in short order, be shattered by the roar of B52 bombers and the shrieks of jet fighters, with ICBMs to come, and Gangtok will be infested, like Saigon, with loudmouthed, psycho-chauvinistic American "heroes," dedicated to converting the country into a freedom-loving, U.S.-style democracy, replete with a wheeler-dealer legislature, superbrotels, segregated bars, flashy drug stores, hot-dog stands and the refinements of "hippie" culture (at least one of which things will be welcomed by Hope-La, for, as she confessed to McCALL'S, what she misses most about America are "drug stores with counters").

The first overt sign, recognizable as such, of the efforts which Hope-La is making to subvert Sikkim to American designs was manifested in a thesis published in the July, 1966 issue of THE BULLETIN OF TIBETOLOGY, which she edits, claiming Sikkimese sovereignty over Indian Darjeeling.

It is noteworthy that THE BULLETIN OF TIBETOLOGY is published by the Namgyal Institute of Tibetology, which was established by the then Crown Prince Palden in 1958. It is almost certain that the suggestion for establishing the Institute, coming at that time, originated with the U.S. State Department, and that the funds for it were provided by the CIA through one of the many American foundations which the Agency had succeeded in infiltrating. The Gyalmo is its Patron. Notwithstanding the Institute's short existence and limited academic influence, the Gyalmo, it is reported, has been successful in having its seminars attended by scholars from the United States and Europe. That these scholars would mostly comprise academic agents of the CIA is beyond doubt, as is the syllogistic conclusion that the Namgyal Institute of Tibetology is, in fact, a front organization for CIA subversion.

At any rate, New Delhi, irritated, did not so much formally reject the claim as simply shrug it off for the mischievous pretension that it was. Hope-La's case was that the Sikkim ruler who, in 1835, ceded Darjeeling to the East India Company for a health resort had intended the transfer to be only a lease. Her article was the thin edge of the American wedge. The object was to create the first small breach in Sikkimese-Indian relations, a breach which, at some more propitious time in the future, could be aggravated to such an extent as to provide the pretext for revocation, by Sikkim, of the Treaty of Protectorate with India. With that, the door would be wide open for the exchange of ambassadors between Sikkim and the United States, followed by unrestricted influx of

the CIA, USIA, AID and other agencies. Next, using as a pretext alleged Chinese aggression, in would come the U.S. armed forces—at the Chogyal's invitation, of course.

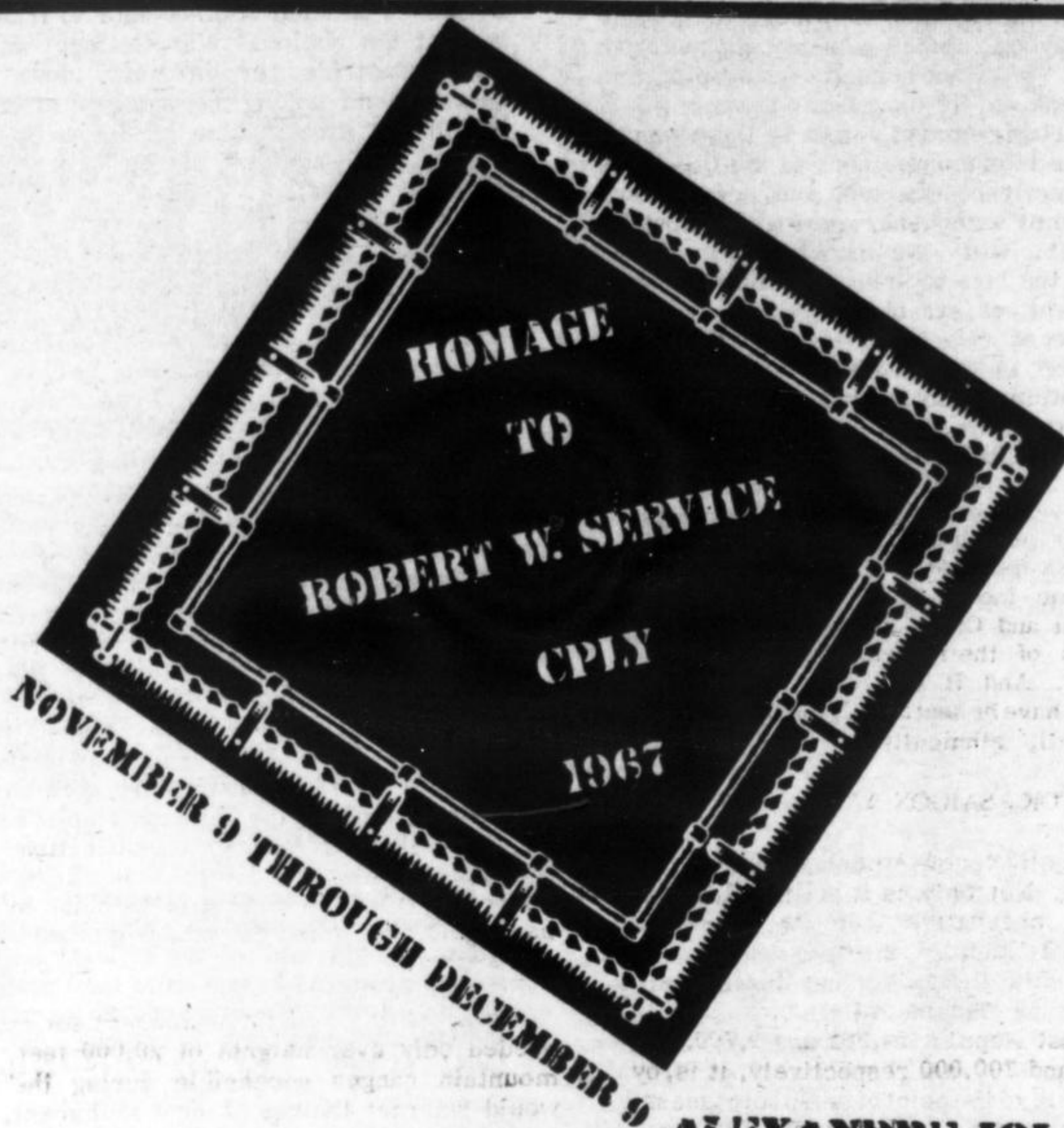
CHINA AND THE BORDER KINGDOMS

That border trouble with China would, at any time, be easy to provoke, is implicit in the long record of contention between China and British India that was resolved with China's coerced acceptance (but not formal ratification) of the so-called McMahon Line in 1914, during a critical period in Chinese history, when the country was being pillaged by the Western nations. In essence, the Chinese border incursions into the Northeast Frontier Agency and Ladakh in October, 1962, constituted notice of rejection of the British-imposed McMahon Line delineating the border between the length of the Assam-Himalayan massif and Tibet. If there is indeed substance to the Gyalmo's claim of Sikkimese possession of India's Darjeeling on the grounds of prior sovereignty, then there is yet greater substance to a Chinese claim of possession of Sikkim itself, on the same grounds.

In fact, China's erstwhile sovereignty over Sikkim was tacitly recognized by Britain when, having already assumed a protectorate over the border kingdom in the mid-nineteenth century, Britain subsequently, in 1890, thought it advisable to tie up the loose ends by coercing China into recognizing the validity of the protectorate. For, as is well known to political geographers, Sikkim, until well into the nineteenth century, was virtually a dependency of Tibet, which, itself, had been more or less under Chinese sovereignty since its envelopment by the Manchu dynasty in 1720.

And not only Sikkim, but Bhutan on the east and Nepal on the west have also felt the Celestial breath down the back of their necks. For centuries a dependency of Tibet, Bhutan, too, was wrested from virtual Chinese sovereignty when British forces invaded the kingdom in 1865 and annexed much of its territory; hence, China's claim today that Bhutan forms part of Greater Tibet.

Nepal, although subject more to Indian than Chinese influence since 1768, when invading Gurkhas from India established a kingdom there, had—until the recent border settlement with the People's Republic



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— always had its northern border disputed by China. It is—to emphasize the fact of Sikkimese ethnopolitical vulnerability—noteworthy that, largely as a consequence of Gurkha invasions of Sikkim in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there is today a 75 per cent preponderance of Nepalese over the indigenous Lepchas and the Bhotias in Sikkim's population, and that a "Maha Nepal" or "Greater Nepal" sentiment among this majority finds a sympathetic, if discreet, ear in Katmandu. American power pressure, assisted by the skills of political intrigue which Britain has traditionally exercised in this area, has, over the past three years, induced Nepal to increase its military strength almost to a war footing, while concurrently cooling its relations with India. Lately, the inflow of U.S. weapons has been accelerated. The curious thing is that, as admitted by Nepalese Defense Secretary, General Padma Bahadur Khatri, half of Nepal's military strength is positioned along the southern border, facing India. The abrasiveness of the posture is heightened by continuing American efforts to alienate Nepal from India, this being a fringe strategy in the overall plan to Balkanize India, and so render her the more vulnerable to America. The covert activities of the U.S. Government are reflected in the overt propagandizing by the American press, as was, in this case, exemplified in an article by Paul Humes in the CHICAGO DAILY MAIL, which was reproduced in the LOS ANGELES TIMES of April 24, 1964, under the heading: "U.S. GUNS IN NEPAL — POINTED WHICH WAY?" Said the writer:

"Nepal is neutral. Her fear of Communist China to the north is matched only by her intense dislike and distrust of India to the south... The general (Padma Bahadur Khatri) is not a blackmailer. But, like all Nepalese, he is sick and tired of having his small country dictated to by the imperious Indians..."

In point of fact, it is the foreign policy of neutral India to be the reverse of "imperious" to other nations, including her neighbors, and after Independence in 1947, she was extremely generous to Nepal in providing economic aid until such time as the United States, Russia and China stepped in and, for less worthy reasons of their own, relieved her of much of the burden. And it was only natural that she should so readily have helped Nepal, for the Gurkha people are, after all, ethnically part-Indian, are they not?

KATMANDU - GANGTOK - SAIGON AXIS

The most available site for an American eyrie in the Himalayas is Sikkim. Not only is it politically more susceptible to U.S. occupation than its sovereign neighbors, Nepal and Bhutan, by reason of its transient protectorate status with India, but physically, with an area of only 2,748 square miles and 175,000 inhabitants, as against Nepal's 54,362 and 9,700,000; and Bhutan's 19,305 and 700,000 respectively, it is, by comparison, vulnerable to the point of defenselessness. And, most advantageous of all, for an American take-over, the United States already has, in Gangtok, its Trojan mare in the shape of Gyalmo Hope Namgyal. A sidelight on the kind of subtle support which the United States has been giving Hope-La is visible in the State Department's appointment of a woman to the U.S. ambassadorship in Nepal. Doyen of the staff

membership of the U.S. Foreign Service, and in 1965 Director of the State Department's Division of Southeast Asian Affairs, Caroline C. Laise was posted to Katmandu in 1966, for the primary purpose of demonstrating, for the benefit of a Himalayan society whose womenfolk are traditionally relegated to a back seat in politics, that the American woman—like Gyalmo Hope of Sikkim, for instance—can be well equipped to take a leading part in affairs of state, expects to be able to do so, and often does. Apart from reinforcing, by association, Hope-La's authority, Ambassador Laise would also, it is reasonable to suppose, contrive to make available to the Gyalmo counsel which would by no means run contrary to U.S. interests. It is of passing interest to note that Ambassador Laise is now Ambassador Bunker, the 49-year-old career officer having, in January, 1967, married 72-year-old diplomat Ellsworth T. Bunker, the newly-appointed U.S. Ambassador to Saigon. It will certainly not lessen the homogeneity of American foreign policy that, since then, there has been a good deal of commuting between Saigon and Katmandu.

TOP SECRET USAF MISSIONS

Subsequent to this article's completion, there has come to the author's attention information which so strongly supports his thesis on secret American military designs on Sikkim as to warrant the insertion of that information here.

Writing in the June 9-15 issue of the BERKELEY BARB (Underground Press Syndicate) under the heading "TOP SECRET" — USAF MYSTERY MISSION, Robert Hurwitt reveals that certain Berkeley civilians, possessing experience in mountain climbing, had been approached by the United States Air Force for a top secret mission, and that the recruiting was done through a climber who had mountaineered with the most famous of the Himalayan experts, New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary. Apparently, recruiting first began in 1965 and continued in 1966, and in each of those years, as well as early 1967, a secret expedition was mounted, and a further expedition is planned for the fall of 1967. Recently, the USAF clamped a "Top Secret" classification on anything and everything to do with the subject, and, at briefings in Washington, D.C., recruits were warned that leaking out information on their undertaking would be considered high treason.

The reason for this, according to the BERKELEY BARB's sources, was that "if the nature of the mission were revealed to the press, it would have to be called off. They said diplomatic problems could arise if such information were made public." However, before the mission's objective was given its inviolate Top Secret classification, one of the mountaineer recruits disclosed to a BERKELEY BARB source that the purpose was to plant an "instrument package." The mission was described by the recruit as "secret."

Reports Robert Hurwitt:

"Some of the special equipment for the mission is needed only over heights of 20,000 feet. Only a few mountain ranges accessible during the fall season would warrant the use of such equipment. The Himalayas, bordering on China, are in this class of mountains. The expedition is being made up of both

rock- and ice-climbing specialists—an unusual combination, according to skilled climbers... But last year, during the time of a similarly composed mission, one of the climbers was seen in Saigon. Soon afterward, he visited Hillary in New Zealand.

"Speculations about the nature of the mission led BARB to consult an expert on current military matters. The military expert suggested that the mission might be to plant a device used to guide Strategic Air Command weaponry... delivery systems."

The foregoing information from the BERKELEY BARB supplies a key piece in the mosaic of America's grand design for the enthralment of Asia. There can no longer be any doubt but that the Himalayas form an important part of the picture, with Nepal serving as the diplomatic base for the approach to the focal objective, Sikkim. And the association, however tenuous, of Sir Edmund Hillary with the plan, tends to bear out this article's premise that U.S. objectives in the area have British support. That there are strings firmly tying together Katmandu, Gangtok and Saigon, with the ends in Washington's hands, is also beyond question.

And who can doubt that, among the scholarly-seeming gentlemen who are converging, in increasing numbers, upon the Namgyal Institute of Tibetology in Gangtok, is quite a pack of mountaineers who are on assignment to the USAF from the CIA.
THE END OF SHANGRI-LA

1967 marks the beginning of the end of Sikkim as Shangri-La. The softening-up propaganda which customarily precedes America's advance on an objective is already in full swing. At home and abroad, public opinion is being conditioned to anticipate and approve the impending operation, while, in the target theater, diplomatic pressure is being stepped up to produce, in due course, a situation of artificial crisis, which would appear to make the operation imperative. As usual, it is the reactionary American press, some elements of which are, in effect, indistinguishable from the CIA, that acts as standard-bearer. Typical is a series of news articles which appeared in the LOS ANGELES TIMES, commencing early this year. An exclusive from REUTERS, New Delhi, published in the LOS ANGELES TIMES on February 19, 1967, under the headline, INDIA DENIES SIKKIM QUEEN'S

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CLAIM FOR LAND, broke the ice with an airing of Hope-La's 1966-launched claim to Darjeeling. Said REUTERS:

"The Gyalmo's thesis...does not threaten any serious territorial dispute which might undermine the close alliance between India and Sikkim, whose defense, external affairs and communications the Indian Government manages under a treaty relationship. But the relationship is a delicate one, which could not easily stand up to the strain of public controversy."

Having published which, the LOS ANGELES TIMES forthwith sent its Delhi Bureau chief to Sikkim to aggravate the strain. Reporting from Gangtok, Arthur J. Dommen wrote in the issue of April 23, 1967, under the heading, HOPE COOKE PLAYS IMPORTANT ROLE IN HUSBAND'S REALM:

"As Sikkim finds its own identity, an identity which the Gyalmo fervently hopes will emerge for all to see, the Chogyal is confronted ever more sharply with the biggest fact of life here — Sikkim's relations with India. The fact that the three key men in Sikkim's political life are Indians... illustrates the delicacy of the Chogyal's task. Here the Gyalmo has proved herself to be an influence on the side of Sikkim's independence and integrity... Those who know him well describe the Chogyal as a man imbued with basically democratic ideals, and his record in the narrow confines of what is possible in Sikkimese politics bears out this description. But there are moments when it would appear easier to hold back, to repress, rather than go ahead, to give free rein." DIVISIVE PROPAGANDA

Reading between the innuendous lines, what Mr. Dommen is delicately saying is that the time has come to kick the Indians out of Sikkim, and that if Hope Cooke has her way with her foot-dragging Chogyal of a husband, that is precisely what is going to happen—and the sooner the better. The better for whom, Mr. Dommen neglects to say.

But in his next report from Gangtok, published May 1, 1967, a free commentary on the previous month's Sikkimese general election, Mr. Dommen makes no bones about the desirability of expelling India from Sikkim. And this time — doubtless at a nudge from Hope-La — his reportage nicely cajoles the Chogyal. Thus, under the heading, SIKKIM RULER IN STEP WITH MODERN TIMES, he writes:

"While the democratic revolution has hardly touched Sikkim, the Sikkimese are fortunate in having — in their

44-year-old Chogyal — a ruler who is in step with modern times, and believes in the need of his people to associate more closely with his administration."

It does not strain the imagination to infer that it is the United States that the writer has in mind to bring revolutionary democracy to Sikkim. But first, believes Mr. Dommen, the Chogyal should make sure that his people are united behind him in his project, before attempting to cut loose from India.

Goes on Mr. Dommen, getting now to the point of his diatribe:

"The election results indicated to observers here that there is great popular feeling against the treaty... Sikkimese charge that the only threat to their security from China is generated by the presence of 50,000 Indian troops in Sikkim... The Sikkimese look to the Chogyal to free their soil of Indian troops, and to obtain modification of the Treaty of Protectorate."

Obviously, what Mr. Dommen really means — and there can be little doubt that opinions like his reflect those of the State Department — is that the Treaty of Protectorate should be jettisoned by the Chogyal so as to permit the establishment of diplomatic relations between Sikkim and the United States as between sovereign states, and the replacement of Indian troops by American. As matters stand, Indian security measures — designed for Sikkim's protection, with the Chogyal's consent — are such that entry to the area by foreigners is strictly controlled by New Delhi, a situation which hampers American subversion to such an extent that almost the only way the CIA can introduce agents into the country, other than by sending academicians to the Namgyal Institute of Tibetology, is by utilizing the odd journalist or technical consultant.

THE ULTIMATE DETERMINANT

Whether the coming together of Hope Cooke and Crown Prince Palden was indeed a carefully laid plan of the State Department, or whether it was a spontaneous romance which the State Department proceeded to exploit in the nefarious longterm interests of America, the effects upon Sikkim's future will be the same. That, wittingly or otherwise, Gyalmo Hope has become the catspaw of the State Department is hardly open to question, the only serious doubt remaining, being whether the Chogyal is a willing collaborator, or the hapless servant of his deep attachment for his American wife.

In deciding which is the more worthy of her true allegiance, her erstwhile country or the small nation over which she now reigns as queen by virtue of her marriage to the Chogyal, Hope-La could clarify the issue for herself by reducing its complexities to a single, simple determinant — race. If she truly loves the man she chose to marry and the son she has borne by him, she will recoil now from the country of her birth, in the knowledge that, in the United

States, her husband would, behind the facade of social courtesies, be despised as a "gook" (i.e. Asian "nigger"), and her son as a "half-caste." That this is so amply demonstrated by the fact that Americans in Vietnam despise the Vietnamese as "gooks," just as — to stress the generality of the white Caucasian prejudice against Asians — Americans in Korea 15 years ago, despised the Koreans, too, as "gooks," and the Americans in the Pacific 10 years before that despised the Japanese as, to quote Lyndon Baines Johnson's own description, "little yellow dwarfs." In her mind, it will be borne home to Hope-La that, in many parts of the United States, her husband, but for his elevated rank, might have difficulty obtaining an apartment or a house in a desirable quarter. And, as to the general American attitude toward her little realm in the Himalayas, she will sense, if her remembrance of her countrymen's chauvinism has not become clouded over by time and distance, that Sikkim is regarded by them not so much as an exotic kingdom in the sky as an Asian reservation in the boondocks. Knowing these things, Hope-La, if she put the sacrosanctity of her husband and family above all else, would do everything in her power to resist the threatened American take-over of Sikkim. That she appears bent on the opposite course is at once a measure of her conjugal loyalty, and an indictment of her sense of political integrity and racial justice.

Meanwhile, the United States, blinded to all sense of international morality by her paranoid hatred of communism and her lust for world domination, approaches the row of tinder boxes in the Himalayas with a lighted match in her hand. And, with the example of a Vietnam in flames before its very eyes, still the world waits, doing nothing. Wait it should no longer. Before it is too late, the nations should, as one, arise in condemnation of the United States, to avert the nuclear Armageddon that looms ahead.

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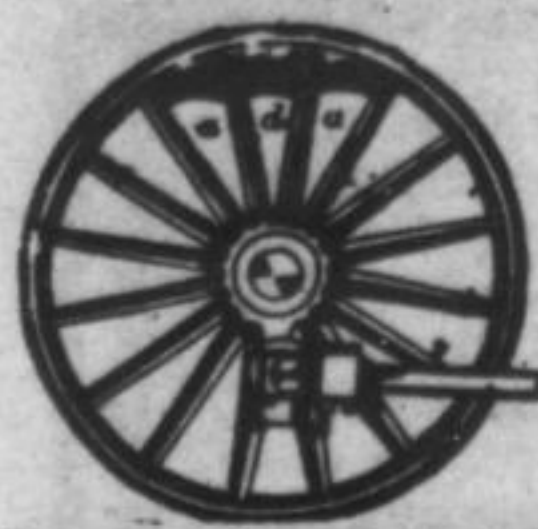
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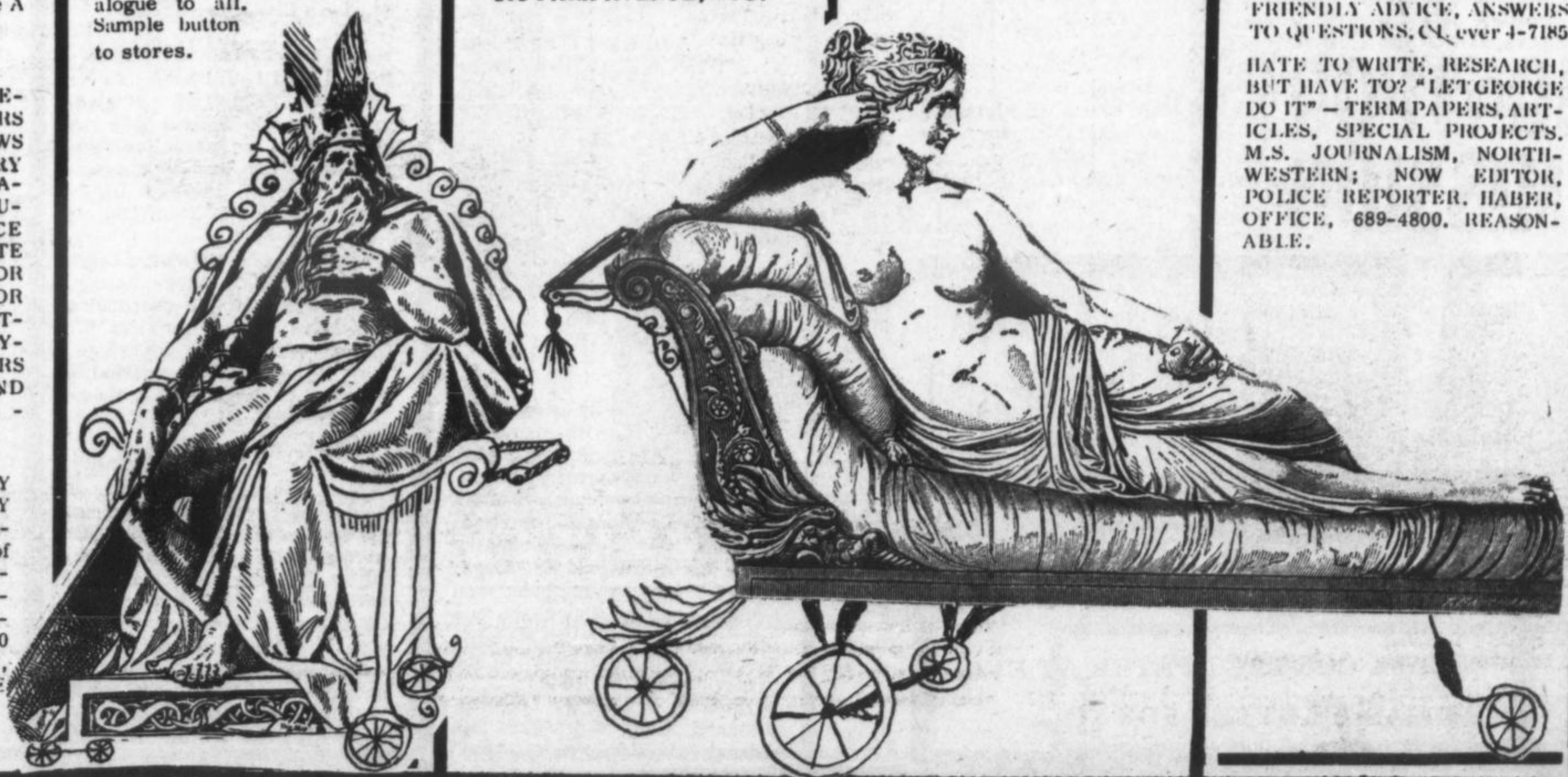
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COME ON BABY, LIGHT THAT FIRE!! Village Firewood has been providing flame material for heads since 1960. (Yes, Matilda-there were heads in 1960!) Our prices have been the same for seven years (\$19 per 100 split logs, delivered & stacked free) and you don't have to be a head to enjoy the warmth, effect, and intrinsic satisfaction that one gets from a cozy fire. We deliver 7 days a week, 10am to 10pm 477-5626 or 477-1767 20% discount on wood picked up at our warehouse. The Village Firewood Co. 801 Greenwich Street, N.Y.C. 10014

We move ANYTHING, ANYWHERE in the U.S.A., ANYTIME 24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week. Commercial and household moving our specialty. ANY size trucks available. We operate at Insane Hours for Insane Prices. Call Anytime, 477-5626 or 477-1767. Village Trucking, 66 W. 10th Street, NYC 10011.

Stephen S. Baron, please call a friendly Rabbi at 433-3441. All will be held strictly confidential.

3 BUTTONS PRINTED to order. Say anything you want. CHEAP. Free information. Stamped, addressed envelope to: BUTTONS, Box 16604, Philadelphia, Pa. 19139.

FRENCH TICKLERS. Fun, safe, reusable, now available from the Hapco Organization. See our display ad, for full information. Sold only as a possible aid to marital sexual harmony and for the prevention of disease, not as a contraceptive.



Discreet and Dapper, Athletic and Attractive, Educated man wants to meet bright, mature, buxom woman who dresses like the most exotic visitors to the Museum of Modern Art, for joint eroticism. Absolute discretion assured. Write for immediate response: Wall Street Station, Box 844, New York, N.Y. 10005

Great Ray IS great. Cunnilinguist, Specialist. All you nympho and sex desire showgirls, playboy club bunnies, secretaries, models and actresses need Ray's service. Very private and sincere. 215 (Philadelphia, Pa) TR 2-0532 after 9 PM

Young Wall St. man wants to hear interesting propositions — financial or sexual. For latter, heterosexual females only, please. Box 468, Wall St. Station, NYC 10005

WANTED: GIRL TO PLAY HOUSE, TO EXPERIENCE MUTUAL MIND EXPANSION, TO TALK OF HAPPY THINGS. WRITE: PAUL 818 EDWARDS ROAD, APT. Y 204, STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Male Negro 29 seeking white, discreet, nympho type shapely female for partnership in correspondence club; companionship and intimate relations. No capital investment required. All replies strictly confidential. Send method of contact, description Post Office Box 232, Bronx, New York 10456.

Young man 32 looking to meet fun female, also has friend if you have one. Contact

(note: space left for Box No. which was not in copy.jvs.)

E 70's. Man from Houston, Texas to share his apt with man, sharing his interest in cattle ranching and sports. 628-5553 phone////

I'M UP TO HERE WITH BLAND BLONDES WHO DIVE INTO BED. ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG, VERY SOLVENT, BRIGHT MALE INTERESTED IN EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE BRIGHT YOUNG FEMALES. I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR VIRGINITY OR THE LACK OF IT — I DO CARE VERY MUCH ABOUT YOUR PRETTINESS AND IMAGINATION. BOX 640, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y.C. 10017.

Group of financially independent girls from Pa with many unusual interests including photography, french arts, bondage-discipline, have luxury Manhattan apartment for parties, isolated New Jersey country home for more private things, desire to meet broadminded men women couples who share our interests, especially submissive men willing to cater to our bizarre needs. Write to: THE GANG, c/o W. Leonard, Leonard Bldg. Apt. #20, 346 Adams Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18503

Intelligent, understanding Mt. Vernon man, 34, needs young girl NYC or vicinity for sexual relationship. Whether she wishes a short or long-term relationship or also seeks intellectual stimulation, companionship, or a meaningful relationship besides erotic pleasure, she should phone Bob, 914-667-8991, weekends or ANY TIME after 6 PM weekdays.

Male, white, handsome (40, 6ft., 200 lbs) black hair — needs cunnilingus. Former Met Opera singing President Eastern Nudist Sunbathing Association North Jersey women only reply to Mr. Wm. G. P. c/o Apt 31, 252 West 91 St., New York, N.Y.

Young Man age 31, single, financially independent. Business man. 5'11", 175 lbs., light hair, light complexion, blue eyes, considered good looking. Interests include: travel, dancing, evenings out, interested in a shapely young lady from New England area who will enjoy the above mention things. No kooks or "way out" please. Photo and phone. Discretion assured. Write D. Johnson, P.O. Box 106, Alston, Mass.

Wanted friends new in n.y.c. male 25 would like to meet fun loving people and swinging places. Friendship is happiness Al Keller 17 West 177 Street Bronx, N.Y. 10453

GIRL WANTED
Genuinely liberal-minded, "pro-love," attractive girl aged 17 to 23 who can be sympathetic to shy, intellectual "anti-establishment" type 27-yr. old man, wanted as friend with STRONG POSSIBILITY OF MARRIAGE if suited. Am advanced graduate student; will be in NYC at Xmas. Write: Brian G. Gilmartin, 506 S. Dodge St., Iowa City, Iowa 52240

MALE seeks PLEASURE SEEKING, THRILL-SEEKING, FUN-SEEKING FEMALES—singles, groups—your desires are my pleasures. I am attractive, sensual, sensitive, artistic and gentle. Discretion assured. GR 3-1407 AFTER TUES, NOV. 14

Colored man of 40 tired of Liars and Cheats, Loving, Lonely, seeks affectionate, reasonable attractive Girl 18 to 25 for mutual satisfaction, marriage? May Be. Any other nationality besides colored. CALL Ewart 7-9 PM weekday only 914 699-5887.

Man, 18, interested in ABSTRACT sex practices and normal sex relations with women only, 18-50. Unique appetite. No faggots!! Phone 243-9613 between 6:30 and 7:00 PM ONLY

Happiness is to love and be loved male 25, white 6'2" 190 lbs. seeks sincere girl, any nationality Al Keller 17 West 177 Street Bronx N.Y. 10453

Professional good-looking guy interested in all the European arts and all aspects of heterosexuality desires to meet sexually-oriented attractive girl for our mutual pleasures. Call Bob: 752-5632 or 944-0142.

Unlike the surrounding ads, this is a genuine search for an above average girl in both intelligence and appearance, yet normal in all other respects. My IQ, income, maturity and tastes are alike: high. Send photo if possible. Box 102, NYC, NY 11435 Queens man, caucasian, 28, 5' 10" trim, attractive, quiet, non-swinger, lean wallet, no hang-ups, desires meaningful intimate relationship with slender shapely, warm, unattached female. Interests: beer, foreign films, WBAI, fresh air, home-cooked food. Enjoys art, theater, most music. Welcomes young lass desiring her first affair or older gal wanting steady companion for bed and otherwise. No homos. Write, including phone number, P.O.B. 253, NYC 10013

Engineer 25 new to N.Y. desires attractive, aggressive, passionate girl to either share my beautiful apartment of just for dating. No queers. Call evenings DI 6-7992.

Man, 33, of beauty, warmth and wit seeks woman of similar qualities. Write PO Box 1929, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Swap photos.

27 yr-old 5-10 175 lb attractive and intelligent lover of girls who don't play games would like uninhibited, fairly attractive, fairly intelligent and aware girl 21-27. Am sincere, non-egotistical, sensitive, compassionate and kind; would appreciate similar qualities. I agree with Ingersoll and Bertrand Russel on religion.
Danny, Box 81, Jerome Sta., Bronx, NY

Interesting, tall, attractive white executive in his early 40's. Refined, generous and discreet. Would like to meet attractive gal who is feminine enough to wear her hair very long (snapshot appreciated) NYC area, Box 87, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., NYC

Intelligent, understanding, Mt. Vernon man 34, needs young girl (NYC or vicinity) for sexual relationship. Whether she wishes a short or long term relationship, or also seeks intellectual stimulation, companionship, or a meaningful relationship besides erotic pleasure, she should phone Bob (914 667-8991) weekends or anytime after 6 PM weekdays.

NUDISCOVER. Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female. Married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-2 P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

New England bachelor seeks to meet broad minded ladies and couple for parties and weekends. 617 Boston 227-7071

kind, intelligent, normal white man of THIRTY TWO SEEKS FRIENDSHIP-SEX

KIND, INTELLIGENT, NORMAL WHITE MAN OF THIRTY TWO SEEKS FRIENDSHIP-SEX WITH NICE WOMAN. HAVE NO MONEY NOR MEETING PLACE. IF SWEET, YOUR AGE, LOOKS, RACE, MARITAL STATUS SECONDARY. AFTERNOON MEETINGS, CUNILINGUS IF YOU LIKE. BOX 598, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

MAN, YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE, VIGOROUS, INTEL LIGENT, CONSIDERATE, SENSUOUS, ADAPTABLE, LIKES MUSEUMS, WALKS, MOVIES: WISHES TO DATE YOUNG LADIES WITH SIMILAR TRAITS AND INTERESTS. BOX 318, ANSONIA STA. NY 10023.

J. upon a cloud, above o god a seedless seraph of sod felt source repulse with surgical reformation when memory murdered forever with illustration YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Writer from Far East, 27, 5'7" would like to exchange love with girl who understands French mind and painting. Box 624 Flushing, N.Y. 11352

Well adjusted man, mid 40's "happily married, but"; attractive, adventurous, world-travelled, virile - yet cultured, artistic, gentle and sensual, desires discreet liason for mutual stimulation with receptive, understanding, attractive woman whose desires exceed her horizons. P.O. Box 51, Northvale, N.J. 17647

SEX SURVEY Boston area, subjects wanted for "Masters and Johnson" type survey. Subjects to be observed in action. Couples and females only. P.O. Box 35, Cambridge, Mass., 03138.

Do you like to take advantage of the marvels of New York City? Do you like theatres, avant guard movies, exotic restaurants? Do you like the woods in all season, do you like the rough wind of the seashore blow through your hair? Do you hate to come home to an empty apartment and wonder where the people are who could share your life and enjoy it's advantages which are meaningless without another person to whom you can relate?

Knocked about by the storms of life, successful man, widely travelled, own business is looking for the right companion with a view towards a liaison, temporary, or hopefully permanent with spirited good looking serious woman.

If you are 28 to 35, intelligent, slim, with a sense of humor and sexually uninhibited reply to this ad. I am no monster, just a person looking for someone with whom to share the goodness of life. PO Box 77, Wood-Ridge, NJ.

Manhattan man, 39, 5'7", slim slightly greying, neither handsome nor brilliant but personable and intelligent seeks warm, attractive, shapely, uninhibited companion for occasional matinee, movie, theatre, supper other pleasures. Please, no bitches, other hang-ups. Exchange photos. Box 94, 10011.

Two reasonably good looking college guys seek two sincere girls for room-mates, who believe in, and want, warmth, understanding, and unrestricted love. About us: Joe is a law student, 5'9", green eyes and dabbles in art and poetry. David is a chemist, Author and Poet, 6' with blue eyes. We have a 3 room apartment and car in beautiful neighborhood. Minimal if any, expenses. Trips to the West Coast and England planned. Everybody goes. Call 625-7460 for details. This ad will not be run twice.

timid, semi-plump, SINCERE type damon still seeking SINCERE (per Webster's meaning - not feigned or simulated; not assumed; real; genuine; undissembling; guileless; frank; true etc.) REPEAT sincere slender type pythias. photo appreciated. box a-48, message center, 74 grove st. nyc. (212) 924-2676 leave message.

Interested in occult hairy females and cunnilingus. Discreet gent. 30's Green-eyed, fair, non-caucasian, Call Robert PE 6-1600 Ex 910 til noon. Staggered hours. Keep trying or leave number Female only.

European gentleman, 32, nice looking - would like to meet interesting fun-loving nice looking young lady to develop and share mutual interests. Call between 6 and 8 PM 898-4560.

Young man, 33, tall, seeks warm affectionate - uninhibited girl, for companionship and intimate relations. Call 362-9778, 8 p.m. to midnight, weekdays, and any time on the weekends.

Secure gentleman 40, 5'10" 165 lbs, seeks younger woman (OK slightly pregnant) share modest home in Boondocks, Gene Lawrence, Narvon 2, Pa. 17555 Phone area 215-942-9295

Do you enjoy the smell of an ocean breeze/ The wind cutting thru the tress/ Do you like warmth, music, laughter between friends/ To touch and be touched/ To share kind words, quiet moods and tender moments David Al. 4-5202

Employment

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! NEEDED FOR EXPERIMENTAL FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL AND WILLING TO ACT IN NUDE - EXCELLENT EXPERIENCE. \$50-75 a day. Mr Meyers. PL 4-1190.

I NEED MANY ATTRACTIVE NUDE MODELS TO MODEL SEPARATELY, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE, FOR LEGITIMATE PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK. FEMALES EARN FROM \$25 AN HOUR TO \$75 A DAY. MALES EARN \$10 AN HOUR. NO HASSLE. STRICTLY BUSINESS. NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY. CALL ME AT MY STUDIO AND ASK QUESTIONS. ROBERTSSTUDIO 255-2711

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

Photographer needs models, experienced & non-experienced, caucasian, negro, etc., for illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: GEORGE SOVA, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

Freelance photographer available for assignments. Reasonable rates. Call 254-5202 - 2 PM to 9 PM

Female Models wanted for figure photography. Oriental, Caucasian & Negro. Call 254-5202 for appointment 4 PM to 9 PM.

GIRLS NEEDED FOR FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL, WELL BUILT PIN UP TYPES' ABLE TO ACT NUDE IN FRONT OF CAMERAS. \$50-200 per day. Kirtman LO4-3250

HIP GIRL TYPIST - PART TIME E. VILL. AREA. GROOVY, UN-BUSINESS ATMOSPHERE. 477-6420.

WANTED: A FEMALE EMPLOYER: For colored male 21. Part-time, discreet WILL DO ANYTHING FOR FEMALE (any age or race) J. Ball 592 East 141st. St. NYC

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

POSTER ARTIST. Peter Max type Poster Artist wanted by producers -- need not be hippie but it might help. Contact 421-7193 after 6 PM.

HIPPIES - are great people but can they work for a living. I want 4 gal hippies to talk to square mothers about new Educational Club. Neat appearance. Good salary. Mr. Pasay 686-0778.

Male, well educated professional tpe, 30, desires part time modeling for female's only. Will discuss fee. Write Occupant P. O. Box 1168, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202. Include phone.

NUDE MODELS \$25 AN HOUR. I need many attractive female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$35 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.



3 young men going upstate NY for New Years ski-weekend. Looking for 3 attractive, fun-loving, and liberal thinking girls 21-25. All expenses paid. This is no put-on. Write "W.R." c/o P.O. Box 441, Radio City Sta. NY, NY. 10019. Send photo.

Wanted - FEMALE MODEL for sketching - No photography - Call 645-7948 after 7 PM if absent keep trying.

Female Models wanted for figure photography. Oriental, Caucasian and Negro. Call 254-5202 for appointment 2 PM to 9 PM.

GIRLS WANTED FOR MODELING. No experience necessary. Terrific opportunity. Write for details to: Royal Models Galore, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236, Canarsie Station.

WANTED - A young, shapely girl who wants to supplement her income easily by dating affluent but busy bachelor occasionally in his apartment. Teenybopper okay. Write P.O. Box 56, NYC 10025.

\$15 per hour if you qualify! Published author researching new novel. Will pay young (14-24) East Village type girls to discuss (on tape) their usual and unusual sexual experiences honestly! Absolute anonymity guaranteed. Call today (8:30-4) for preliminary interview: Mr. Rich, WA 5-1429.

Part-time, occasionally needed steno-typist - male/female for personal correspondence. Take dictation by telephone - work your place, your time. D. Moreley, 74 Grove St., NYC

Making film study of masculine beauty. Require lots of firm young bodies as subjects to produce a composite ideal male. Stills as pay if you qualify. Not pornography. Box 3247 Grand Central Station.



Male 27, Desires to meet one mature woman, to show me the true art of making love. Write: J.S. Box 260 Midtown Station N.Y.N.Y. 10018

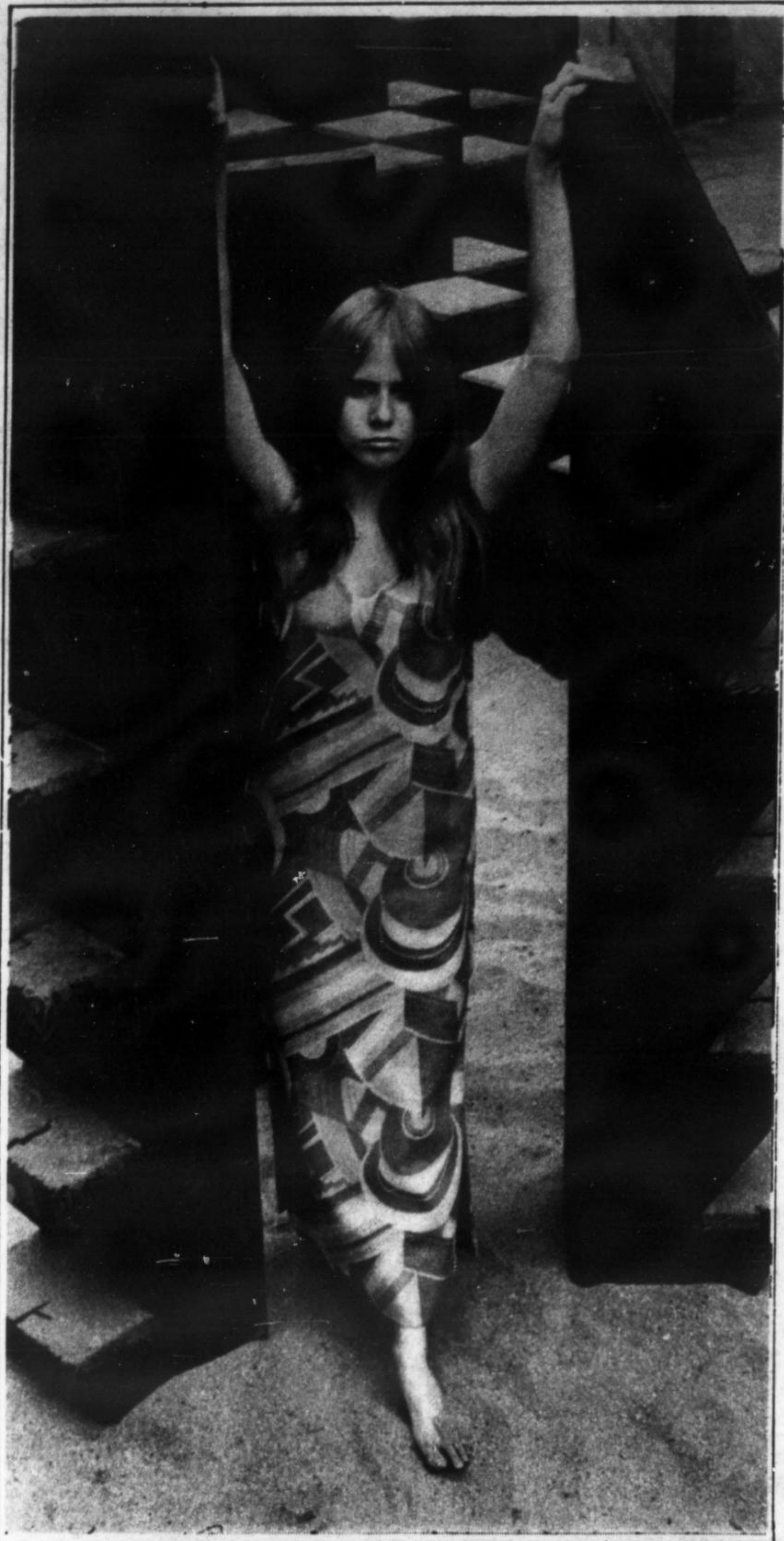
Your money must accompany your ad: \$3.75 for the first 25 words; 15¢ a word thereafter.

For Swingers, it's CLUB JOY! Big listing, names and addresses of sophisticated Guys, Gals, Dolls looking for swinging contacts. Just send \$1...Gals free. ROYAL-EVO, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

NEED A MODEL? Latest publication, \$2, listing gorgeous girls looking for modeling assignments. Gives descriptions and vital statistics, modeling rates and instructions for contacting each model. (Most of them live in NYC.) Send just \$2 to: Royal Models, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn NY 11236.

Attractive Girls Wanted For Modeling. Top New York Photographer seeks girls for new book. Terrific opportunity. No experience necessary. \$25 plus per hour. Other work also available Call Al Kent OX 7-5895.

New England Photographer needs attractive female models to age 45. No experience needed. Highest wages Box 1485 Boston-02104.



A PROPOSITION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

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

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

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

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

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

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

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

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

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

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

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

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

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

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

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

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

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

Group Psychotherapy on TV

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

The Burgeoning Field of Space Law

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

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

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

Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox

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

The Black Muslim Cookbook

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

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

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

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

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

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970

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

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

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*, before **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we will send you eight months—the better part of a year—for *only* \$3.99. This is a **MERE FRACTION** of its actual value!

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$3.99.
—Renew your own subscription for \$3.99 forever, despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume 1, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$3.99 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$3.99 for an eight-month subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying a MERE FRACTION* of the standard \$10-per-year price!

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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